

Company Property  
By Zon18  
zon18@hotmail.com  
(mc, md, gr)

If you have gotten this deep into this website, then you already know that if you aren't an adult... GET THE HELL OUT!!!! No minors, please. What follows is a work of original erotic fiction. If you would like to repost it somewhere, please just drop me a line to let me know. Such requests will rarely be refused.

I am indebted to my new collaborator Ariel... her aid was invaluable in bringing this story to fruition. I hope that you enjoy. Lastly, please visit my Yahoo!Club at <http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/mrzclub> for all interested mind controllers.  
Questions and comments always welcome.



## CHAPTER 1 DAY ZERO: Tuesday

John Mason sat back in his chair after a long day of work. He rubbed his eyes and could still feel the hum of the computer pressing into his head. 'I've got to stop working so hard,' he thought. 'The company can almost run itself.' But, he shook his head at that. It was obviously wrong. He was putting all of his effort into the business, yet they still were barely turning a profit. "Damn, Ultrasoft!" he said into his hands. "If they keep tying up the fucking market, we'll never get off of the ground."  
"It's not their fault," a voice said as someone entered the room. He looked up and saw a tall redhead standing there, Christine Amundsen, his Vice President. She had worked at M-COM for the last three years, each one more bitchy than the last. "Hi Christine," he mumbled. 'That's all I need. As if today wasn't hard enough,' he thought.  
"Hi John. I see you have a new bimbo working in your front office."  
"Whatever do you mean?" he asked playing dumb.  
"That Cindi with an 'I' out there."  
"Ohh, Miss Kelly? She was just bumped up from the secretarial pool. She's only been here a few days." Ahh, yes. But what a few days it had been. There was the miniskirt on Monday and the push up bra today. 'I can't wait for Wednesday!' he thought. "She will be an invaluable secretary."  
"I'm sure she will. I should get you brought up on discrimination charges for the way you run the secretaries. Mine is such a dumb bunny she can hardly answer phones, let alone type!"  
"Christine, get off of it."  
"I will not get off it! I'm serious. I can't take it anymore."  
"Is there some reason you came in here to bother me other than the

secretaries?"

"As a matter of fact, there is. Consider this my two weeks notice. My last day is a week from Friday. I am leaving you for Ultrasoft, John-boy. My resignation is in your mailbox."

'Oh, shit. If she gets over there she can take all of our new designs with her,' he thought. Sure, it wasn't supposed to happen, but everyone knew that it did all of the time. Why else would they take one of his upper management people that had access to every high security project they were running. "I can't talk you out of this?"

"No, John. I've had enough of this piss-ant company and its idiotic president."

"As long as you're not burning any bridges..." he murmured.

"I don't give a fuck! Ta-ta."

"Great," John sighed and with that she turned on her heel and left the office.

On her way out she almost bumped into a man in a tie and tennis shoes on his way in.

"John, got a minute?" he asked.

"Barry! Yeah, come on in!" He and Barry Miskowicz went to college together what seemed like ages ago. Barry had studied computer sciences and John had had the business degree. Together they had formed the company and Barry was now John's chief programmer.

"Having some trouble with Miss Amundsen?"

"Barry, she gone... You can call her the Bitch or whatever name you techies have given her."

Barry laughed. "What's going on? You look tired."

"Well, Christine is leaving the company and taking God-only-knows-what with her over to Ultrasoft."

"Ooo, that's bad. Is she gone for good?"

"No, she's given her two weeks."

"Hmm, that's convenient. So, she'll use her computer?"

"Yeah... I mean, I guess so. Why?"

"I've been working on a program to improve morale and I think you might want to adapt it to this purpose."

"Lay it on me."

"Okay, you know how subliminal messages work?" John shook his head. "They are delivered at a higher rate of speed than the conscious mind can detect, but the subconscious can read it and decides actions for the conscious mind to pursue.

Thus, if a subliminal message can be delivered enough times, then it can alter a person's behavior!"

"That's interesting. But, how does that help me?"

"John, wake up! The program I'm working on is a screen-saver that has subliminal messages embedded in it. If you tell the program to deliver intense messages

about loyalty to the company and a desire to keep one's job..."

"Are you saying that it could stop Christine from leaving?"

"Eureka! There are brain cells left in there! Praise the Lord!" Barry yelled.

"All right. All right. Let's do it. The worst that will happen is that she leaves the company anyway. You're sure it's undetectable?"

"Yes. The program works perfectly. I'll install it on her computer from my console and we'll see. You should know by the end of the day tomorrow."

"Thanks, Barry. You may have just saved the company."

"No problem," he said on his way out. John finished up at his desk and arranged his office for the morning. He always liked to be greeted by a clean desk. With that finished he headed for home with a spring in his step and looking forward to the next day.



## CHAPTER 2

### DAY ONE: Wednesday

Christine walked into the office wearing her gray business suit, short high heels, and her hair tied up. She stopped at the security desk to check in like every other day. The guard looked up at her and said, "Ms. Amundsen. You're looking lovely today."

"Thanks, Ralph." She thought, 'He's always so nice to me. And he's right.' Her gray skirt went to just beyond knee-length and the padded shoulder sportcoat helped to increase the size of her slight frame.

"Something special going on?"

"Huh? Oh... I'm just in a good mood, I guess. You know, the sunshine and all."

"Sure, sure. Well, have a good day."

"Thanks!" she said as she got onto the elevator and rode up to her office.

"I guess John didn't want the staff to know yet... He'll probably put out a memo three weeks after I'm gone," she chuckled and shook her head at the inefficiency of the company. 'I don't know what they'll do without me around here,' she

thought. "The whole place is likely to fall apart!" she laughed at the thought of John's precious business going up in flames all because she was leaving.

The elevator arrived at her floor and she stepped off. A few people said hello to her in the hall, but she passed by them almost without notice. 'They won't matter in a few weeks, anyway,' she thought. She unlocked the door to her office and turned on the light. Christine set down her briefcase and she walked to her desk. She sat in the leather chair that she had grown accustomed to and looked at her cluttered desk. "Huh? That's odd. I don't remember leaving the computer on." She looked at the spiraling screensaver and almost went to shut it off... but then said, "I might need to get some files later." So she left it on while she looked through the files scattered around from yesterday.

As she went through the desk putting away her notes and memos for later she noticed that she kept looking at the screensaver. One minute she was putting something in her hand and the next thing she knew... she was staring at the screen. Christine shook her head and said, "I really need to get more sleep."

She checked her watch and saw that it was 11:00! "What the hell? It feels like it's only 9..." she trailed off as her eye was drawn to the monitor again.

"Hey, Miss Amundsen?" Christine blinked hard and looked away from the computer screen with difficulty. Standing in the doorway was her ditzy secretary. "Miss Amundsen, I'm leaving for the day. Do you need anything?"

"Leaving, Kathy? But, it's only noon..." she trailed off as she realized that the sunlight was casting long shadows through the windows.

Kathy laughed and said, "Noon! No way, it's five o' clock!" She tilted her head and said, "Miss Amundsen?" she asked in a high pitched voice. "I heard a rumor that you're quitting. Is that true?"

"Oh my god! I can't believe that I was going to quit! I've got to get to John's office." Christine jumped up and ran across the room. Kathy had to jump out of her way and Christine called back, "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Bye, Miss Amundsen," Kathy called back. She shook her head and wondered why her boss was so out of it today.

Christine ran the whole length of the deserted floor to get to John's office.

His secretary had already left, but he usually worked late. She burst through the door and panted, "John, we have to talk!"

He looked up from his desk at his vice president. Her dress suit was flattened from sitting all day and her hair was in disarray from her run across the office. He had heard her coming and thought he knew where this conversation was heading. "What is it, Christine?"

"I don't want to quit. Please retract my resignation... please," she panted still trying to catch her breath.

"Well, I don't know. I mean a resignation is pretty forceful stuff. Were you trying to get a raise or something?"

"No... I don't know what I was thinking. This is the best position I've ever held and I can't believe how stupid I almost was. I just want to serve M-COM and help you make a profit. I don't care about the money I make."

"Really?" he asked. He thought, 'That's a surprise. She drove the hardest bargain of any VP I've ever promoted.' "I guess I could consider taking you back..."

"Oh, thank you!" she started to leave.

"Wait a minute. I said I would consider it. You are on a probationary basis until I see that you are serious about returning. That means no contact with the software programmers, no access to sensitive material and you must be on the top of your game."

"But, that means all I can do is administrate personnel!"

"I know, but it's the only way I can let you keep your position for now."

She thought it over for a minute and decided that the job was too important.

"Okay, John. I'll play by your rules. Thanks again." With that, she left his office to go home.

"You can come out now, Barry. She's gone," John said.

"See? I told you that it would work fast enough."

"It's amazing. We could sell it to every Fortune 500 company to increase staff loyalty. Under the table, of course."

"Of course," Barry laughed. Barry said seriously, "Would you be interested in modifying the message to influence other behaviors?"

"Well, sure," John said. "I guess that I hadn't really thought about it."

"I just had a great idea. If you're really with me on this one old buddy."

"You just name it."

"Can we..." Barry began and then went on to describe what he wanted the program to do. John listened closely to what Barry had to say and vistas of opportunities opened before him.

"It would really do that? Or not work at all? Are we completely secure?"

"Completely, John. If it doesn't work, then nothing would happen."

"Let's do it, Barry," John said. They continued to talk at length and when they were finished Barry programmed late into the night.



CHAPTER 3  
DAY TWO: Thursday

Christine wore the black skirt with the white blouse today. She considered it her "power suit" when she added the black sportcoat, with shoulder pads of course. Today her hair was down and she thought it looked pretty nice. She checked in with security again. As she signed in she noticed that she was the first one in this morning. It was 7:30 AM. "Hi, Ralph."

The older man looked up at her and felt his heart pick up. He always loved it when her hair was down because it looked more feminine. "Hello, Miss Amundsen. How are you this morning?"

"I guess I'm okay."

"You look troubled..."

"It's just that I was getting these headaches all night and my head is still kind of sore," she replied.

"I have some Tylenol if you want it."

"No, thanks. I'll be okay," she said getting on the elevator. She was getting in so early today that no one else was on the elevator with her. "Why did I get

up so early?" she wondered. "That's really not like me." 'You did it for the good of the company,' her brain answered. "Oh, yeah. That's right. I needed to come in to oversee the staff like John asked."

She got to her floor and stepped into the hallway. She fumbled around in the security lit office for five minutes before she found the light switch. The sudden glare made her head flare up, but she squinted her eyes against the glare and found her way to her office. Walking in, she got the strange feeling like someone had just been there. "But, that's nonsense," she said. "I'm the first one in."

She sat down behind her desk and saw the spiral spinning its way around the monitor. "I sure am getting forgetful. I left the computer on again! Of course... it's because I went to John's office yesterday afternoon." 'Huh?' she thought. 'Why did I do that?' Her brain answered, 'because you want to serve the company.' "Oh, yeah.... I wanted to remind him what a good worker I was." Suddenly all of that became irrelevant as her gaze was drawn deep into the swirling of the spiral and she sat there in the semidarkness staring blankly at the screen.

"Hey, Miss Amundsen?" Kathy asked.

Christine awoke from her stupor and took her eyes from the screen with difficulty. The bright sunlight caused her to blink hard as her eyes came into focus. "Yes, Kathy," she asked.

"Oh, I just wanted to say I'm going to lunch do you want anything?"

Christine almost said no, but as she looked at Kathy something came over her. She trailed her eye up Kathy's long legs, accentuated by her heels, to the swelling of her hips, encased in a black miniskirt, and then up to her chest barely held back by her tight-fitting white blouse. Kathy noticed the look and said, "I'm sorry,

Miss Amundsen. I know you hate this miniskirt, but all my laundry was dirty and...."

"Hush. That's all right. I understand," Christine said rising from her desk. Kathy was stunned. The Bitch had always given her a ten minute lecture on appropriate dress whenever she wore something above the knee. Christine swayed her way around the desk with her eyes locked on Kathy's straining blouse. "Umm, can I ask you a personal question?"

"Sure Ms. Amundsen," Kathy replied carefully.

Christine almost grimaced, but then said, "What's your cup size?" She continued to blatantly stare at Kathy's chest and walked within touching distance.

"Ummm, I'm a C," she giggled nervously.

"That's a good size, a healthy size. I bet all the boys like you."

