

#4

Hotline Hocus- Pocus

by Choker Guy

Am I really going to do this? It feels so embarrassing... At the same time, I could do with some affection. It's not really sexual, even. Just hearing a woman's voice pretending to care about me would be a start.

I pick up the phone. Who cares, right? Past the receiver, I see my monitor flickering, drawing attention to the crude porn ad, begging me to call. Must be pretty new if it doesn't get picked up by the ad blocker. Every time one of those popped up, I asked myself who would actually respond to these malware-infested, desperate cries for attention. Come to think of it, it's a nice analogy for VD-ridden prostitutes.

Alright, I'm just stalling at this point. Nothing wrong with a bit of loneliness and insecurity. These... "services" may feed on desperate men, but it's cheaper than a damn therapist, and much more discreet too. It's not like anybody will find out.

Taking a deep breath. Reclining in my comfortable office chair. Unbuckling my belt, just in case. All ready. Every pressing of another digit seems to become increasingly louder, ramping up in parallel with my nervousness. Before I know it, the full number is dialled and the receiver is getting moist from the sweat on my ear.

"Good evening, stud," an exaggerated, husky voice whispers, "what can this horny bitch do to light up your night?" Jesus, that line really made me cringe. However, as much as I'd like to deny it, I'm already at half-mast after hearing the lady on the other end refer to herself as a horny bitch. And here I am, still calling her a lady, heh. A good upbringing will do that.

"I... uh," I stammer into the phone, before clearing my voice. "I don't... really do this kind of thing. Normally." Cutting me off, the receiver transmits a cackling laugh that draws out into a feminine sigh.

"Don't I know it?" What's that supposed to mean? "I've got a lot of customers like you. It's always their first time." She chuckles again. "No worries. There's nobody here to judge you, just us two, having some fun together. You sound like you have a lot on your mind. Why don't you tell me a little about yourself?"

"Sure, I guess. My name is..." Should I give her my real name? This isn't really something I'd like to have associated with me directly. I mean—

"Forgot your own name, sweetheart?" it rings playfully from my phone.

Embarrassed, I just blurt out my name. "Adam. Sorry, got lost in my thoughts there," I jest and she replies with a laugh of her own. Just now it comes to me that telling her my name is kind of pointless since my caller ID isn't hidden and I'm in the phonebook anyway. Fuck. No fixing that now, it's probably fine.

"Gee, it's getting awfully quiet from your side again. That's fine, let me just take the reins for now. It's very nice making your acquaintance, Adam." Wouldn't have expected her to talk so formally. "My name is Crystal." Of course it is. Out of courtesy, I reply that it's very nice meeting her too, so to speak.

"Lovely, so now we both know each other. I told you it's not that hard. Now, how come such a studly-sounding man bothers to call lonely old me at this hour?"

She's really putting it on thick. "Why does anybody call a hotline like this? Being lonely, mostly. I don't really think you would know how that feels. I'd imagine you get quite a bit of male attention with that silky voice of yours." Damn, I didn't know I could be charming. Or that I'd want to, on a sex hotline.

A muffled giggle can be heard from the other side, like Crystal didn't want me to notice. "Thank you honey, that's very kind of you to say. Maybe we should skip past the flirty compliments though, I wouldn't want to run up your bill too much." That's confusingly considerate for somebody in her profession. "Let's get straight to business. We both know what you're here for. I don't judge you for it, I sometimes feel that temptation myself, believe it or not. Speaking of temptation; why don't you tell me what exactly it is that tempts you? What – or even better who – is your ultimate sexual fantasy?"

Honestly, that's not really why I called. "Actually, I wanted—" before I can get a word in edgewise, Crystal continues speaking.

"No need to be nervous, I just want to give you the most pleasure you could receive, and trust me, I will. Start from the bottom and very, veeeery slowly work your way up. Make it as juicy and detailed as you can, I thrive of these things," she almost growls into her phone like a predator.

"Um, alright, sure. Starting from the bottom would be... her feet?" A tone of affirmation is heard escaping Crystal's vocal cords. "I don't know, what's there to say about feet? I guess I'd like them dainty, but sure-footed. A determined, confident stride that's alluring and playful at the same time." This is easier than I thought, actually.

"Good, good, I like that," Crystal cheers from the other end, "you're getting into it. Go on."

