

Party Toys

By Kallie

“That’s enough. That’s enough!” Ellie protested, as her friend Neela ignored her and kept filling up her glass with champagne, all the way to the rim.

“C’mon, Ellie,” her other friend Daniela groaned from next to her on the couch. “It’s your bachelorette party! Live a little! You’re getting married soon, this is your last chance to cut loose and have some fun. Right, Nicky?”

Nicky nodded shyly in agreement, although Ellie took a little comfort in the fact that she seemed a little hesitant. The four of them had come together to sit around in Ellie’s living room for a bachelorette party that she had never asked for, but that Neela and Daniela had insisted on. Ellie had pleaded with them to at least make it a low-key thing, and they had agreed, but she sensed they had something up their sleeves. Nicky, she imagined, had just been swept up by the others.

“But, look, I’m almost forty!” Ellie pleaded, smiling wearily. “Aren’t we all a bit too old to be getting bombed on wine?”

“Never!” Neela cried. “We’re not forty yet, Ellie. We can still have some fun. We’re not letting you get through the night without it!”

“Well... fine,” Ellie agreed reluctantly. She knew she wasn’t going to beat Neela in an argument. Her tall, flat-chested, brunette friend could be incredibly domineering when she put her mind to it.

“Thank god!” Daniela cheered. The blonde, curvy, middle-aged woman was clearly in a party mood. “Of course, if it was up to me, we’d be getting strippers...”

“Like... girl strippers?” Nicky asked suddenly, looking attentive.

“What? No,” Daniela replied, confused. “Male strippers. Duh.”

“Oh.” Nicky looked oddly crestfallen, and hid behind her messy, red hair.

“We’re not getting strippers,” Ellie insisted firmly, blushing slightly. She knew she could be a little shy and a little bit of a pushover sometimes, but even she had limits she’d put her foot down over. She didn’t think there was anything funny about strippers. Ellie was a soon-to-be-married woman, and something like that simply wasn’t appropriate. It wasn’t appropriate for women of their age either, she thought, even if she was the only one who was engaged. In fact, to her mind, strippers were never appropriate.

“Oh, don’t worry.” Daniela and Neela both giggled at once as the former spoke. “No strippers.”

From the way they were cackling, it was obvious the pair of them had something else planned. Ellie

could do nothing but roll her eyes. She supposed that, in a way, they were doing her a bit of a favor. She could be a little withdrawn, and more than a little prudish. Having fun wasn't really her area of expertise. Maybe they were right. Maybe one last night of fun before the wedding would do her some good - even if it was just drinks at home, with friends.

There was an unexpected knock at the door.

Ellie frowned. It was far too late for unexpected visitors, and she lived in a nice, respectable, middle-class neighborhood - not the kind of place to have people wandering around at night. Before she could get up to answer the door, Neela sprang to her feet.

"I'll get it!" she announced brightly, and Ellie immediately realized that whatever or whoever had just arrived, it had to be tonight's planned entertainment.

Neela dashed out of the living room, towards the front door, and when she returned, she wasn't alone.

She led the way, but another woman swept in behind her. The mysterious woman was even taller than Neela, and her manner of dress was strange, to say the least. With her dress shirt, tailcoat, and neatly fitted suit pants, she reminded Ellie of some kind of stage magician. She carried with her a large case, which she set down on the floor in the middle of the living room and stood over, with all the confidence and poise of a true performer. Ellie could only stare at her, faintly astonished.

"Daniela," Neela said slyly, sitting back down. "Why don't you introduce our guest?"

"With pleasure!" Daniela clapped her hands eagerly. "Ellie, Nicky, this is Zana! And she's... well... Ellie have you ever heard of a sex toy party?"

Ellie blanched.

"No! No way!" She shook her head firmly. "I am not doing this!"

"Aww," Neela and Daniela both whined at once.

"I'm not!" Ellie insisted, blushing furiously.

"Yes, darling, you are," Neela insisted firmly. "We went to all the trouble of finding Zana here, are you really going to just send her away? Come on. Be reasonable. It's all just a bit of fun, right?"

Ellie squirmed uncomfortably. She wanted to argue, but she never knew what to say to Neela.

"Neela's right!" Daniela piped up eagerly. "Just think, Ellie. This is your last chance to have this kind of fun! Maybe ever! Let's be real, you're thirty-eight, and you've not exactly been adventurous. Live a little, just this once?"

