

Dimensions of Desire: Finale

For Anonymous

By TheSpiralledEye

After experimenting with being middle aged in the middle east, Mollie and Liam decide it's time for him to make his grand entrance as Paizleigh into the real world.

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“How are the kids? Still having trouble with Jaya?”

“Oh yes, she thinks now that she is sixteen she is an adult.” Mollie sighed, “She's too old to listen to her mother, acts as if I came out of the womb an old woman and has no idea what it's like to be young.”

The two women sat across from one another at the low table, sipping mint tea in the warm afternoon sun. Outside the busy streets of Dehli were packed with people, even in their relatively tucked away little neighbourhood. Mollie, currently in the form of a woman in her fifties sat cross legged in a conservative sari, complete with golden nose stud and a red bindi on her forehead.

Paizleigh on the other hand had chosen something entirely new for her; she was her usual voluptuous self but nobody would know under her conservative, loose fitting clothing. She even had a head shawl covering her long dark hair.

Prolonged role play was something they had both been eager to try; rather than strictly focusing on sexual fantasies Mollie had suggested they try out entirely new lives. So, for the past two weeks they had taken on the lives of older women of the subcontinent, living life as normally as possible.

Mollie had her hands full with her children while Paizleigh had been enjoying working in the small bakery beneath her New Delhi apartment. It was a lot slower paced than their usual fare but they made sure to add an elicit edge. After all, they were both married women in this universe; a devout Muslim and Hindu respectively. Not only was the idea of a lesbian relationship taboo but the fact that it was also an affair gave it a certain spice and edge they were both enjoying.

There was something fun about sneaking around their new husbands' backs to be together, all while playing the role of 'best friends' to the outside world. It was what they were

doing right now, sitting together by an open window, looking as innocent as can be to any bystander below on the street; but they knew better. Not that they had actually done anything yet, it was all part of the game, seeing which one would end up getting impatient and playing the role of the seducer; the other the innocent victim corrupted by lesbian romance and sexuality.

“I tell her jeans are not for good Indian girls but does she listen?” Mollie continued, “Bah, girls these days, they know nothing. I’ve been picking her clothes her entire life and the result was not one bad outfit, now she struts around looking like some Western whore.”

“Girls do get rebellious around that stage.” Paizeligh sighed idly, “I know I did.”

“Yes but we knew how far to push!” Mollie retorted, “Deep down we were both good girls who listened to their mothers. Jaya? Ha! Never.”

“I don’t know.” Paizeligh drawled, “I think I did a few things my mother would have disapproved of...You never did?”

“No of course not!” Mollie replied a little too quickly, Paizleigh smiled.

She shuffled to the other side of the table and sat so their legs were pressed against one another, nothing obvious yet, just an ‘accidental’ brush of the skin.

“I went to an all girls school...” Paizeligh continued, taking a deep sip of her tea so that her chest rose and fell. Even with the loose clothing it was obvious there was something sizable hiding beneath.

“Oh? Me too.” Mollie replied, there was a slight dusting of pink across her cheeks now.

Paizleigh felt her body begin to warm beneath her clothes, the thrill of the hunt slowly sinking into her blood. Memories of her times back at that all girls school floated back into her mind, of sneaking off into cupboards and bathrooms with other girls her age to experiment.

“Those are the sorts of places I should have sent Jaya.” Mollie continued, “They taught girls how to behave properly, I swear, the way she is going it will only be a matter of time before she’s pregnant.”

“You think she’s...sleeping around?” Paizleigh said with mock horror, leaning in closer for emphasis so their sides pressed together.

“W-well maybe.” Mollie stammered, the pink in her cheeks turning red, “I don’t really want to think about it.”

“About sex?”

“No, about my daughter getting pregnant I don’t think about sex often at all!” Her response was a bit too fast and Paizleigh knew she had her.

“You know, I always preferred a woman’s company over my husband.” She whispered huskily, “Have you ever tried it?”

Mollie shivered and shook her head as Paizleigh’s hand came to rest on her knee, gently stroking along the silky soft fabric of her sari.

