Rent-A-Domme

Eden collapsed on her bed, sprawling her hands and arms out on the plush mattress. The newbie on the team was exhausted. She moved cross country to join a soccer team offering her a generous salary. Eden had been playing soccer her entire life, and she was damn good at it. She was excited when the coach offered her such a high paying job, and to be able to kick people's asses at soccer all week. But she had no idea that it'd be so much damn paperwork. She had to get reimbursed for the move, add her direct deposit info, sign safety waivers, and coordinate with a new doctor. For someone who spent her time moving around, being quite active, sitting around doing paperwork and making phone calls was draining. Eden didn't quite understand it, either.

Eventually, though, everything was done. She exhaled a hefty exhale, and debated what to eat for dinner. She looked up the nearest grocery stores; all the ones in her immediate vicinity were closed by 9pm. The only one open past then was a few miles out. Eden didn't want to get takeout quite on her first day… but she might as well. She wasn't able to bring her food with her on the move, and besides, she wanted to try out a pizza place her bus drove by earlier. The sign said they delivered. Eden wasn't so much worried about the calories so much as she was worried about when she'd get paid. With how physically fit and active Eden was, she could eat pretty much anything she wanted. She considered it both a gift and a curse.

She resigned. Eden typed in the phone number, and made a quick call. She didn't bother looking up the number; after all, her memory was quite good, wasn't it?

She was wrong. Her memory was not 'quite good'. As the phone rang, Eden heard a voice that sounded way, way too sultry for a dumpy pizza parlor. "You've reached Rent-a-Domme, my dear," the voice spoke in a low, slow tone. "How may we help you today?"

Eden's heart dropped. She got the wrong number – and what kinda place was called 'Rent-a-Domme', anyways? "S-sorry, I think I got the wrong number. Have a good—"

"Aww, signing off so soon? Don't you want to relax a little?" The voice cooed in a slightly demeaning fashion. "You sound like you've had such a stressful day. How about one of our Mommy Dommes comes over and gives you the proper treatment?"

Eden's blood raced through her veins. On the one hand, this random lady was right. Eden was stressed in too many ways. And besides, it'd been a while since Eden's last partner – her old Domme – dropped her. She was in need of a new partner. Why was she actually considering this? She just wanted a damn pizza. "Uh… actually, that sounds nice," Eden murmured bashfully. "H-how much is it?"

"Oh, don't worry, dear. Our lovely ladies will lay everything right out for you. Is there anything we can bring over? What's your address, dearie?"

“Uh…” Eden, against her better judgement, gave the address. “Can you bring, uh, a pizza? I’m a little hungry, and I was trying to get some pizza, originally.”

“Certainly,” the woman responded with a giggle. After a moment, she put in the address, and gave her a time estimate. “You can expect to see someone within 30 minutes. With a delicious body, and what should be a delicious pizza… you know, for aftercare. Sounds good, plaything?”

Eden’s face flushed with the degrading pet name. She was so, so excited already. “Y-yes. This sounds like it’ll be fun. Thank you, uh…”

“Trisha, dearie. I hope you enjoy your experience tonight. Sounds like you’ll be quite a cute catch.”

Eden would have gotten something to eat beforehand. But she was just too nervous. She took out anything she could eat that she thought would quell her anxiety -- bananas, English muffins, protein shakes, even the bit of ice cream she had in her freezer. Whatever she got out, she'd just stare at it for 5 minutes, unable to eat. She was so dang nervous. Why did she go with it? Why didn't she just hang up when she realized she dialed the wrong number? It wasn't like Eden was planning to have a play session with a presumably hot Domme that night. In fact, it would have been best if she backed off; after all, she had her first day as a soccer player tomorrow, and she definitely didn't want to sleep too poorly for it. Or be distracted.

But no. She didn't back down -- not because she was nervous. But because she wanted this. All her life was all work, bad friendships, and awkward first dates. Now, a hot Domme was essentially being handed to her on a silver platter. There was no way she could say no. Eden just sat on the bed, twiddling her thumbs and swinging her legs. She thought about what this Domme would look like. How she would treat Eden. Eden did a bit of research, and found this place was fairly reputable -- good overall consent practices, experienced Dommes, and good times. There was one bad review of a guy requesting a lesbian Domme and then being angry said Domme didn't want to play with him. Eden snorted when she read that review. There was no reason to be so nervous.

