

Femdom Forced Femme Stories of
Forced Bisexual Submission

CALL GIRL STORIES



CALL GIRL SISSIES

Femdom Forced Femme Stories of Forced Bisexual Submission

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Call Girl Sissies is an explicit erotic collection of consensual power play stories. It is intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior, including forced feminization, domination and submission, infidelity, cuckolding, cheating, sadism, masochism, bondage, oral sex, anal sex, forced exhibitionism, erotic punishment, erotic humiliation, threesomes, strap-on sex and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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Book Description for Call Girl Sissies: Femdom Forced Femme Stories of Forced Bisexual Submission

In seven sizzling stories of forbidden lust and Femdom humiliation, feminized men are pimped out to give sex to "real men" -- for a price!

These Dominant Women know how to teach their men where horny sissies belong: on their knees before real men, on their backs underneath them, on all fours providing what horny guys need... faces red with shame, but red-painted mouths open wide in wild moans of pleasure! These real men may pay for the privilege of using a Dominant woman's feminized plaything, but each of these sissies will get more than what she gets paid for! She'll find herself further feminized with stroke of each hard cock! She'll become more submissive with each warm, sweaty dollar she earns from a real man, and brings home to her Mistress.

As each of these girls learns to pleasure real cock, she comes to accept her new life... and how desperately she needs the hard, rough, deep treatment real men can give a horny girl like her!

Call Girl Sissies features seven stories and more than 30,000 words of explicit Femdom erotica.

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"Truck Stop Sissy" is previously unpublished and appears in

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Truck Stop Sissy by Kylie Cooper

Bianca pulled around the back of the Big Stop Travel Plaza and went through the rickety, rusted old gate that said TRUCKS ONLY.

The lot beyond the gate had a long row of big-rigs, loosely packed; there were probably only twelve or fifteen of them parked on an enormous lot that could have held fifty or more. The cabs were all sleepers. Some were dark. Others had lights on.

It was almost midnight. Bianca checked her phone and said, absently, "Berth 523," as if talking to herself -- like I wasn't even there. She didn't even look over to see me pouting.

Bianca was dressed for the chilly night; I was not. She had her jeans and boots on, plus a sweatshirt and vest and a T-shirt beneath them, whereas I... did not. I had plenty of flesh exposed to the night air, and the low setting she'd put the heater on only blew out a whisper of lukewarm air. It wasn't cutting it. I had goosebumps.

I wasn't wearing much. Bianca had dressed me to "work." My legs and arms were exposed, as was much of my back and my belly and shoulders and much of my cleavage. My nipples were hard as rocks. They were so hard they hurt. Ever since I'd grown tits, they'd been so fucking sensitive -- not just to cold, but to *everything*. The white stockings I had on did not help keep me warm either, especially since they left an inch between their lace tops and the hem of my skirt.

Bianca found Berth #248 and pulled into one of the long spots beside it. She checked her phone once more, looked at me, smiled, and said, "Right on time. Ready to party, baby?"

Now she could see me pouting, even though it was pretty dark.

I didn't say, "Yes, Mistress," like I usually would -- to anything Bianca says, about anything, almost.

Instead, I was pouty and petulant, nervous and scared, a little bit pissed. She was making me turn my first trick.

I was so cold I shivered, and I did not want to get out of the car and climb into that cab.

But I knew that I would.

The big-rig in Berth #523 was an eighteen-wheeler -- *huge*. It had a sleeper cab, like most of the others. There was a small window open in back, lighted up a little, dimly, with colored light, as if by a lava lamp or something. The window was cracked just a little, as was the vent at the top. From those slim holes wafted trucker-rock music -- southern-rock, country-western, gross Nashville bullshit. I pouted at that, too. I was pouting at everything.

Bianca laughed at my unhappiness.

She said, "Go on, baby... *git*. Do your job. I'll pick you up in an hour."

Distantly, again as if speaking to herself, she peered out at the gate toward the diner we'd past and said, "Maybe I'll go have a piece of pie and a nice cup of hot coffee. You want me to get you some take-out? Maybe a salad?"

She sneered that last part, sarcastically, taking a certain pleasure in driving home the answer. No, I would not be having any truck-stop take-out. Bianca had been restricting my caloric intake just like she'd been restricting everything. Just like she'd been restricting my access to her pussy. I no longer fucked it -- but I licked it eagerly when she pushed my head down there, because I knew what happened if I didn't.

She also controlled my exercise regimen, no longer having to use a cattle prod like she did in the early weeks of the "process."

Now, I was too well-conditioned. When she told me it was time to sweat on the treadmill, I didn't dare argue.

Just like I didn't argue when she told me to climb into a sleeper cab at a truck stop and... do business.

Whatever my complaints, I certainly couldn't argue with the result. Since things started, I had dropped more than fifty pounds. I was now down to one-twenty, pretty surprising at five-four. But that's why, even with the hormones and everything, Bianca had me get tits... she just didn't think the B-cups I grew from the hormones were big enough. After my surgery three months ago, as I'd lost even more weight, my D-cups looked even bigger on my narrow frame. With the push-up bra I wore tonight, the low-cut neckline and the cold, they looked *huge*. With my nips so hard and my cleavage all goose-bumped, my pushed-up D-cups hung halfway out of my tight top. If I walked down the street like this I'd be whistled at and probably groped.

Lucky for me, I wouldn't have to go anywhere with much lighting.

Just into that cab, and on my back. Or maybe all fours.

"Go, baby! Go turn that trick." Bianca said.

"Yes, Mistress.

I got out of the car.

#

The lot, like I said, only had a dozen trucks there with sleeper cabs, even though it was a large lot. Thank heaven for small mercies; the last thing I wanted just then was to walk my way around the truck's cab with a bunch of other truckers watching me. As it was, the only one watching me was my wife, and while she took pleasure in what a hot piece of ass I was, I'd gotten used to that. I was far more concerned about the cold; I was shivering like crazy.

I climbed up on the running-board of the truck cab and knocked on the window. A moment later, a guy crawled from the sleeper back into the driver's seat. He popped the driver's side door open.

I caught my breath, getting my first look at the client. He was an older, mustachioed guy, probably fifty but in pretty amazing shape. Sure, he was almost twice my age, but he clearly worked out... and I guess in a way he was kind of cute. He had a big bushy moustache, which I hate. I couldn't say for sure, but it wouldn't surprise me if Bianca went out of her way to find me a trick with a mustache just to fuck with me. Under that bushy thing, he was good-looking enough, though.

I turned on my flirty charm automatically, feeling the girly behavior well up inside me and bubble out as I flashed him my tits, arching my back so the hard nipples poked through the thin dress of my top.

"Hi, honey, you must be Mitch! Want some company?"

"Do I ever," said Mitch, his eyes feasting on my tits. "You must be Tammy."

"I sure am," I said, my voice giggly and bubbly. I couldn't believe how girly it sounded since Bianca had me get that work done. I barely even had to try anymore to make it sound feminine. I guess I still made a conscious effort to keep my diction female and stuff, but after the long months of training Bianca had given me, even that came naturally.

"Come right in, baby," Mitch said. I climbed in the cab. "Damn," he said. "You are one hot piece of ass. I can't wait to get you alone." My face felt hot even in the chill. The truck cab was warm. I climbed over the driver's seat as Mitch crawled his way into the back.

The sleeper cabin was not very big, and there wasn't much there in the way of luxury. But Mitch had made it seem homey... not least by firing up a healthy dose of marijuana. The air of the cabin was heavy with it.

The "bed" of the sleeper was only made for one person, and Mitch was a big guy. So once I climbed through the little opening, I was pressed up against him, almost on top of him. Or maybe he was almost on top of me. Things were so tight in there that I could hardly tell who was where; all I knew is that his hands were all over me. He took me in his arms and started to feel me up -- ass first, then thighs, tits, hair, hips, belly, neck... and then before I knew it, Mitch was kissing me, shoving his tongue in my mouth.

I didn't want to react to this stranger the way that I did. But you've got to understand... my wife's done plenty of work on me.

I'm not going to pretend it hasn't been effective. I would be lying if I said I wasn't enjoying myself. I mean, I hate moustaches, because they look gross and the totally tickle, but... under it, Mitch was a pretty cute guy. And his body against mine, all tight and hard, muscled and manly, hairy and rough -- well, it did something to me. Something that I couldn't hide. I felt my cock getting hard in my panties. My cock doesn't even get hard anymore when I watch my wife fucking another man. When she does that, she usually ties me up, on my knees, ball-gag in my mouth and butt-plug up my ass. About half the time, I'll get hard and my little dick will stand straight up and sometimes Bianca will look over and make fun of it, which only makes it harder. Sometimes she jerks me off at the end, although usually not. It had been more than a month at that point since she gave me a handy.

So maybe that's why I got so hard so fast... so hard, in fact, that my dick popped out of my panties and poked its way out, forming a tent in my skirt. Mitch reached for it, but I intercepted his hand and guided it away while I squirmed and stuffed my hard little dick back down between my legs, pushing my smooth thighs together.

I said, "I'm sorry, baby, I do want to party... but I need to ask for the money first."

Mitch didn't miss a beat. He grinned and said, "Sure, baby. Right here."

He reached over into the dark at the edge of the sleeper cab and came back holding a small, folded-over sheaf of twenties. I fanned them, counted them: \$120. It made my stomach do flip-flops to see it, not because I needed the money... but because I didn't. My wife certainly didn't need it, either. We were more than fine with my generous trust fund. That's what made it so fucking hot and degrading to have my wife sell me for \$100.

"There's a little extra there," Mitch said with pride. "It's a tip."

It was a boneheaded thing to say; of course it was a tip. It was an insultingly low tip. But then, my wife had sold me for an insultingly low price, because it made her pussy wet to degrade me like this. And yeah, okay... it made my dick hard, too. That's how this whole thing started. Now it was way out of control, okay? But I didn't care. I wanted it.

So I reacted just like I knew whores like me should react to a client paying them.

I mewled and purred and said, "Thank you, baby, that's so sweet, I'm going to be so worth it..."

I tucked the money away in my little white purse and pushed myself against Mitch, climbing on top of him. My dick popped back out, and this time I didn't even try to stop it. It just poked out the leg of my panties and lifted my skirt... but Mitch was already lifting it, anyway. He let me straddle him as I straightened up, my stockinged knees planted on either side of him on the messy mattress.

It was dark in the cab. The only light came from a little laptop over in the corner where there was a porn movie playing. Some little petite blonde was getting her holes stretched by a big crew of really huge black men. It was muted, the better to hear the crooning country-western music that piped from cheap speakers somewhere.

I didn't give the porn movie more than a passing glance, and tried to ignore the cheesy strains of the country music, as I lifted my little dress over my head, unhitched my front-clasp push-up bra, and wiggled my way

back down onto Mitch. By then, he'd pulled his t-shirt over his head and was now wearing nothing but boxer-briefs. He had big shoulders and a hard-muscled chest, all of it dusted faintly with hair. There wasn't much light, so I couldn't tell for sure, but I thought some of the hair was grey.