"Uh, yeah I have a boyfriend."

"Do you think there's something wrong with my breasts? Is that why no one will date me?"

Kathy almost said that it was because she was a bitch. But, she still was sure this was some kind of trick. "Well, you could use a little on top, I guess."

"Yes, of course! That's it," Christine nodded vigorously. "I could use some more up top! Thank you, Kathy! These B cups will never do!"

"Uh, sure. Can I go to lunch now?"

"Yes, yes, go," said Christine as she hurried back to her computer. As she sat down she thought, 'Why did I do that?' Her head answered, 'Because Kathy is beautiful and you want to be beautiful, too.' She furrowed her brow for a second, 'Something is wrong here.' But, then she looked at the pretty spiral and all of her cares and worries flitted away as she fell back into her blank stare in front of the screen.

Kathy poked her head into the office at the end of the day and saw the Bitch calmly stroking herself under the desk. "Ahem, Miss Amundsen?" But, her boss didn't look up. "Miss Amundsen?" she asked louder.

"Huh? Oh Kathy, again," Christine blinked stopping her hand as she looked up.

She acted as though she didn't know what she had been doing. "What is it?"

"Dr. Jameson said that tomorrow will be fine for your appointment."

Christine replied, "That will be fine." 'What did I make an appointment for?' she thought.

"I hear that he's the best enhancer in the business..." Kathy said.

"Enhancer?"

"Yeah, you wanted a larger bust like we talked about earlier. And then, when I got back from lunch you asked me to make the appointment. Remember?"

"Oh... yeah. I guess that's right," she said, even though she couldn't remember a thing. For some reason though she felt herself get wet at the thought of larger breasts and gazed longingly at Kathy's again.

"I'm leaving for the day. Okay? The appointment is first thing in the morning at 9:00."

"Okay. Thanks, Kathy," Christine was drawn back into the screen and quickly forgot that the discussion had ever happened. But a deep-seated piece of her would remember for her.

Distantly, Christine heard someone calling her name. She looked out through the darkness and saw a figure illuminated in the doorway. "Miss Amundsen? I'm locking down the building. Will you be staying?"

"You're locking down?" she mumbled.

"Yes. It's nine o' clock and I always lock down at that hour. I don't think we've met though. I'm Mark D'Tanglio. I'm night security."

"Oh, thank you, Mark." She rose and turned off the computer as she walked around the desk. As she passed him in the doorway she brushed her breasts up against him and said breathily, "Thank you sooo much for coming to find me."

"No problem, Miss Amundsen."

"Maybe I'll see you tomorrow night," she whispered as she walked out to the elevator leaving him stunned in her doorway. Once the doors closed she thought, 'Why did I do that?' Her head answered, 'Because he's an employee and your job is to keep the employees happy.' "Huh, I guess if it keeps the employees

happy, then it's okay." As she said that a quick ripple of pleasure coursed through her body. She sighed quietly and let the elevator carry her down to the garage. After she got home, she made herself dinner and sat down to eat it in front of the TV. She kept flipping channels, however, for some reason her usual PBS and Discovery channel programs just weren't interesting tonight. She switched it to the Learning Channel, usually a favorite of hers, and sat back to watch. 'Tonight on The Learning Channel.... Mysteries of Egypt at 10:00 followed by The Edmund Fitzgerald at 11:00.'

She sat back in her chair as the Mysteries of Egypt started, but as soon as the archeologist started talking about pharaohs and pyramids she began to lose interest. "Who cares about all of those old bones! God, this is boring!" She switched the channel and started flipping up and down the dial. She stopped suddenly when she saw a woman in a tight red swimsuit running across the screen. "Look at how those tits bounce!" she said. She sat there transfixed just watching the woman's breasts sway from side to side as she ran down the

beach. Christine looked down at her own breasts and thought, 'Mine will never swing around so pretty like that.' The woman on the screen stopped in front of a man and began giving him mouth to mouth in front of the camera. Her breasts swayed lower with each exhalation into the man. "Oh, look...look at those tits..." she moaned as her right hand reached lower and caressed her pussy. The man on the screen began to cough and then he sat up and started kissing the woman. She kissed back as the show went to commercial.

"What is this show! I've never seen it before," she said not noticing that her hand continued its work. The announcer said, 'Coming up next time on an all new Boobwatch.' The screen flashed several images, but the one that stuck with Christine was the woman from tonight's show in a revealing red minidress leaning over to fix her stockings and letting her tits almost fall out of the top. "Oh god... oh god..." she moaned as she came from the sight.



#### CHAPTER 4

DAY THREE: Friday

Beep.... Beep...Beep....

Christine rolled over in bed and saw the time. "Oh my God!!! I'm late!!!" She jumped out of bed and ran to get into her clothes. In her haste she didn't notice that she grabbed her most revealing skirt and blouse combination. The black flowing skirt was at least an inch above the knee and her green blouse had always opened at the top when she least expected it. As an afterthought, she threw on a grey sportcoat as she went out the door. She ran down to her car in mincing steps. "Damn these high heels!" she said. "Why did I grab the 3-inchers!" She minced into the parking lot and located her car.

Christine jumped into the car and drove off like a mad woman. As she raced around one corner and the next she almost hit other drivers as she weaved in and out of traffic. Without thinking she turned into a parking lot by the

hospital.

"What the hell am I doing here?" she said. 'You have a doctor's appointment,' her head replied. "Oh yeah, my doctor's appointment. Nine AM with Dr. Jameson."

Now that she remembered why she was here she felt more relaxed and went into the hospital.

"Good morning," the receptionist said. "How can I help you?"

Christine's eyes were instantly drawn to the woman's breasts. 'So nice and firm.... I love how those fake tits ride high... She looks great in those D cups...' she thought as her pussy got damp. "Ummm, I have an appointment for 9:00..."

"Oh, okay. You're Christine Amundsen? Very good. Just have a seat."

Christine found a seat and started reading TIME magazine. But as she got deeper into

the article on the state of affairs with Russia she found herself fighting to keep reading. It was just so boring. She looked around for a minute and found a People magazine with an article on Brad Pitt. 'He's so sexy,' she thought and she loved every minute of it.

Moments later the receptionist said, "Christine, the doctor will see you now."

Christine stood up and entered his office. As soon as she walked through the door she was greeted by before and after pictures of breast enlargement surgeries. 'Wait, what's this?' she thought. 'Just keep your eyes on the floor for now,' her head answered. So, Christine looked at the floor and went to meet the doctor.

Dr. Jameson looked up from his desk at the woman that had just walked in and began his mental notes. 'Age: 34, Ht: about 5'4", Wt: 125, looks like a 34B,' he thought. "Good Morning! Christine, isn't it? Please have a seat."

"Yes," she replied as she sat in the indicated chair.

"So, why don't you begin by telling me why you want this surgery."

"Surgery?" she asked with a confused look on her face.

"Ahem, the breast enhancement?"

"What...?" she started to ask but then she heard... or felt a CLICK deep in her mind. "Yes, the breast enhancement. Of course. I want to have larger breasts! Mine simply won't do. I've always felt inadequate and now that there are surgical options... I'm very interested in using them," she said confidently.

"All right. Now, um, what is our target enhancement size?"

"I was thinking about 36 or 38 GG." She thought, 'Wait! Why did I just say that?' Her head answered, 'Because they will make you look better and you like big tits....' 'Oh yeah,' she thought.

"That, um, large?"

"Yes, and it's very important to me that I do this."

"Well, Miss Amundsen, I don't know. You work for M-COM computing, don't you? What will the other professionals in the office think?"

"I don't care. It's my body," she said.

"True, true. But, the only women I've ever enhanced to that size were in a more... shall we say... inappropriate business?"

"Why, doctor? Whatever do you mean?"

"They were in the sex industry in one capacity or another. But, you... you're obviously not going in that direction."

"Please, Dr. Jameson, this is so important to me. If you won't do this for me, I'll find another doctor who will."

"No, no. I'll perform the surgery. I just wanted to be confident that you were sure. Now, I suppose you'll want the saline implants?"

She was about to say 'yes' when something started answering for her again.

"No, I want the silicone implants."

"But, saline is so much safer and looks more natural."

"No! I want silicone! Are you going to do it or not!" she yelled as she



stood up.

"Relax, Miss Amundsen. We'll do this however you want. I'll schedule you for next month to give you a chance to think about it."

CLICK "No, I want this done today. Right now in fact."

Dr. Jameson sighed, "All right. I'll get us a surgical room." He had never met a patient that was more insistent than her. He ushered her into the hall and passed her off to a nurse to prep her for the surgery.

As Christine followed the nurse she thought, 'Oh my god! What did I just do?'

Her head answered, 'You've ensured that you'll have the best tits in the office.' Christine almost came from the thought.

Later Friday Afternoon...

"Miss Amundsen? Miss Amundsen?" said the voice.

"Uhhh.... Huh?" she said. Her chest hurt and she felt incredibly sleepy.

"Miss Amundsen? It's Dr. Jameson. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Good. The surgery went fine. I think that you'll be very pleased with the result."

Christine opened her eyes and looked down at the source of her pain. She was greeted with the sight of two heaping mounds of sheet that blocked the view of her feet. She carefully lifted her hands and moved the sheet back to reveal her now massive tits that had been filling it out. She moaned and slid her hands over them.

"Careful. They'll be sore for a while," the doctor said.

She moaned as the feeling of her hands sent her pussy to soaking. She carefully rubbed her nipples and felt a fire shooting from them deep into her. Suddenly, she realized that the doctor was watching her and she said, "Oh... Like, so

sorry... uh, I was just testing them out."

"Of course, well, you got the size that you were looking for. They are 36GG with silicone implants. I am sorry to tell you that I tried as hard as I could to keep a natural look, but with such a large increase on your small frame, the look is...umm... obviously artificial. If you would like to consider taking out a little of the silicone...." While the doctor was talking she started cumming at the thought of her tits always sticking out to be looked at and fondled. She kept her mouth shut so he wouldn't know what had just happened, but by the look in his eye she knew better.

He sighed, "Well... consider it in any case. Anyway, you'll need to stay in the hospital through the weekend so we can monitor you."

She felt a rush of panic sweep through her. "No! I have to go back to work.

Oh my god! I'm going to miss the Friday board meeting!" She started to stand.

The doctor pushed her back into the bed and said, "No. I can't let you do that. You had major surgery and you need to stay here. Now then, we can get you a phone so you can call work and tell them what is going on."

As she lay back down she realized just how tired she was and said, "Okay.

You're the doc. Thanks for the phone." She dialed John's line directly as the doctor left the room.

"Hello," he answered.

"Hi John. I'm sorry about not calling in this morning."

"That's okay, Christine. Kathy told me about your appointment."

For some reason, the fact that John knew why she was here made her get horny again. "Oh, okay. Well, it looks like I'm going to miss the meeting, because I have to stay here through the weekend."

"That's not a problem. I'll transfer you to the board room and you can give your report on speakerphone."

"Thank you, John! I'm so happy that you're not mad."

"Of course not. How could I be mad at my favorite personnel manager."

Christine felt her pussy clench at the compliment. "Okay, I'm transferring you now."

She heard the line click. 'That reminds me of something,' she thought. 'Oh well.'

John picked up the line again. "Still there, Miss Amundsen?"

"Yes, Mr. Mason."

"Go ahead, we're all present."

"Very well," she paused and then began from memory. "The state of the company is strong. We have increased profits over last year by 40% and our stock is, like, high. Umm, we have improved customer relations by a, uh, big amount.... And, uh..."

"Is everything all right, Miss Amundsen?" John asked.

"Yes, sir. I just can't seem to recall the figures."

"That's okay. Why don't you tell the board how you personally are trying to improve personnel morale."

'But how am I doing that?' she thought. 'By keeping everyone happy,' her head replied. "Of course, I am improving morale by keeping all of the employees happy."

"Yes... But how, specifically?" John led.

"Ummm... By... By..." she hesitated.

"Come on, Christine. What have you done? Or haven't you been doing anything?" he laughed.

She felt sheer terror go through her at the mere thought of John thinking she hadn't been doing her job. CLICK "I've enlarged my tits by at least 70% which should, like, help me keep everyone happy."

"Excellent, Christine. And how do they look and feel?"

"They are large, round, and firm and they make me very hot."

"Good!"

