

Bro to Babe

Backstage With
the Band



Victoria Skye

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By

Viktorija Skye

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Adult Material

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"How's it looking?" Devon ran his fingers through his shaggy brown hair. If he was honest, he would have liked to get it cut, but he knew it would destroy his image.

"Um, well," Craig ran his tongue over his lips, a habit he had when he was nervous or didn't know what to say. "More views than the last one. So that's a plus."

"Shit, man, just tell me," Devon sighed, flopping back onto his bed in their humble studio apartment- the best the friends could get when it came to off-campus housing after forgetting the deadline to apply for a shared dorm room.

"Two. And I'm pretty sure it's one of our moms and a misclick."

"Hey, a misclick! Our little musical act is moving up in the world. Today, misclicks, tomorrow- roller rink birthday jamborees!" Devon groaned, putting his hands over his face.

"Come on man, think positive. We've only been trying this real band thing since we got here, so, like, two months. And we've only just started trying to film our practices and post them on our UsTube channel. We're probably gonna need to come up with an original song or two and an actual performance before we can get discovered by a producer and taken to Hollywood," Craig offered a smile, trying to cheer his buddy up.

"We better get a move on it, then. My whole life, I've been looking forward to being in college for one reason: sex, drugs, and parties. And this experience has been sorely lacking so far," Devon said, propping himself up on his elbows to look at Craig.

"That's three," Craig stated.

"Counts as one. Like, a package deal," Devon explained.

"You didn't get enough of all that in high school?" Craig arched a brow. He

and Devon had been the resident partiers of their little high school. Everyone knew if they were going to be at a party, it was worth going to. Of course, back then, it was easy. Swipe enough weed from Devon's older brother to roll a few joints and it made them demigods. All the girls were begging to go upstairs with them to feel like they were the girlfriends of the coolest guys in school. But at college, it took more than marijuana to be the stars of the big frat parties.

"Are you asking me if I got my fill of pussy, getting high, and partying all night? How long have you known me?" Devon sat up again and grinned at Craig.

"Yea, yea, I know you. But, still. We fucked around all the last four years. I couldn't even tell you the names of all the chicks I banged senior year--"

"Hey, if they wanna lie on their backs and open their legs, it may as well be for one of us. Sluts like that don't care whose dick it is, so step right up, you know?"

Craig rolled his eyes, but knew he was in no moral or ethical position to argue. "I know, I know. I'm just saying maybe we should take college slightly more seriously."

"Starting a band is serious, man. And we're both here majoring in music, right? We can both play, and play *good*, so why not try to make it to the top as fast and easy as we can?" Devon tucked his hair behind his ears and smoothed out his plain black t-shirt over his slender torso.

"I dunno," Craig said, his mouth twisting in an uncertain frown. "I think there's nothing wrong with working on it, giving it a good, real try, but we shouldn't just count on it and not go to class or study... there's no guarantee Kay Q or *Quarterback* is gonna hear us and be like, 'yea, let me make you guys famous!'"

A sly smile crept onto Devon's face as he reached into the pocket of his black jeans.

“Aw, no, man,” Craig said, “I know that look. You got some insane scheme and we’re not minors, it’s gonna get us arrested for real-“

“Check. This.” Devon said, tapping on his phone and then leaning across their small bedroom, holding his phone out to Craig.

Craig read the screen, “this weekend at State U Arena, *Dolla Dolla Billz*, 9pm Saturday, half price tickets with student I.D.” He slowly looked up at Devon and both his brows arched. “*Dolla Dolla Billz*? Hip Hop? I guess they’re not bad, sure, I’m down to go,” he shrugged his shoulders.

“No, no,” Devon said, taking his phone back. “Not just *go*, get backstage. *Meet* them. We’ll bring a USB stick with our two videos, get them to watch, and bam! We’re in.”

“Dude. How are we gonna get to meet them? I can’t afford a backstage pass- and how do you know they aren’t already sold out? This thing is tonight. And even if I could, those are like, barely more than what a kid gets when they ‘meet’ Mickey Mouse. A hug if you’re a chick, a fist bump if you’re a dude, a picture, and sent on your way. They’re not gonna take a USB stick and watch it and decide we’re the next big thing.”

“You got a fist bump from Mickey Mouse?” Devon asked, his eyes going wide.

“You’re such a dork,” Craig sighed, defeated. “Fine. I said I’d go. We’ll at least get to go to a cool concert. Just... don’t get pissed off if your dreams of stardom don’t come true.”

A few hours later, Devon and Craig were shoving their ticket stubs in their pockets and getting neon orange bands around their wrists to mark them as under twenty-one but over eighteen. The arena was humming with excitement as it filled with the crowd for the concert. The buzz of laughter, chatter, friends calling back and forth through the crowd at each other, and fans singing their favorite songs buzzed and echoed off the cement walls.

“Shoulda gotta some good fakes before we moved up here,” Devon grumbled

as Craig forced him past a concession stand selling alcohol.

“Nope. Even if we had some, I’m not paying to get kicked out of a concert.” Craig paused a moment, then pulled his friend along, trudging up several flights of stone stadium stairs. “Great seats, bro. I love getting nosebleeds and passing out from altitude while trying to party.”

“Hey, I’m sorry. I didn’t actually think it would be practically sold out. At least we got in with this,” he smiled, waving the USB stick in the air before cramming it back in his pocket.

The friends took their seats and leaned back, simply waiting for the show to begin. They peered down to the lucky people in the seats on the floor, right up close to the stage. Craig looked around their section. They were in the highest seats in the arena. The seats and walkways so steep and narrow, they were clinging to the arm rests for fear of toppling all the way down to the coveted floor seating.

“Man, we can’t even get good seats, we didn’t get backstage passes, how are we supposed to get backstage and meet the band, again?” Craig asked bitterly.

“Calm your tits, I’ll think of something, dude,” Devon sighed.

They sat in silence again, watching the excitement all around them. An older man hiked up the stairs and took a seat behind them. Devon elbowed Craig and nodded his head toward the man just in time for Craig to look up and notice the man’s shirt. It was a normal black t-shirt like theirs except for a badge clipped to the collar with the man’s photo and it read “DDB Backstage Assistant.” Craig’s head whipped back around to his friend and he elbowed Devon back.

“What do we do,” he hissed in a whisper to Devon.

“Fuck if I know. Why’s he watching the show from the nosebleeds?” Devon whispered back, sneaking obvious looks over his shoulder back at the man.

“Do we say something?”

“I don’t know! Act normal!”

“Maybe he can get us backstage!”

The man chuckled and shook his head. “I could get you boys backstage, if you were who Dolla Dolla and Billz were looking to party with.”