“Did you want to try?” She offered quietly, “If we lie down right here, nobody outside will see.”

“B-but It’s not right.” Mollie shook her head, “I’m not a lesbian.”

“Neither am I.” Paizleigh laughed, remembering her old life, “But we’ve been playing dutiful wives long enough for this to be a bit of thrill regardless, don’t you think?”

For just a moment a flicker of the old Mollie was there and her mouth quivered into a naughty smile before her new personality reasserted itself and it turned back to a shy, nervous look.

“What if our husbands find out?” She whispered.

“They won’t.” Paizleigh insisted, already sliding forward to slip a hand into her sari. “Just let it come.”

“Ooooooh....”

Mollie's breasts were small and pert, yet firm with just the right amount of give to squeeze. Paileigh grinned, from outside they probably looked as if they were whispering to one another, as older women tended to do. Nobody would be able to see her hand was currently inside Mollie's sari gently massaging her breast and brushing her thumb across her dark nipple.

Mollie's face was a mixture of emotions, her lip trembled in an effort not to let her jaw drop open in delight and her eyes were wide, pupils dark and wide with lust. Yet there was hesitation still there, as if she were trying to stop herself from enjoying it.

"Relax, don't resist it." Paizleigh teased, taking the other woman's nipple between her thumb and forefinger and gently rolling it. "Let yourself enjoy this."

"Ooooh but it's so..."

"Naughty? Good?"

"Yes!"

Mollie whimpered with bliss as Paizleigh slowly lowered them both to the floor to lie out of sight of the people below. It took quite a bit of effort to unwrap Mollie's traditional sari but eventually the loose fabric fell away, revealing her pretty chest which Paizleigh did not hesitate to ogle. Her beautiful, deep brown skin looked positively beautiful.

Paizleigh lowered her lips to the soft nipples, swirling her tongue across them as they began to stiffen. Within seconds they were hard and Paizleigh began to suck much to Mollie's shock and delight. Her back arched and a strained sound escaped her throat causing Paizleigh to giggle against her skin.

"Quiet now." She whispered between sucks, "Wouldn't want anybody outside to think anything...sinful was happening."

"B-but I can't help it." Mollie writhed, "Ah...Ahhh oh yes, just like that."

Paizleigh could feel her own body starting to react now. Warmth bloomed between her legs and she shivered, poised above Mollie kissing and licking at her skin. Her own heft breasts hung loose in her robes, unsupported by any sort of bra. Mollie reached up with trembling, inexperienced hands and slowly began to push aside the loose fabric until they were free.

They were twice the size of Mollie's own and Paizleigh groaned as she lowered them to press against those pert little mounds.

Mollie gasped, her arms gripping Paizleigh's arms and shoulders as they slowly crushed closer. Paizleigh could feel Mollie's hard nipples pressing against her own and she let a small moan escape her; it had been so long since she'd felt another woman's body against hers.

Their hands began to move faster, ripping away their conservative clothing to reveal the bodies beneath. Paizleigh sighed in contentment, feeling her bare skin exposed to the air at last, her wonderful curves on full display for Mollie to see for the 'first' time. They pushed against one another, pressing skin to skin and moaning until Mollie slowly, almost reverently, reached for Paizleigh's headdress.

Paizleigh felt her heart stutter slightly as Mollie gripped the headscarf, gazing deeply into her eyes as if asking permission. Paizleigh nodded and with one smooth movement Mollie removed the covering, letting Paizleigh's long hair fall out. The sound of her love's surprise was priceless; where she had been expecting dark tresses instead there was bleach blonde. Another secret taboo this version of her had committed. Under that conservative headscarf nobody knew she was really sporting a head covered in bleached blonde hair, at least until now.

Mollie's fingers combed through the slightly damaged locks with wonder.

"Does your husband know you did this?"

"That idiot? Not, he only undresses me where he needs me." Paizleigh scoffed, "Which isn't my head."

"You really are a rule breaker, I'd have never guessed."

"Rules are made to be broken darling," Paizleigh cooed, lowering herself back down to nibble at the shell of Mollie's ear. "And I want to break at least one more before our lunch date is over."

