

A couple is shown from behind, sitting on a couch and looking out a window at a city skyline at night. The scene is dimly lit, with warm interior lights and cool blue and orange city lights visible through the window. The overall mood is intimate and contemplative.

MISS SPIRAL

OBSESSION

Obsession

By TheSpiralledEye

For Rel.Pink

It was one of those Fridays. It was one of those Fridays when both Adam and Ella had come home from work so fried from the week that even ordering takeout seemed like a huge effort. So when the cheap Chinese arrived, neither of them could be bothered picking out a movie to watch, so they both flopped onto the couch, takeout still in the cardboard, and flicked the TV on, ready to watch whatever was on.

"BMO TV," Adam said, sounding bored. "I've heard of this."

"It's that "Big Brother"-style show, right, the one where the contestants try to transform each other? Sandra from work is really into their products." Ella replied. "It all sounds a bit silly if you ask me."

"Agreed."

And yet neither of them reached for the remote; it was their usual routine at this point. Half watching whatever was on TV while they ate their food before shuffling off to spend time alone before falling into bed exhausted. Ella watched the contestants on the show and snorted. They were acting like idiots. And yet...they did look like they were having a lot of fun.

One woman was giggling wildly, and Ella tried to remember the last time she'd been that carefree.

Ella watched them all and felt jealousy starting to form a knot in her stomach. She found herself running her fingers through her own mousy brown hair while watching the women on screen. Ella had never considered herself ugly or unattractive, but comparing herself to the BMO women, she couldn't help but notice the split ends and lack of sheen in her own hair. Compared to the luscious, shiny locks they were sporting, she looked downright plain. Slowly, throughout the episode, their food was getting more and more forgotten, the noodles cold and stuck to the shiny cardboard as they both found themselves drawn in, Adam especially. Ella watched him out of the corner of her eyes, the way he leaned forward ever so slightly, the way his eyes sparkled under the television light. She knew that look. It was the way he'd looked at her on their first date almost ten years ago. For a moment, her jealousy flared into anger; what sort of husband looked at other women that way? But as quickly as it had come, the anger faded as she looked

down at herself. It

wasn't just the hair. It was her frumpy clothes and boring, basic makeup. She couldn't remember the last time she'd bothered to put in more effort than was necessary with her appearance. Or the last time she'd propositioned her husband. Hell, when was the last time they'd had sex at all?

As the credits rolled, Ella put down her half-finished dinner and straightened her back before putting on her most winning smile.

"You know, watching that gave me a second wind." She purred, running a hand down Adam's arm and watching with embarrassment as he looked more confused than anything. Had it really been that long?

"Watching that got you going?" He said with surprise, and Ella blushed. "Well, more like I just remembered it's been a while since I had my husband. Does it matter?"

"No," He smiled, "I guess not."

They kissed, and Ella smiled against his lips; they were warm and inviting. She'd almost forgotten how nice it was to be intimate, even in subtle ways like this. Unfortunately, things went downhill from there. Each time Adam threaded his fingers through her hair, all she could feel was the rough texture and split ends. As he cupped her breasts, she felt actually aware

of their small size, at least compared to the women on the show.

Her plans of acting wild and passionate went out the window as every touch just reminded Ella of how plain and average her body was. Her movements felt stiff, and her husband was the same; his movements seemed almost out of habit rather than any genuine arousal. Eventually, they managed to get naked, and Adam came with a shudder, finishing Ella off with his fingers afterward. He smiled and gave her a kiss, but she could see in his eyes that he wasn't truly satisfied. Less than an hour of basic, missionary-style sex later, they were both in bed, reading on their phones, not even cuddling.

"That... wasn't very good, was it?" She sighed.

"It was fine." Adam smiled, placing a hand on her arm, and Ella felt her irritation rise. "I don't want sex that's 'fine'; I want amazing, mind-blowing, wild sex. Like we used to have." Adam pressed his lips together before giving her shoulder a squeeze.