'Oh my god,' she thought. 'What the hell am I saying?' "I like to touch them constantly. I can't wait to show them off on Monday."

"Very good, Christine. That is all. I'll have Barry come over with a laptop so you can keep working over the weekend."

"Ohh, thank you John!" she moaned. She loved the thought of being able to keep working.

"Goodbye, Christine," John said as he hung up and looked around his empty office. "This is going perfectly." He punched the intercom. "Barry, could you get up here. We need to go over the special project." John couldn't wait to make his next move. He and Barry discussed it at length before they agreed to send Barry over to the hospital that evening.

Barry looked into the room and said, "Christine? Is that you?"

She looked up from the bed and said, "Oh, Barry. Thanks for bringing the laptop over."

He walked over and sat on the bed holding the bag in his hand. "No problem. It has all of the files from your office computer on it. You won't have to worry about losing any work time over the weekend." Christine breathed a sigh of relief at that causing her breasts to gently fall. Barry looked at them and couldn't believe how well the program was working. He thought, 'This is much faster than I thought.... I wonder....' He looked at her face again and said, "Christine, are you all right? You look a little flushed."

'Oh, god, he caught me!' she thought. The look that Barry had given her tits had caused her pussy to instantly moisten. "Um, I'm fine... It's just a little hot in here that's all."

"Good.... I'm glad you're okay," he replied. 'Do I dare?' he thought.

'Nothing to lose.' "Um, Christine?"

"Yes, Barry?"

"Bimbo mode..."

"What...." she said as her eyes closed and then reopened a second later.

"Chrissi has been, like, waiting for you. Chrissi wants you..."

"It worked! And she even created a persona for herself! Chrissi, what are you?"

"Chrissi is a slut. Chrissi is a bimbo. Chrissi needs to make people happy. Chrissi wants to fuck boys. Chrissi loves cocks. Please let Chrissi fuck you..."

Chrissi said.

"Not enough time for that... but you can suck my cock."

"Yippee!" Chrissi screamed then she sat up in bed and pressed her tits into Barry's lap as she fumbled for his hardening cock. "Chrissi can't wait to suck you... Chrissi loves it soo much..." she moaned. She pulled Barry's cock out of his pants and leaned her tits into him. Then she lowered her head to it and pulled it into her mouth in one slurp. He gasped at the pleasure as she worked him up and down.

'I can't believe that this is the Bitch sucking me off!' he thought. But, soon all thought was eradicated as the pleasure became too intense and he came into her mouth. She moaned as it hit the back of her throat and swallowed it all down as fast as she could. "Thank you, Master," Chrissi said as she sat back in bed.

He looked at her tits and even though he had created the program he still couldn't believe it. "Well, Chrissi... you can cum now." She moaned and moaned in ecstasy as the orgasms ripped through her over and over.

"Chrissi thanks Master, Chrissi thanks Master, Chrissi..." she sighed.

Barry zipped his pants back up and made her lay back down in bed and covered her new tits. He surreptitiously rubbed her tits as he did so and she moaned quietly again. "Chrissi listen closely. I will see you again very soon. Normal mode."

She blinked hard and heard/felt that weird CLICK again. "Barry? Was there something else you wanted? I thought you said something just then..."

"Me? No... just dropping off the laptop. Let me set it up." He set the laptop on the table over the bed and turned it on. The screensaver started up immediately and he watched her eyes quickly drawn to the center of the spiral. "Go ahead

and do your work. I'm headed home..."

"Yes... work..." she moaned as the spiral carried her in. She didn't even hear him whisper, "John won't mind" as he left. The light from the screen reflected off of her face and she felt good and calm again.



## CHAPTER 5

### DAY FOUR: Saturday

Christine awoke and thought she heard someone whispering to her. But, when her eyes opened the voice was gone and no one was in the room. She looked at the laptop and noticed that it was still on. "Oh, good.... Now I can work first thing in the morning." Her eyes were instantly carried to the center of the spiral and they remained planted there for the next four hours.

"Miss Amundsen?" the nurse asked.

"Yes?" she blinked as she looked up at the nurse's breasts. They were easily D cups and filled her vision while the nurse stood at her bedside. Christine felt the now familiar wetness build up in her pussy as she watched them shift in the nurse's uniform.

"It's lunchtime. The doctor wants you to eat well."

"Okay. Hey? What's your name?"

"Jennifer... here you go," she said as she moved the laptop to one side and placed the tray on the table.

As Jennifer turned to go, Christine said, "Will I see you later?"

"Yup! I'm your night nurse tonight... I'm double shifting." For some reason that really got Christine's juices flowing and she watched the nurse's ass sway as she left the room.

A short while later, while Christine was eating Dr. Jameson entered. "How's my favorite patient?"

"Good. My boobs are sore, tho'."

"That's to be expected. Let's have a look at you." As he walked over Christine's eyes focused in on the crotch of his pants and fixated on it. He lifted her carefully and massaged her breasts to see how the implants were sitting.

Christine got wet again and let out a little moan. "Did that hurt?" he asked.

"No, sorry." As he stepped back, she looked at his crotch again and thought, 'I wonder if he has a nice big cock. Why did I just think that?' Her head answered, 'Because it makes you happy.' And as she thought about it, it really did. "How am I, like, doing doctor?"

"Just fine! I'll see you tomorrow. If there is any emergency, just notify the staff."

"Don't worry, I will." As he left, she looked back at the screen of her laptop and completely forgot about the rest of her lunch. The rest of the day passed with her gazing longingly into the spiral and ignoring anyone else who came into the room. The most anyone could get from her was, "Can't talk, working."

She noticed someone lean in front of the screen and thought with a frown, 'That's not right. I'm supposed to watch the screen.' She saw breasts fill her vision. They were large and beautiful, spilling through the slight gap in the top. Christine felt her arm move as she reached up with one hand to fondle one of them. She heard a gasp.

"Miss Amundsen, what are you doing!"

She shook her head and looked up to see Nurse Jennifer standing over her. Those beautiful tits were encased in the white uniform and she had her arms crossed over them. "I was just moving my arm," Christine responded.

"What are you working on? It just looks like a spiral to me."

"It's very important," Christine said.

Jennifer leaned over to look at the screen and felt her eyes pulled into the spiral. "It's almost hypnotic the way it spins like that."

"Isn't it beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes, it is," Jennifer responded. And she sank down to sit on the bed next to Christine and they watched the spiral go round and round together through the rest of the night.

## CHAPTER 6

### DAY FIVE: Sunday

"Nurse! Nurse!" the voice from the hall, yelled.

Jennifer tore her eyes from the screen and looked at the doorway. "Huh?" She glanced at the sleeping Christine and thought, 'Man, those implants look good on her.' Then, she got up and stumbled to the hall. An elderly woman was walking down the hallway in a johnny and pulling her IV bag behind her. "What is it Mrs. Smith?"

"It's time for my meds!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Oh my god, it's 6 AM! I'll get them for you right away." The elderly woman walked back to her room as Jennifer ran to the desk shaking her head. 'Wow, I must have fallen asleep in there...' she thought. A voice in her

head replied, 'No you didn't, you just stayed with Christine for a while.' As she reached down into the medicine cabinet she saw her right breast fall out of the uniform. "What did I do with my bra?" 'It doesn't matter,' the voice answered. "Oh, well. It's more comfortable without it." She grabbed the medicine tray and filled it with the meds for everyone in the post-op unit. As she continued her shift, she kept shaking her head trying to get the fuzziness out of it.

Christine yawned and sat up in bed. "Oh, goodie! My computer is still on!" she said. "What did I just say? Goodie?" She couldn't remember using that word since she was a teenager. Her head said, 'It doesn't matter. You need to get back to work.' "I should get back to work," she said as she looked at the spiral and fell deep into it once again.

"Miss Amundsen? It's time for your painkillers," Jennifer said as she entered the room a half an hour later. She looked her patient over and couldn't help but stare blatantly at the way Christine's tits pressed against the sheet. The large orbs were easily visible from behind the laptop and seemed to rest against the table. When Christine didn't look up, Jennifer said, "Uh, Christine?" As she walked around the bed she saw the spiral again and instantly felt her gaze pulled into it. "Maybe.... Maybe... I should, like, sit with you awhile...." She sat on the bed and stared at the screen for the rest of the morning.

Barry walked down the corridor thinking, 'Maybe I shouldn't have initiated the Bimbo Mode, John might get upset. I hope she hasn't noticed the training.' He stormed into the room saying, "Hi Christine! How are you..." He stopped in mid-sentence and realized that someone was watching the screen with Christine! 'Oh my god!' "Umm, hi, Christine? And nurse... um I didn't get your name."

Jennifer looked up to see a man in blue jeans and a brown leather jacket looking at her. He was the most handsome man she had ever seen! Her gaze trailed down his chest to the bulge at his crotch and as it lingered there she felt herself grow wet. "I'm Jennifer Crowley, like, who are you," she said as she giggled. 'Oh, boy... she's been affected... What the hell am I going to do now?' He thought about it for a minute as Jennifer stared at him vacantly. Christine continued to look deeply into the screen, because he hadn't snapped her out of it yet. "Jennifer?"

"Yes," she said eagerly.

"Step over here for a second."

"Okay!" She said as she jumped off the bed and stood with him in the corner of the room.

"Jennifer, do you have a computer?"

Christine stared into the spiral and ignored the conversation going on in the corner of the room. She listened intently to the voice that was developing in her head. It said, 'Chrissi is a slut. Chrissi loves to suck cock, Chrissi loves to fuck boys, Chrissi is a slut.' While she listened to the voice occasionally a little bit of another conversation was leaking in... "Take this CD... install... watch... listen... learn to be...." She ignored it as best she could and eventually it ended and the two people left the room leaving her alone with her bright spiral and soothing words.

After a short while, Dr. Jameson came into the room and saw Christine feeling herself up under the sheet as she stared into the screen of her computer. He stood there for a moment stunned while she rolled her enlarged tits around with both hands. She seemed to be lost in the moment, but he couldn't take his eyes away. Finally, he said, "Ahem, Miss Amundsen?" She didn't respond, but continued to stare blankly into the screen. "Christine?" At the sound of her name her head turned and her eyes locked onto him. Well, a little below his belt actually. She kept rubbing her tits and said, "Yes, Doctor?"

"Uhh, you'll be able to go home anytime you want now. We're ready to release you."

"But, Doctor... my nipples are, like, still so sore... isn't there anything you can, um, do?" she said innocently.

He walked over to the bed and her eyes tracked his crotch the whole way. "Here, move your hands so I can take a look at you." She obediently dropped her hands to the bed and he began palpating her breasts to find the position of the implants. He said, "No, the implants are still sitting normally. You shouldn't feel any pain within a day."

She said, "Ohhh, thank you...." Christine slowly trailed her hand up his leg and whispered, "But, ummm, I don't know how I can ever, like, thank you for these great titties...."

He mumbled, "That's okay... It's my job...."

Her hand had reached his cock and started stroking it through his pants. "Like, doctor? Is there, like, anything I can do for you? I mean it, anything..." she giggled.

"Um... um..." was all that he could get out before she unzipped his pants and was pulling his now rigid cock out of them. She rolled over in the bed and started sucking on it. "Uhh... oh, that's good... but, but...." He looked down at Christine's mouth wrapped around his dick and her 36 GG tits pressing into his thighs and thought he was in heaven.

"Mut, mwhat?" she said around his cock.

The extra vibrations started sending him over the edge. But, she stopped and raised herself up on the bed. She placed his cock in between her tits and started rubbing them up and down. Every time the tip peeked through her titflesh she licked it. She looked him right in the eye and said, "Am I making you happy?"

"Oh, yess..." he moaned.

"Yippee!" she yelled and she went to work even harder than before. Now as his cock squeezed through she took as much of it into her mouth as she could. She moaned as a voice in her head started repeating, 'Chrissi loves her huge tits, Chrissi loves to suck cock, Chrissi loves being a slut, Chrissi loves to make boys happy, Chrissi is a good slut, Chrissi good slut, Chrissi good slut....' The doctor moaned at the new sensation as he stared down at this beautiful woman sucking him off. "Christine... uh... why... why... are you... uh... doing this....?"

She mumbled around his cock as it went in and out, "Because... Mrishi bood mlutt... Make doctor cum... Mrishi bood mlutt..."

