

Dimensions of Desire

For Heddy2217

By TheSpiralledEye

Liam is a stressed businessman who just wants to let go. Thanks to his connections he manages to have scientists construct machines that can let him create his ultimate whore fantasies and live them out in vivid detail.

~

Liam sat straight-backed in his chair as the meeting droned on. His posture perfect, his face perfectly schooled into an expression of serious yet approachable interest and one of his many men worked through the quarters financials. When the meeting finished he spent the appropriate amount of time mingling with his advisory board before returning to his office. The glass walls ensured he could see and be seen by all the workers on this floor. It was something his father had insisted upon when he built the structure over fifteen years ago. Transparency was key to ensuring workers trusted their CEO; at least in his opinion.

Liam logged his notes, he answered emails, he took calls in his most charming and friendly voice and then, finally, as the sun was setting he was finished. Not in the sense that everything was finished, already his inbox had new emails in it, and there was a pile of papers sitting neatly stacked atop his desk ready for tomorrow morning. Things were looking up for HansonTech; it had been a hard few years since the crash in '08 but finally, things were looking up and profits were rising. And all it took was his stress levels going through the roof.

Still, he didn't let it show. He never let it show. Image was everything, that's what his father had taught him from an early age. Perfection was not always attainable but if one was aiming for it constantly, you were sure to get closer more often than not. Several of his program directors rode down in the elevator with him; and he patiently listened to their various work stories and ideas before excusing himself to his car.

He slipped into the back and politely ordered the driver to return him home. It was there, once he had passed the housekeeper and walked into his bedroom and locked the door that he finally sighed in relief, letting the tension in his shoulders drop and his facade of calm, authoritative professionalism drop.

God he was tired.

"Big day?"

Liam smiled softly at Mollie where she lay atop the bedsheet, book in hand. He collapsed onto the bed face first like a dramatic teenager and groaned, thankful there was at least one person in the world he didn't have to keep up that act for.

"I'll take that as a yes." She chuckled, running her long fingernails through his hair soothingly. "You know, you can always take a holiday."

"I took one six months ago." He mumbled into the mattress, "I can't have people thinking I am one of those CEO's in name only."

"Would that be so bad? You've done nothing but work hard for HansonTech since the day you graduated college."

"My father left me that company, I have a family image to uphold. I can't be another one of those rich boys who got handed everything on a silver platter and then ruined it all."

"So you've said." Mollie sighed as he rolled over. "I just worry about you love, you hate running that company. Do you really want to spend your whole life miserable, keeping up a front?"

It was true; he did hate being CEO. Not that he would ever admit that to anybody but Mollie. He could only imagine the looks on somebody's face if he said that. He could hear the whispers already;

"You've been handed a cushy job and you're complaining?"

"Most people would kill to be in your position."

"The people under you work way harder than you do for less! Yet you're upset?"

He flinched at the thought, rubbing his temples before sighing in contentment as Mollie took over. They'd met at a charity gala, he'd snuck off to have five minutes to breathe, stifled by the crowded room and trying to remember all the names and faces. Mollie had done the same, the rich second daughter of a fashion mogul, nobody wanted to talk to her about anything but her father and how to get into his good graces.

In a way they were kindred spirits and he was grateful to have found her. Yet the idea that he had been caught without his mask had spooked him somewhat; he never let himself go out for air like that again.

“...What about your...little project?” Mollie said slowly after a few moments, “The one the boys down in Research and Development have been working on?”

“A few more weeks.” He said, heart fluttering just at the thought, “It’s hard, getting it built with different teams enough that none of them figure out exactly what it is.”

“If you were just honest-”

“No way? If people find out it’ll be a PR nightmare. Not to mention I’ll lose the respect of my entire workforce.”

“I know and I still respect you.”

“You are the exception to the rule my dear.” He smiled, sitting up and kissing her lightly on the lips.

Mollie put the book down and returned the kiss, slowly pushing him down into the mattress and stroking down the side of his face.

“I think you need some time to relax, let me be in charge for a little bit.”

~

It was several weeks later when it finally happened. He was halfway through his morning emails when a new one appeared at the top. That in itself wasn’t unusual, but the fact that it was from the head of the Research Department stating simply that the new prototype was complete made the hair on Liam’s arms stand on end.

He sent back a courteous thank you and swiftly organised for everything to be delivered to his private residence and set up in the basement. For a private showing with investors later, not for his own use, of course. He spent the rest of the day distracted and fidgety. On the outside he looked just as professional as ever but beneath the surface he was buzzing. He had been looking forward to this for so long. He couldn’t believe it; if this

was really happening after years of trials and testing he may finally have the answer to his stress and unfulfilled dreams; finally he would have the escape he always dreamed of.

The day couldn't pass more slowly and by the time he finally stepped inside the sanctity of his own home he was practically buzzing. Mollie was waiting for him on the front door step with a wide smile.

"I've sent all the staff home with a bonus. We've got the place to ourselves the entire weekend."

"You are an absolute gem, you know that Mollie?"

She just giggled and hugged him before they both raced for the basement where the team had set up the new toys. A wide smile formed across Liam's face as he saw them; the machines he had dubbed the Genetic Altron and the Reality Shifter. The former looked akin to a dentist's chair though far more complicated, with wires and tubes all leading into several wires and diodes meant to be attached to the body at specific locations. A ring of metal sat at the top, perfectly positioned to be worn around the head like a crown.

The latter looked like something out of a science fiction movie, a strange mix between a personal solarium and a pod bed. The machine that, if his researchers were to be believed, could jump you from one reality to another.

For so many years he had fantasies about living a different life; a life where he could be as naughty and trashy as he pleased without having to worry about a paparazzi photographer snapping a picture. Too many businessmen had been undone by scandals; caught crossdressing, visiting whore houses and other such affairs. He could never risk it, but with these machines he could be anybody, do anything without the concern of repercussion.

"I hope these work." Mollie smiled, "I really want to try them myself some time."

Liam looked at her with adoration; he was so lucky to have found somebody who understood and didn't judge him for his little...affectations. It helped that Mollie was bi and the chance to be with a woman without cheating on her boyfriend was quite a welcome idea for her.

"What are you going to try first?" She asked, bouncing on her toes.

So many of his fantasies flashed before his eyes but choice paralysis and no small amount of trepidation made him freeze. He swallowed down the feeling and removed his tie.

“Let’s just start with...a woman for now.” He said uneasily, taking off his clothes, “I’ll start slow and build my way up.”

Mollie pouted; she knew all his fantasies and was clearly hoping for one of the more naughty ones but said nothing. He stripped down to nothing and took a seat in the Genetic Altron, slipping the ring around his head and carefully applying the diodes to his chest, stomach, legs and hips. His stomach was full of butterflies. He could only hope this actually worked.

“Blonde, big boobs, big ass?” Mollie asked with a grin, typing away at the attached computer screen, selecting his choices for him. Liam just nodded.

“Okay, here we go!”

The machine hummed to life and Liam bit down on his lip; this was it. At first, nothing happened and he began to feel his disappointment mounting. This machine had been months in the making, he’d channelled every cent he could afford of his personal funds into it; if it didn't work the disappointment may just break him at this point.

Then, a tingle, a slight vibration and warmth began to emanate from the diodes and spread across his skin. No, more than his skin, he could feel the sensations sinking deep into his very core, through the muscles and organs before they began to subtly move and shift. Mollie stood at the side and grinned, eyes wild with excitement.

“It’s working!” She said in awe, pointing to his hips.

Liam glanced down and saw to his delight that she was right. His hips were widening, bones extending out and stretching the skin with it. Already he could see the beginnings of a form far more shapely than his own and this time no amount of biting could keep the pleased gasp from escaping his lips. As his hips spread so did his lips, a genuine, gleeful smile formed on his face as he watched those hips raise as his ass swelled beneath them.

So his ass wasn’t the only thing swelling either, his chest began to grow, pecs taking on a more rounded shape as they went from muscle to fat. His nipples grew, turning a pretty shade of blush pink as his new tits grew. He was fascinated, almost hypnotically locked into watching them grow and found himself disappointed when they stopped so quickly. They were big of course, shapely and beautiful but...not quite as big as he would have liked.

“What’s the matter?” Mollie asked, “You’re not having second thoughts are you?”

“No I-ah!” It was hard to talk now, his lips were growing to become more full and his shoulders were slowly sloping. He cleared his throat and tried again. “I just hoped my boobs would be...bigger.”

“I input double Ds.” Mollie shrugged, “I suppose those aren’t as big as all the stories make them seem, huh?”

“Yeah-oooooh!”

It was a struggle to keep his hips from bucking. The strange tingle suddenly went from a pleasant buzz to an overwhelming quaking somewhere deep inside him. Specifically between his legs. He could feel his insides shifting, things changing in his lower abdomen and it left him breathless from overstimulation.

His balls began to retract and it was only then that his brain caught up with exactly what was happening. He moaned; yes, this is what he had been dreaming of! His cock slunk backwards, retreating back inside him and for a moment he was featureless. Like a barbie doll. This was hot in its own way, thinking of himself as a toy like that made him shiver with desire, the objectification lighting a fire inside him that burned down until it almost seemed to melt away the skin to form a warm hole. His new pussy lips opened and the open air brushed against them gently. Even Mollie gave a breathy moan as she watched it happen; his tits were forgotten; now all Liam cared about was getting a look at his new pussy. Unfortunately, he was still strapped into the machine that was lengthening his hair and eyelashes, shaping his torso into a lovely hourglass form and forcing the hair on his legs to disappear leaving only smooth skin behind.

After a few more minutes the machine finally whirred to a stop and a little ping from the computer told him he was finished. Gently, almost reverently, Mollie removed the headband and diodes and let him stand. Immediately he stumbled, falling naked into his girlfriend's arms as she helped to steady him. His feet were so much smaller, his centre of gravity shifted. It took a moment to adjust but once he had Mollie dragged out the full length mirror so he could see himself and what he saw...he did not know how to feel about it.

Oh the woman before him was beautiful to be sure; a lovely figure, pretty blue eyes, natural blonde locks and a shapely ass. But there was something missing, the excitement he’d felt for this change was draining away; there was something...off. He looked so...normal, so respectable. Like the girl next door from all those romantic comedies Mollie forced him to watch.

“You’re still standing like a man.” Mollie told him, gripping his shoulders, “I can feel the tension here. Come on, relax the shoulders, angle the hips, foot out to the side...that’s it!”

It was better to be sure, he looked the reflection up and down and a moment later, out of habit he was back in his straight backed pose. He groaned; even the voice didn’t sound right even though it was undeniably a woman’s and not his own.

“I’ve been doing this so long it’s all habit.” He sighed, “Baked in. I finally have the sexy body to do whatever I want with and I can’t even pose without feeling anxious somebody might see!”

Mollie gave his shoulders a squeeze.

“That’s what the headband is for.” She soothed, “Come on, back in the chair let’s make some changes.”

He had anticipated such a problem, the mental tweaking system was all ready to go and though he was excited he was also nervous. He had been waiting so long for this he didn’t want to risk another disappointment. He fixed the headband and diodes back into position and fixed Mollie with a serious look.

“Let’s go all in this time.” He said, “Chav me up.”

“The full trash fantasy?” Mollie grinned, squealing with delight as he nodded.