"Maybe she could have nail polish on her toes?" Crystal confirms that that's a good idea. "Purple. Dark purple sounds good. Going up from there, everything is perfectly feminine. Of course her legs are completely free of hair. In fact, everything besides her head is." The phone emits some pleased humming. After I spoke the last word, Crystal interrupts me.

"Getting ahead of ourselves, aren't we? Hmm, you're loving it, I can tell, and I love you loving it. Let's keep focussed, okay sweetie? We were just at your silky smooth calves." Did she say "my" calves? Whatever, don't ruin the mood now you idiot.

"Right, smooth lower legs." Despite my hesitation, I can feel lust building up. Sneaking a hand underneath my loosened jeans, I start rubbing my meat, already smeared wet with precum. "Thighs that could crush a man's head, definitely, and hips plus ass to match them. Screw thigh gaps and bubble butts, I want globes, king-sized cushions. On her, I mean..." I catch myself.

"Naturally, dear," Crystal chuckles. "I can see you've got a pretty accurate picture in your mind already. You're doing great, honey. How about some overarching description though? Height, weight, age, race, intelligence, ambitions?" I'm bombarded with choices and questions. The chair is getting a little uncomfortable. I shift around a little but can't really get rid of the discomfort. Screw it, the arousal is blocking out most other sensations anyway.

“Good questions, hmm. I’m not the tallest of guys and I’d like her to take charge at times. A 5’9” sounds perfect, just barely taller than me. Weight would be average. Don’t really have a number in my head, she’d be slim but not anorexic. Definitely some muscle tone, though not overt amounts. A bit of abs, but hardly visible if she doesn’t flex, you know?” She knows. “Age would be around mine, early thirties, maybe even late twenties. I like the idea of a younger woman acting like my superior.” More chuckles exit the receiver. “Race... that’s a touchy topic. Anything I should be careful with?”

“As I said, love, don’t worry about anything. I’m not here to judge, just to make you feel good.”

My gaze jumps over the empty, white walls of my apartment. I try my best to clear my mind and weigh my options. Fuck it.

“I... want an eb... omin...” I mumble.

“I caaaaaan’t heeeaaar yooouuuu~” Crystal teases me in a playful, yet seductive tone.

“I want an ebony dominatrix,” I manage to get out in a quiet voice.

“**An ebony dominatrix!**” Crystal repeats twice as loudly as she normally speaks, to really hit home what I just said. “Delightful, absolutely delightful! Ask, and you shall receive.” Another weird expression. Receive? She probably means she’s going to play that persona for me; although I can’t for the life of me imagine how she’s going to act out my dream girl’s height, weight and skin colour. Before I can ponder the questions further, her voice demands more input once again. Next stop, intelligence.

“She doesn’t have to be a genius, but definitely a bit smarter than me at least. It’d feel awkward being dominated by an imbecile. Yeah, I kind of like the idea of her ridiculing me like a simpleton.” While that term doesn’t really apply to me, the fantasy is still hot.

That only leaves ambitions, as Crystal reminds me. “She doesn’t need any,” I reply curtly. The voice on the other end chortles, apparently not expecting that answer. “A girl like that only needs cock in her, no matter which hole. She’s not picky either, as long as she gets what her fair... her fair share.” Okay, now this chair is getting really tight.

“Excellent! Maybe we should’ve done those things first, but oh well, you’ll get to enjoy them soon enough. We left off discussing your ass, hips and thighs.” This time she definitely said “your”! I don’t really mind though, the proportions I described to her would probably help a lot with getting cock inside me, so I just wait for her to continue.

“Tell me then, what is sitting between those thighs?” Crystal wants to know.

Easy, I know exactly what needs to crown her mons. Juicy and inviting, her cleft is adorned by a well-maintained patch of hair above. It’s never in the way of cunnilingus, or really any vaginal activity, but rather directs attention to the core of her being. Speaking of which, she wouldn’t ever be “moist” or “wet”; nothing but “soaked like the rainforest” will come close to the truth. If I wear underwear – which happens on rare occasions – I usually pad my panties with something. My dream girl’s lower lips would be luscious and succulent, rivalled only by the lips on her face. “...God, I’m so horny I—“ Wait, was I talking the whole time?

“You were, honey. Nice attention to detail. For a first-timer, you’re doing a terrific job, honestly. You should be more confident, your description was so hot, I had to concentrate to stop touching myself,” Crystal confirms.

