

Good afternoon.
We have convened this special session at the behest of Brother Brenner.

Brother Brenner, you have already signed your name in the great book, but our agreement with the mighty one stipulates that every member may make a one time only alteration in the terms of his contract. It is my understanding that you wish to avail yourself of this opportunity.

You are aware that once this opportunity is used, it is forever lost, and whatever changes are made cannot be undone?

And you still wish to proceed?

Very well.

One of the men walked around behind the pedestal. The second man stopped just in front of it. The other two took up positions behind the second man. There was a brief moment of silence, and then the first man started to speak.

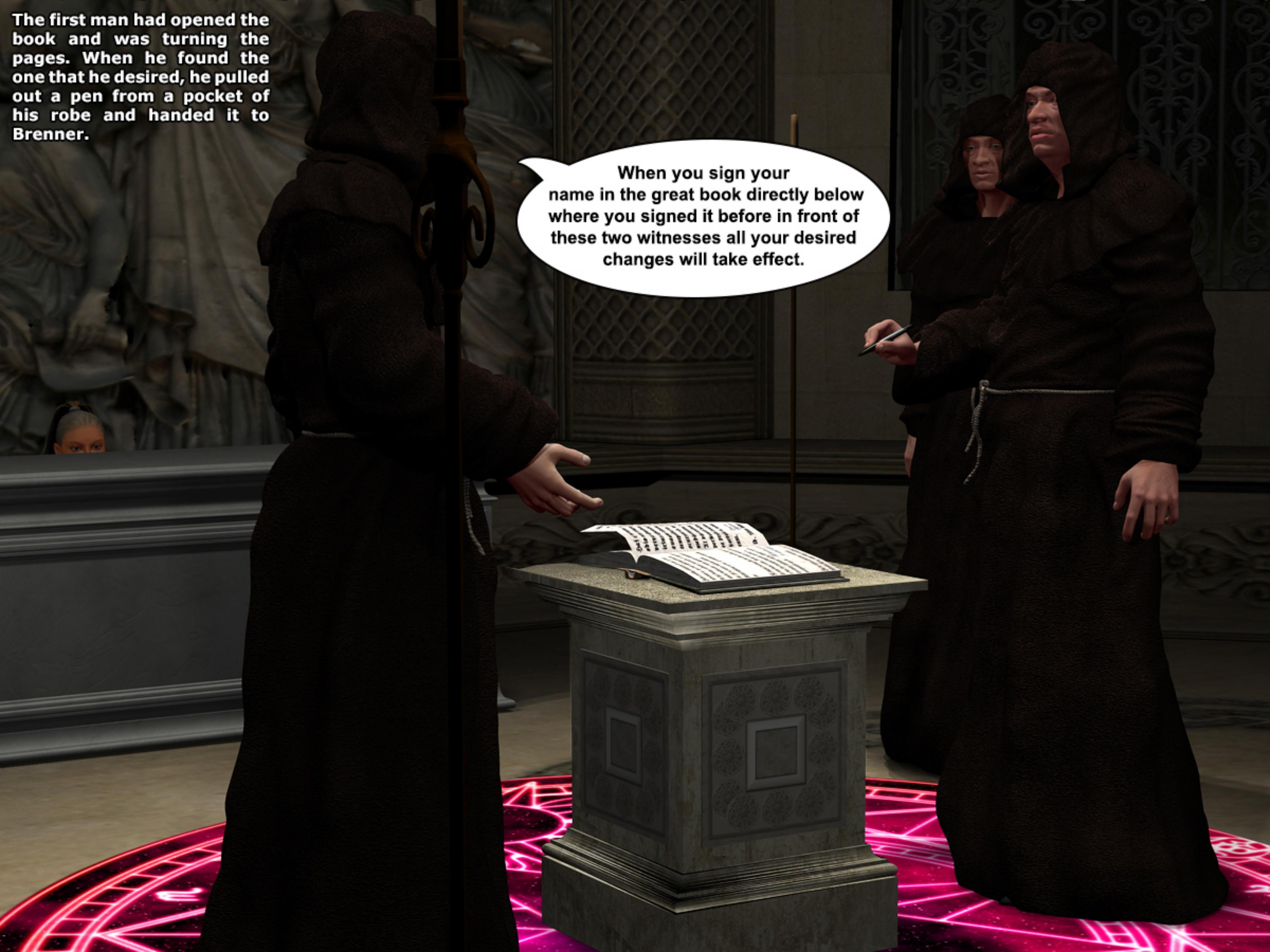
That is correct.

