

Garnet
by Pan
Chapter 1

She hadn't realized what it was when she'd bought it.

Janet Miller was a middle-aged woman living in Toledo, Ohio. She'd always had a simple focus - being the best wife and mother she could be. She'd raised two beautiful children; her son Martin had just left for college. Maya, her daughter, was halfway through grad school. And her loving husband Ken was a successful businessman - he did technical consulting for multiple Fortune 500 companies, and earned more than enough money to ensure that their family wanted for nothing.

Their success was Janet's success; it told her that she'd done a great job. She'd kept them together through the hard times; loved and supported her husband, offered guidance and discipline to her children in the appropriate ratios, and when her husband had left his job to start his own company, she'd been beside him every step of the way, even working part-time at the local grocery store to support the family when they'd most needed it.

But Janet had always had a secret desire. A passion that her husband had likely forgotten about - if he'd ever known about it in the first place.

Janet had wanted to *dance*.

She wasn't naïve enough to think that she could have been a professional - her breasts were too large, she knew that.

But there had always been something so fascinating, so alluring about the way dancers moved their body, and she'd always wanted to learn how to do it herself.

Family had come first, of course, and her dreams had been put on hold. But when her youngest child had moved out, Janet had - partially to distract herself from the feeling of loneliness she got from the empty house - done something she hadn't done since she was a teenager, and started thinking about taking dance classes.

Her research quickly told her that everything available locally was booked for the next several months, and the idea of taking 'online courses' for such a physical skill held very little appeal. Just before Janet hid her secret dream away again, an ad caught her attention:

LEARN TO DANCE AT HOME WITH THIS REVOLUTIONARY INSTRUCTIONAL SUIT.

Clicking through, Janet was shocked and intrigued by what she found - for what seemed like an exorbitant price, she could purchase a suit that would (if the site was to be believed) teach her everything she needed to know about dancing without ever having to take a class.

After entering her measurements, her finger hesitated on the mouse, her cursor hovering above "Buy Now", but - remembering the years of effort she'd put into her husband's career - she followed her heart, and clicked. And waited.

And waited.

It was more than a month before it arrived. It made sense - the site had said that the suit needed to be hand-crafted, to perfectly suit her. And when it arrived...

She hadn't realized what it was when she'd bought it.

The pages of positive reviews had been what had convinced her that she wasn't being scammed, but none of them had mentioned exactly what kind of dancing the suit would teach. Janet hadn't questioned it at the time - she'd been expecting jazz, or ballroom, or...well, anything except for what she got.

Stripping.

The suit was built to teach her how to strip.

The box read EXOTIQUE DANCER'S BODY SUIT, BLACK EDITION, and as soon as she saw it, the relatively conservative Janet realized she'd made a huge mistake.

It showed a woman with curves quite similar to Janet's, but where Janet had always done everything in her power to hide her body, the woman on the cover was far from shy. She looked extremely happy to be showing off her body, thrusting her tits forward with a confidence that Janet both disdained and envied.

This wasn't what Janet had wanted. It wasn't something she could wear, it wasn't a skill she wanted to learn...but the site had been very clear, she couldn't return it. And she couldn't just throw it out - what if a neighbor saw it in the trash?

What would they think?

Unsure what else to do with the abominable suit, Janet hid it away on the top shelf of her closet, where she knew her husband would never look. God, what would she do if he found it? There would be no explaining why she'd made such a ridiculous, frivolous purchase.

For the next two months, Janet barely gave the suit another thought. She knew she'd have to deal with it eventually - the next time she made a trip to the local landfill, she could sneak it into the car without her husband noticing - but it was far from a priority.

Then her husband left.

He would often go on lengthy work trips - this one was two weeks; long, but not unusually so. But it was his first trip since their son had left for college, and suddenly Janet found the emptiness of the house almost overwhelming.

With no husband and no kids, Janet found herself completely alone. All of her friends were busy with their own families, and her sister had started dating a man who Janet wanted to spend as little time with as possible.

She briefly wondered if she should be worried about how much wine she was drinking, especially alone, but she just had no other way to pass the time.

It was after almost an entire bottle of wine that Janet remembered the suit.

The suit.

With several glasses of zinfandel inside her, the EXOTIQUE DANCING offered by the box - while still not her first choice, of course - seemed much less repugnant than it had when she'd received it. After all, she wanted to *move her body* however she could, and it wasn't like anyone would see it but her.

Hell, maybe when her husband returned, he'd enjoy seeing the new skill she'd suddenly learned while he was away...

The idea of surprising Ken with a strip tease made Janet giggle, and she used this nervous energy as motivation to fetch the box from her closet, and - for the first time - open it.

Even in her more-than-tipsy state, the contents of the box shocked her. She'd been expecting the body suit, but she hadn't expected it to have 'enhanced' breasts (especially since she'd entered her own extremely generous measurements when buying it), or for there to be two holes between the legs. Aside from those, it looked like it would cover every inch of her from neck to ankles, with holes for her fingers.

