

Young Again  
By Ted E. Bear

Chapter 1

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This story is fiction, and should be treated as such.  
The following story is for the entertainment of ADULTS ONLY,  
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Please! Give me your comments!

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It was a solemn occasion, Jennifer's husband had just died a week ago and was buried just three days ago. She was still in mourning and had just found out that there was just enough money to maybe live on for one month when she received a call from a man, telling her that he had some financial details to go over with her. Although she wasn't really up to it, she didn't see how she couldn't go and find out if there was more money somewhere to live on, after all at 62 she wasn't exactly a spring chicken anymore and hadn't worked outside of the house since their first child was born, forty years ago.

Like a lot of older women, who had been busty all of their lives, Jennifer was at least fifty pounds over weight and it seemed that most of that excess weight had gone right to her breasts, as she now sported 'G' cup sized tits, much larger than the 'D's' she had when she had married her husband and even considerably larger than the double D's which they grew to after breast feeding three children. Although she still looked about seven to ten years younger than her age, not too many wrinkles and her figure while larger was still proportionate with the rest of her body.

She arrived at the man's office and after just a short wait, was ushered into his private office.

"My condolences Mrs. Smith on your recently loss." he said sincerely.

"It was sudden. He hadn't been sick a day in his life. He didn't have high blood pressure or anything. He had a heart attack and was gone before they could get him to the hospital." she said and broke down into tears.

He walked over to her and held her in his arms as she cried openly and loudly for a long time. When she finally calmed down, he helped her sit in the chair across from his desk.

After sitting in his chair, he said, "While your husband didn't know when, he must have known that he would die that way, and soon. He told me that all the men in his family had died in their late sixties of a sudden heart attack and that there was nothing that he could do to avoid it. He didn't want you to know this before it happened, as he knew that you would needlessly worry about it, and since there was nothing that either of you could do about it, he decided not to cause you more grief than you are experiencing now. But he did make some plans to assist you in your hopefully long life after he went."

Jennifer perked up some, she thought that he had left her penniless, broke and would live on his meager social security checks or try and find a job at her advanced age.

"First of all he told me that he wanted you to be young and vibrant again. Is that something that you would like?" the man asked.

"Huh? I'm not understanding what exactly your saying. I heard the words, but what do you mean by young and vibrant?" she asked.

"Let's put it like this, if you could, would you like to be say somewhere in the twenty to thirty age bracket again?" he explained.

"Sure, who wouldn't, but it's not going to happen." she replied.

"So, if it were possible, you would like to go back and live your life all over again. While you would retain your memories of your first time around, you would look basically like you did back then. You couldn't be Mom or Grandma, as you would essentially be your children's contemporary. Your house would be free and clear, but you would have to get a new life. Would you be interested under those terms?" He explained.

"What kind of games are you playing with me. You know that you can't deliver what you are promising. What kind of scam are you trying out on me?" she asked indignantly.

"Other than the equity in your house, you have no assets. Unless your kids chip in, you'll even lose that, as the mortgage company will foreclose on your house within six months, unless you happen to sell it first, and right now used home sales are down, so even if you sold it, you wouldn't get what you think it's worth, and then there are the expenses of the sale which will further erode whatever you get plus the cost of moving, and where are you going to go with no income. No Mrs. Smith, I'm not trying to pull anything over on you. I don't need you to sign anything. If you agree verbally to my terms, your mortgage will be paid off and you will receive a free and clear title to your house so that no one can take it from you. Your taxes and insurance will be paid every year, you will only need to worry about food, doctors' clothes, transportation and medicine. Still skeptical?" he explained.

She still felt something was wrong, but how could she argue with him. As he said, he didn't need her to sign anything, so how could they bamboozle her? "Yes I am. What's the catch? Something is wrong here, I just haven't figured it out yet." she replied.

"I'm a patient man. I have to be, because most of my work involves widows, such as yourself, who are put into precarious financial positions. Let me explain another way. I could still payoff your mortgage and leave you just as you are. You would get \$1,200 a month from social security to pay for all your necessities of life. Since you aren't 65 yet, one of those necessities is medical insurance, at least until you turned 65. At your age that would run you six to eight hundred a month, leaving only four to six hundred to live on. From that you would have to pay for food, clothing, transportation, and a portion of doctors, hospital and medicines, not to mention coming up

with taxes and homeowners insurance once a year for the house. That doesn't take into account any gifts for your children or grandchildren, going to the beauty parlor, eating any meals out or any other extravagance."

"Or I could get you a job today at a department store making \$7 an hour, which would gross the same amount of money, but they would pay for your health insurance. After taxes and other deductions you would make slightly less than \$200 a week or about \$850 a month. But remember, you would also have additional expenses of transportation getting to and from your job, you would have to have nicer clothes and make-up. So what little extra you would make for the next eight years until you turned 70, would be spent on those extras. Personally I would do that though, if I were you, but only you could make that decision. However, what I am offering you is a new life, where you wouldn't have those financial worries, but I can see that you don't believe me. I am going to do something that I rarely do. I'm going to give you a preview, to prove that I am on the up and up." he said.

With that Jennifer suddenly felt a lot lighter, the weight on her chest not as heavy. She looked down and immediately noticed that she wasn't wearing the same clothes that she had worn over there. Her breasts, while still big were not as huge as they had been, and she asked excitedly, "What's happening? What have you done to me?"

"Why don't you go into my private bathroom and have a look in the mirror for yourself." he suggested.

Jennifer picked herself up and walked into his bathroom. She turned the light on and almost fainted dead away when the face and body in the mirror were exactly as she looked when she was twenty-something. She had to hold onto the counter to keep from falling, her knees shook so badly. When she had gathered up her composure, she went back out into the office and sat down.

"This isn't possible!" she exclaimed.

"But it is Mrs. Smith." he replied, and then said nothing, waiting for her to talk first, as they looked each other in the eye.

Finally, she broke the Mexican standoff, and said, "You've done it, but it still isn't possible, or I would have heard of it."

"Do you think that it's an optical illusion maybe?" he asked.

Even though a strange man was sitting right across from her, she raised her hand and felt her breasts. They felt firmer but smaller than they had in years. Now she didn't know what to think.

"Are you convinced that you now look like you did about forty years ago?" he asked.

"Yes." she replied

Suddenly she felt herself growing. She looked down and saw that she looked as she had when she walked in.

"Yes, I've returned you to the state you were when you walked in here. I can return you to the younger state if you desire, but you have to tell me that is

what you want. Unfortunately, I am out of time for you today. I will tell you what I will do, if you desire. I can temporarily give you back your youth for one week, but only when you are inside of your house alone. This way you can

try it out and if you want to make it permanent, call me for an appointment. While you are on a trial basis, all of your clothing will automatically switch between your clothing and those appropriate for a twenty year old. You will be

on auto-pilot. Whenever someone rings your doorbell, or you are getting ready

to go outside, you will automatically revert to your current age. Then when they leave or you return home, you will revert back to as you were a moment ago. So as not to incur additional finance charges, your mortgage has already been paid off, and sometime next week you should receive a paid off copy of your note. My offer is basically open ended, but there is a one year maximum for you to accept the offer. Oh yes, there is one more detail about you going back and starting over again. Within six months of you making this change permanent, you will meet a very wealthy man who will make sure that you never

will go for want again. I'm sorry that I can't tell you any more, confidentiality you know. If, on the other hand you decide that you just want to take the job at Macy's or Bloomingdales' call me and I'll arrange it. Good luck Mrs. Smith. At least some of your financial woes were resolved today."

All the way home she wondered if she had just visited the Twilight Zone. It was just too weird to have been real. After all, no one could really make her young again, could they?

Sure enough, as soon as she walked into her house, she felt herself become lighter and firmer. She ran to her bedroom to look in the mirror and again, saw that she was as she looked when she was in her early twenties, wearing a tight, low cut blouse that well displayed her more than ample cleavage and a

tight, short skirt that showed off her tiny waist and flaring hips.

"What would I do with this bomb shell body without Tim?" she thought to herself. "I'd probably get married again and go through the pain of having more children and raising them. Why would I want to do that all over again. Besides, if I went back, I'd have to make all new friends. I wouldn't know anyone my own age. Heck, even my own children would be older than me."

The week went by quickly. Strangely, there weren't many visitors and she didn't go out except once to the grocery store. Of sure, her friends had called her on the phone, but everyone seemed to be giving her space and time to grieve about the lose of her husband. There was one really peculiar thing though that seemed to have stuck in her mind, the entire week she seemed constantly horny, masturbating with her old faithful vibrating dildo several times a day and always going for at least three orgasms with it before going to sleep.

In fact the week had passed so quickly, that she really hadn't thought about the offer and suddenly one afternoon, with no one in the house with her, she just changed back into her 62 year old self. It was this sudden loss of youth, that she had almost become accustomed to again, that got her to thinking about what she was going to do about the rest of her life. Her money was dwindling and she debated the pros and cons of going both ways, either taking the department store job or being twenty again. It must have been the allure of immortality, that made her decide to be twenty again, about two weeks later, and she called to set up an appointment for the next day.