Devon and Craig stared at each other as if they’d both just been caught cheating on a test. Despite the embarrassment at being overheard, Devon couldn’t pass this chance up. “What’d’ya mean? We’re totally who Dolla and Billz would want to party with! We’re young musicians, just trying to make it like they once were!”

“I mean, you boys don’t have the right equipment.”

“Well, we got guitars and amps and stuff back at our place. Should we go get it?” Craig asked, oblivious.

The man burst into laughter. “I like you boys, I like you. But I mean, D and B, they lookin’ for ladies, you understand it now?”

Craig groaned from both his stupidity and the realization. “Ugh. It would be easy if we were chicks. Chicks always got it easy. Bet girls get to just waltz right in and chill with whatever celebrity they want.”

Devon nodded with a frown. “Don’t they always pick some groupies to go back and hang?”

The man smirked, “that’s right, but it ain’t always that simple. I gotta be on the lookout for ladies who look good, sound good, and wanna... share that with my boys.”

Devon understood what he meant right away this time. “Shit, if it meant I got a chance to get them to listen to my music, I’d never wear panties and fuck whoever wanted a piece.”

“You’d let some dude fuck you that easy if you were a chick? I don’t know if I could do that,” Craig said thoughtfully.

Devon laughed and punched his friend in the shoulder. “Listen to you. It doesn’t matter. We’re not chicks.”

“So, how’re we getting back there?” Craig repeated.

The lights turned down, the crowd began to cheer and clap. The man behind them leaned forward and said, barely above the din, “enjoy the show, boys.”

Devon and Craig shrugged and tried to do just that. However, they were too distracted trying to figure out how they’d manage to meet the two performers. Soon, their heads were pressed together so they could hear each other over the music. The discussion, often times closer to an argument, about how they would manage to get backstage continued during the entire concert. Their ideas ranged to trying to pretend to be roadies, trying to find the group with backstage passes and sneaking in with them, looking for a back door in, and other plans that were better suited for the plot of a television sitcom. They kept coming back around to how much easier it would be if they were chicks. How much better everything would be.

As the band finished their final song, left the stage, and the lights came up, the man stood and walked down to stand beside their row. “If you boys wanna meet my boys that much, I got something that can get you back there and get me a bonus.”

Their interests piqued, Devon asked, “yea? What’s that? I mean, of course, we do. Whatever we gotta do, you say the word, it’s done. We really gotta meet them.”

“Hang on, bro,” Craig said, grabbing at his friend’s arm. “I’d like to know what we gotta do even if you don’t.”

The man laughed again and motioned for them to follow him. “Don’t you worry. Like I said, I like you boys. I’ll tell you all about it when we get back

there.”

“I can’t believe we’re actually getting backstage,” Craig kept mumbling to himself as they followed the man down the stairs and through the exiting crowds. He lead them up to the stage where he flashed his badge at security and pointed back at Craig and Devon to indicate they were with him. Just like that, they’d walked past the group waiting for the backstage meet and greet. The man nodded his head back toward the group of giggling fangirls and posturing men trying to look just as cool and wealthy as the superstars they were waiting to meet and once they were behind another set of doors and in a quiet hallway, he said, “now you see why I got sent to scout the location.”

“Actually... um, no?” Devon said as they continued following the man through the labyrinth of hallways behind the stage, passing doors marked, “sound,” “lighting,” “environment controls.”

The man stopped and opened an unmarked door, flicking on a light inside and motioning for Devon and Craig to enter. He followed them in, the door closing with a gentle click behind them. The carpet was a mint green, with two matching green sofas inside the room. A banged up, old wooden coffee table sat between the sofas with several shot glasses filled with different colored pills and tablets.

“Well, none of those teenyboppers were even old enough to keep us out of the news if I bring them back here. And none of those men had the right mindset. Not like you two fine boys. Please, sit down,” he said, taking a seat on one of the sofas. Devon and Craig sat on the other, their eyes already on the buffet of pills.

“So. As I am certain you have surmised, I’m here to bring some local entertainment to whoever is performing here, if they do so request,” his tone had shifted from less of the fun, laid back man to more like a guest lecturer in a university class trying to sound smart. “And, as I have held this position a great number of years, I’ve learned quite a few secrets and tricks of the trade. You see, these celebrities, they have expensive tastes. They also have specific wants. They know sometimes, you can’t have it perfect, but when someone like me comes along, and I can promise exactly what they want, well, we all

benefit, don't we?"

Craig glanced at Devon, who looked just as confused as he felt. He felt like something was happening that he should have caught wise to, but he couldn't figure out what. So he just nodded and quietly said, "yea. Yea. Of course. Everyone benefits."

"Exactly," the man smiled like the Cheshire Cat. "I am glad I found you two. Catch on quick, catch on quick." He was talking faster, repeating himself more like he was trying to convince his listeners of his words than really offer compliments.

"All you boys need to do is show me you know how to party. That you can really keep up with them back in the lounge. They're just hanging out for an hour or two while the crowds die down before they can get in the limo back to their hotel. Need some friends to ... keep them busy. You boys can show me you know how to party. You look like you know how to party. So all I need you to do..." he leaned forward, his hand moving for one of the small glasses of pills, his eyes studying the two young men on the sofa. His hand paused, then moved for a glass holding bright pink capsules. He plucked four out and put two on the table in front of each of them.

"You just go on and swallow those two for me."

"Wait," Craig said, slapping Devon's hand as it launched toward the pills. "What are these? We've gotten fucked up before, and I never saw pills looking like these. I don't feel like waking up without a kidney."

The man laughed and slapped his knee as if Craig had just told him the funniest joke he'd ever heard. "I do like you! Smart, smart, smart. Make this more fun for everyone! Well, these are just some party starters. I get them in from my man down in Rio de Janeiro! You boys know where that is? Brazil! They got the most beautiful women in the world on their beaches. And all the women and men down there know how to have a good party. They take these. Makes the party perfect. Perfect. From Brazil."

"Oh. Brazil..." Craig nodded. He didn't know what was happening anymore.

The man was talking circles around him. And now that he was so close to meeting Dolla Dolla and Billz, he was just as excited as Devon. This could really happen! They might really be about to launch a real career in music! Before he could question anything further, he'd snatched the pills up and swallowed.

"Alright!" Devon laughed and followed suit, swallowing his own two pink pills. They slid down his throat easily and left his mouth tasting like bubblegum and the scent of roses in his nose. Then, to the man, "so, you're gonna take us to meet the guys now?"

