

My Master The Bimbo
- A Novella -
= Chapter 5 of 8 =
~ Hotel Business, Hesitancy Blooms, Huge Boobs ~

Master PC.

Just the name sent a chill down my spine.

There wasn't anything else on the computer, no files, no programs. Just the operating system and the Master PC program. It didn't even connect to the internet.

Why had Master valued this program over his own life?

I was seated at the desk of our hotel room. Things were calm now. We'd spoken to everybody we needed to about the fire, but there was still a lot of paperwork to go through. Luckily neither of us had been hurt, and all our insurance stuff was up to date, despite master's insistence we put nudes in with the payments.

In the end we got away with some minor burns and scrapes - it was a miracle no one had gotten hurt.

Master sat on the bed nearby, knuckle-deep in his pussy as he flicked through the hotel TV's channels, disappointed at the lack of high-quality porn it seemed to be providing. Whenever I'd tried to bring it up with him he'd get distracted. He hadn't even commented about me carrying around the computer. It was like his bimbo brain kept sliding off it.

I looked at the glowing text before me.

"Welcome to the Master Command Center... where the Master allows you to become a virtual god to the people around you... Now, you possess the power to bend their reality to your specifications."

It asked for a subject's name.

My own name came back as 'password protected,' whatever that meant. I tried a few of the more obvious passwords but no luck. I went back and tried entering the name of a celebrity, but it gave me an out-of-range error. It had a range?

I tried to think who was nearby. Master, of course, and myself. What had been the name of that girl at the front desk? Liandra? I typed it in.

Suddenly her face was staring back at me. I jumped.

An impossibly realistic avatar spun before me the screen. She was sitting down, wearing the same uniform she had been when I'd seen her earlier, right down to the crooked name tag. All along the other side of the screen were various bars and dials and input fields that felt like something out of Windows 95. Breast size? Lip poutiness? What was this, some kind of AI photo editing software?

But no. I frowned. It was too old for that.

Curious, I clicked and dragged the breast slider all the way up. Before my eyes the woman's tits exploded outwards, as big as her head and bigger still. Her posture shifted. Now they seemed to float before her, the weight of the fleshy orbs resting on some flat surface that wasn't being rendered.

Okay. I raised an eyebrow. That was neat, sure, but it was nothing to risk your life over. I unchecked the box that said 'display clothing' and suddenly she was naked. My dick throbbed so hard it slammed into the underside of the table.

I played a bit with a few of the other sliders. Some were obvious, like butt perkiness or nose size. Others were more esoteric. What was the Sexuality slider supposed to represent? All these Fetishes and SubFetishes? I started cranking them up, hoping to see changes on the model, but nothing seemed to change. Some sliders had drop-downs with finer controls hidden behind them. Sexuality, which was a bar slider at the top level, had all sorts of controls for androphilia and gynophilia, not mention a whole lot of stuff about romances, polyphilia, attitudes to various relationship states, each again with even more sliders behind. It was all so impossibly complicated.

I rubbed at the bridge of nose. I wished I could just ask him. Master, what had you gotten us into?

Despite my best efforts though, very few of them seemed to do anything to the picture. No matter how much I amped up libido or sexual confidence or preference for public sex, she was still the same. Why have all these?

I had just saved the file - office worker's instinct! - when there was a knock at the door.

"Ooh!" Master cooed as he rushed over to open it. He'd long ago learned that visitors at the door meant someone was here to fuck him, even if that had not been their original intention.

And, like always, he was right.

"Sorry to bother you." It was the girl from the front desk. I abruptly shut the laptop before she saw the titty-monster version of her I'd created. "But I've been thinking about you ever since you walked in." Her voice was husky, carnal. She'd seemed so mousy when we'd walked in earlier. "Is there anything you *need*? Towels? Room service? Me?"

"Mm," Master cooed. "I can think of a few things." Master opened the door to invite her in.

My jaw dropped. Holy shit, her boobs!

This couldn't be real. It had to be all the stress I was under. I shook my head and rubbed my eyes, but still the illusion remained.

Her tits were so big she had to squeeze them to get them through the door. They were the biggest boobs I'd ever seen. Massive heaving orbs with wide fat nipples screaming her arousal. She was every inch the caricature I'd seen moments ago in the program.

God, they were so big, they completely obstructed her cock. Her cock? I shook my head. Of course she had a cock. Master had that effect on people. The thing was lost in her cleavage. How could she get around with her dick buried between her titties all day and not constantly cum her brains out?

"I know I shouldn't be doing this..." she said, fanned at her flush cheeks with faux modesty. "Oh who am I kidding?" She shuddered. "Do you have any idea how long I've fantasied about dicking down a customer like you in a hotel room?"

She looked up at me and grinned lasciviously.

"And, *ooh!*" Her eyes traced eagerly along my dick. She licked her lips. "Did I tell you about our group rate?"

"Now this is what I call service!" Master giggled, bouncing on his toes as he presented her to me. "What do you think, Lola?"

"B-boobs!" I said, then flushed. The words had just came out.

"Oh, these old things?" She looked down and struck a pose. "Yeah, they really take your breath away, huh? That's why they always have me on the front desk," she laughed. "I don't get around much, but the tips are good, so I can't complain. Honestly?" She gave her lip a sultry nibble, watching as Master watched her. "I kinda love it when people stare. But then I'm a kinky girl, know what I'm saying? Do you - ah - want to see more?"

Master nodded enthusiastically.

She started to unbutton her uniform. How was it even still fitting? Her tits were so big they should have exploded out of it. Why was this girl not freaking out?

