

Si-woo



Life isn't fair. My whole life I wanted to be a pop star. I trained, I worked out, I practiced dancing, I followed every possible style blog. I'm handsome, I'm young and I was keen to get a break. Problem was, I wasn't a great singer.

I want to be, but no matter how hard I try or how many lessons I take, people were never very impressed. Sure, when I went to karaoke people would be amazed at my skill, but I was far from professional. But that wasn't the greatest injustice.

The greatest injustice was that my former school mate and current roommate Jun Park was born with all the talent. All the talent and no desire to use it. He didn't study, he didn't practice, he was just... good.

Despite his talent he never had many friends. He just kind of hung around. Once I heard him sing, I realised I needed to keep him around. With him in my team I might just be able to break through as a group act. So I struck up a friendship. He was pretty needy but he was an

ok guy. I used to try to get him to karaoke all the time to convince girls we were signed musicians. Girls are such suckers for fame.

We hung out at high school and after graduation split the bills by living together. He had a few casual jobs just like I did and we made ends meet. In my spare time I studied the music industry and looked for a way to make our big break. I just knew I had to keep Jun focused.

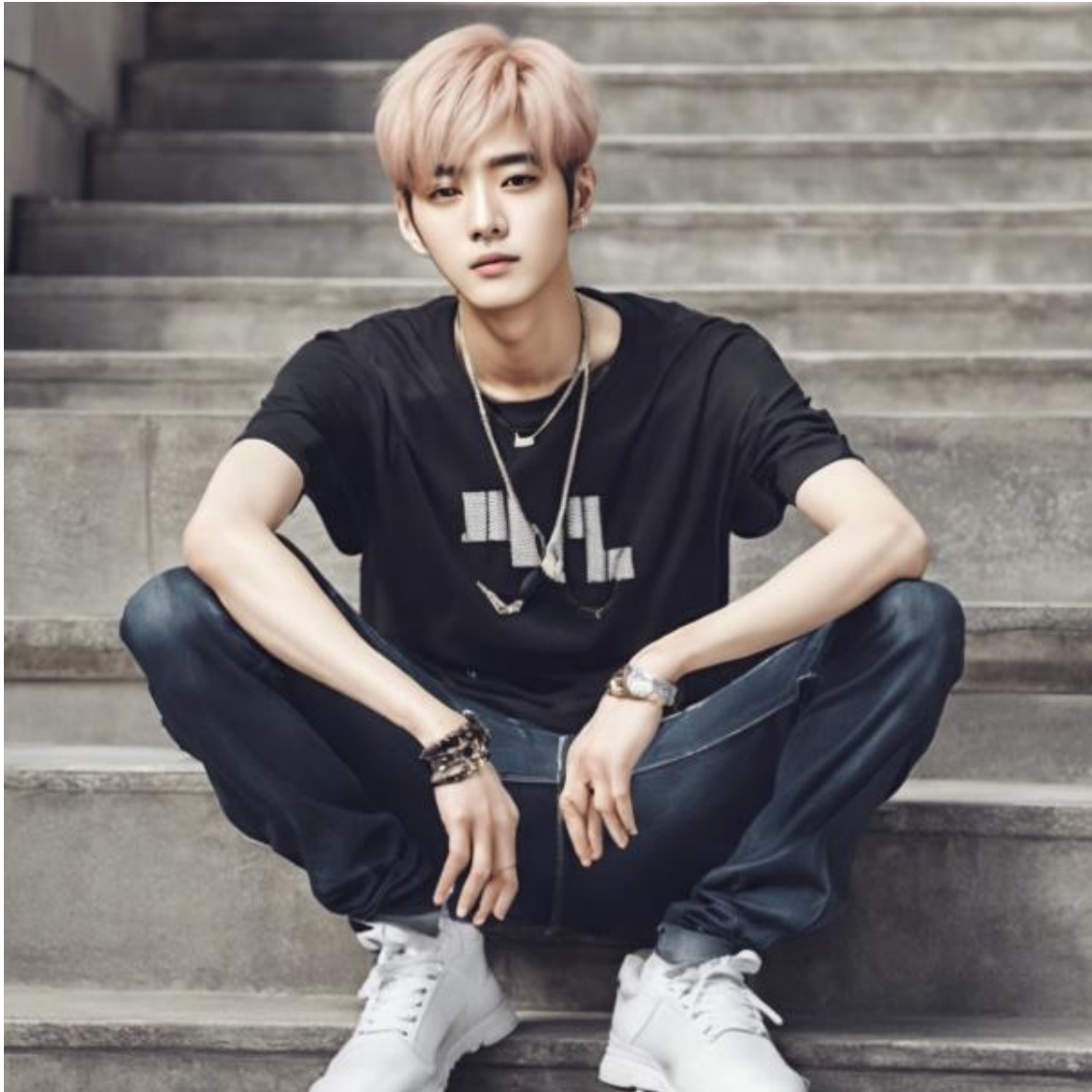
Breakthrough

I had been probing every possible angle. Every advertisement, every contact, every social media opportunity. I needed to get in front of someone. I knew if I could just attach myself to Jun and get him in an audition, I'd be able to have my success. Months passed by with nothing at all. Not even rejection. Just nothing. No reply, no receipt, no callback.

Then one day the unthinkable. The largest music label in Korea responded to an unsolicited "audition" I sent. It was actually a heavily edited karaoke session focusing primarily on Jun serenading some ladies we had picked up earlier in the night.

I planned out how I would get him along. I'd tell him about the opportunity. I'd ask him to do it for me. I made a list of good times and cherished memories we had together from all my time keeping him around. I'd be able to pull his heartstrings one way or another. Deep down he was a lonely loser and would do anything for his only friend.

After a lot of smooth cajoling I managed to get him to agree and attend the private audition in a month. Success. I could taste it. It wasn't far away.



Audition

I practiced non stop leading up to the audition. I mixed up my style according to all the latest fashion blogs. I practiced my dance moves. I started a new skincare regime. I was going to give this my best shot.

The great injustice. Jun didn't do a thing. He just sat there and went about his daily routine. Some people don't deserve talent. Lazy. Ambitionless. A complete loser. He was lucky to have me dragging him to success.

The day arrived and we went to the audition studio. We were met by the receptionist. She was perfect. Perfect smile, glossy thick black hair, flawless skin, perfect proportions. She was everything a woman should be. I had to remind myself to focus on the task at hand. I was here to change my life, and by extension, Jun's life.

We were escorted into an incredibly modern room. It was bathed in white light and sparkled like something from the world of television. You could tell you were in the heart of pop music here. We were handed off to another girl who embodied perfection. Exactly as perfect as the last.

“You will need to perform this song. You have fifteen minutes to study it and then you need to come to the dressing room for makeup and clothing. Good luck.” The new beauty spoke before leaving the room.

Jun began bitching immediately. I told him to shut up and reminded him that we were here being monitored. I felt so angry. I had gone to all this effort and here he was trying to fuck it up. Worse, he was mocking the lyrics we had been given. This was probably the next big hit. He was always so smug and condescending. We were being given insight into the heart of pop music and here he was being snide and unappreciative.

I tried to ignore him and focus on the lyrics, singing as best I could. Fifteen minutes was nowhere near long enough to get my performance right and soon I was whisked off to makeup. Thankfully I didn't have to go with Jun.

I had been practising makeup routines online, but this girl was next level. She was able to do an amazing job of bringing out my inner star in minutes. She then took me to a sink and started to wash my hair.

“What are you doing with my hair?” I asked, trying not to forget the lyrics I was in the process of memorising.

“We want to dye it pink to suit the image we have in mind for the group” she responded.

“I don't want pink hair” I wanted to snap back, but held my tongue. I didn't want to jeopardize my chances. Besides, my recent attempt at silver-red had ended up a washed out pink anyway. I could always dye it back afterwards.