"I certainly am," the man smiled like the cat who ate the canary. "You two are going to wait right here for me. Don't go anywhere. Wait right here. I'm going to just let them know I got two... guests for them. Just like they wanted to see." He stood and walked to the door, opening it slightly before turning back to Craig and Devon. "Help yourself to as many of those Pink Ladies as you'd like, but don't take any of the others. It would... throw the effect off." He opened the door again, and disappeared down the hallway. They heard his footsteps echoing until the door clicked quietly shut once more.

Devon began to fidget first. "This is weird, man. Does this feel weird?"

Craig leaned back against the sofa and closed his eyes. "Very weird... hell, I feel weird all of a sudden."

Devon rubbed his hands over his face and leaned back as well. "Shit, me, too."

"The hell were we thinking... taking weird pills from some weird guy..."

"We were thinking it would get us backstage- where we are- to meet two singers who will want to discover us and give us careers- which we are and they will! So... worth it!" Devon laughed. In the middle of his laugh, his voice suddenly shot up in pitch, the laugh turning into a woman's giggle.

Devon and Craig's eyes shot open and they stared at each other. "Was that you, dude?" Craig asked.

“It was me unless it was you... but I... I think... that was me!?” Devon was in disbelief.

Craig shook his head, his hair swishing along the tops of his shoulders. As the silky tips of his hair brushed against his neck and cheeks, he froze and raised a hand up. His slender fingers with their long nails combed through the lengthening tresses. His hands, now shaking, returned to his sides. He swallowed hard and looked back over at Devon. He was used to seeing his friend with shaggy, unkempt hair, “rocker hair” was what he insisted it was, but Devon’s hair had never been as long as it was now. As long as Craig knew his own hair was now. And certainly neither of them had ever bleached their hair blonde and added in silvery, shimmering platinum highlights.

Devon stared right back at his friend, marveling at what he was seeing. This was Craig, the guy he’d known since kindergarten! The guy he’d ridden bikes and gone camping with, who he’d double teamed Kari Harrison with after the homecoming game while she still had her cheerleader outfit on. Now Craig looked more like Kari the Cheerleader than the dude he played in a wanna be rock band with.

Devon couldn’t even find the words, his mouth opened and closed silently like a fish at the bottom of a boat. He could feel his skin tightening uncomfortably in his lips, on his chest, and his ass and thighs. He could feel his own body swelling up, becoming plump and luscious, sending delicious hot tingles throughout. He could see what was happening to Craig, feel what was happening to himself, and still he wouldn’t believe it.

Craig’s t-shirt was straining across his swelling chest, lifting up off his toned stomach. Devon could see the wide curve of the underside of a pair of breasts hanging off Craig’s chest. Breasts that he knew should have his cock rock hard. Tits that he should want to squeeze and suck, to stick his dick between and fuck. But instead his hands were lifting to his own chest. Finding the pair of heavy boobs stretching out his own shirt and squeezing them. Even the slightest touch made him leap and moan through his new puffy lips. He wasn’t interested in sucking or tits fucking Craig’s boobs- he was comparing them to his own. Assuring himself his tits were just as big and firm and high.

That they'd get the same amount of attention from hot guys.

Devon's thoughts were suddenly awash with muscular, powerful men. Sweaty after a hard performance on stage, where so many women were pawing at them, begging to be chosen. But they chose Devon. They grabbed his delicate hand and pulled him up on stage... bent him over and lifted his little skirt. He closed his eyes and moaned again. He arched his back and lifted his ass up off the couch slightly, expecting to feel his hard cock strain against his tight jeans, but nothing. But he was just so horny! He was so incredibly turned on by the thought of those men grabbing his wide hips and ramming their hard cocks into him. His cock should have been able to split rocks, he was so achingly ready to fuck.

He unbuttoned his pants and jammed his hand down inside his underwear, searching for his dick. His breathing was ragged and hard, he didn't even care that his friend was right beside him. His thoughts were swirling in his head, flipping between being the most desperate to get off he'd ever been in his life and being in a blind panic that he couldn't find his own dick! His fingers searched, but only discovered a smooth, soft mound. It was really gone! As his fingers crept lower and wrapped around beneath himself, he discovered a hot wetness that again pulled a gasp and a loud moan from his soft lips.

It felt... it felt just like... it was a pussy! He'd know that feeling anywhere. His fingers instinctually knew what to do, just as he'd learned fumbling around under his date's panties in the back row of movie theaters and back seat of cars. He gently spread the silky, wet lips and stroked at the tiny slit. He sent shivers up his back and squirmed in his seat. For how good this felt, he couldn't believe so many girls acted so embarrassed to let him do it to them. If he had a pussy, and it felt this good, he'd never stop playing with it!

His eyes shot open and he yanked his hand from his pants, holding it up in front of his face. His fingers were wet and glistening, smelling of a sweet tang. "I... I've got a pussy," he whispered. It wasn't a dream. It wasn't a fantasy. It was real and happening to him. "My dick is gone, and I've got a pussy," he said again, louder. He barely even registered that the sweet, feminine voice was his.

“Dude... oh my gawd... me too... my cock! My cock! It’s gone! What happened! I’ve got tits and a pussy! What the fuck were those pills!” The high pitched voice next to him sounded nothing like Craig except for its words.

Craig crawled across the couch to Devon, her new heavy tits swinging beneath her, her shapely hips swaying side to side, making her firm, high ass wiggle in the air. Her soft blonde curls tumbled down around her tits, framing them like a masterpiece in gold. The t-shirt inched higher and higher on her breasts until the huge globes were bare, her puffy, thick nipples hardening in the cold air conditioning. “Devon, what’d we do,” she whined. “My cock is gone and I’m... I’m so horny! This is crazy! I can’t stop thinking about... about cocks! About hot guys!”

Devon could hardly think about their current situation. She hardly even remembered why she was there in this room. All she could think about were hard bodies, rippling with muscles, shining with sweat, big, strong hands grabbing at her, tearing her clothes off and stuffing her with cocks. “I dunno, Craig,” she finally managed. “I just... I wanna do it, too. I just can’t stop thinking about getting a hard cock between my lips an’ just suckin’ an’ suckin’! I never thought about guys like this before! I mean, yea, I guess I always wondered what it was like for a girl, but I never, like really *wanted* to do it before- not like how it is now.” She squirmed again in her seat and raised her left index finger to her lips, sliding it into her mouth and suckling on it, while she imagined something far, far bigger.

