

Wheel of transformation 2

OCTOBER 2022



"Greetings tonight everyone! After the success of the wheel of transformation 1, we have yet another great show for you!" said the man in his perpetually confident smile.

"In this season, the lucky participant will get to win increasingly large amounts of money in exchange for accepting body modifications. She will know the modification theme before accepting but it's up to the audience to decide on the actual change."

"After the... moral issues with last year's participant, who got fully changed from a white woman into an Afro-Latina, we have decided to ban such drastic race changing procedures, so if the contestant is white, she shall remain white."

"That's enough introduction, please welcome this year's contestant, who has been picked after a very competitive selection involving over a thousand potential candidates!"

"Beautiful Anne is a social sciences student, joining us from her senior year in college. Please welcome her with a round of applause!"

"Anne, are you ready to play wheel of transformations?"

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I was a sweet, cute and naive young woman with short black hair, blue eyes and a slim figure. I lacked curves, I knew, but I've always been blessed with a natural cuteness that compensated for their absence.

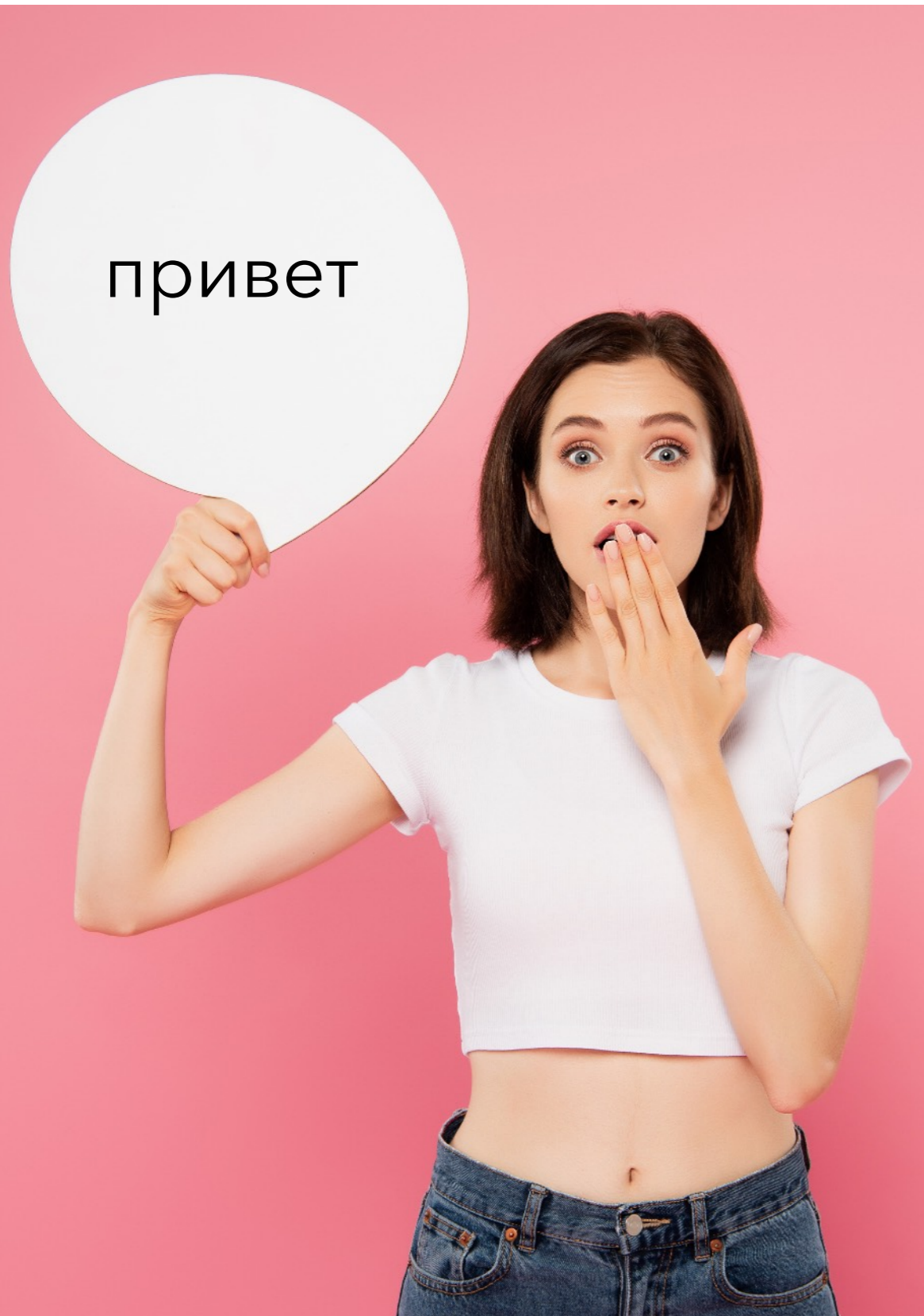
I decided to participate against the will of my dear boyfriend Kevin who was concerned I would change beyond recognition. I told him that there were new rules and it wasn't going to be anything too drastic - I had read the new rules carefully and I knew I would still be a white woman at the end, call me bigot or whatever, but that was important to me. "In the worst case, I will have slightly bigger breasts, would you mind that?" - I teased him. It began as a joke, but as I got closer and closer to being selected, it became more real. Sure, it was a lot of money but was it really worth the risk? Well, it's too late to turn back now!