"So we've fallen into a bit of a rut. It's bound to happen. We'll talk about it when we're feeling fresh and try some new stuff, alright?"

"Sure..."

"Communication is key, love." He gave her another smile before settling down to sleep. Ella lay in bed, stewing on her feelings until finally, she was forced up and walked into their ensuite, locking the door behind her. She leaned against the sink, staring at the mirror and studying herself for the first time. She wasn't ugly. With her full lips and sharp features, she actually had the potential to be quite striking. She had a natural hourglass figure, even if her curves were a little on the small side. Adam used to call her his petite beauty when they first got married. The last few years had been tiring for them both; it wasn't until watching that BMO show that she realized just how much of the spark they'd lost in their marriage.

Her pussy was warm, the orgasm she'd experienced satisfactory, but... that was it. There was no zest, no spice at all. After watching that TV show and seeing those busty, beautiful women, she couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have sex if she looked more like them. She couldn't even blame Adam; he was trying his best, but who could have passionate sex with a partner who didn't have any confidence in herself?

Ella pressed her lips into a thin line and pulled up her phone before typing BMO Corp into the search bar. Their products were surprisingly cheap, and she found herself chewing on her lip nervously as her thumb hovered over the purchase button for ELONG+. She'd never been big on body modifications, but... this one was just for hair, right? Something to give it a little more shine and length.

"Screw it, why not?" She whispered and hit the order button.

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It took a few days for the package to arrive; it was surprisingly plain. Just a small cardboard box packed with thick silver tape. When she cut inside, though, there was a sleek white box and a card containing the instructions. Inside the box was a syringe just like the ones she'd seen used on the BMO TV show. They had started watching every night, ironically, of course, just to laugh at how stupid the women on

there were being. Just last night, one had been walking past a pot plant with an obvious trap hidden inside and ended up with giant breasts that seemed to replace her brains.

Ella shook her head, forcing herself not to think about how much fun it might be to have curves like that and focus on the syringe. The words ELONG+ were printed along the side, and she ran her fingers over them, swallowing nervously before popping off the safety cap and pressing the tip to her arm. The process was surprisingly less painful than she expected, a small prick and then nothing but a warm sensation flooding her system. Ella figured the drugs would probably take a while to settle in and take effect and set about disposing of the needle. Only to be shocked when she leaned over to open the bin, and several long strands of hair fell over her face. She fumbled the syringe back into its box and chucked it into the bin just in time to see her hair start spilling over her shoulders. What had been mousy brown only a few minutes ago was now a warm, almost honey brown with strands of blonde throughout. It shone and took on a gentle wave, like something out of a shampoo ad. In fact, Ella couldn't help but try tossing her head back and forth as it grew, making her hair fly through the air. It was so light and soft now; it was utterly delightful! It was incredible; Ella could actually feel the hair growing out of her skull, making the skin there tingle pleasantly as it grew down to the small of her back before finally stopping. She looked in the mirror and smiled wider than she had in months. Her hair was soft, with a little bounce and endless sheen. The rich color and shine seemed to brighten her whole face, too!

Full of excitement, she bounded downstairs, where Adam was just sitting down, ready to watch BMO for the night. Ella giggled in delight at his face; his eyes went wide, and his jaw dropped upon seeing her. When was the last time she'd managed to stop a man in his tracks with her looks alone? Ella couldn't remember, but she vowed to make it happen again soon just for the adrenaline rush.

"What do you think?" She asked, twirling a long strand around her finger. "Ella, you look beautiful! Did you get a new shampoo?"

"Something like that..."

A little knot formed in her stomach; normally, she would never lie to Adam, but admitting she'd bought some of that BMO tech to make

herself look like the women on the show was embarrassing. Besides, judging by the look her husband was giving her, he didn't really care how the change happened. Just that it had.

They settled in to watch the nightly episode, but unlike most nights, instead of simply sitting next to each other, Ella snuggled into Adam's side, and he wrapped an arm around her shoulder. Already, she felt a deeper connection to her husband than she'd felt in years; they felt so intimate curled up together, and Adam's fingers played with loose strands of her locks while they watched.