Yes, I am.

Yes.

The men in the room were concentrating on the man standing in front of the pedestal, who Cynthia now knew was Brenner, so none of them noticed when Cynthia lifted her head slightly so she could see what was going on.

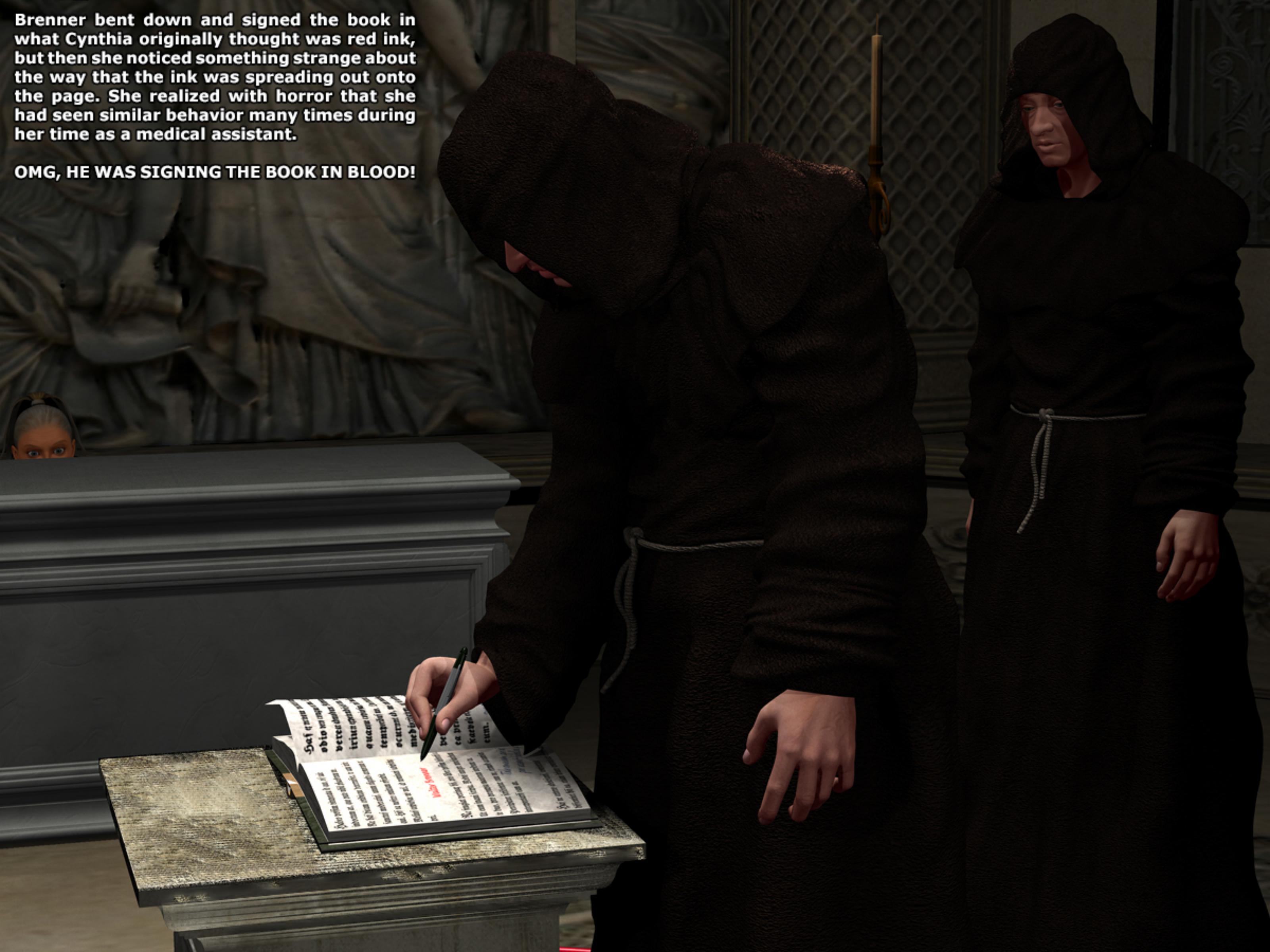
The first man had opened the book and was turning the pages. When he found the one that he desired, he pulled out a pen from a pocket of his robe and handed it to Brenner.