Desperately, Ellie looked over at Nicky. Her shy, redhead friend was her only hope for some support. Ellie could already feel herself crumbling under the pressure. "Nicky?" she pleaded. "What do you think?"

Nicky was just as shy as her, and as far as Ellie knew, the poor girl had never even had a boyfriend. She was sure Nicky would back her up. But to her surprise, her friend looked at her with an odd look on her face,

and blushed.

"I-I actually think it sounds kinda fun..." Nicky ventured quietly.

As Neela and Daniela grinned in victory, Ellie sagged, defeated. It was only then that the mysterious Zana spoke up.

"If I may?" Her voice was rich, deep, and faintly accented. It instantly commanded the attention of everyone in the room. The strangely-dressed woman fixed Ellie with an uncomfortably intense stare. "As your friends say, Ellie, it's all just for fun. You certainly don't need to get any raunchier than you're comfortable with. Besides, we're all girls here, right?"

Neela, Daniela, and surprisingly Nicky, all nodded emphatically. Ellie sighed.

"OK, fine," she said. "We... we can give it a shot."

Neela and Daniela cheered, and Nicky blushed while smiling gratefully. Ellie sank into her seat, slightly sullen. She felt more than a little pressured. This was her bachelorette party. Shouldn't it be all about what she wanted? Still, she didn't want to be a killjoy. Perhaps it would be a bit of fun after all.

"I'm glad to see you're willing to give it a shot," Zana said smoothly, flashing Ellie a rich, brilliant smile. "Let me explain how this works. I have with me a number of toys for you to take a look at." She gestured to her case. "I can tell you about them, we can talk about them, and... if you like, since clearly some of you are in a party mood, you can try them out."

Ellie frowned at that, but her friends seemed jubilant.

"Don't worry," Zana added, noticing Ellie's discomfort. "I'm sure you'll all get in the mood soon. Once we break the ice... well, you'd be surprised what you might be willing to try. Now!" The mysterious woman clapped her hands theatrically. "How about we get started?"

"Yes!" Daniela shouted, before Ellie could express any of her reservations. She looked at her friend. Daniela's cheeks were distinctly flushed, and the glass of champagne in her hand was already almost empty. Daniela was in her late thirties, but she still had the alcohol tolerance of a seventeen year-old.

"Wonderful! I do so love an enthusiastic audience." Zana bent double and opened her case, reaching into it. It faced away from Ellie and her friends, all sitting together on the couch, leaving them unable to see what was inside. All they could see was her hand slowly moving from side to side, lingering, as if making a careful choice. Once Zana finally made up her mind, she plucked her selection up from the case with practiced ease, and held it aloft for everyone to see.

It was a set of breast pumps.

There was no mistaking it. A pair of large, rounded cups attached by a flexible tube to a receptacle vessel. It seemed to work manually; there was a large lever on the cups that could be compressed to create suction. Ellie was astonished. She'd seen breast pumps before, of course. But never one quite like this. It looked almost industrial somehow; practical, rather than comfortable. A crude instrument for milking someone. Not like something you'd give to an expectant mother. And this was supposed to be a sex toy? Ellie couldn't imagine how, or what the appeal could be.

She looked around, and was a little grateful to see that her friends seemed equally surprised - except for Daniela, anyway. She was just giggling to herself, evidently drunk. Zana, however, did not seem even slightly disappointed by their less-than-enthusiastic reactions.

"Oh, I know it doesn't look like much!" she remarked brightly. "But you'd be truly amazed by what these can do to a woman. I promise, you've never seen anything like it! Your breasts are such vital erogenous zones, after all. And something about being suckled and giving milk is just so... primal. It'll really get the animal side of your brain going. Just try it and see!"

Ellie stared, dumbfounded, a frown fixed on her face at Zana's use of such indelicate language. Surely she didn't think one of them was going to try that thing out, right there in front of everyone?

"Any volunteers?" Zana asked insistently, a cheery smile on her face.

Ellie looked to her friends. Nicky and Neela both looked just as dumbfounded as her. Daniela was giggling helplessly, far too senseless to volunteer for anything at all.

"Nobody?" Zana prompted cheerfully, like an insistent schoolteacher. "No need to be embarrassed! Nothing shameful about breastfeeding, right?"

"Oh... fine!" Neela said finally, throwing up her hands. She looked faintly annoyed, but determined. "We *are* going to have some fun tonight, and if I have to be the first one to take the plunge, so be it!"