Oh my god.

I opened the laptop back up as Master helped the girl strip, rubbing his soft slender hands all over her body as she disrobed. The computer was taking its sweet time to load back up. Master was swimming in her tits, exploring them like the big horny mountains they were. I don't think he'd ever been fucked by anyone with bigger tits than him before. The girl gasped and whimpered at his attentions. My pulse pounded listening to them. I wanted to play too.

But there were more important things to do, weren't there? I gave a nervous glance between the laptop and the girl. While they were playing, I opened the program back up, and then her profile.

Breast size. I slid the slider all the way down. The model in the picture became flat as a board.

My heart skipped a beat. Nothing had happened. I'd been so sure something similar was going to happen to the real her, as crazy as that sounds. But - I watched as master tongue-wrestled a nipple as large as his hand - the girl's boobs were just as ridiculous as ever.

Okay. I let out a breath of relief. It wasn't that. Something else had to be going on. Had I just been hallucinating earlier? The stress of the fire causing me to imagine this girl with flat tits?

I turned back to the monitor. I closed the program. What an absolute relief.

The computer dinged - "Would you like to save?"

Shit.

I pressed the button. The girl's chest immediately started to deflate, going from impossibly voluptuous to turning positively mannish in the span of seconds. And yet even as the girl's pillows became pancakes, master never stopped rubbing his head along her naked chest.

I looked down at the girl's discarded uniform. It looked so small now in comparison.

Oh my god. Holy shit.

"Lola?" Master purred. "Are you okay?"

He must have seen the shock on my face. Could he not see that the girl next to him had lost a quarter of her mass in boobs?

"It's nothing Master." I put on a fake grin. "I'm just uh... I found a..."

But I couldn't make the words come out. There was a lump in the back of my throat. Why was there this shard inside me screaming at me to keep it a secret? I had to tell master: this was important! I had to show him this amazing thing. Just imagine everything we could use it for. All the crazy things we could do with it! I was like a kid with a new toy, all too eager to show it off to the person I cared for most in the world.

But then it hit me: Master already knew. He had to.

Had he known all along? That didn't seem right either. Just look at the way he stared at me with those beautiful puppy-dog eyes of his, he seemed so innocent. But he had to have had this program, right? had to have used it. On himself? On me? On the world? So why had *he* never told me?

I frowned. Master, what have you done?

"It'll be okay Lola." Misreading the cause of my tension, he threw his arms around me and pulled me into a soft hug. "We're both safe. We'll get through this. It's okay to be upset, but everything is going to be okay."

Tears flooded my eyes. I had been trying so hard to not think about the fire.

"Uh, maybe this is a bad time?" The girl took an awkward step back, the mood having taken a swerve.

"No, no." I rubbed away the tears. "It's fine."

Later. I'd tell Master later. I'd sit him down and force him to acknowledge what I had discovered. In the meantime. I had to see what this thing could do, first hand.

“Thank you, Master.” I hugged him back, pulling his soft face into my cleavage. “I just, I need some time. Don’t let me hold you back though. I know you probably want to let off some steam too. Why don’t the two of you get started and I’ll join you soon?”

“Do you think we’ll get a chance to cuddle later? It’s still our anniversary.”

“Of course, Master.” I smiled. It was, wasn’t it? I still couldn’t remember our first meeting, but at this point I just wanted to rest in his arms, to drift off and forget all this trouble.

But right now... I turned back to the monitor. Right now, I had more important things to do.

Become a virtual god to the people around you?

Where should I begin?

I slid the girl’s tits all the way back up. I hit Save. She didn’t even miss a beat as the huge tits returned. It was the damndest thing. It looked like they were swelling, inflating, but it was so cartoonishly fast, that if that were the case Master would have been blown back. They didn’t swing or sway from the sudden expansion, there was no momentum to it. Small or big or every brief size between as it turned from one to the other, it all seemed like it had always been that way.

Was that what that timer was for? It was set to 5 seconds.

I looked at the other options near the little text box at the bottom. The drop down labeled ‘awareness’ made my blood run cold. It was set to ‘Global Unaware.’

Unaware.

Is that why no one was noticing – well, apart from me? I could do things to people and they’d have no idea? Reality itself would bend around it? My heart thumped as I took in the possibilities. A virtual god indeed.

How much control did I have? I clicked on the text box, which was labeled Command Center, and wrote “Stand up on the bed and give a strip show.”

She did just that, a smirk crossing her face as though it was her own flirtatious idea. She wobbled unsteadily on the uneven mattress, but soon she was working her way through a sexy improvised little number that seemed to consist largely of shaking her enormous tits in Master’s face.

“This room service is great!” Master cheered and giggled, clapping to give her a beat to dance to.

Master. My excitement curled in my gut. The more I saw of this thing, the less I could believe he could hide it from me. He grinned and giggled like an idiot whenever he thought he was being sneaky. He was harmless, right? But no. I thought back to that sad smile from the fire. I fondled the delicate butterfly necklace around my neck. He was full of surprises.

How deep did this go? How insidious was this unawareness? Could I be staring something right in the face and just not realize? I thought back to the glint in his eye during the fire. The command he gave. Had he done something to us? To me?

He jumped on the bed alongside the girl, dancing his own erotic show, laughing and giggling without a care in the world.

I put in Master's name. Oh god, what was Master's name? It was so hard to remember. Like an entirely other life.

Password Protected.

I tried my own name again.

Same thing

"Master?" It was a long shot, but I figured it was worth a try. "Do you know if there's any, uh, passwords or anything for this machine?"