Shy, but flattered, I respond. “Webb, I kind obb—what the!?” What are these odd sounds I’m making? And what’s up with my lips? Touching them, they do feel a tad swollen. No mirror in sight, I look for alternative reflective surfaces. The monitor will have to do. I shut it off and vaguely see myself in the black display. Not only are my lips plumper than any collagen-enhanced bimbo’s I’ve ever seen, they’re completely natural-looking and seem to be a dark brown, darker than the rest of my skin. My left hand lets go of the phone, redirecting focus to my right. Not sure for how long, it has drilled instead of pumped; yes, between my thick chocolate thighs I am blessed with glistening brown labia, currently slurping up three of my fingers greedily.

Having gone at it for more time than I can reliably recall, I shoot over the edge before I can stop myself, arousal overpowering reason. Indulging in the best, most powerful, mind-blowing orgasm that follows does nothing to quench the burning hot need in my womb. It’s cock withdrawal, my acute mind tells me.

I strip off all my clothes to look at my obscene, grotesque body. My lower half is exactly as I described, down to the smallest detail. Even the vague descriptions have been fulfilled exactly to my liking. Okay, that observation sounds way to cheerful and positive, given the situation. The fact of the matter is, except for my lower body and my fat lips, I’m still the same shade of pale white office tan I’ve always been. Desperate for dick, and a solution, I pick up the phone. After a few moments, Crystal’s laughing dies down.

“What are you doing to me?” I ask her furiously, yet slowly, concentrating on managing those huge lips of mine.

“Me?” she chuckles, “I wasn’t the one who dreamt about an ebony nympho dominatrix. Take pride in your work, this is all you! All you...”

Not believing one word, my free hand drifts back between my legs, a futile attempt at calming my carnal desires. “I don’t care about your excuses, I look like a freak! Half female, half male. Half black, half white. I demand that you fix this immediately!” I sternly reprimand her.

Crystal does not hesitate in her answer, unshaken by my confidence. “Well, that’s up to you, isn’t it? Just go on with the transformation and you’ll be whole again.” She’s got to be kidding. As if I’d just up and do whatever she says. No, two can play this game.

In a way, she laid out the solution for me. Dumb bitch. Instead of concentrating more on me – meaning the “new me” – I think about who I used to be. Still am... whatever. I was pale as snow all over, and most importantly, I had a dick. A respectable meat rod that would be... would be... perfect to slide through my tits. Up and down, the white skin, topped by the purple glans would briefly slip into my welcoming mouth, then disappear between my black, mountainous mounds again, before quickly passing through my lips and teeth... “over and over again.” Oh no, don’t tell me I’ve been talking again?

“I thought you wanted to make yourself a little more intelligent,” the voice coming out of my phone mocks me. “Guess that part of the transformation isn’t quite complete yet.”

Heat builds up inside me. It could be anger, it could be arousal. I can’t tell at this point. My chest feels sore, electric and I can clearly feel small bumps forming, enough to make some dents into a shirt if I was currently wearing one. “How am I supposed to concentrate being this fucking horny?” I plead with Crystal.

“Oh yeah, I definitely got lucky. If I were as horny as you, I probably couldn’t do anything but think of cocks and jilling off.” My fingers are still stirring a stew of my pussy juices as she speaks. “I’ll make you a deal. Complete your transformation into the dominatrix of your wildest fantasies. Trust me, it’ll take some of the edge off already. After that, I’ll tell you what to do for a few moments of peace and quiet.” Doesn’t sound like the worst of deals. By now, I must be a solid C-cup, and my chest is giving no showing no signs of slowing its growth. Maybe, once I’m complete, my orgasms will actually allow me to calm down.

“Fine. If that’s what I have to do,” I sullenly agree to her deal. “What’s next, then?”

“Terrific! I believe you left off describing your pussy that’s always ‘soaked like the rainforest’,” she rubs it in. “I guess your waist would be next, followed by your shoulders, since your knockers are already taken care of.” Hearing a girl refer to something as “my” knockers would normally be enough to make me cringe, but I don’t really feel anything this time. Besides, they get nicer every moment, they must be a DD now, and finally seem to settle in their position.

“Waist, okay, that’s simple. Doesn’t have to be a wasp look, but some curves need to be there, obviously. My hips do most of the work, but a somewhat slimmed waist is mandatory. Shoulders, I don’t really have anything to say about. Feminine, yet not completely frail. They should look like they fit with the rest of my new physique.” Already, some of the changes are beginning, especially noticeable by your new skin spreading out further.