"Wonderful!" Zana cheered, as Neela rose to her feet and started gingerly unbuttoning her blouse.

Ellie couldn't believe what was happening. She blushed fiercely as Neela undid button after button, exposing her bra. She was mortified. She wanted to say something, to put a stop to it, but she couldn't. For some reason, she felt frozen in place, helpless to object. Maybe it was the wine. She risked a glance at the others still sitting next to her on the couch. Daniela was giggling even harder than before. Nicky, meanwhile, seemed almost enraptured by what was unfolding.

"Here." Zana handed Neela the breast pump. "It's very simple! Just pull your bra down, press it against your chest, and pump the lever."

At that moment, Daniela managed to fight through her giggles and choke out a few words. "Not much to pump on!" she snorted.

Neela blushed, and glowered at her friend furiously. Ellie made a face. Neela was notably flat-chested, and notably insecure about it.

"We'll see about that!" she huffed haughtily, and then swiftly and indignantly followed Zana's instructions to the letter, raising the sex toy to her chest and beginning to pump.

Ellie held her breath, waiting to see what Neela's reaction would be.

There was a pause, and then Neela let out a long, high-pitched, quivering moan. Ellie was too shocked even to blush at the indecent display. Neela sounded so weak. Ellie had never heard her sound that way before. She could never have imagined her friend making such a needy, whimpering noise.

“Holy shit!” Daniela exclaimed, giggling naughtily.

“How does it feel?” Zana asked eagerly, studying Neela with a curious intensity.

“It’s.. It’s... mmmmm,” Neela moaned. Her eyes flickered shut in an unmistakable expression of bliss.

Now, Ellie blushed, ashamed at what she had seemingly become a part of. She’d agreed to a little bit of lighthearted fun, but this suddenly seemed like something much, much more serious. There was nothing lighthearted in the look on Neela’s face, or in the way she kept eagerly pumping on her own tits as if desperate to milk herself. Ellie could see exactly what it was doing to her; she could see the way the suction was pulling on Neela’s breasts through the transparent cups of the breast pump, pulling them upward and outward. Strangely, it made Neela’s breasts look much, much bigger than before. Maybe she wasn’t as flat chested as Ellie had previously thought.

“I can’t believe this,” Daniela giggled. “Neela... you of all people!”

“S-shut up,” Neela whined, unconvincingly. It was clear she could barely pay attention to what Daniela was saying. “God... my... m-my tits!”

Ellie was scandalized by Neela’s use of such a dirty word, but she was still speechless and unable to protest. She looked over at Nicky, hoping to find some support. Nicky’s eyes were just as wide as her own, but there was something different in them. Something more like lust than horror.

“My... my... my... mmmm,” Neela whimpered. It was like she had forgotten anyone else was in the room. The way she squirmed as she continued desperately pumping at her breasts was utterly rapturous.

“Come on, let it out,” Zana urged suddenly, a wild look in her eyes. “Do it. You know you want to. Let it out. Give in to your desires, Neela. You know how good it feels. You know what you want to say. Give in to your animal nature!”

“Mmm... mmm... mmm...” Neela moaned. She seemed like she was holding something back with great difficulty, but after a few moments spent enduring Zana’s intense gaze, the dam broke. “M-moo!”

There was a long pause, and then Daniela started laughing maniacally. She wasn’t giggling anymore; she was laughing so hard she sounded like she was about to choke. As Ellie stared, even Nicky cracked a smile.

“Very funny, Neela,” Daniela groaned, between laughs. “A cow? Really? Oh my god.”

Nicky giggled too. Neela just kept mooing and squirming.

Ellie started to smile nervously. Was it just a joke, like her friends thought? She wasn’t so sure. Something seemed off.

As her friends laughed, Neela just kept using the breast pump on herself, her moans and moos growing wilder and wilder. Ellie was just starting to see the funny side when she noticed something truly impossible: Neela’s breasts were bigger. A lot bigger. It was more than just suction. Ellie had been staring at her chest just moments before, as she’d been undoing her shirt. Neela’s breasts had definitely grown. Now, as Ellie watched, she could see them growing more and more right before her eyes, her middle-aged friend’s chest starting to

swell and sag with the new weight she was carrying. It was mere seconds before her friend, who had always been so flat, was sporting a B-cup chest, and then a C-cup, and then she was pushing a D-cup. Ellie was horrified, and even more horrified at the fact none of her friends seemed to have noticed a thing.