After makeup I was ushered back out to the waiting area. Seeing Jun's makeup made me glad I got the girl I did. His makeup was done in a female style, not the more understated male style. I tried not to laugh at him until he criticised my pink hair. I lost my cool a little and told him he looked like a girl. I tried to play it off as a joke, and hoped he didn't notice how pissed off I was at his lack of seriousness with this opportunity.

A guy in a red suit then emerged calling us both “boyos”. He looked supremely gay. I hoped he was Jun's wardrobe guy and not mine. No luck. I had to go with the red faggot. At least he knew what he was doing. Some high-class street clothes finished my look. I could have sworn the faggot was looking at my cock while I was changing.

I went back out and waited for Jun.

Moments later he came running into the room red-faced. I wanted to erupt in laughter. He looked terrified and stressed and I could see why. He was wearing a purple frill dress. With his skinny hairless arms and legs, and his girl's makeup he looked like a girl. He was having some sort of panic attack.

I bit my tongue again. I wanted to mock him ruthlessly but I needed him to calm down for the audition. I went and grabbed him by the shoulders.

“Breathe bro. It's ok. Boy bands do this all the time. It's like a right of passage.”

His eyes were still darting about like a rabbit.

“Here, sit down. Chill a moment”.

He sat down and closed his legs together like a little girl. What a sissy.

“Have some water. Take some deep breaths” I spoke calmly.

He was starting to calm down. I kept my snickering inside as I looked at him again. Here he was on the verge of tears, wearing a purple dress. His too long hair falling about his heavily made-up face. I’d never forget or let him live this down. But for now, I needed to get him to perform.

Eventually he calmed properly.

“You’ve got this bro. You’re the one with all the talent. You don’t need to think about this. Just read over those lyrics and sing. You’ll be fine”.



Callback

The following weeks were filled with stressful anticipation. As time passed I felt more and more like we wouldn’t get it. In the first few days I kept trying to reassure Jun that he was ok. That dressing up like a beautiful girl didn’t make him any less of a man. But it did. In fact he made such a convincing girl I started to wonder if he was gay. Was that why he hung around me so much? Did he want me? Who cares. As long as he sang.

But with the lack of callback I started to question whether it was even worth having him as a friend. He completely stuffed up the audition. I'd have been better off on my own. I may not have the talent but at least I'd have been disciplined and focused and not carrying on prancing about in my dress about to cry.

Then we got the callback. They wanted to offer us a contract. I could hardly breathe. My mind focused over and over again on the words they had spoken. All of my life's work finally rewarded. I had done it.

I ran into the living room and excitedly told Jun our lives were set forever. The selfish bastard didn't even look happy. He was sitting complaining about having to go back. I was astonished. This was everything everyone wanted in life, now in our reach. All we had to do was go negotiate terms and do one final performance for the executive board. Apparently the "new talent division manager" had specifically insisted on a second performance. Apparently he had noticed the flaws in Jun's performance and wanted to see him perform again.

I was so angry I could have hit Jun. Instead I tried to be calm. This was my final hurdle. To get him back there to sign the contract. After that he could fuck off for all I care. What little regard I had for our friendship was dying amidst his pissy behaviour and refusal to help with this opportunity.

After a lot of smooth talk and effort I convinced him to return.

When the date arrived, I dressed in my most pop music appropriate suit and we headed in.

The Negotiation

We arrived back at the offices and were once again greeted by Ms Sexy Perfect at reception. I flirted with her a little this time, confident that a popstar like me could have a girl like her any day of the week. She giggled in delight as she took us up in the lift to the boardroom. The boardroom was pretty uninspired to be honest. It just looked like any business place. Nothing like the impressive studio downstairs.

The team of executives came to negotiate a fair deal. I wish I could tell you the details, but I'm still bound by a non-disclosure agreement on the details. Needless to say, the first offer was for more than enough money to set me up for life.

Jun was useless as always. He sat like a rabbit in the headlights, saying nothing as I did all the work. Typical. I should never have brought him with me in the first place. Finally however, it was all sorted and we went to our final hurdle. We had to perform.

The makeup girl dyed my hair an even deeper pink.

"It's going to be part of your brand" she informed me. I was more relaxed this time, flirting with her and being pretty suave as she did my hair and makeup.

I then got dressed in a pretty sharp suit with pink shirt. I looked amazing. I was ready to embrace this new life.



No Show

What goes up, Jun brings down. Apparently.

At my crowning moment, when nothing could go wrong, Jun fucked it. Completely. How could he fuck a concluded deal? He ran off. No explanation. No discussion. Just gone.

A well dressed executive emerged from the changeroom.

“Your friend doesn’t want to proceed,” he said.

“Why not?”

“He didn’t want to wear a dress again,” he responded calmly.

“What the fuck? Fucking idiot!” I exclaimed.

“Without him, the deal is off”.

“Please” I pleaded “I’ve been carrying him for ages. I’m the brains and motivation behind all this. Stick me with any other band. I can do this without him.”

The executive looked at me.

“A solo artist gets paid a lot lower sign-on bonus” he said.

“I don’t care, I’ll do what it takes to make money once I’m signed” I responded desperately.

He sat and stared at me.

“I’ll do anything. Please...” I pleaded, almost whining.

“You’d suck my cock?” he raised an eyebrow.

Was this faggot serious? I looked at him in disbelief. Then I thought about this opportunity and everything it brought with it.

“Yes” I said, looking him dead in the eyes and trying to remain firm.

“Then meet me in wardrobe”.

I followed him to the other wardrobe where I was instructed to put on a pink dress and black high heels. He fussed with my hair briefly before pulling me into his body.

He unzipped his fly and pulled out his flaccid cock.

“Suck” he said.

I closed my eyes as I dropped to my knees. His cock smelled absolutely rancid. I wanted to vomit. This was the test. I tried to block my vision, my sense of smell and this action from my memory as I took his flaccid cock in my mouth and began to suck.

It took almost half an hour to get him to cum. Twice he had to stop me by shouting “teeth” at me. Finally, he sprayed his load over my face.

I cleaned up, hated myself, then went upstairs and signed the contract. I would never forgive Jun for what I just had to do.



A New Life

After that I barely spoke to Jun. I yelled at him once after I got home and then largely ignored him. Whenever I looked at him I saw a guy who would rather me have to suck an old man's cock than just wear a dress himself for twenty minutes. Not to mention the massive loss of money.

Fortunately, the rest of my life was now a dream. I had two years to prepare and train before being put to the public. My routine was strict, with my days filled with choreography, singing lessons and media lessons. My diet was controlled and I got into the best shape of my life.

Despite the pink colour scheme, my wardrobe was pretty hip-hop. It was clear they had an idea in mind for me, and I liked it. Once I heard them refer to me as "Project MC Strawberry". I wasn't set on the name, but I didn't mind being a rapper in the group. It was probably because I lacked amazing singing skill.



Growth

Everything happened little by little. I felt frustrated by a lack of progress, but it seemed to be coming. My hair got longer and pinker, my body thinner and more attractive, my singing stronger. I started having to learn about haircare and skincare and all the things I needed to do on my own when I wasn't at the studio. They gave me expensive supplies and expensive clothes.

In my few spare moments out in public I felt like an absolute star. People were starting to stare, wondering where they knew me. I sometimes met their gaze and would say "you don't actually know me yet. But you will". I needed to work on my own to perpetuate the brand too.

I followed my instructions perfectly. I never ate outside of my diet plan. I took all the tablets I was required to take. I used all the face lotions and hair products they demanded. Whatever I lacked in talent I made up for in ambition and commitment.



Meeting the Band

Eventually the big day came. I was going to meet the band I would be joining. Before I could, I had to get ready. Wardrobe barely seemed to be trying nowadays. They had set my look and it rarely changed. Black pants, loose black top, hip hop chain and pink shoes.