Just as Eden was about to really start eating, she heard the doorbell ring. "Ah, crap!" she exclaimed, realizing she wasted all her time worrying. She walked over to the door, swung it open, and took in the gorgeous lady in front of her.

The most noticeable thing about this lady was her muscles. Eden was quite muscular herself, being a professional sports player, but this woman seemed far stronger than her. In fact, immediately Eden wondered if this lady could bench press her. The next thing Eden noticed was her attire. She was wearing a purple evening dress, full of fancy sequins and silk fabric. Her eyeliner was so sharp it nearly killed Eden. And her smile. The way she looked at Eden, at the scared subby girl in front of her.

Eden's stomach filled with butterflies. She was still nervous as all hell -- just in a new way.

"Hello, Eden," the woman spoke in a sultry, deep voice. "Pleasure to meet you. I'm Verity, from Rent-A-Domme. May I come in?"

"Uh, oh, yes, please," Eden flustered, welcoming Verity inside. Verity looked around, throwing her faux fur coat on the coat rack and making herself comfortable. "Can I get you some... water?"

"Water would be just about lovely, thank you," Verity purred. Eden obeyed immediately. Just this woman's sheer demeanor was dominating. Eden was already melting in front of her. She really was deprived of kink, wasn't she? "It's quite a pleasure to be in your presence tonight. I'm already thinking of all the ways I can get my hands on you, tonight."

"Oh... um, same. I mean, all the ways you can get your hands on, um, on me tonight, not... the opposite," Eden nervously laughed, forgetting to get some water for herself as well.

"Awww. Is someone nervous?" Verity cooed. "May I stroke your cheek, dear? It's all red and flustered."

"Um! Y-yes, you may," Eden nodded vigorously. Verity's hand reached out and softly stroked her cheek. Eden's face became even more beet red, her stammering and shivering non-ending.

"So, what I was thinking of for our scene -- and feel free to offer any changes -- is a... game. You'll attempt to resist my hypnotic induction for 30 minutes. If you win, then you get a reward. And if you lose... then you become my plaything."

Eden gulped. "That sounds... fun."

"As does it to me, dear," Verity laughed again. "In the hypnotic induction, I'll give you various suggestions -- suggestions for you to kneel, become stupid, pleasure me... things like that. And you'll grow to obey each one -- unless you somehow resist me, hard enough. Doesn't that sound nice, too?"

Eden just kept nodding, becoming more and more excited and aroused with each single word.

"Wonderful. And then I have one more, hmmm, permanent, idea."

Eden cocked her head. "Permanent? Um, how?"

"I have a lotion that enhances breast size," she smiled. Verity pulled down the top part of her evening dress, showing her immense rack off like it was a gorgeous view. Eden's jaw dropped on the floor. "As you can see, I've used quite a bit of it myself. What's your cup size, if I can ask?"

"Um... it's a B-cup," Eden responded bashfully.

"Well," Verity leaned in deviously close to her, "why don't I change that?"

"You can do that?" Eden exclaimed. If there was anything she was insecure about, it was her cup size. All of her friends had larger, bouncier tits, and she was always jealous of that. Lady partners always gravitated to her large-breasted friends for companionship, always ignoring Eden. This was a dream come true.

Verity chuckled. "I'll take that as a yes, then. Do you have anything you want in this scene, then?"

"I... I can't think of anything, no. This all sounds..." A dopey, nervous smile crawled on Eden's face slowly. "Perfect."

"It sounds perfect to me, too. Lead me into your bedroom, dear."

Eden obeyed. She sat on the bed nervously, her teeth all but clattering.

Verity pulled out her phone, readying to set a timer. "Ready?"

"Ready," Eden grinned.

Verity started the clock. She turned back to Eden with a more cruel, more knowing, more enthusiastic grin on her face. "Tell me, Eden. What do you know about hypnosis?"

"Uh..." Eden sweated. "N-nothing, really. I didn't actually think it was real."

