

Garnet  
by Pan  
Chapter 1

She hadn't realized what it was when she'd bought it.

Janet Miller was a middle-aged woman living in Toledo, Ohio. She'd always had a simple focus - being the best wife and mother she could be. She'd raised two beautiful children; her son Martin had just left for college. Maya, her daughter, was halfway through grad school. And her loving husband Ken was a successful businessman - he did technical consulting for multiple Fortune 500 companies, and earned more than enough money to ensure that their family wanted for nothing.

Their success was Janet's success; it told her that she'd done a great job. She'd kept them together through the hard times; loved and supported her husband, offered guidance and discipline to her children in the appropriate ratios, and when her husband had left his job to start his own company, she'd been beside him every step of the way, even working part-time at the local grocery store to support the family when they'd most needed it.

But Janet had always had a secret desire. A passion that her husband had likely forgotten about - if he'd ever known about it in the first place.

Janet had wanted to *dance*.

She wasn't naïve enough to think that she could have been a professional - her breasts were too large, she knew that.

But there had always been something so fascinating, so alluring about the way dancers moved their body, and she'd always wanted to learn how to do it herself.

Family had come first, of course, and her dreams had been put on hold. But when her youngest child had moved out, Janet had - partially to distract herself from the feeling of loneliness she got from the empty house - done something she hadn't done since she was a teenager, and started thinking about taking dance classes.

Her research quickly told her that everything available locally was booked for the next several months, and the idea of taking 'online courses' for such a physical skill held very little appeal. Just before Janet hid her secret dream away again, an ad caught her attention:

LEARN TO DANCE AT HOME WITH THIS REVOLUTIONARY INSTRUCTIONAL SUIT.

Clicking through, Janet was shocked and intrigued by what she found - for what seemed like an exorbitant price, she could purchase a suit that would (if the site was to be believed) teach her everything she needed to know about dancing without her ever having to take a class.

After entering her measurements, her finger hesitated on the mouse, her cursor hovering above "Buy Now", but - remembering the years of effort she'd put into her husband's career - she followed her heart, and clicked. And waited.

And waited.

It was more than a month before it arrived. It made sense - the site had said that the suit needed to be hand-crafted, to perfectly suit her. And when it arrived...

She hadn't realized what it was when she'd bought it.

The pages of positive reviews had been what had convinced her that she wasn't being scammed, but none of them had mentioned exactly what kind of dancing the suit would teach. Janet hadn't questioned it at the time - she'd been expecting jazz, or ballroom, or...well, anything except for what she got.

Stripping.

The suit was built to teach her how to strip.

The box read EXOTIQUE DANCER'S BODY SUIT, BLACK EDITION, and as soon as she saw it, the relatively conservative Janet realized she'd made a huge mistake.

It showed a woman with curves quite similar to Janet's, but where Janet had always done everything in her power to hide her body, the woman on the cover was far from shy. She looked extremely happy to be showing off her body, thrusting her tits forward with a confidence that Janet both disdained and envied.

This wasn't what Janet had wanted. It wasn't something she could wear, it wasn't a skill she wanted to learn...but the site had been very clear, she couldn't return it. And she couldn't just throw it out - what if a neighbor saw it in the trash?

What would they think?

Unsure what else to do with the abominable suit, Janet hid it away in her closet, somewhere she knew her husband would never look. God, what would she do if she found it? There would be no explaining why she'd made such a ridiculous, expensive purchase.

For the next two months, Janet barely gave the suit another thought. She knew she'd have to deal with it eventually - the next time she made a trip to the local landfill, she could sneak it into the car without her husband noticing - but it was far from a priority.

Then her husband left.

He would often go on lengthy work trips - this one was two weeks; long, but not unusually so. It was his first trip since their son had left for college, and suddenly Janet found the emptiness of the house almost overwhelming.

With no husband and no kids, Janet found herself completely alone. All of her friends were busy with their own families, and her sister had started dating a man who Janet wanted to spend as little time with as possible.

She briefly wondered if she should be worried about how much wine she was drinking, especially alone, but she just had no other way to pass the time.

It was after almost an entire bottle of wine that Janet remembered the suit.

The suit.

With several glasses of zinfandel inside her, the EXOTIQUE DANCING offered by the box - while still not her first choice, of course - seemed much less repugnant than it had when she'd first seen it. After all, she wanted to *move her body*, however she could, and it wasn't like anyone would see it but her.

Hell, maybe when her husband returned, he'd enjoy seeing the new skill she'd suddenly learned while he was away...

The idea of surprising Ken with a strip tease made Janet giggle, and she used this nervous energy as motivation to fetch the box from her closet, and - for the first time - open it.

Even in her more-than-tipsy state, the contents of the box shocked her. She'd been expecting the body suit, but she hadn't expected it to have 'enhanced' breasts (especially since she'd entered her own extremely generous measurements when buying it), or for there to be two holes between the legs. Aside from those, it looked like it would cover every inch of her from neck to ankles, with holes for her fingers.