Makeup on the other hand decided to 'soften my look'. The makeup was less bold with far less contouring around my cheeks. It contributed to a slightly rounder and less severe face shape. My hair was not put through its usual curling and hairspray routine. Instead it was dried and brushed out. I thought the look was far too feminine, but I wasn't one to challenge. I still didn't look anywhere near as ridiculous and girly as Jun that first audition.



I met the group at our private launch meeting. In the room were three other people. There were two women, both strikingly beautiful. One was blonde, wearing a yellow dress. She introduced her as Jenny, but her stage name was to be “banana”.



The next member had fiery red hair in a high ponytail, matched almost exactly to her red dress. Her name was Grace, but her stage name was going to be “Apple”.



The final member was an effeminate man, dressed in a green suit, with long black hair falling in thick waves about his chest. He would be “Grape”.



And of course in the end there was me, “strawberry”.

We were introduced to each other and to the group – “Fruit Force”. It seemed to me to be a slightly lame gimmick but this was the biggest music label in Korea, they had to know what they were doing.

Grape was the first to introduce himself.

“Lovely to meet you ladies” he said, shaking the two girls’ hands then mine.

“I didn’t know I was joining a girls’ group” he laughed.

“Hey, buddy. Half of us are men here” I added indignantly, worried he had mistaken my gender.

“Oh...” he looked embarrassed, confirming my suspicion “just with the pink and strawberry...”

“It’s the brand. I’m staying on brand like you, you leprechaun” I snapped back.

An executive stepped in and calmed the tension.

“Yes, we’ve all come a long way and now we’re ready to start practicing together. Go get a meal and get to know each other, and when you come back we’ll introduce you to the songwriters and we can get started.

Fruit Force

It was an exciting time. Despite Grape’s attitude problem everything was going well. I figured I didn’t have to like these people, just get along well enough to maintain the façade for the public. I would be spending my spare time bedding my millions of fans anyway, not hanging around with these losers.

On the first morning of practice I went in and had a whole new wardrobe and makeup team. This one was responsible for the entire group. She had been Grape’s wardrobe and makeup person and was now in charge of giving the group a cohesive image.

I didn’t take to her well. She wasn’t perfect like the other makeup girl or the receptionist. Her skin was pitted with acne scars and her nose was wide. I figured she must have been really good with makeup to last in this industry looking like that.

She took me into the chair.

“Strawberry?” she asked, with a gentle but commanding tone.

I nodded.

“She bent down until she was looking at me at eye level. She had an intense gaze that seemed to study every detail very precisely.

“You have such beautiful skin, and such a pointy nose...” she complimented me more to herself than anyone else.

“Uh... thanks...” I responded awkwardly.

“Shhhh...” She held a finger against my lips to quiet me. She was a very unusual woman.

She then proceeded to do my makeup. She was slower and more deliberate than the last girl. There was something almost sensual about her touch. Her makeup brush dragged a little longer and dug a little deeper to the skin. It was like she was applying the makeup in slow motion.

Her choices were bolder, the colours deeper. She focused on the eyes much more than the last girl. It was entrancing to watch her work, she seemed lost in a dance of makeup.

She then took out the hairdryer and scissors. She combed out my hair parting it this way and that. Finally she parted it in the middle before brushing it all down over my face. Her scissors trimmed across my eyebrow, giving me thick pink bangs across my forehead.

I was so transfixed by the slow fluidity of her motions I barely registered how feminine the result was. I simply ended up thanking her and moving to wardrobe.

The new wardrobe girl was less adventurous and beguiling. She had the same style choices and attitude as the last one.

I emerged ready to practice singing our first song.



Pop Life

“Strawberry” the executive called.

My heart sank a little. It was that bastard I had to suck off to get this job. I thought he had disappeared.

“You’re becoming quite the handsome man” he said, gently playing with my long hair.

“What... What do you want?” I asked nervously.

“You’re about to be a big star strawberry. But you need to tie up some loose ends.”

“What loose ends?” I asked, still nervous and confused.

“Your friend Jun. Once you go big he is going to be all over the media talking about you. Particularly if he isn’t occupied”

“I’m not friends with him anymore. Besides, I’m not going to kill anyone”

“No. Not kill. He needs to work in the industry. That way we can control him.” He responded coolly.

“How? He’s lazy. He doesn’t want to be a singer. Plus he’s gotten fat. He just sits at home eating all day and playing video games.”

“Just get him to an audition with this lady. I’ll arrange it for him. She has some sick personal delights, she will keep him occupied and out of the spotlight.” He handed me a card with details of a female CEO of a rival music group.

“Get him out of the way Strawberry or even those cocksucking lips of yours aren’t going to save your career this time”. He walked out without waiting for a response.

What a creep. But he was right. I needed to start repairing the relationship with Jun so that I could get him out of the way. If nothing else, a reignited friendship would reduce anything negative he would likely say about me.

I went home and tried my best to act as if everything was normal.

“Jun, it’s been a long time. Wanna get lunch together?” I asked.

He relented, and my plan to recover the friendship started in earnest.



Healing

The friendship slowly returned at home and friendships started to form with the Fruit Force. The girls were lovely, although slightly shallow. I guess with beauty and talent like theirs they didn't really need to develop much depth or expertise. Grape was still awkward and a little condescending. His attitude problem was worsening, but his looks were getting softer and softer.

The makeup girl seemed much more suited to female makeup, something I had noticed with my increasingly feminine appearance as well. But my changes were only minimal, he seemed to be transforming from handsome young man into a vixen. I was sure they were giving him botox and fillers to make him look more feminine.



I also had to meet every day with the disgusting man who was helping me get Jun under control. Fortunately he didn't try anything sexual again, but he was very touchy. He would greet me with a hug and pull me far too close into his body. He would play with my hair while we talk. At first it felt disgusting, like he was treating me as a little girl. Over time I came to accept his touchy feely approach and thought nothing further of it.

It was helpful to have him on my side. I needed to get Jun tied up soon. It wasn't long until we would launch our first single.



Success at home

“Please” I pleaded, looking deep into his eyes. I grabbed his waist and buried my head into the fold of his neck, just as the executive had suggested.

Jun looked back at me with confusion before agreeing.

I clapped as I bounced excitedly on my heels. Another tip I had learned in training to be a superstar.

I lined up the interview for Jun and put my mind to rest. It was time to become a star and forget all about this loser.

The executive was pleased. We had grown closer over time. He insisted I call him “daddy,” but it was a little weird for me. I would only do it when he specifically instructed. For the most part he remained “Mr Lee”.

I felt special that he had taken an interest in my career and no-one else's. None of the other executives were involved in any way with the group. I felt it gave me a huge advantage in maintaining my place in the industry.

First however, I had to do my professional photo for the group launch media.

Nothing much changed, just a more perfect version of my usual style. My nails were painted pink, which was something that had been trialled once or twice before. My eyes and lips were pink, my hair curled to my shoulders. My usual black t-shirt was replaced by a fashionable black silk shirt with slightly puffy sleeves. My usual black pants were now tighter, with frills down the side. Overall it was more formal than my usual look, but not a dramatic change.



Grape laughed when he saw me “So I’m in a girl group after all”

I glared at him “fuck off Grape. You’re one to talk”

He stood almost four inches taller than me. He threw his long black hair over his shoulder and approached closely. “You want to challenge me, little girl?”

I couldn't understand where this attitude was coming from.

"Shut up Frape. Just do the photo" Banana shouted at him.

"Not until all of you little girls give me a kiss" he demanded.

"You're drunk again. Just stop already" Apple yelled.

Grape grabbed me by the waist and pulled me into him. I tried to fight back by pushing him away.

"You're first girly" he said, grabbing my hair and forcing my neck back before pushing his lips against mine and shoving his tongue in my mouth.