Also in the box were two pelvic 'inserts' - when she picked them up, Janet was disgusted to discover that they were very slightly damp.

There was a sheet of temporary tattoos - 'to be applied as desired'. Janet knew she wouldn't be using that, if she could even bring herself to put the suit on. For such an expensive purchase, the whole thing was giving her an extraordinarily suspicious vibe.

There was make-up and some molding putty in the box, as well as a small box of pills: SOUTHERN BELLE. TRAILER TRASH TALKER. THROATY SEDUCTION. NORTHERN EXPOSURE. AIRY PILLOW TALK.

“What the heck?” Janet asked out loud, looking through the selection. Apparently she’d missed more on the website than just what kind of dancing the suit taught.

There were two aerosol cans included - WATERPROOF FIXING and RELEASE SPRAY, as well as a book of instructions.

Lastly, there was a USB drive, as well as a clear sleeve the size of a credit card.

After a brief glance at the instructions, it was the USB drive that Janet grabbed next. She knew that her tech-savvy husband wouldn’t want her putting strange software on the computer... but, well, he wasn’t around. Besides, she told herself, if he was so tech-savvy, she was sure he could fix it if anything went wrong.

The book had said that the first step was to make a fake “ID” for the suit. Janet wasn’t exactly sure why that was necessary, but she’d had enough to drink that she couldn’t help but see all this as a strange adventure; something to pass the time until her husband got back.

Worst-case scenario, she’d unplug the computer, get rid of the box, and pretend that she’d never made the ridiculous purchase in the first place.

Loading up the software, she was relieved to see that it didn’t seem to be a virus - the software seemed professionally-made, and a series of easy-to-follow pop-up tips appeared to guide her through the process.

The first step was to put the suit on. It took another glass of wine for Janet to build up the courage to strip naked and slip into the strange material. It was surprisingly comfortable, and almost as soon as it touched her skin, she could barely feel its presence.

The software instructed her to apply make-up or molding putty, which - even while she was sloshed - only took her about ten minutes to do.

Janet wasn’t a particularly vain woman, but she was very used to using make-up to hide her wrinkles or sporadic acne. She was unable to resist using the putty to give herself some cheekbones (something she’d always wanted), and further hide the subtle indicators that she wasn’t as young as she used to be.

Before she put the make-up away, she used it to give herself fuller lips. *If I’m going to be a stripper, she thought cheekily, I might as well commit!*

As she checked herself out in the mirror, she wondered if her husband would even recognize her. The suit simultaneously flattened her stomach and gave her larger tits, and the putty and make-up made look - from a distance at least - almost twenty years younger.

Her eyebrows raised in shock as she lifted up one of her breasts (the suit somehow gave them a level of droopiness even greater than her own natural tits) and realized that the suit also showed a fake scar beneath each tit. Who *wanted* to look like they had fake tits? What on earth was the point of that?

After a few minutes of staring, Janet concluded that her husband would probably still recognize her by her hair. She was a natural blonde...but, of course, she didn’t have to be.

Giggling at how quickly her evening had transformed from a boring night at home, Janet made her way into her daughter’s room. Her daughter had been given a minor role in her senior year play, and she’d kept the wig after closing night.

The middle-aged woman soon found it, buried at the back of Maya’s closet. While looking, she’d been shocked to find a collection of tank tops, shorts, and skirts that Janet and her husband would *certainly* never have approved of, as well as - most appalling of all - a packet of cigarettes.

Janet made a mental note to have a Serious Talk with her daughter the next time she called, and returned to the bathroom with the red wig. The wig-hair was long - longer than Janet's own - and surprisingly realistic.

Yes, that made a big difference. With the wig on, even her husband wouldn't have been able to tell that it was her, standing seemingly naked in front of the bathroom mirror.

The fake tattoos caught Janet's eye, and she couldn't resist. Maya had a tattoo - *that* had caused quite a row - but Janet had never seen the appeal.

Now, looking at the soon-to-be stripper in the mirror, she understood for the first time why one would want to customize your body.

Fifteen minutes later, Janet wondered if she'd gone overboard. She'd added more than two dozen of the fake tattoos to the body-suit; the first few had been so fun, she hadn't seen any reason to stop.

In any case, they'd done it. If her husband was to come home right now, there was no way he'd possibly recognize the woman standing in his wife's bedroom.

Janet was buzzing with excitement - and zinfandel - when she sat back down at the computer.

The final instruction was to use one of the vaginal inserts. This, more than anything she'd done so far, gave Janet pause, but the momentum of her adventure (combined with the wine) was enough to push her over the edge. She chose one at random, closed her eyes and tried not to think about what she was doing, and winced at the surprising amount of fullness the plastic gave her.

CLICK THIS BUTTON IF YOU ARE READY TO BEGIN, the instructions said, as she sat down at the computer.

Without even a moment of hesitation, Janet clicked the button, and changed her life forever.

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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.