"Well," Verity started, pulling out something from her cleavage. Eden couldn't help but blush harder as Verity pulled out... a pendulum, with a pyramid shaped rose quartz to the bottom of it. "I'm going to show you that it's real. All you have to do is look into the crystal, listen to my voice, and drop all your thoughts. Sounds simple enough, doesn't it?"

Eden nodded. She was already looking into the crystal. Why wouldn't she? It was such a beautiful gemstone. It shimmered and sparkled in the light, swinging left and right gently. It was hard to look away, quite frankly. Her thoughts slowly melted. All that mattered was the pendulum, and Verity.

"That's it," Verity smiled. "Just keep looking into the pendulum, keep watching it swing back and forth, back and forth. Just feel yourself falling into it, watch it spin as your mind slowly shuts down. It's so easy. All you have to do is watch. All you have to do is watch and listen. You don't have to do any work -- you don't have to worry, or fret, or be confused. Everything's fine. Everything will feel great and happy, so long as you give your mind to me. Give your mind to me. Give your mind to me."

"Give... mind... to you..." Eden murmured. It was so easy. All her worries about this strange service she accidentally called, her first day at work tomorrow, moving into a completely new place... they melted away. All that mattered was looking at the pendulum. That's all she had to

care about. Eden slowly lost her worries, her cares, her ties to consciousness. She just wanted to watch and listen. She just wanted to give her mind to Verity.

"See? You're getting the hang of it. Already repeating my words like a mindless trance-slut. You're even drooling. That's all you have to do, Eden. There's no work in it for you. You've already won, in a sense. Now all you have to do is relax and obey, and in 30 minutes, I'm going to see if you've truly given your mind to me."

Eden frowned. Verity had just told her she won, but... was that really true? Eden hated losing. She was the most competitive person she knew. Competition was what she lived for, was what she spent her whole life training for. She didn't get a professional sports job just to easily win. Why did winning feel wrong, here? She didn't even do anything. All she did was look at the pocket watch. Did Verity mean to say Eden... lost?

No. Eden wasn't going to lose. She tried to snap out of the trance, trying to remind herself that all she had to do was resist for 30 minutes. Just 30 minutes. She could do that. 30 minutes wasn't even an entire first half of a soccer game. Eden's focus took more than a pendulum and a hot lady to break. Did it?

"Haven't... won... yet..." Eden murmured. Verity gasped in delight, holding back her laughter.

"Oh! You still have some fight in you. Well, don't you worry. We're going to subdue that as well. You won't even feel it. You'll just feel really good, total bliss, without a single care in the world. Now, you're going to get on your hands and knees for me, and you're not going to resist. How do I know you won't resist? Because every time you kneel in front of me, you'll get a wave of pleasure. It'll feel almost orgasmic... but you won't be able to actually orgasm. Get on your hands and knees for me, dear. You'll soon see what I mean." The smirk on Verity's face only grew more and more with the passing second, admiring the growing blankness in Eden's eyes.

Eden wanted to resist. She hated giving in, she despised giving up. And yet, it was like her body moved for her. Slowly, against her deepest wishes, she got on her hands and knees, her head tilted up towards Verity. Towards the pendulum.

And then it happened. Eden felt a wave of pleasure pass through her. Her entire body felt warm, comforted, and her cunt tingled at the sensation. Eden let out an indecent moan as her body shook from the pleasure. She didn't quite cum. But it sure felt rather close.

Eden gasped in shock as the sensation faded. Verity just looked down on her, smirking. It was quite obvious Eden was being laughed at.

"See? Isn't that much better than resisting? Let's see what else I can do with your mind, now that it's in my possession... at least temporarily. Why don't I try taking your intelligence, as well?"

"My... intelligence?" Eden murmured. What was Verity talking about? Eden always got laughed at in school, being told she was all muscle, no brains. Was Verity laughing at her about that, too?

"Oh, yes. I can see you're a big thinker. All you do is think, think, think. Worry, ruminate, all this and that. But wouldn't it be better to just... not think? Wouldn't it be better to be a brainless bimbo, who only cares about getting fucked and sounding like the stupidest woman on the planet?" Eden wanted to shake her head, she wanted to resist. But the more and more Verity spoke, the more and more enticing that sounded. After all, Verity was right -- Eden's big concern about herself was how much she worried on a day to day basis. "So every time I say the word 'bimbo', that's what you're going to become. All you're going to do is giggle, be a complete slut, and say things that sound comically stupid. And when I say the word 'reverse', then you're going to go back to kind, genuine Eden. Do you understand?"

