

The Clothes Make the Woman

Chapter Two

The past couple weeks had been a slow transition for David Donnelly, from surprises to observations and now finally to experimentation. It had begun with a sudden and dramatic pair of roleplays, first as a valley girl obsessed with makeup, then a nerd girl so shy she could barely summon the courage to give her husband a handjob. The next morning, she professed to remember neither, and slowly David realized she wasn't just being coy. They passed an ordinary Sunday, as if the day before hadn't been the wildest of their entire marriage.

Monday, he'd come home to find her in a pencil skirt and blouse buttoned to the neck; she'd insisted on being called Mrs. Donnelly (for propriety's sake) and opened asking if he had any dictation to give, then ended by "taking his dictation," so to speak. She'd blushed and asked him to keep it just between them; husband and wife or no, she didn't want rumors to start around the office. Again, she didn't remember in the morning.

Tuesday she made baked spaghetti casserole and they solved a 1,000 piece puzzle over a bottle of wine. They turned in early.

Wednesday, they caught up on their DVR.

Thursday he'd come home to find her tidying up the living in gym shorts and a cut-off shirt that hung off one shoulder, her hair up in a high ponytail. She'd spoken with a Brooklyn accent and called him "Mistah P" and said how lucky his wife must be; when he reminded her she *was* his wife, she'd just giggled like Fran Drescher and asked if that meant she was getting lucky.

(She did.)

And so on, day after day. He'd picked up on some constants in her behavior -- outfits to match her persona, changing her name and inventing memories between them, a pronounced desire to make him happy. But when she continued to not remember it during those times when she was herself, and even got defensive when he pressed the point, he became concerned something was off. He even took a few stealthy selfies of her and confirmed that the physical changes weren't just in his head. Her hair, her breasts, her butt, her skin... all of them were changing from one day to the next. There was definitely something wrong.

And yet so right.

Then yesterday, she'd been doing laundry -- as plain old vanilla Lauren -- and after she finished, she plopped down next to him on the couch. Spotting the "i 1 2 ½ 6" t-shirt she'd picked up at the mall a couple weeks ago, he picked it up and asked when she'd ever wear such a thing again, then joked that she must be keeping it because no charity would take it. As a joke, he rubbed it in her face playfully.

Half an hour later, she corrected him when he called her Lauren. "Ren, please honey," she'd said. Looking her over, he saw she'd changed again when he'd been watching TV. Her hair was short again, and from the way she was sitting, he remembered Ren the nerd-girl's

divinely inspired posterior. That evening, he was treated to another trembling handjob punctuated by nervous giggles and shy inquiries as to how well she was doing.

Could it just be that the clothing she was transforming her? Today, he would find out.

That Saturday began normally enough, doing some yardwork and then spring cleaning in the garage. She wore sensible jeans and a sweatshirt, and seemed entirely herself in mind and body. That didn't confirm anything, but it supported his theory at least. They each took a quick shower when they came in. David went first, and as he dried off, his wife took off her clothes to take his place. Right as Lauren was about to hop in, he came up behind her to give her a quick hug and kiss. She smiled at the attention, unaware that as they hugged, he'd commenced his experiment.

"Is that your way of asking if you can join me?" she said with a sly smile.

"If I can...? Oh! No, sorry. I'm, um, a little sore. From the yard work. You know how my back gets sometimes," he lied, wincing inside at how fake he sounded, how Lauren saw through it and was trying not to look rejected. She just had to be patient, let whatever this was take its course. Unless he was wrong. "But definitely later, if you're game," he added to pacify her, belatedly.

Lauren shrugged and went about her business. Just in case, he didn't want to weird her out by sitting around to watch, and if he was right, it wouldn't happen instantaneously anyways. He popped into the bathroom a couple times, but the steam on the shower door made discerning detail impossible. David quietly retrieved his phone and settled in to wait, reclining on the bed with his arms folded behind his head in what felt, but hopefully didn't look, like the most feigned nonchalant pose ever.

The shower turned off. He tried to just keep reading his book, not make it look like he was watching for her. She mumbled something in the bathroom that he couldn't make out. His mind was racing -- if he was right, the possibilities were incredible! To have his same wonderful wife Lauren, but also access to an infinite variety of kinks and shapes... it was too much to dream of.