He was so sick of being respectable and well behaved. If he couldn’t force himself to act out this fantasy he would just have to force his mind to accept it.

“Let’s crank things up a notch!” Mollie said gleefully, tapping away at the computer for a few minutes before slamming a finger down on the engage button.

Once again the diodes warmed and spread that pleasant shiver across his skin and Liam watched with excitement as his tits began to grow again. Ballooning up till they were almost twice the sizes and then they just...kept going. He could feel the weight on his chest with each breath, watching them jiggle as they rose and fell. Every time he expected them to stop they just kept ballooning, swelling and growing until he could no longer see over them.

“H-how big did you make these?” He asked, Mollie just giggled.

“H cups.” She replied.

They were huge, he could only imagine the back pain he would have when he finally stood but that was not the only way his body was changing. His ass was going from peachy and cute to a full on bubble butt. His skin darkened from pale white to the distinctly orange brown that came from one too many bad spray tans. His whole body quivered; warm wetness forming between his new folds as he watched his slutty new body taking shape before his very eyes.

The headband was humming to life as well and he felt an odd, almost sleepy feeling decent over him. It was as if his mind was being filled with cotton wool, making it hard to think straight. Was this his new mental programming taking place?

“How’sit goin?” He asked, gasping at the voice that came out of him. Gone was that pretty, lady-like voice with the musical lilt, instead his words came out sharp and rough with a hint of a British accent.

“Fookin’ hell!” He swore, delighting in his chav accent getting stronger.

His tongue felt strange in his mouth, the moments it was used to after a lifetime of refinement were changing, his instincts along with them. The reality of the situation sank in and Liam felt like screaming for joy; it was happening! Finally!

This time when the machine whirred to a stop he didn’t wait for Mollie’s help, he ripped off the diodes himself and got to his feet, stumbling with the sheer weight of his new curves. He twisted and turned, looking at his bouncy, badly tanned butt cheeks and breasts. His hair scratched at the nape of his neck and as he grabbed handfuls of it and pulled it before his face to look he wasn’t met with the silky, natural locks from before but brittle, platinum hair that looked as though it were brown at the roots.

“Holy crap you look like hot trash.” Mollie giggled.

“Fook off!” His hands flew to his lips, did he seriously just swear at her? He’d never sworn at anybody!

Mollie didn’t seem to mind though, in fact she was grinning ear to ear.

“Look at you!” She held out her arms and Liam looked down at himself.

He was standing, hips akimbo, arms crossed beneath his now more than ample bosom. Gone was all the rigidity of his usual stance, there was not a single sign of the old Liam here. He was gone, replaced with this foul mouthed chav.

Liam couldn't have been more ecstatic.

He turned to face the mirror and grinned; taking in the fat, botoxed lips and sexy tan. He could not believe he had the audacity to think it was bad even a few minutes ago. Paired with his bleach blonde hair he looked like a million dollars. It was almost a shame to have to cover up any of it with clothing.

“Did you want to try the reality shifter?” Mollie asked and a brand new thrill passed through him.

“Oh ya! I forgot 'bout tha'!”

He really had, he'd been so caught up in his hot new body the second machine had totally vanished from his mind. It was blinking to life as Mollie hit a switch and Liam bounced on his toes in anticipation. His ass and Breasts wiggling, bouncing out of rhythm with the rest of his body and just feeling it made him wet. Would he damage the machine his pussy juice got on it? He couldn't remember, that was probably the sort of thing Liam would worry about but not anymore.

He laughed, spinning on his toes with his arms outstretched just enjoying the lack of inhibitions. It was as if that headband had unlocked something in him; he could finally act how he felt rather than holding back. It was exhilarating, almost addictive. He had never felt so free.

“Alright,” Mollie said slowly as she looked over the instructions left by his researchers, “It looks like you lie down and focus on the sort of reality you want to visit. This machine will scan your body and then use astral...ummm, actually no they've lost me.”

“It don't matter.” He shrugged, lifting the large cover off the machine and hopping inside, “All I gotta do is think righ”? I can do that.”

All hesitation gone he slammed the door closed and settled down onto the plush bed. There was a stiff pillow with blinking lights to rest his head on and as he did so a black band shot out from either side to block out his vision.

All around him the machine was humming to life and so he took a deep breath and focused. He wanted a life where he could act as unruly and rude as he wanted, a world where even as people judged him it didn't matter because he was a nobody, no fame or fortune just-

The thought, along with all the air in his lungs were knocked out of him by a powerful jolt. He blinked, letting his vision clear; the black band giving way to...an alley? He looked around; his body was still the same busty chav but now he was wearing a tight fitting leather dress and strappy heels, both hot pink. It was strange, he could see how garish the colour was, especially against his slightly orange skin and yet...he loved it.

He stuck his head out of the alleyway and gaped; he was in a small street, British style town houses lining either side. Liam ran his hands along the cheap brickwork, feeling the stone scrape against his rough fingertips and taking deep gulps of the smoggy air. This place felt as real as the room he'd been in moments ago. Butterflies of excitement raced in his stomach; it really had worked. He looked around, walking down the street with fascination, taking in the signs and street names. This was unlike any American city he had been in; judging from the wording and voices the passed by he was in England. Or at least some reality's version of England.

"Can you hear me?"

The voice of Mollie echoed in his ear but it sounded far away and slightly echoey as if it were coming through a tunnel.

"Yes?"

"Okay, we have a few minutes before the bridge between realities closes. When you're ready to come out just think about home. If you don't come out in a few hours I'll pull you out myself, understand?"

"Okay. Uh, can you see anything I'm seeing right now?"

"Nope, I just have your vitals up on...een...l..n...ssschhhhhh."

Just like a radio going out of range Mollie's voice got painter and fainter until static overtook it, for a moment it buzzed in his ears and then suddenly, it too disappeared. Liam blinked a few times waiting to see if she would return but there was only the sound of voices yelling across the street in thick cockney accents.

He looked down at himself, then around the surroundings and a lightness formed in his chest; he was here, he was free. Already his fingers were twitching and his kin crawling with a craving. It was like hunger but it spread through his entire body, rather than just his stomach; the need was filling him so much that he could not dismiss it.

Not bothering to smother his wide smile Liam made for the nearby convenience store, enjoying the way his ass bounced and hips swayed as he walked. The leather stress was so tight it squeaked ever so slightly as he walked, ensuring people would turn their heads to look at him. For once in his life those stares elicited not pressure and stress but pleasure. He smiled as he passed, watching men's eyes dip to his chests and women's roll at his skimpy outfit.

He could feel them judging him, thinking about how hot and whorish he looked; it thrilled him. He could do whatever he pleased in this body without fear of repercussions including one thing he had promised his father never to do but had always been tempted by.

"Cigs," He said bluntly to the girl behind the counter, "A big pack."

The woman looked up from her TV Week and sneered, eyes looking him up and down. She grabbed one of the packets from the shelf behind her and tossed it on the counter.

"Forty pounds." She said before quietly adding, "Big night to get through huh, streetwalker."

"Whatcha say you bitch?" The words were out before he could stop them, a hand pressing into one of his breasts, "Ya just jealous you aint got any knocks to speak of."

He grabbed the cigarettes and chucked thirty dollars from his purse down on the counter and walked out, yelling over his shoulder.

"Tha' discounts for ya attitude, bitch."

He didn't stop to see if she replied, or called the cops on him. He doubted it, that woman was a little mouse who'd learned to roar, she had no teeth to speak of. He opened the pack and

pulled out the lighter from his purse, clicking it a few times before lighting his first ever cigarette.

He'd wanted to smoke ever since he was a teenager, stressing over his exams. It was a dirty habit though, one that stunted your growth and stained your teeth and the image of him taking over the company one day with a mouth full of grey stained teeth had kept him from partaking. Now he had no such ties holding him back; he lifted the cigarette to his lips and took a deep drag, holding the smoke in his lungs before exhaling.

Immediately a wave of relaxation washed over him and he hummed, already drawing in another breath. It burned his throat and made his eyes water with the need to cough but he held it back; he needed this moment. Somewhere deep down, a guilty voice was calling though. He loved being this rough chav but...perhaps he should turn down the bitchiness next time. That girl in the shop probably didn't deserve to be ripped a new one quite so hard.

He filed that away for next time, leaning one heeled foot against the wall and leaning back, letting his head rest against the bricks while his throat and breasts pushed out toward the sky. Catching the last few warm rays of sun as it began to set.

“Hey babe, how much for a go!?”

The voice cut through his relaxation just as the cigarette burned down to his fingers. He crushed it out against the wall, calluses on his fingertips ensuring he felt no pain from the embers as they brushed against his skin.

A man in a hoodie was grinning at him from a few feet away. He had the look of a man in his thirties who had been aged an extra decade early from substances and hard labour. Skinny, but muscled, with a stubble beard and loose fitting jeans.

Immediately all sorts of thoughts began to race in his mind, most of them naughty. Sleeping with a stranger, outside where anybody could come round the corner and catch them...it was so taboo it made his whole body tense. The tension wasn't from fear of reproach this time though but excitement. It was the sort of thing he had always dreamed of being able to do.

“Five bucks and ah'll suck ya off.” He offered, wetness forming between his legs even as he said it, so cheap, a dollar store whore. That's who he was in this reality, a woman who'd do anything for a quick buck.

The man grinned ear to ear, fishing a five pound note out of his pocket and flashing it to her as though it were a diamond necklace. Liam nodded to the alleyway behind him and turned

to walk inside. His hips sashaying to show off his bubble butt in the tight dress. The man followed like a dog following a bone, a bulge already visible despite his loose pants.

In the gloom of the alleyway the man unzipped and pulled out his cock; a reasonable size, a little on the thicker side. Perhaps it was his new nose or perhaps he was just so horny that he noticed early but Liam was sure he could smell the pungent, male aroma even while standing a foot away.

“What’s ya name sweetheart?”

“Do ya care?” Liam raised an eyebrow and the dude gave a bark of laughter.

“Not really.” He admitted, “s’polite ya know.”

“Ain’t anything polite ‘bout what ah’m about to do.”

Liam sank to his knees, revelling in the way the cold, hard ground dug into his knees. He wasn’t attracted to men, though the headband could take care of that in the future he was sure. Regardless though he looked at the length before him with hunger. This was so bad, something so taboo and forbidden that he was already soaking through his panties. He pressed his full lips to the head of that cock, sliding the tip of his tongue along the slit and tasting the precum there. The man shivered and so did Liam as he swallowed the head, rolling his tongue around it before slowly descending down the shaft.

He couldn’t believe he was doing this; sucking off a stranger in an alley for five pounds, chump change he didn’t need. Fuck, if anybody in his real life could see him now...

He started to bob his head back and forth, slurping and licking up and down the shaft while the man above him moaned. Hands came to rest on the back of his head, grabbing great handfuls of his brittle hair and pulling it back and forth to increase his speed. The man's nails dug into his skull and the pain mingled with the building pleasure in Liam’s pussy as it began to throb.

Was it possible to get off without ever being touched? Could a woman get off just on an idea? He wasn’t about to find out, the burn between his legs was too difficult to ignore, he kept one hand gripping the man’s hips while the other slipped down underneath he tight dress. He started to suck harder, swallowing around the cock and letting it bump at the back of his throat as his own finger spelled back his panties.