Once more. It happened again. Eden's body went against her wishes. She nodded, accepting the suggestion. It was getting buried deeper and deeper into her mind, with the way Verity was stuffing her brain with suggestions and triggers. She couldn't resist. The hypnosis was just too strong.

"Bimbo."

Eden felt her mind crash. Suddenly, thinking became too hard -- as did resisting. What was she even resisting? And why did everything feel so good, so happy, so... bubbly? "Um... like..." Eden giggled. "You look like, reeeeeal good," she spoke like a complete ditz, staring at Verity with the horniness clear in her eyes. "That's, like, a pretty stone. What's it called?"

"It's a pendulum, dear," Verity chuckled.

"Wow! Um, you're so hot," Eden continued, as if she didn't entirely process what Verity had said. "Can you like, fuck me later? My cunt feels like, um, so wet."

Verity laughed even harder. "We'll get to that, you silly ditz. For now... reverse."

And it went away in less than a second. Eden felt some kind of whiplash from suddenly having her intelligence drained and then returned. Her head spun in circles. She grasped a hand to it, trying to quell the splitting headache. Verity only laughed at her futile struggle. Eden couldn’t help but think this was one of the hottest things she’s ever done.

“Good plaything,” Verity smirked. She reached down and ruffled Eden’s hair. Somehow, that felt more degrading than having her intelligence completely removed – more degrading in a good way, of course. “I could put so many more triggers in you. I don’t even have to do too much of an induction for them – you’re already too far gone. In fact, why don’t I do that right now? Eden, whenever I say the words ‘and obey’, you’re going to mindlessly follow every single one of my commands, no matter how strange or annoying it may be. Understood?”

Eden wanted to say ‘no’, of course. That was the game. Resist for 30 minutes. Why was it so hard? Her eyes glanced over to the clock behind the two of them. They were only halfway in. But before she could answer, Verity leaned down and spoke. “Take off your shirt and bra. Present your tits to me.” The last remaining thoughts of resistance were halted when Verity added, “and obey.”

Eden couldn't help herself. It was like her body moved for her, taking her shirt off along with her bra. She arched back a bit, moaning in pleasure as she obeyed Verity's command. Verity's smile only became more devious and more wicked. "Good." Verity reached into her bag and pulled out a lotion of unknown variety. "I'm going to make your tits huge. This isn't reversible, dear. Are you sure you want to go through with it?"

"Y-yes," Eden gasped. Before she could think about the consequences, she agreed to it. There was no going back now as Verity poured some of the lotion onto Eden's chest. Eden moaned at the cool, soft sensation as Verity rubbed it around her tits. Verity's hands were rough, probing, intense, grabbing Eden's breasts here and there. Eden couldn't help but look down. Sure enough, her breasts were growing. Much faster than she anticipated. They quickly grew from their tiny yet malleable size to what must have been at least an entire cup size larger. And even as Verity let go of her boobs, they continued to grow as the lotion sunk into them.

"See? Mindless obedience. You love to obey, Eden. You would love to be mine. Doesn't that sound nice? Being a mindless plaything for your Owner, with your tits growing larger and larger every time we play. In fact, why don't I give you a reward, since you've been just so good for me?"

"A… reward?" Eden murmured out the question.

"Yes, dear. How about an orgasm trigger? When I say a certain word, your mind is going to stop, and you're just going to cum," Verity chuckled. "I wouldn't use it all the time – and only I'd be able to use it, unless I give someone else permission to – but it'd be a nice treat for you. For such an obedient plaything. Don't you think so?"

"I… I…" Eden tried to keep her head straight. It was nearly impossible to. "Y-yes… it does… it sounds so, so good…"

"Good," Verity chuckled as she ruffled Eden's hair in the most patronizing way. Eden felt small, submissive, helpless in front of this powerful woman who seemed to know all of her hottest fantasies. "Then let's make it happen, shall we? I won't use it right away… but do know I'll be getting much mileage out of it. Now, Eden…"

Verity leaned into Eden's face closer, her lips dangerously close to Eden's. Eden could feel Verity's breath on her skin. Her breath was airy, sensual, hot – just like Verity herself. "Whenever I say the words 'come for me', you're going to do just that. You're going to cum, right then and there. It'll be just as intense – if not more so – than a usual orgasm. Whenever you cum to that phrase, you're going to feel devotion. Obedience. Submission, to me. Isn't that lovely? Don't you love the idea that I can make you cum with three words, and all you'll be able to think of is how to better serve me?"