"Hello everyone! I am Anne! I'm not used to being on TV, so forgive me for being a bit shy! I have a healthy lifestyle and I campaign for women's rights. I also advocate for body positivity, I believe unachievable beauty standards can be very dangerous, I'm here to remind everybody to love and accept their natural bodies. Please be kind to me ^^" I smiled after my innocent plea. Why would the crowd be mean to me? I'm a cute college girl. I'll play sweet girl-next-door and this will be go smoothly, I thought.

"Of course, Anne, I am obligated to communicate to you the rules, even if you've probably seen the show already!"

"Every transformation round comes with a money price, the more you go through, the more you change but the richer you get! Nobody knows how you'll end up!"

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First one: do you like to travel? Would you like to pick up a new language for 16k \$?

"Of course, I'd love that! Where's the catch? That sounds like a great addition to my knowledge!" - I replied, excited! I couldn't believe I was getting paid to learn a new language!

"The choices are: Spanish, French, Chinese, Russian. Any preference? "

"Wow, French would be real classy, I'd love that! I already know some Spanish, but I'd like to improve it! Chinese and Russian aren't my favourites probably." - I replied.

"Hmm, it looks like the audience thinks differently from you! Russian it is then!"

Over the following week I had several appointments at a neurological clinic where a device was attached to my synopsis. When the doctors gave their approval, something clicked in the frontal cortex of my brain as Russian was quickly being downloaded into my mind. I could feel the flow of information, it was pretty intense!

I was told to rest to let my brain absorb the information, until the following week, when my new language skills were tested in public. "Can you read that?" - he asked me, pointing to a word in Cyrillic letters.

"привет!" - I could now easily read, to my own disbelief. "Wow" - I thought - "This really works! Even if it's Russian it's not too bad."

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"Great! You now speak Russian like a native. Unfortunately, you also speak English like a Russian haha! How do you feel about that?"

"What? Me speak with Russian accent?" - my eyes went wide as I covered my mouth. There was the catch! My ability to speak English or any language other than Russian had been remodelled to match a native Russian speaker with limited exposure to foreign languages. I was basically a Russian immigrant! "Zhis is going to change the way people see me" - I said in realisation, struggling to utter each word correctly. The Russian accent was thick, undeniable, and, I'm ashamed to say, kinda sexy. Even my pitch was lower now. I sounded like a confident and sassy Eastern European woman.

I tried to make an effort to utter words like I used to but my tongue behaved differently, I could feel the struggle of speaking a foreign language. "Гораздо проще говорить по-русски!" - "It is much easier to speak Russian", I realized, thinking out loud. Wow, this was going to take some time getting used to. Hopefully, with the money prize I could afford the best speech therapists to work on my accent. I knew I had the willpower to succeed.

A few days later, I managed to talk at the phone with my boyfriend. "Babe, don't be mad at me please! Zhey made me sound like Russian girl but you know it's really me!" - I was really afraid of his reaction.