All it took was a small brush of his fingers against his clit and he was lost, rubbing and circling it furiously as he continued to give head. He was so close to cumming already, it was only a matter of time. His client, if he could even use a word that classy, began to groan.

The grip of his head increased until the man's hips began to buck hard and the cock on Liam's tongue began to pulse. With a loud moan the man came, holding Liam's face so that it was buried deep in his hair, forced to breathe in that heady, masculine scent as seed was pumped down his throat.

Liam shuddered, feeling the hot seed drip down his raw throat and came alone with him. Moaning around the cock as his thumb pressed hard against his clit, slickness and pussy juices sliding down his inner thighs until he was forced to put his panties back in place.

The cock went soft in his mouth and he pulled back, resisting the urge to spit what remained in his mouth out and instead swallowing it. Perhaps it was his imagination but he swore he could feel it swirling in his stomach; the sensation gave him butterflies in all the ways he knew it shouldn't.

"Good job luv." The man grinned, flicking the five pound note down so that it fluttered into Liam's lap. "Maybe I'll see ya round for another go of it later this week."

"Ah'll be here." Liam said, his voice slightly rough after the abuse his throat had suffered.

The man left, and Liam sat alone in the alley. His panties were cold and wet thanks to the icy wind and his own wetness. His throat ached from having cock shoved down it and his lips were still tingling from all that rough skin rubbed against them. The tip of his tongue darted out to swipe across them; he could feel the stickiness of lip gloss at the edges, the rest had been wiped away and was replaced with that uniquely masculine flavour and smell. A successful businessman; reduced to a street walker.

He'd never felt more alive.

~

As the black band around his eyes retracted back into the walls of the machine Liam was smiling. That entire experience had been exhilarating. Mollie was looking down at him and for the first time in his life a part of him was disappointed to see her. Not because he didn't love her, no, he just wanted to be back in that alley already.

"Have fun?" She teased, "Your heart rate was through the roof!"

“Tha’ was...amazing.” He squealed, sitting up and getting to his feet, “Ahm already excited to try out a few more things.”

“Oh?”

He began to rack his brain, trying to figure out what he could do to tweak the fantasy even more. He thought of how rude he’d been to that shop girl; he liked being a bit crude but he didn't want to hurt an innocent girl's feelings again. Maybe he’d turn down the rudeness just a bit and as punishment, change the mental programming a bit more.

He began tapping away at the keys, leaning over so his bubble but was in the air for Mollie to admire. He was just about to start adding a few more mental locks when a hand began to caress the edge of his ass, fingers dipping into the crack.

“You really do look amazing.” Mollie whispered, “Think we could have a little fun out here first? Before you go diving in? It’s just been so long since I had a woman and fuck...you’re already so wet.”

Liam hadn't even noticed but of course he was. His mind may have been in another reality but his body still felt everything he did and as a result there were juices running down his leg. Delight passed through him at the realisation; what sort of whore didn't even realise her pussy was leaking down her legs around another person. A trash bag one, that's who. And that's what he was now.

Her fingers slipped down the cleft of his swollen ass to his hole, tracing in wet circles around his puckered entrance. So far only his own fingers had pleased him and the idea of Mollie doing it instead made him shiver with anticipation.

“I took the liberty of giving you an elevated sex drive.” She whispered, “I hope you don't mind.”

“Not at all.” He moaned, feeling her finger slip inside him, “Ah fookn’ hell!”

“Such a foul mouth.” Mollie teased, free hand pressing down on his shoulders so that he was standing with his chest pressed against the machine while she fingered him. “Does that feel good?”

“Fuck! Yes, fuuuuuuck!”

“Tsk tsk, such naughty words. You really are nothing but a tacky whore, no class.”

God, those words, they were flowing right to his mound which was burning as Mollie slipped a second finger in.

“And so loose too, I bet I could fit all my fingers in here without any issue. Then again, that’s what I get for picking such a slut for a partner isn’t it?”

Liam’s hips were stuttering, pushing back as a third finger slipped inside him and began to thrust against his new G-spot. He was swearing and moaning like the star of a cheap porno and he loved it. No more holding back, no more rules; just pleasure.

Expletives galore escaped his lips as he came, a gush of juices coating Mollie’s hands as his legs quivered and shook with the intensity. Mollie withdrew her fingers and sighed, seemingly content for now having just played with his body. He turned, surprised to see her cleaning her hands and heading for the door.

“Don’cha want me to return the favour?” He asked, Mollie shook her head.

“I can see you’re eager to play around, have fun darling. I’ll come and get you tomorrow.”

Liam had spent years perfecting his poker face; he was an expert at controlling his emotions and ensuring people saw exactly the right reaction at any given time. Were he still himself, he would have easily been able to keep his face straight and insisted that no, it was only fair for him to change back and spend the night with her. His inhibitions were too low now though and instead a grin passed over his features, instantly betraying just how happy he was to be given the freedom to spend a whole night in an alternate reality being his new chavvy self.

Mollie just laughed at his transparency and gave him a friendly wave before stepping up the stairs into the house proper, leaving Liam alone to play with his new toys to his heart’s content.

The first thing he did was start changing the parameters of his mental controls. His first experience had been fun, but not perfect. He loved being able to speak his mind like that but he didn’t want to be too mean; those were real people in some other reality after all. He turned up the uncouth behaviour and started adding in a few mental blocks.

No more Liam, his name was banned, it was time he gave this new chavvy persona a different name. His heart beat quickly inside his chest in excitement; he got to pick a new

name to go with the persona. A whole new person he could be, somebody without the weight of expectations and legacy on their shoulders.

He thought for a while, fingers resting against his full lips as he paced barefoot on the floor, already missing the click of his heels against the ground. Then it came to him, Paizleigh; an awful spelling of a name that had always rubbed him the wrong way. Paizleigh was beholden to nobody, she did what and more importantly, who ever she liked.

With a squeal of excitement he kept playing with the mental parameters, removing his own name and replacing it with Paizleigh, as well as a habit of irritation whenever somebody tried to spell it 'wrong'. That all sorted he moved on to the more physical side of things, typing in a few more additions before leaping back into the Genetic Altron with baited breath, hurriedly attaching the diodes and lowering the crown before flicking the switch.

He had to hold back a moan as he felt his breasts begin to change, subtly growing in cup size before becoming even rounder. The shape changed from a natural teardrop to giant round beach balls and he groaned as he felt them turn hard, filling fake silicone making his nipples stand on end at all times.

His ass swelled, taking on that same stiff roundness as it too turned fake. How much money did Paizleigh spend on plastic surgery he wondered, in a world where she was born a woman. His hips raised as his ass continued to grow, the skin turning shiny and it stretched out.

His lips followed suit; filling with botox and making his cheeks feel even sharper in comparison to the soft round skin. His hair turned short and brittle as the dye job got even worse; the sort of look only achieved after decades of cheap bleaching.

Finally he felt his mind turning fuzzy as the new mental programming he had selected was implanted. It was hard to keep the grin off his face as he felt the subtle shift in his thought process; he became she and when the transformation was complete it was Paizleigh who raised herself from the chair.

It was an odd feeling; to logically know that mere moments ago you were somebody else, to have their memories and even some of their feelings and yet feel totally disconnected from them; unable to even utter their name. She found that she could not even think of it; it was as if the word had been locked away in the vault of her mind, not forgotten, just stored away for later.

With delight Paizleigh jumped to her feet, bouncing on her heels and feeling the distinctly unnatural lack of movement from her large, womanly curves. Her bubble butt and huge breasts were so filled and fake they barely moved and she delighted in running her hands over them. They were still soft and squishy to the touch and just as sensitive as before but beneath the muscle and skin she could feel the hardness that could only come from a body that had been purchased from a surgeon.

She stepped over to the mirror and posed, turning this way and that to properly admire her new physic; it was almost too feminine; breasts too round, lips too full, hair too blonde; she loved it.

“Well, Hi there!” She grinned, waving at the mirror, “Look’n for a good time, are ya?”

She squealed with excitement at the roughness of his accent and the confidence with which her words left her mouth. No hesitation, no second guessing, not even with herself. It was paradise.

“Ma eyes are up here ya bastard!” She grinned, watching her reflection’s eyes roam across her body. This was too much fun, she had to give it a real go. So the question was, where to go to give this body a full test run?

She hopped into the machine with glee, listening to it hum as that black band covered her eyes. What sort of place would be fun to test this body out; perhaps something a bit more wild where she could really let loose.

The thought had only just entered her mind when that now familiar jolt jerked through her chest and her eyes blinked in surprise. She was on a bed, tied and eagle spread as a man in a cheap suit walked back and forth.

“You’re gonna have to be punished for taking off the top, whore.” He sneered, a whip in hand.

The room they were in was dingy, barely livable squalor and outside he could hear the wail of sirens and gunshots. Neither of which seemed to bother what she assumed to be her pimp. Paizleigh almost rolled her eyes; it was like something out of a porno. A moment's focus and the man was gone, reality swimming as she looked for a new path.

The darkness returned for a moment before slowly clearing, black fading away to be replaced with flecks of white. For a moment, she thought perhaps the machine was malfunctioning until the smell of grass coiled in her nostrils and she realised she was laying on grass. The white spots above were stars and it seemed she had been deposited in a park somewhere.

The air was smoggy and the sound of traffic filtered through the tiny patch of trees as she sat up and found herself in a small nature strip. Just beyond two beautiful women in short, tight dresses walked past, giggling as they headed up the street. She could hear it now, the bass thrumming in the air and beneath her fingertips. She stood and immediately flailed, catching herself against the tree that almost knocked the wind out of her.

The cause of her unbalance was obvious once she looked down, she was wearing inch high stiletto heels which sunk into the soft grassy mud. Paizliegh pouted; the shoes were so lovely too; a pretty sheen coated silver that was now marred by dirt.

With great difficulty she stumbled back to the footpath to take in the rest of her outfit. A red bra with a sheer curtain hanging off it passed for her shirt, a pair of tight, slightly ripped jean shorts that barely covered her fat ass and a choker, black velvet with a acrylic lipstick kiss hanging from it. The whole ensemble looked absolutely whorish and cheap and somehow suited her perfectly. Her head turned toward the music, purple neon light bathing her skin as she stepped closer with a wide smile; this outfit was also perfect for clubbing.

With a confident swagger she walked up to the front of the nearby blu, feeling his hips sashay as she went. She loved the feeling of their gentle sway, the way her ass cheeks rubbed together as she walked; by her guess there was enough plastic in there that she was surprised they didn't squeak. The idea made her giggle and earned a few odd looks from others waiting as she joined the line but she didn't care.

She didn't care what anybody thought; she lived life for herself.

A problem soon occurred though as she watched the people in front paying the entrance fee. There was no need to check her pockets, this outfit was so tight there was no point; she had no money. No wallet, no phone, nothing she could use to pay the fee. For a moment she pouted but soon her lips formed into a grin as a wicked idea formed in her head.

Putting on her best sexy pout she stepped forward when it was her turn and went to walk right past the bouncer.

"Hey, where do you think you're going?" The man's arm reached out to grip her shoulder tight.