"Yes…" Eden moaned out, desperate. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes… p-please…"

"Good on you for asking politely," Verity smirked. "But no. Not yet. You need to earn an orgasm, plaything. Understood?"

“How… how can I…” Eden managed to stammer out. It took all her mental energy to think through the thick fog. “How can I… earn it…”

“Hmmm…” Verity tapped a finger to her chin deviously. “Well, I’ll have to think of that. Let’s see, what else can we do…” Verity looked down at Eden’s chest. It was still growing – the lotion was still sinking into it, increasing her cup size by another few sizes. “My, your breasts are coming out quite lovely. Whenever you look down at your breasts, you’re just going to feel dumb and horny and like a total slut. I mean, look at you. You weren’t even going to do this half an hour ago. And now you have giant tits, a hot Domme, and loads of suggestions stuffed in you. You’re a slut. And you’ll only feel sluttier staring at your now-massive tits.”

Eden looked down at her tits and already felt slutty. Her breasts were so large – she looked almost unrecognizable. And the closer she stared, the hornier and sluttier and dumber she became. She was a total bimbo. All she wanted to do was get fucked and more brainwashed by Verity. “Yesss…” Eden slurred.

Verity grabbed Eden’s chin and forced her eyes away from her tits. Eden felt herself slightly more grounded – but not completely out of trance.

“And since you’re now a bimbo slut, you’re going to dress like one. Say goodbye to sneakers and sweatpants, dearie. Say hello to high heels and skimpy skirts for the rest of your life. You’ll be able to move just fine in them, just as you normally would,” Verity chuckled. “But a slut’s gotta dress like a slut, right?”

“Yes…” Eden nodded mindlessly. “Slut’s… gotta dress like… a slut…”

“There you go… Now…”

She was interrupted. Verity suddenly looked at her phone, as she heard a timer ring. Verity smirked. Time was up. She looked back down at Eden with a wide, triumphant smirk. “Eden, dear. 30 minutes are up. Tell me: will you be my obedient plaything?”

This was… a game. Eden could say no. She wasn’t a plaything. She needed Verity to give her more before she would relent. Eden was too strong, and had too much willpower to give in after just 30 minutes. Eden won – she could still think only a little.

“N-no…” Eden murmured. “Not… yet…”

Verity smiled gently. “Well done. You’ve won this time.”

She snapped her fingers. Eden blinked, feeling her body readjust to the room. It felt like her muscles hadn’t moved in years. She reoriented to her surroundings, slowly standing back on her feet and stretching. Eden… won… but she was so horny, and if she were being honest, she could still feel the suggestions bouncing around in her head.

“Congratulations, dear,” Verity chuckled. “You beat me.”

Eden laughed a little, avoiding eye contact. “Um… can we… actually do this again soon?”

“You’d like a round two?” Verity smirked. “Don’t worry, dear. I have a good feeling I’ll be seeing you around.”

Verity took Eden’s payment – surprisingly, the service didn’t cost too much, despite the lasting effects it left Eden with – and made her leave. Eden blushed, the last 30 minutes replaying in her head over and over again. She looked down at her breasts again. Nope – it wasn’t an illusion. Sure enough, her cup size grew a few extra sizes. And from the looks of it, it’d stay that way.

Eden didn’t have much of a problem with that, though. Her first day of work was tomorrow. Hopefully she wouldn’t be too distracted. She laid in bed, masturbating until she fell asleep.

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The next day, Eden woke up and immediately looked down. Her cup size was still the same as last night. She groaned and rolled out of bed, feeling a massive headache coming on. She felt like she had the worst hangover ever, despite not drinking at all. Eden rubbed her eyes. It took a while, but she finally reoriented herself. It was her first day on the soccer team… she hoped the events of last night wouldn’t keep replaying in her head. She couldn’t afford to get distracted. She made an entire move – she changed her entire life – for this position.