"Oh my God, my sweet Anne, you sound nothing like yourself, Anne! That's crazy! And that's only the beginning, what will happen next?"

"Zhey said zhat zhe following changes vill only be cosmetic" - I tried to reassure him. "I love you babe!"

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Next is hair color, for 32k \$!

"Da, I can take zhat, vhat could go vrong?" - I thought out loud. It sounded lot more innocuous than what I was expecting.

"What would you vote for? We have jet black, stylish brunette, lustful red or dumb blonde"

"Hmm, I like my hair ze way it is, how about keeping it black or maybe a couple shades lighter? Please be nice to Anne, audience! " - I said with a charming smile.

It seems like our audience decided to give you a matching look to your new native language instead, you are going to be a natural blonde soon!

"Great, a blonde! - I thought - Jeez, I've always hated them, I can't believe I'm going to be one of them from now on. I could always dye it dark though."

After the hair transplant I was a natural blonde. With time, my hair would become wavy, they told me. The new accent combined with my hair color made me look like a completely different person. I was starting to look the part of the traditionally feminine Eastern European girl, which was nothing like how I really was or the values I campaigned for.

"Do you like your new look, Anne?"

"Nyet, I not like ze blonde hair! I look soo vain!" - I answered, pissed off by my own voice. The audience, however, seemed to love my new look.

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The next item on the list is face cosmetic surgery, for 64K \$!

"Shit, this is a lot to take! - I thought - On the other hand I can't stop now, I have been a bit stupid so far but I'll play smart now."

Lip injections, face lift, collagen injection, epicanthic fold. Any preference?

"A face lift or collagen injections wouldn't change me too much, Asian eyes is probably against the rules so it would not be accepted. I just have to avoid the audience choosing lip injections. I'd hate to have a duck face for the rest of my life!" - I thought.

"I... " - I thought about reverse psychology - "I'd like to have lip injections" - as soon as I said that I became red as a tomato. What was I doing? What would people think of me? My friends, my family. I was humiliating myself on national TV! Anyway, hopefully it would drive the audience away from that option...

"It looks like you're lucky this time, lip injections it is!"

I covered my face in shock. "Shit, it didn't work!"

The following day my lips were pumped with collagen, giving them a permanent pout and making my speech even weirder. The sheer volume of my lips and the permanence of my pout gave my once cute and innocent face a new sexiness. Even my resting face was now a seductive pout, my skinny body contrasting heavily with a very erotic face. I still looked recognisable, it was just as if I was committed to becoming a porn actress.

"Phuk! Zhey're soo big!" - I said, looking at myself in the mirror.

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After the swelling had settled, I managed to talk at the phone with my boyfriend again. "Babe It's me! Pweaze let me expwain! - I said, still unused to my new cushion lips - Zhe lip injections gave me a lisp! Don't fweak out when you'll see me on TV, I know I look zo different already! And zese lips make me feel so objectified! I can't believe I look like zis now! Pwease forgive me!"

"I love you too much to be mad at you babe but I told you this was risky. Anyway I love you for who you are, not for your looks, always remember that!"

"Zhats's soo sweet! I love you too!" - I replied.

When I went on TV, the audience went wild. They loved my cocksucking new lips!

"Wow, Anne, looking good tonight" - the presenter said "How do you feel about this?"

"It's a bit shocking to see my reflection zhese days but I'm ok. I just hate to look like a teenage boy's vet dream, zhat's all!"

"You mentioned being obsessed with a healthy lifestyle earlier. Well, that has to go unfortunately. The next item on the agenda is addictions, for 128 k \$! Kinda dark if you want but this time you'll be allowed to choose yourself what you'll be hooked to!"

I freaked out and considered leaving only for a moment but as soon as I heard that I would have been able to choose myself instead of waiting for the decision of the audience, I changed my mind. With my strong willpower I would be away to break free from any addiction, I thought.

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"I'll take it!"

Addiction to smoking, drinking, compulsive eating, drugs were the choices.

I decided to go for smoking, it gave the least immediate negative effects and I'd be able to quit before any permanent damage took place.