“I guess that means my arms are next. They should already be completely hairless if I’m not forgetting anything, so all that’s left to do there is slim them down while still retaining some fitness; can’t hold down my slaves with little princess arms.” My slaves? “Hands to go with the rest. That includes the nail polish, a nice, dark purple to match my toes.” I’m spitting out instructions for my new body like I’m redecorating my apartment. Distant and indifferent. In fact, my masturbation has slowed down considerably, now that I’m thinking of a hot woman’s body – my body.

“Gorgeous, I can just imagine how well you must be coming along. What I’d give to see you, dear. Anyway, home stretch. We’re nearly done, all you’re lacking now is a pretty face and a lovely head of hair. Besides a cock in every one of your holes, of course.” For a brief moment, the heat flares up in my belly again, but dies down once I focus back on my rapid evolution.

“Alright, moving up the neck, there is naturally no sign of an Adam’s Apple anywhere. Inside, the vocal chords produce a voice so dripping with sex that no man could think straight upon meeting me.” Shit, concentrate and stop thinking about men, you’re only making this worse! “A smooth chin connecting a sharp jawline. High cheekbones with slightly receding cheeks, yet not anorexic-looking. An unassuming nose, pretty, but not noteworthy. Natural, but thin

eyebrows, none of that painted-on bullshit. Naturally beautiful. They frame eyes such a deep black that the pupils are entirely invisible.”

“My hair’s a no-brainer. Long, flowing dark hair, usually done up in a ponytail with two strands in front falling out, framing my beautiful face.” The mystic forces already reforming me, I get impatient after so much hold-up. “You finally done?” I ask harshly.

“Don’t worry about me kitten, I’m as ready as I was the moment you picked up your phone this evening. I’m afraid you’re not though.” What’s with that bullshit now? “I mean, sure, give it a minute and your body will be, but you can hardly go out on the streets naked, hmm? Pick something to protect what little modesty ‘the real you’ has.” Who said anything about going out on the streets? I get her point though, she obviously doesn’t consider the transformation complete.

“More of this?” I muster some token resistance. I have to say I’m getting used to changing myself. My finger is still plunging in and out of my sopping wet cunt, albeit slowly. Just as slowly, my head is being pulled back by the weight of my growing hair, already cascading past my shoulders.

“I guess it makes sense to go bottom to top again. Footwear should be self-explanatory. Purple-and-black thigh-high leather boots that exude confidence. A five-inch heel should be impressive enough.” My heart flutters at the thought of strutting around in those. I won’t have to wait long to find out how it’ll feel; I already appear to be gaining in height. “Purple miniskirt with a black belt. Not one that flares out or anything, just curve-hugging, straight leather, polished to a shine, just like the boots.”

“What about underwear?” Crystal interjects.

I just scoff at her. “That gets in the way. I have a good selection at home, but it gets most of its use in the bedroom. You see, its foremost quality isn’t exactly its practical use.” Crystal laughs at my remark. When did I become so comfortable talking about this stuff? Before I can question my state of mind, that same mind is determined to move on.

“For the top, I’ve got a great idea. It’ll be black with purple detailing around the seams. No sleeves, but it’ll go all the way up to my neck, hugging it tightly all the way over my throat. Naturally, the rest of it will be a tight fit as well; I want it to cover my entire torso, except for a keyhole in the middle that generously displays my assets up there. What do you think?”

Although nothing can be heard from the phone, I can feel a wide grin forming on the other end of the line.

“I love it,” she tells me, and I’m glad my vision will go through.

“That leaves accessories, I guess. I want my outfit to have an elegant feel. Sexual, but not cheap. I think I’ve already got an idea. I’d like a long necklace. Long enough to rest in my cleavage. Subtle, except for the eye-catching red jewel resting right between my breasts. Other than that, some nice, dangling ear rings and black silk gloves that go up to my elbows. That about enough for you?”

Wet, squelching sounds can be heard through the phone quietly. “More than you know, honey. Now just let it take effect and you’re all done.”