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"Mrs. Smith, how are you?" the man asked.

"Fine. Uh, as I said on the phone yesterday, I've decided to take you up on



your offer." she replied.

"Good! I'm sure that you will be much happier too!" he responded.

"So, what do we have to do to make the change permanent?" she asked.

"Well, most of my clients don't want to do this too soon. They want to get their final good byes in, to their family and close friends first. Of course, you can't tell them why, as they'll think your looney tunes, if you try to explain that you're soon to be twenty again. So what I recommend, is that you just spend some quality time with them, and then tell them that you will be going away for awhile. Of course, you won't be coming back to them. Take your time, spend a couple weeks, a month, a couple of months if you so desire, and then call me when you are ready." he explained.

"That's it? Nothing else?" she asked, shocked that it would be so simple.

"Yes, that's all there is to it." he assured her.

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Six weeks later after spending a lot of time with her three children and six grandchildren, Jennifer called to make the appointment for the final transformation.

"Jennifer, uh, may I call you that?" he said as he showed her into his office.

"Sure, why not." she said with a big smile on her face.

"So, are you sure that you are ready?" he asked.

"Yes, I've spent a marvelous six weeks with my children and grandchildren.

I'm ready." she replied.

A few moments later, she could feel herself changing, but it was not exactly the same change as before. While she basically looked like her twenty year old self, there were some differences. She still had her 'G' cup sized tits, although just as firm as her twenty year old 'D' cup sized ones had been, and although she had, had a pretty nice hour glass figure before, it was even more

dramatic now. Whereas she had been a 38-25-37 the first time around, she was

now a 39-20-37. She also weighed seven pounds less this time, and everything

about her was shaplier, her arms, legs, feet, hands, even her fingers and toes looked better. Even her face was slightly different, making her a true beauty this time around, with thicker, poutier lips, a shorter nose, wider bluer eyes, and her long thick hair fell to just above her ass, which was also shapelier and more inviting, even under her dress.

Speaking of clothing, her dress was much more daring than it had been for the

trial run. Her panties were little more than a g-string and her brasier was a quarter cup push up style, leaving 75% of her breast naked. Her blouse was cut so low, that it barely contained her honey dew melon sized tits, with the very tops of her areolas peeking out over the top. It was so thin, that the rest of her areolas clearly showed through the thin material, and her painfully erect nipples drastically tented the thin material out. Her micro-mini skirt was so short, that it would only keep her descent if she stood perfectly still. Because if she bent forward slightly, her ass cheeks would show, if she bent forward past forty degrees her pussy would begin showing, while she walked, both her ass cheeks and pussy would peek out and when she

sat down, the short skirt would hike above her pussy, no matter how much

she

tugged on it. To finish off her look, she wore black, sheer, seamed stockings that ended at the very tops of her thighs and were self-supporting, and six inch, pencil thin, stiletto high heeled shoes.

Her make-up too was more than she used to normally wear during the day, maybe

for a special evening party, but not regular day time make-up. Her finger and toe nails were painted in a bright, 'fuck-me' red color, as were her full, pouty, very kissable lips. A touch of rouge on her cheeks, just enough to make

her look like she was blushing. Her eye lids were painted in a baby blue hue and lined with black eye liner. Her eye lashes had been lengthened considerably in the transformation process and were brushed out to make them

even more noticeable. Her eyebrows had been thinned permanently and looked

very good on her.

The look said high class hooker, or possibly slut, and all of her clothes, which was transformed along with her, was similarly cut, and or similarly revealing. All of her bras were now quarter cut. All of her panties were either g-string type or crotchless, with the rest of the material being sheer. There was no pantyhose or slips, and all of her stockings were sheer and designed in some way or another to draw attention to her legs. They had a seam up the back or they had designs on them. Her skirts were all just as short as the one she was currently wearing while her blouses were evenly divided between being cut just as low as the one she currently wore or they were sheer. Her dresses had the most variety. There were flowery sun dresses, that while covering her legs to just below her knees, were so sheer that in any kind of light, you could easily make out her pussy, ass and tits. There was the going to church or work suits, that the skirt would fall to mid-

thigh and the jacket was cut in such a way as to expose a goodly portion of her cleavage. Of course she was mentally prepared to wear these suits without

a blouse. There was the going out to a nice restaurant, the theater, or similar activity dresses that were simple in design and of a solid color. The skirts, would fall to one third of the way down her thighs, the bust would be cut just a little higher than her blouses, in as much as they just covered the tops of her areolas and from the bottom of her ass up, it would fit her like a second skin.

Lastly, there were the formal dresses. These were further divided into two categories, full length skirts and above the knee skirts. From the ass up, both were cut the same as her going out nine dresses, but of course fancier. The full length skirts were all cut as if the woman was to take short, mincing steps, they were so tight from the crotch down, but then they were slit up the sides to just above her crotch, so that the person in it could indeed walk in it. The shorter skirts, while also similarly cut, were a little looser, but instead of being cut up the sides, their slits were front and back. Three of the six full length dresses, were also backless, and cut so that not only did she display cleavage in front, but the top of her ass crack was also visible in the back, giving her an ass cleavage on display as well.

She couldn't see yet, that she was completely hairless below her shoulders. No longer would she need to shave her arm pits nor legs. In addition, the thick bush between her legs, that she had always been so proud of, was gone, leaving her thick labia majora's completely visible should any one be able to see between her legs, which of course in such short skirts, they would.

While she still had most of her thought process intact, she had been programmed, during her transformation, to accept her new clothing and make-

up styles. Even if she went out shopping for new clothes, she'd end up buying the exact same style that now made up her new wardrobe. Oh, she

would be embarrassed, being seen in her new clothes, but she would wear them and go out in public just as if she were wearing her old, more conservative clothes.

"What have you done to me?" Jennifer cried out as she looked down at her transformed body, noticing that her tits were just as big as before, though definitely firmer, sitting much higher on her chest and the slutty looking clothes that she was wearing.

"Just what you wanted, to turn you back into a twenty year old." he replied innocently.

"But the last time my tits shrunk, and they certainly weren't hanging out of my blouse like this, and the skirt was longer!" she exclaimed.

"Oh you'll get used to the sexier wardrobe in no time." he replied, "Why don't you have a look at it in the mirror. You know where the bathroom is."

In spite of the fact that she had never worn heels, higher than three inches before, she walked into the bathroom as if she had worn sky high heels all of her life. While she didn't notice the way her ass moved, as if she were a street walker looking to pick up a trick, she did notice the way her huge tits bounced and swayed and jiggled due to her virtually non-existent bra, realizing with each step that she took, more of her areolas became visible and the way her bare nipples rubbed against the material sending shock waves of pleasure through her chest and then straight down to her clit, which was making her pussy juice up.

She stood there in shock, looking at herself in the mirror. She was a bundle of confusion and mixed emotions. On one hand, she was gorgeous, even better than when she was twenty. Much prettier and definitely better built.

Her larger chest, combined with her smaller waist, gave her a body that wet dreams were made from. So much so, that she wasn't sure that she really wanted it. It was a body that would draw men's stares and lust like a magnet while scorn from the women, except for the lesbians, who would also be drawn to her. The small modifications to her face, on the other hand were perfect. The nose could have gone either way, but she did like the thinner eye brows, longer lashes, larger lips and the slightly higher cheek bones.

The clothing on the other hand, was way too slutty. The blouse was cut so low that it didn't even hide her areolas and was so thin, that what was covered, was easily visible through the material. The skirt was scandalously short. There was no way that she could move around in it with displaying the hidden assets below it, and she knew that by the laws of physics, that when she sat down, she wouldn't be covered at all. Then there was those ridiculously high, high heeled shoes, only sluts and whores wore heels this high, yet there they were on her feet.

Still looking at herself in the mirror, she began to cry. When she composed herself enough to go back out into the office, her face was tear streaked.

"You've got to change me back! I don't want to look this way." she sobbed.

"Sorry, once the change is made, there is no going back. I asked more than once if you were sure. Remember?" he said.

"Yes, but you tricked me. You said the change would make me look like I did when I was twenty, not like some wet dream from your imagination." she retorted.

"True, but you never asked if this is how you would look, I just said that this was a possibility, not the exact change. Now you are stuck with it, the body, the style of clothes and make-up. This is how you will look." he replied.

Jennifer gave him an icy stare while he looked her directly in the eyes. She finally realized that there was nothing that she could do about it and started to leave, when he said, "Oh, by the way, I'll be seeing you for dinner at your house tonight, shall we say seven."

"I never want to see you again!" she screamed at him, tears flowing freely down her face.

"I realize that, but there are some additional things that you do need to know, and I'll go over them during and after dinner tonight." he advised her.