That reminded me that this guy I was about to fuck really was twice my age.

I remembered how grossed out I'd been the first time Bianca brought home a hairy guy and made me go down on him. "Fluffing," she called it, but after the second time he'd fucked my wife, the guy let me go beyond the "fluffing," and came in my mouth. Bianca still hadn't been satisfied. She wanted me to rim his hairy asshole, and I guess by then she'd trained me well enough that I knew not to refuse or complain. I could still remember how my stomach had turned to feel his hair up against my body, the hair of his ass up against my face while I let my tongue seethe into his dirty hole.

That seemed so long ago, now.

Mitch's hairy body was something entirely different. It seemed hot. It seemed sexy. I guess it seemed... beautiful.

I lunged forward and kissed him again, this time taking the lead as my pierced tongue slithered into his mouth. Then I started to kiss my way down his hard chest, taking pleasure at how soft and silky his chest-hair was. I licked my way down to one of his hard nipples and started to suck on it; he answered me with a moan and a grab at my ass. I bit lightly; he grabbed my ass harder, kneading my cheeks.

"You like that?" I asked him. He grinned as he pushed me down further, his hand on the top of my head.

"I like this better," he said, forcing me toward his cock as I let my wet tongue slide down his "pleasure trail" -- the landing strip of hair that ran down from his lower chest to his crotch.

I was down to my high-heeled stockings and boots, with my dress and my bra gone. I felt so exquisitely nude against Mitch's hard body. My nipples get so erect now that my oversized implants put pressure on them. The slightest brush against Mitch's leg-hair made me shiver. He had very hairy legs. To my surprise, I found myself liking that.

Mitch wore a pair of white boxer-briefs and a ribbed white tank top. His cock was exquisitely hard and thick, so hard it stretched his boxer-briefs conspicuously.

I pulled down the waistband of his white cotton boxer-briefs; it was until then that I got a sense of just how colossally huge Mitch's cock was.

He was already quite fully erect, thank goodness, because if that thing got any bigger I think I would have fainted just to look at it... let alone trying to take it inside me. I mean, we're talking *huge*.

It wasn't just that it was so big... it was also exquisitely hard. It was too dark to see if Mitch's face was bright red from the little blue pill, but to tell you the truth, I wouldn't have cared if it was.

I wouldn't have given a damn if he'd taken drugs to get hard any more than I cared if he got stoned before he fucked me. All I cared about was that huge cock.

I know I do all of this whining and pouting at Bianca, telling her how I'm not into the slut thing, like, all the time and everything, trying to talk her out of making me do things. But the truth is, my wife knows me better than I know myself. Once I was down there with my face in Mitch's crotch, I just let instinct take over. Pretty soon, I was completely lost in the task of servicing this gorgeous, masculine, muscular, hairy, sweaty, stoned, drunk, well-hung and much older man.

I took his cock in my mouth and began to make love to it, bobbing up and down wetly as my lipsticked mouth glided up and down the thick shaft. I let my tongue slip out and caress his shaft as I lowered myself onto it. I looked up and made eye contact with him; he looked down at me with a stoned

smile on his face. I felt a rush; the warmth of the cabin was banished for a moment and chills ran through me as my skin goose-bumped. I was really doing this. I was turning a trick.

It got me so hot that I wanted to give him more. That's why I put my hot little as way up high in the air and shook it for him while I arched my back, tugged his cock down until it jutted out at exactly the right angle to swallow all the way down to the base.

Then I took a good, deep breath and just let nature take its course... allowing my near-naked body to undulate all over while I pushed myself face-first onto his dick.

To my surprise, I barely felt my gag-reflex kick in. It took only the slightest effort to overcome it. Soon I could feel the stretch of Mitch's huge dick all the way down my throat, feeling like it was reaching into my guts. I had my red lips down around the base. My fingertips gently caressed Mitch's balls at first; then. But I stayed down on him all the way even after my lungs started to burn. I pushed my tongue out and caressed his glorious nuts for a long time before I finally came up for air, gasping. His cock popped free of my mouth. I rubbed it all over my face. I licked my way down and started to worship his balls, my tongue slipping around them and gradually licking their way further back.

I still don't know if I, like, *meant* to do what I did. It just came naturally... like the part about deep-throating him. I guess while I went to town on his dick and his balls, rubbing him all over my face and my tits, me and Mitch kind of, like, worked together to get his white boxer-briefs down.

Then he was naked -- gloriously naked. He was gorgeously, beautifully, lusciously hairy and naked and hard with his dick in my face. I sucked his cock some, pushing it down my throat two or three more times between eager sessions of rubbing it urgently all over my face.

But I kept returning to Mitch's balls, probably because I wanted to go all the way.

I guess, like I said, nature took its course. I guess maybe it's true what Bianca says. Certain things are built into my sissy nature.

Like eating a real man's asshole.

Before I knew it, Mitch had his legs lifted all the way up, spread, his feet propped against the roof of the cab and his big, heavy, powerful hand on my head. He wouldn't have had to push me down there to get me to start licking his asshole, but I guess I liked the fact that he did. Something about the weight of his hand on my head got me so fucking hot. It's like he was ordering me, and I guess even though it had kind of been my idea, it felt good to do as I was told.

I shoved my tongue into Mitch's tight, hairy asshole. He was clean enough, but he was a big guy and a trucker and all that and I guess he'd had a shower and stuff but that didn't stop his hairy asshole from tasting all musky and ripe. I guess I kind of liked that. I felt my face reddening as I made a complete and total sissy whore of myself, licking this much older stranger's ass as if it was the yummiest thing in the world. I kept stroking his cock, and I wanted so badly to stroke my own -- which was jutting out hard, bouncing with every jiggle and sway of my hot little ass as ripples of pleasure rolled through my body with every deep thrust of my tongue into Mitch's dirty asshole.

Mitch was so big compared to me, and had such long arms, that even with his legs up he could still reach down just barely reach my ass.

He reached down and grabbed it once or twice while I rimmed the hell out of him.

And when I showed I liked that by moaning and wiggling my butt in his grasp, he took it a step further.

He started to spank me.

I liked that even more than I liked having Mitch grab me.

He smacked my ass hard while I made love to his filthy hole.

He spanked each of my cheeks twenty, thirty times while I was down worshipping his hairy butt. The combined humiliation of eating his ass and being spanked got me seriously hot.

I could feel the pain building as Mitch spanked me more roughly. It spurred me to greater depths of submission. I went deeper into Mitch's tight hole with my tongue the more he spanked me. I licked him with increasing urgency, stroking his cock with my hand as I ate his ass.

I guess Mitch liked what I did to his ass and his cock, both, because he grabbed my wrist and pulled my hand away from the latter.

I giggled and said, "Don't you like it?"

He growled fiercely, "What I don't like is popping my load all over your pretty face, bitch, before I can get a chance to fuck that tight ass of yours."

I felt a hungry rush of desire. "Oh, yeah?" I asked him, wiggling my butt against his spanking blows. "You wanna fuck my tight ass? You wanna stick your big huge fucking dick up my tight ass, baby?"

"You know I do," he said. He brought his legs down and put his left hand in my hair, snaking his fingers through my curly blonde locks and pulling me forcefully onto him, so my face was up close to his muscled chest. That way he could reach my ass better. He spat on his hand and reached down and shoved his hand into my crack, pushing one finger under my panties and up my tight hole.

His spit wasn't very much lube, and I felt incredibly tight. It had been a long time since Bianca gave it to me the way she used to. To my surprise, as I felt the hard sting of Mitch's finger violating my ass, I realized I had missed it. So help me, I guess I was pretty hot for this trucker's big cock.

I moaned crazily and pushed my tits together, spitting on my firm, fake tits to slick them up so I could push them together and slide up and down on Mitch's cock. He moaned; he said, "Oh, yeah, bitch, you like to tit-fuck?"

You hot little whore!" He added a second finger to the first one and stretched out my ass painfully. I whimpered in pain but kept wiggling my butt back and forth invitingly. That's how I wanted it. Rough and tight and a little bit painful. Mitch sure as hell knew how to give that to me.

His hands were big. He pulled my hair as he fingered my asshole roughly. Just two fingers were more than enough to stretch me painfully, but he added a third. I cried out, pushing my tits together more firmly and spitting some more to lube his dick up so the undulations of my body gave him more pleasure. But Mitch felt he'd given my ass enough warmup... and before I knew it, he'd pulled me up by the hair, slid out from under me, and pushed me back down while he got behind me. He pulled my hair hard and shoved my face into his pillow. I took a deep breath of his sweat; it sent a wave of arousal through my body. Mitch's big hands were all over me, grabbing me, squeezing me, moving me, forcibly positioning me just how he wanted me: face-down, ass-up. I let my arms rest inert, down between my spread thighs, while Mitch forcibly lifted my ass, spread my knees wider, and parted my cheeks.

From somewhere, Mitch must have produced some lube. I had my face buried in the pillow, half-wanting but half-dreading the stretch of his giant cock in my asshole. He was much bigger than any of the silicone strap-on cocks that Bianca used to fuck me with. I knew that I'd have a hell of a time taking that huge dick up in me. It scared me... but at this point I knew it was inevitable.

Mitch was completely in control of me. He owned me. He owned my ass.

And I guess I realized that's how I liked it. I liked knowing that I couldn't get out of getting my ass fucked by that huge thing even if I had second thoughts.

It was too late for that.

I was Mitch's bitch now.

I felt the cold drizzle of lube on my crack; Mitch's thumb pushed its way in my asshole, stretching it. Then there was more lube, and two fingers... Three fingers... Four, pushed together in a duck-shape. I squealed like a girl as he stretched me with four fingers up to the knuckles... but even that wasn't as big as his cock would be, and I knew it. I heard the rip and the rustle of a condom wrapper; Mitch fitted the rubber onto his dick and unrolled it.

Then he worked his huge cockhead up and down in my crack, teasing me open as I whimpered fearfully against the impending intrusion.

Mitch knew to give it to me kind of slow... but not too slow. Just slow enough to give my tight hole time to accept his shaft rather than fighting it... but fast enough that I felt his complete and utter dominance of me as he violated my hole.

I cried out with each surge of his dick against my at-first unwilling entrance... but each time he pushed against me, I pushed back, wanting him in me. When his huge rubber-sheathed cockhead finally breached my snug entrance, I let out more than a squeal. I swear, I must have screamed at the top of my lungs.

But Mitch didn't care. He was in me, and moaning himself, almost as loud as the country-western music. Once his big cockhead was in me, every inch after that went much more easily.