Apple and Banana came and pulled him off me. The commotion had caused several executives to appear.

"Grape. You're out!" Mr Lee shouted, calling security over.

I sat down devastated. Not so much because of the kiss, but because we no longer had a band.

"Is he coming back? Can we work as a trio?" I sobbed, still in shock from the unprovoked attack.

Mr Lee looked at me thoughtfully, "There is always a way".

Girl Group

"No way. I'm not doing it" I protested.

"Is it really much worse than sucking daddy's cock?" Mr Lee reminded me, a smug grin on his face. God, referring to himself in the third person was just rubbing in his smug power trip.

"Everyone is going to know" I continued.

"Of course, that's the idea. Times are changing. A transgender member of a girl group would be an exciting angle. It's either that or Banana and Apple find a new girl group and you look for a new job" he stared at me, a cold seriousness in his voice.

I stared back.

"No-one is going to believe I'm trans" I tried with one last protest.

"Have you looked at yourself lately?" he asked, grabbing my shoulders and turning me to my reflection in the mirror.

I was so pink. My hair, my makeup. I didn't want to admit it, but I would easily pass as a trans girl going through her transition.

Mr Lee put his hands on my shoulders and sniffed my hair.

“Go down to wardrobe and see for yourself. Do this and daddy will look after you and make sure you are a big success in this industry”.

I hung my head in shame and headed to wardrobe. For the second time in my life I slipped into women’s clothes. I put on a black silk sleeveless blouse, with a big floppy bow on the front. I think put on a pink frilly skirt. Finally, I had to put on two black lace sleeves that served no discernible purpose other than to make me look like a sissy.

I looked at myself in the mirror, unimpressed. I looked like a complete sissy.



Mr Lee came into the room.

“My, my, what a beautiful sissy you are. Wasn’t I right? Are you prepared to be the biggest thing in pop music?”

I looked down at the floor.

“Yes”

“Yes, what?” he demanded.

“Yes daddy”.

“That’s my girl” he said, stroking my bare arms.

I shivered in disgust as his hands gently moved from my arms to my neck, where he pulled my hair aside and kissed my neck.

“Go reintroduce yourself to your band”.

I walked slowly back out and saw Banana and Apple. Their trademark yellow and red look was gone. Now they were back to black hair and black dresses. They looked at me judgmentally.

“You really don’t have any shame do you Strawberry?”

I looked down and burned red with both anger and embarrassment.

“I just want to be a star. I’ve worked so hard...”

Photoshoot part 2

With the bands new image and direction we had to do new promotional photos. It was humiliating beyond belief. I was paraded in a series of black and pink lace dresses and skirts. The poses they had me do were so unbearably girly. I felt almost like giving up. Would this be my life from now on? Posing with makeup brushes and flirting with the camera?







Mr Lee stood watching the whole affair. Once my humiliation was complete I changed back into a more modest pink dress and he came to speak to me.

“Strawberry. I have some bad news for you” he smirked as he spoke.

“What is it?”

“Well, the label has signed another transgender singer. Unlike you, she can actually sing. I can keep her from success, but if I don’t she’s going to take your spotlight. No-one will care about the second most talented trans popstar. This new one’s even getting a solo album,” he had such a smug sense of self worth as he spoke.

He held out a photo. I felt... jealous? She was more beautiful than me. She threatened to take away everything I’ve worked for.

“What... what do you want for keeping her away?” I asked, knowing full well the game I had to play.

“Well Strawberry. I want you to start accompanying me to events. I have certain desires that just aren’t met by a regular woman...” his face was twisted in perversion and lust.

I looked down at the floor and swallowed hard.

“Yes daddy”.

“That’s my girl” he said, kissing me softly on the lips. I wanted to vomit.



Loneliness

Months of recording and living like a woman took its toll on me. I had lost all energy and sense of self. It seemed I was moving from one set of instructions to the next. In my spare time I was arm candy to Mr Lee. The way he touched me and grabbed me and kissed me always made me feel sick to the stomach, but I knew my end of the bargain.

I started even to miss the company of Jun. But he was rarely home nowadays. I caught him coming in one night. At least I thought it was him. He had gotten so fat it looked like he had tits. Maybe it was best I didn't associate with such a disgusting creature.

By the time our official poster came out I was exhausted. It was intellectually quite exciting, but my emotions didn't stir. I was becoming quite numb to the world. I looked at my girly face hovering to the right of Apple and Banana (now back to their original names), and felt disgusted with myself. I was between two k-pop girls, and I was the girliest one on the poster. Worse, I was a pink version of the perfect receptionist who had greeted me all those years ago.



Who would ever believe I was a ladies man now? Who would even believe I was a man. Maybe if I was lucky I could get some lesbian action, but that seemed unlikely given all my spare time was spent on dates with Mr Lee.

Launch

Our album launched and I became massive news in Korea. I played my girly part in TV interviews and on social media. I had the pretend fights and pretend friendships they wanted of me. I fuelled and denied the rumours of my affair with Mr Lee as directed. My life was no longer my own.

I was sure we were making millions, but we never seemed to see much of it. We toured non-stop for four years. Mr Lee toured with me when he could, and after an exhausting concert I would have to pleasure him. He would lie back and do nothing while I had to play with him and suck him to completion.

Some rare nights I would find a girl to stay with me. They were the best nights. The only nights of true pleasure as I intertwined with the girls.

The routine was gruelling and it was starting to show. My age gave me a more severe and less feminine look. I underwent several non-surgical treatments at first, later followed by full surgery. All in a vain attempt to remain young.

Eventually, I just looked too old. Our star was fading. The group split and Apple got a solo record. I never could. My talent wasn't in singing. I just did what it took.







Retirement

Somehow after all the years of touring we were told we owed the record label money. The biggest star in the country for years and somehow I was broke.

“What am I going to do daddy?” I complained as Mr Lee stroked my long, pink hair.

“I’ll look after it for you baby Strawberry” he said calmly.

“But what will I do now?”

“I’ll clear your debt, but you have to stay mine ok? If you decide to walk out, I am going to let the debt collectors chase you. And I know you’d be real popular on the streets” he smirked again. It was impossible to find any redeeming characteristics in this man.

“Yes daddy” I said.

“Now take off those panties and show your commitment.”

I stood up and did a sensual dance as I removed my panties. I put my stockinged leg up on the bed and turned around, exposing my ass and flaccid cock. He reached up and began stroking me. I still felt like vomiting each time he touched me. It remained limp as I slid into the bed and pushed my ass against his hard cock.

“Wait” I whispered, grabbing the lubricant and massaging his cock. I had learned the hard way what games to play.

He smiled, before pushing his cock into me. I gasped and moaned as he made his way in. I went numb and limp, following the instructions I had been given by him for how to take cock. I tried to block it all out as he came inside me.

I lay back on the bed.

“Please look after me daddy”

“I will baby” he said, getting up to clean himself.

Housewife

I spent most of my days in daddy’s house, with an occasional media appearance. I stopped dying my hair pink but otherwise had to maintain my feminine image. After all these years I’m not sure I could live as a man anymore anyway.