The bouncer was the sort who embodied the name; tall, broad and more muscle than brains. He was looking down at Paizleigh with irritation but even so, he couldn't keep his eyes from slipping down to her prominent cleavage, something she was counting on.

"Ah already paid ya." Paizleigh said innocently, battering her eyes before squeezing her shoulder in close to puff up her chest even more. "Don't cha remember?"

"No, I don't." The bouncer said, sounding thoughtful. "But tell ya what, maybe you can pay me later tonight, when ya leave?"

Paizleigh felt her slit moisten.

“Sounds fair.”

The man let her go and nodded for her to go ahead. Paizleigh walked in, glancing back to see the stink eye the next couple in line were giving her as they handed over their money. She stuck her tongue out and giggled, quickly ducking into the crowd before they could follow.

The air was thick with sweat and heat, filled with artificial smoke from the machines by the live stage where the band was playing. The entire room was bathed in pink and purple flashing lights. People crushed together on the dance floor, some dancing, some pretending to dance as an excuse to feel one another up in public. A hungry feeling filled her and she made for the floor, easily pushing her way right to the middle in time for a new song to start.

She did not hesitate; moving her body to the beat in whatever way felt the most natural. Her body swayed to the rhythm of the music, hips undulating in a sinuous, hypnotic motion that drew the eye like a magnet and Paizleigh laughed as she watched more and more eyes drawn to her. She reached skyward, fingers outstretched, as if she were trying to touch the pulsing lights that illuminated the club. She moved like a wild thing, flinging her wild hair around so that the tendrils framed and fell over her face,

For a few moments, the world faded away, and all that mattered was the beat of the music, the pulse of the lights, and the sheer joy of movement. She lost herself to the music and the sensations of the bodies as they brushed up and bumped against her. Appreciative hands found her, men and women's alike; she could feel them stroking across the curve of her ass, brushing against her outer thighs and even in some cases, boldly touching the sides of her breasts. Her mouth parted, and her body moved as if possessed by some unseen force. She was the centre of attention, a goddess among mortals, and she revelled in the adoration of the crowd.

Eventually one pair of hands gripped her hips and stayed as a young man began dancing with her. Every few beats his fingers would slip and press against her bubbly ass, feeling the skin give. He leaned in close, yet still had to yell in order to be heard over the music.

“You look hot as hell!”

“Too righ' I do!” She giggled, “Hotter even. I think ah need a drink to cool me down.”

The man gripped her ass one final time before taking her hand and leading her to the bar. Within moments a shot was in her hand and the one after that the alcohol was burning her throat. It was cheap, nasty vodka, drunk only for the purposes of *getting* drunk, rather than any pleasure. It felt glorious.

“More!” She slammed her tiny glass down and the man paid for yet another shot.”

Before the second one had even finished pouring down her throat that fuzziness that came from quick alcohol consumption was hitting her. Making her bones feel warm and soft beneath her skin in the most pleasant of ways.

“Ever done a coat hanger?” Her benefactor asked.

“A wha’?”

“Here, he slid over another shot glass containing a number of odd colours and a small straw. “Do the shot then suck the fumes up through the straw.”

Without hesitation she did so, downing the sweet drink before placing the straw into the glass and sucking in a deep breath. The effect was instant; her head fogged and her world seemed to sway, or perhaps that was her moving, it was hard to tell.

“Fookin’ hell, tha’s brilliant!” She laughed, “Le’s do ‘nother.”

Her words were already slurring together, that combined with the accent made her almost incomprehensible but somehow the man seemed to understand. Yet he shook his head and leaned in close.

“How ‘bout instead we do something a little harder?”

She’d never done drugs; the risks of addiction were too great and rich kids with drug issues were a dime a dozen. But she wasn’t a rich kid anymore, nor did she have people looking over her shoulder; and most importantly, her impulse control was basically nonexistent.

“Hell. Fuckn’. Yes!!”

They made their way to the bathrooms, ignoring the little sign on the front. It didn't seem to matter, men and women alike were congregated inside, most of which were talking in hushed tones as they traded bags and wads of cash. Her new friend handed Paizleigh a little pink pill from his pocket, popping another in his own mouth.

“First time is free honey, but only the first time. Got it?”

Paizleigh just grinned and placed the little sugary pill on the tip of her tongue, rolling it around in her mouth until the sugar melted away and it turned bitter. She grimaced at the taste, swallowing it down. She felt a little disappointed when nothing happened at first, it must have shown on her face because the man just chuckled.

“Wait a little bit hun, go out and enjoy the floor. You'll know when it kicks in.”

Paizleigh just shrugged and turned to leave the bathroom; new reality or not, the last thing she wanted to do was get caught up in a deal gone wrong. She made her way back to the floor and set about scoring more free drinks. It was so easy; a bat of an eyelid, a jiggle of her chest and the gifts just kept coming. She felt so wild and naughty, flirting with all these men and revelling in the attention. She let them touch her, their hands slipping beneath the curtain of her shirt to caress the undersides of her breasts, a few even slipped between her tight waistband and skin but no further.

She was starting to feel hot and not just because of the club. Her skin felt electric, even the most platonic of touches sent her shivering with need and as she stepped out onto the dance floor again she felt intoxicated by more than just drugs and alcohol. The music seemed sharper and louder, her eyes took in more detail and yet seemed simultaneously overwhelmed. She couldn't keep still, she danced, she humped against other party goers, she moaned, feeling the delicious sensation of skin against skin. As the floor got more and more crowded she started to lose track of where she ended and the other people began.

At some point her friend from the bathroom reappeared and one hand job later in the darkness of a secluded corner, another pink pill was hers; prolonging the wondrous effects of the drug in her system.

People stared and she drank in the looks, loving the attention no matter what form it took. All sense of time was lost until finally, she found herself stumbling out of the club in the early hours of the morning. Her feet were cold on the concrete and she realised for the first time that her feet were bare; when had she taken those heels off? Oh well, it didn't matter.

The morning air felt icy cold against her skin which was so hot it was almost feverish. A whole night of teasing had left her wet; her whole body one giant live wire ready to explode into flames at any moment.

“There you are.”

She turned to see the bouncer, tall, dark skinned and handsome as ever. He was leaning against the wall with a cigarette nearly burned down to his finger tips.

“You tryin’; to sneak away without paying what you owe?” He joked and the fire inside Paizleigh burned all the brighter.

In some ways, she was a virgin in this body and it was high time she did something about that. She walked toward him, revelling in her own confidence. She knew exactly what she wanted and she was not afraid to ask directly. The man stubbed out his cigarette and Paizleigh looped her arms around his neck, pulling them together and shivering as her first breasts pressed against his chest.

“Paizleigh.” She whispered huskily, “And I never leave a debt unpaid.”

“Zach.” The man replied, pupils dilating as his eyes dropped down to stare at her tits.

The conversation ended there; she wasn’t interested in pleasantries. Only what was between Zach’s legs. She pressed her thigh against his crotch and listened to his groan; she could feel a hardness forming there and her heart began to race with excitement.

“How much is the club cover?” She asked, while divesting Zach of his belt.

“Twenty quid.”

“Since tha’s ma normal rate we’ll call it even.” She winked before reaching a hand into Zach’s boxers and grasping his length. It was hot, just like her and solid in her hand.

The groan that came from Zach’s throat as she pushed the foreskin back was glorious. It made her so damn wet her legs squirmed as it began to drip down into her tight shorts. Fortunately Zach pulled them down as they moved deeper into the alleyway.

Paizleigh found herself squashed between the rough brick wall and Zach's huge, muscular form. His hands were all over her, pulling her top down so that it sat bunched around her middle, panties and shorts at her ankles so that she was practically naked.

It was such a thrill, the street was only a few feet away and while few people would be out and about at this time, they were still in public. At any moment somebody could turn down the street and see her, with a nearly fully clothed man ravishing her neck with kisses. She continued to stroke him before gently guiding his dick against her clit and gasping. Somehow it felt better than fingers ever could. Zach manoeuvred himself so that he could thrust his thick girth along her pussy walls and Paizleigh was forced to grip his arms just to stay upright.

"Ah! Oh Gawd, fuuuuuuuck. Yes, more! More!"

Her hole was burning; her skin aflame. The remnants of the drug still in her system made everything come into sharp focus and seemed to double the pleasure. She felt so sensitive she could cum just from this but she held back, hard as it was. She wanted this cock in her, she needed to know what it felt like.

"Fuck me, pleeeeeease."

"Don't have to ask me twice."

Those strong hands were at her hips, easily slipping under her firm ass and lifting her up the wall before pinning her in place with his body weight. Paizleigh knew exactly what to do, perhaps some instinct the mental programming had given her without her even realising. She wrapped her legs around his square waist and pulled him close, guiding the tip of his cock into her hole and groaning as she felt them begin to stretch.

Her inner walls were twice as sensitive as the outside and as they strained to contain Zach's length she threw back her head and threw caution to the wind.

"Fook'n-! Ah! AAAHH! Oh gawd!"

More expletives followed; foul language even a half rate whore would consider keeping inside but not her. She swore and writhed in pleasure as he sheathed himself fully inside her only to pull out just as fast and begin thrusting. Her back scraped against the wall, she could feel the brickwork digging into her shoulders and ass painfully but it just added fuel to her

desire. Those scratches would be there tomorrow, maybe several days afterwards. Physical reminders of her own misbehaviour.

“Quiet now, don't wanna get-ah! Caught!” Zach grunted.

“Ah Can't help it!” She wailed, “So big, so fookn' big I can't stand it ohhhhhh...”

Already she could feel her insides tightening; heralding an orgasm that was fast approaching and she desperately wanted to hold at bay. She wanted to savour this, her first cock; this body may be used to such treatment but it was her first time truly experiencing it. This was the body of a woman who had several men a night and yet she was still so easy to get off.

Zach was plunging into her fast and hard, slamming his head against her G-spot. She could do nothing but buck her hips in time and moan. Pinned to the wall as she was, Paizleigh had no say in their pace. She was at his mercy, unable to fight back even if she wanted to.

Her stiff nipples were caught between them, being rubbed by the slightly damp, sweat soaked shirt Zach had worn for his whole shift. She could smell his musk rubbing off on her; that beautiful, masculine scent that made her feel owned even though she knew she couldn't be. A whore belonged to no one single man; on the contrary, in a way they belonged to her.

Zach was grunting and groaning now, unable to speak as he too got close. Her pussy was so sweet he was shuddering inside its tightness. The power of being able to elicit such primal savagery in a man, it turned her on even more. It was enough to push her over the edge. Her whole body seized for a moment, perfectly still as Zach continued to pound into her before a great wave of ecstasy flowed outwards from her pussy until it filled every fibre of her being.

Unlike before, she was silent, mouth hanging open as she gasped and shuddered, no sound able to escape until her muscles relaxed and Zach gave one final, hard push. Wetness splashed inside her and Paizleigh shivered; unprotected sex in an alley in order to buy her way into a club; what a fucking life. She was a total slag and she loved it.

With a grunt Zach pulled out and Paizleigh found herself standing on shaky legs. The man zipped himself up and then walked away, not even bothering to say a quick thank you or pick up her shorts. She grabbed them herself, shuddering as the seed and wetness flowing out of her was pushed back against her skin by her panties. As she was refastening her top she couldn't help but wonder, where now.