Mollie shivered.

"Is this a date?"

"If it wasn't before, it sure as shit is now, darling."

Paizleigh locked their lips and moaned down the other woman's throat, cupping her breasts once more and squeezing tight enough that Mollie had to break their kiss to squeal.

Paizleigh lowered her voluptuous body down against her smaller lover, humming with joy as their naked bodies finally came together.

She straddled Mollie's hips, pressing their clits together and causing them both to moan, a sound which Paizleigh had to swallow up, lest they attract any attention from the busy street outside. Gently she began to rock her hips, even the small movement caused her butt to sway and jiggle in the breeze and she had to resist the urge to move faster just to feel it more. Mollie's clit was bulging against her own and she could feel their juices mixing, her small rocks turned to full on humping within a matter of seconds to both of their delight.

Paizleigh's whole body began to undulate, her breasts coming down hard against Mollie's own before rising up again to allow her pussy to crush against the other woman's. With each undulation she felt her curves jiggle and shake in the most delicious ways. The fact that she had such a sexy, sinful body hidden under all those layers gave her such a thrill. She could not wait to redress this afternoon and walk home knowing full well what she had done without anybody else on the street knowing.

"Oh! There!" Mollie shuddered as their pussies came together once more. "Again! Please!"

Paizleigh obliged, pressing their clits together one more and rocking back and forth, no longer breaking contact. It felt wonderful; the velvet folds of another woman against her own was unlike any pleasure she had ever experienced. So gentle, so soft, it felt somehow pure; how anybody could ever consider such acts unnatural she could never understand. This felt like the most natural thing in the world.

She could feel the pressure inside her growing and her breathing became unsteady. Still, she did not allow herself to close her eyes; instead Paizleigh focused her gaze on Mollie's face. It twisted in pleasure, her mouth opening and closing as she struggled to stay quiet; there was still a hint of guilt in her eyes. No, Paizleigh could not stand for that.

She lowered her upper body back down to fully cover Mollie's as she continued to roll her hips. After giving her ear a quick nip she whispered.

"It's okay to cum, darling, go on. Cum for me."

Mollie *wailed*.

Not the kind of wail they would easily be able to play off as pain either; there would be no question to anybody who heard it; that was the sound of a woman in pure ecstasy. The echo of Mollie's pleasure bounced around in Paizleigh's skull and she shuddered, giving her clit the tiny bit of extra friction it needed to send the final bolt of pleasure to her core. Unlike Mollie, who was still writing, Paizleigh came hard and fast. Her whole body shuddered almost violently and she was forced to bite down on Mollie's shoulder to keep from screaming.

Mollie gave a small, lustful gasp as Paizleigh's teeth left indents in her skin but otherwise stayed silent as finally, they both stilled on the floor. Eventually, Paizleigh rolled off her lover and they laid side by side, catching their breaths.

"Somebody will tell my husband about the sound." Mollie said gravely, "He will think another man was here."

"At least you won't be lying when you say otherwise." Paizleigh snickered.

For some reason, that set Mollie off and they were both lost in fits of laughter. The whole situation was absurd; laying naked on the floor with your best friend having just made love within earshot of an entire street full of people.

"I suppose that's the end of this little adventure." Paizleigh sighed, finally breaking character, "Was fun though."

"Agreed." Mollie nodded, "Having sex with a woman while not a lesbian is...odd."

"Yeah, good but sort of strange. DO you think that's how people in the closet feel when they have straight sex?"

"I wouldn't know, the normal me is attracted to everybody." Mollie shrugged.

"Should we go back? Or play out the lesbian runaway scenario when my new 'husband' comes back and that nosy bitch next door tells him what I've been up to."

"I'm not up for the drama today." Paizleigh breathed, "Let's get back, we have a pretty important party to organise anyway."

Her life as...whatever his name was, was distant in her mind but she still knew a few king facts. If she didn't she would constantly overstay her welcome and miss important events. Paizleigh couldn't recall right now what it was exactly that her 'real' self had to do, only that it was important.

