

GOOD NIGHT



I showed up to an old friends of Ruth's housewarming party, and noticed people avoided me. People noticed my reduced height, bigger bust size and tattoos. I had become a weirdo, someone who was into some weird body modification fetish probably. Most of Ruth's friends isolated me, uncomfortable with what I'd done to myself. A few guys, though... their eyes lingered longer than they should have. Curiosity mixed with something else. That part felt good. On the surface I played the sad, fragile girl. Inside, I was buzzing with pleasure from the humiliation.

Something though still had to change. I didn't want Ruth to become a shy, reserved weirdo. I wanted her to become a brash, outgoing slut. Truth is, I was still myself, shy, nice. I needed to change that.

So I decided to take a big step and ruin what was left of Ruth's reputation.

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I know you must be judging me and perhaps you're right but trust me, she was an arrogant bitch, as well as an adorable angelic young woman. *Oh Ruth, had you only loved me, none of this would have happened!*

Back to her body. Even with her altered look, she was still too classy. Her face when she looked in the mirror was a mix of angelic innocence and new, trashy rebellion made her dangerously hot. But her pussy... it was still too tight, too pristine. Too much like the old Ruth. Now, I needed some external help to make it looser. That would teach her a lesson and relax her muscle memory.

I registered my profile on an escort ad website as a freelancer and uploaded some selfies. I still looked better than most cheap escorts and could have even become a high-class VIP escort, without those tattoos and boobs but I was glad I was like this now.

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I wanted to become a cheap hooker.

I felt her body grow tense the moment she understood it. Sometimes she seemed almost absent, buried under layers of depression or dissociation, as if she had simply checked out. Other times my choices shocked her awake, and she would thrash violently inside her own skin, trying desperately to seize control. She never succeeded. I had grown addicted to that struggle.

My inexperience showed. Both as a woman and as someone who had never been particularly skilled at sex in my old body. I was clumsy, hesitant, overly eager. And yet some clients seemed to love it – the nervous first-timer energy, the way I still blushed when they told me what they wanted. It made the fantasy feel real for them.

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I drifted between cheap motels on the outskirts of town, never staying more than a few nights in one place. Always available. Always cheap. I priced myself low on purpose. I wanted quantity, not profit. I was terrible at negotiating and often accepted whatever they offered, even when it was less than I'd posted. The humiliation of it sent a dark, electric thrill through me.

Her face in the mirror afterward was the worst part – flushed, ruined, eyes wide with horror and unwilling arousal. The contrast between her once-prim, arrogant beauty and the cheap, well-fucked girl staring back at her was exquisite.

This is what you made me do, Ruth - I explained her sometimes - You picked this timeline, out of all possible ones, including the happy ones where you simply said yes and we ended up living together.

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Then, one time I got caught by the police.

I knew my rights. Prostituting myself was not a crime. The Johns who paid me, they committed a crime.

They wanted to know who were my clients, whether I had a pimp, whether I was part of a wider criminal organization, and so on.

I gave them the contacts of my clients - I could get new ones pretty quickly anyway - and explained to them I was a freelancer. An amateur, too. I wasn't lying. Still, I felt Ruth's mind rattle in fear and shame at that process and decided to take a break and leave the steering wheel to her for a little bit.

That was the moment I knew she was finally ready to wake up. The next morning I adjusted the device and gave her full control of her body for the day. I wanted to watch.

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The change was immediate. Her posture shifted, shoulders rolling back as she stretched for the first time in what felt like forever. Then the scream came – raw, guttural, a mixture of pure relief and absolute horror. Her voice sounded so much more *hers* than mine ever had. It sent a shiver through both of us.

I had carefully screened my thoughts from her until that exact second, just to savor the surprise. A useful test for later, just in case.

She stumbled to the mirror and yanked her panties down. The sight of her own dilated, well-used pussy made her recoil in disgust. The puffy, swollen lips. The fake boobs.

She was absolutely adorable looking like that.

Then, the first thing the ungrateful little bitch did was grab the phone and call her ex-boyfriend.