“Uh... hey guys?” Ellie began slowly, struggling to make herself heard over the din of her friends’ laughter. “I... I don’t think she’s joking. I don’t think this is a joke.”

“What are you talking about, Ellie?” Daniela scoffed. “She’s acting like a cow! Of course she’s joking around - just like you should be! It’s your party, remember?”

“But... but... but her tits are growing!” Ellie shouted. Everyone paused, surprised - especially Zana. Daniela waved a hand dismissively.

“You’re crazy.”

“I’m not!” Ellie protested, in a shrill voice. “Just look.”

“Oh, we’re looking!” Daniela jeered. Nicky nodded. The usually-shy redhead seemed barely able to take her eyes off of Neela’s exposed tits, but she shared none of Ellie’s alarm. Nicky was mesmerized by what she was seeing.

“Moo! Mooooo!” Neela kept moaning. “Feels so... so... f-fuck... moo!”

“Neela!” Ellie pleaded desperately. “Stop! Please stop! Just... just cut it out for a moment. Stop with that... that thing! Stop the mooing! Please!”

Neela barely even noticed Ellie’s distress. “Moo!” was her only answer.

“Oh my,” Zana remarked, her rich, commanding voice cutting easily through the noise. Ellie froze when she realized Zana was speaking directly to her. “Well, aren’t you a clever one, hm?”

“I... what?” Ellie didn’t know what to say.

“Yes... I see now.” Ellie shrank beneath Zana’s stare. “So shy, so prudish, yet keenly intelligent. Oh, I know just what to do with one like you.”

“To do with...” At Zana’s ominous words, the penny dropped. Her horror doubled. “W-what did you do to my friend?” she demanded.

The mysterious woman standing in her living room just laughed. “You should really worry more about yourself, you know.”

Before Ellie could say anything more, Zana quickly returned to her large case of toys, still open on the floor. She reached down into it, and plucked out what Ellie quickly saw was a neon pink choker, covered in shamelessly opulent gold detailing and complete with a distinctive loop mounted to the front, as if it was meant to be connected to a leash. She held it out to Ellie, and all the middle-aged bachelorette’s protests died in her throat.

“Why don’t you try this on, Ellie?” Zana urged, her voice deep and entrancing. “Why don’t you see

how much... simpler it makes everything? Style is such an important part of your sexuality, you know. Clothing, hair, accessories - they all make you who you are. Try on something different, and you can become a different person. That's the essence of role-play. And this collar? So pink, so slutty, so shameless... fitting only for a true bimbo, no? Wouldn't you like to see how that feels? Wouldn't you like to experience just a little taste?"

Her words were slow and sensual, and they carried Ellie along like a slow, irresistible ocean current. She found herself hanging on each word, not thinking, just waiting for the next. Given how scared she was, she was shocked to discover that she really did want a taste of what Zana was offering. When the woman looming over her said it, it all made so much sense. Her own thoughts went quiet, and she longed only to accept. But... she couldn't, could she? Her friends were in danger. She couldn't give into temptation - no matter how tempting Zana's strange offer somehow was.

"N-no," Ellie replied, as firmly as she could, although she was still embarrassed at the weakness in her own voice.

"No?" Zana raised an eyebrow, impressed. "A strong one too, I see. No matter. You'll fall, soon. But first... Nicky, what do you think of my collar?"

"I... what?" Zana's words seemed to snap Nicky out of the strange trance she'd been lost in, staring at Neela. Her eyes were unfocused, but once she saw the collar, they looked onto it intently. "That collar? It's... oh..."

Ellie could only watch, helpless, as her friend slipped under Zana's spell, her eyes tracing the lines and details of the collar, unable to look away. Ellie wanted to stop her somehow, but she couldn't move. She couldn't even speak. Zana's seductive words were still swimming about in her head, robbing her of her wits.

"Why don't you try it on and see how it feels? Who knows... it might awaken something in you."

Nicky seemed so docile, Ellie was sure Zana could have slipped the collar around the poor girl's neck all on her own. But she didn't. She just handed it over, and watched with naked glee as Nicky sealed her own fate. Ellie's friend's movements were sluggish and slow as she placed the choker around her own neck and clumsily fastened it nice and tight. With that done, Ellie could only watch and wait to see what fate would befall Nicky.

"How do you feel?" Zana prompted eagerly.

"I... it's... um... like..." Nicky began to answer hesitantly.

Already, Ellie could tell there was something wrong. Nicky's voice wasn't right. It was strangely high-pitched, and tinged with an unfamiliar, valley girl accent.