And I wanted it. I pushed myself back onto him, working my hips eagerly from side to side as I sought to force all of his huge shaft inside me. It took a few minutes of exquisitely painful stretching, but soon I could feel his big balls pressing up against mine. Mitch held my hips tight and began to fuck me. I squealed and moaned as alternate shudders of pain and pleasure rolled through my tight body. I started to fuck myself violently onto him, coaxing him into more aggressive thrusts. My hard cock bounced against my smooth lower belly as Mitch pounded into me.

Before long, all the pain and anxiety had vanished, and all I felt was the intense pleasure of being fucked to my core. I loved being impaled on this

big stranger's giant trucker cock; I wanted it more than I'd ever wanted anything in my life. Somewhere inside, I still rebelled, telling myself that I was only doing this because Bianca had insisted... because she'd pimped me out to this trucker. But I knew that wasn't true. I thanked my lucky stars that my wife wasn't there to see me behaving like such a shameless slut. I don't think the few remaining shreds of my pride could have handled that.

I won't pretend that I actually climaxed with Mitch inside me.

I mean, that's like, anatomically impossible, right?

I mean, a girl like *me* can't have a female orgasm... can she?

I guess it's just that I was so overwhelmed by the feeling of being so feminine, so *female*, that I *imagined* myself having feminine orgasms. I did feel a few little spurts from my cock, but it's not like I actually came. It was more like some kind of deep, deep interior pleasure began to glow through me as I fucked myself harder and rougher onto Mitch's cock. When he finally pulled out, I let out a keening wail of loneliness, feeling all empty inside.

I heard the snap of the condom as Mitch pulled it off. His big hand came down and smacked my ass.

"Turn over, bitch. Show me those pretty tits."

I did as I was told, rolling onto my back and pushing my titties together as Mitch came up and straddled me. He aimed his dick at my tits, jacking off furiously. It didn't take long. Huge streams blasted out of his dick and covered my titties and face.

Mitch and I were both bathed in sweat. I was exhausted. My little cock was still rock-hard, but like I said, I felt as if I'd had an orgasm -- or orgasms. More than one. *Multiple* orgasms, right? I mean, like, spiritual ones. I felt like I'd had a bunch of them with Mitch inside me. I know it sounds silly, but... I felt like I'd gotten everything I need out of what Mitch had just given me. After so many weeks being locked up in chastity, I was

surprised to find that I didn't seem to want a, you know, a "boy-orgasm," nearly as much as I thought I would.

But my dick was still rock-hard. And Mitch, dripping sweat, had a guilty look on his face as he slumped down on top of me, panting, and started to kiss my big tits. He licked his own jizz off of them, sucked my nipples... Rubbed his face all over them.

Every second or so he would look up at me with this guilty look on his face, and I didn't quite get what he wanted.

So I reassured him.

"That was great, baby," I said.

Then, deciding that "great" didn't nearly describe it, I said, "That was *fucking* great. So fucking great! Where the hell did you learn to fuck like that, baby? Your cock is so fucking good...maybe next time *I* should pay *you*..."

Mitch didn't answer me. He licked his way down my smooth belly, looking up guiltily at me while his giant hand closed around my hard little cock.

I was so tiny compared to Mitch's big hand that he could cover the whole thing and still have his fingers splayed down to caress my swollen balls. They felt painfully tender -- overfull from long weeks of tease-and-denial by Bianca.

But Mitch's hand felt good on them. Even when he squeezed my balls a little, the pain was gratifying. I felt this weird rush of submission, like having his hand on my balls, squeezing and kneading them when they felt so full, swollen and tender, was another way of reminding me that Mitch was a real man and I wasn't. He could get off any time that he wanted. I, on the other hand, couldn't.

Maybe that's why it didn't feel like I was anything more or less than exquisitely submissive to Mitch even after his warm mouth engulfed my small cock. I moaned crazily, arching my back and pumping my hips up against the thrust of his mouth. His tongue slurped its way up and down on my little shaft while he bobbed up and down, his lips tightening around the base of my cock. There was no chance that he'd deep-throat me, naturally; my whole cock was inside his mouth already, with the tip still quite a distance from the back of Mitch's throat. But his mouth felt exquisite.

I was so turned on, it didn't take long. I came wildly, thrusting my hips up against Mitch's sucking motions. My hands clawed at the dirty sheets. I took great deep heaving breaths of the pot-laced air and heard the country music, distantly, knowing it did next to nothing to drown out whatever howls of pleasure were making it outside, into the lot. The other truckers parked there could probably hear *everything*.

It was my first real orgasm in quite a long time. Aftershocks were still rippling through me for quite a long time.

But Mitch was done with me right after he'd finished swallowing my load. Mitch got up on his knees, grabbed my dress and bra, thrust it at me.

"Sorry, baby. I guess we ran over the hour." He chuckled and sneered. "I guess that's what the tip's for."

I felt my face reddening. I felt like I'd just had a, well, almost a spiritual experience.... and I was being dismissed. It was the most deeply humiliating thing that had happened to me that evening.

But Bianca had trained me better than to argue with a real man.

I didn't wipe up. I don't know why I didn't... I just didn't. I left Mitch's congealed jizz on my tits as I shrugged my bra on and fastened it, shoving my oversized tits into the tight grasp of the push-up bra.

Then I wiggled into the tiny dress and clutched my little white purse to my cummy cleavage.

By then, Mitch had kicked back and was totally ignoring me. He stretched out, naked and glorious.

I looked at him for a moment, feeling very ignored and emotionally desperate for his attention. Maybe it's true what Bianca says. Maybe she really has turned me into a girl.

Mitch's huge, hairy, hard, muscled body was beautiful. I wanted to climb onto him and cuddle him.

But I didn't. That was clearly not what he wanted, and the customer's always right... right?

Sissy slut whores like me don't get cuddled.

We get *fucked*.

I'd been fucked; I could go now, and I knew it.

I *should* go now. Bianca would be waiting for me... if I was lucky.

Mitch fired up a joint. He didn't offer me any.

As I got ready to crawl out of the sleeper cab, I said meekly:

"Call me again sometime, Mitch?"

Mitch shrugged. "I don't come through here that much."

My face felt hot. My eyes started stinging.

I said, "Sure, Mitch. Thanks for the... Good time."

He grunted.

I said, far more emphatically:

"Mitch, It was really good. Really, really good. I really liked it. I mean, *really* enjoyed myself."

Mitch said mildly, "Yeah, it was great, Tammy. Nice time. Have a good night."

I crawled out of the cab, feeling stunned.

#

Mitch had been right; we'd gone over time, by almost twenty minutes.

Bianca was there to pick me up already.

She sat in her little red sports car, beaming at me proudly as I crawled down out of the truck cab and stumbled toward the car.

I guess I was walking funny. Mitch had really given it to me good.

When I got in the car, Bianca couldn't resist teasing me a little bit.

"You really howled like a bitch in there, baby. He must have stuck you but good. I bet you didn't really like it, right? Because you're such a straight boy, like you keep on telling me. You don't like dick at all... you poor thing, you probably didn't enjoy yourself at all, huh? You just *pretended* to like it, for his benefit. Is that it?"

I wanted to know how much she had heard of my howling and moaning in pleasure... but I knew better than to ask her.

Blushing like crazy, I said, "Yes, Mistress. I put on a really good act for you, Mistress. I was a good girl."

"Let's see if you're that good a girl with your next twenty clients, baby." She smirked at me happily. "You're a whore now. You're just getting started, Tammy."

My heart raced. My throat felt tight.

I said, "Yes, Mistress. I know I am. I'll be a good girl for... all of them, Mistress."

Bianca laughed. "Hell yes, you will. *Or else.*"

Bianca grinned as she started the car, put it in gear, and drove toward the exit.

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Group Discount by Tiffany Gilmour

Gary can't help thinking that the "Montclair Motel" sounds a whole lot classier by name than it does when you go there.

Maybe some of that is because the Montclair Motel is where Gary finds himself dropped off late at night to get gangbanged for money.

And it won't be very much money, at that. Mistress Isis certainly doesn't need it. But that's not the point, of course?

It's Mistress Isis who drops him off, of course. She loves to make Gary do shit like this. Every new humiliation for him is a pleasure for her. She blows him a kiss from the window of her hot little red sports car and says, "Now, don't disappoint me, Gigi. Turn your first trick like a real girl!"

The sports car roars, and Mistress Isis vanishes, leaving Gary standing awkwardly in the sleazy parking lot.

He hears Mistress Isis's wicked sexy voice echoing in his head, telling him what he's going to do in Room 212.

So he looks for Room 212, of course, because Mistress Isis has commanded him to. He has to do what she says. That's how it works... because she owns him.

There are men in the parking lot, smoking a joint, but they're pretty far away. The way Gary's dressed, he's glad of that. He's wearing a skintight pair of hot pink shorts and an electric-blue halter, his pert little titties poking through the thin fabric of the latter, nipples hard and obvious.

As for the shorts, well, with how girly his butt is looking since Isis upped Gary's hormones, it's no surprise the guys start whistling at him.

He hustles his ass to the stairwell, knowing Room 212 is on the second floor. He wiggles his ass as he walks, because that's the way Isis has taught him to do it. It's also damn hard not to do when he's wearing these pink plastic platform boots with their six-inch heels -- and to make things even more humiliating, they're in a different shade of pink than the shorts.

The barrettes in his long blonde hair are yet another shade of hot pink. So is his lipstick and his eyeliner. Mistress Isis seems to think that clashing Gary's pinks when she turns him into Gigi is the perfect way to humiliate him... and maybe it is. He certainly feels humiliated. More humiliated, probably, than he would if he matched.

At least Gary's dog collar and mascara are both black. He can feel his eyelashes, clotted thick with the goop, as he blinks the tears of humiliation away.

From way down at the end of the parking lot, in the direction of the guys smoking a joint, Gary hears, "Hey! Baby girl! What's your name!" just as he starts for to the stairwell. Gary picks up the pace.

Then he hears, louder and more angrily, "Hey! Get your fine ass back here, bitch!"

Gary races up the stairs, the clanging of his high-heeled boots seeming more conspicuous, even, than the clicking of the heels on the pavement was.

He sways his hips as he goes, even when walking upstairs, even when running from rude men who just want to fuck his brains out. Even now, he can't help but walk like a girl.

Isis has trained him well.

Gary makes it to room 212, on the second floor. The window is open. He hears male voices beyond. He hears music. He smells the sweet scent of more pot wafting out of the open window. Everyone's stoned tonight, except him. Maybe he will be soon, if they're gentlemen.

Gary knocks. He hears the men inside shuffling. Somebody opens the door. It's a tall, lanky frat-boy type with loose basketball shorts and no shirt. He's got a good chest, with plenty of lean muscle; Gary feels a twinge of embarrassment that he notices this -- and an even bigger twinge that he likes it. But what hurts him most, deep inside, is the hot look of open lust on the frat-boy type's face, as he looks Gary up and down and says, "Whoa! Damn! Guys! Isn't she fuckin' hotter than her fuckin' pictures, even?" Then, nervously, he asks, "What do you think?" like he's not sure if it's okay that he likes Gary.

