

Second Puberty part 3

"Can you reach the zipper?" Macy said as Dee struggled to find the tiny zipper with her thumb and clumsily zipped up the little black dress about halfway before tapping out. Macy smiled before helping finish it for Dee.

"You'll need to get good at that. You won't always have someone to help."

Dee nodded and stepped back from the changing room mirror to see how she looked. The slightly stretchy dress came down to her mid-thigh and hugged her trim waist and generous hips. She looked down at the wide vee neckline and grimaced briefly at her cleavage. The cups of the dress hid Dee's nipples but that barely helped her anxiety as she tugged here and there to settle the fit in place on her body. "It's not too much?"

"I know it's a pretty daring look. But, you have such a great body, I had to put you in it. You look amazing."

Dee blushed. "Thanks."

Macy handed her the pair of strappy black sandals Dee had chosen and moments later, the pair were turning heads as they left the store. The tightness and weight of the collar was ever-present and as Dee walked just slightly behind and to the right of Macy, she felt an odd daydream creeping into her mind.

She saw herself, on her hands and knees, being led with a leash, held by her Master...

That word again. She wasn't stupid and Dee had never heard that word in her whole life as often as her brain had been saying it the last few hours. Why did she keep fantasizing about her friend as her Master? It didn't... upset Dee to have these intrusive thoughts, but at the very least it was becoming distracting at how frequently she seemed to want to be publicly dominated by her Mas-... by Macy.

"So where to next?" Macy asked, turning and walking backwards while she not-so-subtly ogled Dee's body. Her long, smooth legs looked so sexy even down to her little feet, and the way her dress swished with every step threatened to expose Dee's black silky panties to the world. The generous bouncing of Dee's chest and her nervous lip-biting made the new woman so fucking cute to Macy... she couldn't wait to get her home.

"I have a couple of bucks left, why don't we goof around in the arcade for a bit?" Dee said, pointing to the nearby, brightly flashing neon sign.

Macy looked inside the arcade area and quietly acknowledged that the Dance Battle Remix game was still there and seemed to be working. "Sure, but you've spent enough already today, this'll be my treat."

The two entered and collected their tokens, making the small circle through the arcade to see what games there were to play. "I haven't been here since middle school." Dee said, glancing around. "It hasn't changed a bit."

Dee's eyes fell on the old dance rhythm game. "Oh man! We used to play the hell out of this back in the day!"

Macy smiled. "Well? Let's get a warmup round going."

Dee suddenly blushed and looked around at the handful of other people around them. "I, uh... I don't know, it's been a long time and-"

"Come onnn, Dee. I want to dance battle with you!" Macy hopped up onto the platform and reached out to her hand back to Dee expectantly. Dee felt the now familiar rush of warm tingles trickling down her neck. Her Master... her best friend... Dee felt the tingles rushing back up in her jaw before they filled her mind. Her thoughts grind to a halt and she realizes she is holding Macy's hand.

She was up on the platform already as she came out of the odd sensation. Macy had picked one of her favorite songs from back then, a poppy Japanese remix of a classical song with a nice slow beat. Perfect for a warm up. Dee turned, feeling the sluggish tingles fade, allowing her control of herself again. She felt the hem of her dress resting agonizingly high on her thighs, her neckline threatening to erupt and release her huge boobs, and her panties had slowly buried themselves inside her ass over the short walk from the store. Before she knew it, the song had begun.

Megan had chosen an easy song and difficulty, but Dee still felt like her dress would explode any second. She stepped out with one foot to the beat and glanced over to Macy who was dancing way more than the game required. She rolled her hips and bounced around, laughing as she saw Dee's surprised reaction. "Come on, girl, **dance!**"

A sudden rush pulsed through her body. Dee let out an involuntary gasp as her body began to dance seductively for Macy. Dee watched like a passenger in her own body as it popped and thrust, hitting every note in the game while putting on an impressive show- not just Macy, but the rest of the arcade watching in awe. She felt her tits and ass jiggle heavily as the dress held them as tightly as it could and threatened with a tiny series of tears as she moved with a boundless feminine energy she didn't know existed inside her and before she knew it, the song was over, she breathed heavily and was starting to sweat- and the control over her body released.

Dee leaned back against the cheat bar on the platform and heavily sighed, staring at the golden **"PERFECT"** on the screen before glancing to Macy who embraced her with glee.

"That was amazing! You never told me you could dance like that!"