So as the sound of angry footsteps appeared on the staircase behind them Mollie and Paizleigh shared looks and sighed, vanishing back to the real world.

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Liam sighed as the transformation finally finished reverting and his old name and identity unlocked. He got up and stretched, letting Mollie take his place so they could turn back for the week ahead. They had to attend a big charity event and then, that Saturday was the big end of financial year ball his company held each year. All his employees were going to be there, including his young protege Jack.

It was the perfect opportunity to announce his retirement.

It had been over a year since he first got his hands on the reality changer and transformation machines and he knew now more than ever that he wanted to let go of the high stress life that had led him here. He would announce his retirement and plan to settle into a quiet life with Mollie.

To the outside world he would be a recluse, one without enough spice to really pursue following. He'd just be another rich man who lived in his fancy house and rarely came out. In reality though, he would be anything but. Thanks to the machine he could take Paizleigh out on the town in his own reality; just thinking about it sent a shiver of fear and anticipation down his spine. The risk, the thrill, it was almost too much to bear.

With his resources he could probably make an entire fake intensity for her; ID, apartment, all the bells and whistles. By the time Mollie was done changing back to her usual self his grin was a mile wide.

"What's got you looking like the Cheshire cat?" She teased.

"An idea."

"Oh?"

“Do you think we could move the transformer to the office in time for the party this Saturday?”

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The announcement of his retirement was met with shock but understanding. Liam spoke about his mental health and how for the good of the company and his stress, he needed to step down. He shook hands, he accepted accolades and thanks from all levels of his staff. On the outside he was the perfect gentleman as always but on the inside he was already buzzing with excitement.

He spent the next few hours with one eye on the clock, waiting until an appropriate amount of time had passed before making his exit. Encouraging the employees to stay and enjoy some ‘private entertainment’ he had ordered on their behalf as a thank you for their loyalty.

He left the building, got in his car and then had the driver drop him off around the corner before throwing on a hoodie and glasses to sneak back to the office. Mollie was waiting in the abandoned office space on the bottom floor as agreed, the transformation machine waiting for him as Liam’s heart raced.

“Ready for this?” She grinned, “Know I will be sneaking around taking pictures.”

“I can’t wait to see them.” Liam grinned, “Let’s get Paizleigh here, the men will be wondering when the entertainment is arriving.”

He settled into the now well worn and comfortable chair of the machine and sighed, slipping the band around his head and feeling that telltale tingle of warmth. He had thought long and hard about which version of Paizleigh to bring to the party and decided on his stripper identity; it made the most sense for entertaining a party after all.

His skin began to darken as the warm tingling feeling spread over his entire body and with a groan he felt his ass begin to inflate. First to a normal, peachy size before continuing. His hips widened and Liam groaned as he felt the bones shift to accommodate his new bubble butt. He couldn’t wait to get it moving and feel all the silicone inside bounce with him.

His thighs thickened as his arms thinned and shoulders sloped and his nipples began to hum with energy. Here it comes, his second favourite part of transforming; his breasts. God he loved the feeling of the skin there stretching, tits inflating to round, slightly hard pert balls on his chest with diamond nipples. He arched his back in joy, watching the mounds rise in his vision as they inflated.

If his fingers weren't busy growing long nails and coating them with trashy pink polish he could have reached up to cup the beautiful boobs but as it stood, he was forced to watch and wait. His short hair took on a stretchy, overworked feeling as it grew out around his face and he hummed in approval as the band around his forehead tightened. Once more Liam faded and Paizleigh took the stage.

She grinned, used to forgetting her old self nearly instantly, though interestingly, it didn't normally happen until her physical change was complete. There was still one very important thing that needed to change; located right between her legs.

Her cock was hard; that wasn't unusual. These transformations turned her on so much the blood was rushing south before the machine had even warmed up most of the time. It was such an odd sensation, feeling her hard on shrink and slowly recede back into her body. The sensitive head became tiny and hard as it formed into her lovely, building clit.

The hole opened up and a gush of juices immediately flew free, the side effect of being so turned on so quickly. She writhed, moaning as she felt her velvet passage forming. This was her favourite; tight, far tighter than people would expect of her black stripper self. She loved the faces men made when they pushed into her and were met with her wet walls crushing them from all sides; she never tired of it.