"Huh?" He pulled his head out of the girl's pillowy cleavage. "Is it for work?"

"It's something important," I nodded. It wasn't technically a lie, but it hurt so badly. I just wanted to tell him everything. But what if he knew? What if he was in on it? How could... how could I trust him?

"Did you try ummm... dicks?" Master giggled. "All caps. Make 'em big and hard!"

I laughed despite myself. DICKS it was.

But it was no good.

I tried to pull up other people I could think of. I put in Lana, from work, and was surprised to see her suddenly spinning slowly on the little display, doing the dishes. This time it didn't ask for a password, but there was an option to add one. I frowned. So, someone had, what? Used this on us? Locked away the changes in case we ever got the program? Some other user maybe?

I needed to know more. I needed to see what this could do.

I looked at Lana's profile. Forgive me, Lana. But I needed to be sure. I'd be able to see her again tomorrow. And besides, she was my friend right? She'd forgive me if I did anything too... too... I frowned. This thing could really screw up someone's life, couldn't it? How did I want to handle this?

I started skimming through the sliders. So many options seemed focused on sex. It was like this thing had been designed by a horny teenager. God, what did that say about the intended user? It didn't take long before I found it - there was a big slider labeled 'Penis'. I dragged it from 0 all the way over and suddenly the spinning model had a colossal monster of dick, big enough to dwarf even mine.

I hit the apply button, then pulled out my phone and pulled up the photos of the Lana, Lorna and Myself from my birthday party. We'd been drunk and doing karaoke and - damn! The girl had her dick out, right alongside me.

My brain struggled with what it was seeing. It didn't just change the present. It changed the past as well.

Next I pulled up Lorna, but immediately regretted it. She was evidently sprawled out on bed, biting her knuckles as she worked some kind of sex toy in and out of her naked pussy.

Wow, damn. You go, girl.

Okay, I smirked. It felt rude to leave her out. Why not give her a hand while I was at it? I clicked the box labeled 'real time changes' and slid the dick slider up. Her hand went from working a toy to fingering and stroking at her growing phallus. Finally, while not as big as mine or Lana's the damn thing was so big she had to work two hands, her one occasionally reaching down to pinch a nipple or squeeze at one of her balls. The dildo had been replaced by an onahole, as near as I could tell - it didn't render, but I could see that something was squeezing her dick.

My breathing was shallow and hitched. I was liking this.

I amped up her sensitivity, her sexual tolerance. Her head roiled back, her tongue lolling from the side of her mouth.

I looked back down at the photo. Now it was us three girls with our dicks out, enjoying a night on the town. Though hers was the smallest, it was the angriest, the horniest. She was flashing a half-lidded gaze at the bartender's cute butt instead of smiling into the camera.

Well! I let out a hot breath. I wasn't the only girl at work with a dick anymore. That felt kind of nice.

God help me, I didn't know if I should be terrified or overjoyed. I needed to play with this thing some more. I needed to find its limits, find out what happened to me, to us.

"Lola?" Master purred.

I shifted my gaze back over to him. The girl's massive tits were resting on his back as he lay doggy style on the bed, facing me. Her cleavage seemed to jiggle and jump with every bounce her hips made against Master's fat plush ass.

He blew me a playful kiss, winking lewdly as the musical gasps of the girl's pleasure flooded the room.

He licked his lips. His perfect dick sucking lips. Warm and soft, inviting, loving. My cock was already raging to go, already drooling pre-cum. Had watching my best friends grow massive cocks really gotten me this worked up? What was wrong with me?

I looked briefly back to the computer. Maybe - ah - maybe there'd be more time to play around with this thing tomorrow.

The mystery would have to wait. Master wanted fun, and come on, tits like that? I had to feel them to believe them.

I turned the girl's libido way up; Also her endurance, and skill. A horny needy savant with tits so big they put even ours to shame. A girl who could make us both scream in every kind of delight as we put this hotel bed through its paces.

After all, it was still our anniversary, wasn't it? Besides If Master had been using this program I would have noticed, right? There would have been some clue.

"Coming!"

I stood up and dove into bed, stripping off my clothes as fast as I could. I had a lot of catching up to do.

Fifth Interlude

~Dressing up, Details Unnoticed, Domestic Understanding~

"What do you think?" Master had grinned as he'd held the little blue tube dress up against his naked body. "Is it too much?"

It was one of a million Friday night. Some time before the fire. The two of us were squeezed in my closet, trying to decide what to wear on our latest journey down to the local clubs to pick up some fresh cock. I leaned back to get a better view, my plump ass pressing against the sewing machine and master's old computer.

Too much? It was the kind of dress a pornstar would wear in the opening scene before having it ripped off her. It was a dress that screamed "hold me down and fuck me silly." It was the kind of dress where 'too much' was entirely the point.

If he wore this we'd barely get a block before someone bent him over and went to town with him. Hell - I bit my lip at the way his naked body bounced in excitement - there were good odds that person would be me.

"It's uh, it's something alright." I tried to think of a polite way of saying it but I was never very good at suggesting restraint. Not when he would flash me those puppy dog eyes of his. "You'd be bulging out of it, Master. Most men couldn't pull off wearing a dress like that."

"I'm not most men," he purred. That much was true. "Besides I think they'll find it very easy to pull it off." He wiggled and winked. "Big strong hands tugging it off my body - mmm!"

Of course. For a moment I'd forgotten who I was talking to. Most guys didn't go out of their way to be the biggest slut they could imagine.

I sighed.

