

Garnet
by Pan
Chapter 2

ARE YOU READY TO BEGIN?

Even before consuming an entire bottle of wine, Janet wasn't the most tech savvy person. She wasn't completely useless around a computer - she'd mastered online shopping, and even ran the Facebook group for her local neighborhood. But for the most part, she left tech stuff to her husband, and focused her attention on the garden and keeping the house straight.

So it took her several minutes to realize why the software wasn't allowing her click to the next screen, or even type.

It was voice-operated.

"Yes," she said, a nervous giggle in her voice. "Begin."

THIS SURVEY WILL HELP YOU CREATE YOUR BRAND-NEW PERSONA. PLEASE CHOOSE CAREFULLY; YOUR SKILL WILL BE BASED ON THE ANSWERS YOU SELECT. STATE?

Janet almost answered "Ohio" instinctively, before her alcohol-addled brain realized what the software was asking.

This wasn't a sign-up sheet, this was invention. It was like writing a story - she got to create a character from scratch.

And her character, Janet thought with a smile, was a stripper in her twenties with long, red hair.

"Nevada," she answered, the most hedonistic state she could think of. A small hourglass appeared on the screen, and, a "Welcome to Las Vegas" graphic appeared.

NAME?

Again, Janet had to stop herself from drunkenly telling the computer her own name.

She glanced around the small office, her eyes landing on her husband's small collection of minerals, a hobby he'd picked up after watching *Breaking Bad*.

"Garnet," she answered, deciding to choose a name that was not entirely dissimilar to her own.

SURNAME?

"Cummins," Janet said, amusing herself with how dirty she was being. What was the harm, after all?

AGE?

"Twenty two," the middle-aged woman replied. The same age as her daughter.

PLEASE STAY STILL.

Janet froze, and her computer screen lit up as the webcam took a photo. The white flash disappeared, replaced by an image of her heavily made-up and contoured face, looking slightly surprised.

APPROVE?

"Yes," Janet murmured. It was odd, seeing "her" face like that. Not in the mirror, where she could twitch her nose and see it twitch, but a photograph...it made it all look so much more real, somehow.

It made Garnet look like an actual person.

The hourglass returned, and Janet jumped at the unexpected sound of her printer.

IMPORTANT: TRIM YOUR NEW ID, PLACE IT IN THE SLEEVE, SPRAY IT AND HEAT IT TO SET.

Making her way over to the printer, Janet was surprised to find a Nevada driver's license had printed for, of course, GARNET CUMMINS.

She wasn't sure what the point of assembling the ID was...it wasn't like she was actually going to leave the house in the suit. Part of her was nervous that laminating it would technically be considered counterfeiting.

But then she glanced back at the computer, where the bright, bold instructions were very clear. Janet was not one to break the rules. And besides...she'd gone *this* far. She might as well finish the job.

Pulling a pair of scissors from her craft kit, Janet carefully trimmed the fake ID, being careful not to cut herself or mess it up in her intoxication. She placed the printed ID into the sleeve, sprayed it with the release spray, and used a hairdryer to set it.

As soon as the laminate began to harden, she was hit with a wave of dizziness. Her breath left her body, and she was forced to sit down. It didn't feel like the mere effect of alcohol, however - this was something more. Something disorienting.

Something transformative.

It soon passed, and Janet felt...different.

Since her husband had left, she'd felt extremely alone. But as soon as the laminate had hardened on Garnet's ID, the loneliness had disappeared. It wasn't like someone else was in the house with her, it was more like...someone else was in her head.

Not a voice - she didn't feel like she was going crazy. More like...a presence.

A guidance.

As she carefully stood up, she realized what it was. A single, persistent question had now appeared in her mind, providing a direction. Not an instruction, just presenting options that she wouldn't have previously considered.

The question was simple:

WHAT WOULD GARNET DO?

Janet blinked twice at the strange question. She could feel her anxiety rising - she'd always been an anxious person (it was one of the reasons she enjoyed wine so much, it helped quell the constant nervousness that was otherwise always present.

But it wasn't helping now.

BUT A CIGARETTE WOULD.

Janet had spent her whole life trying to avoid inhaling so much as second-hand smoke, but apparently the answer to WHAT WOULD GARNET DO? when faced with this level of anxiety was...have a smoke.

For reasons Janet couldn't explain, she had to admit - it seemed like a good idea.

And so Janet found herself making her way back into her daughter's bedroom, fishing out the packet of cigarettes she'd found there, bringing one to her mouth, and lighting it.

She was surprised by how elegant her movements were. As a dancer, she'd always been a fairly graceful, but she'd never lit a cigarette before - she'd expected to fumble, or struggle with the lighter a little.

Nope. As if she'd been smoking her entire life, she lit the cigarette and inhaled a heady cloud of smoke.

She didn't cough as the cigarette smoke filled her lungs. Apparently the presence in her head, whatever it was, was enough to quell the tobacco-rejection she'd expected her body to experience.