An address sprung to mind out of nowhere and somehow she knew, in this universe, that it was home. What sort of home would a slut like this possess? She couldn't wait to find

out. But first she had another problem to deal with; how to get there. Initially she knew she was a long way from home and she didn't have a single cent to her name, not even enough for bus fare.

Laughter echoed from the street beyond and Paizleigh watched as several drunken men stumbled down the street. She smiled at the sight; she'd have that bus fare and then some soon enough.

~

The sun had fully risen by the time Paizleigh reached the apartment she knew was home. The neighbourhood wasn't the best, more than once she saw feral cats sleeping atop the bins beside the buildings she passed. It wasn't the ghetto inspired awfulness of the first reality she had hopped into though; a nice middle ground that made her smile despite the exhaustion.

What she assumed to be ecstasy was finally wearing off, leaving her mouth dry and her body exhausted. She trudged up three flights of stairs toward the faded wooden door with a painted number three on the front and smirked, kicking the welcome mat aside and taking out the key. Probably not the best place to store it, all things considered.

The key turned and the lock unlatched itself to reveal her home. It was shabby; he could see an old television and a PS2 in the corner that looked as though it had seen better days. There were only two rooms, three if you counted the tiny ensuite off the bedroom. The basement of her old reality would have been bigger than the entire living area here. Exhausted, she considered returning but decided there was one last thing she wanted to do. Standing in front of the mirror beside the bed she slowly peeled the sweat soaked clothing off her body. There were drink stains, as well as those of other more passionate fluids across her shorts and shirt, to the point that she could feel the material stick to her skin as she peeled them off.

She could feel the filth of the club on her skin, clinging to her; she was sure she stank of sex and alcohol, maybe even a few other things. As she removed her shorts she saw something small fall out of her back pocket; a scrap of paper.

'For when you want a good time x - Brandon'

A tiny pink circle was in the corner of the paper, a pill. The man from the bathroom who she'd jacked off for ecstasy must have slipped it in her back pocket without her noticing. There was a phone number beneath the name and she grinned; already craving that wild feeling she'd experienced in the club.

Almost lovingly she placed the paper down on the bedside table and went back to examination. Her beautiful body was already showing signs of the wild night; there were scratches on her shoulder blades from the brick wall, tiny bruises where Zach had gripped her hips a little too tight, even a red hickey or two. The later she didn't mind but the others made her pout; perhaps she'd gone a little too rough. No matter, she could fix that, she could make this world, herself, anything she wanted to be.

Despite all the attention it had gotten from Zach and the kind men who'd given her bus fare, her pussy quivered. It warmed, thinking of how she'd just scratched the surface of what she could accomplish here. All the things still yet to experience.

Paizlegh flopped backwards onto the bed, humming in contentment as the cheap, scratchy sheets rubbed against her naked body. Her fingers wandered, brushing down the curves of her body until they rested against her mound. The hair there was sweaty but the skin was hot and slick.

Slowly, almost lazily, she began to circle her clit, enjoying the gentle pleasure and warmth such a featherlight touch could elicit. She pressed a little harder, causing her muscles to throb in pleasure as she started to stroke in earnest. For the first time she realised just how much control she had; she could make herself into anything, make the world whatever she wanted; all with no consequences.

Her finger slipped down to her waiting hole and without hesitating she slipped it inside, running the rough pads against her inner walls. The sensations made her shiver and then she found it, that tiny bundle of nerves marked by a slightly rough patch of skin. She curled her finger against it and gasped; once was certainly not enough.

She did not thrust her finger in and out as all the women did in the porn he'd watched. Inside he kept the digit buried deep inside her, curling the tip of her finger over and over again against her new G-spot. Within moments she was shuddering, a gush of fluid coating her hand as she came one final time.

With that energy spent she barely had the strength to remove her hand and wipe it against the sheets. She was so tired and overwhelmed all she could think to do was sleep. So when her eyes fluttered closed only to be woken by the sound of machinery moving around her she groaned, blinking as the light of her old basement came into view along with Mollie's smiling face.

"Have a good night?" She grinned, "I could tell by your vitals you were about to fall asleep so I thought I'd better get you out."

"Can't'cha just lemme sleep?" She groaned.

“No can do, come on.” Mollie helped her to sit up and immediately Paizleigh flinched, feeling something cold and wet against her legs.

Unfortunately, the filth and grime of the club no longer existed in this reality, leaving her squeaky clean but what hadn't disappeared was her wetness. A puddle of slick, viscous fluid was between her legs where she had presumably cum and squirted over the course of the night. Mollie raised an eyebrow but Paizleigh couldn't bring herself to feel embarrassed; she had a great time after all. Everybody wishes they could be as confident as her when it came to sex.

“Let's get you changed back,” Mollie said gently, “You probably need to spend today sleeping in order to function at the office tomorrow.”

~

Liam had known going back to his old life was going to be difficult but he'd not anticipated just how hard it would be. Carefully monitoring his words and actions was second nature now without the mental programming and yet it felt like torture. Now he knew how it felt to speak his mind without hesitation, how to stand in the middle of a room half naked and unashamed, what it felt like to take drugs and smoke and just relax into somebody else's skin.

The week passed like molasses in January and each night he returned home sorely tempted to jump into the Genetic Altron and become Paizleigh once more. When the weekend finally came he was more than happy to lie to his golfing buddies and say he'd come down with a cold. He needed release and there was only one thing that could give it to him.

To his surprise, when he walked down into the basement he found the machine already active and a figure slowly removing the diodes as their change finished. It was Mollie, he knew that her features were actually similar enough that somebody who didn't know better would assume this woman was her cousin or something.

She looked younger; the laugh lines that had started to form in her thirties now gone and her face was smooth. Her body had been altered in subtle ways, enhanced like a photographer would with photoshop. Her boobs were bigger, her hips rounder, ass for more, her eyelashes dark and long and her auburn hair now a fiery red with a natural wave that most women would kill for.

“Hey hun,” She grinned, “I thought perhaps I might join you a little this time. I had the boys at your company bring over another pod.”

She pointed to the reality switcher which now had a twin to its left.

“After hearing all about the fun you had as Paizleigh I couldn't resist.” She giggled, “I want to see you get nailed.”

Liam felt his heart flutter; how on Earth had he found such an amazing woman. Without hesitation he stepped forward and embraced her naked body, letting her new breasts squash against his chest.

“You're amazing, you know that?” He grinned.

“I do actually.” She said airily, “Now come on, get slutted up I want to see you. With these things we can have the open relationship we've always wanted.”

Once he had gotten to know her, he and Mollie had kept nothing secret. Sex, fetishes, it was all fair game. In their mind, love was love; and they would always be loyal to one another but physically there were some things that just couldn't be done with only one partner. They'd never indulged such fantasies, even bringing a third person into their bedroom invited scandal but now, they could go to a reality where none of that mattered; he could watch Mollie give head to a stranger and vice versa without needing to worry about anything.

“Let's do it,” he grinned, “But let's make sure to program in some safety measures.”

As fun and thrilling as the danger of ecstasy and cigarettes was, he didn't want to risk any permanent damage to his body, regardless of its form. The machine really did let him have his cake and eat it too; smoke all he wanted without the risk of lung diseases, take all the drugs they fanciest without track marks or addiction, that sort of thing. He clicked away at the keyboard, dealing with all that boring stuff first and then began to think about what sort of body he wanted this time.

He'd been a street whore and a wild party girl; both had been fun but he was sure he could think of something more fun. That's when he took in Mollie's youthful appearance and an idea came to mind. A few minutes of typing had it all prepared; including the mental blocks for his name as per usual.

“Get ready to meet the new and improved Paizleigh.” He smiled, giving Mollie a quick kiss before jumping into the Genetic Altron himself which she flipped the switch.

Even before the changes started Liam felt a weight lift from his shoulders as the machine hummed to life. The now familiar and delicious feeling of his breasts swelling to life made his sigh happily which turned to a groan as his hips began to stretch. They were wider this time; childbearing hips that had probably done just that at some point. His ass grew, ballooning to fit his new pear shaped body. He grew even more bottom heavy as his thighs thickened to glorious thunder thighs, the sort that only mature women had and every man was ashamed to say they found hot.

His beloved bleach blond hair returned and he could feel the roots where, if he had programmed it right, were prematurely grey. Something this bad dye job could not hide. His finger and toe nails tingled as thick, cheap lacquer and rhinestones were applied to them and he desperately wished he could turn his head to look at them.

The headband buzzed and once more he felt his brain filling with information. Unlike most brainwashing or mental programming though he didn't feel like his mind was being chained up or caged. On the contrary, as his anxiety and control fell away he felt the shackles loosening as Paizleigh, in all her freedom and glory emerged once more.

Eagerly she got up and ran to the mirror; her trashy, slag self was back but this time more weathered. Her body was thirty, but an old thirty. Prematurely aged by cigarettes, alcohol and likely a few harder substances as well. There were light, barely noticeable stretch marks running down her thighs and a small crinkle of crows feet beside each eye. She may have been bottom heavy but it was in all the right ways. She slapped a palm to her ass, feeling it jiggle as the movement vibrated across her skin. This was a body that had seen too many lovers to count and that is where the appeal came in.

“Wow, what a cougar.” Mollie hung off her broad, sloping shoulders. “I like it.”

“I have a perfect idea of where to go.” Paizleigh whispered, loving the husky edge her voice now had. Pressing her full, botoxed lips to Mollie's cheek she smiled.

“Let's go.”

Her heart was racing as they laid down in their pods, she just hoped getting them both to the same reality wouldn't be too much trouble. There was the now familiar jolt and Paizleigh felt herself falling through realities; she saw dominatrix dungeons and dilapidated drug dens but pushed past them all; she didn't want to be punished, she wanted to be free.

Eventually her feet landed solidly on the floor of a carpeted hallway; an apartment building that somehow she instinctively knew was not far from her own. She could hear voices and laughter coming from behind a door and she turned to see Mollie standing beside her. Her clothing seemed to accentuate youth; a pastel pink dress with a flared skirt and ribbon bows for straps. If it weren't for the strappy heels that laced all the way to her knees it would almost look innocent.

It was in stark contrast to her own outfit; leopard print singlet and black pants that were far too tight to be flattering. A choker rested at her throat, the same one as the other night with the acrylic kiss but paired with this body and outfit it looked more desperate than before. She looked like a woman desperately trying to look five years younger to compensate for the extra ageing a life of alcohol and cigarettes had given her.

She loved it.

“Fook’n hell, do we make a couple or wha?” She grinned, drinking in the sound of her chavvy accent. Was it possible to miss an accent? She certainly had. “Ah, me voice is so fuck’n great, I could talk all nigh’.”

She really could, she loved the cigarette rasp, the accent, everything.

“Well, if you do that you won't get to put that mouth to good use.” Mollie reminded her with a giggle, “Now, what's the plan?”

The door across the hall flung open and there was a woman who was so thin Paizleigh was worried a stiff breeze would blow her over.

“You lot here for the swingers party?”

Paizleigh's smile could not possibly get wider.

“Fook yeah we are!”