Frat boy is talking to his friends, not to Gary. Frat boy is drunk. Gary reddens to be talked about like a piece of meat, without Frat Boy even bothering to say "hello." To his intense shame, Gary feels his little thing stiffening painfully in its tight little tuck. It gets so hard it almost pops free. He pushes his smooth thighs together as Frat Boy's friends come to the door, and one welcomes him in -- or, rather, drags him in.

"You must be Gigi," says one, planting Gary in one of the cheap hotel chairs. "I'm Jason. That there is Todd... Tony... Justin... José.

Holy fuck! Gary thinks. Two T's and three J's... He'll never remember. But José is easy, because it's not really a J. Besides, does it really matter? He won't be here long. He's just going to suck these guys off and get gone. Suck them *all* off. Gary trembles when he thinks about that.

Todd is the drunk-off-his-ass cad who answered the door, who's already looking at Gary like he's a piece of meat. The others are getting there. It's hot as hell tonight, so it's not that surprising that all the guys are half-undressed. Jason wears shorts and a tight T-shirt that shows off a well-muscled body. Tony, Justin, and Jose all wear tank tops. They're all in good shape. Gary thinks, just for a moment, that this won't be all that bad. Then his face reddens to catch himself thinking that.

Isis has really done a number on him. He doesn't even recognize himself - inside or out.

Jason takes the lead in whatever "negotiation" is necessary. He pushes \$200 into Gary's hand, in the form of ten \$20-bills. "Your girlfriend said you'd do all of us for a group discount, right? Two hundred dollars. She said you love it. You love to suck cock."

"Of course, baby," says Gary, forcing a smile into his face and his voice. "I love dick. I love sucking cock... I love pleasing it. I love men just like you."

Jason holds up a video camera, unfolding the LCD screen and pointing the lens at Gary. "And she says you don't mind being on camera, too. We wanna get every second of this."

Gary reacts automatically, because Isis has trained him so hard to be such a big camera whore. Gary pouts, aiming his plump pink lips at the camera in a fuck-my-face pucker. He arches his back, sticking his little tits out as if his hardening nips can feel the loving attention of the lens. He tosses his long blonde hair flirtatiously.

"Of course, that's fine," Gary says. "I love to be on camera." Gary emits a flirty giggle. It's a practiced sound Isis has trained into him with her whip, cane and cattle prod. "I'm an attention whore. Everyone says so. I'll be your porn star tonight."

Jason points the camera at him and says, "Oh, yeah, yeah, you're one hot little bitch, aren't you? Get those clothes off, Gigi."

Gary is startled. His face feels hot. He says, "What? You want... You want me naked?"

"Oh, yeah," says Jason, loving Gary up with the camera. "That way, we're all in the same boat. We made a pact, Gigi! Every guy here gets his dick sucked by you tonight -- on camera!"

The guys all laugh and high-five each other.

Gary whimpers pathetically, "You know I'm..."

"Hell, yeah, we know," says Jason. "That's the fuckin' point! The video will show that we all got our dicks sucked by a guy. Future blackmail material -- ha ha ha! That's why we all gotta do it. Bro's till the end. You gotta promise, you don't let any guy out of this room without getting his dick sucked on camera!"

"Of course, baby," Gary says, voice trembling. "I'll suck all your dicks."

"Good girl!" says Jason. "Good little bitch! Now get those clothes off, Gigi!" Jason steps back to get a better view of Gary as he undresses. "Come on, babe, get up and strip for us!"

Gary obeys him without thinking; that's how he is, now. He obeys real men whenever, wherever. That's how his Mistress has trained him. Gary stands there with his hot, red, embarrassed face and his half-hard dick poking its way down behind his smooth, clutched-together thighs. He doesn't know what to do. He just stands there awkwardly.

Jason pans the camera up and down Gary's slim but curvy body while Gary freezes under the pressure of the men's gaze.

Jason says: "Everything. Everything off, baby. No, no, no, no," he says, reconsidering, working the camera over her as if it can rip her clothes off. "Leave the boots on. Those things are hot. Collar, too. Everything else off."

All of the guys stand around whooping for Gary to get his clothes off. But when Gary doesn't start undressing instantly, Jason gets irritable. "Come on, bitch! Get those clothes off! Show us that hot faggot body!"

That changes everything. Gary's body reacts automatically to the sound of that familiar, hated-but-hot word that Gary has heard so many times growled, hissed and yelled in him, purred in his ears by his Mistress, snapped at him by her boyfriends, her gay friends, the strangers she's invited over to fuck him. Hearing himself called a "faggot" makes Gary feel a kind of grim reassurance inside, DEEP inside, where his tiny little cock pokes its way with increasing hardness into the tight clutch of his smooth-

shaved thighs. He feels the word send a pulse of submission through his body, and he feels the tension go out of him. He arches his back, thrusts his tits out, tosses his long, blonde hair. It's as if hearing himself called a faggot just flips a switch inside his sissy soul that turns his mind off. He no longer thinks. He just acts... the way Isis trained him to do.

Gary reaches for the hem of his electric-blue halter and says, "Yes, of course... Jason?"

Jason grins. "You call me 'Sir,' cunt. How 'bout that? Your girlfriend told us about you. You love it when guys get rough. You like it that way."

A shiver of humiliated pleasure goes through Gary. He feels a hot wave of fear deep inside him. He doesn't want to tell the men what Isis always tells him must be true because of how hard his sad little dicklet gets when she lets her friends abuse him or makes Gary eat out her hot, creamy pussy after a boyfriend or two has blasted his load up inside her. She says the rougher she gets, the gayer he gets. The rougher she lets guys get with her, the more Gary turns into a woman. She says he can't help it. She says it's the way he's been built, deep inside. But Gary's not sure if that's true. He thinks that maybe his Mistress has fucked with his head so much, he doesn't know what he wants. He thinks she's trained him to be a hot, horny, submissive sissy faggot.

But it doesn't much matter if Isis has made him this way, or if he's a faggot sissy cocksucking pervert in some kind of innate way. Either way, he knows what matters: Real men are giving him orders, and their dicks are hard for him.

So Gary does as he's been told.

He tells Jason, "Yes, Sir," and grinds to the music as he takes his top off.

#

Gary's ripe tits are not big, but they're getting that way as the hormones build up in his body. They just fill an A-cup to overflowing, and his nipples

stand out all hard and aroused at the slightest hint of abuse from a real man. He can push his titties together hard enough to take one of his Mistress's boyfriend's big dicks between them and give him something much like a titty-fuck. With all the weight Gary's lost from how Isis feeds him now, and makes him exercise constantly, Gary's tight belly and curvy hips make him look far more feminine than he did just a few months ago. In fact, he looks more like a girl every week.

And he *feels* more like a girl with every aggressive whoop of encouragement these five men give him.

Gary tries to dance to the music, but he's trembling too much. He's scared and aroused, and he feels like he can't control himself enough to do a good job of stripping for these men. Isis would certainly not be impressed.

But these men are impressed enough. They like the way "Gigi" looks; they like the way "she" moves. They chant her name as Gary wiggles his hips back and forth, turning and bending over to pull down his skintight pink shorts.

His little dick pops free. The men keep chanting: "Gigi... Gigi... Gigi!" and when Gary finally pulls off his pink shorts over his high, hot-pink boots, they applaud to see his dick standing hard from his shaved balls when he turns around and wiggles sensuously for them.

Gary is naked except for his collar and boots. If you count his gaudy rhinestone earrings, too. And his piercings... Tongue, navel, nutsac, the head of his dick. Jason works the video camera up and down Gary's naked body as Gary puts up his arms and tries to dance for them awkwardly.

He sees Jason working the camera over his nude body, lingering first on his pretty face, then on his little tits. Then the camera moves further, down his toned, hairless belly to the pierced jut of his little cock. Its tip already glistens with pre-cum.

The guys applaud some more, whooping as they do.

Gary feels hands grabbing for him.

But no one grabs for his cock.

They grab his hair, shoulders, his wrists; they push him down.

Soon, Gary's on his knees, legs spread, with all five men surrounding him. Gary obediently reaches for the bulges in their shorts, but some of them are already dropping their shorts or pulling their cocks out. Gary gets hold of a pair of cocks, opens his mouth for a third. Hands pull his hair, grope his tits, pinch his nipples. Someone reaches down and grabs his tight little ass, squeezing.

Gary takes dick in his mouth, one at a time, a few strokes at once, drooling everywhere, while he jacks off whatever cocks he can't stroke while his mouth is full.

There's too many men to service at once, but they don't want to back off and let Gary catch his breath. They just push in together and shove their dicks in his face, slapping him with them whenever he's not sucking them.

It isn't long before Gary's makeup is ruined, his eyes running black and wet with tears coursing in rivers down his pink face. His chin drips a thick string of spit as he chokes his way down on one of the bigger cocks... Jose, is it? Gary thinks maybe that's it. They're all pretty big, and he can't keep them straight. Gary hears them guffawing and cheering as he swallows dick after dick down his throat.

"Oh, fuck! Look at her! Look at her swallow that shit! Watch the bit deep-throat! You getting this, Jason?"

"Hell, yeah," says Jason. "Oh, yeah, bitch... Suck it, you hot little faggot cunt. Spank her ass, Justin!"

Justin complies, bending down to smack Gary's smooth ass with a vengeance. The sharp smack arouses Gary still more, reminding him of all the times Isis has let her big boyfriends smack the shit out of him. Each

blow makes Gary's asshole tighten in response. It makes his hard little dick bounce as his butt-cheeks tighten up against the onslaught. Other guys join in with Justin, spanking the shit out of Gary's tight ass as they chortle and cheer each other on. Gary responds by wiggling his ass invitingly, lifting his ass the way Isis has trained him to do -- asking for dick up his butt. But he doesn't get that... these guys aren't interested in his hole. They want his pretty face... and apparently they like to smack the hell out of sissy ass, too.

"Look at her! Look at that hot cunt get her ass spanked! You're pretty happy now, aren't you, bitch?"

It's Jason talking again, aiming the camera at Gary's face as he's spanked, slapped and face-fucked.

"Yes, Sir," Gary moans at the camera. "Yes, Master."

He sees Jason aiming the video camera in tight, capturing his humiliation. Gary's a mess, spittle running all over his face and down onto his hot little tits. As the guys smack his titties and grab them and squeeze them and pinch his hard nipples, the spit runs all over his smooth stomach, down to his pierced dick and off of his balls to form a puddle between his spread knees. Gary feels hot waves of humiliation as he sees Jason zooming in, capturing every moment of the sissy's degradation. Gary's dick bobs and shudders as his ass-cheeks tighten with every hard smack on his ass. Gary's hands work up and down on two dicks at a time while his eager mouth sucks. He trades off quickly between them, moving around in a circle. He finds himself giving ever more enthusiastic slurps and sucks to the guys that he thinks smack his tight ass the hardest.