With one long gasp he came all over her tits and face. "Uhhhhhh!" As it splashed onto her, Chrissi came harder than she ever had before. He held his position for a moment and then watched in fascination as Christine lapped up all of the cum covering her tits and cleaned it off of his cock. She then wiped her face with her hand and licked that clean too.

"Chrissi is a clean slut. Chrissi loves cum..." she smiled and locked eyes with him again.

The doctor suddenly realized that he had just tit-fucked a patient in the hospital and quickly put his clothes back on. "What did you say?" he asked when he looked back up.

CLICK "Oh, I just said thanks for letting me go," Christine answered.

"Huh? Oh, you're welcome. And thank you," he panted.

"For what?" she asked innocently.

"For being, um, suck... I mean, such a good patient," with that he left the room knowing he would have plenty to dream about for the rest of the month. As he walked out he murmured, "The guys are never gonna believe this..."

As he left Christine felt an odd sense of loss and watched him go. 'I bet he has a nice cock,' she thought. 'Why did I think that? I know! Because I love cock!'

She smiled and got out of bed to put on her clothes. First, she tried on the blouse, but obviously that wouldn't fit over her new tits. So, she just put on the grey sportcoat and squeezed her breasts into it. They spilled out over the top and would bounce when she walked, but she loved how her tits looked in it. Then she pulled on the miniskirt and looked at her pantyhose... 'Nope, boys don't like pantyhose, they get in the way. I should buy stockings!' She smiled at the thought. Then she put on her three inch black heels and thought, 'These

are much too short. I should go shopping!' Christine picked up the laptop and walked out of the room with a new sway in her step. Each time her hips shifted to the left her 36GG tits swayed to the right brushing her nipples against the fabric and eliciting a little gasp as she moved. The constant movement felt so good that she could feel herself get wet as she walked to the car.



## CHAPTER 7

### DAY SIX: Monday

Ralph Smith had gotten into work early that morning. He did that sometimes so he could settle in with his coffee and watch the Today Show. It was about 7 AM when he heard someone key the front door open in a hurry. He looked up to see a blond woman in a dark knee-length fur coat frantically trying to open the door. He went around his desk quickly and jerked it open for her.

"Thank you so much," she said.

He looked at her closely as she walked in. The coat swung open as she came through the door and he could see she was wearing some kind of yellow spandex minidress that allowed her breasts to easily spill over the top. She teetered past him on four-inch yellow spike heels and went to the front desk. "Um, what seems to be the problem, Miss?"

"I'm late for work.... Don't you see that it's already 7 AM?"

"I don't think that you work here, miss."

"Ralph! It's me, Christine!"

He looked at her in shock. "Miss Amundsen? I'm so sorry!" He looked at her more closely now and he could see her face under the makeup and long blond whore's hair. "Did you get a makeover or something?"

She said, "I guess you could call it that." She flung back the coat to reveal the yellow spandex minidress in its full glory. But, what really caught his eye was the way her 36 GG tits stuck out over the top. As he trailed his eye over them he saw her nipples harden almost as if just having him look at her turned her on. He stammered and started to look at his feet. "It's okay, Ralph... My body is meant to be looked at. Does it make you happy?" All he could do was nod. Christine felt a surge of pleasure course through her veins and setting her pussy on fire. "That's my job here. To keep the staff happy." She pressed her tits against him and felt his cock against her thigh. (Chrissi loves cock) She moaned at the feeling. Then, she shook her head and moved away. "Well, um, like, I have to get to work. But, I'll see you tomorrow." With that, she walked into the elevator leaving him stunned in silence.

Once the doors closed she sighed. "That was great. Maybe tomorrow I'll..." she trailed off. "What was I going to say?" She thought about it for a moment. "Oh well, it must not have been, like, very important." Christine looked at her reflection in the elevator doors and thought, 'Goddamn, I'm hot! I wish someone else in the office had tits like these so I could look at them all day.' She

brushed her hand against her nipples and loved how sensitive they had become since the surgery. She could cum just by watching herself play with her nipples. Her breathing became more and more rapid as she vacuously stared at her own tits. She began digging her fingers into them to feel the implants underneath. She moaned, because they made her tits feel so fake. Suddenly she thought, 'Chrissi is a good slut.' She moaned even louder and came hard. The force of it left her sighing for breath. As the doors opened she giggled, "I am such a slut." All Ralph could do was stare at the video monitor in disbelief. Christine swayed down the hallway on her high heels. Then she remembered that she was late and ran the rest of the way taking mincing steps. Her tits bounced up and down with each step. It kind of hurt, but it kind of felt good too. She sat behind her desk and switched the computer on. She thought, 'Don't I have something to do for the Fri. meeting?' Her brow furrowed for a moment, but as soon as the pretty spiral came up all thoughts fled from her and she stared rapidly at the screen.

"Good morning, Miss Amundsen..." came the voice from the doorway. With an effort she tore her gaze from the screen and saw Barry walking into the office. "I just need to install some software that I forgot to put on yesterday." As he looked at her he couldn't believe how quickly the laptop's programs had done their work. 'Look at what she's wearing!' he thought. In combination with the program he was about to install her "project" would easily be finished by the end of the week.

"Oh, okay, Barry." She pushed back from the desk and rose. She made like she was just smoothing the dress out, but really she wanted to feel her hands run down her legs. She stood next to the desk and started getting uncomfortable as she watched him sit down and the bulge in his pants got larger. She said, "Um, Barry? Is there, like, anything I can do for you?"

"Not right now. Why don't you go see if Kathy has any appointments for you today? She didn't even know that you were here." Christine nodded and swayed out of the room. Barry thought, 'In a couple of days she won't be asking... she'll jump on anything that moves. It's amazing... a week ago she would have screamed at me about telling her what to do.' He shook his head and continued installing the next phase of the program.

"Hi Kathy!" Christine said.

"Miss Amundsen! Your surgery went well, I guess." She looked at the dress that the Bitch was wearing and couldn't believe it. She could never get away with something like that... as much as she might want to.

Christine looked down at her barely contained cleavage and said, "Yeah! It was so cool. You should really think about it. I mean, C's are nice and all, but these are better!" Christine started getting wet at the thought of Kathy having tits like hers. Now she was staring at Kathy's tits fully covered by the conservative grey blouse she was wearing.

"Well, I'll have to think about it Miss Amundsen."

"Oh, Kathy. Stop being, like, so formal... Call me (Chrissi) Christine." Kathy was completely taken aback by these sudden changes in her boss and couldn't wait to talk to the other secretaries. "Okay, Christine," she giggled. Christine giggled as well and said, "Oh, right. Like, are there any, um... you know... meeting-like things today?"

"Appointments?"

"Yeah!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't I know that?" she mumbled to herself.

"Well, you have a pretty light day. Barry's doing your upgrade right now... and then Mr. Mason wanted to see you before lunch. Oh, and some guy called and left a message on your voice mail."

"Thanks, Kathy. I should, like, try to get you a raise, or something."

"Thanks Christine!" Kathy watched her go back into her office and sat there stunned realizing that the Bitch had just offered her more money.

Barry was just finishing up as Christine walked in. He hit execute and watched the spiral fill the screen again. "All done, Barry?" she asked as he stood.

"Yup. I have to run, but I'll see you soon."



For a moment that struck her as important... like she was supposed to remember something, but then the feeling was gone. "What did you do?"

"I installed a program I've been working on that should make your computer run faster. Let me know if the programs you run don't seem to be working fast enough."

"Okay... thank you so much Barry. I don't know what I would be... er, I mean, like, do without you."

He almost started laughing and then caught himself and said, "Your welcome. I'll see you later." He walked out of the room disappointed that there wasn't time for another mode switch... 'There will be time for that later,' he thought. Christine sat in front of the screen and was instantly delighted with how fast the spiral spun now. It seemed to draw her in faster than ever before and she needed to pay more attention to it in order to do her work correctly. Christine sat with rapt attention as she casually stroked her nipples and watched the spiral go round and round.

"Miss Am... I mean, Christine?" Kathy asked as she poked her head in.

She pulled away even slower than before. "Yes, Kathy?"

"I'm going to lunch. Don't forget your appointment with Mr. Mason."

"Oh shit!" she rose quickly and ran to the door. Her breasts bounced all the way and Kathy couldn't help but giggle. When she got to the door, she shoved Kathy out of the way and ran through the office to Mr. Mason's room. All of the men and women in the office looked up at she ran by their cubicles. The men in excitement and the women in shock... well, most of the women in shock. Kathy had started getting the word around as soon as Christine had gone back into her office.

Murmurs followed Christine's heels as she ran. "It's true... look at those tits... I can't believe... I wish I could...." All of the attention directed at her tits caused Christine to start getting wet. She ran even faster in her little steps, which caused her tits to bounce even more. Finally, she reached Mr. Mason's office.

As she looked at his secretary, she couldn't help but notice how nice her tits looked in that low cut black Lycra top. She stared at them for a moment and then shook her head remembering why she was here. Christine was breathing so heavily that her breasts heaved in and out of her dress. "Mr. Mason's expecting me..." she panted. As she said that, Barry walked by on his way out with a pause to glance at her cleavage. She didn't even notice that he was there.

"Yes, of course," said the secretary and sent her in.

Christine entered his office still panting and out of breath. She said, "John, you wanted... hah... to talk to... hah... me?"

"Christine, thank you for coming in." He looked at her up and down and smirked at her. She felt her pulse quicken and her stomach flutter as his gaze rested on her tits. He continued, "So, Barry tells me that you're doing very well after the surgery."

"Yes, John... I don't have, like, any pain or anything!" she giggled.

"That's good! Why don't you sit down." He motioned to the chair as he sat behind his desk. When she sat she subconsciously bent over to give him a look at her cleavage. He smiled and thought, 'It's working just like he said!' "Now then, Christine... How are the staff taking this change in appearance?"

CLICK "Sir, they seem to be taking things just fine. In fact, many of the, um, boys in the office were drooling while I was running to get here."

"That must have been a sight. Well, Christine, why don't you show me?"

For a brief moment she hesitated and then she stood and jogged from one end of the office to the other. Her 36GG breasts jiggled and bounced in the spandex as she ran. John had to restrain himself from laughing. But, the look was turning him on too. After a while he became aware that she wasn't going to stop so he said, "That's fine, Christine. Thanks."

She stopped and sat back down. "Thank you, sir." 'What the hell just happened?' she thought.

John said, "Well, Chrissi, that will be all for now." 'Oh shit!' he thought. 'I

am such an idiot! I might have ruined everything!'

She looked at him quizzically for a moment and then said, "What did you say...."

"I said that we're through here! Now get out so I can get back to work!" he yelled.

"I'm sorry, John.... I'm sorry..." she rose quickly and almost ran out of the room. He watched her ass with interest as she fled and he sighed with relief. Once she was out of his office she swayed casually back to hers. On the way she mumbled, "It was almost as if he called me (Chrissi) something else. I'm so confused." She made her way to her desk and sat down losing herself in the spiral in seconds.

Kathy poked her head in the office and said, "Miss... um Christine? I'm leaving for the day."

Christine shook her head and looked up realizing that the sun had set without her even noticing. She said, "Okay, thanks Kathy. I should go too." She stood and grabbed her fur coat. As they rode down the elevator together she couldn't stop staring at Kathy's tits. "They're a little on the small side, but that's okay," she murmured.

"Did you say something?" Kathy asked.

"Nope! Just thinking out loud." By the time Christine got to her car she was thinking, 'You know, I should really get to know Kathy better.' She drove home in silence feeling her brain mull over the incidents of the day.

CLICK

When she got home she ran to her bedroom and knelt in front of her full-length mirror. She ran one hand up over her stocking-encased legs to her hip and then over the spandex's smoothness to the large orbs of her tits. She slowly lifted the straps off of her shoulders and let her breasts hang free delighting in their weight. She wriggled out of the dress and stood looking at the way the stocking tops framed her pussy in its own little square. She lightly caressed the lacey panties that covered her and felt a thrill go up her spine. Slowly the panties came down over the stockings and off of her feet.

Then she knelt with her knees wide and moved one hand over her tits while the other played at her pussylips. She rolled one nipple between her fingers and felt herself instantly get wet at the sight. Staring vacantly into the mirror she opened her mouth into a perfect O and imagined what it would be like to have a cock there again. Slowly she ran her tongue around the inside of her mouth enjoying the sensation. Both hands moved up seemingly of their own accord and lifted her breasts. "So fake," she whispered. "So large. Chrissi is so fucking hot."

