

## **Commission #4 – The Technique**

### **Chapter 1**

My name is Jasmine, Jaz for short, a lot has changed in my life in the past 16 weeks. I needed to write this all down to make sure that someone would read it one day and make sure that someone would hear my story before... Well, we'll get there.

It all started 17 weeks ago at the office. I work in the HR department of a big corporate company, we deal in distribution and logistics, thoroughly boring stuff but the pay is good. Another day and I found myself wanting to just get up and leave. My life was passing me by, I was a hard worker and thanks to some connections I managed to get into this great paying job, but I'd been here for only a few months but already at 20 I felt left out, most of my friends were out partying, sleeping with a new guy every weekend, the dirty stories they would tell me excited me. I wanted some of that. But alas, here I was, I'd secured a decent job for life but what life was that? A boring one. I needed something to spice my life up, something to really change things up, break the cycle I already found myself in. Browsing online I came across an ad, one of those really cheesy ones. "Change your life forever, NOW!" Not sure why but the ad struck a nerve and I clicked it. The shady site opened, and I thought, why not read it at least? What harm could it do?

The site described numerous ways of meditating, focusing on life from a new lens, opening your third eye to the world and all that crap. This website offered a one time class that would help you understand and get more out of life. There was a timer, 60 seconds, counting down. A marketing ploy no doubt. I reread it all again and the timer had 20 seconds left. In what seemed like a dumb move at the time, I clicked sign up. I gave them my card details and enrolled in the class.

To my surprise the site didn't scam me, they didn't empty my bank account but rather they sent an email with a video attachment. It was an hour long but came with the incredibly fake marketing slogan: "The best 60 minutes of your life, guaranteed"

I finished up at work and headed home to give this video a watch. Grabbing some food on the way home I immediately open the video when I get home. A gentleman appears on the screen and tells me to get naked. What the fuck, right? Again, not even sure why at this point, I followed the instructions. So here I sat in my living room on a Wednesday evening, butt ass naked and watching a guy green screened into a temple scene talk to me about meditation.

He proceeded to talk for about 30 minutes about how the world works, how to think and he kept referencing the "Technique of Happiness." He then guided me through meditation for the last 30 minutes. He seemed entirely normal but said that at the end it was vitally important that you snap your fingers. He said that for this to work I would need to do this every other day for at least four weeks. A quick snap later and the video ends. The way the

guy spoke about it seemed like it would be this instantaneous spell that would just work as soon as I snapped my fingers, and my life would be different. Unsurprising, nothing happened. I got dressed and continued my evening.

Fixated on the technique, I did it every other day as suggested. I didn't really notice much difference, but I did feel slightly happier, maybe? Probably the placebo effect. Fast forward two weeks and I notice something. I am much hornier than usual, I didn't know why but I felt the need to masturbate more. Every week turned into every other day, usually after my meditation but at the three-week mark, I found myself needing daily relief. I continued the meditation; I passed the four-week mark and didn't feel the need to stop so I kept going.

At six weeks my libido was starting to get out of control, I needed to masturbate twice a day, sometimes three, my fingers were not enough so I had bought some toys to help. My desire was getting the better of me, my need for release and satisfaction starting to corrupt my mind, the urge to pleasure myself was steadily increasing. Thanks to my work I hadn't even had a chance to meet anyone so there I was, single and masturbating like crazy. It was over this next week that things started to change...

I was at work, losing focus as my rising horniness was taking over my thoughts. Ever minute of every hour I was thinking about sex, orgasming and filling the void of pleasure within me. The morning was going so slowly, it was torture, after each email I needed to take 10 seconds to calm myself, it was a fruitless endeavor. I couldn't hold it anymore, I needed relief, so I headed to the bathroom. Unfortunately, I didn't have a toy with me but until a few weeks ago I had never used one before. Trembling with excitement, lust and fear of being caught I slip into a stall and lower my hands into my pants. At this point I realise for the first time something is different. I feel different. I remember pulling down my trousers and pants and looking at my shaved mound. It looked puffy? Bigger? Engorged? Timidly I touched it and it felt like I was struck by lightning. The feeling was immense, so much more sensitive than normal. I had never been able to orgasm multiple times, always entered a refractory period but this time was different. I stayed in the stall for 30 minutes, I lost count how many times I came.