After having been subjected to frequent nicotine injections, I was effectively hooked on smoking a packet of cigarettes per day "This is so gross!" - I thought, inhaling the smoke - "I never smoked before and yet it feels soo good now!". The feeling of the cigarette on my plump lips made me feel unusually sexy. I wondered whether I maybe chose smoking for the charming aura it gave me. Maybe I did, I conceded with a smile. Deep down, I always wished to be one of the cool girls.

"How does it feel to pick up smoking?"

"I hate it" - I admitted - "But I can't stop." - I noticed how my voice sounded huskier now, probably due to smoking. "It's not the worst that could happen to me though. Much better than drug addiction! Cough! Cough!"

"Be careful with those cigarettes, or your skin might show some ageing signs! This brings me to our next topic!"

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Anne, you're 22 now. How about jumping on a little time machine for 256 k \$? Our cosmetic surgeons will give you the appearance of a woman of a different age. This time, the choice will be up to the audience but you will be allowed to see the options before choosing. How old are you going to be soon?

Sweet 15, fresh 19, hot 26 or a mature 30?

"Phuck, I might end up looking like a high schoolew, or a voman in her zhirties. On the other hand, it's nothing too extweme, I was fearing much worse zhan zhat." - I said "At least I von't look like a kid or an old voman!"

30 It is! Say goodbye to your 20's, you're soon going to look like a full adult!

The surgeries came in two rounds. With the first one, they changed my face shape, making it more elongated and less plump. Not only that, I looked like a different person too, my nose had been reshaped a bit and my eyes had been turned from blue to dark green. I would almost say they made me look more Slavic if that's possible. My mind had a delayed panic attack. My face was me! This was my identity! Why were they changing me so much if the goal was just to age me a little? I had to admit, however, that every change in appearance contributed to make me look a tiny bit older.

I didn't really know what to expect form the second round of surgeries but I faced my destiny with resignation.

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The next round of procedures included tanning sessions which aged and took some radiance away from my skin and came with a few complimentary style changes, like long, wavy hair extensions, eyebrows reshaping, permanent makeup and long fake nails. When the surgery had been performed, the freshness of my early 20's had forever vanished from my face. I looked even hotter, but in a more mature way. Instead of the natural beauty I used to be I now looked more like a woman who was trying really hard to be seductive. I realised the heavy permanent makeup gave me a hint of a cougar vibe.

Last but not least, they did something to my throat to give me a hoarse, more mature voice. I didn't sound like a cute girl in her early 20's, but more like an adult woman in her 30's.

"How do you feel?" - the presenter asked me at the following episode.

"Zhis it shocking, I don't even look like myself!" - I said in my new voice, feeling my new face with my long nails. "People won't recognise me anymore, ze only part zhat still feels like myself iz my body!".

"You're right, your body looks a bit at odds with your face right now, time to change that, don't you think, guys?" The crown cheered at that perspective. The thought of surgeons altering my body made me shiver. I liked my slim, petite figure the way it was.

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“The next step is body type! For half a million dollars, the options are extra curvy, trophy wife, corset-trained or pear-shaped! Which one do you prefer?”

I tried to imagine myself with those body types. Weight gain was not my thing but a curvy body would help me send body-positive messages and I could still lose some weight with diet and exercise. Corset trained would be easy to achieve given my skinny body shape. I wasn’t really sure about the meaning of trophy wife and pear-shaped sounded bad. “Curvy pwease! Or corset trained!” - I begged the audience.

“The votes are pouring in, oh it looks like we have a winner! Trophy wife! You will get a hourglass figure with large breast implants, a butt job and legs to die for. I felt like crying, my body was going to be turned into a breathing sex doll.

“Stop! I Vant to quit now!” - I begged. But it was too late, I had already said yes.

After the surgeries, I carefully examined my enhanced physique, afraid of the changes. My waist had been reduced to a tiny, toned model-like waist, which I honestly liked. Before I could inspect my shrunk waist further, however, I looked over my shoulder to the mirror in panic and screamed “Ahhhh!” out of my pouty mouth. I couldn’t help but stick out my ass! My non-existing derriere had been turned into a respectable booty! My barely noticeable breasts gained lots of volume, augmenting from their original A cups to large, fake, silicone-filled D cups. I was also taller than before, having grown from a petite 162 cm to a model-like 174 cm. More importantly, I had reached the border between sexy and trashy. If I could have been hired as a model before the body change, I was now more likely to have a career in the adult movie industry with my body. I looked exactly like the women I used to despise for the way they disrespected their bodies, turning them into male sexual fantasies. Me, boring old Anne, had been turned into a textbook example of plastic beauty!