"Like what, Nicky?" Zana asked, grinning.

"Like... like... uh... really... really good!" Nicky answered brightly, with energy and enthusiasm Ellie had never before seen in her. "It's like... like... um... I don't... words are hard!"

Once again, Ellie couldn't believe what she was seeing. Nicky's demeanor was completely transformed. Her normally-sullen friend was sitting straight up in her seat on the couch, chest puffed out, a bright, dreamy smile on her face. 'Peppy' was a word that came into Ellie's mind, even though it was one she never would

have associated with Nicky before. 'Dumb' was another. Nicky's eyes held no intelligence at all, and her voice was flighty and stilted. It seemed like she was struggling to put two words together, and with the way she drew out all her speech with long, loud vocal fry, she reminded Ellie of one of those bimbo pop stars she was always seeing on TV before she changed the channel.

"Don't worry about that," Zana assured her smoothly. "Words aren't very important, are they? They don't make you feel good. Not like... other things," she finished, with a suggestive wink.

Nicky giggled in response, and reached up to start twirling her long, red hair. "Yeah... you're so smart!"

Ellie looked over at Daniela, her only friend who had yet to fall under Zana's spell. The blonde had stopped laughing, mercifully, but seemed just as stunned and dumbstruck as Ellie. Both were helpless as Nicky's transformation unfolded.

"Thank you!" Zana said, smiling. "Nicky, you've been so quiet so far. Why don't you tell us all what you think of what Neela's doing, hm?"

"Oh... my... god!" Nicky exclaimed, clapping her hands excitedly. It was so bizarre, Ellie thought, seeing mannerisms like those from a shy, middle-aged woman. "I, like, love it so much! It's just, like, so fucking hot."

As she spoke, Nicky started undoing the top buttons of her conservatively-cut blouse, exposing her cleavage. She didn't bother to hide the fact she was groping her chest while talking about how hot she found Neela's brazen mooing.

"And why's that?" Zana prompted.

"She looks like she's having, like, so much fun!" Nicky giggled. "And her tits look soooo good, and that weird pump thingy looks soooo cool!"

"Her... how can you say that?" Ellie managed to say, blushing furiously at Nicky's comments. "Nicky... look what she's done to you! Can't you see it? She's made you into some kind of... of bimbo pervert!"

"Pervert?" Nicky giggled, untroubled. "That's, like, super dumb. You can't call me a pervert just for, like, being into girls."

"Into..." Ellie blanched. "Nicky... are you a lesbian? Did she do that to you too?"

To her surprise, Zana just shrugged.

"Nope!" Nicky answered happily. "I've always been, like, super gay. I can't believe you never noticed me staring at you, Ellie! You're totes cute. I, like, really wanna make out with you." The newly-transformed bimbo stretched, pressing out her chest. Ellie had never realized just how big her friend's boobs were before. They were still bigger than Neela's, despite how much the mooing woman's chest had grown. "Oh my god, I can't believe I was, like, ashamed of it! I was a such a dummy."

"I... I can't believe this!" Ellie cried hysterically. She pointed an accusatory finger at Zana. "You... you did this! But how? Why? I don't understand."

"Me?" Zana gestured to herself theatrically. "Well, not exactly. It's the toys, you see. You were

promised fun, and a few enchanted sex toys sure sounds like fun to me! Oh, sure, sometimes I catch one like you, with a little bit of resistance in her. But it never lasts. I do wonder which one you'll succumb to, Ellie."

"I won't!" Ellie shot back, as fiercely as she could manage. "I'm not going to give in to someone like you!"

"No?" Zana laughed cruelly. "Oh, Ellie. Don't you think your friend Neela would have said the same? But just look at her now."

Ellie looked. Neela was no longer standing in the middle of the room, using the breast pump on herself. At some point she had fallen to her knees, and from the way she was shaking, it was obvious that merely staying that way was a struggle. The breast pump was still attached to her breasts, held there by the suction, but she could no longer pump it. She needed her arms to prop herself up. But from the way her back was arched it was obvious her body was still being torn apart with pleasure, and from the angry flush in her cheeks it was obvious she was still woefully unsatisfied. The formerly proud, domineering woman now looked like little more than an animal in heat.

Before Ellie's eyes, Neela started crawling across the floor over to the couch, reaching up to place a hand on Daniela's knee.

"Mmm... moo... please, Daniela... please milk me!" she pleaded, delirious.