Crying she left the stranger's office. Although still crying inside, she made her way to the ladies room washed the tears off of her face and touched up her slutty make-up and then took the elevator down to the lobby. As she got off of the elevator, she straightened up to perfect posture, not slumping down

hunching her shoulders forward, like many women do, who are so large chested,

instead, she threw her shoulders back and thrust her chest out, making them even more prominent, than tits that size would be anyway. Then with a seductive smile on her face, she walked out of the building, her hips swishing to one side, then a pregnant pause and back to the other side, her ass cheeks bounced and noticeably clapped, apart and then together, and her huge knockers bounced, swayed and jiggled, displaying the entire tops of her areolas with each upwards lurch. Her short, not too tight skirt's hem, was also bouncing with each pronounced step that she took, letting everyone see the naked bottoms of her ass cheeks, including the crack, and her thick hairless pussy lips with the tiny string of her panties bisecting them.

Everywhere she went, she drew stares from men and women alike, although the men, and the women who liked women, stared in lust and astonishment

over such a perfectly built woman, while the rest of the women stared with looks to kill. Even the children, some as young as seven years old, stared at her erotic, over exposed body. She had valet parked her car, down the street and it was the longest block that she had ever had to walk. The same man whom had taken her car when she had dropped it off, was the one at the stand when she walked up to it. He had been openly staring at her as she approached and even licked his lips a couple of times. Jennifer was totally humiliated having to be out in public this way and would have been even more so, if she were aware of how she had been forced to move as she walked, but at least that humiliation had been kept hidden from her consciousness.

She handed the man her ticket and he quickly brought her car up to the valet stand. He got out and stood on the inside of the door, holding it open for her. Jennifer knew that there would be no way to gracefully get into her car, at least not without exposing herself and attempted to do so with the least bit of exposure that she could get away with. She noted that the valet had left very little room for her to squeeze into the car and was further shocked and embarrassed that, not only didn't she say something to him, but that she turned towards him and rubbed her boobs across his chest, pausing momentarily and pressing against him a little harder before, leaning forward,

which allowed her blouse to fall away from her chest and expose her naked nipples and then, as she sat down, her skirt hiked itself half way up her hips, leaving her hairless pussy fully exposed to his leering face, as again, she made a pregnant pause, with one foot near the gas pedal, while the other foot was still on the ground outside of the car. Even as she drew the other foot into her car, her skirt rode up even higher, almost to the tops of her hips now. She placed her left foot against the carpeted wall of the car, while the right foot stayed next to the console between the seats, leaving her cunt still fully visible to his lecherous stare, and as she moved around to get comfortable, her right tit popped fully out of the blouse. Without even



attempting to pull her skirt down, nor to put her breast back into the blouse, she blushed as she looked up into his bugged out eyes and handed him his tip for bringing the car to her.

He really thanked her, handed her the tip back and said enthusiastically, "After the show you put on for me, plus brushing those huge hooters of yours into my chest, I'd feel guilty taking your money from you. You've given me a better tip than money could buy! Have a great day!"

Jennifer blushed deeper, but still didn't adjust her clothes, leaving her skirt hiked up to the tops of her hips and her right tit still outside of her blouse, and drove off. She was really humiliated now. Mentally, she wanted to at least put her breast back inside of her blouse, knowing that everyone on the sidewalk and everyone who drove by her could see her huge naked breast outside of her blouse, but try as she did, she couldn't get her hands to move to put it back inside of her blouse until she was sitting in the driveway of her home. What made the matter even worse was that all the way home, she kept glancing out of her window to see the shocked stares of people on the sidewalk and while at red lights, she would look towards the car on her right side while playing with her exposed breast.

While her top was presentable as she exited her car, she couldn't tug her skirt down until she was fully out of the car, while her next door neighbor, a horny old man of seventy stood there and openly stared at her nakedness.

She walked as fast as she could to the door and, after fumbling with her keys, opened the door and finally was in the safety of her own home. The neighbors and her children though, thought that she was just the house sitter, the story that she had given them before "going away for a while". At this point, she was so embarrassed over her new body and clothes, that she wanted to die,

have

the earth open up and swallow her, so that she wouldn't have to face this any more, at least those were her thoughts, but another part of her programming would never allow her to harm herself, much less take her own life.

After composing herself again, she went to her bedroom, hoping to find decent clothes to change into. First she checked in her underwear drawer and was shocked to find that all of her bras were just like the one that she was wearing, just a little shelf to place her huge breasts on to hold them up nice and high for everyone to see just how big they really were. The panties were no better, most were little string jobs that she didn't know how she'd ever get them on and off without tearing them they were so minimal and delicate, while the rest, though covering more of her belly and ass, were crotchless and she wanted to break down and cry, but she had already cried so much today, she didn't have any more tears to shed.

She didn't really want to know how bad the rest of her wardrobe was, considering how bad her underwear was, but she just had to know. She walked

into her closet and the first thing that she noticed was that other than a couple pair of tennis shoes, all of her shoes were high heels with similar heels to the ones that she was wearing. They looked like they came in three heights, 5", 6" and 7". Next she noticed the skirts and immediately realized that they were all as short as the ones she was wearing. Above them were her blouses separated by type and color. Going through the knit blouses, they too were all cut just like the one she was wearing, other than some were sleeveless and other's had long sleeves, in addition to the short sleeved ones like she was wearing. The button down blouses were next, and to her utter horror, they were all sheer, with her quarter cup bras, her breasts would be on full display whenever she wore them.

Just then, the door bell rang. "Who the hell could that be?" she thought to

herself, "My kids, my friends and my neighbors know that I've gone away on vacation!"

She didn't want to answer the door, not looking like she did, but whoever was there was insistent and kept ringing the bell. Finally she gave up and went to answer the door. "Damn!" she thought to herself, "It's that nosey old goat from next door!"

"Yes, may I help you?" she said.

"I'm Mr. Watson. I live next door. This is a nice neighborhood and I don't want you to think that you can mess it up!" he stated.

"Uh, I'm sorry, what are you talking about?" she asked him, somewhat taken aback.

"You! You slut! You're dress just like a prostitute! I'm here to tell you if you have a lot of male company, you'd better be inviting me over regularly for freebies, or I'll call the cops on you!" he spat and walked away.

Jennifer was really shaken up by his diatribe, and the worse part of it was that he was right, she did look like a hooker. When her nerves calmed down enough, she went back to her bedroom to further explore her new wardrobe. Next came the suits, which on her initial glance didn't look so bad, the skirts were short, but not as short as the other skirts. She immediately realized how transparent the sun dresses would be and with her choice of underwear, she'd really be exposed in them. The evening wear was better, but not by much and she marveled at the exquisiteness of the formal dress, not yet noticing the slits. The last things in her closet were her nightgowns, again with three different styles, one worse than the other. There was long sheer nightgowns, with matching sheer robes. The gown itself had a built in bra sections that would hide no more of her huge breasts than her knit blouses

did, and what was covered would be fully visible through the flimsy sheer material. Then there was the baby doll night gowns, also sheer, and with no panties, so she'd be completely naked from above her crotch all the way down to her feet. Lastly, there was a modified baby doll grouping. The bust of these also had an under wire built into them, but where her breasts would go, there was no material, so her breasts would stick out obscenely. These did have panties, sheer and crotchless, the hole not just exposing her pussy, but went all the way up the back so that her ass crack too would be fully exposed. She then spotted her slippers, they were clear plastic with different colored puffs on the strap over the top of her foot and appeared to have 4" heels, just like her shoes. There was one warm terry cloth robe.

She went back to her dresser and began looking through it. First she went through her shorts drawer. While not having tried any of them on, she noted that they all looked extremely tight and stretchy and would cling to her body like a second skin, outlining every nook and cranny that it covered. Next was her t-shirt drawer. In it she found some t-shirts, all had funny little sayings or cartoons right where her breasts would be and they all looked to be a size or two too small for her, which meant that they'd really be tight right across her boobs. There were also several crop topped shirts, which looked like she be exposing the bottoms of her tits when she wore them and certainly couldn't be wearing a bra with them. Then there were several athletic jerseys, sleeveless and sideless. Again, it would be impossible to wear a bra with them. The sides of her breasts would be exposed and if some joker wanted to stick his hand into the side of these blouses, her tits would be very accessible.

She didn't want to know anymore, but looked anyway. The last of the blouses were halters, some were knit and others were cotton, both would leave a lot of breast flesh exposed and both were translucent, which would mean at least the darker color of her nipples would show through. Most would not allow for wearing a bra underneath, but what difference did it

make, her bras didn't cover most of her breast anyhow. In what had been her jean drawer she found thin stretch pants that looked to be at least one size too small and the material so thin, that it would be like walking around naked in them.

Jennifer was really crushed. "What had she gotten herself into? How could this have happened to her? What had she done to deserve this? She had been a good wife, a faithful wife, a good mother and grandmother, and had been a religious woman all of her life. This just couldn't be happening to her!" were the thoughts that went through her head as she stood there not believing that something so bad and horrible like this could happen to a good person like herself.