"M-me neither..."

Dee glanced behind her, seeing more than a few onlookers with their phones out. Dee leaned into Macy's ear. "Should we go? People are staring."

"We still have two more songs, silly." Macy turned to choose the next song as Dee felt the entire arcade's eyes on her body. She felt so exposed and prayed for Macy to choose a song with less... bounce.

Macy hid a grin as she shuffled through the game's playlist. Her test proved that there was something definitely happening to Dee and the only possible culprit was the collar. It was the only thing consistent during all of Dee's odd behavior since this morning.

Macy quickly realized the power she now wielded. Her friend had become a dutiful, submissive servant for her as long as she kept wearing the collar. Was it magic? Macy didn't recall any strangeness to its origins, but resolved to figure it out *after* she had her fun with Dee...

She picked the next song and turned. It was a slow, thumping club mix and she couldn't wait to see how the collar would make her dance.

"Alright, let's see how good you do with this one, Dee."

She clammed up while stepping on the first note, face flushed red as the small crowd that was forming watched her expectantly.

"Don't be shy, Dee. *I wanna see you dance!*" Macy called out, grinning mischievously as she watched the new girl's reaction. It was like a light turning on inside Dee's head. Her eyes lit up and a wave of confident, intense desire to please her Master filled her body. Following the rising bassy beat of the music, Dee's body began to thrust up, rolling her chest and tummy before shaking her ass hard, letting the hem of her tiny dress slide up past her thighs as she moved.

Dee felt the haze hit less intensely as the first song, not as much like a passenger and more like a kind of act she couldn't control. She moved seductively, thrusting herself towards her Master, with such control and grace, she didn't even feel like she was getting tired. She had never danced in her *life* as much as she had in the last four minutes. As the final notes of the second song finished, the crowd was cheering Dee, her ass on full-display and her breasts nearly falling out of her top.

The revelry was short-lived, as the arcade owner, flanked by two security guards, was quickly approaching the crowd while shouting and shaking his finger at the girls.

"Let's get out of here!" Macy grabbed her hand, grinning and panting from her own dance. They slipped between a pair of young men who took the opportunity to body block the manager and one of the guards, the other squeezing through the crowd slower than the girls and had lost them by the time he reached the arcade's exit doors.

Dee and Macy finally stopped when they slipped into the changing room of a nearby shop, panting and giggling as they closed the doors and collapsed onto the bench together. Macy was atop Dee, exhausted from running in her heavy, heeled black boots. Dee looked up into her eyes and felt a satisfied, impressed kind of warmth in the way she smiled back down. They gazed into each other's eyes a moment longer and Macy was upon her. She wordlessly slid her hand up to cup Dee's breast, easily sliding aside the dress to reveal the new woman's pale, sweat-slick mounds. Dee fought the old instinct to take charge and obediently laid back, watching as her Master very delicately kissed her breasts, brushing her lips so softly, just barely touching it drove the growing list within Dee mad. She wanted to feel Macy's tongue on her nipples again, and wanted her warm body to embrace her so much, but her will to obey had been growing strong for the last few hours and by now, her Master's desires were absolute: Dee would not touch Macy without being expressly granted the privilege.

"Good girl." The acknowledgement sent warm chills down Dee's spine. Her Master was pleased and the girl let out the breath she had been holding. Macy rested her head upon Dee's bosom and smiled. "I think we've made some spectacular progress in just a few hours." She laughed and slid off from Dee and smoothed out her shirt.

Dee's body was buzzing. Being teased so much so frequently had left her a horny mess and she couldn't think of anything to say in response. Quietly, Dee replaced her dress' cups and fixed the low-cut top back over herself, but she couldn't help but linger on her chest. She looked down and saw them like she didn't the first time. Confusing, warm, heavy. The unfamiliar flesh being hefted up to create her massive cleavage made her pause. She wanted these things to be touched, groped, tasted, fucked... things she'd never imagined or fantasized about before today. How much has really changed? It wasn't just her body. Her mind was being twisted into a demure, submissive doll by her Master- that word again. Macy's name hardly came to mind when she really thought about it, she was Dee's *Master*.

Macy helped Dee to her feet, seeing the troubled look in the girl's furrowed brow. "You ready to go home?"