“If we’re girls now, ya’know, it’s ok if we do stuff together. Don’t girls always, like, experiment at slumber parties an’ stuff?” Craig was watching his friend with fascination and desire, watching those thick lips smacking around her finger. Craig was imagining the same thing Devon was: that it was a long, thick cock, pulsing, about to let loose the hot cream. Craig’s mouth salivated at the thought. She understood just what Devon was saying: something was changing in her mind and not just her body. Thoughts she never had when she had a cock were taking over her mind. Thoughts that were more than just curiosity, but a compulsion.

She never would have allowed herself to think of Devon in that way when

they were boys. But now that they were girls... it was too scrumptious to force away. Craig thought about kissing her friend. On her lips, on her tits, down between her legs. Lapping up the sweet juices. Suddenly, she imagined that she was doing it all while men watched. While they were cheered on. That she was getting Devon's pussy good and wet for a man to fuck. That she'd earn a good, hard fucking, too, if she did a good job.

She could smell the warm honey from between Devon's legs. Hear the soft, gasping breaths as she watched Devon enjoying herself. It was too much to hold in. Craig got up on her knees and wrapped her hands under her tits, bringing her right tit up to Devon's mouth. "Please, please suck on my tit!"

Devon's finger was quickly removed from her mouth, her hands instead moving to her friend's tiny waist, stroking the soft, tender skin. She opened her mouth wide and let her tongue curl around the hard nipple. Craig gently pushed her breasts toward her friend's face, wordlessly urging her to do more. Devon opened her mouth wider and sucked the nipple inside as well as as much of the surrounding, sweet skin as she could. Her eyes closed as they both moaned, her tongue lashing against the flesh in her mouth. She sucked hard and then soft, changing up the pressure while her hands slowly worked their way down into Craig's pants.

Devon wasn't thinking about how just minutes ago they'd both had cocks. Just that she wanted to make her friend feel good and if there was one thing she knew, it was how to play with a pussy. She tugged the tight pants and boxers down off of Craig's plump ass and wide hips, letting them rest around her lower thighs. Devon's hands immediately set to work on Craig's pussy, stroking in the wetness and using it to let her finger slip around the sensitive lips.

"Gawd," Craig gasped. "This is so much better than being a guy! You don't gotta beg an' bribe to get it touched! We were horny and it was as easy as sayin' 'I wanna fuck!' I love bein' a girl! I never wanna go back! My whole body is as sensitive as just my cock was!" Suddenly she sucked in a hard breath of air. "Oh, oh, fuck, Dev, what was that you touched? Was that my clit! Rub that more! Rub that more! It was like an split second orgasm only I didn't have to come to feel it!"

Craig's hands were tangled in Devon's own long blonde hair, using it to keep her friend's face pinned to her breasts. Craig's hips rocked back and forth to the stroking motions of Devon's fingers. She pressed her pussy down against the fingers scrambling against her skin until she figured out how to get the most friction against her clit- the little bundle of nerves that had once been her cock. Devon was happy to keep going, slurping noisily on Craig's breast, biting playfully on the nipple while her fingers wildly played in the soaking wet petals.

Craig slowly pushed Devon away from her body and licked her lips. "Wait-wait. I want you to feel good too. C'mon... let's figure this out..." She stood up on wobbling legs still trying to work out how to balance her new body. She quickly pulled her clothing off, leaving it in a heap on the floor. Devon followed suit, stripping down and admiring herself. She twisted and turned, staring as best as she could at her new curves. She had thick thighs and hips, a tiny pinched waist, a flat stomach and absolutely huge tits. She ran her hands all over herself in disbelief and excitement. It was only Craig's voice calling to her that snapped her out of her trance.

"Lay down like I am, but over there," Craig pointed to the opposite side of the sofa. She was lying partially on her back, partially on her side, leaning on one arm to keep herself propped up while the other lay across her stomach. One leg was propped up, resting over the back of the sofa while the other had her foot on the floor. With her legs spread wide, her pussy was on clear display.

Devon understood immediately what Craig wanted. She got onto the sofa, mimicking Craig's position, sliding her own pussy right up against Craig's. As excited as she was by her friend's equally gorgeous and sexy body, she still wished Craig had a cock. An absolutely huge, hard one that could be wedged up inside of her, fucking her so hard she felt like she'd die. But this was good, too. The heat and wetness from Craig was so similar yet so different. Their slick slits and hairless mounds pressed together made Devon's heart beat so hard she could have sworn it was making her tits jiggle extra.

Craig swirled her hips around until both woman gasped and shuddered with delight. Their clits were perfectly lined up, pressed against each other's bodies. Devon reached down and lightly stroked Craig's soft body on her lower stomach. Craig began to grind her pussy against Devon's her free hand playing with her bouncing tits. "Gawd, Dev, it feels so good! This is amazing! We can fuck anyone we want with bodies like this! This is so great! Chicks have it the best! I wanna always have a pussy!"

"Your pussy feels so good on mine, Craig," Devon panted as she and her friend scissored. She could feel when Craig's pussy clenched and squirted her juices across into her own pussy. "But I still want cock! I wanna have a huge cock in me. It's like I got somethin' inside me an' I need to have it filled!"

Craig nodded quickly. "But this feels so good too. We can do this all we want when we can't find a cock, right? But... but I know what you mean! I can't stop thinkin' about it! Pussies feel good with another pussy but I wanna know what it's like with a cock!" It was like they no longer thought of people as men or women, simply pussies and cocks. And all were welcome as long as they felt good.

Devon grabbed onto Craig's arm, using it to help pull their bodies hard together. Craig leaned her head back, moaning and bucking her hips against Devon, squirming in pleasure which only generated more heat, more friction in the most delicious places of her new body. Their hips gyrated, sometimes together in the same direction, sometimes in opposite swirls, but always making them moan and gasp and beg for a little more.

"I... I think... I think I'm gonna come!" Craig yelled.

"It feels so good, it's all so hot and wet, everything is getting so hot and tight and ... I think... me too!" Devon cried.

Craig stared down between her legs in disbelief and awe as if she expected a rainbow to burst from between their bodies. The sensation was so deep inside of her body, a hidden pleasure that had been locked deeply away and held secure by when she used to have a cock. But now, now she could reach it. Now she could feel everything there was inside her. As the pleasure grew, a

sharp thought invaded her mind: I bet this would be even more amazing with something inside me! She didn't have long to dwell, as the tight coil of pleasure in her belly unwound and whipped through her. She was screaming, her back arching, her pussy quaking as her long nails clawed simultaneously at the sofa and at Devon's arm.

Devon cried out, jerking her hips against Craig's pussy weakly, squeezing out the last drops of ecstasy she could handle before giving herself completely over to her first orgasm as a woman. Her muscles were clenched, trembling as she screamed. Her toes curled as the pleasure washed over her body. "Oh, gawd, oh fuck," she hissed, her eyes squeezed shut. This was nothing like when she came with her cock. This sensation took over her whole body, it melted over her, smothering every last part of her with throbbing ecstasy. Her body was so hot as it trembled with the aftershocks of her climax that shot through her.