Eden scrambled out of bed, changing into her uniform, and washing up. She tried to scrub away the residue from last night. Maybe the coach wouldn’t notice her new breast size – oh god, she hoped they wouldn’t. Eden got into her car, driving off to work. Luckily the drive itself wasn’t too far.

She got out of her car, grabbing her bag and walking to the field. When she got onto the field, the coach wasn’t there yet. Her teammates were, though.

And then Eden saw something even more shocking.

Verity stood on the field. In the team’s uniform. No… Verity was… on the same team? And she was surrounded by the other players. Was she that good? No. The other players were fawning over her. As if Verity had the entire team in the palm of her hand. Eden wasn’t the only one she got her hands on beforehand… was she?

Eden felt her headache intensify as she fled to the bathroom before Verity could see her. She washed her face for the fourth time that day. She couldn’t believe what was going on.

As she walked back out, she took a closer look, making sure her eyes weren't deceiving her. It was, absolutely, one hundred percent, the Domme from last night. Luckily, for now, her eyes seemed focused more so on the other players. The other female players -- all

with large busts, wide hips, and porn star lips -- surrounded her, eagerly trying to get Verity's attention.

Eden couldn't believe it. She looked down, wondering if her tits looked quite that big... they didn't, but... Verity used the same lotion on all these other girls too, didn't she? There was no doubt in her mind about it. There was no way that all these girls had double F-cups without it being caused by Verity. Eden began to wonder just how Verity got around so much.

And then Verity looked at her. Eden froze like a deer in headlights. She waited for Verity to approach her... but instead, Verity just coyly smiled, keeping her distance. At least, for now. Eden had to force her jaw back up from the ground. She shook her head, trying to shake off the fact she was obviously staring at her Domme and all the players surrounding her.

The coach blew the whistle as he walked into the field, and practice started. Eden was introduced to the team, and Verity innocently clapped her hands together. Eden blushed with all the attention on her. The coach put her on a defending position, and it seemed Verity was the one making all the shots. Understandably, this meant all the attention was on her -- in a soccer way and in a sexy way. Eden was called out by the coach multiple times for not paying attention during drills, practices, or games. She couldn't help it. Eden couldn't believe what was going on.

Practice continued until lunch time, when the players were dismissed to go get food or relax or just socialize. Some of Eden's new teammates came up to socialize with her, but Eden quickly excused herself back to the locker room as soon as she locked eyes with Verity again.

She washed her face, again. Why was she like this? Why was she so nervous? And more importantly, why did fate put herself and Verity on the same team? It wasn't like Eden planned for this -- and besides, the coach wouldn't understand by any stretch when word got out. Eden was on the team, on borrowed time.

And it wasn't even that she didn't mind seeing Verity on the same team. No. She wanted to see Verity again. But... in this context?

"You seem quite nervous."

"Ah!" Eden started as Verity wrapped her arms around the subby girl, clenching her newly large breasts.

"Sorry to surprise you," Verity chuckled as she nuzzled Eden's flushed face. "I was surprised to see you, too. How are you feeling today, dear?"

"I... I..." Eden stammered, trying to figure out a good answer. "Um... fine... just a little, well, confused."

Verity laughed again. "I didn't get these muscles by sitting around doing nothing, dear. I'm pretty sportsy, just like you. I'm just surprised we play the same sport. On the same team, at that!"

Eden couldn't force out another word as Verity kept groping around Eden's tits. "W-won't anyone see us like this?" Eden finally managed to ask.

"See us? Please. I have half of the team in the palm of my hand. I've even toyed with the coach a bit, too. No one will bother us, dear. And if they do... well, you can guess what I'll do to them." She kissed the back of Eden's neck. Then she used her hand to turn Eden's head around, and began making out with her. Eden didn't resist. She wanted this. She wanted Verity. The situation was bewildering to say the very least, but that didn't mean Eden was opposed to seeing Verity again -- and it didn't mean she was opposed to playing with her again, either.

"I'm sure you've eyed all the other girls," Verity guessed as she pulled back from the fiery kiss. "They're quite busty, if I do say so myself. You're a smart girl, Eden -- at least when I haven't put you in bimbo mode. Who do you think did that to them?"