When you sign your name in the great book directly below where you signed it before in front of these two witnesses all your desired changes will take effect.

Brenner bent down and signed the book in what Cynthia originally thought was red ink, but then she noticed something strange about the way that the ink was spreading out onto the page. She realized with horror that she had seen similar behavior many times during her time as a medical assistant.

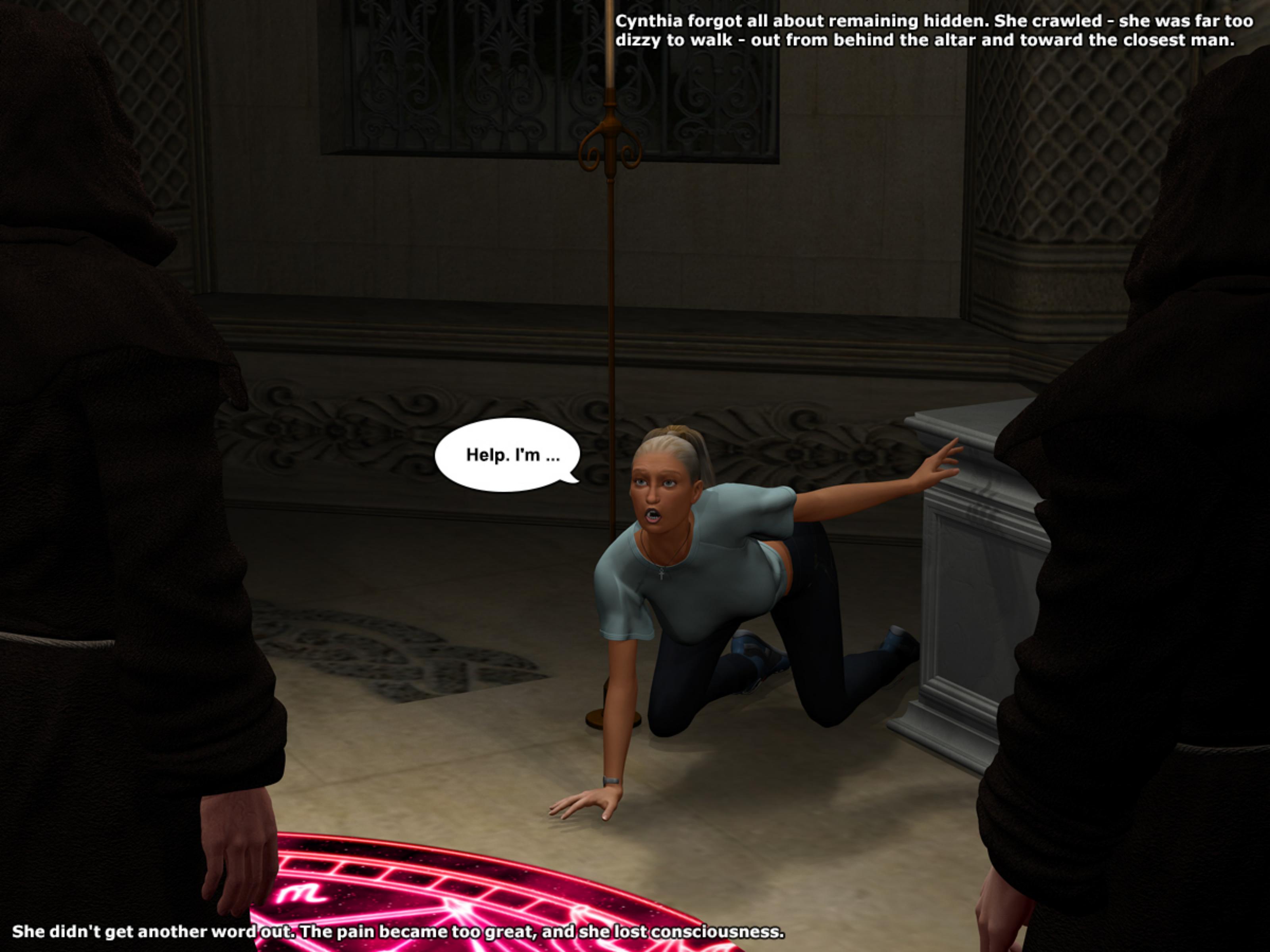
OMG, HE WAS SIGNING THE BOOK IN BLOOD!