It isn't long before the first guy blows his load. Gary doesn't know who it is... just that it isn't Jason or Jose. He can't keep the guys straight... not that it matters. They don't care who he is anymore than he knows who they are. They're just hard dicks and real men... and it's his only purpose to kneel here and suck them off.

Gary can feel it coming, so he clamps his mouth tight around it and jerks the guy's lower shaft while he sucks on the head in an urgently bobbing

motion, his pierced tongue working up and down the underside. He feels the guy's hard dick spasming as it pumps spurt after sharp-tasting spurt onto the back of Gary's tongue -- but the guy really blows a hell of a load. It comes out so fast that even a well-trained cocksucking bitch like Gary can't catch it all. Cum runs out of Gary's pink, puckered mouth, dribbling over his chin, onto his tits, down to his dick. Gary sees Jason's camera fixed tight on him, capturing *everything*. His face is covered with spit already, but this makes it filthy.

Seconds later, more hot streams blast out from dicks all around him. Gary doesn't even see who they come from. He just closes his eyes, tips his head back, opens his mouth, and starts jacking off the dicks in his hands. He feels the muscles tightening as streams blast onto him. Other guys finish themselves, pumping their loads onto Gary's face and tits as he shakes his messy hair and forth.

Cum streams down over him, onto his tits, ass, and cock.

Gary feels it running in rivulets down his back and into his crack.

"Good little cunt," Jason says, zooming the camera in close on Gary's cum-covered face. "You really sucked that dick, didn't you?"

Gary licks cum from his fingers.

"Yes, Master," he says.

He scoops up more jizz from his fingers, tits, chin, and cheek, and feeds it to himself, slurping his fingers for the camera.

Somebody throws him a towel. He wipes up. He leaves a wet mess of mascara and lipstick and spit and cum on the white motel towel.

Jason turns off the camera. "Thanks, baby. You were a hot little suck. Here's a tip." A \$20 bill flutters out of Jason's hand and down to Gary. Gary clutches it to his tits. The bill sticks there, cummy.

"Bros till the end!" there are cries of it all around the room as the guys high-five each other and pull up their shorts, putting their cocks away. They break out fresh beers, fire up the bong, and begin to party.

Gary is too nervous to ask if he can take a shower. He just wipes up and pulls on his clothes, tucking the eleven twenties into his sports halter.

Somebody smacks Gary's ass as he opens the door.

"Thanks, Sir," he says awkwardly, only half-looking back as he goes to leave. "Sirs."

Someone else slaps his ass.

Somebody shouts, "Goodbye!" and there are roars of laughter. One guaranteed way to get a laugh out of frat boys -- treating a cumslut like Gary as if she's a human being.

Red-faced and cummy, Gary leaves Room 212 and closes the door behind him.

"One-Hour Parking" was first published by Deception Press in 2013.
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One-Hour Parking by Kylie Cooper

As the SUV pulled into the parking lot, Alex recognized Mike's familiar silver sedan. Val parked the SUV just a few spots away from Mike's car. Alex saw that Mike was just sitting there, playing it cool. He didn't even look over. He didn't seem to notice that they'd parked next to him. He didn't give them any sign that he knew the game was on.

A sign glowed in the yellow overhead light in front of each parking space: ONE HOUR PARKING. This time of night, though, there were no obnoxious little three-wheeled scooters cruising around issuing tickets. In fact, there was no one there at all. This back lot was hidden from the street. The only people likely to frequent it were dealers, hookers and the homeless. Cops might occasionally drop by to check what business was being transacted here, but it wouldn't happen often. The chance of getting interrupted by a police cruiser in any given one-hour period, Alex knew, was minimal.

But the cops weren't what scared Alex so much. What scared him was the guy in that car, and what he was about to do with him. It fell clearly enough into the "hooker" category that if a cop *did* happen by, they'd all have a lot of explaining to do. But what really had Alex's heart racing was the act he was about to perform.

He was now Daddy's whore.

Alex felt his heart pounding as his wife looked him over with a wicked little smile.

"Are you ready to earn Daddy some money, baby?" Val asked him.

Alex could barely get the words out, even though he'd practiced them a million times in his head, usually with his hard cock in his hand.

"Yes, Daddy," he said.

Val winked at him. Then her dark eyes got cold and her full lips pressed tight together. She looked *mean*.

She said: "You'd better be ready, bitch. You'd better be ready, willing and eager. You don't suck that cock good, Daddy's gonna do things to you that'll make you wish you never been born. Daddy's cock can go all sorts of nasty places. Places that'll hurt you, bitch." Val grabbed her bulging jeans. She was wearing her cock, the big one -- the one Alex knew he couldn't take in his ass because it was way too big. The sight of his wife grabbing her big cock obscenely through her pants, coupled with her filthy, nasty threat, made a shiver of pleasure go through Alex's slim body.

Illuminated by the the yellow light from the sodium lamps overhead, Val looked unnatural, maybe even crueller than usual. The yellow cast gave a slightly demonic look to everything. But Alex didn't care about color tonight; tonight, for him, it was all about contour. He knew he looked fucking hot. From the tips of his white high-heels up his long shaved legs in the sheer black seamed stockings to the tight hem of the too-high dress with its padding in the hips and the way it cupped his D-cup foam rubber "tits," he was all girl. His blonde hair had finally gotten long enough that he could keep it in a ponytail. He pulled the rubber band off and shakes his hair out. Without much difficulty, he fluffed it into the messy, freshly-fucked look Val liked to see on him when he gets all femmed out. How fucking lucky was he to have a wife who enjoyed it when he dressed like a whore?

After just a few strokes of his fingers, Alex's blonde hair was a slutty-looking mop. His hair was just naturally curly enough to be unruly -- just like him.

Dressed as a boy, Alex had a nice enough body -- slim and broad-shouldered. Dressed as a girl, with a little judicious padding in the right places, he almost passed. He dressed to show it off, maximizing his more feminine features and compensating for his more masculine ones. His feet were packed into a pair of white high heels. His long pretty legs had black

sheer stay-up stockings with lace tops just visible beneath the hem of his skirt. His thighs had a healthy glow; freshly shaved, they had benefited from his hours at the tanning salon.

Under the skirt, Alex was packed into a lacy pair of panties, with his cock tucked back between his thighs. He wished he could have a pussy for the night, but that wasn't quite as simple as stuffing his bra.

His wife had a pussy, though, nestled beneath the silicone base of that big, hard cock. Val was wet already, dripping wet, just thinking about what her husband was going to do.

Val loved the way her husband looked in drag. She loved how tight the dress was across Alex's smooth belly, hinting at a little swell where it dipped into his navel, an exquisitely feminine detail. She loved how he had managed to push the dress to the limit even though his titties were foam-rubber, not flesh. He was showing plenty of something like cleavage that might not have passed in the bedroom with the lights on...but it passed *beautifully* by candlelight, Val knew from experience. She was pleased to see that it also passed nicely by buzzing yellow sodium light. She loved how thin the straps of his dress were -- like they're halfway ready to fall off of his shoulders. They *had* fallen off his shoulders several times on the drive. Whenever he wore a dress like this, whether in the bedroom or a nightclub or wherever, he was perpetually pushing those spaghetti straps up. Alex found that girlish gesture incredibly hot. It was so girly, so flirty, so irresistibly fetching. Val liked it, too.

Alex's face was painted pretty heavily. He was a whore, after all. What's more, he was a little insecure about what he was supposed to do; he knew it was important that he "pass," even though Mike was in on the game. As a result, Alex had overdone it a little trying to look like a hot little whore, probably more than he would have if they'd just been going to a play party or even dancing in a club.

But from Val's perspective, Alex didn't have to work to look hot when he was "dressed." She loved boys who were girls, and she particularly loved it when Alex was a girl. In Val's opinion, all her husband needed was a little

bit of eye shadow, some mascara and a thin coat of lipstick, and he was the hottest bitch in the world. Hell, *she* would have paid \$200 for an hour with him, and she got to sleep with him every night for free.

But this was different; tonight Mike was a "stranger," and Alex needed to look hot enough to entice a stranger not just to fuck him, but to pay money to fuck him. Val knew that wouldn't be as tall an order as all that, but Alex didn't. He was still insecure about what a hot little slut he was.

But as Val looked her husband over, she decides she likes him painted like a whore -- a cheap, dirty whore, about to be pimped in a parking lot. Alex's lips had their bright shade of lipstick slathered on thick. His eyeliner, eye shadow and mascara looked like they'd been layered on with a trowel. His fluffed and messy blonde hair looked like he just stumbled out of a motel room after spending an hour locked in intimate "conversation" with six or seven guys he didn't know. What he was about to do was about as dirty as that, Val supposed. But she still thought Alex looked pretty, in an innocent way, under all that makeup.

Alex gulped. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking about what a hot fuck you are," said Val with a cruel smile. "What a hot kinky fucking sick pervert! And I'm thinking how it's fucking *hot* that you wanna be Daddy's whore. And how fucking hot you look with your tits all hanging out and your fucking nipples showing through your top..."

Alex blushed a little under his makeup. He looked down at his cleavage.

"Do I really look good?"

"You look *fucking* good," she said. "I asked you if you're ready to earn some money for Daddy."

"And I said yes, Daddy."

"You don't sound too convinced," growled Val. "You ready to earn some money for Daddy, bitch?"

Alex shivered all over. He was well aware that the sculpted nips on the dress forms showed firm through the mesh-front bra and the tight, low-cut dress.

Alex made his voice as sexy and as feminine as he could.

"Yes, Daddy, I'm ready to make some money for you, Daddy. Lots of money." He sounded sultry and sexy, all right. He was getting better at this.

"Tell me how, bitch. How you gonna make money for Daddy?"

"Suck cock," said Alex. "I'm gonna suck cock."

"And what else?"

Alex gulped. "And, um...I guess...get fucked? If he wants to?"

"That's it," said Val. "All of those tight little holes of yours belong to me, bitch. Say it."

"All my tight holes belong to you, Daddy," whimpered Alex, his cock stirring painfully.

"Tell Daddy what he owns," she said.

"All my holes," said Alex. "All my tight holes. All my tight fucking holes, Daddy...you own them. You own all of me."

"Abso-fucking-lutely," grinned Val, and leaned in to kiss her whore.

Alex met his wife's kiss with his red lips parted. Their tongues entwined. Val felt the stud through Alex's tongue, taking pleasure in the vivid memory of how the piercing had been placed there: at a play party, with her leading Alex over on his leash on his hands and knees to the makeshift piercing

station set up in the basement at Uptown Down. With the help of some friends, Val had tied Alex to the chair and Master Don had pierced him. Val also remembered how fucking *hot* the stud had felt against her clit just last night; it really was true what they said. There was no tongue like a pierced tongue.