The women on the show were getting more ditzy and dumb by the episode, thanks to all the mental formulas. While Ella could understand the appeal to a certain degree, not having any inhibitions and living life in the moment sounded fun after all, but she couldn't imagine actually living like that. The big butts and boobs, though, were quite enticing.

Once again, she found her gaze drifting up to her husband as he stared at the screen, enraptured. Suddenly, her new hair seemed trite and almost embarrassing. Had she really been so boring and plain that having slightly shiny hair was enough to evoke wonder in Adam?

The ELONG+ hadn't cost too much; maybe she could justify buying another one of those BMO Corps products just to enhance things a little further. She continued to watch the show, eyes scanning over the names written on the sides of each syringe as various women got injected and slowly became more bimbo-ish. At the end of the episode, Adam turned it off, chuckling.

"That last girl looked about ready to fall over after so many injections." "Do you like busty girls like that?"

The question escaped her before she could stop it and Adam looked shocked, then blushed. "Look, I won't lie, I'm a guy who likes boobs, but of every shape and size." He laid a hand on Ella's arm. "You don't need to feel insecure. I love your boobs just as much as those bimbos."

"Do you think maybe our sex lives would be better if I were a little...curvier?" "Hey, now." Adam's brow furrowed. "That's not it at all. We lost a little spark, but it's nothing some date nights won't reignite. You're beautiful, Ella. Always."

"But I am more beautiful with my hair long and shiny like this, right?" There was a strange lump in her throat she couldn't quite get rid of as she asked.

"Well, sure, I like it, but the most important thing is that you feel good about yourself. Confidence is key, my love."

Ella bit her cheek; she certainly didn't feel confident. Well, except for her amazing hair, that wasn't enough. She was sure Adam was trying to make her feel better about her small chest. Well, small compared to those women on BMO TV at least.

"Why don't we have that talk about what we'd like to try in bed?"

Adam suggested with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

The idea of jumping into sex with her amazing hair and average body made Ella disgusted, even talking about it.

"No, maybe another night, I'm a bit tired. I think I'll go run a bath and just spend some time scrolling before bed."

Adam's face fell, but he nodded.

"Alright, if that's what you need...maybe I will watch some of those BMO TV clips on the website."

Ella smiled tightly and stood up. By the time she reached the bathroom, she was already on the BMO Corp website.

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BODY+ was a much bigger dose than the ELONG+. The syringe felt heavy in her hands, and yet, Ella couldn't help but smile as she quickly injected the substance into her hips.

She'd stripped off for the occasion; she knew this one acted fast, and she wanted a front-row seat to getting her dream body. She'd even gone past the furniture store on the way home and purchased a full-length mirror for the occasion.

As soon as she had finished, that warm feeling started to fill her entire body. Her skin felt almost alive as it tingled, and Ella found herself grinning in anticipation. Slowly, pressure began to build in her glutes, and Ella groaned as she felt them starting to stretch outwards. Her hips seemed to widen, clicking into place as each of her butt cheeks grew round and bouncy.

She turned so that she could see it fully in the mirror and gasped, both in pleasure as it continued to stretch and plump and in delight. It looked wonderful; the skin was perfectly smooth and shiny. Despite being on the heavier side, her ass had a delightful peach shape that seemed

almost cute!

Her chest was starting to tingle more now as well. Ella cupped her breasts, smiling in utter joy as she felt them starting to grow heavier. Her cup size expanded rapidly, C, D, DD...E. Oh, and it felt so good! Feeling her breasts swell felt incredible. The skin was so sensitive, and now there was so much more of it. Instantly, her nipples were hard as diamonds just

from the growing sensation alone. She didn't dare play with her nipples, even if she really wanted to, the sensation would be too much.

It only took a minute, but then her change was done. She posed in front of the mirror, flipping her luxurious hair and watching her new curves bounce as she jumped from pose to pose. She had never looked more sexy. As if on cue, the bedroom door opened, and Adam walked in. He was playing some game on his phone, but when he realized the room was occupied, he looked up. The phone hit the floor.