"W-what?" Daniela was shocked. "Come on, Neela, what are you... come on, snap out of it!"

"I can't!" Neela moaned. "P-please, I need it!"

"But why?" Daniela protested. "Why me?"

"I can't do it myself!" Neela whined. "M... m... moo... m-my hands... they're shaking... I can't... but Daniela, my tits are s-so full! I need it!"

As Neela begged, she writhed at Daniela's feet, and Ellie could see her now-massive breasts swinging and jiggling beneath her. That one change, so disproportionate on her slender, athletic frame, made her look cartoonishly over-sexualized. Even if she hadn't been moaning and mooing, there was no hiding what she'd become.

"No! No way!" Daniela replied, scandalized. "I'm not doing... that! You're obviously getting off on it, Neela. And you're a woman! That's just... gross."

"Gross?" The newly-bimboified Nicky giggled, her girlish mannerisms a shocking constant to her curvaceous body and mature charm. "God, Daniela, you're, like, so... so..." She frowned for a moment, as if stumbling to find the right word. "So silly!"

"She is, isn't she?" Zana interjected, tapping her chin thoughtfully. She smiled, an idea clearly dawning on her. "Say... Nicky why don't you get your friend to take a look at this? It might help her see the funny side of all this."

Zana reached into her case and pulled out yet another toy: a small, brightly-colored, plastic flower, connected by a tube to a small, soft bulb of liquid. Ellie wasn't sure how that was a sex toy, exactly, but if Zana

was pulling it out, it had to be bad news.

“Sure!” Nicky replied brightly, and took it from Zana’s hand while Ellie watched helplessly, still frozen in place by the lingering effects of whatever Zana had been trying to do to her.

Daniela was still busy trying to fend off Neela, and so barely noticed what Nicky was doing until the bimbo dangled the plastic flower right in front of her. “What’s that...” she said, trailing off as her eyes latched onto the colorful petals. As her body went slack, Neela wrapped her arms around Daniela’s legs and started grinding her chest against her friend pitifully, but Daniela didn’t react.

“What’s... what’s... what’s...” she began repeating, like her brain was stuck on a loop. Within moments, it was obvious she was completely under Zana’s spell.

“Daniela, no!” Ellie cried. She couldn’t watch yet another friend succumb. That would leave her as the only one. Daniela, however, seemed not to hear her.

“What’s... w-what’s...” Daniela muttered, gradually leaning forward, eyes fixed on the flower, until her face was mere inches from it.

Nicky winked. “Surprise!” she cried, and squeezed the bulb.

Bright, pink liquid sprayed out of the middle of the flower, drenching Daniela’s face.

“What the heck!” Daniela shrieked. For a moment, being sprayed with liquid seemed to snap her out of her reverie. But then, a far deeper transformation started to take her.

As the strange, pink liquid started to run down her face, it left behind some kind of residue, leaving pale white streaks down Daniela’s face, almost like face paint. As seconds passed, more and more of it was left behind, until Daniela’s was left with the white-painted face of some kind of clown or mime. It looked ridiculous. The changes didn’t end there, though. When droplets of the strange, transformative substance dripped off of Daniela’s face and down onto her clothes, something completely different. Instead of staining them white, it turned them into all kinds of different bright, saturated colors. The liquid seemed to sink into Daniela’s ribbed, black, turtleneck sweater, leaving behind stripes of red, blue, green and yellow, and before long there was no trace of black left at all. Some of the liquid made its way to her jeans, where the same thing started happening. It was impossible, but it was happening right before Ellie’s eyes.

It wasn’t long before Daniela looked completely different. Her clothes were a riot of color, while her face was unnaturally pale and white. Strangely, her makeup still shone through, leaving her with long eyelashes, striking eyeliner, and a hint of rosy blush on the tip of her nose that now looked almost crimson against the surrounding white. Ellie could do nothing but stare. She knew exactly what she was looking at. Zana had turned her friend into a clown.

“So, Daniela,” Zana prompted eagerly. “Why don’t you tell us how you feel?”

“I... I...” Daniela seemed uncertain, and for a moment, Ellie hoped her friend might somehow hold on to her sense of self. But no. After a few seconds, a huge, manic grin spread across Daniela’s face, and she bolted to her feet before bending double in raucous giggling. “I feel... amazing!”

“Oh my god!” Nicky replied, joining her in a fit of giggles. “Me too!”