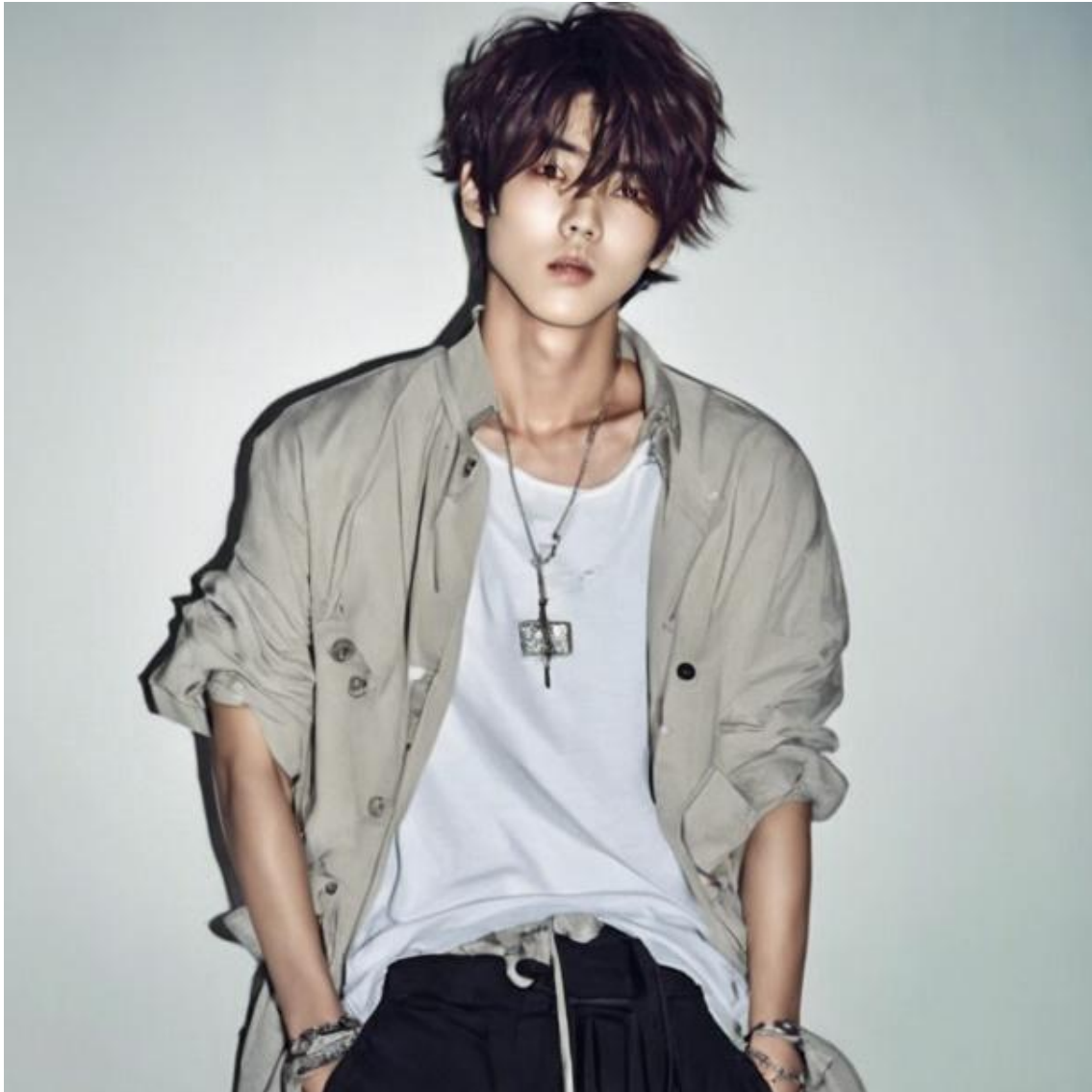


In time my life devolved further. My status as housewife moved to housemistress, as daddy began bringing home younger and prettier transgender pop girls and wannabes. Eventually I found myself forced into the role of the maid of the house. “Strawberry Maid” he and his

girls would call me. But that's a story I'm far too ashamed to tell.



Jun



I had never really wanted to be a pop star. I enjoyed singing and I was good at it, so I kept it up. I would have been happy just sticking to impressing people at karaoke, but my best friend Si-woo was adamant that we should both aim for more. I didn't mind, it was enjoyable practising with him. At times we even managed to convince the girls that we were going to be the next big thing. Those were the best nights.

When Si-woo announced that we had gotten us an audition with the largest music producer in the world I couldn't believe it. More importantly, I didn't want to audition. I didn't want to be famous. All that plastic materialism. Besides, the artists themselves barely saw a dollar from their fame. It was a gilded cage and I wanted nothing to do with it.

"Please" begged Si-woo.

"Come on bro. You know I'm not about that life" I responded.

“But you also know that I am.” Si-woo responded, before adding “we can do anything together. Remember when those big shots tried to steal my wallet back in high school?”

I smiled “yeah, they weren’t estimating us, hey?”

“It’s the same man. We have way more talent than half the guys out there, people just don’t realise it. We can do this. Besides, what else have you got to do on a Thursday afternoon?”

“Fine man, but you owe me dinner afterwards” I relented.

“Sure.” Si-woo conceded.

“A big one.”

“Sure thing, but stop being a fat shit between now and then. We’ve only got a few months to prepare and we need to look the part” Si-woo concluded, walking out the door.

Audition

“We’re here to see Mr Tak about an audition” Si-woo matter-of-factly informed the receptionist. She was stunning, in a generic sort of way. Hair like silk, a face like porcelain, all of the tight dimensions and curves that plastic surgery could buy.

“This way gentlemen” she said in a sweet voice before showing us to another room. Another woman who evidently had the same plastic surgeon as the receptionist greeted us.

“You will need to perform this song. You have fifteen minutes to study it and then you need to come to the dressing room for makeup and clothing. Good luck.”

She left the room.

“Man, everything here is so artificial” I whispered to Si-woo, motioning to the pink plastic chairs in the sterile white tiled room “I don’t want to be here.”

“Quiet man. They’re probably listening to everything in here. Plus we only have fifteen minutes to learn this song” Si-woo hissed back in a subdued tone.

“Whatever man. It’s a pop song. It’s just a chorus over and over. You need to learn like four lines, max” I said, casually fanning myself with the sheet music.

“Easy for you to say, I wasn’t born with your talent” Si-woo grumbled, burying himself in the papers.

I looked at the lyrics. Nonsense. Why did they write these things in English when the songwriters clearly didn’t speak it well?

“Cool as silk. Silver on a Thursday. Fresh like milk. Gunna do it my way” I said in a sarcastic tone, reading the lyrics aloud.

Si-woo ignored me. He was so serious about it all.

Fifteen minutes later and someone finally arrived to remove us from this neon lit, liminal space.

We were taken to separate rooms for makeup. The pretty girl clone who spoke to us earlier started applying makeup. God it felt weird. Sponges of cold white stuff being dragged over my skin. Sticky stuff being dragged across my lips. It was a sensory nightmare. Eventually I had to “look up” while someone nearly gouged out my eye with an eyeliner pencil. But it still wasn’t over.

Next the girl spent ten minutes picking at my hair like a little bird. She emptied about a whole can of hairspray in order to cement in a style that looked no different than I had walked in with.

“perfect” she announced.

I looked in the mirror. I looked like a girl. I really needed to lift some weights or something. My skinny frame paired with my now plaster-white face and red lips looked far too feminine.

“I guess this is what the pop stars all look like” I said aloud.

“Ok Mr Jun, you can return to the waiting area for wardrobe”

I walked back in and saw Si-woo waiting.



“Bro, your hair is pink” I stated the obvious.

“Yeah, I know. It looks too girly doesn’t it?” he responded shyly.

“Nah man, it’s a cool look. Plus, you need something to stand out in the world of music” I reassured him, “besides, they’ve got me looking like a geisha”

“Yeah, not going to lie man, you look like a cool chick with that makeup” he smiled.

I punched him in the arm “fuck off man, I spared your feelings”

A flamboyant older man in a red suit entered the room “Boys! Boys! Enough violence little boyos! Time for...” he paused for dramatic effect “wardrobe!”

I glanced at Si-woo before following him.

“no no...” he said, holding up his hand at me “you go with him”

He pointed at a large man in a black suit on the other side of the room.

“Good luck” I mouthed at Si-woo as I happily headed toward the other changeroom.

“Jun Park?” the man said.

“Yeah, that’s me” I confirmed.