This time, I’m getting myself a mirror. Sloshing noises following me through the phone and from my pelvis, I can finally see my full form. My hair and face have already completed their path to womanhood. I look much taller than I ever were, having gained a little in height naturally and thanks to my boots. They’re completely natural to walk around in, surprisingly, despite the thin stiletto heels. Twisting and turning before the mirror actually seems to reflect a certain grace to every movement, no matter how telegraphed or awkward it might have felt in my head. The design’s just what I imagined it would be, and even though the boots’ tips come to a point, they’re amazingly comfortable. I could walk around in these for days.

My miniskirt is just coming along too. The fabric feels like it’s about to slip off, but given my massive hips, the belt has a lot of time to arrange itself. Just as planned, it hugs my curves and shows off a lot, being stretched as far as the material will allow. Despite that fact, it’s not restricting my movement at all, like I’m extremely proficient in walking around in such clothing. Over time, the top and gloves start to form simultaneously, sneaking up my torso and arms respectively. They too, are just as I imagined them. My attention is captivated by my lower body though, I can’t believe it took me so long to put on a skirt. The access it allows is amazing, it’s so much easier to finger yourself than through jeans. Incredible.

After my masturbatory musings, a blood red ruby rested heavily on my chest for maximum effect. If a man saw me like this, he’d be speechless, no doubt about it. His cock would grow hard at my command, hmm... Breaking my reverie, a weight on my earlobes informs me that the last piece of jewellery should be coming along beautifully. Touching them softly with my silk-gloved hands, they feel heavy and of quality, their black colour only slightly darker than my spotless, beautiful skin. Almost forgetting the phone in my hand, I focus back on resolving this matter.

“Another requirement done. I seriously hope you’re not coming up with more tasks, my patience is running thin,” I try to be assertive, and succeed to my own surprise.

“No worries, my lovely, you seem quite whole to me,” Crystal tells me to my relief. “Although... you could do with some more filling out. I think some cock would do the job.” If she’s planning to get me even wetter, she’s right on track. “Yes. No girl is truly complete if she hasn’t had her fill.”

Trying my best to draw my attention away from the building need in my crotch, I manage to spit out a sentence. “I thought you were going to help me once I complete the transformation?”

“Oh, but I am,” she laughs. “Believe me, get some dick inside you and you will feel better than anything you can remember. Who knows, it might even convince you that this is really you. That is what ‘being complete’ really means, isn’t it?” Did she just trick me? Did I fall for it so easily? It would seem like I did... Fine, but nothing really changed except my looks. That’s something that can be fixed. All I need to do is think back to my old self—

“Honestly, you will get addicted, I promise you. There’s nothing better than pleasuring a man. That’s what you called the hotline for, isn’t it? For a whore to take men into every one of her

holes. The type of slut that would throw herself at the most despicable male creature if she had gone without a serving of sperm for more than twenty minutes. Just think about how it would feel to **be** that slut, every hole filled to the brim with seed.” It would be... it would be... An orgasm comes crashing down on me out of nowhere. The heat, the need is back tenfold, no comparison to what I felt earlier.

“There’s a bar just across the street, then maybe a minute on foot,” the voice of temptation whispers through the phone. “Don’t forget to bring your purse.” The voice goes quiet, and the call disconnects.

Not getting caught up in thinking for even a moment, I take my hand out from under my skirt. Breathing heavily for a half minute, I have a little taste of myself. God, that’s nice. You’re almost jealous of the poor souls who’ll be claimed by you tonight. Responding to my growing, desperate need, I straighten my attire, snatch my purse off the counter near the apartment door and leave the building, my snatch leaving a dripping trail of lust.

The walk is a short one, but enough to catch the attention of a lucky bystander or two. As always, I head inside the bar. Even on bad nights, there’s at least some prey around, and today is no exception. Would you look over there, isn’t that adorable? A white guy and his black friend, both trying to score, yet failing miserably. Poor souls if you ever saw any. Just perfect.

I approach them. Naturally, they see me all the way across the room, staring at me with dropped jaws. With a confident smile, I return their gaze, not bothering to speed up my slow strut towards them. In fact, they both start slowly shuffling in my direction impatiently. Good, they’re already housebroken. They start a plodding conversation. I nod and pretend to be interested. The skinny white boy tries to throw in a pick-up line here and there, getting him an elbow from his friend every time. They’re boring, but cute. And most importantly, from the looks of it they’re both packing.