Only then, the door opened, and his jaw followed suit.

A woman emerged from the bathroom, but not Lauren. He'd never seen this woman -- this girl, really -- before. She looked like she'd become Lauren in another ten years or so, but right now, she was definitively a youth. Only... what kind of youth?! He had to look her over head to toe, trying to make sense of this vision.

Her body was a mesh of tattoos, vines and patterns over most of her legs, back, stomach, chest and arms, even crawling up her neck. Some places had pictures: a broken heart dripping blood down her left breast; a skull-faced reaper with skeletal wings large across her back; some sort of poem or the like on the back of her right thigh; "BRI" on her right bicep; he could see new ones blossoming on her flesh even as he watched. A silver stud was in her eyebrow, another in her nose. Each ear sported at least three more piercings. Though he couldn't see as yet, David was sure this girl had her tongue pierced too. A thin scar ran along her left cheek.

Her cosmetics had changed to match -- hot-pink-painted fingernails that looked to be adorned with tiny black skulls, her hair buzzed short along the sides but with a thick pink-dyed mane swept down to the left side nearly to her waist. Even her pubes were dyed pink, though like the rest, it wasn't a girly pink, but a punk-styled hot pink. It was intense, especially on a girl with a younger version of Lauren's face.

The rest of her... was not Lauren at all. Maybe the butt, though the wingspan tramp stamp above it seemed to make it look bigger. Her waist -- and really, her whole body -- was far thinner than he'd ever seen it. She was downright skinny, with hip bones and ribs both visible but softened by the flesh over them. Her nipples, adorning breasts at least a cup size smaller than his wife's, were already hard thanks to a pair of silver nipple rings that matched the hardware in her face.

As she put her hands on her hips and fixed him with a hard look, David realized he'd been staring and shook himself. "Sorry. I, um, I didn't mean to stare."

"Well why the shit not? I'm hot as hell, Big Papa. You'd be fuckin' stupid not to," she said. The voice was Lauren's though a little scratchier, a little tougher. Probably a smoker, he guessed.

"I suppose so... Lauren...?" he responded, waiting to be corrected.

"So it's 'Lauren' today, huh. You're always so damn tame I could just eat you up," she said, undaunted by her nakedness. A lip ring appeared out of thin air as he looked at her. He'd never seen the transformation physically happen before; even this confirmation that magic was real couldn't compete with his awe at his sexy punker wife.

"Tame? What do you mean, tame? That's your name, isn't it?"

"You know, instead of Mayhem. Nobody calls me Lauren any more. Like, my cunt of a probie officer, but she's about it. But hey, if it's gonna be Lauren today and not 'cock-sucking little bitch' 's cool with me, Big Papa. Not that I got somethin' against bein' your cock-sucking little bitch." She winked at him.

"Mayhem..." David's head was swimming. He'd seen some surprising changes come over his wife over the past week, but nothing as shocking as this. He hoped to god it wasn't permanent -- none of the other changes had been, but none of them had been so extreme either.

"Well, since you're evidently still not in the mood to fuck, you got anything for me to wear? Freezin' my tits off in this house -- you cheaping out on the heating bill or what, old-timer?" She peered into the walk-in closet, sneering and grumbling something about frumpy old lady clothes along with a steady dribble of obscenities.

"Uh, yeah. Hang on." He went into his nightstand drawer, where he'd stashed the clothing he'd touched her with before her shower. He gathered the outfit, and saw it was a perfect match for her persona. A red cheetah-patterned corset that laced up the front. Black armbands that would hook around her thumb. Knee-high black leather platform boots. Tight fishnet stockings with holes torn in several places, clasps ready to hold them to the specific item which he'd touched to her. Namely, a pair of black pleather booty shorts secured by a zipper on

either hip. They were too cheap to be dominatrixy -- precisely the sort of thing this girl, this feisty, arrogant, sexy girl would wear, because it was the look she wanted at the price her hood lifestyle could afford.

Only when David turned around, he dropped the lot of them. In the ten seconds his back had been turned to her, Lauren had sprouted tits. Massive, mouth-watering, clearly fake tits. At least, he was pretty sure they were fake; they looked amazing, but no real boobs this size resisted gravity so defiantly.

“See something you like, Big Papa?” she teased as she picked up the clothes he’d dropped.