"E-Ella?"

"What do you think?"

"You...how..." His jaw was opening and closing in shock, and to Ella's delight, there was a growing bulge in his pants.

"I ordered some of the BMO Corp cosmetics. Do you like it?"

"You look incredible!" He cried. "Oh my gosh, your tits!"

"Then get over here and play with them, big boy."

Adam grinned, raising an eyebrow and looking very impressed. He wasted no time crossing the room and taking Ella's new breasts in his hands, massaging the soft skin and pinching one of the nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

"Oh yeah..." Ella groaned. "That's nice, do it again."

"Your wish is my command."

He rolled the nipple back and forth while reaching around to cup Ella's butt with his free hand. Ella was in Heaven; she couldn't remember the last time foreplay had been this hot. She threw back her head and moaned, feeling that soft hair tickle the small of her back as she did so and tangled with Adam's fingers as they moved up her spine. Normally, they undressed themselves, but Ella was already naked, and her husband far too clothed. She wanted to take her time, but her pussy ached, so she decided to take the direct approach and ripped open

Adam's shirt. Buttons flew through the air, and for a moment, he seemed taken aback, but then Ella was pushing herself against him, knocking them both back onto the bed to make out. Hard.

When they finally broke apart, Adam rolled them over, pinning Ella to the bed so he could suck and play with her nipples using his mouth. Her hands were pinned to her side by her strapping husband, and Ella saw stars. Her pussy was aching like it never had before; she couldn't remember the last time in her life she was this turned on. When Adam finally started

to slide inside her, it was like magic. He took his time, unlike normal; she could feel every inch of him in detail as she was slowly parted.

When he was finally fully sheathed, Ella wrapped her legs around his waist and began to roll her hips, squeezing him inside her until he was thrusting and groaning uncontrollably. The sounds were like music to her ears; Adam sounded like some sort of primal animal in heat. He was being driven into a lustful haze by her new body, and that realization was all Ella needed to cum hard.

Adam wasn't far behind, and soon, they were both gasping for breath as the aftershocks rocked their bodies. It may have been missionary, but that was still the best sex they'd had in years.

"That was incredible." Adam groaned as he pulled out. "You're incredible." "Yeah." Ella sighed, eyes sliding to the BMO packaging, still poking out of the waste bin in the corner of the room.

"Amazing."

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Ella looked at her closet with a mixture of frustration and disgust. She hadn't realized that using BODY+ would mean she no longer fit in her old clothes. Not that she wanted to; looking at them now, she couldn't believe how boring her fashion sense was. Button-ups, loose skirts, track pants; where was the spice? Honestly, it was a shock Adam stayed with her at all.

Her bedroom was a sea of discarded clothes, the remnants of her old

wardrobe mingling with new, more daring pieces she had recently purchased. Lacy tops, fitted dresses, and skirts that showed off her legs were strewn across the bed and floor. She had spent the last few weeks curating a collection of outfits that made her heart race with excitement and a touch of fear. Today was the day she would debut her new look.

"You've got the feminine body now," She whispered to herself. "It's time to start dressing like it."

With a bit of struggle, she forced her new curves into a tight-fitting summer dress. It was made of form-fitting ruched fabric with a plunging neckline and no sleeves. It paired perfectly with a pair of ultra-feminine high heels and gold hoop earrings. She finished the look with a full face of natural but alluring makeup, with a cat's eye mascara wing for a bit of flare. Stepping back to take in her new look, Ella couldn't believe what she was seeing; she looked like an entirely new woman! It was...a little daunting; she wasn't sure how to hold her body, and she looked stiff, walking back and forth in front of the mirror. The sexy, confident, beautiful version of herself that had been laying dormant for so long was still being held back by her own prudishness! She couldn't wait for Adam to come home and see her new curves, though. Surely, that would be the confidence booster she needed.