He walked me into the changeroom and handed me a coat hanger with a purple dress on it.

“Put this on” he said, firm and emotionless.

“No fucking way” I responded.

“Look. I don’t care. Don’t put it on. Don’t get the job. They do this to everyone. The song is a male-female duet. They force one of you to wear a dress. They need to see you’re prepared to do as you’re told.”

“I’m not” I responded.

“Ok. Just go in and tell your friend why his career is ending” he quickly replied, as though he had the exact same conversation five times a day.

I thought about it for a moment. I had already come here and had my face made up like a girl. I wear the dress, we get knocked back and we forget the thing. Maybe have a laugh later. Or I have a tantrum over a dress and have to hear from Si-woo for the rest of my life how I ruined his big shot.

“Fine. Give me the damn dress” I said, grabbing the coat hanger.

I waited a while before adding “You can leave now”.

“No, I stay. Change now”.

“Fucking perverts” I thought to myself. This whole thing is exactly the weird, sick, controlling environment I expected from the music industry.

I got undressed to my underwear before trying to put on the dress. I fumbled with the holes and the material for a few minutes, getting myself tangled in the dress. To my surprise the man in the room walked over and began to help me into the dress, pulling it down over my torso and guiding my arms through the holes.

“Thanks” I said awkwardly, not sure how to feel at having been dressed by another man.

“Turn around” he said, before zipping up the zipper on the back of my dress.

I was about to thank him when I felt his face peering over my shoulder, almost cheek to cheek.

“You’re a real pretty one” he said softly, caressing my ass with his hand before taking a big squeeze.

“Fuck off” I said angrily

He took no notice, pulling my body into his before reaching down and stroking my cock through the dress while squeezing my ass with his other hand.

I wrestled myself free

“Fuck off pervert!” I shouted before running into the main room and seeing Si-woo.



Back Home

“I don’t care how it went man, I don’t want to go back” I complained. I still hadn’t told Si-woo about the man assaulting me in the changeroom. For some reason I just couldn’t bring myself to talk about it.

“Stop stressing about it bro. So you made a beautiful woman? You sang like one too. It’s ok bro. No-one needs to know.” He dismissed my concerns casually.

“You weren’t the one who had to do it” I complained.

“Whatever bro. Next time I’ll wear the dress is one of us has to” He reassured me. I wasn’t reassured. I couldn’t possibly send him in to get changed with that pervert who grabbed me.

“Besides bro” Si-woo added “we aren’t going to get a call back. If we did, we’d be massive stars in no time. As if we would say no to signing up with Kako Music”.

He spoke sense, but also hadn’t been groped by the man in the suit. Perhaps I was overreacting. The contract would make us huge international stars.

I laughed at myself. There was no way we ever hear back from them anyway. What an idiot I was to imagine we would ever have to face the decision.

The Callback

Si-woo ran into the room like an excited child. They want us to come back! We have to do one performance for the boss and if it goes well they’ll sign us on! We fucking made it!”

“Oh no” I said, more anxious than excited.

“What do you mean ‘oh no’ we’re this close to being massive stars” he held his fingers up close together.

“I mean ‘oh no’ I don’t really want to go there again. And I don’t want to be a pop star.” I responded despondent.

“Fuck off man. You’ve gotta do this. Millions of fans, millions of dollars, any chick you want for the rest of your life. Come on man!” Si-woo forced excitedly.

“When is it?” I asked, starting to lose resistance.

“Next Thursday, make sure you cut your hair and look presentable” he added.

“Whatever, I’ll look the part. But I’m wearing a fucking suit this time. You can dress as the girl”.

I had my hair cut and dyed in a stylish but much shorter fashion. I wasn’t going to give anyone any excuse to dress me as a girl again. I put on a set of formal pants and stylish men’s business shirt. I would make it clear I was there for a contract. Hopefully this time my clothes would send the right message.



The Final Audition

The day arrived and we once again saw the beautiful plastic girl at reception. This time she did not usher us into the plastic liminal space. She made a call and promptly escorted us up the lift to the top floor where we were sent to a board room.

Soon a series of executives in suits arrived, including my attacker. I felt sick to my stomach as he winked at me as we sat down. The team introduced themselves and started to talk business. I couldn't focus at all, my heart was racing and my body was in complete panic. Figures and terms were being thrown around the room for what felt like an hour. I have no idea if Si-woo responded adequately or even at all. But after they had concluded their talking the "head of talent" announced "then we're set. One final thing. We need to see the audition we were told so much about."

I felt cold. I started to sweat.

Si-woo leaned over "there's more than ten million won riding on this, don't fuck it up bro".

I felt like crying as I was led to makeup.

I was once again treated to an array of sticky face and lip products. I barely noticed. I was so anxious about the next phase and if my assaulter would be back. After replacing my small studs with large drop earrings I was sent off to the wardrobe.

I finally breathed. I was alone in the wardrobe. My heart returned to normal pace and my vision sharpened. I looked at the clothes on the hanger in front of me. A red dress.

“No fucking way. Not again” I said to the empty room.

I talked myself through it. It'd be ok this time. I'd done it before. Noone was here to assault me. One last time and I can live a life of luxury.

I fumbled my way into the dress, finally emerging from it.

My heart stopped.

I was face to face with my attacker.

“There you are, precious” he said with a strong hostility in his voice, as he ran the back of his hand along my jawline “don't you look pretty today”.

I couldn't speak. I tried to run as he was loosening his belt but he managed to grab me with one hand and pull me into his body. He pressed against me and I felt his erect cock through my dress. He squeezed my nipples as he dropped his pants. My mind raced. I couldn't even feel his touch, my mind was so anxious for escape. I tried to run, but he grabbed my chin and wrestled me back. He kissed my neck, biting it.

I froze. I wish I didn't. I stood motionless as he lifted my dress and ripped off my underpants. He covered my mouth to muffle the screams as he pushed himself inside me. I felt like I was being torn open. My ass resisted but he kept thrusting harder and harder until eventually he broke through. At first I felt like I was crapping myself. Then I felt like I was being torn from the inside. Then, against ever fibre of my being, I began to moan from the stimulation of my ass and his hand playing gently with my nipples.

The whole process seemed to last a lifetime, but it wasn't long. Soon he had pumped my ass full of his seed. He didn't say a word as he put his pants back on. Just as he was leaving he turned around and said “ten million won. Don't forget”.

My shaking knees nearly collapsed on me and I held myself up on the table by my elbows. After several minutes I managed to pull up my underpants.

I couldn't accept what had just happened. I didn't even change back. I ran out of the wardrobe and then out of the building crying. I barely gained a sense of who I was or realised that I was riding the train in a dress until I reached home and had a shower.



Friends to Roommates

Si-woo came home angry but I was in no mood to talk.

“What the fuck was that bro?” he launched at me accusatorily.

“Shut up! Just shut up! I don’t want to talk about it!” I snapped.

“A fucking dress! You couldn’t crossdress just once more for 10 million won? Why didn’t you fucking talk to me and I’d have worn it. Shit for that sort of money I’d have worn nothing but dresses for the next year! Are you that homophobic?” Si-woo continued his rant.

“You don’t know anything!” I broke into tears and ran to my bedroom.

Our friendship started to deteriorate after that. I couldn’t speak about what had happened. I just couldn’t. He assumed I had let him down because I didn’t want to wear a dress. He still got a contract, but as a solo artist they only signed him for a million won. He was still

wealthy for the meanwhile, but they were now planning to add him as a member to a larger group. It was far from the prestigious deal we had been offered.

Not that it mattered. I could barely eat or think for weeks afterward. It was like a horrible dream I always hoped I'd wake from. But I never did. The grief of reality just became more and more permanent. The world kept turning, but mine did not.