The thoughts careening through her head caused her pussy to start dripping again. She lifted her tits as though presenting them to the mirror and opened her mouth. Through half-lidded eyelids she watched her tits jiggle as she began dipping one finger inside of her. She couldn't believe how sensitive she was down there and she almost came from the slightest touch. When her finger reached her clit she did come. "Ahhhhh!" she moaned. She kept working her finger in a circle and caused the orgasm to continue. She looked vapidly at her tits and the one hand that was twisting her nipple. She came again and again throughout the night and right before she fell asleep with her hands still at work she thought, 'John.'



CHAPTER 8  
DAY SEVEN: Tuesday

Christine awoke on the floor of her bedroom covered in sticky sweat and her own juices. Her heels and stockings were still on from the day before and her hair was a matted mess atop her head. "Oh my god!" she yelled as she rose. She looked at the clock and saw that it was already 8 AM and ran to her shower. She moved as fast as she could but it was still 8:30 by the time she had finished her hair and nails, thrown on a black bra, white see-through blouse, black leather miniskirt and new black stiletto heels. She ran out the door and down to her car throwing on the fur coat as she went.

She tore into the parking lot and saw that it was almost filled. She raced around and finally found a spot a good distance from the building. She ran through the lot ignoring the wolf whistles and catcalls of other motorists as they passed her. She ran into the building in a panic and shouted, "Hi Ralph!" on her way into the elevator.

Christine ran out of the elevator and to her office arriving at 8:45, shortly before Kathy was due to arrive. She slumped down into her chair and stared blankly into the screen. She was suddenly happy. She knew this was her place and had been frightened because she hadn't arrived on time, but now the spiral had made it all right.

Kathy looked in on her boss and couldn't believe what she was wearing today.

"Morning Christine."

Christine looked up from her stupor and said, "Oh, hi, Kathy. What's up?"

"Nothing much. Just letting you know that I'm here."

"Thanks, Kathy. Let me know if John wants to schedule another meeting." When she said his name a jolt went through her.

Kathy said, "Sure thing, boss." And she walked out leaving Christine to the glow of the computer screen.

Christine watched the spiral spin round and round for the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon. Barry came in and locked the door behind him. He had told Kathy that he needed to be with Christine and undisturbed for a while. He walked over to her quietly and whispered in her ear, "Bimbo Mode."

CLICK She looked up from the screen and saw Barry standing there expectantly.

"Like, hi Barry," she giggled.

He said, "Hi Chrissi. How are you doing?"

"Well, like, um, this Christine chick, um she keeps getting in Chrissi's way. Like, Chrissi keeps trying to, ya' know, score, but she keeps showing up."

"That's okay Chrissi. In another few days she'll be gone and you won't have to worry about a thing."

"Thank you, Barry! You make Chrissi so happy. Is there anything Chrissi can do to make you happy?" She playfully lifted her tits for him and opened her mouth. He said, "You know what to do, slut." When he finished the sentence she moaned and opened his fly. Carefully she pulled out his cock and wrapped her tongue around it. Quickly she started pistoning her head up and down as he grabbed her

hair and forced her mouth onto him. He moaned in ecstasy and continued pumping. She took one hand and grabbed at her tits while she used the other to trail her fingernails over his balls. He came hard and pumped his hot semen down her throat. A little of it spilled over her lips as he pulled away and she smiled vacantly while cleaning them with her tongue.

"Master, can Chrissi come? Please let Chrissi come for you.... Please..." she moaned wrapping her arms around his waist.

"Come now." With those simple two words she felt fireworks exploding in her pussy and setting her entire body on fire. The force of it knocked her to the floor and she lay there panting as he stood to go. When he reached the door he said, "Normal Mode." And he let it shut behind him.

Christine awoke panting for breath and covered in sweat on the floor of her office. "I must have fallen asleep. What a great dream!" She sat back up in her chair and looked deep into the spiral once more.

A long while later Kathy looked in and said, "I going home, Christine. Are you sure I can't do anything for you?" The Bitch hadn't asked for any typing to be done for almost a week and that was very unlike her.

"Huh? Oh, no Kathy. I've, like, been so busy on Mr. Mason's special project that I haven't had time for my normal work." She stood and followed Kathy to the elevator. Again on the way down she gazed at Kathy's breasts and stood closer to her. She caught the whiff of her perfume and it smelled like the breath of angels. They said their good-byes and Christine went to her car.

CLICK

Chrissi walked into her house and began rummaging through the closet for something to wear. "These are, like, all old woman's clothes! Chrissi can't wear these!" Then in the back she found a dress that she had missed on her first time through. She lifted it up and thought it would look great on her.

A short while later, she examined herself in the mirror. On her feet the four-inch high pink platform heels were offset by white bobby socks. Her bare legs looked long up to the swell of her ass covered by a flowy pink skirt that was just barely long enough. If it flipped up it would reveal the pink thong bikini she wore over her newly shaved pussy. Her 36 GG tits pressed out against the flimsy pink fabric of her dress and looked as if they threatened to fall out of their own accord. She snapped the gum in her mouth as she looked at her long blond hair pulled into two ponytails with pink scrunchies holding them out to either side of her head. She tossed them with a giggle and said, "The boys are gonna totally love Chrissi!"

She flounced down the stairs and to her car not really sure of where she was going, but knowing that she wanted to get there soon. As she drove out of the city she passed a bar with several motorcycles parked out front. She wheeled the car around and pulled into the parking lot to a jolting stop. She giggled as her tits flopped around freely in her dress. "Oopsie!" she exclaimed and she got out of the car grabbing her little pink purse. She swayed her hips to and fro and sauntered into the bar.

The bar was loud and raucous as a heavy metal band calling themselves "The Screaming Monks" tore up the stage. The bikers roared their approval and none of them noticed that anyone had come in. The bartender looked her up and down and shouted over the noise, "Hey kid! Get your ass over here!"

Her body thrilled that she had been commanded and she hastily ran to comply.

This of course set her fake tits to bouncing and the bartender got an eyeful on her way over. He said, "You're not old enough to be in here!"

She said, "Like, for sure! Shut up, old man! Chrissi's, like, 18. Leave Chrissi the fuck alone."

"Eighteen! No fucking way. You're 16 at the outside and I won't have no cops busting up my bar. Besides, you can't be here at 18 either! Now get out!"

"Please, Mister," she cooed. "Can't Chrissi stay for, like, a little while? Chrissi will be a good girl." With that she pushed her finger into her mouth suggestively and swayed her one foot on its toe.

He looked at her and said, "Well... I don't know... The cops have been pretty

hard on bustin' us for minors. Hey, you ain't a cop are ya'?"

"No, sir! Chrissi is a, like, a totally good girl. Chrissi will... um... prove it!" She walked behind the bar and rubbed her chest up against him. Then she ran one hand up his leg to his cock and said, "Please Mister... Let Chrissi stay."

"I don't know.... Hey, how big are these tits anyway?"

"36GG, sir. They're fake too!" she exclaimed happily.

"How did a girl your age afford implants?"

"Ummm, like.... Chrissi has got this totally nice uncle who got 'em for me. He said that Chrissi's titties were, like, much too small, so he got me these. Do you like them?" she ground them into his chest again.

"Yeah, I can really feel the implants when you do that, tho'." He heard her moan when he said that and could have sworn that she had come.

Chrissi said, "Yes, sir. Chrissi's uncle said Chrissi was, like, jailbait and needed to look the part. Can, um, Chrissi please come in, sir?" She gave his cock a squeeze and rubbed against him again.

"You... you sure you're eighteen?"

"Yes sir!"

"Then you can stay for a little, uh, while, uh," he said.

"Thank you, Sir!" She quickly opened his fly and finished jacking him off with her hand. When he came she bent down and licked it all up. "Can Chrissi get a beer, sir?"

"Yeah!" he exclaimed and grabbed one and opened it for her.

She sat up on the bar and took a long pull off of it. "Chrissi thanks you and, like, hopes the boys will like her!" By now she had developed quite a crowd and they cheered when she finished talking. The cheer brought the rest of the crowd over to the bar to see what the excitement was about. As the rest of the crowd came over she slammed the rest of the drink.

As she slammed it a guy in the crowd pushed another into her hand and she slammed that too. After it was gone she sucked on the longneck bottle seductively. As soon as that beer was gone another was pushed on her. It continued on and on until...

One guy yelled, "Are those tits real?"

She looked back and yelled, "No! Chrissi loves her fake tits. Unkie John gave 'em to Chrissi! He said that Chrissi's old tits were, like, too small and Chrissi needed new ones."

"Show us your tits!" another yelled.

"Fer sure!" she yelled as she stood up on the bar in her platforms. She lowered the dress off her shoulders and bared herself to the waist. The crowd cheered again. "Chrissi loves her tits," she yelled as she pushed them together and leaned forward for the crowd of bikers.

Another guy yelled, "Take it off! Take it off!" And before she could blink the whole crowd was chanting for her to take it off. The rush of all those people commanding her ran straight to her head and she couldn't wait to comply. She tore the dress in her haste and ripped off the thong. In an instant she stood before them in only her pink platforms and the white bobby socks.

A guy climbed up on the stage to the roar of approval from the crowd and forced her to her knees. "Now you're gonna suck me off, slut."

"Yes sir," she smiled as she set her mouth to work. While she did so the frenzied crowd grabbed at her tits ass and pussy and she felt like a thousand hands were probing and pulling on her at once. She moaned and instantly sent him over the edge. While she swallowed him she felt someone behind her roughly forcing his way into her pussy. She gasped and backed into him to take it all in. Now a new man was grabbing her hair and forcing her mouth onto his cock. He started fucking her face and she moaned. Her body bucked as she was being fucked from the front and behind. The man behind her shot his load and she felt it sucked deep into her filling her up. Then, just as soon as he was done, another cock ripped its way into her ass. It felt like fire as it opened her up, but somehow it felt so good too.

When the man in her mouth came he said, "God, you're such a slut."

She came hard as he called her a slut and she replied, "Thank you, Sir." Before the cock was completely out of her mouth another cock had rushed in to fill it. She felt an irresistible desire to suck his cum down and the cum of everyone else in the bar. She desperately needed it and couldn't stop herself. A tiny part of her mind quailed at the urges, but could do nothing to stop Chrissi. She couldn't hear the betting in the crowd on how many men she could take, but if she had it only would have pushed her harder.



## CHAPTER 9

### DAY EIGHT: Wednesday

Chrissi awoke in her own apartment staring at her laptop and the pretty spiral spinning round and round. She looked at the clock and it said 8 AM. She crowed, "Omigod? Like, I'm, like, totally late for work! I need to, like, hurry my ass up!" As she rose a hundred bruises and sore muscles fired into life. For some reason the cramps were mostly in her legs and back while the bruises were mostly on her tits, but she didn't have time to think about what that meant. She ran into the shower on her tiptoes and washed herself quickly.

She jumped out of the shower and threw on clothes without thinking. In her haste she grabbed a pair of brown and white saddle shoes with white bobbie socks. She pulled on the plaid bouncy miniskirt over her white panties and tied off a white blouse under her GG tits. Then she pulled her hair into the two blond ponytails on either side of her head again and looked at herself in the mirror.

After a moment of gazing over her body, her eyes came to rest on her large tits. As she looked her hands ran up her body to her growing nipples and pinched them through the sheer white fabric. A thrill ran through her and she kept watching as she stripped herself and leaned into the mirror. She looked at her breasts and thought, 'Hmm, my titties are nice and large. I'm so happy that I got such big implants.' At the thought of the word implants a little moan escaped her lips and she rewarded herself with a nipple caress. Following the rush of pleasure that that brought she stared even harder at her breasts. 'My tits are sooo perfect.... They're round and firm and bounce when I walk,' and she moaned at the thought of her tits bouncing in time to her steps. Her thoughts continued with, 'Big tits are sooo sexy. All the boys like girls with big titties.'

Chrissi couldn't help but start salivating at how hard the boys got when they looked at her big tits. As she stared into the mirror she accidentally pressed her tits into the glass and the chill caused her nipples to harden painfully. She kept getting hotter and hotter looking at herself and said, "Like, my titties, aren't nearly big enough. They should be bigger to get more boys to notice me. Maybe that nice, um, doctor-guy, could help with that." The thought made something click in her head and she knew that was exactly what she needed

to do. She got dressed quickly and ran out to her car for a mad dash to the doctor's office.