She watched as the thin woman's eyes looked them both up and down, no doubt taking in the supposed age difference between them, and the fact that they were both women with casual interest before shrugging and sweeping her hand aside to welcome them. Mollie gave her hand an excited squeeze and Paizleigh took the lead. Inside were a number of people, some gathered round the couches drinking and smoking, others sequestered off in dark

corners and judging from the sounds echoing out from a few closed doors, there were yet more people enjoying one another's company further inside.

The smell of cigarette smoke coiled in the air and filled her lungs as she breathed deep, mingling with the scent of sex. Yes, this is exactly where she wanted to be.

“Sweet, lesbos!”

A pale man with badly dyed hair on the couch grinned up at them with a predator gaze; perhaps it was the way he said that word or the way he licked his lips while looking at them as if they were here just for him, either way, he rubbed Paizleigh the wrong way.

“Who ya callin’ a lesbo ya prick?” She stuck her tongue out at him, “For ya information, Ah’m bi.”

“And so am I!” Mollie giggled, “This one is fun but well, the fact that we’re here should tell you we’re very trusting.”

“Ey, ey, no harm meant darlings.” The man threw up his hands, “Name’s Spider, come make yourselves comfy. This is my place after all.”

Paizleigh tried not to be impressed; Spider was such a cool name. She sat down and immediately took the smoke offered, breathing deep so that the smoke filled her lungs and burned her throat. God it felt good. She breathed out through her nose, feeling the heat singe the inside of her nostrils and immediately took a second puff, then a third.

“Woah, slow down dragon lady.” Spider laughed, “At that rate you’ll run out of lungs before the night is up.”

“I ain't about to run out of lungs anytime soon.” She grinned, leaning forward so that her breasts were on full display. “I can breathe very deeply.”

She took a deep breath, feeling her bosom strain against the tightness of her shirt, threatening to break free at any second. It was like a game, watching each person in the room dip their eyes and try to hide it. Their interest was obvious and palpable and Paizleigh basked in the attention. She started to take it further, crossing and uncrossing her legs so that the clear outline of her vagina was visible between her legs thanks to the too tight pants.

Paizleigh had obviously never gone to a swingers party before but she knew that even for one of these affairs she was acting crudely. Half the other guests were giving her the stink eye but she didn't care, because the other half were trying hard to hide their arousal. Even Mollie kept sliding her eyes back to Paizleigh, even as Spider came to sit next to her, close enough to make his intentions quite clear.

“Don't bother trying to be subtle when you sneak her off,” Paizleigh grinned, “She's a squealer.”

“Paizleigh!” Mollie gasped, blushing deeply but smiling all the same.

“Ah'm just telling it how it is, hun.” She cackled, “An' Ah'm a squealer too, ain't no shame in it.”

Fuck it felt so good to say that; especially in this sexy as voice. Paizleigh found herself talking more and more as she lit up another cigarette that found its way between her fingers. She put her feet up on the coffee table and stretched out, splaying herself across a whole corner of the couch and giving everybody a perfect view of what her body looked like spread eagle.

It wasn't long before one of the other guests came and joined her on the couch, sliding in close enough that Paizleigh could smell the alcohol on his breath and found herself jealous.

“Hard to imagine an experienced girl like you picking that twiggy little thing for a partner.” He jabbed a thumb in the direction of Mollie who was now halfway into Spider's lap.

“Mollie is fabulous,” She replied curtly, “It's hard to find a partner so..wha' do they call it? In tune? Yeah, in tune with yer own interests.”

“Such as?”

Paizleigh grinned.

“Gettin' fucked by strangers.”

She blew smoke in his face and cackled as he coughed; to her delight though he grinned right back at her.

“You know, it’s nice seeing a girl who knows what she wants and isn’t afraid to say it.”

“C’mon mate, let’s be real, I ain’t no girl. Ah’m a woman, a woman with plenty of experience who’d be happy to teach ya a thing or two. Provided that’s all good with you babe?”

She craned her neck to look past her new companions neck and saw Mollie was now fully in Spider’s lap, tongue thrust into his mouth. Without opening her eyes she gave Paizleigh a thumbs up and Paizleigh just laughed. She felt exhilarated and free, the giggles turned to moans in her mouth as the man’s hand found her chest and squeezed, feeling that tell tale stiffness that fake boobs had. He gave her a knowing grin.

“In ma line of work a good body is well worth the investment.” Paizleigh sighed.

“What work is that?”

“The sex kind.”

“I knew I liked you.”

A second later his lips were on her, his stubble scratched as her cheeks and the remnants of alcohol on his tongue burned against her tongue. The flavour of cheap beer mixed with the cigarette smoke yet lingering and Paizleigh moaned at the delicious taste.

As they began to make out hard Paizleigh realised that this was yet another man she had started feeling up without even knowing their name. What’s more, she didn’t even care that much. She was so horny she didn’t care who her partner was so long as they could nail her hard. In her mind she began to refer to him as Derby, since that was a cheap beer he tasted like.

He was built, not in the gym going way that Zach had been but rather by experience. This was a man who’d worked hard labour his entire life and had muscles made from lifting boxes and skin leathered by the sun. He had all the class and grace as a bull in a china shop and Paizleigh couldn’t get enough. His hands were rough, calloused fingers slipped under her shirt and thumbs brushed against her underboob.

Calluses, Paizleigh decided, were incredibly underrated. All the stories spoke of how wonderful soft fingers felt but this was something else. The roughness created even more friction against her skin, she couldn't wait to get them between her legs.

She was sure the polite and correct thing to do at these parties was to get up and move to somewhere more private now that they were getting heated up. But she didn't want to. She wanted everybody to see her, not just Mollie and Spider but everybody. Why wouldn't she after all, she had nothing to hide. So when Derby pulled her only his lap she did not hesitate to grind down on his hips and drink in the groan he made.

"Fuck, this ass." He grabbed great handfuls of the skin, massaging it and holding it tight against his palms, "So fuck'n big."

"You love it, don't lie." She said huskily, taking one last drag of her cigarette before it burnt down to her fingers and she stubbed it out on the coffee table. An irritated yell broke her pleasure as Spider stared at her, shooting her a withering look from across the couch while Mollie whinged that he'd stopped touching her.

"That's my table."

"So it is." Paizleigh said nonchalantly before glaring right back at him, "What'cha gonna do about it?"

She turned her eyes to a smoulder, watching as Spider's irritation was invaded by arousal and attraction. Confidence really was key.

"You hopefully." He hissed, "After I'm done with your little girl friend."

"Ooooh can I watch?" Mollie asked.

"You'd better-aaaah!"

It seemed Derby was sick of being ignored and had pressed three fingers to the front of her tight pants, feeling her folds through the thin fabric. The sudden burst of pleasure there temporarily took her words away and Derby chuckled.

"So there is a way to shut you up."

“I can-ah! Think of a better way.” She groaned, threading her fingers through his greasy hair and pressing their lips together.

He nibbled on her swollen lips and dug his fingers into her sides; it was rough but not in a painful way. More like a primal way; two people who couldn't control the carnal lust inside them. Soon those rough hands were on her hips, pushing down on the waistband digging into her skin. With great effort she wiggled her hips enough to get the pants pulled down, revealing that she was commando underneath. Derby yanked the pants off her, right there in the middle of the living room. It wasn't like all the stories; where her consciousness focused on her partner alone and the rest of the world faded away. On the contrary, Paizleigh felt hyper aware of all the eyes on them. They were the centre of attention as she drew out Derby's thick cock and pressed herself against it.

There was a groan to her left, somebody else was getting off on watching them, judging by the wet sucking sound that she knew meant fingers were slipping in and out of a wet pussy. Maybe it was Mollie, she didn't bother looking. She could hear zippers undoing as others joined in, enjoying the show. They were all looking at her, that was all she cared about.

Derby grabbed both her breasts, squeezing hard enough that it almost hurt as she lowered herself down and without hesitation, began to ride him. She leaned her head back, making eye contact with everybody watching and opening her mouth nice and wide in a loud moan.

“Gawd, oh fuck'n gawd yes! So good!” She moaned, “More! More! Fuck'n pound me!”

He was shorter than Zach had been, but thicker, his base stretched her wider than anything had yet and Paizleigh couldn't resist grinding down on it over and over again to further stretch her inner walls.

“Such a greedy whore.” Derby growled, slapping a hand against her bare ass and causing the skin to jiggle as she bounced up and down on his cock.

“Ahhhh....ahhhhhh....ngghhnnn!!”

He was bucking his hips as well now, slamming them together so hard that all words fled her brain. She could feel her G spot being pounded, her vision whiting out each time due to the sheer power of the sensations. Derby was grinning, arrogant; he knew exactly what he was doing to her and Paizleigh grit her teeth. Two could play at that game.

She contracted all her muscles, squeezing his cock tight inside her as she rose up. The effect was instant and Derby's head collapsed back against the couch and his eyelids fluttered.

"Wan' more?" She growled, "Betcha do."

She kept herself tight, riding hard enough that she could feel his balls tightening as she crushed down on them. There was a shaky breath from somebody behind her as they came and the sound spurred her on. Bouncing faster and faster until her knees began to ache and her insides began to coil.

"Yes! Almost there, more...more...aaaaahhhhhh!!!"

She kept riding through the orgasm, a little irritated that she came before Derby but it seemed the pulsing squeezes if her orgasm were all it took. His seed pumped up into her, splashing against her inner walls and sending that wave of special satisfaction that only came from having a guy cum inside her.

Spider gave a whoop as Paizleigh raised his hips one final time and Derby's cock slipped out of her. Somebody, she didn't bother to see who, handed her tissues to clean up but she didn't bother putting her pants back on. Instead she lit another cigarette and sat herself down on the couch, legs apart.

She grabbed a nearby bottle and chugged several great gulps of burning alcohol straight from it before taking a deep drag of her cigarette. Letting it out slowly so that the flavours and smoke swirled across her tongue. Then with a wicked grin raised her gaze to the other party goers.

"C'mon then, who's next?"

~

Liam sat by the computer hooked up to the Genetic Altron, lost in thought. It was the long weekend and he had the house to himself while Mollie went to visit her parents. He had been using the two machines for almost two months now and he was getting pretty good at narrowing down exactly what sort of life and body he wanted.

Every time he used it, he had fun but couldn't help but feel like something was missing. The perfect slag lifestyle was within his grasp, he just needed to nail down those final details in order to make Paizleigh his ultimate fantasy. He flicked through magazines as

well as plenty of pre-sets already programmed into the machine, taking details from here and there before adding them to his list.

In his mind he made up a history for Paizleigh; who she was, how she came to be living the freelance hooker lifestyle. What her hopes and dreams were. As he did so Liam could feel his fantasy becoming something more; not just a new skin to slip into but a three dimensional person in her own right.

Ideas came much easier and soon his fingers were flying across the keyboard until he realised he was done. Liam held his breath, going over the details one last time to make sure they were all perfect; the usual mental blocks with his name, the rudeness that wasn't too pointed, the crude habits, the immunity to addiction and illness, the wonderful accent, not to mention the new physical traits.

He sat down in the chair practically buzzing with excitement; it was funny, he'd lost count of how many times he'd used this machine now and yet the thrill never went away. The machine powered up and that warm, pleasurable feeling emanated out from the diodes until it coated his entire skin, giving it a tingling sensation that made his anticipation build.