I tried to go on as normal but the world had lost all colour and flavour. The only comfort that seemed to remain was sleep. I slept away most of the days, seeing Si-woo coming and going. He seemed happy, but clearly resentful of what I had cost him. Occasionally we would exchange small pleasantries, but not often.



Making Up

“Jun, it’s been a long time. Let’s at least go get lunch together” Si-woo said.

Sure, I suppose I should get out of this house.

I looked at Si-woo. I didn't know how to describe it but he had become so "pink" since accepting that contract.

I on the other hand had become greasy. I barely left the house and had little motivation to do anything at all. But I felt I should push myself to make amends with Si-woo.

We stopped at my favourite hamburger shop. We made small talk and Si-woo explained how his practice was going. Apparently he was to spend the first two years training and becoming the perfect star before being added to the group. His mannerisms were changing. Everything about him seemed to be becoming a little more artificial. But it was nice to have his company again.

I was thinking about explaining what happened when our burgers arrived. I took a bite and tasted. I had not tasted for a long time. All the food had been flavourless but this was absolutely delicious. It was like tasting food for the first time.

I hungrily ate the burger and went to order another.

"Hey bro, finish mine. I need to get my weight down anyway" Si-woo slid his plate across.

I hungrily finished his burger and fries too. I felt full and bloated.

"It was nice catching up again man" Si-woo added, as I shoved the fries in my mouth.

"Yeah. It was" I added, licking my fingers.



Normalcy

After that catch up I went back to being a hermit. I rarely left the house. I started consuming everything in the house again. Nothing tasted as good as the burger and fortunately for my waistline there wasn't much food at all.

I started to slowly pull myself back together to some degree. I even tried to look for jobs online but found no success. I was however at least back to speaking to people online.

The conversations with Si-woo were friendlier and a bit more frequent. He was also starting to look a lot more "k-pop".

"Si-woo, what's with the hair man, you look like a chick," I said, trying to bring back some of the careless banter we used to engage in.

"Pink is my brand man. And you're one to talk," He said, reaching out as though he were about to flick my hair. I flinched dramatically away from his hand and my heart began to race.

“It’s alright man” he added cautiously upon seeing my reaction “it’s a cool look”.

“We should get hamburgers...” I added, not sure what else to say.



Growth

Over the next months I slowly recovered. Every day I would make sure I went to the burger shop. It had become my crutch. The result was me getting fatter. At first the weight suited me. I looked stronger, manlier. It was a good thing too. I had begun using Si-woo’s shampoos, creams and cleansers that were always about the bathroom and it was giving me a popstar pretty boy glow.

I was also long overdue for a haircut, but I couldn’t bring myself to face a stranger touching me. Even touching my hair felt like a massive violation.

While I became bigger and manlier, Si-woo seemed to be transforming into a girl. I know pop stars are all pretty effeminate, but his transformation was next level. He never left the house

without pink lipstick and full makeup. His clothes were crossing lines. First from “fashionable” to “unisex”, then from “unisex” to “women”.

I occasionally jabbed at him but he got very defensive when I did, so I stopped doing so. I just let him be whoever he thought it was he needed to be for his career. At least he had one.







Another Chance at Fame

“Jun, I’ve got a special surprise for you” Si-woo called out, rocking back and forth with his hands behind his back.

“What is it?” I asked, looking up from my bowl of noodles.

Si-woo was standing there in black heels with pink laces, silk tights and a lacey black top. It almost looked like he had breasts. His hot pink hair fell in waves to his shoulders. He would be quite a beautiful woman, if he were a woman.

“I’ve got you a job” he said in his sing-song voice.

“I don’t want a job bro...” I lingered on the word a bit, it didn’t seem right, “I’m fine”.

“You need to pay some rent,” he replied, picking a scab that I hoped wouldn’t be picked “besides, it’s a huge opportunity”.

I looked at him suspiciously.

“Now that I’m in the industry I’ve got you another audition with a different record label. You were always the more talented one”

My heart froze and the memories came flooding back. I broke into tears of panic.

“He won’t... It’s not the same people?” I stammered incoherently.

“No, different label. It’s got a female CEO and they’re doing some really interesting things. The CEO wants to meet you.”

“Just... just the CEO. No-one else?”

“I don’t know. Just go in and sing for her” he responded shortly.

“I can’t” I stammered through my tears.

Si-woo walked over and hugged me. His arms barely made their way around me. His soft hair and sweet perfume rested against my face. It felt so comfortable, my first human touch in well over a year.

“I’m doing this for you” he said, still holding me as he leaned his head back and looked in my eyes.

I felt I had no choice. I didn’t want to let him down again.

New auditions

I attended the offices of Universe productions and met with the CEO. The receptionist was a delightfully natural girl who showed none of the plastic perfection of Kako Music.

I was shown up to the CEO. She was a plain but beautiful woman in her mid-40’s who had somehow managed to climb to the top of this man’s industry.

“Take a seat Mr Park” she offered as I entered “I like your hair”.

“Oh, um... yeah. My friend helped me with hair. Makeup. Clothes. He’s in music already, so... um... you know?” a year in the house had left me completely charmless and without any confidence at all.

“Oh, Strawberry. She’s going to be huge. You’re lucky to have a friend like her” she responded.

“No... Si-woo. He’s a guy” I corrected.

“Oh yes, of course. Stage names and all, you know. But let’s move on to you” she skipped over her error like nothing at all.



“I want you to get changed and perform for me. Your choice of song” she said, as though it were some extension of kindness. My eyes widened in alarm at the thought of changing here.

She looked at me with a soft sympathetic gaze.

“I know what happens at other studios. It’s not like that here. It’s a private change room with a lock. There’s nothing embarrassing there.”

I didn’t say a word. I tried to hide my tears as I headed to the changeroom.

Inside was a handsome white suit. I breathed a sigh of relief. This woman had provided a safe space for upcoming artists. I wanted to be involved with her label.

After dressing I was sent to makeup where they wiped off the makeup Si-woo had done and put on new makeup. Then they began the long process of straightening my hair. At the end of it all I felt like I looked like a fat loser, but I didn’t object.

I returned and I tried my best to sing. I was terrible.

“I’m sorry. I can’t sing anymore.” I finished, stammering.

“It’s ok honey. You just need to feel more at ease and try again. I tell you what, I need a new administrative assistant. Why don’t you start off with that role and when you feel more comfortable with me and this place you can try again. Sing while you work, you know what I mean?” the CEO had such kindness and compassion.

I felt like crying again. I nodded thankfully.

“Good, come on in tomorrow in a professional shirt and pants, we’ll sort the rest out then”.



Work

The workplace was welcome relief from unemployment and my banal existence in the house, but it came with weird rules. Every morning all the staff went through hair and makeup as though they were performing artists. The CEO felt it would connect the staff to the product, but I believe she just liked having well presented staff.

She was kind and demanding in equal measure. She had great empathy, but expected absolute effort at all times. She would brush off complaints or objections without a moment's consideration, but always tenderly and with respect for the staff. I started to learn her systems and her ways. She was generous with her time and praise. Occasionally I'd try to sing a little as I worked but I could never find my voice.

My greatest comfort was that she always made sure to feed me. I missed my daily burger bar visit, so was thankful that she would often take me to lunch and talk over the day's activities. The downside was that I was getting even fatter. I figured it didn't matter much as I was unlikely to ever be a performer.

I didn't see Si-woo much after taking the job. We were both doing long hours. I would occasionally see him return home, often dressed as a woman, but I was always too exhausted to enquire further.



Gender

“madam, your order is ready... madam” the man at the burger bar called out.

I realised he was talking to me.

“oh... thanks” I said, grabbing the burger. I was deeply embarrassed. Did I look like a woman?

I opened my phone and turned on the front facing camera. Work really had been going quite far with the popstar makeup lately. I guess with my painted white face, red lips and red cheeks I was looking quite feminine. The auburn hair dye they had used the other week made things even worse. With my big fat frame my body was essentially genderless. I made a mental note to wear more masculine clothes when I could.