It’s not long before I direct them outside. At first, it seems like the black guy is a bit suspicious, but slaves that they are to their libido – and soon to me – they follow like obedient puppies. As soon as we’re in a nice, quiet, clean alley, I close in on whitey until he’s pressed against a wall, almost crying as he walks against it backwards in surprise. I drop my purse on the floor and keep staring at him intently. The moment he opens his mouth – doubtlessly to make some lame excuse for something – I pull down his zipper, my eyes unblinking, fixated on his. Whitey’s mouth stays open, but no words make it out.

I grasp his cock around the base tightly. He squirms, but remains in place. With my free hand, I pull my miniskirt a little higher on my thin waist, resting securely on my wide hips. Damn, I’m burning up, I need some dick inside me for crying out loud. Still, this night is meant to be unforgettable for these two. As easy as that may be to accomplish, I’ve got nothing if not pride in my skill as a cocktease.

Turning around to the black guy, I give him instructions. “You’re going to take my ass. You so much as touch my pussy and I’ll make you regret it for the next six months at least. Got that?”

“Y-Yes, ma’am!” he responds stiffly. Good manners, that one. Obediently, he disrobes and inserts himself into my rear. Not bad at all; he keeps quiet and finally fills me up like I so

desperately needed. That fire being in the process of being extinguished leaves me with whitey, who's still twitching nervously around my fingers. I'm sure at least part of it is excitement, though.

"Now, to deal with you, naughty little boy." I bend forward and take him into my mouth. Not the most difficult task I ever had to accomplish, but he's decently-sized. No comparison to his friend behind me, though. In fact, whitey is gasping left and right, even when I'm just cautiously, caringly caress his rod with my thick lips. Meanwhile, not a sound can be heard from behind other than the clapping of my massive ass cheeks bumping against the black guy's pelvis. He's got discipline and endurance, that's nice to see.

None of those really apply to his white friend. Throughout my – admittedly fantastic – blowjob, he keeps screaming out for God and whatever to help him. I'll get that blasphemy out of them. Soon enough he'll only know one true Goddess. As I try to give him a first glimpse at that by way of deepthroating his meat, he cums rather prematurely after maybe three minutes of action. Being the caring mistress that I am, I gulp it all up and relish its taste, not leaving a drop.

It's clear that my lover spearing my ass isn't quite as speedy at shooting. After swallowing most of the sticky substance, I cast some further directions behind me. "Listen, enjoy yourself back there. Your friend here did that already. I hoped for more of a synchronous finish but I'll take what cock I can get. Feel free to turn it up a notch back there."

"Yes, ma'am!" he once again responds obediently, slightly out of breath. This one has already earned himself a promotion, I think. Before I can finish that thought, I feel him putting my instructions into action, and can't help emit a girly little squeal as he starts punching my rear entrance harder with his terrific phallus. Squeals really aren't befitting my status anymore, but this slave deserved a little show of appreciation.

Anyway, since Lucky Luke here shot faster than his shadow, might as well clean him up if I've got nothing better to do. So he gets the premium service as a reward because his friend has more endurance than him, what a twisted situation. Payment will make up for it. Working my tongue everywhere, over his glans and all over his foreskin, it's clear that after two or three rounds, not a single sperm cell would be able to evade my skillful tongue. Fortunately, that's enough for my friend in the back to finish, pumping me full of his seed too. The pressure against my g-spot is too much and drives me to orgasm too. A promotion, definitely. He might become my new favourite.

"Okay boys," I announce, "that takes care of your fun, now for the payment." They both stare at me, perplexed. "It's either 200 dollars each, or some fun for me. Your choice."

Both of them mumble and stutter that they didn't know this was a transaction. They may not understand this yet, but they will. I always get my fair share. Obviously short on money, they figure granting me some fun won't be too bad. Of course it won't be.

My left hand disappears in my purse. Rummaging around for a few moments, it finds what it was meant to find. Taking it out, the white boy's eyes go wide. His body freezes completely. I pay him no mind, insert the device into my pussy and fasten the belt around my hips. I grab

my white boy at the shoulders, turn him around and bend him over. Wisely, he does not resist, does not move a muscle. Spitting on my rubber cock, I prepare for entry.

“You, in the back. After you play, you clean up the mess you made. Simple rules of courtesy. You’ll be eating out my asshole while I teach your cute friend here how good I can make him feel. I don’t want to hear you spitting out anything, you’re going to swallow what you left in my rear. Got that?”

Slightly more hesitant, he still replies as he always does. “Yes ma’am!”