Also in the box were two pelvic 'inserts' - when she picked them up, Janet was disgusted to discover that they were very slightly damp.

There was a sheet of temporary tattoos - 'to be applied as desired'. Janet knew she wouldn't be using that, if she could even bring herself to put the suit on. For such an expensive purchase, the whole thing was giving her an extraordinarily suspicious vibe.

There was make-up and some molding putty in the box, as well as a small box of pills. SOUTHERN BELLE. TRAILER TRASH TALKER. THROATY SEDUCTION. NORTHERN EXPOSURE. AIRY PILLOW TALK.

“What the heck?” Janet asked out loud, looking through the selection. Apparently she’d missed more on the website than just what kind of dancing the suit taught.

There were two aerosol cans included - WATERPROOF FIXING and RELEASE SPRAY, as well as a book of instructions.

Lastly, there was a USB drive, as well as a clear sleeve the size of a credit card.

After a brief glance at the instructions, it was the USB drive that Janet grabbed next. She knew that her tech-savvy husband wouldn’t want her putting strange software on the computer... but, well, he wasn’t around. Besides, she told herself, if he was so tech-savvy, she was sure he could fix it if anything went wrong.

The book had said that the first step was to make a fake “ID” for the suit. Janet wasn’t exactly sure why that was necessary, but she’d had enough to drink that she couldn’t help but see all this as a strange adventure; something to pass the time until her husband got back.

Worst-case scenario, she’d unplug the computer, get rid of the box, and pretend that she’d never made the ridiculous purchase in the first place.

Loading up the software, she was relieved to see that it didn’t seem to be a virus - the software seemed professionally-made, and a series of easy-to-follow pop-up tips appeared to guide her through the process.

The first step was to put the suit on. It took another glass of wine for Janet to build up the courage to strip naked and slip into the strange material. It was surprisingly comfortable, and almost as soon as it touched her skin, she could barely feel its presence.

The software instructed her to apply make-up or molding putty, which - even while she was sloshed - only took her about ten minutes to do.

Janet wasn’t a vain woman, but she was very used to using make-up to hide her wrinkles or sporadic acne. She was unable to resist using the putty to give herself some cheekbones (something she’d always wanted), and further hide any signs that she was aging.

Right before she put the make-up away, she used it to give herself fuller lips. *If I’m going to be a stripper*, she thought cheekily, *I might as well commit!*

As she checked herself out in the mirror, she wondered if her husband would even recognize her. The suit simultaneously flattened her stomach and gave her larger tits, and the putty and make-up made look - from a distance at least - almost twenty years younger.

Her eyebrows raised in shock as she lifted up one of her breasts (the suit somehow gave them a level of droopiness even greater than her own natural tits) and realized that the suit also showed a fake scar beneath each tit. Who *wanted* to look like they had fake tits? What on earth was the point of that?

After a few minutes of staring, Janet concluded that her husband would probably still recognize her by her hair. She was a natural blonde...but, of course, she didn’t have to be.

Giggling at how quickly her evening had transformed from a boring night at home, Janet made her way into her daughter’s room. Maya had been given a minor role in her senior year play, and she’d kept the wig after closing night.

The middle-aged woman soon found it, buried at the back of Maya’s closet. While looking, she’d been shocked to find a collection of tank tops, shorts, and skirts that Janet and her husband would *certainly* never have approved of, as well as - most appalling of all - a packet of cigarettes.

Janet made a mental note to have a Serious Talk with her daughter the next time she called,

and returned to the bathroom with the wig.

Yes, that made a big difference. With the wig on, even her husband wouldn't have been able to tell that it was her, standing seemingly naked in front of the bathroom mirror.

The fake tattoos caught Janet's eye, and she couldn't resist. Maya had a tattoo - *that* had caused quite a row - but Janet had never seen the appeal.

Now, looking at the soon-to-be stripper in the mirror, she understood for the first time why one would want to customize your body.

Fifteen minutes later, Janet wondered if she'd gone overboard. She'd added more than two dozen of the fake tattoos to the body-suit; the first few had been so fun, she hadn't seen any reason to stop.

In any case, they'd done it. If her husband was to come home right now, there was no way he'd possibly recognize the woman standing in his wife's bedroom.

Janet was buzzing with excitement - and zinfandel - when she sat back down at the computer.

The final instruction was to use one of the vaginal inserts. This, more than anything she'd done so far, gave Janet pause, but the momentum of her adventure (combined with the wine) was enough to push her over the edge. She chose one at random, closed her eyes and tried not to think about what she was doing, and winced at the surprising amount of fullness the plastic gave her.

CLICK THIS BUTTON IF YOU ARE READY TO BEGIN, the instructions said, as she sat down at the computer.

Without even a moment of hesitation, Janet clicked the button, and changed her life forever.