When their kiss broke, Val wedged her hand under Alex's body. She squeezed his cute ass in that tight skirt.

"Keep this ass good and ready," said Val. "Daddy will be right back. Why don't you get out of the car and enjoy a cigarette while I'm gone?"

"Yes, Daddy," said Alex.

He knew what Val was really telling him; she wanted him to get out and flaunt his wares for the customer. She wanted Alex to lean against the car with his tits stuck out and his lips working sensuously on a cig just like she was about to promise the customer they'd work on his cock. She wanted his red-painted lips to trail smoke the way they'd soon be dribbling cum.

Val got out of the SUV and went over to the silver sedan. Alex got out and fished his pack of cigarettes out of his little sequin-studded clutch. He lit one up with his cute little silver-and-pink lighter. He drew deep. He played with the smoke. He teased his lips with his fingers, aware that Mike was watching from the other car.

Mike cranked down the window before Val even rapped her knuckles on the roof of the car, like he knew what to expect. Val went down in a crouch. She talked amiably with Mike, as if they didn't know each other. They passed a jive handshake. Alex rolled his eyes. Could they *be* more stereotypical?

But Alex had to admit it was making his cock stiffen a little. In fact, he's getting remarkably turned on as he watched them talking -- so much so that his swelling erection threatens his tuck-job, threatening to dislodge his cock from its tightly-secured place in his panties.

Alex watched closely, his arousal mounting. His heart pounded. He wished he could hear what Val was saying. Was she offering him to Mike for \$10? \$20? \$50? Was she bragging about what a hot, tight wet mouth he had? Alex's cock throbbed in its panty-tuck as he longed to hear his wife's musical voice extolling the pleasures of his holes and exhorting Mike to cough up a little bit of green to "spend some time" with Alex. Alex had always loved to hear Val talking dirty like that when she was in a seriously kinky mood. She was the best kinky role-player he'd ever known. He wished he could listen in, but that's not how it worked. Tonight he was a whore; she was his pimp. What he got to do was wait in car huffing the stink of his own perfume to find out if his pimp's sales pitch had been successful...even though he knew that it had to be. Unless Mike had gotten cold feet...and that was always a possibility.

So he watched, getting more and more turned on as Val chatted with Mike for a bit. Alex saw Val gesturing toward the SUV. Alex squirmed, feeling his stiffening cock threaten its tight panty tuck-back more with every passing instant, every gesture that Val made.

Mike looked over at Alex, his face expressionless. Alex smiled at Mike and tried to look sexy as he wiggled his butt to the side against the car and showed it off. Alex arched his back and stuck his tits out. He figured Mike probably couldn't possibly see all that much -- the yellow light from above was bright, but it shone at a weird angle.

After a minute of negotiation, Val waved at Alex.

She said, "Lexi! Get your ass over here, bitch! I got a friend I want you to meet!"

Bitch. Did she have to call him bitch? Alex felt his inner slut getting kind of turned on, even while his inner female felt offended. "Bitch" was a word that he'd found setting off alarm bells in almost every woman he met; when he had his head this much in "girl-mode," he felt the same nagging sense of being insulted whenever he heard it. Maybe that was why Val insisted on

using it. He realized that somewhere deep inside, it made him feel that much more submissive. It made him feel that much more like "Lexi."

Fine, he decided. Tonight I'll be Daddy's bitch. Tonight I'm Lexi, and I guess she's a bitch.

Alex acted the part of the petulant whore. He took his time sucking another drag from his smoke. He caressed the butt of his cigarette with his lips and tongue and let the white smoke trickle back out with his red mouth held wide open in an "O" of sensuous suggestion. He hoped it looked like cum. In French, he was given to understand, half the rude terms for giving blowjobs referred to smoking. Slang for cum always referred to smoke. He hadn't the faintest clue if Mike knew French, but he hoped that having smoke drifting out of his mouth made the guy think about cum the same way a hot girl smoking cigarettes, Alex was convinced, *always* made guys think about blowjobs.

Alex swung his hips as he walked, tottering on the very high heels he's wearing. He wiggles his ass in that very tight skirt. Alex rounded the rump of the silver sedan and came alongside Mike and Val, looking surly.

Val's eyes flickered up and down Alex with a sneer. She spotted his attitude and she responded in kind. Alex half-expected a bitch-slap, which would probably make him pop a full-on boner. Nobody knew how to slap him good and hard like his sweetie.

But she didn't slap him; he hadn't earned it yet.

"This is Mike," she said. "Show him your tits."

Alex's heart pounded; the words sent a lightning bolt through him.

He already had that arresting, insistent throb in his crotch as his cock tries to stiffen. The tight tuck prevented it, and Alex's arousal channeled itself back into his body, into his *female* body...into the sexy curves he only got to have when he's playing...and particularly into his tits.

He stuck the cig between his red lips and puffed it while he took hold of his tight top and lifted it over his tits. He couldn't stop his hands from trembling as he did so. It wasn't cold out -- it's just that it was the first time another guy had seen his new tits.

Alex knew if he was a real whore, he wouldn't be wearing a bra. Even with the giant and very realistic D-cups that Val had helped him strap on, he would have been placing them on display for the customer to evaluate. But as it was, the bra itself made the whole package look realistic. Alex blushed deep red, feeling his face getting hot, as he showed off the convincingly flesh-like mounds of his big tits, with their firm, sculpted nipples poking through the translucent cups of the black mesh-and-lace push-up bra.

"Not bad," said Mike, and Alex felt a soft glow of pride. "Now let's see that ass."

"You heard the man," deadpanned Val. "Show Daddy's friend your tight little ass." She lifted one finger and made a circling gesture, indicating that Alex should turn around. Alex did, bent over, and reached for his the hem of his tight, short skirt. Val got there first, yanking his skirt up over his ass. Alex felt a hot flush of sexual hunger.

Val spanked him, three or four times on each cheek, bringing out the rosy color of his butt. Alex's breath quickened as he squealed girlishly. The spanking sound mingled with the hot buzz of the sodium lights overhead.

"All right," said Mike. "She'll do. Let's talk price."

"Go back to the car," Val Alex, leaving him to pull down his own skirt and top.

"Yes, Daddy," said Alex breathlessly as he wiggled away. He swayed across the parking lot toward the SUV.

The final negotiation didn't take long, but the ritual of wiggling his hips as he walked across the parking lot sure as hell worked for Mike. He was intensely turned on by the time he leaned his ass against the SUV. He'd just

lit another cigarette when Val started across the lot toward the SUV, flashing a tightly-folded sheaf of twenty-dollar bills in her palm. She blew Alex a kiss.

"Get your ass over there," said Val, spanking Alex on the ass. "Go earn for Daddy. Be a good whore for me."

Alex kissed his wife on the cheek, leaving a faintly red outline of his girly lips.

"Yes, Daddy," said Alex breathlessly. "I'll be a good little whore for you." Then, more softly, his voice getting husky, he added: "I'll suck his cock real good. And then I'll suck yours when I come back."

"You do that," said Val with a cruel smile. She slapped Alex on the ass again as he wiggled back toward the silver sedan.

#

As Alex approached the silver sedan, he saw that Mike had already gotten into the back seat. Apparently, Mike wanted room to work. Alex made contact with Mike, shyly, before he pulled the passenger-side door open.

He slid into the car with the sexiest, slinkiest undulation of his body he could manage. He felt suddenly nervous and shy. He felt, for a moment, like he didn't look nearly hot enough for Mike to want to fuck.

But then Mike gave Alex a demanding glare of dominance, almost of anger. He rubbed the front of his loose jeans. Mike was an imposing guy, big and full of muscle and radiating dominant energy. Alex didn't want to tell a guy like that "no," especially after he'd paid. Alex wouldn't want to say "no" to a guy like this, even if this whole thing hadn't been his hare-brained idea.

Alex felt a surge of pleasure as he surrendered to the knowledge that he was really going to do this.

"Hi there," said Alex in his girliest voice. Alex held his hand out as if to shake Mike's hand. He realized how masculine a gesture that could be, and tried to make his hand as limp as he could -- the way a girl would do it, awkwardly.

He issued a somewhat awkwardly-suppressed giggle, deep into his filthy femme mind-frame now. He was trying to flirt.

"Your name's Mike, right?" asked Alex. "I'm Lexi."

Mike growled, "Skip the romance." He took Alex's limp and pressed it against his bulging crotch.

Mike's cock was already rock-hard -- and fucking *huge*, just like Daddy had promised. Alex felt a surge of pleasure as Mike forced him to rub his hand up and down the long hard shaft through Mike's loose jeans.

"All right," giggled Alex flirtatiously. "I can do that. I don't mind skipping the romance--uh!"

Before Alex even had the sentence all the way out, Mike had reached out and grabbed Alex's long blonde hair. He pulled hard and forced Alex's face down to his crotch. Mike began to unbuckle his belt. Doing it one-handed didn't come nearly as easy as it seemed like it should, especially with the trembling Alex suddenly placing lipstick kisses all over Mike's crotch. Alex took over the pants-opening duties, leaning deeply against Mike's body and kissing his crotch hard, leaving little lipstick marks.

As Alex unfastened Mike's pants, Mike put one big arm around Alex's body and reached down to grab his butt.

Alex felt Mike squeezing his buns and pulling his skirt up, exposing the back of his panties. Alex's little cock started to stiffen in response to the touch -- and to Mike's big cock in his face.

Alex got Mike's jeans unzipped. He put his hands in through the fly. Mike was wearing cotton boxer briefs. Alex molded his hand around the shaft through the soft cotton fabric.

Jesus! Mike was *huge*. Val really hadn't been kidding about the guy being well hung. She should know; Mike was her ex-boyfriend. Or, as Alex understood it, "ex-fuckbuddy" would probably be more accurate. They had slept together for a while some years ago, and Val had assured Alex he'd like Mike "lots." When Val was talking about Alex-as-Lexi, that usually meant one thing. Lexi's taste in men boiled down to just a few male traits; chief among them was a really big cock.

But Alex had been pretty skeptical about just how big Mike could really be. Now he knew better. He should have listened to Val when she told him it was like John Holmes had been part elephant. That's pretty much what it felt like.

Alex's own much smaller cock stiffened further in his panties.

Alex pulled Mike's boxer briefs down. Mike pulled Alex's skirt up higher over his ass. Mike dug his fingers in, alternately squeezing and caressing Alex's shaved butt.

Alex took Mike's enormous, hard cock in his mouth. At first it felt smooth against his lips, but the more he took it into his mouth, the more he could feel the ridges and veins. Mike had a prominent head that seemed huge even in proportion to his already giant cock. The head of it almost choked Alex when his lips were halfway down on Mike's long shaft.