Dr. Jameson leaned back behind his desk looking over the next patient's file. He mumbled quietly to himself as he looked over the sheets. He couldn't help but wonder about why a woman wanted breasts so large, but it was the latest craze. And it was certainly helping his business.

Just then, a young woman burst into his office yelling, "I have to, like, see the doctor!" Her hair was pulled into two blond ponytails, her breasts were barely contained by a tied off blouse, and a plaid miniskirt completed the outfit. She leaned over his desk and shoved her GG breasts into his face panting, "Doctor, you have to, like, help me!"

The doctor saw his frazzled secretary over her shoulder saying, "Doctor I couldn't stop her! She rushed past me!"

"That's all right, that's all right, Amy. Go on back to your desk and I'll take care of Ms...."

"Amundsen," Chrissi answered as she smoothed out her blouse.

"Christine Amundsen? My, your look has changed in a week," the doctor said as his receptionist retreated.

"I prefer Chrissi, thank you."

Dr. Jameson said, "All right. Chrissi, what can I do for you? Please have a seat."

She sat down and leaned forward emphasizing her GG implants. "Doctor, um, like, I need to have bigger... um, bigger titties...."

"Bigger?"

"Uh huh!" she nodded happily. "Then, like, all the boys will want me! Pleeese! Can I do anything to, like, convince you?" With that she seductively ran a finger into and out of her mouth.

The doctor thought back to Sunday and said, "Yeah, ahem. I think we could work out an arrangement. I should be able to just inject some more silicone."

Chrissi clapped her hands together and jumped up and down. "Yay! The doctor-guy is gonna make Chrissi's tits bigger!" She ran around his desk and slid her body down his. "Ohhh, I'm gonna make you sooo happy that you gave Chrissi bigger titties."

Dr. Jameson instantly became hard and Chrissi expertly ran her hand down to his crotch to feel it grow. He said, "Ahem, uhh, I think that I can rearrange my schedule. Just a minute." He hesitantly called over the intercom for his receptionist to cancel the rest of his appointments for the day and have the nurses get the prep room ready.

Chrissi said, "Ohthankyouthankyouthankyou...." And she opened his fly one-handed while lowering her mouth to his cock. Her breasts pressed against his thigh as her head expertly bobbed up and down on his dick. He held on for as long as he could, but the combination of Chrissi's expert tongue on his shaft and long fingernails on his balls caused him to cum quicker than he ever had. In the back of his mind he noted that she had somehow vastly improved her technique in just three days.

Chrissi lay back on the prep table and watched the funny needle pierce her breast. It didn't even hurt, because the doctor had given her the numby stuff before. She felt an odd stretching as the doctor depressed the plunger and her breasts filled out even further. As they swelled and swelled she moaned, "More! More!" With each expanding depression she felt her pussy getting more and more wet. She knew that those larger tits would be hers forever now.

Finally, the doctor said, "There you are, Chrissi. That is as large as I can safely make your breasts for your slight frame. They should meet with your approval."

Chrissi looked down again and realized that when she breathed in, she couldn't see past her tits. "How big are they now?"

"You carry a pair of full MM's now, Chrissi."

As soon as he stopped talking Chrissi came in a violent orgasm and said, "Please, fuck Chrissi now! Fuck Chrissi now!" She pulled him on top of her with

such vigor that he was stunned into submission. She scrambled at his crotch and unzipped him. His flaccid cock soon rose to the occasion and she said, "Fuck Chrissi with that big cock.... Please! Now!" She thrust her tongue down his throat and pulled on his hardening dick. As soon as it was ready she positioned it and he thrust into her. All thoughts of office propriety or the fact that they could get caught fled from his head. All that he could think of was Chrissi, her new tits, and a desperate need to fuck her.

He watched her tits bounce with each thrust and enjoyed his handiwork. While he watched them bounce and sway he looked up to Chrissi's face and saw that she was watching them with rapt attention as well. That vapid look on her face sent him right over the edge and he came into her for all he was worth. She moaned as an orgasm hotter than the sun burst into her. They both were left panting at the force of it and she giggled, "Thank you for the new titties, doctor."

Chrissi sauntered into John's office with a security guard on her arm. He said, "Sir, this girl says that she's your niece?"

John looked her up and down. Black six-inch heels with one-inch platform soles highlighted her feet. He trailed up her long legs to the plaid miniskirt that barely covered her ass. Then over the soft rounding of her stomach to the sheer white blouse stretched and tied over her huge tits! Her long blond hair was pulled out into two ponytails on each side of her head. She bubbled, "Hi, Unkie John!" and she bounced over to him to give him a big hug. One tit pressed to into his chest and the other pressed against his back as she wrapped herself around his arm. "Unkie Johnny, thank you for my big titties," she giggled as she rubbed up and down his arm.

John said, "Thanks. I'll take care of this." The security guard just nodded and backed out of the room chuckling. John wheeled on Christine and said, "My God, Christine! What the hell happened to you!"

"Umm, Unkie John, Chrissi is, like, um..." she began looking at the floor.

"Spit it out!" John yelled.

"Chrissi is supposed to have big titties. Chrissi likes boys. Unkie John, don't you like Chrissi's titties?" she asked hopefully.

John sighed, "Dammit, Christine. They weren't supposed to be this big! Wait a minute. How old do you think you are?"

"Chrissi is, like, 18!"

John sighed again and realized that something had gone drastically wrong with Barry's program. He pushed Christine away from him for a moment and she stood there dejectedly. John dialed Barry directly and said, "Barry, we have a problem."

A few moments later Barry was in John's office looking at the size of Christine's new tits and marveling at how easily his program had erased her personality and installed this new one. Ignoring her he said, "John, she doesn't know who she is any longer. She can't reconcile the programming and her former life, so she created this new persona with you as her 'uncle.'"

"Okay, but how do we reverse it?" John said staring at her. Ever since Barry had entered Chrissi had been looking at the floor knowing that she wasn't supposed to talk until someone spoke to her. She felt horrible that she had done something to upset her favorite uncle.

"I'm not sure that we can. I'll go back to her office and work on the program for the rest of the afternoon. We can input it into her laptop once I'm done and command her to watch it all night. That should reverse most of the youth programming and implant you as her Master, not her uncle. But, John, the program went farther than I expected. I fear that her intelligence may be irrevocably lost."

John sighed again and realized that he had been doing that a lot since Chrissi came in. "Okay, Barry. Do whatever you can. I'll keep an eye on her while you work. Thanks."



"Sure thing, man. Sorry about how this turned out."

"Don't worry about it. She wasn't going to keep much of her former personality or intelligence anyway." Both of them laughed as Barry left the office. Chrissi knew that they had been talking about her, but she had been totally engrossed in watching her tits rise and fall with her breathing. "Now, Chrissi, what are we going to do with you?" John asked as she looked up hoping desperately for his approval.

John pondered her for a moment and said, "Well, Chrissi, what do you want to do with the rest of the afternoon?"

"Mmmm," she said thinking for a moment while she ran her tongue over her lips.

"I want to, like, thank Unkie John for my big titties!" She pressed them together with her arms and presented them to him for inspection.

"Uh, okay! Why don't you show me what you've got," John said with a smile.

"Yay!" Chrissi cheered as she undid the knot and her blouse slid from her shoulders to release the MM cups from their restraint. She pressed her chest against his and slid seductively up and down causing John to release an inadvertent gasp. "Ooo, Unkie John likes them," she moaned as she grabbed his stiffening cock through his pants.

"Uh huh," John whispered. John thought, 'Dammit! She's finally the slut I've always wanted and now she thinks I'm her uncle!'

"Mmm, goodie," Chrissi murmured as she slid down his body and undid his pants. She pulled his hard cock out and set to licking it up and down slowly. "You taste so good," she whispered as she made momentary eye contact. John responded with a loud moan. He thought, 'She makes a hell of a slut, though.' She wrapped her lips around his cock and pulled it into her mouth with her tongue. When John's hands landed in her hair and pulled her head down further she responded by moaning quietly.

John looked down at his former Vice President and couldn't believe how this had worked out. Her tits pressed against his legs and her mouth sucked him harder than before. He moaned, "You make such a good fucking slut." Chrissi let out a wild moan and made eye contact with him again. That sent John right over the edge and he released a torrent of cum into her mouth. Chrissi drank it down as fast as she could as though it was the best thing she had ever tasted. In fact, she thought that it was.

She leaned back onto her heels and looked up at him, "Like, thank you, Unkie John! You're, like, the best ever!" She went into a giggling fit that ended with her staring at her breasts while they jiggled.

John loved watching her stare at her implants, but he knew that someone could walk in at any time. "Um, Chrissi, put your blouse back on and sit over there. I have to get back to work."

"Yes, Unkie John," she giggled and did as she was told.

John did get some work done for the rest of the afternoon, but not nearly as much as usual. He couldn't stop noticing that unless something held Chrissi's attention she would stare at her tits for hours on end. Finally at about five o'clock Barry came back into the office.

"Hey, John," Barry said with a glance at Chrissi's tits on his way by.

"Chrissi, ignore us." She quickly looked back down at her chest and was lost in her tits again. John said, "So, what was the problem?"

"One of the submission codes had a flaw in it that the brain could interpret as requiring youth. It's complicated, but it should be solved now. I went to her apartment and installed it into her laptop as well, so all we have to do is send her home. She should be back to where you wanted her by tomorrow. Christine will resurface, but she will be on the border between Christine and Chrissi."

"Good," John said. "I want to watch that bitch choose to become Chrissi forever. I want her to know that in the end it was her choice."

"I remember. So, by morning she will be Christine, but her intelligence will remain where it is now. Send her home, John. I've done all that I can," Barry said.

"Chrissi?" She looked up. "Time to go home, honey. Get on your laptop as soon as

you get there, okay?"

"Okie, Unkie John!" she chirped as she bounced out of the office. Barry and John shared a look as she left.

Chrissi threw herself down onto her bed and pulled the laptop up onto it in front of her. She lifted the screen and turned it on. She nervously stuck a finger in her mouth and pulled her gum out in a long string. Then she released it and slurped it back in as she waited for the computer to boot. She snapped her gum and ran her hands over the sides of her MM tits as they mashed into the mattress. "Mmm, Unkie John is so good to me," she moaned as her nipples hardened at the thought of him.

"Like, finally," she said as the computer screen came up. It immediately switched to the screensaver that she had gotten accustomed to watching and her eyes glazed over as they followed the spiral around the screen. Her hand slid down over her belly to find her pussy under the skirt and she moaned as it found her clit quickly. Soon all thought and sensation faded and there was only the spiral... only the spiral...



## CHAPTER 10

### DAY NINE: Thursday

Christine woke up to the sound of her alarm clock. She rolled out of bed and almost stepped on her laptop. "Like, what is that, um, thingie, doing down there?" she asked as she picked it up. She knew what it could do, but for some reason the name was escaping her. She shrugged her shoulders and walked into the bathroom. On her way there she didn't notice the plaid skirt and white blouse that lay on the floor.

She felt that her hair was matted down, but pulled out into two ponytails. With an effort she pulled the scrunchies out and got into the shower. As she washed herself she thought, 'I can't wait to get to work and see John.' Just the thought of him was enough to get her pussy going. Suddenly, her mind flashed and she saw herself kneeling naked in front of him, bowing her head as though worshipping his cock. Just as suddenly the image vanished and she panted breathlessly.

Getting out of the shower, she looked at herself in the mirror and leaned

forward to wipe the steam away. As she did so, the nipples on her MM cups brushed the cold porcelain of the sink and hardened instantly. She gasped in surprise and said, "Like, when did I get such totally awesome titties?" She hefted them and looked at herself in the cleaned mirror. Pursing her lips she thought, 'John will, like, completely love me!'

Christine swayed out of the bathroom her hips making an interesting counterpoint to the sway of her breasts. She was completely focused on John as she dressed and didn't even notice what she was putting on. When she was done, however, she looked in the mirror again and was happy with what she saw. Six-inch black platform heels improved the curve of her calf, up to the swell of her hips barely contained by the black spandex minidress. The same minidress had an off the shoulder low neckline that revealed the upper halves of her MM tits. She had mindlessly teased her blond hair out to its best appeal and she flashed a smile at the mirror.