“I... well, just your... they’re so...”

“Hey, you get what you paid for, stud. You said get big tits and handed me a blank check, so big tits you got. Now ya mind closin’ the blinds while you’re up? I’m not aimin’ to give a show to every fuckin’ Peeping Tom in your home-owner’s association.”

He did, then turned to watch this punker version of my wife don her clothes. She seemed perfectly happy with the selections, though since he’d bought it for Lauren’s proportions, it took some significant loosening of the laces on the corset to stuff her tits into it. Even then they were bulging out the top and looking like they might make a break for it every time she drew a breath. Nonetheless, as she finished lacing the final boot, she sighed in relief.

“Now that’s more like it. Something about being in your own clothes that just makes ya feel right, eh?”

David smiled. “I dunno, I think you look good in all sorts of outfits, uh, Mayhem. Say, speaking of, do you think I could get a few shots of you? Just something for me to look at on a lonely night, you know.”

One corner of his wife’s mouth perked. “You get lonely at night, Big Papa, you come find me and I’ll take care of you. Won’t need no fuckin’ picture.”

“C’mon, please? You just look so good right now.”

Even with the shift in her demeanor, she was susceptible enough to flattery, and David was able to take a few shots of his wife’s new look. Her expression was one that clearly communicated she was just humoring him, but another compliment got her to teasingly push up her big fake boobs until both nipples accidentally popped out. As she rolled her eyes at the inconvenience and tucked them back in, David switched his phone to record and set it off to the side on the dresser half-obscured by Lauren’s jewelry box. When she looked up again, she didn’t seem to notice it.

David eased himself into their bed and patted the space beside him. Mayhem vaulted into bed boots and all, and if the implants and the hair and the piercings and the tattoos hadn’t convinced him, that sure did. Lauren would have someone’s head if they wore shoes in her bed. She knelt over him, tracing fingers over his chest.

“Draggin’ me into bed already, huh? I just got dressed and here you are already tryin’ to get me back outta my clothes, ya horny old goat.” Her tone, however, clearly said she’d be happy

to indulge him. He put his hands on her waist, marveling at how much more slender it was. He'd never had a problem with his wife's figure, but it was astounding to see what she looked like as a skinny girl. The contrast with her chest made her almost look like a cartoon figure. (All the hot pink she'd worked into her motif didn't help.)

"Mayhem, hon, how long has it been now that we've known each other?"

"Shit, prolly goin' on three years now or so, I guess. Feels like since forever though, don't it Big Papa?" She lifted a leg over him and shifted to straddle his waist, leaning down hard on his chest. Everything about her -- her expression, her posture, the way she was wriggling against his erection -- screamed that she was ready to ride him here and now.

"Remind me how we met. Please," he added, when he saw the question was an unwelcome delay in her carnal plans.

She sighed, withdrawing her hands from where they'd been twisting at his nipples beneath his shirt. "Feeling nostalgic, are we? Well, fine. Let's see. I was still stayin' at the old church on 8th Street, and I was out hustlin' the corner when ya saw me." She shook her head. "I swear, it was weeks of you comin' and buyin' me meals, givin' me money, talkin' with me and all that... weeks, honest, while I just thought you were tryna get in my panties."

"Of course this was before I knew you don't wear panties," David joked, recalling she'd not put any on.

"Damn things just get in the way," she said, sliding down the zippers on her hips simultaneously. "But yeah, you turned out to just... be a good guy. Who knew there were any of you out there in this shit heap of a world, eh?" Lauren moved his hands to her now bare hips, then leaned down and kissed him. It was nothing like her usual kisses; this was demanding, forceful. She sucked his lower lip into her mouth and bit it so hard it actually hurt just a little. Only then her tongue was in his mouth with such passion that he forgave her in an instant, the metallic taste of her tongue ring reminding him just who he was with.

David began to see more of how this -- whatever "this" was -- worked. Each of her personae, regardless of their dominant traits, still retained his wife's basic love for him. The stories seemed to change to fit the circumstances, each identity's mind contorting itself into having its own form of relationship with him. Some were very similar to default Lauren but some had significant differences. Mayhem here was a different beast altogether.

His wife finally broke off her kiss, lifting herself just enough to rip away the unzipped booty shorts and toss them away. "Seriously, I kept waiting for you to invite me in the back seat of your car and fuck my lil brains out."