"Yessssss..." He hissed, feeling the delightful widening of his hips, his shoulders burned in tandem as they sloped, his middle sucking in to form a pretty hourglass shape.

His figure began to fill out as his breasts and ass began to swell, filling naturally before turning slightly stiff and hard as the silicone inflated them further. He loved how solid yet soft they felt and couldn't wait to run his hands all over them.

The headband vibrated and he sighed in relief; feeling Paizleigh being put back where she belonged. It was hard, as his excitement mounted and his inhibitions vanished, to stay still. He wanted so badly for the change to hurry up and finish so she could see it!

"Here we go....'ere we go!"

She couldn't help but give a few bouts of breathy laughter, listening to her voice change in real time; going from smooth and deep to short and husky.

"Ah'm back, bitches!" She giggled as her hips raised and her ass took on a peachy round shape.

Hair with the texture of straw tickled at her shoulders and she drummed her fingers in impatience; listening as the sound went from dull to sharp as her nails grew. Finally, after

what felt like much longer than usual, the machine buzzed and whirred off and Paizleigh ripped off the diodes and helmets and ran for the mirror.

“Fook yeah!” She grinned, “Tha’s it! Tha’s me righ’ there!”

The hair was probably the most notable change from her usual fair; going blonde was obvious; too obvious. Now it was inky black, the kind of matte black that lacked natural shine and only came from repeated cheap dye jobs at home in the bath rather than by a hairdresser. Her fringe though was pink, a slightly faded hot pink that drew the eye perfectly to her sharp, angular face. It was feminine but striking; no rosy cheeks and sweet smiles here.

She ran her tongue over the slightly uneven teeth; they weren't too off, just the sort of teeth that probably would have benefitted from braces as a teen. In his mind, Paizleigh and her family had better things to spend money on back then rather than expensive mouth bling though. She liked it, the slight snaggy tooth gave her character! She didn't look like those fake, photoshopped barbies on the front of magazines; she stood out; if people couldn't handle it that was their problem.

She lifted her round tits and smiled, letting them go to bounce. They were still slightly stiff from the boob job but not quite so large. As fun as huge boobs were, a simple E cup was plenty big enough to have fun without having to worry about back strain.

She turned, admiring her bubble but along with the new addition of a heart shaped tramp stamp right above her cleft. It was cute; a little stretched but still clear. The dye in the middle was slightly faded but who cares? She looked hot as fuck.

She spent a few more minutes before the mirror, admiring herself, feeling confident in her skin for once and glad to be rid of stuffy shirts and ties. With a skip in her step she jumped into the reality changer, focusing on her favourite world and within seconds; she was back. Her tiny, musty apartment was waiting for her. The air smelt stale on account of the windows being jammed shut. The scene of old cigarettes and dust permeated everything and Paizleigh took a deep breath before letting it out with a satisfied sigh; it was home.

The sun was setting, the sky outside already a dusty purple. If it weren't for the light pollution of the city Paizleighh was sure she would be able to see stars. She made her way over to the benchtop that doubled as her make up table. Several envelopes stamped with big red, angry letters sat atop it. Most of them said things like URGENT and PAST DUE.

“Well fook.” She grinned, “Looks like Ah’ll have to work a long shift tonight to earn enough to cover all this. Ah’d better look ma best.”

She swept the envelope aside and picked up the plastic tub from beneath the benchtop where all her makeup was stored. She had been practising the last few times she jumped to this reality and she was getting pretty good; or at least, as good as she wanted to get.

She reached inside and drew out several tubes of lipstick. Red? Too generic. Pink? Too girly. Black? Perfect. She smeared the dark gloss over her lips, painting perfectly around her cupid bow. The only downside to having such fat, inflated lips was that she burned through lipsticks twice as fast. This one was already practically a nub. She paired it with a purple lip line and then giant, fake eyelashes. Her favourite kind with the little hot pink rhinestones in the corner to match her fringe colour. Carefully as she could, she painted her nails a deep purple, enjoying the coolness of the polish as it dried.

Paizleigh pouted for the mirror; it was almost a shame to cover herself with clothing; to hide any of this amazing body from the world seemed like a crime. More than once she had been tempted to walk out onto the streets like this in nothing but her make up just to see what sort of reaction she would get but if she spent the night at the police station for indecent exposure how would she earn her rent? She supposed she could suck some dick to get out on 'good behaviour' but if the copper was a prude then what? No, as sigh inducing as it was, she had to get dressed. Luckily, that could be fun in its own way.

Despite always being strapped for cash Paizleigh had a frankly ludicrous amount of outfits at her disposal. She thumbed through leather pants and revealing tops until she found what she was after. Her favourite fishnet stocking, crotchless of course and perfect for wearing without panties. She had to take a lot of dick tonight and the last thing she wanted was for her stockings to get damaged, not needing to take them off was the obvious solution. That and the fact that dudes loved nailing women in revealing clothes; sometimes less was more.

She paired them with her leather boots with silver buckles and huge heels. The arch of her foot stretched and strained to stand at such an angle and she could only imagine the aching feet she would have tomorrow if she spent all night in these. She strapped them up without hesitation.

“HmMMM, now wha' to wear on top...”

She placed a hand on her hip, half watching her reflection in the mirror and admired the shape of her bare ass in the stockings and half looking at her options. She decided on the pink leather skirt with the fake leopard spots and the easy to remove crop top with the deep V neckline. She put in three sets of earrings and felt along the shell of the appendage, room for one more in the future maybe. Her signature lipstick kiss choker completed the look.

“Ya look like a million bucks, babe.” She told her reflection, “Now go out and earn it.”

Paizleigh laughed at her own joke; she may have been good but at twenty pound a fuck she'd have to take quite a bit of punishment to earn a million. For fun she tried to work it out as she grabbed a purse and exited the apartment but gave up before she'd reached the elevator. She just didn't have a head for figures, at least not anymore.

She walked down the street with a swing in her step. Literally. With heels this high her ass was thrust out far enough that she had no choice but to sway it from side to side to avoid over balancing. A woman with a plain jane face and drab hair gave her the stink eye as she passed and Paizleigh didn't hesitate to give her the finger; what was she going to do? Fight her? That little twig wouldn't last a second and she knew it, since she hurried walked past without a word.

“Fook'n bitch, judging me.” She muttered under her breath, “She's just jealous she don't look this good and probably hasn't had a real orgasm in years. Prude.”

She lit up and made her way to her favourite corner down the street from the local dive bar. It was a hot spot for picking up sad guys who had just been dumped by their girlfriends and drunkards too inebriated to think twice about getting some love.

She was just finishing up her cigarette when the door to the bar opened and a young guy, who couldn't be more than twenty five, was chucked out onto the street in a heap.

“Yerrrr well... I'll jusst go somewhere else!” he slurred, getting to his feet wonkily and Paizleigh laughed. The sun had only just disappeared behind the horizon and this kid was already completely sozzled.

He stumbled across the street until he was opposite her and she watched as his eyes looked her up and down.

“Hey slut!” He yelled, loud enough that the whole street turned to see, “Show us ya tits!”

Paizleigh's cheeks burned, not with anger or embarrassment but arousal. Her fantasy, the one of walking down the street naked flashed in her mind and she gave a quick glance in either direction to make sure no police were around. That confirmed she met the blurry eyes of the man across the street and pulled up her crop top; fully exposing her boobs for the word to see before pulling it back down to her midriff.

“Woooo! Ya the best!!”

The praise and attention filled her with glee as the drunken man continued to shamle away to find another watering hole. Within seconds somebody else was approaching her, a nervous looking man with shaggy hair who kept ringing his hands together.

“I uh, I wanted to um...”

“Uh uh uh what?” Paizleigh teased, leaning in close so her breasts were almost shoved in his face. “HmMMM?”

“I uh, sorry if this is offensive but I wasn’t...ummmm.” There was a bulge forming in his pants and Paizleigh cackled.

“C’mon mate I ain’t got all night?”

“Are you a prostitute?” He blurted out.

“Loud and proud darlin’, you look’ for some fun.”

The man gave a squeak and quick nod.

“I saw...well when you flashed that guy.”

“Ya saw my titties and wanted a taste?”

Paizleigh didn't think it was possible for a human face to get any redder, the man looked like he was half beet.

“Ain’t no need to be shy, luv.” Paizleigh sighed, “Twenty quid for a blowy, fifty if ya wanna get in me.”

“I’ve got fifty on me.” He said meekly, “There’s a park not far from here.”

“Ya, I know the way.” She nodded, “Come with me luv, I’ll take good care of ya.”

She took his hand and started down the little alleyway that led to the park in question. There was a little grove, just behind a row of fruit bushes that had enough room for two people to lay down in relative privacy, provided no voyeurs came along and decided to peek. Not that it would bother her personally but this guy seemed like the nervous type and the last thing she wanted was him getting soft in her when she was three thrusts away from cumming because some dude got nosy.

“You’re sure this is private enough?” He said as they wound their way through the bushes.

“Oh yeah, most people will hear us going at it and look the other way.”

“W-we could go to a hotel.”

“Nah, no use paying extra, c’mon, let’s get to it.”

She sat herself on the ground and patted the grass next to her invitingly. Already her pussy was beginning to moisten, thinking about how badly she was going to corrupt this young man. It was obvious from his anxiety that he’d never hired a hooker before and had no idea what he was doing. She would have fun bringing him to the edge.

“Right...uh...”

Oh for crying out loud.

With a roll of her eyes Paizleigh grabbed hold of his hands and pressed them to her chest, happily sighing as his fingers tightened around her breasts.

“Just relax luv, have fun, cop a feel.”

“OoOoOoohkay.” He laughed nervously.

“I’m Paizleigh.”

“Rich.” He swallowed, eyes firming on her chest as he massaged the flesh, pressing her tits together and then apart again.

He was nervous, but not completely inexperienced; Paizleigh could read him like a book. This was a guy who'd gotten his heart broken and now, finally, libido was overruling his need for romance.

“No need to be gentle, Rich.” She giggled, “Ah ain't some pretty flower, ah'm not gonna break if you squeeze 'em tight

She could see the fire in his eyes as his grip increased and she sighed in pleasure; that was more like it. Rich grew bolder, hands slipping into the deep V of her shirt to caress her breasts, fingers brushing over nipples as the fabric strained against the added stretch. After a few moments the buttons at the front simply gave up and popped open and with a quick shrug the item was removed entirely. The small bulge she'd seen forming in Rich's pants earlier was now a full tent, a tiny spec of precum staining the front of his shorts.

With deft, practised hands Paizleigh moved to his belt and undid it, kissing him firmly as she did so with a pornographic moan. He was hesitant at first but soon their tongues were tangling together as she pulled the belt free and began to tug at his pants. She could practically feel his hesitance and anxiety melting away as lust took over, his hands stopped trembling and gripped hard at her chest, tweaking her nipples hard enough that she swore.

“Tha's more like it!” She praised, lowering her full lips to the man's neck and biting down hard enough to leave a mark.

Rich shuddered and gasped and Paizleigh couldn't help but giggle a little; aw, that must have been his first hickey. She ran her tongue gently over the shallow indents she'd left in his skin and felt his cock twitch as her leg came to rest against it.

“Ever had a tit job, Rich?” She asked, pressing her breasts to his chest.