It wasn't - for the record - that I was bored with seeing Master squeezed into increasingly fuckable things. Far from it. If there was one thing he was, it was hot. He was mouthwatering, he was scrumptious. But we'd been here for an hour and we'd come no closer to figuring out our plan of attack for tonight. Besides, as much as I was enjoying the show, it had been a long day. They were all long days.

Every week it was the same. He took so long to get ready you'd think he was a girl or something.

But he was always like this. We'd been doing this for... how long? Longer than I could remember.

"Oh, and, and!" He turned me to the side and pulled out a stern navy blouse. "If you wear this top you made with this dress here..." He gushed and giggled as he scooped up a slinky blue dress I'd modified to fit my huge dick and held it against my nude form. "We'll like, totally match!"

Master liked to match, even if it was usually more thematic than literal. Master was especially fond of being the slutty schoolgirl to my big-dicked nympho teacher, even though it gave everybody entirely the wrong idea of our relationship.

I did my best to squeeze into the thing. Master always seemed to have such an easy time of it. It felt tight against my bust and hips and around my cock. Had it shrunk? The alternative was that my boobs were getting bigger, but that was crazy. I was the same size I'd always been. Some girls had to worry about gaining weight or watching their figure. I wasn't one of them.

But then I caught sight of the two of us in the mirror and, wow. Okay, I had to hand it to him, we did look like quite the pair, didn't we?

Master struck a pose, looking over his shoulder and thrusting his hip just right to have the skirt ride up, to flash his little white thong panties. But no matter how well practised the motion was, it didn't quite have the same color impact my cock sock had.

"Well," he pouted, thwarted. "We mostly match."

"And then maybe we do something like this?" He picked his hair up in pigtails and deftly tied them into a slutty loop. "With this necklace?" He dug around in the drawer for a gold chain that read 'BIMBO' and hung it around his neck. It drew the eye down to his tits, but honestly? The tits didn't need the help.

I nodded along. The only thing Master liked more than dressing up was getting dressed down, but my mind was starting to wander again. Trying to figure out what needed to be done next week at work. Trying to remember if we needed to stock up on more condoms. All the little worries of being a working love slave.

"Lola? Are you listening?"

"Huh?" I snapped back to attention. "Oh, yeah. You look good Master."

"Good?" He put a hand on his cocked hip and gestured to the architectural work of art that was his bust. "I don't want to look good, Lola." He swayed his butt from side to side, bringing the rest of his jiggling flesh with it. "I want to be hot. Sexy. *Fuckable*."

The way he purred that last word sent an exciting little shiver through my heart.

"Oh, you are Master, you are! Believe me." I blushed.

"Then how come that's all the reaction I'm getting, huh?" He pouted further, sliding a finger along the length of my dick, sending the rest of me shivering. "I figured you'd have me bent over the sewing machine twice already by now."

I blushed all the harder. Hadn't I been imagining just that?

"Sorry Master," I shook my head. "I'm just... it's been a long day. I guess I'm just distracted?"

"And what better way to end a long day, than to go out and pick up a bunch of cute guys, huh? Cock buried in your ass, cock buried down your throat. Mmm. Doesn't that sound great?" it was his turn to shiver. "Nothing relaxes me more."

"Oh sure." I rolled my eyes. "You get to have lots of fun picking up guys to fuck you left and right. I'm the one running around trying to clean up after you. It's hard to keep up with you sometimes."

"You don't want to go out and pick up some hunky guys?" Worry crossed his face, like he'd done something wrong. "We could stay in? Get them delivered?"

"We could," I sighed and rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "But we just spent an hour trying to figure out what to wear. It would be a waste if we didn't."

"Oh come on, you don't like getting dressed with me?" He pushed in close, body so tight his tits were grinding up against my cock. He was purring his words. He knew what that did to me. But then his eye caught something shiny and he dove for a little plaid jacket. "Oh! What if I -" He put it on and started rolling up the sleeves, which just put his cleavage all the more prominently on display. "How about this?"

"Master, you know it doesn't matter what you wear, right? Everybody finds you hot no matter what." I sighed despite myself. "I don't know why you always take so long to get ready."

There was like this aura around him. It was impossible to look at him and not pop a boner. Guys and girls alike.

Master giggled, then laughed.

"What?" I felt my face flush.

"I'm not dressing up for them, silly." He stuck out his tongue. "I'm dressing up for *you*. I want you to think I look good. I want you to have something pretty to look at, something fuckable to yearn over."

"What?"

"Yeah, come on, Lola, I love dressing up in slutty clothes for you! Seriously though, what do you think of this? Too much boob?"

He shoved his tits in my face by way of demonstration. If there was any more boob on display, they'd be bouncing around for everybody to see.

I let out a laugh of my own. Maybe I was getting lost in my own head a bit. Master had been waving his tits right in my face this whole time and here I was stressing about other things.

"Lola, you mean the world to me. You know that." He leaned up on his tip-toes to give me a kiss on the forehead. "And come on, I know how hot I am. Look at me! I know the effect I have on people. But at the end of the night that's all just *sex*."

"Master." I raised an eyebrow. "Sex is like, your favorite thing in the world."

"It is not! It's like..." he stopped to do some math on his fingers. "Okay, it's top five, yeah. But you, Lola," he elbowed me playfully. "You're the one I care about. You're the one who matters. It doesn't matter to me if we're going out or staying at home, I want to look my best for you. I want to dress in something that'll make *your* jaw drop."

"Master," I said, catching him up in a great big booby hug, dick squishing between his tits as I lifted him up and twirled him. "You always look good to me."