Craig's head was numb as she lay back against the sofa. She wanted to feel that again. And soon. It didn't matter from who. She wasn't worried what had happened to him- when he was a him. She didn't care if she ever got turned back. She only wanted to feel that again. That incredible, full body pleasure. And it was only natural that she wanted to try it with a man. That she couldn't push the thought of a strong man grabbing her and taking her, pushing a cock inside of her. After all, she was a woman. It was ok if a woman wanted to fuck a man. Badly. As soon as possible.

Devon released her hold on Craig's arm and flopped back against the other end of the sofa. Her legs were weak; her whole body felt like pudding. She could still feel the incredible amount of moisture between her legs and wondered if she should try to clean herself up. The air conditioning felt good blowing its chilly air over her burning hot body. Suddenly, she worried her hair was a mess and that her makeup was smudged. Had she done her hair and makeup before leaving the house? She couldn't quite remember. But... they'd gone out. To a concert, even! Of course she would have done her hair and makeup. She never would have gone anywhere, even the dollar store, without making sure she looked her best. Boys only want to fuck girls who put an effort into their appearance, right? And she wanted to be fucked more than anything.

“Craig?” she asked quietly, her eyes still closed.

“Hmm?” Craig answered, her breathing finally calming down.

“Do you have some lipstick I can use? Or, like, a mirror? I can’t remember if I did my makeup.”

Craig frowned, trying to think. “You know, I can’t remember if I did mine, either. That’s so weird... I’d never go out without my makeup.”

“I know, right? And... I don’t think I even put on a cute outfit? Like... I just put on a t-shirt and jeans?”

There was a short silence as Craig thought again. “You know... I don’t think I did, either! I don’t think I even wore heels! And we’re out! At a show!”

Devon sat up on the sofa and looked around the room, her eyes settling on a desk in the corner. She stood and toddled over to it, trying each of the drawers. The top two were locked, but the bottom slid open.

“Oh my gawd, we’re so lucky! Look!” Devon dug into the drawer, Craig could hear plastic clattering. Devon lifted her hands up, holding an array of makeup compacts and tubes.

“Oh, score! Perfect,” Craig giggled, hopping up from the sofa and joining Devon at the desk. They began popping the compacts open, holding up the tiny built-in mirrors to comb their fingers through their hair and begin applying the various products to their faces.

They caked the makeup onto their faces expertly, as if they’d done it every day since their moms allowed them to start wearing it. Powder, rouge, blush, lipstick, eyeliner, mascara, eyeshadow. It all went on until they looked ready for a photoshoot for a magazine cover. Although they were both still completely nude as the man with the Personal Assistant badge walked back into the room carrying a large bag with a department store logo on the side.

He let out a wolf whistle, making the two women blush as they turned to face him. “Lovely, lovely. I knew I liked you ladies, I knew it from the moment I saw you. I said, Jed, these two are exactly what you’re looking for for tonight’s festivities,” he paused to smell the air and chuckle, “and it seems you already got started. Well, that’s alright, that’s just fine. Long as you remembered to save a piece or two for my boys. They’re both mighty excited to be meeting you two.” He placed the bag on the coffee table and nodded towards it. “Picked up some more suitable clothing for you two. I see you already found the makeup. Well, that’s real good. Taking to it like fish to water. Go on and get dressed, I’ll stand right outside the door. When you get done, you come right on out and I’ll take you to your dates.”

Jed smirked again at the naked women and then left the room.

Craig squealed and jiggled over to the bag. “We got dates, Dev! Dates! With boys! I hope they wanna fuck!”

Devon quickly scampered to the bag and began pulling clothing, shoes, and jewelry boxes out. “We dress in this stuff, they’d have to be stupid not to!”

When they finally opened the door and announced “ready!” to Jed, Devon and Craig were fully dressed for their new roles as party girls. They wore tight tube dresses, no straps or sleeves, just a sheath of spandex fabric that clung to every curve, Craig’s in red and Devon’s in black. Like a second skin, the dresses highlighted their swollen, heavy breasts and thick, high asses. Their hard nipples poked out like two marbles stuck inside the tops of their dresses. Six-inch heels made their legs and asses look even more incredible as they forced the pair to balance, their calf muscles working overtime. Dangly gold hoop earrings hung from their ears reaching almost down to their bare shoulders. Thin gold necklaces comprised of three chains of varying lengths decorated their chests and brushed against the tops of their impressive cleavage. Their bouncy blonde hair was shiny and fell in thick, loose curls to their shoulder blades.

Devon’s pants containing the USB stick with their videos and music remained in his pants pocket in a heap on the floor, completely forgotten.

Jed let out a wolf whistle, making the women giggle. “Very nice, very nice. If you two ladies will follow me, I’ll take you down to where my boys are waiting for their entertainment.”

The click-clack of high heels followed Jed’s own soft footfalls through the hallways. Cheap, buzzing fluorescent lights illuminated the corridors with a harsh white light. Occasionally, they would pass roadies packing up equipment or arena employees cleaning up. No one thought twice about a pair of bimbos being lead to the band’s waiting room.

Jed stopped in front of a door with a sign taped to it that was little more than a piece of copy paper with the printed name “Dolla Dolla Billz” on it. Tomorrow, the sign would be plucked down, the room cleaned and made ready for the next performer.

“You know,” Jed said thoughtfully, “here I am, going to introduce you to two superstars, and I’ve forgotten your names.”

“Devon,” Devon chirped.

“And I’m Craig.”

Jed nodded slowly. “Dede and Crissy. Well, aren’t those lovely. Yes, Dede and Crissy sure are lovely names.”

Dede and Crissy giggled. That was right. It felt right. Those names fit them much better. Why did they even think they had boy names to begin with? Must have been a game they were playing and forgot about. Their real names had *always* been Dede and Crissy.

Jed then clapped a hand onto one of each of their shoulders, surprising them and forcing the women to give him their complete attention. “Now, Dede and Crissy,” he said in a very purposeful manner, like a parent giving a final warning, “This can go however you two want it to. You do whatever you want, you don’t do whatever you don’t want.”

Blonde hair bounced as heads nodded that they understood.

Jed paused, sucking on his bottom lip, his eyes going from Dede's face to Crissy's. "Alright. And one last thing. You get to choose if you want this to be permanent. You wanna keep these bodies awhile longer, then you go ahead and use them just like you're a real woman. You get cum in those sweet little pussies, you're a woman. So, you wanna get your dicks back in the morning, you just insist on condoms. Choice is all yours. You remember that."