She awoke at 4:00 exactly and went to the kitchen to begin preparing dinner. To her amazement, she realized that she was preparing dinner for two, not just for herself. "Why am I doing this? I'm not letting that creep into my house!" she thought to herself, but continued preparing a really nice dinner for two.

At 7:00 sharp, the door bell rang. Her dinner was ready. She had even set the table with her best china and crystal and there were candles in the candle stick holders. She wanted to die as she sashayed over to the front door with a big smile on her face. She didn't want to open the door but she did and said, "Why hello! Won't you come in!" and the man that she feared and loathed walked in like a boy friend on a date.

After closing the door, she instinctive went to him, put her arms around his neck and passionately kissed this hateful man, while pressing her huge tits into his chest as he placed a hand on each of her buttocks and pulled her against him fondling and kneading her ass cheeks. Being pressed right up against him, she could feel his erection against her belly. Now her husband had been large, with an eight inch cock, but this man must be hung like a

small horse, his cock feeling almost twice as big as her husband's had been.

When they broke their embrace, her head was spinning, her nipples were painfully erect, her clit was tingling and her pussy was feeling squishy from all the juices she had secreted. She felt like she had after her first real passionate kiss in high school and wondered why he was having this kind of affect on her, especially since she hated him for all the horrible things he had done to her, but she didn't vocalize her curiosity, not wanting to let him know that he had gotten to her.

"Why don't you sit down and I'll get dinner on the table." she said breathlessly, still somewhat woozy from their kiss.

She served a fabulous meal and they ate in silence. When the meal was through, the man helped her clear the table and dried the dishes while she washed.

"It's time to sit down and talk." he said and they went and sat in the living room, side by side on the love seat.

## Chapter 2

"There are a few little, uh, quirks, that come with being rejuvenated, such as was done with you. After all, I am the Devil. First of all, I'm going to fuck you, after our talk, like you've never been, nor ever will be fucked again, and I will do so non-stop until the crack of dawn. After I'm finished fucking you, you will never be able to stop certain types of people from having their way with you sexually. You will especially be drawn to under-aged boys, middle-aged women, married men and old men, say above the age of sixty."

"While the later may not sound too bad right now, while you are letting them

have their way with you, you being so young now, and them being so old, you will smell and feel their oldness, and will wonder what possessed you to allow these old farts to have their way with you. After each time that they have had their way with you, you will feel used and highly embarrassed, but you will offer them the use of your body, anytime they want to use it again and in anyway that they want to use it. While you won't be giving them any ideas as to how to use and abuse you, if they come up with any kinky ideas on their own, you will have to perform for them, as if you were enjoying every last second of it. While you won't go out of your way to pick up these old coots, you won't be able to say no to any suggestions that they make."

"On the other hand, you will go out of your way to encourage all the teenaged boys in the neighborhood, married men, and middle aged women, to use you on a real regular basis. In fact, when they do come over and use you, you'll even suggest that they tell all of their friends about you. Oh yes, this will be how you will make your living. You will charge this group for the right to use you, in anyway short of leaving permanent scars on you, or killing you. However, you will put yourself in situations that could lead to either. But don't worry, I have given you special powers to extricate yourself from these situations. All you have to do is concentrate, and if you are at their place, you will suddenly be home, while if they are at your place, they will suddenly be home. While they may remember your face, if you had to extricate yourself, they will have no desire to be with you again, hence they will never phone you, come here or even talk to you if they see you on the street."

"In order to encourage these kinds of people to contact you, I took the liberty of placing several ads, with a full nude picture of you, in several

contact magazines, as well as on the Internet. Each ad is different, including the pictures of you. Where I have you looking for men for instance, I said something like 20 year old woman with 39G-20-37 figure, that is all me, no enhancements, is seeking discreet dates with married executives and professional men only. And the picture shows you sitting naked, in a chair, with your legs over the arms. You have a pretty smile on your face and your hairless pussy is wide open and shiny with your juices."

"You will accept any type of sex, for any amount of time that they desire to have you, even days or weeks at a time, for a price, as you are now a whore. A simple slam-bam-thank-you-mam will go for \$150. If they want you by the

hour, your rate is \$300, whether they are fucking you, or have you out in public eating dinner with them. A sleep over begins at 10 pm and ends after breakfast, no later than 9 am, and runs \$1,200. If they want an evening date beginning say at 6:00 or 7:00 and going through noon the following day, it's \$1,600. A full day is \$3,000 and multiple days, but less than a week are still at the daily rate. A full week is \$18,000 and will be discounted by 10% for the first additional week and 15% for each additional full week after that, that they keep you. In other words two weeks would be \$16,200 per week or \$32,400. A month or longer, being anything greater than four weeks, therefore

in theory would be 14,400 per week or \$57,600, but you'll round it down to a mere \$50,000, and through in any spare days to make it go from the

same day of one month to the following month. If someone wants longer, you

know my number. Oh, and count on getting many week long vacations this way

with the man paying for everything, so long as you sexually take care of him, including embarrassing yourself in your manner of dress, or lack thereof."



"As to the middle aged women, your ad simply talks about wanting to be dominated and used by another woman. You will freely give yourself to a woman alone, but will charge for your services, if the woman has a man who also wants to participate in a three way with you. As to the old men, this is just a situation to humiliate you, so there will be no charge for that, unless they are answering your ad. Where ever you go, and you will not just sit at home waiting for the phone or the door bell to ring, minor boys, old men, and

middle aged lesbians will be attracted to you like flies to shit. For reasons that they won't even be able to figure out, they will find the courage to approach you. You will always be overly friendly and flirtatious with them, but they must find the final courage to ask you to do something with them. As I said, you will be flirtatious, enough so that they should find it within them to ask the question, but must still do it. I won't make you beg for sex, as I'm embarrassing you enough in many other ways."

"When ever you are having sex, especially paid for sex, as you are making love with your partner, male or female, you will remember the best sex that you ever had with your deceased husband and wonder what he would think of you

now. You're partner will never know this, as you will be putting all of your efforts into making them feel as good as you possibly can. Oh yes, you now know tricks that you never knew before. You will give the best blow jobs anyone has ever experienced, deep throating them and using your throat muscles to massage their pricks. Your cunt and ass are just as tight as when you graduated high school and, no matter how much they are used, will remain

that tight. The only difference, after lots of use, is that when an extremely large prick, or dildo, is shoved into them, having been used to it, you won't experience the pain of having them stretched way out for the first time. That is why I'm going to fuck you all night long, so that no one will ever suspect, that you haven't done this before. You'll easily have a month's worth of

heavy

experience tomorrow morning after I leave, and you won't even be sore by then."

"Lastly, you will not age a day, a minute, or even a second for the next eighty years. In fact, you will die exactly eighty years from tomorrow. When you do, you will look to be one hundred years old, and you will have your birth certificate, and other forms of ID proving you to be 142 years old. I have already prepaid for you to be buried next to your husband and the documents will be there. Unfortunately, your children and some of your grandchildren will be dead by then, but all of your family will come, if for no other reason, out of curiosity. Of course, being a whore, and a high priced one at that, and one who will make excellent investments with her spare money, you'll be leaving them all well off."

"So what do say, time to go to your bedroom and get it on?" he asked, and of course Jennifer nodded, her pussy already drooling in anticipation, and she had an itch, that she suspected could only be relieved by having sex with the Devil himself.

In the blink of an eye, they were both in her bedroom, naked, she on her back, with her legs spread wide apart and her knees back near her huge tits, leaving her completely wide open and vulnerable to anything he wanted to do to her. He was standing near the bed, but now he didn't look like the man she had met and had been dealing with. He looked just like the pictures of the devil, except that he wasn't red. He was tall, probably eight foot and all muscle. He even had the proverbial 6 pack abs. There were horns on his head,

and he had four really long canine teeth, almost like fangs. He had this long black tail which ended in what looked like an arrowhead. His cock while looking like an uncircumcised human prick, was more the size of a horse's cock, easily twenty inches long and very thick.

Jennifer wanted to scream out the terror that she felt, just by looking at him, but somehow nothing came out, except little whimpers of submission. He climbed onto the bed, as she held herself open for him, trembling, sure that such a large cock would split her in half. Just before he mounted her, he said, "Oh yes, I've given you back your virginity, just so I could take it for a second time." and then gave out an evil, maniacal laugh, as he slid all twenty inches into her body.

While this would have not only split her in half, but would have passed through her womb and into her body cavity, had he not made her body react, to it's visual assessment of any cock, over twelve inches, entering her. Her body reacted by lengthening, proportionately, her vagina and uterus, so that it could fully accommodate any sized cock from now on. She would even be able to accommodate a horse, which she most likely would have to accommodate or an elephant, which she probably would never have to accommodate. She wouldn't know that, and think that her powers had failed her, but they would only work when she was truly in danger, not when she just thought she was in danger.