"Y... you did," Eden correctly guessed.

"Of course," Verity's smirk widened into a grin. "And I can do it to you, too, right here and now. If you want. Do you want that... plaything?"

"Y...yes..." Eden agreed to it before her mind caught up. What was she agreeing to again? Larger tits, right? That was fine with her. She loved her new tits -- and she wanted them even larger.

Verity pulled up Eden's shirt and bra up and over here. She reached into her pocket, bringing out the lotion. Eden had to wonder if she carried that with her at all times. But before she opened it and splashed more onto Eden, she put it on the sink. "Not quite yet, dear. I have to make you work for it, after all."

"H...how?"

"Bimbo." Verity didn't answer her question and instead replied with a trigger word, and a cold, cruel smirk. Eden felt all her intelligence fly out the window. Her last few brain cells attempted to work together to create any sort of coherent, non-slutty thought.

"Oh my gosh," Eden giggled. "It's like, sooooo good to see you again, hottie. Um... what were we even doing?"

Verity smirked. "You were going to service me, dear." Verity moved around to Eden's front and pulled down her pants. There, she was wearing a thick, bright red strap on that seemed to be leaking some kind of white lube. From the looks of it, it had the same consistency as real cum. Eden stared wide-eyed at it, her pupils dilating. Her jaw hung open as drool puddled onto the floor. "You seem excited. What are you waiting for?"

Eden didn't wait another second. She got right to work, immediately beginning to kiss and suck on the strap on. Verity sat down on a stool as she grinned sadistically down at the bimbofied Eden.

"Bimbo, bimbo, bimbo," Verity repeated, making Eden even dumber and stupider and sluttier. Eden moaned around Verity's strap on as she took it into her mouth and began to bob her head up and down. Soon enough, she was deepthroating the strap on, grabbing onto Verity's legs as she did so. Eden moaned all around Verity's strap on, enjoying every inch of it, every second of the indecent scene.

"Good bimbo," Verity cooed, draining the last bit of intelligence Eden didn't even know she still had. "I think you're due for a reward. Lift up your chest for me, dear." Eden eagerly complied. Verity, still mercilessly fucking Eden's throat with the strap, poured some of the lotion onto her tits. Once again, they started growing. But Verity didn't stop. She kept pouring slowly, gently, tenderly, until—

"Oops!" Verity chuckled innocently as she 'accidentally' squeezed out the entire bottle onto Eden's chest. Eden moaned out, watching her tits quickly expand from their already large size. They kept growing and growing, until she couldn't even see the ground from above them anymore. Her back slightly ached from her chest suddenly growing into an H-cup. And all the while, Verity just stood there, smugly looking over her giant-breasted submissive. "What a silly mistake. Oh well, enjoy your new rack, plaything."

Eden couldn't respond. She was too preoccupied with the strap being thrust even deeper into her throat. Verity held Eden's head in place as she kept fucking her mouth. Eden's chest didn't stop growing – it kept expanding, slowly but surely. Eden couldn't take it. She loved it. She loved having giant tits and not having to do anything other than suck and fuck.

"You deserve soooo many rewards. Unfortunately for both of us, seems I can't make your tits any larger. But why don't I give you something better?"

Eden wanted to ask what it was, but was obviously unable to do so. Verity answered her internal question by shooting something thick down her throat – a load of cumlube. Eden moaned as she swallowed every bit of it. Verity was merciless, shooting rope after rope of cumlube into her mouth.

"You're not even going to be noticed for your skills anymore, y'know," Verity cackled as she kept shooting another load down Eden's tight throat. "All you're going to be seen for is your giant rack and your inability to keep your legs closed. You're just going to be a dumb bimbo all day and sleep with whoever's vaguely nice to you. Doesn't that sound nice, slut? Doesn't it sound nice to not have to do anything but be stupid and be slutty?"

"Mmmff…" Eden wanted to moan and plead for that, screaming 'yes, yes, yes' in her head. She wanted that. She didn't even care that she already was a slutty, dumb bimbo. She wanted more.

Soon enough, Verity pulled the strap on from her throat, slipping up the last of her cumlube into Eden's mouth. Eden, of course, sucked obediently. Verity petted her head as Eden giggled, drooling out a mixture of saliva and lube.