She kept posing in front of the mirror and started to grow steadily more frustrated. Her movements were still stiff and awkward. She had the body of a sexy goddess now, but she had no idea how to use it. Her eyes slid back to the package where her BODY+ syringe had been packaged; she had been worried about this happening, so she'd taken certain precautions.

She'd been nervous about trying the mental formulas, especially after watching just how intense the changes could be on BMO TV. But she couldn't help it; she wanted this transformation to be perfect, and what was the point of having the body and not the personality to suit it?

She drew out the FEM+ syringe and, after a deep breath, injected it. This time, instead of feeling her body change, she felt her mind grow malleable. It wasn't nearly as daunting as she imagined; she didn't feel like she was taking on a whole new personality at all. More like the mental blocks, the anxiety and inhibitions slowly melted away.

Ella looked back at her reflection and smiled wider, striking a pose with effortless ease. She let her chest hang out, her dress barely covering her modesty, and felt nothing but pride. Filled with renewed excitement, she ran to the makeup she'd laid out and added another layer, making her lips pinker and contouring her cheekbones to really bring out her feminine side. Adam would be in for the shock of his life when he got home!

Her anticipation started off fun and exciting, but as the hours ticked by and Adam continued to stay out, it started to become annoying. It felt wrong to look this good and be stuck inside with nobody to admire her. "I could just...go for a walk. It's not like I'm going to flirt with anybody." Still, she couldn't quite shake a slight feeling of guilt as she stepped out of the house and onto the busy city street. In this outfit, the world seemed so much friendlier; people smiled as she went by, and men's eyes wandered. It sent a thrill through her to be so desired. Finally, she was one of those women who made heads turn, and it was intoxicating to have so much power; thanks to FEM+, she embraced it easily. By the time she arrived home, she was wet, and her pussy was desperate for some attention of its own. Luckily, Adam had finally come home. This time, Ella was actually worried his eyes might fall out of his head.

"Ella...you look uh, well, you look amazing, but...how?"

She giggled.

"I bought a few BMO products," she admitted with a blush.

What do you think?" "I think it's great!"

Ella felt instantly vindicated; she knew he secretly wanted her to look like those women on the show!

"Want to try them out?" She asked, hefting up her chest a little, "I know I do." "I'm loving this new confidence, love." Adam grinned, immediately taking her in his arms and squeezing her new curves till Ella squealed.

"It's the best part by far."

"Just wait."

Ella fell to her knees, and Adam groaned. It had been a long time since she'd been in the mood to give him a blowjob, and that was clearly what he expected as she gently took out his cock and started stroking it to hardness.

But Ella had an even better idea: a more unique way to use her curves that had always sat in the back of her mind. Now, she finally had the

confidence to go through it. Once Adam was hard, she locked eyes with him on her knees and squeezed his cock between her new, huge breasts and began to rise and fall, giving him a tit job. An amazing tit job if the way he was moaning was anything to go by.

It didn't take long until he was starting to shudder; Ella knew he was close. Adam's hands came to rest on her shoulders and tried to push her away so he wouldn't cum all over her, but Ella stayed firm and moaned when the cum hit her chin and dripped down over her new tits. Normally, she found cum a little disgusting, honestly; it was sticky and viscous with that distinct smell. Now all those things were positive in her mind; Ella couldn't believe that until now she'd just wiped it away as soon as possible! Now, she reveled in being marked by her husband and loved it. She wanted nothing more than to try it again, but her body just wasn't up to it. She wanted to want it, but her libido was gone, happy and sated already, and she frowned for a moment before smiling; there was a BMO Corp product for that.

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"Oh yeah, f-fuck oh God, I'm cumming again!"

Ella bounced on Adam's cock, riding it hard through her third orgasm as he finished his second. They hadn't done it more than once in a night since they first started dating. Now, thanks to her taking HEAT+, they were frequently fucking twice a day, sometimes thrice. She'd never felt so full of vim and vigor. Adam softened inside her, and Ella groaned. That wasn't enough, she needed more!