Jennifer screamed in pain, as his long, thick appendage ripped into her belly, filling her up like she had never been filled before. Even though she was in excruciating pain, both from having been deflowered by such a huge organ and from the very same organ stretching her tight little pussy all out of shape, she was eagerly humping back onto his prick like some cock hungry nymphomaniac. This registered crystal clear in her mind.

After getting a real good rhythm going, fucking her cunt with his dick, the

end of his tail changed shape into that of an equally large cock. He proceed to lubricate her ass with it and then began fucking her butt with his tail as if it were a cock, just as hard and as fast as his dick was fucking her cunt. While he was doing this below her waist, above her waist, his hands were busily working over her huge, firm tits and her turgid nipples. Although he was roughly squeezing her breast meat, and pinching, pulling and twisting her nipples, it was all right at that fine edge between excruciating pain and equally excruciating pleasure, which eventually all mixed in to one in her mind, on the pleasurable side. His final insult was to turn his forked tongue into yet another huge cock, which he used to deep throat her continuously and mercilessly as it went all the way down to the base of her throat, as she sucked and licked the thing impaling her throat and her throat muscles massaged it.

He waited to spring her first orgasm on her, until she was really in to everything being done to her, about ten minutes after he first slid into her cunt, and when she came, it too was like nothing that she ever experienced before. Her entire body felt the tremors and tingles of her orgasm, with it's epicenter being her womb. Her cunt, ass and throat, clamped down very tightly on the dicks or fake dicks screwing them. Her clit and nipples were harder, longer and thicker than they ever could be otherwise, and were vibrating so much that she thought he had pressed a vibrator up against them.

And, just like in the story book version, she did in fact see rockets going off and exploding, just like a 4th of July celebration.

As her orgasm tore into her, she squealed with delight, and after a long pause, she redoubled her efforts as the orgasm wore on.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeeeee  
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" she squealed in joy.

Just as she was coming down from this impossibly high sexual explosion, another one washed over her, with equal intensity. Her body reacted exactly as it did the first time and would for each subsequent orgasm that she would experience that evening. Basically he was getting her body to love having sex and lots of it, as he fucked her straight through, with the same technique all night long. Being the Devil, he had the stamina and fortitude to do this anyway, but as part of her change, she too now had the stamina and fortitude to do this for days on end, without a pause, though occasional breaks to relieve herself and nourish herself would be required.

Dawn came all too early, for the now hooked on sex woman. Her having gone from

one orgasm to the next, all night long, kept her from realizing just how long she had been fucking him, with all three of her orifices. When he finally got off of her, her muscles did let her know just how well fucked she actually was.

She was sore all over, inside and out, but she felt a real good sort of tired as well. As he left, she fell asleep, and when she would awaken, she'd feel as if she hadn't even done it, although she would remember it well, in vivid detail, especially her orgasms.

### Chapter 3 - The Beginning of Her New Life

Jennifer awoke with a start. Someone was continuously ringing her doorbell. She was groggy, having just awoken from the sleep of the dead. She pulled herself out of bed and automatically slipped her high heels on and a sheer robe. Although it wouldn't hide a thing, at least she had something on.

She looked through the peep hole and groaned, it was that cranky old man

from next door. What did he want from her now, in the middle of the day, after she had been up all night fucking?

Putting a sweet smile on her face, she opened the door and asked, "How can I help you today, Mr. Watson?"

The man stood there, his mouth hanging open as if he were trying to catch flies. His eyes burning into her flesh as they very noticeably moved between her breasts and her hairless crotch.

"Uh Mr. Watson, what were you ringing my door bell for?" she asked again, as she unconsciously spread her legs even wider apart to give him a better view.

She mentally blushed, as she was no longer allowed to show such an emotion outwardly. She was completely embarrassed, standing in the wide open door, in

nothing but a sheer robe, which her neighbor could obviously see right through,

a pair of 5" heels and to help him get a more obscene view of her crotch, she had just spread her legs wider apart for him. No wonder the man couldn't talk.

She just hoped that he didn't have a heart attack while standing there ogling her body.

"Mr. Watson!" she exclaimed louder, hoping to break his reverie.

"Oh yes. Remember I warned you about screwing around. I said that if I caught

you whoring around here in the neighborhood, that I'd give you a choice of screwing me, or having me call the police on you. So which is it going to be?" he asked, with a very nasty tone in his voice.

"Uh Mr. Watson, you woke me up from a sound sleep to make your false accusations?" she asked, still with a sweet voice and still with a sweet smile on her face, although she was dying inside from embarrassment.

"I saw that man who came here about 7:00 last night, and caught him sneaking out this morning at 6:00. I would have come over earlier, but I figured you needed the rest, so I waited until now. So which is going to be girly, the cops or a toss in the sack with me?" he demanded.

She tried to say that it was just her boy friend, but the words wouldn't come out, instead she ended up saying, "Why don't you come in so that we can discuss this civilly?"

Mr. Watson brushed past her, his arm pressing against her huge tits as he did.

Putting her sweetest of smiles on her face she said, "Mr. Watson, you don't need to threaten me with the police to get me into bed, but please, the next time, let me get my sleep in."

Her words shocked both of them. Mr. Watson because he didn't expect his voluptuous neighbor to give in so easily, and Jennifer because she quickly realized how easy it would be for anyone to get her to bed from now on.

She took his hand and led him back to her bedroom, apologizing for the mess, and her bed was a mess. The bedding was soaked from both her and the devil's fuck juices from the night before and the room wreaked of sex, something Jennifer hadn't noticed when she went to get the door out of her sound sleep.

She began helping Mr. Watson undress while his hands went right to her tits,

pawing and kneading them like so much dough. When he was naked, she got him to lay on the bed as she crawled up between his legs to start giving him a blow job. Not only could she smell his oldness, but he must of have been working out in his yard all morning and stank of sweat as well. But none of that mattered to the twenty year old woman, as she worked on getting

his cock to come to life. Although she and the devil had done many things the

night before, getting him hard was not one of them, and she surprised herself

at how many little tricks she knew to get a man's flaccid cock to complete erection. It was the little things that she was doing with her tongue, the way she moved her head around in little semi-circles around his cock as she pumped her head up and down on his cock, the way she was playing with his ball sacks and squeezing his balls, firmly but gently, and the way she was running her other hand over his belly. All these things combined to get the old man hard faster than he had in years.

Although she was doing all of these tactile things to him, what really got him hard was a secret ingredient, that neither truly noticed. It was the pheromones she was giving off as her humiliation forced her to get sexually excited. So strong were her pheromones, that she would be able to get a man, who hadn't been able to achieve an erection in a decade, get as hard as he did as a teenager. It would allow men, like Mr. Watson, who hadn't been able to quickly recover for a second round in over twenty years, to keep getting his cock hard enough to have sex with Jennifer at least half a dozen times in one night, if he so desired.

When Mr. Watson was hard enough, Jennifer squatted over his hips and mounted him, impaling herself fully on his now steel rod hard prick. She



slowly raised and lowered herself onto his impaling weapon, feeling every vein, bump and other nuance of his circumcised cock as she did.

Mr. Watson too, was feeling things that he hadn't felt in years, maybe even decades. He could feel Jennifer's cunt running up and down his shaft, opening up widely as she impaled herself on him and clamping down tightly, as if not to let his cock escape her cavity as she pulled herself back up off of him.

At first he lay there, almost passively watching in awe as this girl, young enough to be his grand daughter, almost young enough to be his great grand daughter, fucking herself on his prick as if they were lovers. The subject of his lust filled stare was obvious, her two huge breasts with their large, puffy, coral colored areola, tipped with her long, thick erect nipples. They were like a hypnotist's pendulum to him, as his eyes followed her outrageously long nipples wherever they went.

This didn't go unnoticed by Jennifer, who looked down to see what his eyes were following. Again she mentally blushed in embarrassment, as the man stared at her sexually freak of nature nipples. For reasons she couldn't understand, she reached down, picked up his hands and placed his forefingers and thumbs on her nipples and, almost in a whisper, asked him "Squeeze them hard, so hard that hurts real good."

Mr. Watson couldn't believe that she was asking him to do this, but eagerly complied with her wishes, pinching them as hard as he could between his fingers. Like an electric jolt, the pain shot through her chest and quickly turned into pleasure as it shot down to her clit, making it get even harder and longer than it already was in it's high excited state, and then it began

vibrating maddingly. It both pained her and aroused her in equal doses, and made her begin to fuck him even faster.

She leaned slightly more forward, both to give Mr. Watson easier access to her nipples to abuse them, and to cause her clit to rub over his cock as she pumped herself up and down on his rock hard shaft. She could feel the now familiar knot building in her guts, signaling her oncoming orgasm.

"Oh grandpa!" she exclaimed in a little girl's voice, "You're going to make me cum! I'm so close, so very close!"