Alex felt a rush of excitement as Mike took firm hold of his ass and forcibly adjusted Alex's body to give him more leverage. Mike wanted Alex to take his cock deeper, and he knew how to facilitate it. So did Alex; he hadn't sucked all that much cock, but he was exceedingly used to servicing "Daddy" in the bedroom. Val's own taste in cocks ranged toward the enormous, so both of them were happy with a strap-on that Alex really had to work to swallow. Even so, Val had never strapped on a dick that even came close to Mike's monster.

Alex straightened his throat. He stuck out his tongue to lick the underside of Mike's cock. He took a deep breath and pushed down hard, trying to swallow. His throat seized up and he gagged. Drool ran out of Alex's mouth and around Mike's balls, making everything slick as Alex started stroking the shaft.

Truth be told, Alex loved this part. He didn't understand what was so hot about trying to deep-throat and gagging instead, but he loved it. Whenever he sucked cock -- Daddy's or someone else's -- he always got so fuckin turned on at the part where his throat wouldn't open and his gag reflex went into overtime. He liked it even better if the guy grabbed his head and pulled his hair and maybe even slapped him a little.

But Mike wasn't there quite yet. From what Val said, he would get there - - but he was giving "Lexi" a little time to come out and play. Mike was a powerful enough guy and was already topping Alex hard, just by sheer dint of physical prowess. But he didn't need to choke his little bitch just yet.

He would get around to that.

Instead, for now, Mike let Alex choke himself. Alex pushed himself onto Mike's cock and made audible gagging sounds as drool ran everywhere. He tried again and again to take it down his throat; it wouldn't go. It was just too fucking big. All of those nights deep-throating his wife's strap-on cock, and he couldn't get this one down? Maybe it wasn't just Mike's great size. Maybe Alex was too turned on, and all his holes were cinching up tight to make thing's harder. That's certainly how his asshole felt, as Mike squeezed and patted his smooth-shaved ass. Maybe Alex just wasn't used to the intoxicating smell, taste and feel of a real cock in his mouth. Maybe that's why it wouldn't go down.

But Alex wanted it rough; he wanted Mike to help. His lips came off of Mike's dick. HE never stopped licking as he whimpered, as girlishly as possible:

"Oooh, it's too big, Daddy. I don't think I can deep-throat it. Please don't make me. Please don't choke me on your cock." Alex's voice got deeper and huskier as his arousal mounted. He lapped wetly at Mike's shaft and moaned, "Please, Daddy, don't get all rough with me and choke me on your big fuckin' cock..."

Mike got the picture pretty quick.

He saw Alex looking up at him. Alex's eyes ran with thick tears laden with black mascara. Mike grinned. He continued to squeeze Mike's shaved ass.

Then he drew back his right hand and spanked Alex, *hard*.

Alex yelped in pain.

"Get that cock down your throat," he said. "Get it down all the way. Take that dick, bitch. Take that dick down your throat."

Alex's face reddened. Mike spanked him harder. Mike's other hand, his left, came up and took hold of Alex's long blonde hair. Mike grabbed, getting a firm handhold. He *pulled*.

"No, Daddy," whimpered Alex. "Please don't make me--"

Mike said, "Shut up, bitch. Swallow dick or get me my money back. I want it all the way down your throat, bitch. I ain't taking no for an answer."

Mike held Alex's hair tightly, pulling with his left hand. Mike's right hand came off of Alex's butt and moved down to take firm hold of his own cock.

He slapped Alex in the face with his dick, hard. Alex gasped as he did it. There was another hard cock-slap, three or four times across each cheek. Alex whimpered and squirmed.

"Please don't get rough with me, Daddy," moaned Alex. "I don't know if I can handle it if you get rough..."

Mike slapped Alex again in the face with his cock. He pulled Alex's long blonde hair even harder, slapped him some more, and pushed roughly down on Alex's head.

"I said swallow it!" Mike growled.

His hand returned to Alex's ass, and this time he didn't wait before spanking the shit out of him. Mike whacked Alex's shaved sissy butt hard with six or eight sharp slaps as Alex whined and whimpered, wiggling his butt back and forth like he was fruitlessly trying to avoid the blows.

"I said swallow! Swallow that dick, bitch! Swallow it all!"

"Yes, Daddy," whimpered Alex.

Alex surged forward, overcome with a new hunger to suck Mike's cock down all the way. He straightened his throat by arching his back and opened wide. He took a deep breath. He forced himself down onto Mike's cock, feeling the huge head stretching his throat.

Alex finally managed to relax his throat around the giant head of Mike's cock. After an initial period of getting used to the procedure, Alex had always found it easy to deep-throat one of Val's strap-ons in bed. But he'd never even *seen* a cock as big as Mike's...certainly never up close and personal like this.

Alex shuddered as he felt his throat relaxing to accept Mike's huge organ.

It took almost ten minutes before Mike's big cock finally slid all the way down Alex's throat. Once it was in him, Alex felt his gag reflex rebelling again, his throat seizing up around the thrust of Mike's long cock. But Alex held Mike's cock down his throat, feeling submission flow through him as he surrendered to the control of the bigger and harder man. He felt a hot rush of pleasure going through his body as he started working his head back

and forth, sucking Mike's cock in short little strokes, never letting it very far out of his throat.

Mike never let go of Alex's long hair. Alex could feel Mike pulling his messy blonde locks hard with every wiggle and thrust of his mouth.

With his right hand, Mike spanked Alex again -- this time in reward.

"Good girl," he said "Swallow that dick. You love dick. You fuckin' love swallowing dick."

Alex wiggled his bare, shaved butt, feeling it get warm to the touch as Mike spanked it more. He arched his back a little more to push his ass up into Mike's firm grasp. The gesture seemed to invite more spanks, if Mike wanted to give them.

But Mike had other things in mind.

As Alex's mouth worked up and down on his huge shaft, Mike said, "Good girl. That's a good little cocksucker. You love that big dick, don't you?"

Alex tried to mumble "Mmm-hmmm," around Mike's cock, but it was fruitless. His mouth was stuffed too full. He just started bobbing up and down, fucking his face onto Mike's dick as he felt the man's huge hand on his ass.

Mike wasn't spanking now, though...he was just feeling. Alex could feel Mike tugging his smooth cheeks apart. Alex felt a rush of fear.

Alex's cock was getting hard, the fear having given way to deep arousal. It was well-tucked into those very tight panties, but even they weren't tight enough to hold against the building pressure of Alex's stiffening boner.

When Mike pulled the back of Alex's thong out of the way, it was over.

Alex's cock popped free and stiffened all the way, jutting out of his panties.

Soon his dick was hanging out over the waistband of his tight black mesh thong. Alex felt the strange and succulent shame he relished over his own cock when he was forced to show it to a guy with a much bigger package.

Mike grabbed Alex's balls. He squeezed and tugged at them. His palm worked against Alex's asshole while Alex continued bobbing up and down on his cock. Mike pulled Alex's hair harder, forcing Alex's face up and down in his crotch.

Alex felt helpless and deeply submissive despite his growing fear. What's more, Mike was fully in control of every aspect of the situation. When Alex's cock popped free, he knew he had to respond, even if Alex didn't. Alex didn't want Mike to acknowledge his cock, at first. But when he felt Mike's big hand wrapping around it, he knew that even his cock was subject to the transaction Val had concluded earlier.

"Your pimp didn't tell me you were a special girl," said Mike.

His face red, Alex didn't respond; he just kept sucking Mike's dick.

"You got an extra little package down here, huh? You think that makes you special? You think maybe I'm gonna want to give you a blowjob? Huh? You think that makes me wanna suck your little dick?"

Drunk on his growing need, Alex, never stopped licking Mike's cock, even as he spoke.

"No, Daddy," said Alex. "I'd never think that. I'm your cocksucker, Sir. I'm here to suck your cock and that's all, Sir."

Mike slapped Alex's balls. "Then what's this about?"

"I love sucking cock, Daddy," moaned Alex softly. "I can't help it. It makes my little dick hard."

"Yeah," said Mike. "Cunts like you love to suck dick, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," Alex breathed hungrily. "Yes, Daddy." He licked his way down to Mike's balls and began to worship them.

Mike's jeans had migrated down past his thighs. As Mike started pulling them down over his boots, Alex didn't think twice about it. He licked down deeper between Mike's legs and really started worshipping Mike's balls. He kept rubbing Mike's big cock with his hand, letting his spittle slick it up as he rubbed it periodically all over his face.

Then Alex felt Mike's hand drawing back for another spanking blow, and a sick feeling went through him. Instinctively, he knew it wasn't going to be his ass this time.

When the blow came, it was much lighter than the strokes Mike had given Alex's ass. But it was delivered squarely to Alex's balls. It sent a cold wave of sickness through his body -- not so much physical pain as a deep testicular anxiety.

Alex choked on Mike's balls and licked his way up his shaft, desperately trying to swallow Mike's cock before the next blow came.

He gulped down Mike's huge organ just as Mike spanked Alex's balls again. Alex instinctively tried to close his legs, but Mike grabbed hooked his own legs under Alex's and held them open as he gave him three more quick blows -- not as hard as the ones on his ass, but hard enough to make Alex spin desperately in space as he rhythmically swallowed Mike's cock.

"I think you like something other than just sucking dick. Cheap sluts like you always take it in the ass." Mike leaned down and spat on Alex's smooth, shaved crack.

Alex moaned as Mike shoved two fingers up into his asshole. Worked up into a frenzy between fear, pain, submission and sexual excitement, Alex surged onto Mike's fingers, gulping hungrily. When he came up for air,

letting Mike's dick slide from his mouth, drool ran down his chin. Mike's fingers were buried deep inside him, working up and down, forcing Alex's tight smooth around in a circle.

"D-Daddy said you only wanted a blowjob," gasped Alex

"Maybe I changed my mind," said Mike, pulling Alex's hair so hard that Alex cried out while he shoved his fingers deeper into Alex's ass. "Maybe I want some pussy."

Alex whimpered, "I can't help you there, Daddy..."

Mike drove a third finger in. Alex gasped.

"I think you can," he said. "You got a nice, tight, sweet sissy pussy. You're just what I need."

He took his fingers out of Alex's tight ass and spanked each of his smooth buttocks once.

Then Mike said, "Get on your hands and knees, baby. You and me are gonna get ...*intimate*."

Alex felt Mike grabbing his wrists, repositioning him onto his hands and knees. Mike pulled Alex's short skirt all the way up to his waist. He pulled the thong back of Alex's panties as far out of the way as they would go, fully exposing Alex's crack.

Alex's heart raced. Could he even *take* a dick that big up his ass? He realized that he wanted to. But he didn't think it was possible.

Alex said, "You'll have to talk to Daddy. He only told me to give you a blowjob."

Mike leaned down to his discarded pants. His hand came back up holding a wrinkled \$20 bill.