Dede and Crissy looked at each other. Their heads throbbed, eyebrows knitted together as they strained to understand.

Jed smirked and opened the door, leaning his body halfway inside the room, where hiphop music blared and it smelled of cigarette smoke and two men were laughing. "'Scuse me, boys, I got your guests. We got Dede and Crissy here for you."

"Send 'em in," one voice laughed.

"Yea! Bring in the hotties," the second called.

"In you go, girls," Jed said, holding the door open and waving Dede and Crissy inside. "You remember what I said, now," he said under his breath as they walked past him and into the room. It was far nicer than the one they'd been waiting on. There was a long counter that ran along the entire length of one wall with a mirror above it. Various bottles of alcohol, a bucket of ice, glasses, cigarettes and party platters of food cluttered the counter instead of the beauty products it had most likely been made for. An expensive looking black sofa was against the other wall, two matching black leather easy chairs were on either side of the sofa, with a glass coffee table centered in front of the sofa. The lighting was dim, a soft yellow glow from hanging lights in tiger striped blown glass shades. It was a welcome change from the lighting in the rest of the backstage area. Beneath the smells of the food and liquor was the soft scent of flowers, probably from a hidden air freshener.

The door shut behind them and Crissy and Dede were alone and face to face with the singers. They were two huge, muscular black men, still dressed like

they had been on stage: oversized jeans that sagged down, revealing red boxer shorts even while they were seated on a long black leather sofa. Their chiseled, hard chests and abs bare. They looked as if all they did in their free time was workout, perfecting their bodies into Greek statues of masculine perfection. Just looking at them made Dede and Crissy weak in the knees, their pussies drooling at the thought of what might be lurking under their pants.

“So, which one of you’s Dede,” the man on the left asked.

Dede giggled and raised her hand. A part of his mind yelled at him, “No! I’m Devon! Devon! A dude! I shouldn’t be here in makeup and heels in a tiny dress with two men leering at me like this!”

“Why don’t you come on over here and sit on my lap, babe?” the man patted his thigh, staring unabashedly at Dede’s tits.

Dede’s feet moved slowly. Her body felt like it was on autopilot while her thoughts continued to fight. She could feel her masculine thoughts battling the feminine desires of her body, and the female part of her was winning. Her pussy was too wet, her body so desperately in need, for her to be able to resist. This was what she wanted. “Don’t do this! This is messed up! What if they do fuck you? What if you get stuck as a chick forever!” the old Devon yelled as the new Dede sat down on the big black man’s lap. She wiggled her ass against the huge, hard rod beneath her.

“On stage, I’m Dolla Dolla, but you, baby, you get to call me my real name. I’m Ty,” Ty said, his deep voice husky from smoking and the strain of performing. His large hands grabbed onto Dede’s waist and began to slide up the slippery fabric, feeling the curves of her body and ending by grabbing onto her tits. Dede just smiled and shimmied her shoulders, making her breasts sway against his palms. She was too horny to care what that annoying voice in the back of her head was saying.

“Then that makes you Crissy,” the second man said with a smile, taking his eyes away from Ty playing with Dede. “You’re gonna be mine tonight, baby. Why don’t you come on over here and get started,” he said, sliding his ass

forward on the sofa into more of a reclining position.

Crissy walked as sensuously as she could over to the man. She loved how dark his skin was, so much darker than Ty's. His muscles seemed to shine under the soft lighting in the room. She worked on making her hips sway and her ass jiggle as her breasts bounced with every step. She wanted to make him want her as badly as she craved him. The voice of her old self was much weaker than Devon's. She was enjoying this new, better body so thoroughly. Even as that old, masculine voice cried out in a panic, "bro! What are you doing!?" she was crawling up onto the sofa.

She straddled the black man's lap and was already bouncing herself up and down on him. She could feel the heat radiating off the concrete tree trunk under his pants. Her pussy, bare beneath her little dress, was already leaving warm drips of her juice on his clothes as she dry humped him. Her breasts jiggled out over the top of her flimsy dress, rosy pink nipples rock hard and pointing out at his thick lips high and center on her creamy melons.

"Damn, girl," he grinned, leaning back against the sofa and relaxing, enjoying the lapdance. "You sure are eager for a piece of Ray." Ray's hands wrapped around behind Crissy, squeezing her asscheeks, kneading them like dough in his hands. He rubbed upwards, pulling her dress up along with his hands until the stretchy material rolled on its own up around her hips, settling around her waist. With her top down and bottom up, her dress was little more than a thick, rolled up spandex belt. "Mmm, look at that," Ray grinned down between Crissy's legs. "Love me a hoe who knows what she's for. Not even bothering with the panties."

Ty's hands wandered back down from Dede's breasts to her waist, enjoying watching her body writhe on top of him like a seasoned belly dancer. "Let's see everything you're workin' with, baby," he grinned. He grabbed onto the sides of her dress and roughly pulled it off over her head until all she was wearing were her heels and jewelry. He tossed the cheap club dress off into a corner and quickly returned all his attention to her body. His left hand returned to squeezing her breasts, one after the other, rubbing the nipples in firm circles under his thumb. "Very nice. Can't believe these are natural. I don't feel none of that silicone shit in you. You fuck as good as you look,

maybe you can come on tour with us, know what I mean?” His right hand dove between her legs, his fingers playing against her sopping wet folds.

Dede moaned, her eyes closing as she leaned back. Her hands stroked up and down Ty’s chest, tracing the shape of each of the strong muscles. He pressed his middle finger against her slit, slowly pressing upwards until her tight petals spread for him. She moaned again as she felt something up inside of her for the first time. It felt incredible to be entered. The pressure inside of her, the wiggling finger teasing and stroking her all over. The muscles of her stomach clenched with every caress of her sensitive walls.

“And you are tight! Damn, I feel you all on my finger. My cock’s gonna rip you in half,” he laughed, slowly pumping his finger in and out. He slowly pulled his finger free of the silken vice and wiped his hand off against Dede’s belly. “But you gotta earn a ride on this...” he said as he unfastened his pants and easily pulled them down enough to allow his monster cock to spring free. The huge dark rod easily reached up to his belly button, bobbing in the air as it stood proudly.

Dede could only stare at it, suppressing the need to lick her lips so she wouldn’t ruin her lipstick too soon. The masculine voice was so far away now, an echo in the quiet, begging her to think about what she was doing. Struggling in vain to take back control of the body. But again, the woman he’d become won. The desperate desire she felt between her legs, not to be stroked and squeezed, but to be filled, won.