Cynthia had hardly had time to take in the enormity of what she had just seen when she was suddenly hit with the worst headache she had ever experienced. It almost seemed to her that her head was about to explode. She didn't know what was happening to her, but she knew she needed help, and she needed it now.

Cynthia forgot all about remaining hidden. She crawled - she was far too dizzy to walk - out from behind the altar and toward the closest man.



Help. I'm ...

She didn't get another word out. The pain became too great, and she lost consciousness.

When they got over the shock of Cynthia's sudden appearance, the 4 men crowded around her as she lay unconscious on the ground. Webber was the first to realize who she was.



It's her. I told you she was a nosy one.

What are we going to do? She saw everything.

Everything will be OK if we get her back to Mike's place before she wakes up. Hurry up. We don't have much time.

Two of the men picked up the still unconscious Cynthia and carried her out of the temple.

When the men arrived at Joanie's house, they took Cynthia up to her room, dressed her in her nightgown and put her in bed. They couldn't ask Joanie to do this because she was temporarily incapacitated while her memory was being rewritten.



As she lay in the bed, the placid expression on the unconscious Cynthia's face gave no indication of the desperate struggle that had now started inside her mind.

Cynthia was dreaming. It was the only explanation for the extraordinary place she now found herself. She felt as if she was floating in the infinite vastness of space, but she could breathe, and there seemed to be gravity and a secure surface to stand on. She looked around in every direction, but she appeared to be alone. She suddenly felt an incredible feeling of loneliness wash over her. In desperation, she cried out to see if anyone would hear her.



I'm here.

Hello. Is
there anybody
out there?

Cynthia turned to look where the voice had come from. She could swear that there had been no one there before, but now a naked woman was standing no more than 10 feet from her. As she examined the woman, realizing at that moment for the first time that she was also naked, she couldn't help feeling that she seemed strangely familiar, somehow.





I think I'll stay
the way I am, thank you.

I'm not lying.

You don't really
mean that. Remember, I'm
you. You can't lie to me.

Yes, you are.
I share your thoughts,
and I know that all that feminist
stuff you preach is just a facade.
Deep down what you want to
be is a big-breasted
slut like me.

Cynthia was not about to get into an argument with a figment of her imagination, so she simply closed her eyes and tried as hard as she could to wake up. When her efforts proved futile, she again addressed her clone.

Why can't I wake up?



To Cynthia's shock, the figure of a naked Walter Brenner appeared standing next to the clone. At the sight of Brenner's flabby arms and sagging flesh, she felt an initial wave of disgust that was inexplicably replaced by a surge of arousal.

The clone pointed at Brenner.

This is your man.
Isn't he attractive?

He's not my man.
I find him repulsive.

I'm not...

Of course, this is your man.
He's the most handsome man you've ever seen. Remember, you can't lie to me. I know how aroused you are feeling right now.

Cynthia's stopped in mid sentence. She couldn't deny that she was feeling aroused, but she didn't understand why. There was something going on here.

The clone walked over and put one arm around Brenner.



You want to be with your man.
You need to be with your man. All you want
to do is cook and clean for your man and
serve your man's wonderful cock.
Oh, yes his cock.

The clone dropped to her knees and proceeded to move her left hand up and down Brenner's cock, which was already on the way to becoming erect.



You love your man's cock.
You need your man's cock. You want to touch
it and suck it and be fucked by it.



Cynthia found that she couldn't take her eyes of Brenner's cock. Her mouth opened slightly of its own volition and her pussy started to moisten, as her arousal continued to increase.



In the real world, Cynthia's body had started to transform, slowly making her look more and more like her clone.

Brenner's cock was now fully erect. The clone lowered her hand.



Your man's cock
is ready. Come and service
your man's cock.

No ... I ... don't...

Cynthia felt herself moving toward the cock, like a moth drawn to a flame. The closer she got to the cock, the more her arousal increased.