"Would you have let me?" he asked, enjoying this invented scenario with him as her noble benefactor.

"Well sure. You ain't hard on the eyes, Big Papa, and besides, I knew where my bread was gettin' buttered. I didn't exactly have a lot of folks achin' to help me out. Only then you kept not fuckin' me and not fuckin' me, and I finally just got obsessed with the idea of it until I just

had to seduce you my own self.” She rocked her pelvis around his, reminding him that all this dialogue was only delaying just that.

“Little Lauren, obsessed with having sex with me... I like the sound of that.”

“See, I do what I can to keep ya from gettin’ a big head and you still turn into a bastard. I think we need to put a little gag on that mouth of yours.” Before David could react, she nimbly spun around to position her impossibly tight ass towards him, then pushed down off his thighs to place it right over his face. When he hesitated, she raked his abdomen with her fingernails, giggling wickedly.

Definitely a far cry from his Lauren. Lest she have cause to do it again, David grabbed her waist firmly and pulled her down to his mouth and started licking.

“Mm, now that’s my Big Papa. For a second there I thought you didn’t love me no more,” purred Mayhem sensuously as she got to work on his pants. Just as he was starting to reflect on the subtle shift in the flavor of his wife’s pussy, and whether it was because of her transformation or simply her being fresh out of the shower, David felt her mouth descend on his cock. She didn’t have to work to get him hard; he’d been ready for this the moment he’d seen this punker girl version of Lauren exit the shower.

Lauren had never been shy about giving blowjobs, and in his experience, she was fairly good at it. Sure, she tended to use the same routine each time out, but it was a loving routine, gentle and patient.

Mayhem... she sucked his dick like she was mad at it. She positively attacked it with her tongue, bobbing up and down the length of him so fast she had to use her arms to help propel her. He’d never gotten head from a girl with a tongue ring before, though between the savagery of her technique and her pussy on his lips, he didn’t have brainpower left over to ponder it.

David did his best to match her for pace, but as she growled around his cock, the vibrations resonating all throughout it and into his core, he knew he was outmatched. He didn’t let up, his tongue racing through maneuvers as intensely as he thought he could manage them. As she pounced down, letting his head slip into and then remain in her throat, David groaned at the pleasure of it, then braved a good hard smack on her impossibly tight ass.

She squeaked in indignant surprise, releasing his shaft from the tight confines of her throat, then dragging herself slowly up his length -- teeth scraping up the entire way. David’s eyes widened in surprise and a little fear, even, but whether Mayhem’s instinct didn’t extend to actually harming him or he was just lucky, he didn’t know.

“So you wanna get rough, do ya?” she asked, the sound muffled by her thighs wrapped around his head. Then, they weren’t. She lifted herself off of him and swiveled back around to straddle him like before, and she impaled herself on his shaft so fast he was amazed -- and immensely grateful -- she didn’t miss her aim. No, Mayhem knew her way around his cock like it was her job. Heck, maybe it was.

This punker girl was probably a good twenty pounds lighter than Lauren, he noted. Not that he was still in data collection mode -- Mayhem and her mouth and her feverish intensity had

brought him way past that point -- but he realized it was the only reason she could pump her body up and down like she did. There were ample metaphors for a man giving a woman the kind of vigorous fucking he was receiving presently -- pistons, jackhammers, lumberjacks, and others he'd heard from various Laurens he'd fucked the past couple weeks. But he didn't have one for the way this woman was fucking him now. Like a girl testing the durability of a pogo stick? That was the closest he could come as she slammed her slight frame up and down on him. His pelvis would be tender tomorrow, no doubt, but hell if he cared.

The only thing missing was those incredible new tits of hers. He'd never been dissatisfied with her natural shape, but this was a true novelty, like a "hall pass" to fuck another woman, only here he wasn't actually being unfaithful. Just a new smoking hot body for him to play with whenever he liked. Whenever he touched her with those booty shorts, anyway.

It was too impractical to undo all those laces on her corset, but he could still at least tug the cups down out of the way, treat himself to a show. Only as he reached up to do so, Mayhem restrained his hands with an impressively strong grip and slammed her weight down all the way. He didn't think he'd ever been so deeply thrust into her pussy -- or any pussy -- before. More amazing still, while she held her position, she teased at him with the little muscles in there. Mayhem had trained her body to do whatever she wanted to do to a man, it seemed.