She slid off of Ty’s lap and tried to kneel on the floor between his legs, but found it too difficult with the size of her heels. She settled for crouching and found there was something about the position, with her legs bent, knees out to the sides, her pussy on display with the cool air licking at the hot folds, that felt amazing. Just the position alone made her body shiver as she took the symbol of all manliness into both of her hands and spread her lips wide.

She moved slowly, as if still allowing herself the chance to turn back. To remember she hadn’t always been this way. That she hadn’t always wanted this. That it was her choice and she could stop it all right now. Wake up tomorrow as if it had never happened. But there was no way she was going to

do that. She'd come this far, she had a huge black cock in her hands, inches from her waiting mouth. Just holding the hard cock in her hands was heavenly. The feel of him already twitching against her palms sent tingles through her. She could practically taste him on the air. Dede needed him inside her, even if it was just her mouth. She ached to be filled.

Dede closed her eyes and plunged her mouth down onto him. The satisfied grunt from Ty made her pussy quiver. Both her hands pumped his shaft up and down as she struggled to learn how to suck cock. The last remnants of her masculinity were quiet as she slowly eased the purple mushroom over her tongue and down her throat. She sputtered and pulled back, making Ty laugh again. "Told you it was big, baby. Go slow and you can do it. Hot piece of ass like you- no way you don't know how to please a man right."

Dede nodded slightly, looking up at him the best she could as she swallowed his cock down a second time. This time she relaxed and breathed in, finding that it helped her to be able to pass the heavy meat past her gag reflex until she only needed one hand to stroke his shaft. There was no way she'd be able to take the rest down her throat, and the groans coming from Ty were enough to tell her he was enjoying it. Maybe next time she could get it all the way down. Next time. Oh yes, there'd be a next time. Maybe not with Ty, but with another man. Having a hard cock down her throat felt so good. She loved knowing how good she was making him feel. That he was bucking his hips up against her hand and face because of just her mouth.

Her saliva dribbled down his length, giving her hand slick lube to stroke him. She twisted her hand around his cock as her head bounced up and down on him. The musky taste of his pre-cum filled her mouth as the scent permeated her nose. She focused her whole body into fucking his cock with her face.

Ray picked Crissy up easily and sat her down on the couch. He stood in front of her and pulled his clothing off, his own cock, shorter than Ty's but far thicker, pointing straight at her face. "Open up, babe," he said, taking hold of her beach blonde curls in both his dark hands and pulling her face onto him. The flared head of his cock poked between her lips and her mouth eagerly opened for him. Ray forced her head all the way down onto his shaft until her nose was pressed against his body. Crissy's eyes were watering as she gagged

on cock, her jaw aching as it was forced to open as wide as possible. He may not have been as far down her throat, but he was so thick she felt totally plugged up.

“Don’t struggle, babe. Just breathe with it and you’ll be fine. Don’t tell me a fine hoe like you can’t do a little deep throat,” Ray hissed as he sucked in a breath of air. He pushed and pulled her head on and off his cock by her hair, mercilessly throat fucking her while Crissy held her mouth open, slurping and sucking at his cock as it passed through her mouth. Soon, she realized she was doing it herself. Her head was moving just as he’d shown her, hard and fast, pushing her nose against his pubic hair, rubbing her face against his body to let his cock sink into her throat. His hands had dropped from her hair and were fondling her breasts.

All of this was so new, so incredibly exciting. She was getting off on sucking cock! The taste and smell of him, the feel of that huge rod in her mouth, weighing down her tongue, was making that same coil of tightness wind up in her belly. Feeling how stiff he was, all for her, hearing how much he was enjoying her, her toes were curling in her shoes, her hips squirming. His hands on her breasts were sending electric jolts of pleasure through her entire body. Every time he pinched a nipple, her whole body jumped in an exquisite blend of pain and pleasure. The leather was slick beneath her dripping pussy as she ground herself against it, moaning around the cock in her mouth. She couldn’t believe how good it all felt. She’d know even if he came down her throat, it would be enough to make her come without even her pussy being touched.

“That feels so fuckin’ good, babe,” Ray grunted. Crissy felt his cock swelling in her throat, making her breathe sharply through her nose. “But I don’t wanna come yet,” he added, his hands grabbing her hair again and forcing her off of his cock. “Stand up, turn around and bend over,” he grinned, stroking his cock with one hand.

“That sounds like a mighty good idea,” Ty said, pulling Dede off of his cock by her hair just as his partner had done. “Get that ass up in the air, slut,” he instructed Dede.

Crissy and Dede both scrambled to their feet and turned to face the sofa, bending over so their palms lay flat on the cushions and their asses were high in the air. Dede shot a wide smile over to Crissy and Crissy giggled, spreading her legs as far as she could and not fall over, wiggling her ass in the air.

“I hope you want it hard and fast, babe, ‘cause that’s how I like to do sluts like you. That how you like it? Make you cum so fat all over my big dick, won’t know what hit you,” Ty growled as he stepped up behind Dede. She felt that flared cock head pushing against her folds, nearly making her come just from the first touch of a cock against that new part of her body. “Yes,” she moaned, looking back over her shoulder at him. “Yes, that’s how I want it! Fuck me hard and make me come on your cock!”

“Anything the lady wants,” Ty said, his large brown hands wrapped around her waist to hold her still. In one swift motion, he thrust his hips forward, his cock tearing through Dede’s pussy until she felt his heavy balls pressed against her body. Her mouth fell wide open, at first, no sound came out, but then as Ty dragged his cock back out and rammed it back in, she finally screamed in ecstasy.

Ray’s cock was lined up to Crissy’s little pink slit, rubbing the head up and down her entrance, pushing lightly at her. He was savoring watching as he would force her folds to part, the tip of his cock kissing her pussy and leaving a thick string of pre-cum between them as he’d pull away. “Beg for it,” he commanded.

Crissy gasped and twisted around to look at him, only to have him lean over her body, his arms wrapped around her. The force of his powerful body made her upper body press down on the sofa, his hands playing with her breasts as they were squished between him and her body. She felt his cock pushing into her, making her wild for it. To have it so close and yet not inside of her was driving her crazy. “Please, please, I want your cock inside me! I wanna feel your cock in me! Fuck me! Fuck me as hard as you can! I gotta have it!” Anything that had been masculine about Crissy, anything that had remained of her boy self, was gone with those words. Pushed far down inside of her and forced away by her raw sexual desire as a woman to have a strong man’s

cock pounding in her pussy.