Her calling him 'grandpa' in that high pitched little girl's voice really got to him. For a moment, he even envisioned that Jennifer was indeed his granddaughter and what they were doing was so morally wrong, but it also excited the dickens out of him.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"  
Jennifer squealed in delight as her orgasm washed over her.

For a moment she froze, her cunt clamping down so tightly on the old man, that he thought for just the briefest of moments that her cunt was going to physically damage his rock hard prick, and then she was pumping herself up and down his shaft like there was no tomorrow, her pussy milking his cock for all it was worth. That proved too much for the man and his seed shot up from his balls and rocketed out through the end of his prick like it hadn't done since he was twenty-something, fifty years ago. Jennifer, feeling his cum exploding into her, immediately went into another orgasm, even more powerful than the first one.

"Oh yes grandpa! Pump it into me! Make your little girl pregnant!" she exhorted over and over again, still using the little girl's voice, until he quit shooting his sperm into her.

Although he wouldn't have minded taking another go at her, it would have to wait until another time. Not that his prick went soft, because it hadn't, but rather because he was physically and emotionally spent. Jennifer never stopped fucking him, until he asked her to please stop, he had to rest.

After getting off of him, and letting him rest for a minute on her bed, she asked, "Would you like to go take a shower with me?"

It sounded good to him so he agreed and then went into her shower. Jennifer washed his body, spending inordinate amounts of time on his cock, balls and anus, and he washed her body, including shampooing her long hair, and he returned the favor, spending a long time washing her tits, cunt and ass. They talked and laughed, well actually Jennifer giggled a lot, the whole time that they were in the shower. Eventually they got out and dried each other off, then Mr. Watson got dressed to go home.

Before he left, Jennifer asked, putting on her innocent little girl's voice again, "Since we're going to become real close friends anyway, would you mind if I called you grandpa? Mine are both dead, and like you could sort of adopt me as your granddaughter."

It was as if she had just sucked him hard again, he got an instant erection hearing her ask him the question. The thought of pretending to adopt this gorgeous, sexy woman as his granddaughter, and then fucking her regularly was a real big turn on to him, and he readily agreed. Jennifer gave him a big hug, squeezing her huge mammaries against his chest and planting a passionate French kiss on his lips as she thanked him for accepting her offer.

When he had left, she was totally confused. She felt used, degraded and completely embarrassed over how she had acted with the nasty, grumpy, OLD man

next door, especially that scene just before he left where she had asked him to be her grandfather, with that little girl voice she had used. She felt like she had acted like a slut, a big slut, and she couldn't stop herself from doing so. Yet at the same time, she couldn't deny, that she had enjoyed every minute of their sexual coupling, and even their shower together afterwards.

"Well," she thought to herself with a sigh, "she better clean up her bedroom. She certainly didn't want to sleep in a wet bed tonight." and went in stripped the sheets off, throwing them into the washing machine and then putting fresh sheets on her bed.

Just as she finished making her bed, the door bell rang. "Who could that be now?" she wondered to herself as she went to see who was at the door, still dressed in just her sheer robe and high heeled shoes.

Peering through the peep hole, she saw five teenaged boys standing in front of her door. She groaned, knowing what was likely to come of this if she opened the door, which she was already in the process of doing. She opened the door wide, just as she had with Mr. Watson, and stood there where all the boys could get a good look at her luscious body.

"Yes, may I help you?" she asked innocently.

Just like with Mr. Watson, the five teenagers stood there staring with their mouths open as if they were trying to catch flies, unable to take their eyes, or their minds, off of her body.

"BOYS!" Jennifer exclaimed, and quickly added, "May I help you."

"You're fuckin' beautiful!" one boy exclaimed.

Another, less mesmerized and at the back of the group, began pushing the other forward, into her house. Once inside he said, with a shit eating grin on his face, "We understand that you're giving free sex lessons."

Outwardly the boys saw a sexy smile come across her face, but inwardly she was groaning, "Oh no! Not that!" and then heard herself saying, "Why I was planning to do that, but I didn't think anyone knew yet."

"Well we're here to learn!" said the other boy

Jennifer was surprised to hear herself respond, "And learn you will! So let's start out with, have any of you boys seen a naked woman before?"

The boys looked from one to the other and shook their heads.

"Alright then we'll start there, because if you don't know what the territory is, you can't properly explore it, now can you? While I take off my robe, why don't you boys all get yourselves naked." she instructed them.

All she had to do was to shrug off her skimpy robe, but they had socks, shoes, jeans, underwear and t-shirts to get off, and they did so remarkably fast. When every one was naked, Jennifer, still in her high heeled shoes, slowly turned to let the boys feast their young eyes on her remarkable body.

"Now, while I'm older than the girls you will be going out with, I'm also curvier, and I'm sure, that I have much larger breasts than most women period, much less the girls that you will go out with." The boys all mumbled in agreement, their eyes fastened on her huge tits and nipples.

"And as you can see, I shave my pussy hairs off, so that you have no trouble seeing or feeling your way around between my legs. Most girls that you go

out with, will have hair, as not too many women enjoy showing off what they have between their legs and in fact consider their ability to have hair between their legs the same as you feel about wanting to have to shave your faces everyday. Since we're all standing, form a line and each of you will get to feel my breasts. Just remember, treat them as you would your pricks. No super rough playing with them!"

The boys quickly lined up, pushing each other to get closer to the front of the line. When they were lined up, the first boy stepped forward, gently touching and prodding her G-cup sized tits.

"I didn't say treat them like they were going to break, just don't get too rough with them." she instructed the fourteen year old boy running his hands

over them, but as eager as he was to touch them, he was still being too tentative with them, for her tastes.

With a look of exasperation on her face she said, "O.K., I'll walk you through it. First cup them in your hands from underneath them." and waited for the boy to comply, "Now lift them. Feel their weight, and these are no light weights, trust me on this issue, because I have to carry them around 24/7/365 on my chest. I feel their weight all of the time."

The boy did as she had instructed and had cupped them in his hands and was lifting them up to feel how heavy they were, and she was right, they were really heavy, for tits.

"Now squeeze them to feel how firm they are. Not too hard, but not too softly either." she instructed. And the boy did as she told him to.

"Now run your hands over the skin of my breasts, then my areolas (pointing at them) and finally my nipples, to see the differences." she said, and he did,

making her shiver at his light touch, her erect nipples getting even harder.

Although she was outwardly acting as if she were teaching sex-ed in some high school, inwardly, she was highly embarrassed, standing there naked, in front of five equally naked teenaged boys telling them how to play with her body.

"Now cup your hands again, facing them towards my breasts, so that my nice long, thick nipples are in the palms of your hands." and waited for him to get positioned right before continuing, "Now squeeze!"

"No harder! They won't break or fall off, I promise you."

"O.K., Now squeeze like you are doing .... release .... squeeze again. Keep on doing that until I tell you to stop." she said, enjoying the way the young boy was playing with her huge tits.

After letting him do this for quite a while, she realized that she'd have to move on, after all this was just the first of five boys.

"O.K. now grasp my nipples between your thumbs and forefingers, pinch them gently..... O.K. now twirl them in your grasp .... OOOOHHH GOD THAT FEELS SO GOOD! O.K. next!"

She repeated it with each of the boys, some needing more instructions than the others.

"O.K. seeing as time is running short, let's get on to the fucking. I'm going to get down on my hands and knees. One of you will kneel behind me and stick your dick into me." she said, as the boys all cheered the decision.

Jennifer knelt down on the carpeting. The shy boy who had been the first to

play with her tits knelt down behind her. As her legs were spread wide apart and her back arched, sending her ass high into the air, her fuck hole was easy to see. Holding his prick, he lined himself up and shoved it into her wet, but otherwise unprepared pussy in one quick shove. Since he only had a thin five inch cock, Jennifer barely felt his entrance. As the boy began ramming his cock in and out of her pussy, she began rocking back and forth in time with his strokes, her cunt opening wide for him to send it into her and clamping down as he tried to pull out.

He was so hot that it only took a few strokes to get him off, as he flooded her pussy with his semen. The other four didn't last any longer either and Jennifer was left frustrated from not getting off, but it was getting late and the boys had to go. She'd have to teach them next time how to please her, as well as themselves, if she was going to have to have regular sex with them.

Right after the boys left, the phone rang, her first call from her Internet and print ads, that the devil had placed on her behalf.

"Hello." she said.

"Is this the service?" a strange man asked.

"Service? What service?" she replied, not realizing that it was one of her ads.

"Do you have an ad on the Internet?" the man asked.

"Yes." she replied hesitantly.

"Oh, you're answering your own calls." the man replied with relief in his voice.



"Yes." she replied confidently, now knowing where this call was going.

"I wanted to know first, if the picture and the measurement's listed on the Internet is really you?" he queried.

Not knowing for sure, but reasonably certain that the devil would have placed accurate information, she replied, "Yes and it's all me too. No fake boobs here."

There was a pause and then the man asked, "So what do you charge?"