Dee snapped to her Master's words, though her distracted mind didn't hear any of it. "Uhm, whatever you like, Mast-"

She clapped her hand over her mouth, just as wide-eyed as Macy was though she played it off much better than Dee. Her face was beet-red with embarrassment and she stammered out a pathetic "I mean..." before sputtering out with her face in her hands. It was like calling the teacher 'mom' in high school. How would Macy react to hearing Dee just blurt out her odd new fantasy?

"It's okay. Say it."

"Wha-?"

"Say it, Dee. What am I?"

The words welled up just behind her lips and Dee lacked the strength to hold them back. Did she even want to try? It felt right. It was right.

"M- my Master."

"Pretty good, though I think we can do better..." Macy slowly, but firmly took hold of the collar round Dee's neck and asked again, this time stroking the girl's slender throat as if to coax out the truth.

"What am I?"

"You're my... Mistress?"

Macy leaned down and pulled Dee into a deep, passionate kiss. Her tongue fenced with Dee's and the women moaned softly to each other as they crashed into the fragile wooden walls of the changing room.

Suddenly from outside the room came a loud knocking and an irritated female voice. "Excuse me? There's only supposed to be one customer per room."

"Sorry! Just... tripped trying on some jeans!" Macy lied and grinned with a mischievous look on her face.

"No underwear for the rest of the day," whispered Macy, as she deftly plucked the little silicone cups covering Dee's nipples. "C'mon, panties too."

Dee bit her lip, no longer feeling intense embarrassment from the wild, exhibitionist commands of her Mistress. Doing as she was told, Macy tucked the panties into her bag with the silicone pasties and motioned for Dee to get up as she opened the door. Dee reflexively pulled down her dress as she felt the cool air touch her bare nethers.

She was totally naked beneath this thin layer of material, why was she letting her Mistress-Macy do this to her?!

"I think we should head to my place." Macy said, watching Dee awkwardly walk with as little bounce as she could. Her dress was soft and gently rubbed her nipples, now poking through the dress. Dee was at least thankful she wasn't wearing anything brighter colored, the black helped

hide her pokies slightly. The pair made their way out of the mall without further incident except for the several approving and disapproving stares from others they passed, Macy walking ahead of Dee as if she were parading the woman around- which as far as Dee was concerned, she was.

As they entered the car, both sighing with discomfort as the heat caused them both to immediately break into a sweat. They sat with the doors and windows open for a bit while the heat aired out and Macy started to tease Dee again. "I hope you aren't going to do anything too distracting while I drive us, I'm already buzzing pretty bad, Mistress."

The word slipped out, but Dee refused to acknowledge it.

"I won't do anything to put us in *danger*." Macy grinned wickedly and groped Dee's plump breast through the dress. Her skin was slick with sweat, her body trembling from the last few hours of brutal teasing. Dee was quickly losing any last shred of will she had. She *needed* release... She'd been forced to hover at the peak for so long, she struggled to obey, to sit still until she was allowed to reciprocate her Mistress's touch.

Dee turned on the car and let the cold A/C blast her whole body, hoping to keep her focused just for the ten or so minutes it would take to get back home. It felt like an eternity. Every stop light, every turn, she felt the throbbing in her body screaming out. She barely noticed when Macy doubled over in her seat, groaning and gripping her thighs. Dee glanced over and saw Macy's face, a mix of confusion and pleasure...

"Oh fuck!! Something's... euughh... happening!"

Dee pulled over immediately and turned to find a lump slowly tenting her Mistress's pants. The lump was pushing tightly against her zipper and Macy struggled to free whatever it was, groaning as it seemed to rise up with a mind of its own. Finally, Macy grunted with effort as she managed to pull the zipper down over the lump and they both watched in awe as a massive cock burst out from the woman's jeans. They both gaped in silence as it rose, veins throbbing with power and heat. Dee had never seen a cock in person other than her own before today and it certainly dwarfed any erection she could have mustered. Dee reached out to touch it and pulled back, looking at her Mistress with concern.

"Mistress?... Are you ok?"

Macy's eyes were glassy and she panted, sweating and twitching along with her cock as it finished growing. It was nearly the length of her forearm and about as girthy. She turned to Dee, whose own look of bewildered curiosity made her feel slightly less freakish. Slowly, the girl wrapped her fingers round it's meaty base, following the shaft curve up to the plump, slick head. It was so sensitive and big in her hand, a sense of pride welled up inside her that she didn't expect. Finally, Macy opened her mouth, her voice slightly trembling.

"I- I guess you may have been...a bit contagious, Dee."