Not that I often could. I was most of the time dressed for work.



Eventually, even the people within the workplace were addressing me as female. I began asking hair and makeup to cut my hair and take it easy on the makeup.

“You need to be ready to perform if the moment arises” is all they said.

In truth it bothered me less than it should. I felt happy being the secretary to the CEO. I was good at my job and she was a kind woman. Having people refer to me as “madam” was a pretty small price to pay. Still, I decided to address it directly with her.

“I, uh... I think that hair and makeup are making me look a little feminine” I approached one afternoon.

“Oh yes. You look lovely dear,” she responded with her usually dismissal.

“Ms Pak, please, I don’t want to look like a woman” I protested, trying to bring back the conversation.

“Ok. Ok.” She said, before leaving the room hanging on her silence for a minute.

“Can I ask you something Jun?” she added.

“Yes Ms Pak”

“Do you like me?” she asked.

“Yes Ms Pak. You’re a visionary and you’ve created such a wonderful environment here”.

“I don’t want to cross boundaries here Jun, but I like you. I like you a lot. But I like you as you are. Beautiful.”

I looked confused.

“I was, as I suspect you were, assaulted in my early days trying to be a music star. That’s why I started my own label. But I’m still terrified of the touch of a man. A man like you, however, so soft and round and beautiful... you could be what I need” her directness was uncomfortable and not at all in keeping with the safe environment she had aimed to create. Still, I felt no pressure in her words or obligation. I simply looked at her for a moment longer.

“So, we would, umm.. be boyfriend and girlfriend?” I asked, seeking clarity around this very confusing conversation.

“And maybe more. But only outside of work” she replied.

“No need to answer now. I’ll tell hair and makeup to make you look manly tomorrow if you ask. If you don’t ask and remain soft and beautiful I’ll know you’ve accepted my invitation”. She finished, waving me from the room.



Acceptance

After an evening of sleepless contemplation, I took up Ms Pak on her offer. The idea of companionship with such a brilliant and kind woman filled me with joy. A joy that far surpassed the humiliation of wearing makeup.

Of course, the makeup, hair and dressing went far further now I had accepted. Long earrings, girly blouses and beautiful long wavy hair became the norm. As did red lipstick and a face full of girly makeup. The biggest change however was being forced into corsets and waist control garments. It made me look thinner on the stomach but pushed all the fat up above. It meant I had to start wearing a bra to hold all the excess fat.

I was not that naïve, it was clear that I was now living full time as a crossdresser. I looked every bit the woman my boss and girlfriend wanted me to be.



Work became even more rewarding. The quiet moments were now filled with intimate times with Ms Pak. She would invite me to sit on her desk, where she would gently stroke my long hair and plant soft kisses on my lips. Sometimes she would playfully grab my ample bosom and comment positively on my figure.

I grew in confidence. Not as the suave man I once was, but as a confident full-figured woman. I had a job, a beautiful girlfriend and the world seemed to be alright.



Bliss

“Pear, can you come in?” I blushed as Ms Pak called me by that pet name.

“Yes Ms Pak” I responded. I still addressed her formally during work hours.

“Tonight, I want to take you to dinner” she stated, leaving little option to refuse.

“Yes Ms Pak. But I am not dressed for anything fancy” I responded shyly.

“You are always perfect for any occasion my Pear” she said, stroking my hair which now reached down to my wide hips.

I blushed deep crimson. I turned and left the room to schedule our dinner. As I walked my silken hair danced about my wide hips and ample ass. My breasts jiggled. I couldn’t hold onto any trace of manhood living in this ridiculously feminine body.

Dinner was perfect. The way Ms Pak stroked me and looked so deeply in my eyes made me feel so secure and loved. We laughed the night away over a large meal before heading back to her apartment. It was my first time there. It was a massive four-bedroom penthouse. The furniture was clearly expensive and looked like it had been assembled for a catalogue.

She led me by my hand into her bedroom. I sat nervously on the edge of the bed. She brushed my long hair over my shoulder leaving my back bare.

Her small fingers unzipped my top and she removed it from my shoulders. The cold air touched my skin and I shivered. Her fingers explored my goosebumps as she gently traced a path from my upper arm to my neck.

“My beautiful Pear” she whispered in my ear, before biting lightly on my earlobe. I felt her tongue playing with the back of my earring and sighed a little.

Her other hand reached around and began to fondle my breast. It jiggled in the bra and I momentarily felt disgusted at how fat I had become. I tensed up.

“It’s ok Pear. You’re safe. Let me show you” Ms Pak whispered.

I turned to look at her, her eyes warm with smile lines and her lips the same deep red shade as mine. I leaned in and kissed her. I loved to explore her mouth with my tongue. I loved the feeling of our waxy lips gripping each other just a little too long after we parted the kiss. I loved the look of smeared lipstick on both our faces as we began to kiss over and over with increasing passion and decreasing concern.

“Pull my hair” I asked excitedly.

She gently ran her hand through my hair before tugging it gently, then harder. I moaned. I wanted to sit on her lap but knew my size would likely crush her.

“Lie down” she whispered.

I lay on my back and she ran her hands up my legs. She slowly removed my pants before repeating the process for my underwear. She slid her hands up my thighs as I moaned and played with my own nipples.

She removed her own skirt and panties, and climbed on me much higher than I expected. Her legs straddled my tits as she lowered herself further to my face. She brought her moist pussy against my lips and began to gently gyrate.

I stuck out my tongue and began to lick her as she increased the pace of fucking my face. She grabbed my tits with her hands behind her as she grinded against me. Her juices flowed across my whole mouth and nose. My neck began to ache and my tongue became sore, but the intensity of the moment kept my going. Finally she climaxed, her cum flowing into my mouth.

I panted for breath as she moved further down, kissing my body. She kissed over my breasts before passing down my soft stomach to my groin. She grabbed my erect penis before slowly kissing the tip. She then slid it into her mouth and began to gently suck as she moved up and

down. I was too fat to lift myself to see her, but moaned in pleasure as I imagined what she looked like. After minutes of heaven she climbed on top and slid my cock into her pussy. I barely lasted five minutes. She was incredible. She grabbed me so tight and moist. She grinded with such precision. I felt such a deep emotional connection.

I filled her with my cum.

She rolled off and we lay in bed, panting.

When she regained her breath Ms Pak spoke, “sing for me pear”.

I found my voice. I sang soft and sweet as she drifted to sleep in my chubby arms.



A Life Choice

“I need something very special from you today, Pear”

“Yes Ms Pak?”

“First of all, don’t call me Ms Pak when you’re lying in my bed in your underwear grabbing my breasts. Call me Lucy, or some nicer petname”.

“Sorry Ms Lucy” I said.

She shook her head and smiled.

“Today I want you to make a choice. I can give you many futures. You came to me to be a popstar and after hearing your voice last night I can make you that. But you are also my secretary and my lover. It isn’t right that I have power over a lover, so I need you to make a choice. Today, you’ll have hair and makeup make you a perfect popstar, a perfect secretary and my housewife. You choose which you want after you’ve seen yourself as all three”.

The process seemed unnecessary. I already knew what I wanted. Nonetheless I consented. It was important to Ms Pak. I was dressed first in a short leather skirt and white top, like an overweight version of the popstar girls on TV. I was then dressed in my usual secretarial outfit. Finally I was put in an expensive but simple white dress.

I smiled as I left the white dress on and went upstairs to Ms Pak.







She smiled widely.

“So, you are going to be my housewife?”

I smiled bashfully.

“Then we best prepare the wedding”.

We both wore beautiful gowns and matching tiaras. I felt so loved and warm. Not once during the ceremony did I question my choice to abandon my life as a man. I was Ms Pak’s beautiful Pear, and that made me happy.