Christine clipped her way off of the elevator and towards her office. The dress forced her to walk in mincing steps that accentuated every curve of her body. The building was very dark as it was 6:00 AM, but she felt like she was already late. That thought caused her to hurry her steps and her tits jiggled in time to the bounce of her step. Her tits rubbing against the spandex caused her nipples to harden again and by the time she reached her office she was out of breath from the sensations.

She opened the door and sat behind her desk. She let out a sigh of relief and said, "Thank god, no one saw me come in late." She touched a key to bring her computer back to life and settled into her chair. The spiral filled her vision again and sent its soothing words directly into her brain. The feeling was exquisite and before she knew it she was lost again in the spiral.

"Ahem, Miss, um, Christine?" Kathy asked having gotten used to waking her boss up before she began to speak.

Christine looked up to the door lazily and her eyes were instantly drawn to Kathy's beautiful C cup tits. She licked her lips and said, "Yes?"

"Um, there's a Mr. Fullon on the phone for you?" she said.

"Fullon? I don't, like, know any guy named Fullon..." she muttered. Then her eyes lit up and she said, "Does he know John?"

"I don't know, Christine. Um, he said he's with Ultrasoft?"

"Like, okay, um, like, put him on." Kathy nodded and went back to her desk to transfer the call through. Christine picked up the phone and said, "Hiee?"

"Hello, Miss Amundsen?"

"Yes? Can I, like, help you?"

"This is Mr. Fullon. I just wanted to know if you were still coming to work on Monday?"

"Monday? Like, what happens Monday?"

"You remember, the, ahem, disks?" he mumbled.

"Disks?" she asked as her brow furrowed. "Um, you mean the flat thingies?"

Fullon was taken aback for a minute and said, "What's going on here? Are you toying with me?"

"Toying? Oh! Do you want to, like, play? I've heard that I'm, like, really good at games," she moaned for emphasis.

"Miss Amundsen! I take it that you no longer wish to work for Ultrasoft! Good day!" he yelled as he slammed the phone down.

"Byee!" she said cheerily. "What a funny man!" She looked back at the computer screen and fell deeply into the spiral. Within seconds all thoughts had faded away and she concentrated on her work.

Kathy walked into the office and saw that the sun was casting a shadow over Miss Amundsen's desk. She said, "Christine, let me fix that for you." Christine didn't look up, so she just walked across the office.

As Kathy walked behind the desk she saw something move across the screen and

paused. She looked closer and saw the spiral moving round and round. Before it pulled her in she mumbled, "Christine?"

Christine was shaken out of her reverie by the voice over her ear and turned around. Kathy's eyes immediately fixed on Christine's tits and she said, "Um... those are big...."

Christine leaned forward to show off her deep cleavage and said, "Do you like them?"

Kathy licked her lips and said, "Yeah... They look so... so fake!"

"Mmm, thank you," Christine moaned.

Kathy whispered, "I wish I had implants...." She looked down at her C cups and thought they were hopelessly inadequate compared to Christine's MM tits.

Christine had a rare idea and said, "We can fix that."

"We can?" Kathy asked as she looked up.

"Uh huh! Come with me!" She grabbed the secretary's hand and the two of them practically ran out of the office.

While Christine drove Kathy couldn't help but keep sneaking peeks at Christine's cleavage. It dipped low each time she reached for the radio or the turn signal and the show was quickly making Kathy wet. She said, "Um, Christine? Will this doctor, um, take me right away?"

"Sure!" she exclaimed. "He's, like, a totally cool friend of mine!"

"Uh! I can't wait to have nice big titties!" Kathy squealed.

Christine looked over at her and had the second thought of her day. She thought, 'Hmm, maybe I can, like, have a big titted playmate!' She giggled quietly as she pulled into the parking lot.

Dr. Jameson was sitting behind his desk going over the charts for tomorrow's surgery when the door to his office burst in. He looked up and saw Christine pulling a woman into the office by her arm. He shook his head as he saw his handiwork jiggle in the tight dress. He said, "Chrissi, you're back!"

Christine paused for a second and then said, "Doctor, um, my friend Kathy wants, like, bigger titties!"

"Yeah! Bigger titties!" Kathy cheered as she threw her arms into the air.

"Um, I don't think I can do a surgery on such short notice," he said. Then he watched her face and that of her friend's fall. He quickly added, "But, I might be persuaded...."

Christine giggled and pressed her body against his. She said, "The doctor wants to fuck Christine again." He smiled. But, Christine continued, "Please doctor, let my friend get bigger titties today. She really wants them." She grabbed his cock and rubbed her body up and down against him. She knelt in front of him and said, "Please?" She pulled his cock out and put it in her mouth saying, "Pmease?"

Kathy watched in rapt attention as Christine sucked the doctor cock until he came into her mouth. Not a drop of it was spilled and by then Kathy thought she must be soaking the chair she was sitting in. The doctor said, "Okay, we can help you today."

Kathy cheered, "Yay! Bigger titties!!"

Christine stood up and leaned into the doctor's ear. She whispered, "She wants the NN silicone implants.... She told me to tell you, because she thought she would be embarrassed to tell you herself."

The doctor pondered for a moment and then said, "Okay, Kathy, is it? Let's get going." He led her into the next room and Kathy left with a huge smile on her face. Christine left the office with a huge smile as well.

Christine opened the door to her apartment and threw her purse on the couch. She walked over to the TV and turned it on. The announcer blared, "And Now..."

Boobwatch!" Christine lay down on the couch and draped her heels over the edge. As she leaned on the pillows, she looked down her chest at the MM tits that stuck out proudly.

With one eye she looked at the TV screen and could see the large breasted woman from last week walking into a gym wearing a red leather minidress. Her stockings and platforms matched the dress and her tits cascaded over the top and between the spaghetti straps. Christine said, "Mmm, look at those little titties. Christine's are sooo much better." With a quick giggle she wrapped one hand around her left nipple and massaged it well.

The woman on the screen went into the locker room and came out a little while later wearing a pink spandex leotard. It also showed off her breasts to their best advantage and she got up onto a treadmill. As she ran her tits bounced in counterpoint to her steps. With a quiet moan Christine's lips parted at the sight. "Oooo, she's hot! Christine, like, can't wait to see Kathy with her new titties," she moaned.

A man ran into the gym and pulled the woman off of the treadmill. Christine thought, 'This show is, like, complicated.' So, she turned it off and went into her bedroom. She stopped in front of the mirror and took her platforms off. She said, "Christine's titties will bounce better than that flatchest."

To prove it she started jumping up and down and felt her tits bounce and jar against her chest as she did. The sight of all of that titflesh bouncing in unison got her to moaning again. She thought, 'Chrissi is such a good slut.' That thought sent her right over the edge and she moaned louder than ever before as she came.

With a self-satisfied flop she stopped jumping and fell onto her bed in one motion. Then, she leaned over the side and pulled the laptop up after her. With one hand she got undressed while she quickly turned on the computer with the other. "Hurry, hurry," she said while she waited. Shortly thereafter the screen flashed to life and the spiral filled her vision. Inside of her head she felt herself fall deeply into it and once again there was only the spiral... only the spiral...



## CHAPTER 11

### DAY TEN: Friday

Beep... Beep... Beep...

Christine rolled over and slammed her hand down onto the alarm. With a sigh, she pulled herself out of bed and looked at the clock. It read 7:00 AM. "Oh damn!" she screamed. She rushed out of bed and quickly washed her hair in the sink. She blew it dry the whole time yelling, "Oh god, oh god, Chrissi is so late!" She rushed back into her bedroom and just threw on whatever she could grab. It wasn't until she was out of the door and running down the stairs that she

looked at her clothes. The yellow six-inch platforms, the yellow spandex miniskirt barely covering her ass, and the scooped spandex yellow top that her tits jiggled around in while she ran. With a quick sigh of relief she jumped into her car and felt the cool vinyl touch her inner thighs and pussy. "Oh god! Chrissi forgot her panties! No time! No time!" she yelled as she sped away.

MEANWHILE

Kathy slapped the alarm clock off and rolled out of bed. The maneuver almost pulled her over the edge with it. "Whoa!" she yelled as she landed on her knees. It took her a moment to figure out what was wrong. She could feel her knees on the ground and her hands, but her breasts? She leaned back in shock as she realized that was exactly what she felt!

"Oh my god!" she yelled as she looked down at the massive breasts that filled her chest. 'They are least an M cup,' she thought and couldn't help but picture Christine's new rack. "What happened?" she asked raising a hand to her head. She tried to think back, but for some reason the last thing that she could remember was needing to fix Christine's curtains. But, even that thought felt slippery and there was no way that she could figure out what she had done with the rest of her day.

She picked herself off of the floor and started off to the bathroom. But, her front heavy chest pulled her faster than she thought and she almost lost her balance again. "Dammit! Why did I get these bastards?" She shook her head and got into the shower. Her breasts banged into the showerhead as she got in and she let out a yelp! "Those things hurt!" she exclaimed.

She got through the shower by being careful about where her breasts went. When she got out of the shower and looked in the mirror she couldn't believe how big they were. She fixed her hair a little in the mirror and went back into her bedroom to get dressed. "What the hell am I going to wear!"

Christine ran into the lobby and Ralph said with a chuckle, "Good morning, Miss Amundsen." He had gotten used to seeing her rush past in various forms of clothing over the last week and had enjoyed the show. She panted for breath as she went to the elevator and pushed the button. He couldn't help himself, but look at her heaving MM cleavage straining against the spandex of her top.

Christine got onto the elevator without saying a word to him. She sighed as the elevator began rushing her to her office. "Maybe John won't, like, fire Chrissi if he doesn't see her coming in late again," she said. Of course, just a week ago she would have remembered that no one in the office came in before 8:30. But, that was before Barry fixed her computer.

When the elevator stopped she ran into her office and slumped behind her desk. The computer sprang to life and the spiral started up. She let out a sigh of relief that no one had seen her and she fell into the spiral... into the spiral...

Kathy had looked through her entire closet, but she couldn't find any blouses that would contain her new chest. In frustration she put her underwear, hose, and skirt on first. She thought, 'I guess I have to find something.' So she dug into the closet for something to wear. After a while she checked the clock and said, "Oh god! It's 8 o'clock! I have to go!" She grabbed a grey sportcoat and buttoned it around her chest. The cleavage was more than impressive, but she had no choice. She threw her shoes on and ran for the door.

Ralph looked up as the woman came through the front door. His eyes quickly told his brain that he must be dreaming. From the waist down, he wouldn't have noticed her, but from the waist up she was unbelievable. He murmured to himself, "Another one?" Kathy walked in with her breasts barely staying inside of the sportcoat that contained them. Kathy didn't meet his eyes as she walked in.

She mumbled, "Hi Ralph," and pushed the button for the elevator. Ralph said, "Oh, hi, Kathy! You look nice this morning..." With a sigh and a quick look she said, "Thanks." Then she entered the elevator and pushed the button. As it went up she thought, 'God! He couldn't stop looking at these things! Why did I do this?' She got off the elevator and walked over to her desk. There were no pressing messages for Christine, so she settled in and tried to concentrate on working. Kathy leaned her head into the office and said, "Christine? Ahem, Christine?" Christine looked up and licked her lips as she saw Kathy's new implants. She said, "Mmm, yummy... Like, what is it, Kathy?" Christine looked into Kathy's plunging cleavage as she spoke. "Um, Mr. Miskowicz is here to see you," Kathy said. Barry leaned around Kathy and walked into the office. "Thanks, Kathy. I'll take it from here." He leered at her cleavage before she turned around and went back to her desk. Turning back to Christine he said, "Hi, Chrissi." "Like, hi, Master!" she chirped. Barry shook his head at how well the program had worked. It had taken almost no time at all for her to not need the command word to trigger Chrissi. 'In fact,' Barry mused, 'she seems to be in Bimbo Mode all of the time now.' He said, "Chrissi, what happened to Kathy's tits?" "Oh, like, she wanted to get, um, bigger ones and Chrissi, like, helped her." "Really? Why?" "Because, mm, Chrissi wanted, like, a toy to play with!" She hefted her tits for emphasis. "Did she see the spiral?" "Mm, maybe...." "Okay, well I'll take care of that in a minute. I just wanted to see how you were doing. Don't forget the meeting at 10." "Yes, Master," she moaned as she looked back at the spiral. As Barry left, he said to Kathy, "So, Kathy, could you move for a second? I need to add some updates to your computer."