Ellie was dumbstruck, but the worst part was, she could see that Daniela's changes still weren't done. Her chest was growing, just as Neela's had. Daniela had always been well-endowed, but now, her turtleneck was straining to contain her breasts. Within moments, it was starting to shred apart as Daniela's chest just kept growing and growing. It was an obscene, cartoonish picture, made all the more ridiculous by the way Daniela kept exaggerating all her movements as if performing a clownish version of herself.

"I'm glad to hear it," Zana said warmly. "So... how do you feel about helping out Neela now?"

"I'd love to!" Daniela answered happily, still giggling. An impossibly wide grin was plastered across her face now, and her eyes were manic. "It sounds hilarious! I can't believe I was being so boring before."

With that Daniela bent down to Neela, still moaning and mooing on the floor like a cow in heat. Without any hesitation, Daniela wrapped her hands around Neela's now-massive tits, eliciting a loud, braying, appreciative moan.

Daniela turned briefly to wink at Ellie. "Honk!" she yelled giddily, and squeezed.

Neela's moaning filled the entire room. It was so loud, Ellie started to worry her neighbors would hear. What would they think, if they looked in the window and saw a middle-aged woman with huge breasts being milked on the floor by a clown? Ellie couldn't even imagine. It was beyond obscene. She wanted to look away, but she couldn't take her eyes off the spectacle. Daniela kept squeezing and squeezing, roughly massaging and groping each of Neela's tits, one after the other, and it was then that Ellie saw Neela's breasts hadn't just grown. They'd started lactating.

First, it was just a few drops of milk, but then, as Daniela kept milking her friend, it became a flood. Jaw-dropping amounts of milk started to spill onto the ground. Neela's desperate moaning became a singing sigh of relief as the pressure within her chest finally started to abate. Still, though, the way her back arched made it clear the sexual pleasure was intense. She half-collapsed, slumping against the couch and relying on Daniela to hold her up, while her hands strayed down between her legs to paw at herself. Every trace of the old, dignified, powerful Neela was gone. Ellie's friend was now more like a human cow than a person - and it was obvious it felt incredible.

Eventually, the flow of milk from Neela's tits started to abate until finally, thanks to Daniela's ministrations, it ran dry. Daniela, now fully a clown, finally let her friend collapse completely, before bringing one of her hands up to her face to lick a few droplets of Neela's milk from her fingertips.

"Udderly delicious!" the clown quipped, giggling cartoonishly.

For a long moment, no-one spoke. There was no sound in the room except Daniela and Nicky's giggling, and Neela's grateful sighing.

"So, Ellie," Zana said finally. "I suppose it's your turn now, isn't it?"

Ellie shook her head, but in her heart, she knew what was going to happen. She couldn't stop thinking about her friends - about how easily they had fallen prey to Zana's tricks, and about how blissful they all now seemed.

"I think I have the perfect thing for you," Zana continued, bending over to root around in her case of

toys. “The bimbo collar? That was a mistake. It’s not your intelligence holding you back, Ellie. It’s all that repression. All that prudishness. All those pent up desires. You could be so much more than this, you know. We just need to get inside you and untangle a few of those annoying little knots... and I have the perfect thing.”

Zana held up a dildo.

Ellie’s first response was shock, but her second was fascination. It was big. Bigger than her fiancé. Big enough to make Ellie’s eyes grow round and glassy as she admired the sleek, curved, silicone toy. She knew what it was, of course, but she’d never actually used one. She’d never used any kind of sex toy. They seemed far too indecent. But as she stared at the dildo, she couldn’t help but start to wonder how it would feel. As much as it embarrassed her to admit it, it looked like it would feel good. The dildo Zana was holding looked like the perfect size for her. It looked like it would fill her up perfectly. Her fiancé had never been able to do that. The more she thought about that, the more Ellie became aware of a certain emptiness inside her. An emptiness crying out to be filled.

“What do you think, Ellie?” Zana asked, smiling.

“I... I... I...” ‘I want it.’ That was what Ellie wanted to say. She knew that Zana was doing something to her. She knew what she was feeling wasn’t natural. But that didn’t make any difference.

“How about you give it a try?” Zana suggested, offering it to her.

“N-no,” Ellie whimpered, already on the brink. Zana’s mesmerizing aura was crushing her, like a lead weight on her chest. It squeezed out all resistance, until Zana’s words were all she could think of.

“Yes,” Zana insisted firmly. “Come on, Ellie. Give in. Give in to me. You want this, don’t you?”