Putting on her now trademark teasing smile, she looked down at her husband and tightened her pussy around him, trying to tease him back to hardness.

"Gods, I can't." Adam laughed, "You're too much for me."

"C'mon, love." She cooed, "Just one more. I need it."

"Maybe you should see if there is a reverse formula for that HEAT+ stuff." Adam said, only half joking, "My heart is going to give out at this stage. Or my fingers will break." "Aw, just one more..." Ella begged; her last orgasm had already faded, and she was desperate for another.

"No, I'm sorry, but I am just too beaten. I don't think I could get hard again if I tried." Ella pouted and reluctantly dismounted. His body

was humming with energy; she really needed another good fucking. "Ella, I am so glad you're feeling better about yourself, but do you think maybe, just maybe, you're going a little too hard on the BMO stuff?" Adam said after a minute. "What? You don't like how I look?" Ella snorted; she knew that wasn't true. "I love how you look, and I love how confident you've become, but you're starting to get...a little exhausting. The sex was fine before you took that libido enhancer. Now I can't keep up." Ella just shook her head in disbelief; men always wanted more sex. Since when were the roles reversed?

"No, you just need to adjust. We were in that slump for so long that you're not used to it. You'll be able to keep up soon, I am sure." Between her legs, the heat was growing, and Ella bit back a needy moan. He had to because Ella wasn't sure what she was going to do if he didn't.

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Ella was only half paying attention to what Adam was saying; they'd only had sex twice this morning, despite the fact that it was the weekend, and they could have stayed in bed fucking all day if they wanted. Instead, Adam insisted they get out of the house. "We've been spending every spare minute in the bedroom lately." He'd complained, actually complained!

Ella had scoffed at the gaul, complaining about having a super sexy wife who wanted nothing more than to fuck his brains out. It was downright insanity. So now, instead of enjoying a good cock, she was walking arm in arm with her husband in the park. It probably looked very romantic on the outside, but all Ella really wanted was to throw Adam down on the grassy bank and finally cum. Her own fingers could only do so much, and in public, that wasn't even an option!

So, instead, she did her best to satisfy herself by watching the group of young joggers making their way through the park. Several of them were handsome men with strong legs who would have no problem

holding her down if they wanted. They probably had a lot of stamina as well; one of them could probably go for three rounds before they tired. Then maybe they would pass her to the next man, then the next...

"Ella!"

"Hm? Sorry, what did you say?"

"Ella, were you even listening to me?" Adam frowned, "I was being serious." "About what?"

Adam pinched the bridge of his nose.

"About this! You're basically ignoring me whenever we're not having sex?" "Well then, we should just have more sex." Ella smiled coyly before wrapping her arms around Adam's neck. "If you're feeling neglected, I can make you feel very loved." "Ella, that's the point. It's like all of a sudden, sex is the only love language you have! And it's always about you!"

"Well, I have to focus on myself first. You're fine with an orgasm here or there, but I need more!"

"See, what sort of relationship is it where we only ever communicate through sex? Selfish sex, at that. I want to talk with you and spend time with you. I love you, Ella, not just your body."

Speaking of bodies, her eyes kept sneaking off to the side where the joggers were. They were getting closer now, and she could see the sheen of sweat on their toned bodies; it made her mouth water.

"Are you...checking out other men?" Adam asked incredulously.

"No!" She lied quickly. "Look, looking isn't bad. Everybody looks, anyway. Let's just go home, and I can show you how much I love you. Hm?"

Adam just sighed.

"Alright."

He didn't sound very enthusiastic, but Ella was sure once she started teasing him, he'd forget all about this little talk. Her body was so good that having her would be all he needed soon enough.

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It wasn't. In fact, Adam was starting to get annoying, all flowers and insisting they go on fancy dates to restaurants and the like but only have sex afterward. Ella tried to explain that she didn't need all this fluff. They were married. They could just stay home and use the time more wisely, but no, Adam insisted on bringing 'romance' back to their relationship. As if they hadn't been having the most sexual and romantic time of their lives since she started using BMO products.