Cynthia had dropped to her knees, and her mouth was mere inches from Brenner's cock before her thoughts were able to break through the fog of arousal that threatened to overwhelm her. It was those men from Sanford. They were doing something to her, making her feel this way. She didn't know how they were doing it, but she knew that she had to resist. She summoned up all her willpower and pulled her head away from the cock.



Cynthia ran away as fast as she could. She had no idea where she was going or how she would escape from this strange dreamscape, but she knew that she had to get away from that cock. For a short time, she thought that she had succeeded, no one seemed to be following her, and her arousal started to decrease.



Suddenly out of nowhere, the figure of Brenner appeared right in front of her, his erect cock pointing directly at her. Cynthia was hit with a new wave of arousal greater than she had experienced before.



Tearing her eyes away from Brenner's cock, Cynthia turned around and ran in the other direction, but it was pointless. Mere seconds later, Brenner again appeared in front of her. This time, the wave of arousal hit her like a shock wave, and she fell to the ground.

Cynthia found herself on her back with her hips raised and her legs spread, as Brenner moved into position between them, his cock mere inches from her pussy lips, which she realized, to her shame, were dripping wet and ready for penetration. She tried to move, but found herself paralyzed, her mind trapped in a struggle between fear and arousal.



The Cynthia clone appeared again, looking down on Cynthia with a huge smile on her face.



You're such a lucky girl. The time has come to serve your man.

Of course you do. Feel how wet your pussy is.

Of course they are. They're allowing you to be the you that you always wanted to be. In a few minutes, it won't make a difference anyway. I see your man is ready, so let's finish things up.



With a mighty thrust, Brenner drove his penis into Cynthia's vagina, causing her to orgasm right on the spot.



Her virtual orgasm caused the real world changes to Cynthia's body to greatly accelerate.



Brenner began to piston his cock in and out of Cynthia's vagina, starting her on the way to a new orgasm. Cynthia tried her best to fight the waves of arousal that threatened to overwhelm her.

You don't really
feel this way about him. They
are doing this to you. They ...

Cynthia orgasmed again driving all thoughts out of her mind.

The fucking went on and on. Between orgasms, Cynthia was able to marshal a small bit of resistance, but that was quickly shattered by the next orgasm, and each time it took her longer and longer to come back to her senses. The clone still knelt by her side continuing her assault on Cynthia's crumbling sense of identity.





Sensing that Cynthia was close to breaking, Brenner changed the direction of his penetration causing his penis to make contact with Cynthia's clitoris. This caused her to have her strongest orgasm yet.



The orgasm was more than Cynthia could take, and she lost consciousness.

When Cynthia regained consciousness, she found that her clone had disappeared. There was just her ... and her man. Everything suddenly seemed so clear. Brenner was her man, and she was just his big-breasted slut. She now welcomed the presence of Brenner's cock in her pussy as it continued to pump in and out of her, driving her from orgasm to orgasm, driving away all thoughts except the feeling it gave her to have her man's cock inside her.

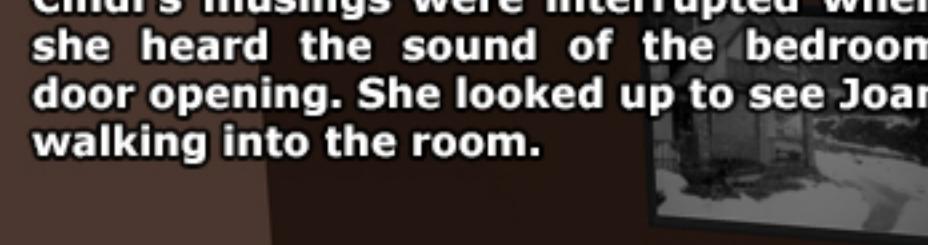


A 3D rendered image of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a dark grey bra and a blue and green striped nightgown. She is lying in a bed with white and grey pillows. A white speech bubble in the upper left corner contains the text "OH, YES!".

OH, YES!

Cindi came awake with a start and found herself in her bed in Joanie's house. She was very confused because she did not remember changing into her nightgown or going to bed. What was the last thing she remembered? She had gone for a walk. She had gone to the men's association, and then ... and then ...