"Thank you. I try." He giggled and stuck out his tongue, then started chewing on his lip. "Mmm, and you look really good to me, too." He gave my dick a playful squeeze.

I just savored the moment. His words a hot breath in my ears. His half-dressed-form, voluptuous in my arms. My dick squeezed between our boobs. He was immaculate softness and fuck - the smell of him, perfume and pussy. Perfect.

"Maybe we stay home tonight after all?"

I couldn't think of anything I'd love more.

"Ribbons!" I cried suddenly.

"What?" he said, blinking.

I pushed past him to grab the bright white ribbon from the wall. I cut it and started tying it up in my hair. "Here, these will match your thong."

"Yes!" He giggled before the mirror. "Lola you're a genius."

"And... if we're staying in, you won't need quite so many layers, now will you?" I grabbed at his outfit and started to rip the little coat off him to a flurry of giggles.

What did I think? Was it too much? Oh yeah. But that was just the way I liked it.

= Chapter 6 of 8 =
~Guessing Passwords, Guiding Protocols, Guilty Party~

"Access denied."

I sighed, then tried another one.

"Access denied."

I crossed that one off the list too.

'Top 5000 passwords.' Care of Luke, from IT. I had gone to him as soon as I'd gotten to work, hoping he'd be able to figure out a way to crack the program. Turns out hacking is much more boring than they make it seem on TV. This was the best he could do.

And people were evidently a lot dumber than on TV as well. Who seriously, who uses Qwerty as a password? "Access Denied." Not this person, obviously. Was this really going to help? At this point I mostly just felt bad for anyone who had theirs on this list.

I gave another sigh as I looked around the office. My boss had been distraught to hear about the fire. The company had offered me all the time off I needed, and I appreciated it, but right now what I needed most of all was to some time to think, which meant a place where I had clear objectives and could make plans.

A place I was in control.

I looked out at the horny chaos beyond my office. At the plump juicy rump of Alex the mail boy, who's masc/fem traits I'd inverted; at Frank, from sales, who normally hit on the girls by the water cooler but now was getting hungry stares as they eyed up his new DD bust. And at Paula, one of the secretaries, having a hell of a time typing now she couldn't stop masturbating.

Okay, I blushed. Maybe I wasn't quite as focused as I should have been. But *you* try having a program like this and not playing around with it at least a little! And since I couldn't make any changes to myself, well...

Honestly, it was procrastination as much as anything. The closer I got to unlocking my own account the more afraid I became of what I was going to find. I was letting myself be distracted by flights of fancy, and each attempt to work my way through the list got slower and slower.

What was I so afraid of? That Master had done something to me? Why would that besomething to even worry about?

But to my credit, the program was addictive. It took a bit of digging, but there were so many things it could do. I'd found it could do batch changes and geographically-oriented commands. It even had a whole little automation system.

And look, it's not that I was using it to resolve personal slights, it's not that I was using it to get off at the expense of everybody else. This was just justice! No longer did I have to suffer as the only person dressing like a business-casual bimbo slut. Now everybody was held to the same standards as me.

Granted, I did have to do some fine tuning. Seeing Frank in a pencil skirt had set me laughing so hard I could barely breathe, and the women, lacking my enormous cock, had been wearing loose stockings and socks and rolled out condoms between their legs or slipped out their flies. They just looked so sad!

I had tried compromising by having everybody wear strap-ons, but not only had it seemed so impersonal, but the men had followed suit on that too. Eventually I decided if I had to struggle with a horny knee-deep dick every day, then the rest of the office could put up with it too. It would only be for a couple of weeks - however long before the novelty wore off.

Alright, maybe I was being a little bad. But hey, the men looked surprisingly good in pencil skirts.

There was just something about this program that was getting me so worked up. Despite the incredible fucking Master and I had received the night before, here I was with nothing but horny thoughts on my brain.

I'd turn them back eventually, right?

Part of me recognized I wasn't thinking straight. The program just made it so easy to have your way. All your wildest thoughts just a few keystrokes away.

I frowned as I entered another round of passwords. What would Master have done with this power? He'd had it. He'd been in charge at some point, right? I'm surprised the whole world wasn't knee-deep in massive dribbling dicks. Hell, maybe it was, maybe guys used to have really small ones before? Maybe the 9-inch average was a boost over the norm?

God, I wouldn't even know. It could be something completely crazy. A vision flashed through my imagination of Master accidentally turning everybody he met into fucktoys during one of his little blonde moments and everybody just carrying on like it was nothing.

My heart pounded. It couldn't change the whole world - It only worked in a 100 mile radius, but no one outside would notice if anything weird was happening inside, or vice versa, so it might as well have.

100 mile radius. Miles. I furrowed my brow. Whoever designed this was American.

What would it be like if everybody was like me? What if I extended my wardrobe woes to the wider world? A Dangerous thought.

"Lola!" came a familiar cry. The twins, Lorna and Lana had popped their heads around the corner.

"We heard what happened." Lana held a hand over her heart. "Are you okay? How are you feeling?"

"Can we do anything for you?"

Like a teenager getting walked in on, I slammed the laptop shut and yanked away the hand that had been fondling my heavy balls. The girls had shown up right as I was zoomed in on Frank's new juicy tits.

"Lola?" Lana bounced on her heels. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine!" I flushed red all over, but the embarrassment did not survive contact with the sight in front of me.

They had dicks!

My eyes widened. It was all I could do not to stare at their fat, meaty cocks hanging out from below their business-slutty skirts. Fuck, in all the chaos I'd completely forgotten about my little experiment last night.