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I tried to recognise my old self in my reflection, behind the long blonde locks partially covering my view but a stranger was looking back at me. Nobody would take me seriously anymore, and campaigning for body inclusivity would be impossible now in my altered body.

"Zis is too much! I look like a sslut!" - I cried out loud! Yet, the sexual energy and horniness I was feeling made me shiver. This body was something else!

When we went on air again I felt very ashamed of myself and I couldn't look at the camera. I knew everybody I knew was watching me. To make it worse, they gave me a tiny black crop top and very ripped jeans that made me feel even more self-conscious about myself. I tried to cover my cleavage with my blonde locks but it was useless as pretty much everything about me was a turn on for the male audience.

A picture of the original Anne was shown to the audience, which roared in approval. "Quite a change so far, you make a much better Russian girl I'd say! Many people would like the new you more, especially men! Any message for the audience?"

"To all ze little girls watching zhis, please don't to zhat to yourself. Show respect for youw body" - I said, shedding a tear on my pretty face. "I am so ashamed of myself right now".

All I wanted was the episode to be over, and to hide myself.

"The next change will probably help you with that! The final change is more in attitude. You still behave like a cute young girl, rather than the voluptuous seductress you look like now. That's going to change. We crafted four personality types, for one million dollars you are going to adopt one of them. You can veto two of them though."

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Dominatrix profile: you like to wear black leather outfit and dominate men.

Lesbian profile: you dress like a tomboy and are more into women than men.

Submissive profile: humble and always eager to please people around you.

Slut profile: you have a compulsion to wear revealing and slutty clothes and to flirt with anybody.

“Changing my attitude? That’s insane! I don’t want to be lesbian of course, it would be against nature. I also don’t want to be a dominatrix, Kevin is not into that.”

“I could be submissive or slut type” - I said in the most casual tone I managed. After all, my body wouldn’t change further and I would get the full million dollars!

The audience went for the slutty profile. With horror I knew they had the power to alter my attitude. As I walked away from the stage I knew that a very different woman would walk on the same stage in one week’s time. They began immediately with mental conditioning. I have always been very susceptible, so they had an easy game rewriting my mannerisms, my speech patterns, my fashion taste and my flirting skills.

When I woke up, I stretched myself slowly, in a feline manner and immediately noticed I was moving differently. I felt as if I owned this body, and not only inhabiting it. My moves were slow and sensual, as if I had rehearsed them before. I was also incredibly horny. I was feeling sexy, not only looking the part. Deep down, I still felt it was weird and alien to my true self but I seemed to enjoy it now. It’s going to be even harder to campaign for body positivity now that I look and behave like a pornstar! - I thought.

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When I was asked to pick an outfit for me I didn't immediately realise my fashion sense had changed. Many outfits seemed too boring now, so I tried on a few ones I would have judged way too risqué before.

I picked a red lingerie piece for the following episode. I asked my makeup assistant to get long red nail extensions and a heavy makeup before going on air. It just felt so right. I oozed sexuality. At this point - I thought - I might as well go with the flow. The changes are over, I am a millionaire, I might as well have some fun! My tits looked so big and fake. My face looked plastic too. Wait! What was I doing? I tried to regain some composure but my face and body were defying me. I could only act sexy and flirty all the time. I realised I was almost naked and asked the troupe to quickly change my outfit before going on air but it was too late and I had to go on air like that.

"Wow, that's quite an outfit you choose!?" "I dunno why I dressed myself like this, zis is not who I am but... I've got to show my new curves, you know?" - I said, as a confident, flirty smile appeared on my face without even realising it. "Dammit, that came out weird! Am I flirting with the presenter? What would Kevin think of me? He's pretty sexy though! No, I love Kevin, what am I doing?"

"Anyway, where is zhe money?" - I asked, very directly. I sounded like a Russian hooker looking for money, and I hated it!