"A simple slam-bam-thank-you-mam is \$150 here at my house. If you want me by the hour, I charge \$300 per hour." she said, not even having to think twice about the rates she'd never had to quote before.

"Well where do you live?" he asked.

"In the Kendall section of town." she replied.

"That's not too far. I guess I'll come visit you. What's your address?" he asked.

"Are you coming over right now?" she asked, instead of answering his question.

"No, maybe an hour from now." he replied.

"Well, when you are ready, give me a call and I'll give you the address. A girl can't be too careful you know." she replied.

"Alright, I'll call you back in an hour." He said and hung up the phone.

"Oh good!" she thought to herself, "After fucking the devil all night long, I've had to fuck Mr. Watson and five boys so far, and now this stranger is calling about coming over and fucking me tonight. Well I better get the place presentable and get some dinner going or I'll never get to eat anything tonight."

An hour later, on the dot, the man called back and she gave him her address. He said that it would take him half an hour from where he was, as there were so many traffic lights between where he was and where she lived. Her bedroom was back in order and she sat down to eat, so that she could at least have that out of the way before he arrived.

Her door bell rang, and she went to answer it. She had put some clothes on to meet him, though they didn't leave much to the imagination, since she wasn't wearing either a bra or panties. She had unconsciously dressed as a school girl, in a sheer white, see-through blouse, that was at least a size too small, forcing her to leave all of the buttons from the bottoms of her breasts up undone, and really short, tight in the hips, plaid skirt. On her feet she wore white socks with a lace edge around the tops, folded down, and what looked like little girls shiny black patent leather shoes, except that these ones had a four inch stiletto heel to them. Her clothes gave her an erotic school girl look, albeit one that would have never been allowed in a real school.

She opened the door, with her now almost constant, seductive smile on her face and asked, "Are you Mr. Miller?"

The man's face showed his pleasantly surprised shock as his eyes bugged out of his head as he starred at her huge tits and super long nipples. "Yes." came the reply and she let him in.

The man was nothing special. He was neither short nor tall, a little over

weight, but not overly so. He was neither handsome nor ugly, kind of average. After a few cordial comments back and forth, Jennifer said, "I assume you still want just a quick toss in the hay?"

The married man, embarrassed about having to see a whore to relieve his sexual tensions, since his wife no longer would allow him sex save for four times a year, his birthday, Father's Day, Christmas, and some time in the fall, simply nodded his head.

She then said, "We need to take care of the financial part and then we can go back to my bedroom."

The man took out his wallet and counted off seven \$20 bills and added a \$10. She then took his hand and led him back into her bedroom. As she was unbuttoning the rest of her blouse, the phone rang. She held a finger up to her lips and picked up the phone.

"Is this the service?" the strange male voice on the other end of the phone asked.

"No, it's me Jennifer." she replied.

"I've just got to have a date with you! You're the hottest thing I've ever seen!" the now excited voice on the other end of the phone said.

"Well I am busy right now, can you call back in an hour?" she advised him.

"Sure, it's 6:30 now, so 7:30?" he said.

"That will be fine." she replied.

"I'm sorry honey." she told the man in the room with her.

"No problem." he said, starring intently at her now naked tits.

A moment later he was in the bed completely naked, and a few moments later,  
Jennifer joined him in bed, equally naked. The man let his hands begin roaming  
her body, as she moved a hand down to his crotch to grasp his average sized  
cock and stroke it slowly. He explored her body for a while, as she stroked  
him into erection.

"Do you want to get on top or do you want me on top?" she asked.

"Damn!" he thought to himself, "I haven't had a woman on top of me in  
years!" and said, "Why don't you get on top."

Jennifer straddled his hips, grasped his cock and put the head inside of her.  
Straightening up and bending back a little, she looked him right in the eye  
and slowly lowered herself onto his prick. It felt so good, that the man  
couldn't ever remember it feeling this good before. Even though she'd fucked  
the equivalent of probably a hundred men in the past twenty-four hours, her  
cunt had shrunk down so that to the man she felt as tight as if she'd only  
recently been deflowered and wetter than he ever could remember a woman  
being  
as his prick entered her for the first time. It was as if a tight wet fist  
was grasping the entire length of his cock, all at once and, he could feel the  
muscles inside of her cunt massaging him.

He reached up and grasped her long thick nipples and squeezed them hard  
between his fingers and thumbs, giving her both exquisite pain and pleasure  
at the same time. Jennifer gasped but allowed him to do as he pleased as she  
began fucking him in earnest. Up and down she went, faster and faster,

moaning and groaning as she did. Since she hadn't complained so far, the man squeezed her long, thick nipples even harder and began pulling them away from her chest.

Jennifer couldn't understand what was going on. The boys had cum real quickly inside of her, and this man, whom she could see was on the edge of blowing his load, was somehow holding back. The devil hadn't told her, that every man who paid for the privilege of fucking her would be able to hold off cumming at least three times as long as it normally took or ten minutes, which ever was longer, but in time she would realize that the men paying for her attentions were able to hold off for an inordinately long time, at least the first time that they fucked her.

Although the man may have been able to hold off, Jennifer couldn't, and the first of four orgasms, while fucking this man washed over her.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" she squealed in obvious delight and immediately began fucking him even faster in the throes of her orgasm.

"Shit!" the man thought to himself, "I've never lasted this long, nor made a whore cum before!" as he thoroughly enjoyed the feeling of Jennifer rapidly lifting and lowering her spasming cunt on his cock, while he viciously pinched and pulled on her nipples.

The orgasm was a long, powerful one, forcing her to really hump the John that she was fucking as if she were possessed as the intensity of the pleasure drove her on. As the orgasm died down, so did the extreme speed in which she was fucking the man. She still was fucking him pretty fast, but not as fast as during her orgasm, and her cunt was still milking the man's cock, in it's attempt to make him cum inside of her. She knew that she was opening herself wide every time that she slammed herself down on him and that she

was grasping him tightly as she pulled off of him.

She came another two times before he came and he ended up cuming just as her third orgasm was winding down. He came harder, longer and with more cum than he could ever remember cuming before. His spurting of his seed into her womb, set off her fourth and last orgasm of their coupling, another long, intense one. As she came down from her fourth orgasm, she collapsed, exhausted onto his chest, his still hard cock, fully impaled inside of her.

They both gasped and rested from their exhausting coupling and it was only when they began to recoup their strength, enough to get up, that his cock finally shrunk and slid out of her well satisfied pussy.

Jennifer said, "Stay there a moment, I'll get a wet cloth to clean you up."

She went to the bathroom, which now had a bidet in it, and sat down, to clean

herself up first. After drying herself off, she took a wash cloth and ran hot water over it and came back out to her bedroom, to clean the man off. The two put their clothes back on and before he left, she gave him several of her cards, so that not only would he be able to call her again, but also give her card to his friends to also call on her.

Her card was rather simple. In big letters in the middle of the card was her name, well at least her first name. In the lower right hand corner was her phone number, cell phone number, and pager number. Along the left hand side

was a caricature of her naked, with an excellent likeness of her huge tits with their long, thick nipples. She also advised him that for every \$1,000 worth of business that he referred her, she'd give him a free session, just like the one that they had just had.

Her first ever customer, hadn't been gone twenty minutes when the phone rang.

"Hello." she said, in her sexiest voice.

"Are you free now?" the man on the other end asked.

"Yes, I am. What's your name?" she replied.

"I'm John, John Smith." the man on the other end of the line said.

"Hi John. What would you like to be up to tonight?" she asked in her huskiest voice.

"Well I saw your web site, including your rates. I'd like to have a dinner date, come back to my place to screw around a couple of hours and then let you go home, instead of sleeping over. I'll even pick you up and drop you off. The problem is that I don't want to pay by the hour, I want to know what I'm paying up front." The man said, almost sounding like a little boy with a new toy.

"Well, how does \$1,000 sound, If you pick me up at 9:00 and have me home by 2:00?" she offered.

"For another \$200 I could have you sleep over." he commented.

"Yes, but we wouldn't be getting together until 10:00. The reasoning behind that price was three hours at \$300 plus \$300 for the time between 2:00 and 9:00 the next morning. That allows me have another customer, before 9:00." she replied, surprising herself at her own response.

"Well do you have another customer lined up?" he asked.

"Not tonight." she replied.

"Then why don't we start early, and end early? You'll be home in the morning to take your first call of the day." he offered.

Jennifer thought a moment and said, "O.K."

"If I'm going to pick you up, I'll need your address." he said.

"Call me back when you're ready to leave and I'll give it to you then." she replied.

"Alright. Oh dress sexily, I want you looking really good when we go out." he said.

She had an hour and a half before he'd be there to pick her up, she had to get moving. She stripped the bed again, threw the linens in the washer and started it, then she ran into the bathroom to shower. After a quick shower, not shampooing her hair this time, she began applying her make-up. She applied just enough to look stunning, without looking whorish. She put on a red silk and lace garter belt, sheer black stockings with a snake design wrapping up each of her legs with the head of the snake just below her pussy on the insides of her thighs, and red four and a half inch heels that forced her up onto the ends of her toes, making her balance on her toes and the pencil thin heels. She ran back to the laundry room and moved the now clean sheets from the washer to the dryer.