Nothing she said would sway him, though, so she was forced to endure hours of mindless talking and food while her body burned to be touched. Then, when they finally got home and fell into bed, he was only up for two or three rounds a night. Sometimes, he even made her wait the whole day for sex! It was unbearable; on those dates, they didn't even make it to the bedroom. She had fucked him right there on the hallway floor as soon as the door was closed.

Adam even insisted they stop watching BMO TV! Which was ridiculous because they both enjoyed it. She saw the way he watched those dumb bimbos competing on screen, and then he had the gall to get annoyed when she looked at men across the street? Her fantasies started to become more detailed. She thought about what it would be like to fuck somebody in the bathroom during one of those excruciatingly long dates. Like in porn, where the woman grabs a waiter for a quickie and is back in time for dessert with nobody the wiser. Fuck, it made her wet to think about it.

Maybe she could have the best of both worlds. They were on one of these boring dates, with Adam trying to talk to her about news or something that wasn't important. What was important was her finally getting off; it had been forever since their quickie this morning. "Hey, love." She purred, "Want to try something new?"

"Wha-you weren't listening again, were you?" He sounded irritated, but that was fine. Angry sex could be fun.

"Why don't we sneak off to the bathroom." She whispered, "We could go at it against the sinks quickly before anybody walked in-"

"Ella, I was literally just talking about how I think we should take a break from sex." "You were?" She blinked in shock and abject horror. "Why

would we do that! It's bad enough waiting a whole day sometimes!"

"Because of this, you're obsessed with sex. There is more to a relationship than just the physical."

"Mm-hm." She nodded, knowing it was the 'right' answer even if she didn't agree. Adam threw up his hands in frustration.

"Look, no sex for a week, okay? Let's just enjoy each other's company? Please? We can even watch BMO TV again if that's what you want."

Ella felt as though she'd been dunked in cold water; a week without sex? That was torture! She was already absolutely aching with need after a busy day; how was she supposed to survive a whole week? Adam's arms were crossed, and his face was hard, though she knew her husband, and there was no changing his mind.

"Alright." She forced herself to smile. "One week."

Hopefully, the sex after those seven days was long and intense because Ella wasn't sure how she was going to manage otherwise.

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Ella was wrong. This wasn't torture, this was agony. Three days of no sex, and she felt like her brain was fried. Every touch, even the lightest brush of a hand on her arm or the swirl of skirt around her ankles, turned her on. She was in a constant state of painful horniness that no amount of fingering could satisfy. What she needed was a man, but her husband was resolute, and no amount of begging would get him to pleasure her.

She sat at her work desk all day, barely able to concentrate, with her nipples aching from being hard all the time. Her pussy was soaked, so much so that she had to start bringing a change of panties with her when she left the house, then two. All day she fantasized about going home to find that Adam had changed his mind and that he was ready to lay her down and give her the cock she so badly craved, but it never happened. So then her fantasies began to change.

There was a handsome man, Darren, who worked a few desks away from her at the office. He had stubble and a cheeky grin that made her heart flutter; that would feel so good on her nipples, she was sure. What's more, she often caught him looking at her when he thought she couldn't see. A thrill shivered down her spine at the realization, and Ella began to dress just for him. Those looks were all she had right now since Adam was insisting on being all sappy and not handsy at all; his looks were all emotion and none of the physical want that she needed.

Darren, on the other hand, was all desire. She started unbuttoning her blouse a little lower just for him and leaning over his desk so that he got a full eyeful of her breasts. She knew it was wrong, but Ella just couldn't help herself! She needed somebody to want her amazing body. Then, one day as they were talking shop, she felt it; a hand slowly came to rest on the curve of her ass. It felt like a white-hot poker; fuck, she wanted those hands all over her. It had been too long, and the week was almost up, but she just couldn't wait anymore. Then again... she couldn't cheat on her husband!

The rest of the day, she was in agony; she knew that Darren was waiting for some sort of sign to respond, and if she did, she would finally get the sex she needed. But at what cost? She loved Adam... didn't she? Her pussy tingled, and Ella shook her head to try and clear it. She was overthinking this; if only she could act first and think later like those bimbos on the TV show.