"Here is it! You made it, you won a million dollars!" - he said, handing me a giant check.

"Yaay! I'm rich lady now!" - I erupted. I had finally made it! Now I was eager to share my price with my beloved Kevin, but I was also afraid of his judgement.

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As I came home, I was greeted by my boyfriend at the airport. I picked a sexy outfit with very short shorts and a very revealing crop top. I knew I had messed up badly and I needed to go the extra mile to gain his forgiveness.

"I love you Kris, I will be best girlfriend I can be! Forgive me for doing zis to my body! I'll make up for it pleasuring you like I never did before!" - I told my love with my husky voice while pressing my round, fake tits against him. "That came out wrong, I wanted to sound sweet and in love, not seductive!"

"You look so incredibly different Anne, I'll have to learn to like you again, like a new person!" - he said, taken aback by my change in attitude.

I tried to open up more and to re-establish a connection "Everybody vill only see me as Russian whore, you are only one I can trust right now! I need you soo much!" - I told him, brushing my long blonde hair on his face. I was full of pheromones. I felt like my body had been enhanced in that respect too, my body scent became so intense and sexual since the transformation! I realised with shock I was feeling like a cougar seducing younger men. He was feeling the effect of my enhanced body as his dick hardened instantly. "I see you like zis, don't you sweetie?" - "Shit - I thought - Stop acting so slutty in a public area!".

We barely made it home before we had the best sex of our lives. I had always been kinda prudish in bed but now I was feeling like a tiger. I let him take me from behind, I gave him BJ's and he told me I was a natural. Weird, as I had never done anything like that before with anybody.

The following month we moved in the dream house we could finally afford.

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A few months later.

"See you later sweetheart! I vill be late zis evening!" - I told Kevin after kissing him. Any attempts to work on my Russian accent failed miserably. Whatever they did to my speech patterns, they knew what they were doing. That was the least of my concerns anyway. Readjusting to my old life proved to be challenging. I couldn't focus on studying anymore so I dropped out of college. I was also made a target by feminists for how I sold my original body for money so I was forced to stop any involvement in body positivity movements. On the other hand, my expensive lifestyle and clothes made my finances plunge quickly, so I was forced to seek a new source of income.

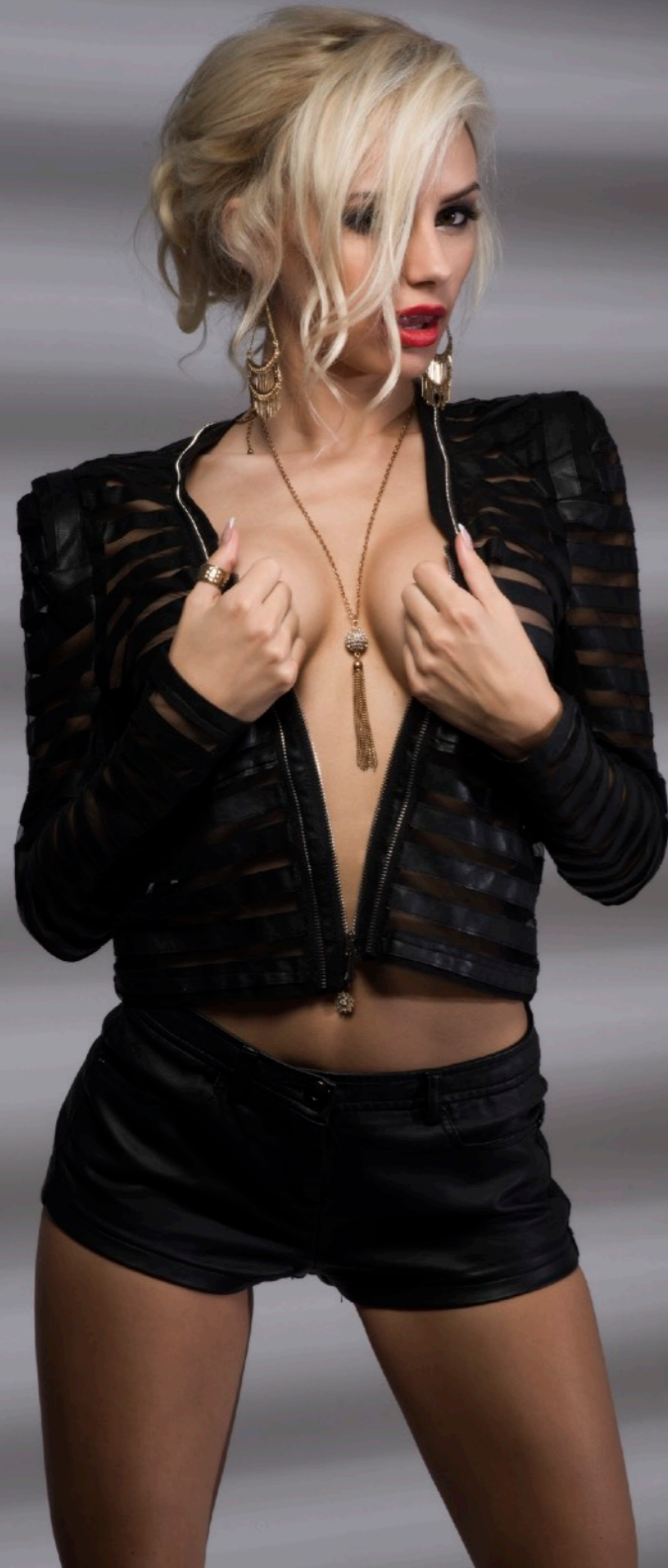
As much as I loved Kevin, my body was always demanding for more action and my body had been clearly designed for sex. Not by me, but people didn't know that. I was often approached by men asking for sex in exchange for money so it didn't take too long to come to terms with that possibility.