Christine sat at her desk watching the pretty spiral go round and round. Suddenly, she looked up and the clock read 9:55. Without another thought she stood and walked out of her office. She passed Kathy and didn't say a word to her. Kathy, for her part, didn't even notice her leaving because the pretty spiral on her screen was much more interesting. Christine walked in a trance through the hallways, swaying her hips from side to side and pushing her tits and ass out in perfect time. Her scooped yellow spandex top, the yellow miniskirt and her 6-inch yellow platform heels that clipped on the tiled floor accentuated her body and motions. People she passed tried to engage her in conversation, but her mind was filled with one sentence... 'Don't forget the meeting at 10.... Don't forget the meeting at 10....' spun round and around in her head turning into its own pretty spiral pulling down into the core of her mind. She stepped through the doorway of the conference room and her mind snapped open. "I'm here for the ten o'clock meeting," she said to everyone in the room. "Thank you for coming, Christine," John said and everyone chuckled. "Why don't you sit right here." He motioned to the chair across from him and Christine quickly walked over and sat. Christine crossed her legs and could feel her bare pussy sliding between them. John said, "Okay, weekly reports everyone...." A man stood up and said, "Our weekly earnings have exceed our potential resulting in...." Christine could hear the man droning on and on about something, but her mind refused to focus on it. She kept thinking, 'John's cock... I love John's cock... I wish he would let me suck it... Oh god!' That thought got her pussy wet and she let out a slight moan through closed lips. In

mild horror, she looked around to see if anyone had heard, but no one looked at her. So, she went back to thinking about 'John's cock... John's big beautiful cock...'

"Ahem, Christine?" John asked with a smile. "Are you still with us?"

She shook herself to awareness and realized that everyone was looking at her.

"Um, like, yes John...."

"Good! Now then, Miss Vice President, why don't you tell us how we're doing..."

Nervously she stood up to speak to the group. Unfortunately that gave her a better look at John's crotch and she focused in on it like a deer in the headlights. She began, "Um... Like, okay... Our production has, like, gone way up... Um, due to, like, a growth in, um... cocks... I mean, revenues!" She blushed and looked at the group. Everyone was on the verge of laughing at her, but for some reason she loved just being the center of attention for whatever reason.

She continued, "So, like..." she glanced over at John's secretary... "Tits are waayy up... and um, wetness... I mean, fitness, of the company has, like, never been better!" She noticed that every man in the room was fixated on the cleavage that was spilling over her top. She moaned again at being the center of attention and felt her pussy get wetter as she thought about John's cock again.

She leaned forward to give them a better view of her MM cups and said, "So,

like, um... Employee cocks... um, spirits, are at an all time high!"

John had watched the whole show with a big smile, but then he composed himself for a second and said, "Chrissi, why don't you tell everyone here what your new job is..."

Chrissi said, "Oh that? Like, Chrissi is the new office slut and Chrissi is, like, going to keep everybody really... (she leaned forward again)... happy..." She licked her lips and lifted her tits.

"And how are you going to do that?" John asked innocently as he looked around at his staff. The women were obviously mortified, but the men were watching with interest.

Chrissi licked her lips again and fixated back on his cock. "Chrissi is going to suck every cock and lick every pussy she can. And Chrissi, like, wants yours right now!" With that she lunged across the table and kissed John for all that she was worth. Then, just as suddenly, she pushed her head over the side of the table and tried to reach his cock with her questing mouth. Everyone in the room was stunned, but the men seemed very interested now.

John placed his hand in Chrissi's blond hair as her head tried to go over the table even farther. He knew she could never reach, but he enjoyed the effort. He said, "Okay everyone... Meeting adjourned... Christine needs a rest...."

Everyone filed out of the room as Chrissi continued to gyrate and stretch on the table. John continued to enjoy the show for a second after everyone left and then he stood up. Chrissi's hands instantly scrabbled at his crotch trying to open his zipper, but John said, "Stop that now and get up."

Chrissi's arms fell to her sides and she got off of the table saying, "Yes, Master."

"Now then, let's have a little fun... Christine sugerpup."

"Wha-...?" she began and then suddenly all of the memories of the last two weeks came rushing back. The slowly increasing horniness, the need for bigger tits, the teenybopper phase, the gang bang in the bar, and fucking anything that moved. Then, she realized what she had just done in front of every supervisor in the office and that by now everyone in the company knew what had happened. "Oh god!"

"Yes," John said as he watched with satisfaction as the knowledge flash across her face. "You are quite the slut...."

"Oh god.... Why, John?"

"Because... you were going to sell me out to those bastards at Ultrasoft and I couldn't let that happen. Now you won't be able to sell anyone out...."

"Oh my god.... I'm so sorry, John...."

Nevermind. You are at a crossroads, Christine.... You can either stay as you



are, Christine Amundsen, but being forced to work here for as long as I want and having to deal with the constant humiliation of what you've done. Or, you can decide to be Chrissi, my sex slave, my cock hungry secretary by day, and my wanton slut at night. It's your choice... I will leave all of your memories intact either way, but you must decide what you really want."

In the following moments, Christine examined her life more thoroughly than she had ever done before and came to a final realization. "John... John.... I don't know how to say this, but.... All of this has really turned me on." She paused before continuing, "I guess... I guess... that somewhere deep inside of me I've always wanted to be controlled. And even with everything you've done... I want you... I want you to own me... make me Chrissi...."

"But, my dear, you already are." She moaned at the thought and he said, "Chrissi forever."

With John's words a flash of white lightning filled her mind and suffused her to her very core. It warmed her and released Chrissi from deep inside. As Chrissi rose to the surface, she carried with her all of Christine's memories and the knowledge of the beautiful decision she had just made. That knowledge made her want to worship the man who had made all of it possible and fortunately he was standing right in front of her. She fell to her knees and drew his cock out of his pants. With a hungry growl she fell to sucking it and moaned over and over, "Mthank myou, Master... Mank myou, Master...."

John smiled and leaned back to enjoy the ministrations of his new secretary.



EPILOGUE: 4 weeks later

John walked through the front door and approached the security desk. "Morning, Ralph!"

Ralph smoothed out his uniform and stood up, "Good morning, Mr. Mason! It's a pleasure to see you, sir."

"Thank you, Ralph," said John as he signed in and glanced at Ralph's computer screen. He still chuckled every morning as he thought about how far his little company had come. "How's the wife, Ralph?"

A gleam rose to Ralph's eye as he said, "She's very good, sir. She has been very, ahem, accommodating since she came to see the office."

"I knew that she would understand how important it is for you to be here early once I talked to her."

"Yes, sir," Ralph smiled.

"And Chrissi has come in, hasn't she?"

"Yes, Mr. Mason. I can't thank you enough for lending her to me in the mornings."

"Think of it as a bonus for good work."

"Thank you, sir!" Ralph beamed in admiration. "Have a good day."

"Thanks, Ralph, I will." John walked into the elevator that had just arrived and punched the floor for his office. As it began to rise he felt that familiar little twang of guilt over everything that he had done. But, after a few moments of thought he set it aside.

He mumbled, "There was nothing else I could have done." The little voice spoke up, 'Yes, but did you have to go so far?' John laughed at himself and said quietly, "No, I'll keep you, little voice. No need to alter my perspectives. This is much too much fun."

The doors slid open and John walked out onto his floor. A secretary in a normal business suit greeted him. "Good morning, sir," she said from behind her desk as she buzzed him through. He smiled at her and thought, 'With those implants, I'll have to move her back into the general pool soon.'

He entered the main office area and looked over the desks. All of his salesmen were hard at work trying to reach their quotas. He glanced towards the front and saw three of his "secretaries" on a dais. If he hadn't known better he would have thought the three blondes were triplets. They wore black leather minidresses that were stretched tight over matching GG tits. But, he did know better... the blond hair dye and implants gave that away to a closer look. All three of them stood posed like mannequins leaning over to show their deep cleavage. One had her back to the salesmen and looked back over her shoulder with a wink. They would hold their positions until...

DING DING DING

At the tone of the bell, one of the blondes screamed, "Yes, Master!" and she rushed across the room to the salesman who had just reached his hourly quota. He quickly lowered his pants as a digital timer above the two remaining blondes switched to three minutes and began to count down. With wild abandon she threw her mouth onto his stiffening cock and sucked for all she was worth. John smiled as the man pulled her up to kiss him and then lifted her skirt. He thrust in and out of her wet pussy as the counter ran down and the blonde's moans filled the office. The man came just as the clock ran out and the buzzer sounded. With a yelp the blond jumped off of him and ran back to her place. As she posed again, John watched her body twitch with her reward orgasm. He chuckled and left the main room.

John walked past his office for the moment and entered the door marked, Barry Miskowicz, Vice President of Programming. The secretary looked up and said quickly, "Good morning, sir!"

"Good morning, Kat. How they hanging?"

The brunette blushed and leaned over her desk to let her M cup tits press against it. "Just perfectly, sir," she said breathlessly. Her tits spilled out over the top of her black spandex dress and John gave them an admiring glance.

"So, Kat, do you like living with Chrissi?"

She moaned, "Yesss, sir.... She orders me around all of the time and I love every minute of it. I don't know why I used to hate that...." Kari got a far away look in her eyes for a second and licked her lips.

"Ahem, is Barry in yet?"

"Oh! Yes, sir. You can go right in."

As he left John heard her giggle softly. He thought, 'Barry can have his playthings, but I love how they all still want me.' John smiled at that. "Barry! Good to see you this morning!"

"Hey, John. How are you?"

"I'm doing very well. I hope that Jennifer didn't keep you up to late last night."

"No way. I finally just told her to be done with her nursing job."

"It's about time!" John interrupted.

"I know... I know... but I had to get the program on Dr. Jameson's computer before she quit. No matter how much she fucked him, he wouldn't leave her alone with it for two seconds. But, that's all been taken care of. We have free breast enlargements for life," Barry chuckled.

"Good! That was the last loose end. Now, nothing can stop us my friend. Every company in the world will want to get their hands on our 'motivational screensaver.'"

"Very true. Anything else, John?"

"Nope! I just wanted to check on the Jameson problem. I'll see you at the meeting." With that, John turned and left the office. He glanced at Kat's breasts on the way out and chuckled softly, "Amazing, with all of these women around me and sneaking a peak at cleavage still turns me on."

John entered the door to his office and smiled as Chrissi jumped to her feet.

"Good morning, sir."

"Chrissi, we're alone."

"Sorry, Master! Chrissi is, like, sooo sorry... please don't punish Chrissi, Master..." she whimpered.

John let her ponder that for a moment while he looked over the revealing black blouse she wore. It's neckline swung very low to display her impressive MM cup cleavage. A black suit coat lay over her chair for outside, but she knew it wasn't allowed inside the office. John trailed his gaze over her thin waist to the black miniskirt that clung to her legs. John knew that there was no underwear underneath that skirt, because he had ordered it. By this time, Chrissi had noticed his gaze and unconsciously turned her body to show it off to better advantage. John smiled again, "No punishment this time. Any business to attend to before the meeting?"

"No, Master," she said while licking her lips in anticipation.

"Good, then follow me." With a quick giggle, she cheered and followed him into the interior office. "Okay, slut, tell me what you want."

She fell to her knees and moaned, "Please, Master, let this little slave serve you. Let Chrissi suck your cock and make you cum in Chrissi's mouth. Please, Master. Please...."

John looked down at her and said, "You have my permission."

"Thank you, Master. Thank you...." With rapt attention she undid his pants to release his straining cock. With another moan she dropped her mouth to it and sucked with wild abandon.

John watched the woman that he had made his slave suck him for all she was worth and he loved every minute of it. He thought back on everything that had gone on in the last two months and decided that it couldn't have gone better. He thought, 'I made the right decision. I'm so happy....'

Chrissi slurped and licked and slurped and licked while she thought, 'Chrissi is a good slut... Chrissi is Master's slave... Chrissi loves to suck cock...'

Chrissi is soo happy....' Deep inside her mind an unfamiliar voice said, "Yes... Christine is soo happy... soo happy...." And then all thought bled away as her Master's cum roared into her and Chrissi smiled.

Again, questions and comments are always welcome at [zon18@hotmail.com](mailto:zon18@hotmail.com)  
And please drop by my Yahoo Club <http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/mrzclub>