She hurried back to her bedroom and slipped into a form fitting red dress. The dress was naughty, yet elegant. While the dress was not low cut, it nevertheless exposed quite a bit of her tit flesh as the area between her nipples was cut out in a diamond shape with the widest point being between



her nipples. The diamond closed on the top just above where her breasts joined her chest and at the bottom just above her navel. The skirt was short, but not too short, covering the top third of her shapely thighs. The material of the dress was clingy and stretchy, making it look like it was painted onto her instead of her having slipped into it.

The dress really showed off her unbelievable figure. Her huge tits jutted way out and her big puffy areolas jutted out even more, making them look like miniature breasts on her breasts. Then her nipples, which stuck out over an inch in length from her areolas, were so tightly covered by the stretchy material that you could see every crease in them. Her tiny, waspish waist, her flaring hips and round, heart shaped ass, all showed in complete detail as her dress clung to them. Even the crack of her ass was completely detailed, as the material was sucked into the crevice all the way to her anus.

With the dress on, she accessorized, putting on her watch, some earrings, a bracelet and a necklace. She then went back to the bathroom to get her hair just right and touched up her make-up. Since she had some time left, before her "date" was to pick her up, she ran back into the laundry room, took her sheets out of the dryer and headed back to her room to make her bed, so that she wouldn't have to do it at 2:30 or 3:00 in the morning.

The door bell rang, and she grabbed her purse, making sure that her keys were inside. She opened the door, and smiled lovingly at the young man (Note: she still had her original mind, even though she now occupied a twenty year old's body). She could easily see why the man in his early thirties, was paying for companionship. He was average height and carried a few extra pounds, but he had to be the ugliest man she had ever laid eyes on. His face was completely scarred from acne, that he probably had as a youth. His smile indicated that he probably rarely, if ever brushed his teeth and never saw a dentist, as he was missing many teeth and those that he had looked

like

they were blackened with cavities. His hair could be best described as a mop, and to finish off his facial features, he had a beak for a nose, long and with a bump in the middle where it changed directions. In spite of his ugliness, Jennifer still looked at him with a lusty smile.

"Well Tom, are you just going to stand out there?" she asked him pleasantly, to break his obvious stunned state as his eyes undresses her.

The man had seen her picture on the Internet, but still couldn't believe how beautiful she was in person. In fact, he had been fooled before, getting to the woman's place only to find out that she looked nothing like her picture. Whereas Jennifer, at least that's what she called herself on the Internet, looked even better than her pictures on the Internet, and there was no mistaking that this was the same person. Even better yet, she was smiling, pleasantly and naturally at him, in spite of what he knew was not a very pleasant face, his.

"Well, maybe I will have fun tonight after all!" he thought to himself and then said to her, "Uh, yes. I'm sorry but you are even prettier in person than the pictures that I saw of you on the Internet, and I was so struck by your beauty, that I couldn't even talk."

"I hate the part about being the businesswoman, but unfortunately, it is a necessary part of my business. Besides, it's better to get that part out of the way up front, that way the rest of the evening is just fun. Do you have the \$1,000 in cash?" she asked him.

"Oh yes." he replied, somewhat embarrassed about not having the money in his pocket and ready.

He took out his wallet, and Jennifer could see that there was enough bills in

there to choke a horse. He pulled a bunch of bills out and counted nine \$100 bills, and reached back in for one more, then handed the ten \$100 bills to Jennifer. Having seen him count the money, she didn't recount them.

"Excuse me for just a second, I don't like carrying this kind of money when I'm out on a date." she told him and went back into her bedroom and put the money in the small floor safe the devil had supplied her.

"Well, are you ready for an evening of fun?" she said enthusiastically, with a joyful smile on her face, as she hooked her arm through his and they walked out to his Cadillac.

Tom opened her door for her as if he were a gentleman on a date with a real lady, instead of an ogre who had just paid for some whore's time with him. Jennifer, got in and scooted over to sit in the middle, next to her date. She hiked her skirt up to her hips, completely exposing her pantiless pussy, and spread her legs enough to give him easy access to her crotch, without interfering with his driving. He was on cloud nine. He had a beautiful woman with him and was going to a fancy restaurant where many of his friends ate regularly.

During the short drive, they carried on a pleasant conversation, mainly Jennifer got him to talk about himself, what he did for a living, where he went to college, etc. While they talked, Tom alternated between playing with her huge tits, especially her nipples, and fingering her open, available pussy. Jennifer at one point had asked him if he wanted her to play with his cock, but he didn't want to be embarrassed with a hard-on when he got to the restaurant, so he said, "Later, after dinner."

When they arrived at the restaurant, he pulled up to the valet stand. A young man quickly opened Jennifer's door, and as she got out, she spread her legs wide apart, paused for a moment, allowing the valet to see her naked,

hairless pussy in all of it's glory, and then stepped out of the car. Tom didn't wait for the valet, but rather got out and came around the car, but not fast enough to have seen Jennifer shoot her beaver at the valet. He handed the valet his keys, took his claim ticket and they went inside.

Although it was a week day evening, the place was pretty busy, and even with the \$20, that Tom slipped the maitre' d, they still had to wait half an hour. As he scanned the room, looking for possible friends, he noticed quite a few men, and even some women, starring at Jennifer. This woman who was with him tonight, was a startling beauty. It wasn't that her face alone would have won out over a lot of other women that he knew, but rather the entire package, the hair, the eyes, her real hour glass figure capped off at the top by her enormous tits and at the bottom with her buttocks and long shapely legs in those really high, high heels, but most importantly, it seemed to be her aura of beauty and confidence. Of course, he realized that most of the men were starring at her breasts, as it was obvious that they were unencumbered.

Eventually they were seated. The maitre' d held Jennifer's seat for her, and as she sat down, she realized that instead of tugging her short skirt down, she was pulling it up, so that the bottom hem of her skirt, was at the height of her naked pussy. Once her chair was pushed into the table, she felt herself spreading her legs so that anyone facing her had a clear view of her naked pussy.

As they ate and drank, they carried on an animated conversation, nothing about sex, sports, politics, etc. Tom was aware that every many in the place was sneaking peeks between her legs and seeing her perfect, hairless, pussy, especially the help, which seemed were constantly walking by, right behind their table. Of course, it also meant that they were getting even better than

first class service. Neither of them could take even just the smallest sip of water, before a different waiter or bus boy would come by to fill their glass. Even the chef came out to make sure that their order was satisfactory, and to get a look at what everyone was telling was this gorgeous woman out there, braless and pantiless.

When they had finished their dinner, the maitre' d came over and told them that desert was on the house, as he copped a quick feel of Jennifer's huge tit. They had a great time at the restaurant, but then it was time to leave. They walked out together, stuffed from all the food they had eaten, and went to the valet stand. As luck would have it, the same kid who had parked their car when they arrived, was the next in line to retrieve their car. Although they should have paid \$2 for the service, the kid said, "It's on the house tonight." and ran to go get their car.

Tom waited on the driver's side and the kid held his door open until Tom was in, then closed it and ran around to let Jennifer in. Again, she got in, hiking her skirt to her hips, placed one foot in and paused for just a moment, to give the kid a real good look at her naked pussy, then quickly pulled the other foot in and slid over next to Tom as the kid slammed the door. Tom did slip the valet three bucks.

On the drive back to Tom's house, Jennifer slid down onto the floor as she unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out, before proceeding to give him a nice, slow blow job. He was glad that she did as he had been hard since she opened the door to her house and he got his first glimpse of her and the tension was driving him crazy. When she was finished, she returned to sitting next to him as he drove, playing with her tits and cunt.

When they arrived at Tom's house, he gave her the grand tour of his mansion. He had invented a few things and was living off of the royalties

rather nicely. The last room of the tour, of course, was the master bedroom, which looked more like a living room to Jennifer, at least as big as a good sized living room. It had a raised circular bed, which was much bigger than a normal king sized bed. The room had a sitting area with the biggest big screen TV she had ever seen and a large stereo. Tom put on some nice, soft, romantic music as they walked over to his bed and got naked.

Tom's shortcomings weren't just in his looks, his prick was shorter than average and very thin, although he did have remarkable recuperative ability. Over the next two hours, between midnight and two in the morning, they fucked in just about every position imaginable, and in every one of her orifices plus between those magnificent tits of hers. While he got off each and every time he banged her, his little dick did nothing for her and when she

went home that night, she ended up having to masturbate herself to several orgasms with what she began calling "Big George", in memory of her deceased husband. "Big George" was a very thick twelve inch dildo that completely mimicked a real circumcised cock, from the helmeted head to thick veins running down the shaft.

end?