"You wanna see my titties, Big Papa?" she asked in a soft voice, panting, her hot pink dye job hanging down around her face.

"You know I do."

"But you didn't even ask," she admonished, clenching down around him, giggling at his little groan of pleasure and discomfort.

"Can I see your tits, Mayhem?" He tried to keep his voice even, not to let his eagerness show too much. Somehow, in front of this cool new version of his wife, he didn't want to show weakness. Not too much, at least.

"I dunno, can you?" she asked, then sucked his index finger into her mouth, teasing it with the kind of loving tongue play the real Lauren usually reserved for his cock.

He frowned. "*May* I see your tits?"

She nipped at his finger, and he pulled it away before this feral girl got tempted to do more than nibble. "You didn't even use the magic word."

Overwhelmed by his desire to lay eyes once more on those mammoth knockers of hers again, David overpowered her grasp on his arms and threw her off of him and down onto her back on the bed. In the same motion he rolled up to his knees between legs still wide spread and slammed his cock back home. Where it belonged, in his crazy, juvenile, fucked up punker of a wife.

"Now," he growled, then grabbed the corset at the chest and ripped downward with all his strength. It was strong enough not to sunder completely, but the laces gave enough to let it slip well below her tits. He grabbed one in each hand, squeezing them as he used them to balance himself as his fucking resumed in earnest.

Emboldened -- and horny to the point of being frenzied -- he manhandled this tiny, big-titted girl and positioned her as he liked, fucking her in all manner of increasingly acrobatic positions. She didn't complain. On the contrary, she was in heaven. This was what she'd wanted all day: for her strong, loving, supportive Big Papa to treat her like his little bitch. The first of many orgasms hit her as he gave one of her tits a possessive smack. All the while she spurred him on with the mouth of the guttersnipe slut she'd become.

David controlled his pace to delay his own climax, wanting to prolong this experience as long as he could. Mayhem felt the shaking in his body that she knew meant he was about to come, and squeezed down with her pussy. "Oh god," she moaned, "just fuck a baby in me already, Daddy."

Part of his mind panicked in that moment; his wife was on the pill of course, and they didn't need to worry about condoms. Of course... this wasn't *exactly* his wife. What would happen when...?!

The rest of his mind, however, was too far gone, and he flooded her insides with every drop he had to give.

"Would you grab me some creamer?" Lauren asked at breakfast the next morning as she poured herself a mug of fresh coffee, inhaling its aroma happily.

David did so, giving his wife -- his real wife -- a little kiss on the temple as he sat down across from her. They'd slept in until past ten (which for them was a rarity), but the all-night fuckathon Mayhem had demanded left them both exhausted. Still, he couldn't help thinking about yesterday, what he'd learned, what it meant. He'd made sure to nudge his wife to wearing some pretty typical items from her wardrobe today.

"Something wrong, sweetie?" she asked, a concerned look on her face. "You look like you have something to say."

"Do you?" he countered in a low tone.

"Do I... what? I don't know what you're trying to say."

"Lauren, I'm going to ask you something, and I need you to be completely honest with me. Did you... do anything to yourself, recently?"

"Like what? I got my hair done the other day, but you already said you liked it."

"No, I mean more like... conjure a spirit? Pray to a dead god, piss off a gypsy, get struck by lightning? Anything like that?"

She blinked. "What are you trying to say? Are... are you OK?"

"Maybe I should show you instead of trying to tell you," David said. He got out his phone, opening up his photo album. Only... all the pictures and video he'd taken yesterday were gone! What had happened?! Then he saw there was a solitary picture he didn't recognize, and as

he opened it, he saw it was a note. Not in his wife's handwriting, but he had no doubt that her hand had written it.

Big Papa, you should know better than to try to use me for your spank bank. You wanna use me to get off, you call me. There was a phone number written there. Lauren's. Then there was a little heart drawn with a knife plunged into it and a goofy smiley face dripping blood, followed by her name. *Mayhem*. She must've been nosing around after he'd fallen asleep, and of course, that girl would have had little respect for privacy.

"Or I guess I'll just tell you," he amended, setting down the phone. "Now, this may be a little hard to believe..."