“N-no?”

“Throw in an extra twenty and ah'll getcha off twice.”

She nipped at the shell of his ear and Paizleigh was sure she could hear the cogs in his head struggling to turn. Not that she could blame him for being overwhelmed with all this sexiness pressing up against him. If only she'd thought to remove his shirt first she was sure he wouldn't have hesitated for a second.

“Okay.” He replied a moment later, sounding breathy and desperate.

Paizleigh’s mouth turned into a wicked grin as she pushed him back onto the grass, crawling down his body to rest her round tits against his crotch. His cock was ramrod straight and hard as diamond. Perfect.

To be honest, she had never given a tit job before, only ever heard of them; but as she squeezed her breasts together, trapping the dick between them she couldn't believe it had taken her this long to try it. She began to rise and fall using her knees, stroking the cock with her tits as it slid between them.

“Ooohhhh fuck! Oh fuck, w-wow...” Rich seemed totally overcome in a matter of seconds.

His hips began to buck so that his tip almost disappeared into her cleavage as she rose only to pierce through again and again as the tit job continued. Paizleigh could feel herself getting wetter and wetter. The rough skin of his length squeezed between her cleavage felt wonderful and it sent sparks of pleasure across her skin and down to her core. Her breasts got more and more sensitive the longer she kept it up and she squeezed them together as tight as she could to milk every last drop of pleasure from it that she could.

She could also feel his balls slapping against her underboobs and tell they were already starting to tighten. She grinned with anticipation, drinking in the desperate sounds Rich was making as he bit down on his knuckles.

“Don’ be ashamed hun,” She said breathily, “let it out.”

“Oh god, oh fuck! Fuck I’m close! I’m clo-oooooooooh!!!”

He thrust up one final time, hard enough that she slipped down to bump her chin against his head just in time for cum to start spraying. It coated her cheek and spurted hard enough that she could feel it hit some of her hair. It was warm and smelt deliciously rich. She did not hesitate to poke her tongue out and lap at the droplets that had landed on her lips and cheeks.

“F-fuck, I’m so s-sorry!” He shuddered as she gently pressed her breasts around him again, “Gah-ah! You d-don’t need to keep going...”

“Ah think ah do.” She teased, “I promised ya two rounds and I want ya in me, can't do that half soft.”

Rich just groaned as his oversensitive cock was pressed between her tits, slicked by his own cum. Paizleigh felt filthy and she loved it. Once Rich was hard once more she moved back, wiping the cum from her face and hair quickly before crawling up his body and positioning herself above his length with her back to him.

“Don't you need to take your stockings off?” Rich asked, sounding slightly dazed.

Paizleigh pulled back so that she was kneeling above him on her knees and looked over her shoulder with a grin. She lifted her skirt in a mockery of a curtsy and poked out her tongue.

“Why would ah need to do that'?”

Before Rich could get another word out she sunk down, groaning with satisfaction as she felt the length part her folds easily. She was more than slick enough to get right to the point; why some whores needed lube she would never understand.

“Oh yeah.” She sighed, leaning forwards to brace herself on his legs, “Tha's the stuff.”

She started humping, rolling her hips before lifting them so that her clit rubbed against his balls ever so slightly each time. She squeezed him tight, eliciting a wail before she did it against and again, causing the wail to turn to choked sounds of pleasure.

“Oh Gawd yes!!” She groaned, not caring who heard, “Fuck me harder Rich, C'mon!”

He started to buck his hips upwards, thrusting so hard it made her dizzy. She started riding him harder surging up so high he almost slipped out only to slam down hard once more. Using her experience to guide her she removed one hand, balancing on one as the other moved between her legs to press at her front. Her clit ached as her finger circled it and spurred her onwards.

“G-Gods I'm going to cu-cum again!”

“Not yet you ain’t!” She growled, looking over his shoulder as she continued to ride him hard, “Not till ah say so!”

Nnnghh....mmmm.” She could see him biting his lip, he was so close, trying desperately to hold on as she squeezed him tighter. She was so close, just a little more.

A moment later she felt it, the burn rapidly expanding in her vagina until finally, she threw back her head and screamed in ecstasy as she came. She felt her own wetness splash against Rich's cock as she squirted, the pussy juice sealed inside by his length. She ground down on him, teasing him by squeezing his softening cock and over over again until he had to beg for her to dismount.

“That was...amazing.” He groaned, weakly flopping back in the grass and gasping for breath, “You’re worth more than seventy bucks.”

“Aw, ya so sweet.” She cooed, pocketing the money as soon as he handed it over.

Her pussy was aching in that wonderfully satisfying way but she knew from experience that it wouldn't last long. Already the craving for more cock was growing and she was glad for it. If she finished the night with only seventy dollars to show for it she'd be pretty poorly off.

She bade goodbye to Rich as redressed, the man waving awkwardly before hurrying away. She just rolled her eyes; why everybody acted as if sex was so shameful she would never understand. She stood up to see a couple looking disgusted as they hurried walked along the path not far from her little grove.

“Pervs!” She called after them, causing the two to move even faster as she giggled watching. Idly she wondered how hard the guy had to fight off an erection listening to her and Rich get it on.

With a spring still in her step she made her way back to her beloved corner, the night life was really coming alive now and more people were on the streets. The music from the club a few blocks over was starting to thump and Paizleigh could feel the vibrations working their way up her heels. Perhaps if she was fortunate she could pay the place a little visit, a sort of break between clients. She might even luck out and score some ecstasy in exchange for a bathroom quickie.

Taking a deep drag of her cigarette she sighed in happiness; it was going to be a good night.

~

By the time Paizleigh returned to her apartment in the early hours of the morning her tits were sore, her feet aching and her pussy well and truly satisfied; she felt wonderful. What's more, her purse was filled with enough cash to cover those bills and then some. She flopped onto the bed, falling asleep in her sweat covered clothes and falling asleep instantly, dreaming of night skies half blocked out by the silhouettes of lovers.

She woke to find grass stains all over her head, spread from her back. She'd not even noticed them last night and she thought back to her little trip into the club. The whole room would have seen them and known what she had been up to only moments earlier. It made her body burn with pride and arousal; what better advertising was there?

Stretching out she toed off her shoes and stripped down for a shower, shivering at the water that refused to go above a mild lukewarm. This was the first time she had spent a full night in another reality and she found she was enjoying it. The roughness of this apartment, the cool water turning her nipples hard in the morning air; it was all so exhilarating.

Putting on a pair of trashy track pants and a tank top that had both seen better days she set about paying those pesky bills. Tying her badly dyed hair into a side ponytail and heading down the stairs to the bank. She skipped brushing her teeth and instead opted for a breakfast of mint gum which she chewed loudly and blew bubbles with as she walked.

As she waited in line she found herself quickly growing bored. It was almost ten o'clock, should all these stuffed shirts and business types be in the office by now? Instead of forcing her to wait in a stupid line to put her hard earned cash into her account. This would be so much easier if she could just mail the notes to the electricity company or something.

To pass the time she blew bubbles, seeing how big they could get before they popped. She watched as the man in front of her in line turned and glared. She smiled at him with narrowed eyes and made a point of blowing her biggest bubble yet. He didn't say a word, a shame, she was rather hoping to rip him a new one if he tried.

She took care of the boring stuff, paying the bills and then decided to spend the day treating herself. She walked around the mall in her tracksuit, hitting up all the high end stores and rolling over the outfits she could never afford, delighting in watching the sheer terror in those stuck up sales women's faces when she walked in. She only meant to buy one thing; a hot red mini dress but then she saw the most amazing pair of platform shoes that would match perfectly. Before she knew it, she was handing over her last few pounds for a pack of cigarettes at the corner shop on the way home and she was broke again.

“Fookin’ hell.” She pouted before shrugging it off.

In her line of work, new clothes were basically an investment, right? So really, she was just making a smart business decision, besides the dress would have paid for itself by the time tonight was over.

Her prediction ran true; she wore the new dress out a few hours later and soon enough her money woes were over. At least for another night. She even managed to bump into Brandon again and one blow job later she was lit up like an ecstasy Christmas tree. God, sex on ecstasy was a treat. It was as if every nerve in her body was a live wire, the orgasms were fast and Earth shattering and she had no trouble taking man after man with barely a break between.

The next day was much the same; smoke and watch crappy reality tv by day, fuck and get paid for it by night. Never in her life had Paizleigh enjoyed her job so much. It seemed like every night she worked she learned some new position or trick to make the pleasure go just that one step further. So when the long weekend finally came to a close she found herself morose at the idea of going back to the world of her old life; filled with glitz, glamour and so many fucking business emails.

“Cya soon.” She sighed to her beloved apartment, focusing on the exit before waking up in the familiar pod.

Her body was fine, sustained by her time in the other reality but it almost felt wrong to be her sexy, Paizleigh self in this reality. As she sat back down in the Genetic Altron to turn back into...whatever her name was she realised that for the first time in her life, she was tempted to take a sick day.

~

Paizleigh was spending more and more time experimenting with different bodies and realities. Sometimes alone, sometimes with Mollie. They had been dominatrixes, dancers in Vegas and workers in the Red Light District of Amsterdam; all wonderful experiences with a delightful array of features to play with. No matter what they experimented with though, they always came back to their favourite reality; cheap whores working the streets to pay rent and loving life. That apartment, that world was starting to feel more and more real by the day; all bright colours and fun while Liam’s world was dull, and grey.

She was not sure when the change happened but she first noticed it while sitting in her office, eyes glazing over as she went through yet another days worth of samey emails.

She was in her original Liam body, with all his usual trappings. She couldn't swear or act crudely to save her life here, and yet she still felt like Paizleigh deep down.

She was still a she, regardless of what was current between her legs. The realisation caused a seed to appear within her mind, a tiny idea that over the coming weeks and trips into various different realities, began to grow and flower. It was not something he could enact quickly; no matter how much he wanted to.

It would take time to train up a successor; somebody who he could trust with the company and ensure his family's legacy remained intact. It would likely take months to even find the right person. He didn't spend decades repressing himself only to hand the company over to some playboy and have its image ruined in a gossip rag scandal. Once he had them though; he could retire.

Sell the story that he wanted to live a quiet life with his wife and sign over the position to somebody else. Perhaps he would even find a doctor, in another reality just to be safe, to write him a note diagnosing him with chronic fatigue or something, just to make sure he had a good reason for leaving in his thirties. Whether he could ever go through with it remained to be seen. He would have to think about it deeply over the coming months, maybe even years.

He had plenty of money, more than enough to live comfortably for the rest of his life. At least in this world. He and Mollie could spend their days as their true selves, reality hopping and maybe even taking out their trashy bodies in this world. They could be obnoxious tourists! Oh yes, that would certainly be fun. The idea brought a smile to her face as she returned home and immediately headed for the basement; Mollie was already done up in her favourite body, grinning at her reflection in the mirror as she bounced her breasts with her fingers.

"Usual reality?" She asked, "We are super behind on rent in that world, might even have to find ourselves a gang bang or end up on the streets."

"Well then, I'd better up my cup size just a little." He grinned.

"If you do that you'll fall over!" She laughed.

"Just you wait and see!"

He flicked the switch and hopped in the machine, eager and ready to go home.