Why had I expected any different though? They were a part of the office, after all. But still!

Seeing it from afar or in the pictures was one thing, but this was quite another. I'd seen lots of girls with dicks before - Master was so hot it was all a girl could do not to grow a huge cock and fuck him silly with it, that was just life - but these, these were something else entirely.

"Seriously though, how are you holding up?" Lorna held open her arms. "Do you need a hug?"

The reality of the situation suddenly seemed to sink in on me afresh. The loss, the fire.

"M-maybe?" I was suddenly tearing up. And here I'd been holding it in so well.

They rushed in. Deep, caring hugs of support and friendship and sisterhood. I tried to ignore the unwholesomeness of their trembling girl-dicks grinding up against my own.

"I'm surprised you're even here." Lana casually squeezed my dick. "Like, girl, take some time off."

"I know. I know. I just..." I wished so hard I could tell them, that I could open up to them about the strange laptop and this mystery I'd found myself in. But I just shook my head and put on a brave smile. "Honestly? I'm trying not to think about it. Is that silly?"

"Not at all." Lana gave me another squeeze before we pulled apart. "Mum's the word." She zipped her lips. "Pretend we never even brought it up."

"Actually, we're just going for a stroke break," said Lorna. "You in?"

"Oh, no thanks, I don't - wait, what?"

"A stroke break?" She pulled out a condom like she was drawing a cigarette. Lana made a jerking off motion with her hand. "You don't mind do you?"

"..."

I turned back to the computer and furrowed my brow. How exactly had I phrased that command about regulations being held to my standards?

"No!" My ears were burning. "I don't mind at all. Go ahead."

"Great." Lorna reclined into a chair, spreading her legs mannishly as she tugged up the hem of her skirt. "God, I'm so backed up."

The girls started manhandling their dicks into position as they lined the extra-large condoms up with their cock-heads, then started to roll them down. Lorna was already dripping, catching a drop of precum running down her shaft and sucking it off her thumb. Lana let out a sigh of relief as she got her balls free from her slutty little panties so she could give them a good squeeze.

The two sighed and murmured in appreciation, as though finally getting the chance to kick off their heels after a long day.

"You're sure you don't want in on this?" Lorna eyed up my aching cock. "Take some of the edge off?"

I couldn't deny I was envious.

Lana gripped hers firmly with both hands, squeezing tight and fucking her hands as though they were some imaginary pussy. She handled it so well my own cock started to throb in sympathy. Lorna, meanwhile, was struggling, she could barely touch the thing without grunting and gasping, the extra sensitivity I'd granted her giving her more trouble than I'd expected. She was already starting to fill her condom with precum before Lana was even leaking.

"I don't know how you do it, Lola." Lorna gave a girlish grunt. "Even with everything you've been going through, you still always manage to be so calm, so serene. If it was my house I'd be just six feet under with stress. My whole life up in flames! God, can you imagine!"

"Lorna!" Lana chastised her.

"Sorry!"

"Actually..." I sighed and grabbed a condom from the candy bowl I kept on my desk. Maybe the stress was getting to me. "Maybe I will join you after all..."

I slid the thin membrane over my turgid girl-dick. If this was going to be a thing, I was going to need to buy more condoms. I wondered if I could get them billed as a business expense.

"Oh geeze." Lorna rolled her eyes as she looked between the two of us. "This is like high school locker room all over again."

"Huh?"

"You girls both have massive dicks. Here I am with my modest twelve incher."

"Mmf." Lana gasped. "Your dick is fine, Lorna. I wish I could cum half as hard as you can."

“Oh, sure, it’s fine.” She gave it a dramatic squeeze. “But sometimes I just think it could be bigger, you know?. Have you seen Becky, down in sales?” She made a gesture like a fisherman exaggerating his catch. “But then, everybody says she’s had work done.”

“What? No! It looks so real.”

“Right. What do you think? Be honest with me girls. Would I look better with a bigger dick?”

I almost choked trying to hold back my laughter. I wanted to say something but I was just along for the ride at this point.

“Since when have you cared about that sort of thing?”

“I’m just saying. I hear guys like girls with big dicks, you know?” Lorna said.

I took a sip of coffee to hide my laughter. Lana and I traded glances.

“What?”

“This is about Brandon isn’t it?” Lana purred.

“What?” Lorna’s face went completely red. “No, of course not.”

We grinned.

“You know he’s right over there, right?” I gestured with my dick through the door to the water cooler where he was talking to a giggly Alex the mail boy.

“Wait, what?” She jumped up and stepped back, hiding behind the frame of the door, only her head and her cock poking around it.

“You know what?” Lana smirked “You should go for it. Go say hi! Ask him out?”

“Go for it? Are you crazy? He doesn’t even know who I am!” She gave her dick another stroke in frustration. As one big-dicked girl to another, I had to admire their dedication: she hadn’t stopped masturbating once.

While the two of them were distracted, I walked over to the computer and pulled up his profile.

He was cute, I’d give him that. Though he had nothing on Master, or even Luke. But he was clean cut and broad and he had these very compassionate eyes. It was no wonder Lana was crushing on him so bad. What kind of a friend would I be if I didn’t help?

But, god, where to begin? I looked at the rod in her hands and laughed at the idea she’d need bigger. She was insecure about her size? I could help with that.

I typed into the program: "Brandon thinks Lorna's dick is hot," then hit Enter with a wry smile. Like any of the purely mental changes, nothing about him seemed to change, but then I caught him glancing over in our direction. He was checking us out.