Wait.

There was a way she could.

Ella had been so resistant to the idea of trying the mental formulas, but she knew it was what she had to do. She didn't even care about the extra charge for overnight shipping. All she cared about was the pure, undiluted freedom she could feel entering her veins as she took the DUM+ formula. All at once, it was like the world became crystal clear. Her inhibitions melted away, and her lido took over.

With a blissed-out, dumb smile on her face, she practically ran to work, catching Darren on the way in and dragging him into a supply closet without another word. Before she knew it, there was finally a cock inside her again, thick and beautiful. Ella moaned. "Oh yeah...fuck, yes, more!"

Darren could hardly keep up. She rode him hard and fast, through one

orgasm, then another until, to her disappointment, he tired.

"That was incredible. I've been wanting it for ages, fuck I wish I could go again, but...tomorrow?"

Ella nodded enthusiastically, her eyes already scanning the crowd and picking up her next mark. It was almost comical how easy it was; after all that worrying, she fucked three men that day. Finally able to find satisfaction. When one tired, she simply found another with no worries about having to wait. It felt so freeing not to have to worry about anything anymore, just sex.

Unfortunately, getting caught fucking the paperboy in the bathroom did get her fired, but that didn't matter. Now, she could dedicate her days entirely to pleasure. She even managed to seduce the boss into a quickie during her exit interview; the taboo of it all made her so hot she had to fuck the paperboy again on the way out when the boss was only up for one round.

Why had she resisted DUM+ for so long? Her life had never been better; orgasm after orgasm, man after man, it was utter bliss.

"Oh yeah, babe, I'm gonna cum again..."

She was riding hard, so close to another orgasm that her body was starting to shiver. "Not yet, babe." She groaned, "I need you more oh...ohhhhh!"

She had no idea what this man's name was, only that he was hot and had been more than happy to come home with her after they crossed paths in the park. She was so close, so close-

"Ella!"

The bedroom door slammed open, and there was Adam, jaw on the floor, watching as his wife fucked a stranger in their bed. Ella knew she should stop. The man beneath her stilled, but she couldn't, not when she was so close to cumming.

"Uhhhh, A-Adam, fuck I...ohhhh I'll explain in just a sec babe I just...need...a little...more! AAAAAHH!!"

Ecstasy shuddered through her, and she came, much to the mixed shock and horror of the man beneath her, who was already starting to soften as she dismounted. He was babbling, apologizing to Adam or something, saying he didn't realize Ella was married. She didn't care; she'd gotten what she needed from him. She heard the door slam, and she was left with just Adam and his glare.

"You're cheating on me?" He gaped.

"You wouldn't fuck me, baby." She pouted, "I had to! It's not like I love them or anythin'; I just needed a lil cock, know?"

"Them?" He gaped. "You're sleeping with more than one other man."

"I lost count." She giggled, "Oh baby, please, come here, I'll make it right for you..." Adam looked at her and shook his head.

"I don't even know you anymore."

"That don't matter, I'm still good. Lemme be good to you..."

"No, no we are done, Ella." Adam said firmly, "This can't go on."

Ella pouted. She would miss Adam, but if he couldn't give her what she needed, then she guessed it was okay. Her shrug must have been the wrong move, though, because Adam threw up his hands in frustration and stormed out. She didn't see why; now he could go find some boring lady who wanted all that talking he seemed to love so much, and she could be free to fuck as many people as she liked. A placid, dumb smile formed across her face as she thought about it, total freedom to fuck as many men as possible without having to sneak around.

And she could just fuck them, none of the sappy stuff; that sounded like fun to her. Without a second thought, she reached for her phone and opened the dating apps she'd downloaded. Already, her body was craving the touch of another man. Her pussy quivered with anticipation as she hit the message button and began sexting with her next match. Her marriage may be over, but her true life as a sexed-up bimbo was just beginning.