The following weeks it only got worse and worse. Hornier and hornier, I would take a toy into work, sneaking it into my bag and spending my lunch breaks masturbating. The fear of getting caught slowly leaving my mind, turning to excitement almost. I don't know how I didn't see it at that point. I continued my meditation, every day an hour long. I received an email from the website. A second class was available, Double the price but promised the best results yet for less time. Obviously, I bought it and watched the video.

The guy was back, and I talked through how to take the "Technique of happiness" to the next level. Instead of needing to meditate for an hour and snapping my finger, it was now just a case of snapping my finger after thinking of a codeword. The codeword needed to be "Linked" through mediation but after two weeks it would be just as effective to think of that word and snap my finger.

I was so down the rabbit hole I did it without question and you know what? It fucking worked.

Weeks and weeks went by, it was about 12 weeks since I started the class when I started to really struggle in my day-to-day life. I was still often masturbating to try and calm myself

down, I was now up to four-five times a day, usually twice in work. My pussy was becoming a nuisance, I was having to go out of my way to hide it. It had grown massive, bigger than anything I was able to find online that was real. My lips bulged obscenely, and it took real effort to hide it. It looked like I was smuggling something down there. If I didn't attempt to hide them, you could easily see the biggest camel toe on the planet right there, on my crotch.

One day we had a new intern join the team. His office cubical was next to mine so I was assigned to showing him the ropes. No big deal I thought, wrong, dead wrong. He was 22 and took good care of himself, he clearly worked out because his forearms were bulging out of his shirt, as were his pecs. I couldn't take my eyes off him. I remember thinking how screwed I was. From first sight I felt my heart rate speed up, I could feel that familiar tingling. I had a whole eight hours with him.

I don't know how I came across; it couldn't have been that bad because he didn't run. The shift ran quite quickly because I had to show him so much and we didn't really have time for idle chatter, I barely even got his name, come to think about it. My boss was so driven to get him up to speed that we both felt the pressure and worked through our lunches. That night, the second I got into the house until the moment I fell asleep I was working myself to play catch up. I lost count of how many times I did cum, thinking about Alex, but it was enough to get me to fall asleep.

The next day Alex spent the morning with another member of the team. Lunch time rolled around, and I made a mad dash to the toilet to pleasure myself and try to stem the rising lust within me. During the last turn I bumped into Alex who was carrying some food. The food flew out of his hands, and he fell backwards to the floor. His lunch ruined, my gasp of shock filled the hallway and I looked down at him, his eyeline wasn't meeting mine, his gaze landed lower, much lower. This lit a fire within me, and I felt myself become even more turned on, somehow. My panties soaked. I remember looking at him like he was a piece of meat, and I was very hungry. My brain or just my crippling shyness when it came to sex meant I ran onward to the toilets to furiously masturbate, I don't think I even said sorry to Alex.

Over the next few weeks, we talked more but still, the hunger to touch myself was getting the better of me often than not. I am now needing to masturbate eight-ten times a day, I can't last the day without at least three in working hours. Today is around week 16 since I watched the video, my pussy now is impossible to hide in anything I own, I can't go out in public. I have been working at home for the past few days, I just told my boss I am sick, but I can still work from home. It isn't a permanent fix but for now it's working. I've noticed that the rest of my clothes are fitting a bit snugger. My boobs are starting to overflow my bra's. My C cup bra looks tiny compared to my now, at a guess, F cups. My hips have gotten wider too, I find myself catching myself on doorways, I am not used to their size. I looked in the mirror and that is what prompted me to write this. I needed to document the extreme changes I've gone under, I need to see if the meditation *is* the reason, I have to test this theo-

\*Knock knock\*

The knocking at the door startles me.

“Who is that?” I nervously say under my breath, looking up from my diary. I open the door gingerly and peer through the gap. It’s Alex.

*Fuck.*