“I think you need a reward,” Verity said. “Get on the stool over there and spread your legs in front of me.”

Eden obviously complied, rushing up to sit down and spread her legs. “I’m going to use that orgasm trigger, now. And don’t get me wrong – after all this, you don’t just deserve one orgasm. You deserve dozens.”

Eden’s eyes widened. Dozens? No, that sounded wrong. The bimbofied Eden didn’t even know what a dozen was, but it must have been a large number. Surely she could only take one or two, three at most. Anymore would wreck her body. Though now that she struggled to think about it, she had a feeling that’s what Verity wanted. Verity wanted to toy with her – that was what she wanted since they first met. And it was definitely why Verity wanted a round two.

“But before I grant you any orgasm at all, let me ask you…” Verity’s eyes narrowed smugly as she crossed her arms. “Do you want to be my plaything?”

Eden almost said yes. Almost. But something felt… off. Wasn’t she supposed to resist? Wasn’t there some kind of game they were playing? Eden racked her brain trying to think. Thinking was so hard. It was the worst possible chore Eden could think of. And yet, her last few brain cells were stopping her from saying yes, even though her body desperately wanted to. Eden looked down, her eyes narrowed and quivering. She really was a slutty bimbo.

“It’s okay,” Verity cooed. “I should have waited for your brain to get rid of those last pesky thoughts. Bimbo, bimbo, bimbo. My good, sweet, dumb, ditzy bimbo. That’s all you are – a bimbo.”

Verity used the intelligence draining trigger over and over again. Eden moaned indecently as she felt her brain slowly shut down. Only when Verity was done did Eden let out a bunch of giggles. “Um, like, what were we talking about, Miss?” she asked, having completely forgotten the question.

“Oh, I was just wondering if you wanted to be my plaything,” Verity smiled. “Last time you said no, but since you’re such a dumb slut right now, I figured your answer might have changed.”

“Umm…” Eden tried to think about what her options were. Fortunately, it seemed there was only one option – and one she desperately wanted to take. “Like, yeah! I’d love to be, like, your plaything.”

Verity gave a wide, toothy, evil grin. “Good,” she stated. “Come for me.”

Eden did. She gasped as her body suddenly started convulsing and shaking without any sort of actual physical touch. Her clit shook, her pussy felt like it was vibrating, and she had to grip the edges of the seat as her body racked with pleasure. She came harder than she’d ever come before, a wash of bliss and pleasure engulfing her. She moaned out, uncaring as to if

anyone could hear her. All she cared about was cumming. Her orgasm felt like it lasted an hour, yet it only lasted a few minutes.

Just as she felt herself coming down, Verity opened her mouth again. “Come for me.” Eden moaned again. Her body climaxed once again. This time it was even stronger than the first – something Eden didn’t even know was possible. Her tits bounced up and down as Eden thrusted her hips back and forth. Her tits felt so sensitive, like any movement or touch of them intensified her orgasm. Instinctively, Eden grabbed her tits to make the orgasm last longer, last stronger.

Verity wasn’t done even as Eden rode out her second orgasm. “Come for me. Come for me. Come for me.” Eden couldn’t even function. With every successive orgasm, she felt more and more like a wild animal. Who was she, even? She forgot her own name, though she wouldn’t dare forget Verity’s name even through her third, fourth, and fifth orgasm. And Verity wasn’t done. Once again, she used the trigger, and Eden came. Eden lost count after that. She collapsed from the stool, crawling into a ball as she braced herself for another orgasm.

And yet, Verity still wasn’t done. She wouldn’t be done until it seemed that Eden’s brains were melting out of her ears. Eden loved it. She loved getting bombarded with multiple orgasms at a time. She loved feeling like her cunt was getting ravaged, even without any sort of physical touch.

Eventually, though, a bell rang, and it seemed their lunch break was over. Verity smirked down at the fallen, slutty Eden. “There you go, plaything,” she cooed. “You’re all mine, now.”

Eden just giggled as Verity helped her up. Verity grabbed Eden’s tits for just a second, slapping her ass before walking away. “Good luck at practice, plaything. Hopefully people will notice you for more than your tits now.”