With a gasp, the final parts of her mental programming were complete and The band around her head loosened, allowing a few errant hairs to fall over her face as she removed it. Mollie gave her a familiar smile and nodded, handing over a white box topped with a gold ribbon.

"Wha's all this?" Paizleigh asked, loving the sound of her original crass voice once more. The thick middle Eastern accent had it's appeal but nothing could beat the wild authenticity of Paizleigh primes husky tones.

"A gift, I thought you might like something 'special' for your first real world performance." Mollie grinned, "I had a hell of a time ordering it without you seeing."

Paizleigh's heart began to race and she did not hesitate to rip the carefully folded bow to shreds getting the parcel open. Inside was tissue paper, but beneath was an outfit that made even Paizleigh momentarily speechless. A two piece outfit made from the same glittering purple material. A tube top, fringed with gold and a skirt so short she could have put it around her neck and called it a scarf. The edge also had a gold fridge and upon inspection she noticed there was a pair of built in crotchless panties attached. A pair of sequined heels completed the set. With little feathers on the straps.

It was the most gaudy outfit Paizleigh had ever laid eyes on, only a truly cheap, tacky stripper would wear something like this. Or perhaps a Vegas showgirl trying to be ironic.

"It's perfect." she breathed, "Oh Mollie, doll, ya the best!"

"I know." Mollie grinned, "Now hurry up! I bet they are waiting for you!"

Grinning ear to ear Paizleigh squeezed herself into the tight outfit, feeling the sequins tug at her pubic hair ever so lightly as she adjusted the panties. Once ready she struck a pose.

"How do ah look?"

"Incredible."

"As if there wuz any other answer!" Paizleigh giggled gleefully, "Now, let's go!"

"I'll take the service elevator in a sec, let me just change myself a bit so nobody recognises me." Mollie winked.

"See you in a moment."

Paizleigh practically skipped down the hall to the main elevator, an invitation clasped tightly in her hand to prove she had been invited. She was shocked as she approached the elevators though, to see none other than Jack returning from outside. His suit had the faintest hint of cigarette smoke wafting off it and Paizleigh breathed it in deep, causing him to jump in shock.

She took a special sort of glee watching his eyes go from shocked and vaguely disgusted to turned on and trying to hide it as they raked over her body.

"Can I help you...miss?"

"Oh no need ta be so formal with lil' ol' me." Paizleigh giggled, "Ya big man organised some entertainment for the fellas, the usual girls weren't available though, so they sent me as a last resort! Can ya believe it? Me? A last resort? Bah, I should have been their first call!"

Paizleigh's heart raced; how she had longed to be this crass here as her former self. Now she was truly living out a dream; if Jack knew who she really was he'd have a heart attack

from pure shock. She felt almost like she was undercover. Or perhaps, it had been her former self who was undercover and now she was introducing who she really was for the first time. Either way, it made her wet as fuck.

“Liam didn’t seem the type to hire strippers.” Jack said slowly as the doors opened.

“Oh nah, it was some HR fella, said the big boss wanted ‘entertainment’.” Paizleigh lied smoothly, “Maybe he wanted somethin’ more above board, but who cares, ya got me now and I am well worth the money. Promise you.”

Jack didn’t look convinced and Paizleigh felt a fire light inside her; she did love a good challenge. The thrill of the hunt filled her as she stepped into the elevator, heels clicking against the hard floor. She stood just that little bit too close to Jack, giving him the perfect view of her ample cleavage as she pressed her arms together to push it up.

“Either way,” She cooed, “ah’m sure we’ll have fun tonight.”

“Sure.”

He was trying not to look interested but men were always awful at that. She could see the cool sweat forming at the edge of his hairline, the way his eyes kept darting to her chest, how his feet shuffled uncomfortably. Yes, Paizleigh swore to herself, she would have him up on stage fucking her by the end of the night if it was the last thing she did.