Sitting in her daughter's room, Janet finished the cigarette. She should have hated it - she

knew she should have hated it - but for reasons that made no sense, she didn't.

She didn't hate it. No, more than that:

Janet loved it.

No wonder people smoked. As the nicotine began coursing through her bloodstream, she understood how something like this could be addictive. It didn't feel toxic, like she'd expected - it felt fulfilling. She felt...strangely complete.

She carefully put the cigarette butt out onto a small bowl she found on her daughter's desk, making a mental note to clean it up in the morning.

HAVE ANOTHER, the presence in her head suggested, but Janet resisted. The urge was still there, but greatly reduced, and she didn't want to spend the rest of the night smoking.

She hadn't even wanted to start, though she was glad she had.

Janet picked up the packet of cigarettes and took it back to the living room, where the mostly-empty box now sat. She really should get rid of it, she realized. She should take the suit off, and...

TAKE A PILL.

Janet barely even registered the thought before she'd reached out and grabbed the box of pills. What would Garnet do? Take a pill.

And even more than the cigarettes, doing what Garnet would do seemed like a really, really good idea.

SOUTHERN BELL

TRAILER TRASH TALKER

THROATY SEDUCTION

AIRY PILLOW TALK

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

Janet chose one at random, and swallowed it. Satisfied, the WHAT WOULD GARNET DO? voice in her head disappeared once more, allowing her to process what had just happened.

She'd just taken a strange pill from a product she'd ordered off the internet. She turned the box over - there was no list of ingredients, no possible side-effects, no text saying that it was approved by the FDA.

The pill could have been poison, or a drug, or something that would mix poorly with alcohol...she had no way of knowing, and now it was in her system, mixing with her blood, possibly altering her for life.

She needed a cigarette.

As she stubbed out the cigarette butt, Janet felt much better. The suit was professionally made, from a reasonably reputable website. She was sure that they weren't in the business of poisoning their customers, or getting them high.

"It's fine," she assured herself out loud. "It's going to..."

Wait. What?

Janet stopped mid-word. Was there someone else in the house?

"Hello?" she said, her eyes wide.

Janet's voice was typically soft, with a strong mid-western accent. She had once been interviewed by her son as a school project, and she'd hated hearing herself played back, but her husband had insisted that her voice was one of his favorite things about her. She'd listened a few more times, trying to hear what he heard, and had eventually been forced to admit that there must have been something pleasant about it.

But the voice emerging from her lips was anything but soft and light, or even "lilting" (as

one of he'd described it). It was deep. Husky.

Smoky.

Janet looked at the packet of cigarettes in shock. She knew that smoking had an effect on the vocal cords, but surely...surely two cigarettes couldn't affect your voice *that* quickly, could they?

"My name is Garnet Cummins," she said.

No, it was more than just the tone. The words coming out of her mouth...it didn't even sound like the same person. She was talking much slower than she normally did (even accounting for her current blood-alcohol level), and her accent was totally gone.

She sounded like...almost like a cowboy, but a woman.

No, not a cowboy. Like the madam of an old western brothel.

Or like a whore.

"This is too fucking weird," she muttered.

That was a big difference as well - Janet didn't like to swear; she saw it as unladylike.

But apparently the whore voice emitting from her throat had no such compunctions.

FIND A TOY.

Janet's anxiety was back - she'd just wanted to put the suit on for a lark, but now there was something in her head telling her to swallow pills and smoke cigarettes, and her voice had transformed in a way she didn't understand in the slightest.

FIND A TOY. Janet closed her eyes and tried to ignore the suggestion.

She wasn't confused - she knew exactly what it meant. When her husband had first started leaving for lengthy periods of time, Janet had found her fingers more than sufficient, but as the frequency of trips had increased, she'd...*"invested"* in some plastic friends to get her through the lonely nights.

FIND A TOY.

Several minutes passed, and the suggestion never faded in intensity. Eventually, admitting that she didn't have anything better to do, Janet gave in, grabbing the packet of cigarettes and making her way to the bedroom.

In her bedside drawer was a small collection of toys. Normally she'd start a masturbation session with a bath, but Janet wasn't sure how the body-suit would react to water, so instead she just lay down on the bed and grabbed her favorite, a large blue toy with some ribbing on the side.

Janet began to move it between her legs, but realized that the toy could probably use some lubrication. She had some in her toy drawer...but for reasons that she couldn't explain, Janet instead moved the toy to her mouth, deciding to lubricate it with her saliva.

Less than five minutes later, Janet was cumming, two fingers buried in her snatch, the blue toy deep down her throat. It had never made it back to her pussy - the feeling of it in her mouth had been more than enough stimulation, and resulted in one of the most powerful orgasms she could ever remember self-pleasure delivering.

As she came down from her orgasm, a wave of fatigue hit her, and - ignoring Garnet's suggestion to have a post-climax cigarette - Janet closed her eyes, and drifted off to sleep.

Several hours later, as Janet slumbered, a message appeared on the screen in her husband's office.

WARNING: DO NOT WEAR SUIT FOR MORE THAN EIGHT HOURS.