"Brandon!" I cried, waving him over. "Hey Brandon!"

"What are you doing!?" Betrayal flashed through Lorna's face. "Oh my god, he's coming this way." She looked around desperately for a place to hide as Brandon excused himself and worked his way over.

"Uh - hi? How can I uh -" He was staring breathlessly at the three big-dicked beauties stroking their fat cocks before him as if it was as casual as drinking a cup of coffee, pleasantly surprised at the precum-dribbling member in Lorna's hands. Lana and I held back a giggle. He was trying so hard not to stare and she was trying not to say anything stupid. "How can I help you?"

"We were just wondering what you thought of Lorna's new skirt." I gestured down with my eyes. "I say it's a little casual, but it's all still to code, right? What do you think?"

Lorna turned red as Brandon took the opportunity to look.

"I mean," his ears perked up. I could see the bulge forming in his pants as he took in every inch of her meaty member. I wondered what kind of big-dick workplace fantasies were running through his head at that moment. "I think it looks really nice actually. Sharp. Professional. You always do though."

"Wait, really?" Lorna gushed.

"Yeah, I mean..." He tried to keep the mood light. "You always look so good. Honestly, I wish I could see more of your style, you know? See you outside of a professional context?"

Lana and I high-fived behind Lorna's back.

"I mean, maybe you two can go out sometime outside of work?" I suggested. "Coffee or something?"

"Ooh, good idea!" pushed Lana.

"Eh!?" Lorna gave a confused squeak. "Oh, no! They're just joking."

"I'd love to, actually." He flushed. "I mean, if you're up for it?"

"R-really?" She looked as if her heart was pounding.

"Why don't we leave you two to get caught up?" Lana and I made our way to the door. I grabbed the laptop on the way out, just in case. I wasn't ever going to let it out of my sight again.

"Hey! Wait!" Lorna mouthed to us, then blushed as she turned back to Brandon. "Oh my god, I'm sorry about this. "

"It's fine." He blushed a bit himself. "I'm glad I got a chance to talk to you"

Lana and I were still giggling as we made our way to Lana's desk.

"That was so mean," she laughed.

"I'm helping!" I stuck my tongue out. "Sometimes love needs to take a big step."

Speaking of...

While Lana had her ear to the door, trying to hear what was going on, I opened the laptop and made some last minute adjustments to Brandon's profile. I upped his anal depth and sensitivity, wanting to be sure he'd be able to handle her heavy rod.

Actually, I smirked, you know what? In for a penny in for a pound. A few button clicks later and he had a pretty pussy between his legs as well, extra sensitive and perfectly suited to take my friend's big dick.

I was a benevolent master, after all. And Lorna deserved only the best.

Again the thrill of power ran through me. I could do anything with this. I could make them fall in love. I could make them so happy.

I frowned.

But I didn't want that. I wanted to give them a chance to make it work on their own.

A chill ran through me. I could make people do anything. I could make anyone believe anything. I pushed the laptop away from me. I felt ill. Was I victim of this too? Was my own dick fake? My own love? The way I thought, the way I felt? Were these even my real boobs? My real body? Who was I?

I thought about Master. Obedience. Devotion. Every fiber of my being singing out, wanting to make him happy. What if that wasn't real?

I looked around the office at all the oblivious people. At Alex wiggling his cute butt, at Frank waggling his eyebrows as he soaked up the attention his boobs were garnering. Was their happiness less real for my intrusion?

"Lola?" Lana elbowed me. "You okay?"

"Fine!" I shook my head. I put on another brave smile. "I'll be fine."

"You know what..." I stood up right as Lana finally finished her stroke break, a flood of cum bulging her condom's reservoirs. "I think I'm going to have to hit the washroom."

"In the middle of a fap?" She gave me sympathetic gaze. "Oof. Have fun with that."

I worked my way to the bathroom. I stood in front of the mirror and splashed cold water on my face. I had to get the bottom of this. I couldn't keep getting distracted. I had to uncover the truth of this, somehow.

But was I prepared for what I might discover?

But maybe I was getting ahead of myself. There was no telling how long that would take. Without that password, who knew how long it was going to take before I got any answers. The best I could content myself with was experimenting with the program till then, figuring how to use it, any loopholes I could find.

Who knew how long it would take? Days? Months? I might never get it. But I'd keep trying. I'd set aside time each day. I'd find someone who could help. Whatever it took.

But of course, we never have as much time as we think, do we?

Later that day I got the chance to start going down through the next chunk of passwords. In the back of my brain I was already thinking about what sorts of changes I'd make next.

Access denied.

Access denied.

Access granted. It dinged.

I looked up in shock.

This password...

This wasn't Master's password.

It was mine!

Sixth Interlude

~Pretty Parties. Puzzling Presents. Personal Priorities.~

"Surprise!" Master's giggle had been even more over the top than usual.

He was holding a small box, wrapped badly, with waaay too much tape. I wasn't even sure what shape it was supposed to be, but it had a very big, very pretty bow on top. Master was good at that sort of thing at least.

"Happy Birthday, Lola!"

I looked at Master in shock. He could barely keep track of the passing of days, how had he remembered this?

We were at one of the nicer clubs. One of the ones where they had actual seating off the dance floor for mingling or events or drinking. Master had wanted us to dress nice, but as over-dressed as we would have been for our typical dick-hunting expeditions, we were still the sluttiest ones here.

"Is this..." I looked down hesitantly at the box. Taking it carefully, like it could break at any moment. Like it might explode. "Is this for me?"