I'm no hooker, don't get me wrong, I see myself more as providing companionship. Companionship and sex. In exchange for money. Some people call me a high class escort. I guess that would be fair.

Don't judge me, I have tried to get more normal jobs but the slutty imprinting they gave me always seemed to take over. I always ended up seducing the boss during the job interview. I was just trying to be nice to compensate for my lack of job experience but I always ended up overdoing it.

I have been making an effort to dress with more class recently, see I'm all in black and I'm wearing a cross necklace! Pretty modest, huh?

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Politicians, managers, businessmen, they all seem to have a thing for me. I will eventually end up making more money thanks to these assets and skills rather than with the money prize itself, who would have known?

I could actually slow it down a bit, we don't need that much money but I feel so... fulfilled, you know? I said I'm no hooker already, I'm a respectable high class escort, but sometimes I like to feel the thrill to slowly uncover my perfect breasts to a stranger on the streets and whisper in his ears "100 bucks for a blowjob". I have resisted the urge so far but I'm always eager for new experiences so I'm afraid I will eventually give in and try what it feels to be a street hooker.

Kevin knows it all but he seems ok with it. We truly love each other, despite everything that has happened to us, so we accept compromises. Sometimes I realise he's really an angel. If it wasn't for him, I would completely forget who I really am. We still enjoy visiting museums together, or visiting new cities, like we used to do, and I still feel like the old sweet Anne when I'm with him. He's the only one to still call me Anne btw, I mostly go by Anya nowadays, it's easier to pronounce. I know it's a Russian name, you don't have to remind me.

I'm really afraid that if one day he were to dump me, my slutty side would completely take over me and I would completely turn into a Russian whore, in and out. The thought of it makes me wet...

Never mind, here comes my customer to pick me up. He's a handsome businessman in his 40s, he's rented a penthouse just for us to for these hours! It's going to be exciting and, with a hourly rate of 1000\$, quite profitable for me. I have to say I love the moment when they hand me the money in cash, I feel so trashy and objectified!

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I came back after a long day of work. The sex had been great, yet I wasn't satisfied. After a long bubble bath, I changed into comfy clothes to chill on the sofa with Kevin. That was the plan at least. It was pretty clear that my body was feeling otherwise, though. Our eyes met. I was daydreaming about having sex with him. I lifted my skirt and moved closer to him. My pussy was almost exposed now. Everything revolved around sex after the modifications I had undergone. Deep down I really hated behaving like that but at the same time, sex felt so incredibly desirable. I was completely addicted to it. I played with my hair and my pheromones soon worked their magic on Kevin. We began French kissing and soon enough we were naked in each other's arms.