Cindi's musings were interrupted when she heard the sound of the bedroom door opening. She looked up to see Joan walking into the room.



Up at last,
I see. Did you have a
nice nap?

I'm fine, but ...
I don't remember ... When did
I come back here?

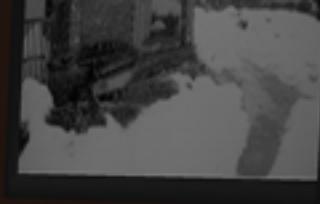
I still don't ...

My, you **WERE** tired.
Don't you remember, you came
back from your walk, saying that
you were tired out, and you
needed to take a nap.

Anyway, I came
to wake you up. You need to
start getting ready for your
date with Walter.



At the sound of Brenner's name, the questions swirling through Cindi's mind about her afternoon's activities were immediately forgotten, replaced by feelings of excitement ... and arousal. Walter Brenner was the sexiest man she had ever met. She suddenly remembered how happy she had been when he had asked her out on a date last night, and how she hadn't been able to concentrate on anything else since. She decided that THAT must be the cause of her memory issues. Putting aside all her stupid worries about the past few hours, she looked up at her sister, an excited expression now on her face.



You're right.
I need to get ready.

Cindi pulled off her nightgown and started to get dressed. She quickly realized that none of her clothes seemed to fit (she couldn't figure this out because as far as she was concerned her body had always looked the way it did now), and that, even if it did fit, it wasn't the kind of clothing that she wanted to wear. It was all so plain looking, and she wanted to be sexy for her date. After going through her clothes for a third time, she finally vented her frustration to her sister, who was finishing up making the bed.

All my clothes are
so plain. I want to look nice for Walter
tonight. I wish I had something more,
you know, sexy.

In response to her sister's plea, Joan let out a squeal of joy.



**Don't worry, sis.
I think that I have exactly
what you need.**



Joanie opened a large wardrobe cabinet that turned out to be filled with fetish outfits, lingerie and makeup. For a second, it seemed to Joanie that there were outfits in the cabinet that weren't there before, but she quickly dismissed that thought as ludicrous.



All this stuff
was here when we moved in.
See if you can find anything
you like.

The old Cynthia would never have been caught dead wearing anything like the clothing she found in the cabinet, but Cindi loved everything that she saw. This was just the type clothing that she wanted to wear. She let out a squeal of joy and started to try on the various outfits.

Eventually, Cindi decided on a tight fitting minidress that hugged her body and displayed all her ample curves to the maximum extent. She added fishnet stockings and a pair of platform heels. As the final touch, she fastened a set of hoop earrings in her ears. When she was done dressing, she couldn't help stopping to admire herself in the full-length mirror as she anticipated her upcoming date with Brenner.



Her preparations complete, Cindi walked back downstairs to wait for Brenner to arrive. She had just sat down when the doorbell rang.



He's Here!

Joanie opened the door and Brenner entered the house. After briefly greeting Joanie, his attention turned to Cindi who promptly ran over and threw herself into his arms.

Well, look at you.
You turned out even better
than I had hoped.

You bet I like it.
Shall we go? Our reservation
is for eight.

Hi there, big boy.

Oh, this. Just
a little something I threw on.
I'm glad you like it.



The reservation was at a fancy restaurant just outside of town. For the next two hours the couple enjoyed a romantic dinner together, although from Cindi's perspective the time went by in a flash.

The only awkward moment came when Walter asked her about what she had been doing since they saw each other last. She still had some blank spots in her memory from earlier, but she answered as best she could, and Walter seemed pleased with the answers. Cindi decided that if Walter was not worried about the memory loss, she wouldn't be either.



Oh, Walter **<kiss>**,
I'm sooo **<moan>** horny. I
need you now.

Oh, yes, Walter
<kiss>. I'm just your **<moan>**
little slut.

Don't be too
long, stud **<kiss>**.

By the time they left the restaurant, Cindi was drunk (she had had much too much to drink) and incredibly horny. She immediately agreed to Brenner's suggestion that they go back to his place... for a nightcap.

The moment they were inside his house she was all over him, moaning with arousal as she kissed him repeatedly all over the face and neck.

Of course you
do. You just my little slut,
aren't you?

I have a call to
make. Why don't you go up to the
bedroom and get yourself ready,
and I'll be right up.