Ellie couldn’t bring herself to say anything, but she also couldn’t stop herself nodding guiltily. It was just too perfect. Just as Zana had promised. She started to reach out for it, but something held her back. Her hand was left suspended uncertainly just a few inches in the air.

“Hmm,” Zana mused, seeing her internal struggle. “Girls... why don’t you help Ellie out? It is her party, after all.”

Nicky, Neela and Daniela all made delighted noises, and rushed to obey Zana’s suggestion. Nicky and Daniela sat on either side of her on the couch, while Neela, mooing happily, knelt in front of Ellie on the floor. After a moment spent salivating, they leapt into action. Nicky and Daniela started tearing at her clothes, ripping them off in a flurry. As Daniela undid the belt of Ellie’s mom jeans, Neela rushed to pull them off of her legs, leaving Nicky free to start removing Ellie’s panties while giggling. Within seconds, Ellie was naked from the waist down.

“God, Ellie, you’re, like, so hot!” Nicky exclaimed, practically licking her lips at the sight of her friend’s naked body.

“Yeah!” Daniela giggled. She was massaging Ellie’s tits over her top. Ellie was too spellbound by Zana’s dildo to stop her.

“Moo!” added Neela.

“Have fun!” Zana remarked, smirking, as she handed Nicky the dildo.

Ellie already felt like a passenger in her own body, unable to react to what was going on around her, and her sense of helplessness only grew as her giggling, bimboified friend lowered the dildo towards her pussy. Though she could never have admitted it out loud, her body was aching for the toy. She needed it, somehow. It seemed just right. Like it was made for her, or like she was made for it. Like she needed it to fill her and make her whole. She didn't know what would happen when Nicky inserted the dildo into her body, but she knew that whatever it was, she was craving it.

After just a moment spent teasing the entrance of Ellie's pussy with the tip of the dildo, making sure she was nice and wet, Nicky grew too impatient for foreplay and pushed the dildo inside her to the hilt.

Ellie went blank.

There was no more fear or pain or shame. There was pleasure, but mostly, there was just emptiness. No thoughts, no feelings, no desires. Nothing. Ellie's face went slack. Her body slumped against the touch, every last little bit of tension simply draining away. She'd never experienced such pure, empty-headed bliss. It was enough to bring a big, warm, dumb smile to her face, but Ellie couldn't smile. She couldn't move a muscle. Not until someone told her to.

Ellie's friends kept touching her, toying with the dildo buried inside her and playing with her tits, but she didn't react. She barely even noticed. She was blank. Empty.

“Goodness!” Zana purred, clearly pleased with her handiwork. “I guess when we brush aside all those petty, silly inhibitions, there's just... nothing left. Poor, blank, empty, Ellie. Well, don't worry. I can still make you very, very useful. Blank, empty toys make the best puppets. Don't you agree, Ellie? Nod.”

At Zana's command, Ellie felt her head tilting up and down in a slow nod. It didn't feel voluntary, like something she was choosing to do. It felt automatic, like she was just a doll being manipulated by Zana's words. It was like she could feel strings pulling at her body, mechanically pulling her into whatever position she was supposed to be in. Distantly, Ellie knew she should be horrified at the prospect, but she wasn't. It felt blissfully. She didn't have to think or worry anymore. She just had to obey.

“Let's see... how about you take off the rest of those clothes?” Zana suggested.

At once, Ellie moved to obey. Her movements were swift and mechanical as she lifted her top off over her head and reached behind herself to unclasp her bra. She could feel the strings pulling at her, telling her precisely what to do. Soon, she was naked. She was too lost in her own blank, entranced emptiness to notice her skin subtly shifting, becoming as pale and flawless as porcelain.

“Good.” Zana nodded. “Now stand.”

Ellie rose to her feet.

“Now follow me,” Zana instructed, turning to the others. “All of you, follow me.”

“Yes, Zana!” chirruped Nicky and Daniela. Neela mooed again, while Ellie simply moved to obey in meek silence.

“You’re mine, from now on,” Zana continued, as she began to lead them out of Ellie’s living room and out the front door. If Ellie had still been capable of thinking, it would have occurred to her that they made for a very strange sight; someone who looked like a stage hypnotist, leading a parade of middle-aged women who had been transformed into a bimbo, a hucow, a clown, and a puppet.

“And,” Zana added, licking her lips. “If I know my clientele - which I do - you’re all going to earn me a pretty penny when I start selling you out.”

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