During the foreplay, Kevin commented on how odd my new body still felt to him "I'll never get used to the new you, Anne! Everything is so different about you!" "Da? Tell me more about zhat!" "Well, kissing for example, your lips are so thick, they feel completely different from usual!" "Yeah I can imagine zhat!" - I said with a smirk. I never thought about how much his life had changed too. He was engaged to a completely different person, after all. "And your whole body is so... curvy in the right places! Not to speak of your scent, it's almost intoxicating!" I had learned to understand the power of my enhanced hormones and pheromones. Any man in my proximity would immediately feel horny just by smelling me. "Do you like that baby?" "Hmm it's soo sexy!". "Oh, and I have to say, I was initially taken aback by your faint smell of smoke but I kinda grew to like it, it gives you an even stronger "bad girl" aura!" "Haha, I'm enough of a "bad girl" these days, I zhink! I tried to quit smoking but it really helps me coping with stress, and..." "It's ok babe, I like it. Please don't stop!" "Oh... As you wish my love!" - I purred in my husky voice.

We had sex for the whole night, until dawn. We were exhausted but happy. I checked myself in the mirror. Somehow my body kept the same apparent freshness even after a sleepless night.

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Once Kevin invited his friends over to meet me. He couldn't keep me in the closet forever, after all. I was very nervous before meeting them, I really didn't want to embarrass Kevin in front of everybody. I asked him to pick a dress for me, he went for an elegant purple dress, God knows what I would have gone for! I tried to hide my permanent makeup under a layer of foundation, and my cleavage under my blonde curls and then headed for the living room, where Kevin's friends were already sitting. They were mostly male friends, some with their girlfriends. I recalled them all, we used to be friendly with each other and they made me feel like one of them. Now, however, I was struggling to keep certain thoughts away with so many hunky guys around me.

"Hi all, I'm Anya! Nice to meet you all!" - I told them with a smile. They were clearly impressed by my looks, especially the guys. I tried my best to keep my slutty nature at bay but eventually I gave in. I was constantly flirting with them, eating them with my eyes. They were talking politics, a topic I used to feel passionate about but right now I couldn't really focus on any of that. I made silly comments, just to draw their attention, to which they replied with awkward silences and weird looks. Why was Kevin dating this vapid blonde bimbo? - they were asking themselves. I felt ashamed of what I had become but I couldn't fight it anymore.

Later I handed a sandwich platter to one of Kevin's friends, "Is there something else you'd like to eat? Like me for example?" - I asked him flirtatiously. His girlfriend nearly dropped her glass and the poor boy did his best to hide his erection. "Dammit Anne, they're friends, you are not supposed to sleep with them!" - I told myself.

The evening became more and more awkward until they left, with a clear picture of me. I was, figuratively and probably literally, a Russian slut.

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Before my lust took over my whole life, I asked Kevin to marry me. I knew it was my only chance of keeping at least a part of my old identity alive. Maybe being a wife would calm down my sexual impulses, I hoped. I had always dreamt of marrying the love of my life and settling down with him, that would be hopefully fulfilling enough. Anyway, he said yes!

My wedding day was nothing like I had previously expected. My wedding dress was the shortest one in history, probably. I considered longer dresses but with killer legs like mine, why would I want to hide them? I went for this cute pink short dress. I also had my hair done and bridal makeup applied on top of my usual, permanent slutty one.

I made a hell of a bride!

My family was too ashamed of the new me, so only Kevin's family and a few friends showed up at the wedding. When the ceremony was over, we were husband and wife, Kevin and Anya! I had my name legally changed by then, I felt more like an Anya these days.

We went on a long honeymoon in the Caribbeans where we had tons of sex and started talking about having children. I had always wanted them but I was also afraid of ruining my figure, so we decided to postpone that by a few years.

After we came back, we found out that my slutty instincts were still there, as strong as always, so we had to accept that I was going to keep a double life, as a loving housewife and as a high class escort. "It's just a job like any other, after all" - I told myself. I had changed so much since I was a feminist activist fighting for body positivity and against women selling their bodies. I was such a loser, I'm much better now!