Crissy's scream nearly drowned out Dede's as Ray slammed his hips forward. That heavy, thick cock stretching Crissy's untried pussy so wide she felt a piercing agony as if she really was being sliced in half. As quickly as the pain had set upon her, it was gone, replaced with the rapidly rising pleasure. It began as a dull thumping inside of her, a pushing from within her own body forcing all the air out of her lungs. The weighty pushing and pulling inside of her, her pussy walls being stroked was making her body feel incredible. She knew her pussy was airtight around the cock thudding inside of her, and for a moment, she remembered, "don't let him cum in you!"

The thought was strange to her. Why wouldn't she want him to cum in her? Of course she wanted his cum! That was the whole point of fucking! To get to come and feel good! And nothing would feel better than being full of cum! As foreign as the thought had been, the knowledge that she wanted it inside her was a comforting old friend. He just had to come in her. He had to make her a real woman.

Crissy's hips found the rhythm of Ray's thrusts, bucking her hips back against him to hold him cram himself even deeper up into her. His whole body was pushing against her, using his weight to keep his dick balls deep in the tiny blonde woman writhing and moaning beneath him. "Yea, I feel you all over me, baby! I feel that tight pussy sucking at my dick! You feel so damn good, girl," he grunted as he thrust himself into her again and again.

Dede leaned her head over and Crissy strained to reach her friend, their bee-stung lips crushing against each other. They kissed each other deeply, moaning into each other's mouths as their pussies were stretched out and fucked deep. Dede's eyes rolled back in her head as she felt the pleasure coursing through her. Jolts of pleasure shot out from her core and ripped through her limbs. Her nails scratched at the leather upholstery as she nipped at Crissy's puffy lower lip.

Dede could feel her pussy tightening, wrapping around Ty's cock as if it never wanted to let go of him. Every time the head of his cock stroked over a hidden spot just barely inside of her, her whole body clenched up. She began

to swirl her hips, pushing back into him, until she found a way to help his cock hit it every time it passed back and forth through her. “Yessss,” she moaned against Crissy’s mouth. “Fuck, it feels so good, it feels so good!” Dede bucked her hips back, feeling Ty’s cock suddenly slide so deeply into her she wouldn’t have thought it possible. His cock was so long, she could feel the head bumping up against her back wall.

The thought entered her mind so briefly, “you didn’t make him use a condom!” She froze for a moment, feeling that hard, bare cock just thrusting in her, making her legs shake. It felt too good to care. The cock moving in her was making her whole body become so hot, so overly sensitive, every squeeze of his hands on her ass making her leap as electric pleasure erupted from his touch, she just couldn’t ask him to stop. Not for something so silly, so trivial as putting on a condom. Besides, she wanted him to fill her up. Something inside of her told her she needed it. She had to feel it. Her whole body was built for it, for sucking the cum out of a man and taking it inside of her. The soft folds of her pussy were so tightly wrapped around him, she knew it was what she had to do.

Ray was the first to grunt from behind Crissy, “that’s so fucking hot, babe. You go on and kiss that slut friend of yours while I fill you up. You want that? You wanna be made into a real slut? Taking my load in this nice pussy?”

“Uggghhhnn, yesssss,” Crissy moaned before mashing her lips against Dede. Ray doubled his efforts, thrusting himself into her as hard and fast as he could, feeling Crissy’s pussy tightening around him in expectation. “That’s it, that’s it,” he grunted. “I’m gonna fill that pussy up! Hope you ready to be my next baby mama, slut! Here it is! Here it is!”

Crissy could feel his entire body tensing up against her. Her pussy lips were so sensitive, she felt his balls tightening. She shoved her hips back, making sure his cock was buried as deep as it could get in her. She began to scream, her legs shaking as she succumbed to her own orgasm. Her pussy squeezing him, she felt what seemed like a golf ball passing through his cock towards her. The rush of wet heat against her back walls made her howl like a wild animal as she came. It was a moment before she realized he’d just sprayed his

cum inside of her. That getting fresh, hot cum pumped into her fertile body was the best feeling in the world. Her orgasm only climbed higher as his cock twitched and continued to pour his cum into her waiting body, making her into a real woman.

“Can’t let your friend be the only good little cum dump here,” Ty grunted. His hands dug into Dede’s hips as he practically threw her body forward and pulled her back onto his cock. He was pounding her so hard she thought she would be able to feel him in the back of her throat soon. Dede rolled her hips back, giving Ty the best possible angle to spear her pussy straight through with his cock. She felt him swelling, prying her pussy as wide open as possible. Her petite body was little more than a gorgeous cock sleeve, a toy for his pleasure. Being handled so roughly, being treated like the slut she wanted to be, only made her moan louder. “Yea, you want that cum up in you? You want me to make that belly swell up? Better see those tits get big and fat, too! I got good cum, baby girl, I got all my sluts pregnant, you can’t wait to be next!”

“Oh, oh, yes! Yes, fuck me! I wanna feel it! I wanna feel your cum filling me up!” Dede screamed.

“Here you go, here you go!” Ty grunted and let out a long, low moan. He snapped his hips forward, mashing his balls against Dede’s sopping wet pussy lips. She gasped and then began to scream as her climax shook her whole body. Her pussy sucked at Ty’s cock, feeling it thickening and throbbing and finally being rewarded with a torrent of sticky liquid inside of her. Her pussy quivered as it milked his cock, performing its most primal function to perfection. Her orgasm making it easier for his potent cum to flood into her womb. “So goooood,” Dede moaned. “Getting cummed in feels so goooood!”

The women let their top halves collapse against the sofa, their back ends being held up by the men still rutting against them. Each man gave a few last pumps into the used up pussies and then slowly stepped back. Ray wiped his cock off against Crissy’s ass while Ty wiped his along the back of Dede’s thigh. They turned to each other and high-fived, watching the thick white cum slowly drip from each woman.

“You know, Miss Dede,” Ty said as he pulled his pants back on, “I do think I enjoyed that enough to make you my slut for the rest of our tour. What’chu say to that? You and your little friend come around with me and my boy, keep us satisfied while we on the road?”

“Crissy too?” Dede asked, too exhausted to look back at the big black man.

“Course, her too,” Ray answered, giving Crissy’s ass a slap.

Dede and Crissy smiled at each other. They were only dimly aware of what they were before, like a far off dream. This was what they had wanted, right? This was way two hot sluts like them got all dressed up and came to the concert. This was why they’d waited to get backstage to meet the band. To get pussies full of cum. Getting to go on tour with them was their dream, right? And now it was all coming true!

“Girls really do have it best!” Dede giggled to Crissy.

“So much better!” Crissy agreed.

Thank you so much for reading! I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I loved writing it for you!

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