"I made it myself!" He nodded happily.

That just made me all the more worried. What had he gotten up to?

I set it down, delicately, and undid the wrapping, one piece of tape at a time. It was a bad habit of mine - someone else might have just torn the thing open. But I wanted to be thorough. If nothing else, it built suspense.

Inside was a small wooden box with a lipstick kiss on the clasp.

"Sealed with a kiss." Master put his hand to his heart. He was wearing the same sultry shade tonight.

"I can see that." I smirked. It was too small to be a dildo. Maybe condoms? But why the fancy box? A bullet vibe maybe? What else could Master even think about long enough to plan all this?

So many lewd possibilities ran through my mind that I was almost embarrassed when I saw it. It wasn't lewd at all. It was beautiful.

A little brooch of gems and slender silver wires. Two butterflies intertwined in profile to create a complete one. It was simple but striking. So much of our jewelry was gaudy and fake but this was delicate, precious.

I looked up at him speechless.

"I made it myself." He was grinning in the way he got when he knew he'd done good.

"Master, it's beautiful. *You* made this!? When did you... *how* did you..?"

"I wanted to do something nice for you." He twiddled his delicate fingers. "You took me out to that massive gangbang for *my* birthday, remember?"

How could I forget? It was supposed to have been dinner and a movie, but when Master is involved, massive gangbangs were never that far away.

"I just wanted to repay the favor. And I see how hard you've been working lately, and well, I'd been working on it while you've been away at work. I wanted to make it special."

"Master..." My heart was pounding. "How?" Master lacked the basic ability to focus on anything that wasn't sex, let alone jewelry making.

"And speaking of special." He glanced up at the door.

I followed his gaze. A half dozen people were all coming through the door. I was so unused to seeing them in this context it took me a minute to recognize them. My friends from work and some other girls we clubbed with. They locked eyes with me and made their way over to us, waving excitedly.

“Hey!” Lorna and Lana ran up, one pulling a little cake from behind her back as the other caught me in a hug. “Happy birthday!”

I blushed. I was on the verge of tears. I hadn’t wanted to make a big deal of it. No one had said anything at work. But now, wow!

“Oh my god.” Lorna bounced. She was squeezed into a tight black dress. Damn, the girl had a body! I’d never seen her in anything other than business wear. “I haven’t been clubbing in ages! I hope there’ll be some cute guys here.”

“Oh my god,” I said, matching her enthusiasm. “There will be! We do this all the time!”

“Lucky!” She grinned lustily at Master. “Wish I had a hot Master to go clubbing for guys with.”

“It’s the best.” Master winked. “But like, we’re not here to pick up guys, tonight. Well not unless they’re really really cute.” he giggled. “We’re here to dance and have fun and celebrate. All of your friends, Lola, here to party with you. You’re always taking such good care of me, of us. But right now? Things are all about you. For you. For your birthday.”

“Oh my god, Lola,” Lana whispered in my ear. “He is so much sexier in person.”

“Right?” Lorna giggled. “God, I just want to bury my face in his tits and finger his perfect pink pussy.”

“I want to bend him over and take a big bite right out of that peach of an ass. I want to hear him moan and whimper and beg for more of my fat - my fat...”

“Down girls.” My dick twitched as I pulled them away, trying to keep them out of Master’s orbit. I knew the effect he had on girls.

Don’t get me wrong, I wanted to do all those things too. But there was a time and place.

Maybe that was one of the reasons I tried to keep my work and real life separate. It’s not like I was embarrassed by him or anything. He was the hottest, kindest man in the club, after all. But I knew how easy it was for people to get obsessed and well, they were *my* friends. I’d seen them first.

Was that selfish of me? It’s not like I didn’t love him, it’s not like I didn’t trust him implicitly. But it was just so easy for him. Look at him! The way he sat there, smouldering, giving me a little wink as he licked his perfectly parted lips. He was just so confident in his sultriness. Rightly so.

And yet my fears went unrealized.

True to his word, Master was the perfect gentleman. Flirtatious, vivacious, but restrained. He deflected any attentions, keeping everything focused on me. I’d never seen him struggle so hard to contain himself.

Granted, he did end up hooking up with the bartender for a quick blowjob or two, but hey, boys will be boys, right?

Tonight was *my* night. Everything was going to be alright. I could be myself, I could be with those who cared about me, who wanted to see me happy. Laughing, smiling faces.

We danced wildly and we danced well. Friends and lovers and well-wishers. We partied and we sang and we ate cake and we drank all the free drinks that cute bartender could serve up.

I couldn't remember the last time I'd had so much fun.

And sure, as the night wore on things got a little wild, a little boozy. Did us three girls flash the camera in the middle of a raucous round of karaoke? Well, that just goes to show you how much fun we were having.

Memories to cherish forever, even if I could barely remember half of it.

And when the night was over and we were dragging Lorna to a cab, I looked over to Master and I smiled.

"Master, I..." He looked up at me with sparkling eyes, so eager for my praise, so determined to do good in his puppy-dog way. I didn't know what to say.

"You did good, Master."

I looked down at the brooch hanging around my neck. I never wanted to take it off.

I looked at Master's grinning face. My heart swooned. I couldn't think of a better way to spend my birthday. And tonight, maybe just for this one night, I wouldn't worry about what tomorrow had in store.

We'd get home and we'd be in love and I'd be the center of his attention. The morning would find us sore and tired, but tonight?

Tonight, things were all about me.

And I knew, nothing would ever upset the purity of our love.

Right?

To be Continued.