“Good boy,” I smile back at him while suddenly shoving forward my hips. A decidedly girly yelp echoes through the alley. On my rear, I can feel a wet tongue going to work. Hmm, that feels good.

Careful not to throw off my new favourite behind me, my next thrusts are more cautious, and the white guy goes a little quieter. After a minute or so, he’s actually panting, like he’s enjoying this. He may be of some use yet. I sure am enjoying myself. The harder I thrust, the more I feel.

Naturally, that prompts me to ramp up in speed continuously. I just can’t help myself. The initial fire in your loins may have been extinguished, but that makes deflowering this guy’s boypussy no less attractive. By now, he’s actively moaning, louder than some sluts I’ve trained for years.

To really show him what it means to bow to me – or to bend over – I stop the rampant fucking for a few seconds to push just a few inches further into him, all the way to the hilt of my strap-on, easing his anus open, stretching it to allow perfect entrance. Then, the fucking continues as roughly as I let it under the constant squeals of my lovely new pet.

Now that I’ve buried myself deeper inside him, he’s getting louder and actually starts to beg for it to stop. It’s best to start training early, so to teach him not to make demands of me, I lean forward and start gently massaging his nipples from behind.

That does it. Finally, his prostate gives out and can’t take it anymore. A truly enormous string of semen shoots out of his excited penis at high pressure, coating the brick wall he was leaning against as well as the floor. Some jets may have grazed his chin even, that’s a great look for him.

Two more thrusts and I get another nice orgasm too. Nice, not amazing. The true joy isn’t the physical one, but looking at my new slave as he’s trembling below my hands, just barely standing up on his own two legs. I stroke the head of the obedient one behind me to signal he has done a great job. Swallowing the most recent load he fished out of my rectum, he needs a short pause before responding.

“Thank you, ma’am,” he says, gratefully. Truly a remarkable specimen.

Sadly, that about marks the end of our lovely first encounter. Reaching behind my back, I undo the clasp of my strap-on and stow it away in my purse again, taking out a tube of red lipstick instead. Turning around my cute white sissy again, he immediately gasps at my touch. With the lipstick, I write my address along the length of his still-erect cock. Once it’s gone

soft, he'll have to think of me to get it hard again and read the address. Since his length isn't too impressive, his glans will have to carry one or two letters and numbers. Rubbing my lipstick over his sticky, semen-slick cock, he soon knows where to find me.

Standing up, I decide my lips could use some more definition and apply some red to them.

"Hope to see you boys soon," I announce while turning around and taking my leave.

"Hold on," the black guy shouts, "what... what's your name?"

Not stopping, I just turn my head and tell him with a smile. "Ma'am will suffice, honey." Looking at his friend, my smile vanishes. "Mistress for you."

Stunned, they both watch me leave, likely until I'm completely out of sight.

Once the scene disappears, clarity sets in. Sobering, nerve-wracking clarity. I meant to quickly take care of my needs, and instead started... okay, it doesn't matter. All that's important now is to get back home and start fixing this with a clear mind and calmed libido. These boots don't exactly facilitate running, but I make sure my seductive step gets me home fast enough.

Opening the gate to my property, I can feel close to my goal. Everything will sort itself out soon. I unlock the door to my two-story house and am immediately greeted by three of my slaves.

"Welcome home, mistress," they chant in unison upon seeing me, all kneeling before me.

Without a word, they come closer, one shoving his head between my legs, the other two attaching to my nipples and sucking them furiously. Oooh, that heat is returning, this feels too good. I don't lactate, but my boys like to feel suckling my teats makes them more docile, not that they'd need it. Maybe I should look into getting my puppies milky.

Shit, *concentrate*. Pushing forward, my obedient slaves detach from me, understanding that I'm presently not interested. Sitting down on my desk, I look at my computer, still open on the page I looked at when I left. There's just one difference.

The ad is nowhere to be found.

Alright, don't panic, I called them, so it'll be under the numbers I dialled last. Grabbing my phone and fizzing through the menus nervously, I find the list that I need, only it's empty. At that moment, one of my slaves appears from beneath my desk and starts licking my boots clean. Even though his tongue doesn't touch me, the sensation is like an orgasm.

The phone rings. I pick it up. My thick lips part to greet the caller with my breathy voice.

"Good evening, stud. What can this horny bitch do to light up your night?"