She heard Jack trying to hide his sniffing. The perfume she had inlaid in her skin in this form was sweet. Almost sickly so, it was the sort of scent that stuck in your nostrils and made her unforgettable, just the way she liked it. The doors opened and Jack practically fled back into the party but Paizleigh took her time, walking with long, slow steps through the crowd.

The polite dinner guests all turned to stare as this show of purple sparkles parted the seat of people in tasteful cocktail dresses and suits. All eyes were on her; former employees, colleagues, hell, even the janitor was here and for once she felt no pressure. She was no longer Liam in body or soul; she was finally herself in the real world and she planned on making her entrance with a splash. Perhaps even literally.

The front stage curtains opened up, revealing a single silver pole she had installed secretly earlier that week and Paizleigh made her way up the stairs as somewhere in the room, Mollie hit the music. With more confidence than she had any right to have, Paizleigh grabbed the microphone and addressed the crowd.

“Even’ lads!” She called, “Ready for a fucking show!?”

Some of the drunken members of staff hooted and hollers, while others, mostly women, turned to leave in disgust.

“Get goin’ prudes!” She yelled after them, “We don’t need ya kind round here, we’re all ‘bout to have some serious fun!”

She turned, showing off her ass and wagging it at them with utter glee. It was surreal to think she had been up on this stage less than an hour ago, the picture of civility and respectability. Now she was anything but and she *loved* it.

Without any further encouragement she dropped the mic, letting the sound echo about the room as she ran for her beloved pole. With one fluid motion she lept upon it, swirling around several times before hoisting herself up to do a perfect upside down split and giving the whole room a perfect view of her round ass. It wasn’t peachy, it was far too big for that and the men yelled encouragement as she swayed herself from side to side, turning right side up to twerk it towards them in time with the beat.

The music moved her forward, she strutted, she swung, she glided up and down the pole, feeling her bare pussy press against the cold metal as her crotchless panties opened. Phone cameras flashed as people took pictures and Paizleigh scanned the crowd, idly wondering which one was Mollie. She blew kisses to each one she could see, her botoxed lips making the perfect pout every time.

“Take it off! Take it off!” One guy yelled and soon they were all screaming it.

Paizleigh took a moment to bask in the glow before reaching behind her back and unzipping her tube top. Her boobs fell free; huge and heavy and she grabbed them in her hands, throwing the top into the hungry crowd who clamoured for them.

“Who wants a touch?” She yelled and several hands appeared at the edge of the stage.

She dropped to her knees, crawling slowly toward them, kneeling right at the edge and thrusting out her chest for them to feel. She let her eyes flutter closed to fully appreciate the feeling of so many hands brushing against her skin; they squeezed and stroked so much she could feel her juices dripping onto the stage.

Suddenly, there were hands at her hips; her eyes snapped open to see none other than Jack. His tie had been loosened and by the smell of his breath he'd downed several glasses of hard liquor since arriving back at the party. He had a deep seeded hunger in his eyes and both his hands were gripping her skirt.

Paizleigh grinned; this was easier than she thought. In one fluid motion she swivelled on her ass, letting her legs rest on Jack's shoulder and gently pushing away. His hands kept the skirt in place as it peeled off her. Paizleigh stood, fully naked save for her heels and posed on stage and the crowd went ballistic.

With a wry grin she leaned back over, eyes locking with Jack's as she made a come hither motion with her finger. Wordlessly he stepped on stage and the men in the crowd began to hoot and holler like horny monkeys.

"Do it Jack!"

"Fuck her! Show her who's boss!"

Paizleigh pouted, drawing close.

"Oh, is that true, are ya the big boss man now?"

"Y-yeah." He replied roughly.

"Well," Paizleigh ran a finger down his chest, "Why don't we show these fellas why?"

Without another word she bent over, pressing her fingertips lightly to the stage floor as she listened to the sound of Jack unzipping his fly. Her body filled with anticipation; her eyes locked on the crowd. Then, she felt it.

In one quick thrust Jack was inside her, fucking her on stage and Paizleigh came right then and there. She was finally free, free to be the trashy whore she was always meant to be and she knew from this moment onwards she would never be able to go back.