He unfurled the bill and rubbed it against Alex's messy face. It came away black with running mascara and red with smeared lipstick.

"This is just between us," said Mike. "Daddy doesn't have to know. You give me the discount price, and you can just consider it a tip. Besides..." Mike pulled Alex's hair and shoved the \$20 bill in his mouth. "You can't pretend you don't want this. That little pecker of yours tells me how bad a girl like you needs dick in her ass."

Alex moaned softly. His body undulated and heaved under Mike as the bigger man's cock rubbed up between his smooth-shaved cheeks. Alex could feel his own much smaller cock surging in hunger.

Alex spit out the twenty and put it in his sequined clutch purse.

His hand came out holding a condom and a little packet of lube. He handed them over his shoulder to Mike.

"Just please grease me up first," he said. "I'm really tight back there."

"Don't I know it!" growled Mike, rubbing his fingers together. "Had to really shove to get these three in there!"

Mike took the lube and the condom and went to work on both like he'd done this a million times. With one hand, he fitted the condom package between his teeth and opened it. Then he bit off the tip of the lube packet and drizzled the cool liquid into Alex's crack as he rolled the condom over his giant dick.

Val had packed Alex's clutch purse, so the condom was a Mammoth XL, the largest size anyone manufactured. Daddy had clearly known this moment would come.

Alex tried to relax, breathing deeply as Mike took firm hold of his hips and repositioned him to get fucked. Mike guided his latex-sheathed cockhead to Alex's hole and began to enter him.

Alex let out a small gasp of surprise as he felt himself stretching. Mike really was as big as he looked. He could feel his asshole resisting the intrusion.

""Holy fuck," Alex murmured. "Oh, fuck, Daddy...your dick is so big. Please, go slow..."

Mike slapped Alex on the ass again.

He growled, "How about if *you* go fast, instead?"

Alex felt one of Mike's hand in his hair, the other on his hip. Together, they forced Alex back against Mike. Alex squealed a little as his entrance stretched. His asshole still didn't give, but he felt it relaxing with the surging pleasure of deep submission.

Alex wiggled his butt back and forth, trying to force himself onto Mike. He felt the insistent and building pressure of Mike's cockhead while Mike tipped Alex's head back so he could look in Alex's eyes.

"Open wide, bitch," growled Mike.

Alex felt a rippling sense of submission going through him.

"Yes, Sir," Alex whimpered.

Mike shoved again, but it still didn't go. Alex gasped and moaned, wiggling his butt harder in an attempt to take it.

"Beg for it, bitch," Mike said. "That always helps.

Alex gasped as he worked his unyielding butthole against Mike's huge cock. He moaned, "Put it in me, Sir. Fuck me with your -- oh, fuck!"

As Alex cried out, Mike pulled hard on Alex's hair with one hand, on his hips with the other. Together, he forced Alex onto his cock.

Alex's whole body felt speared through as Mike's giant dick pushed into him. He felt a momentary sense of panic as his body attempted to acclimate to the insertion. It was a lot of cock to accommodate.

But once the initial wave of fear was past, Alex realized it felt *good*.

He wiggled his butt back and forth, letting Mike pull him back more firmly to force the huge cock up inside him.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," Alex moaned. His hips started moving, almost as if of their own accord. He began to pump himself back onto Mike's cock.

"Oh fuck, that's so fucking good," he gasped. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh, motherfuck, Daddy, I love your cock--"

As Alex relaxed into the deep thrust of Mike's cock, he found his body overtaken by a strange and insatiable hunger. He'd been fucked in the ass so many times, but he'd never wanted it quite as badly as he wanted it now. He moaned and shuddered as he pushed himself rhythmically back against Mike, humping himself onto the giant cock. He felt impaled. He fucked himself onto Mike's dick with deep thrusts in a quickening rhythm.

Alex's moans rose in pitch until he was shocked at how feminine they sounded. He guessed it was pretty easy to sound like a girl when you were taking cock this deep in your ass.

Alex felt Mike's weight against him, bearing him down. Mike's black T-shirt was off, and he held Alex's shoulders tightly against his naked chest. Alex felt the hard surface of Mike's muscled body.

Mike put his lips to Alex's ear and growled: "Come on, baby. You know you wanna jack yourself off for me."

Alex didn't have to be asked twice. He reached down and wrapped his hand around his own cock. It didn't take long. He was close already. As he thrust his body back against each of Mike's building strokes, Alex neared his peak and cried out in rising pleasure.

At the very last instant, Alex thought about Mike's upholstery. Should he really just blow his load everywhere?

But great minds think alike -- Mike's hand was already tucked down tight against Alex's cockhead, cupped to catch as much of the load as possible. Feeling Mike's strong hand against his dick, Alex relaxed into his onrushing orgasm.

Pinned between Mike's thrusting cock in his ass and his firm hand at his cockhead, Alex felt helpless. He was tossed about by the hot waves of pleasure that blasted through his body.

Mike held Alex's body tight against his, holding his cock in deep in while Alex pumped his full load into Mike's cupped hand. Pleasure coursed through Alex's body. Alex was stuffed so full he felt like he couldn't stop cumming. It seemed to go on forever.

But it didn't. It lasted just long enough for Alex to lose all sense of himself in time and space. And then Mike's hands brought him back to earth. One pulled his hair and forced Alex's head back. The other came away from Alex's softening cock, still cupping the full load of jizz.

Mike's right hand moved more gingerly than before. It remained cautiously upturned as he brought it up to Alex's face.

Mike opened his hand as he shoved it against Alex's mouth. Alex's sticky red lips parted for the load, but Mike's hand was too full to get it all in. There was no way to get that much cum from cupped hand to open mouth without spilling plenty.

Even Alex's obediently lapping tongue couldn't catch it all, or anything close to it. Most of the slimy cargo cupped in Mike's hand ended up smeared over Alex's face or running over his chin. It slicked up his cheeks, soaked his blonde hair, ran down his neck to his shoulders, and dribbled onto his tits. Alex lapped what was left out of Mike's palm.

"Yeah," growled Mike. "You love that cum, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," Alex said, still licking. "I love it, Sir."

Mike drew his cock back. Alex slumped forward, hands on the car seat and ass in the air. He moaned softly as the head of Mike's cock stretched his anal opening. Finally, Mike's big popped out. The condom glistening cleanly with lube.

Mike pulled the condom off. The window was cracked slightly; Mike shoved the rubber through the narrow gap. It left a slimy trail down the window, but Mike didn't care.

He took a seat with his cock in his right hand. His left hand once again seized Alex's long blonde hair.

Mike pulled the obedient blonde's cummy face into his crotch again. He guided Alex's ruined red mouth onto his cock. Compliant as ever, Alex took Mike's dick in his mouth and started to suck. He tasted rubber and ass, but he didn't care. He knew Mike was going to cum, and he wanted to eat it up like the cheap little cumslut he was.

"Oh, yeah," sighed Mike. "Get that cream, bitch. Suck that cream out. Suck that cock fresh from your ass."

Glowing with pleasure, Alex sucked Mike's cock deep into his mouth. This time, he only gagged himself a couple of times, just out of submissive compulsion. As he did, he could smell the musky scent of his own ass at the base of Mike's cock, where the condom hadn't quite reached. The aroma mingled with the overwhelming scent of his own cum, which had started to coagulate all over his chin and his cheeks. The humiliating combination of smells made Alex even hungrier for Mike's load.

Alex drew his lips back up Mike's shaft, letting them rest just below the head. He bobbed more gently up and down on the top part of Mike's cock while he worked on Mike's shaft fiercely with his tightly-gripped hand.

Alex's tongue caressed Mike's *glans* affectionately, and Alex looked up at Mike while he sucked.

Mike's handsome face looked almost demonic in the yellow light -- just like Daddy's had. But it bore an almost boyish grin. Alex saw a hint of the man beneath the player, and it made him want to please Mike even more.

Mike pulled Alex's hair as the blonde sucked him eagerly.

When he spoke next, Mike's breath was more labored, his words strained.

"Yeah, you like that cum, bitch, don't you? Oh, yeah, you want it, don't you?"

Alex's head rocked in a nod, and his throat emitted a hungry affirmative sound -- just as Mike threw back his head and groaned in orgasm.

"Oh, yeah, oh yeah, fuck yeah!"

Alex's mouth flooded with hot liquid. Spurt after spurt erupted from the tip of Mike's giant cock, filling Alex's mouth and overflowing onto his chin. He worked hard to catch it all, but couldn't quite get it. Torrents of cum shot into his mouth; rivulets dribbled from the corners of his lips and ran down onto his tits.

Alex swallowed. He kept sucking. Mike's cock kept pulsing. Alex swallowed again, his rough throat soothed by the thick liquid. Alex worked his lips up and down as Mike's streams turned into dribbles.

Mike pulled Alex's hair one last time, guiding Alex off of his cock.

Alex's messy red mouth came free with a pop. Cum dribbled down his chin. Some of it ran onto Mike's thighs. Alex leaned down and lapped it up, feeling the texture of Mike's hairy legs under his tongue. They felt so different than Alex's own. Mike's thighs were muscular where Alex's were lean, hairy where Alex's were smooth.

Alex lay there, feeling spent and submissive, bent over the edge of the seat, with his face in Mike's crotch and his knees tucked into the wheel well.

Breathing hard, Mike pulled his jeans over his boots. His boxer briefs were nowhere to be found; he didn't bother to look for them, but just pulled his jeans up without underwear. He zipped them and buckled his belt while Alex watched, dripping cum from his face.

Mike reached down and petted his hair. He turned his head and kissed his fingers.

"Yeah, you like that cum, don't you?" said Mike. "You gobble it up. You suck that cum down, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," said Alex. "Yes, Daddy," he added breathlessly.

Mike beamed down at his for a little while, never quite breaking character. Then he reached out and found his black T-shirt.

"Got something I can clean up with, Sir?" asked Alex.

Mike pulled on his T-shirt. He reached over and popped the back door open. He chuckled.

"I don't think so," he said. "I think your Daddy wants you back just like you are."

Mike ran his thumb across Alex's cummy red lips.

"Let Daddy see how good I ruined you. Let him see how hard and deep I gave it to his little girl. He'll know how much you had to work to get that money. He'll like that. He'll know his little girl really love him."

"Yes, Sir," said Alex. "I think you're right."

He tucked his soft cock back into his black mesh panties. It still drizzled. He pulled down his skirt and got out of the car.

Swinging his hips, he walked toward the SUV.

Mike got out, too. He got in the driver's seat.

Mike didn't waste time. He'd started the silver sedan and pulled out of the spot before Alex got halfway to the SUV. By the time Alex made it back to his Daddy, Mike was gone.

#

When Val saw Alex coming toward her, her eyes went wide. She had the window down. She'd been watching the whole thing.

"Holy shit, bitch! That trick really worked you over."

Alex looked shyly at her.

"Yes, Daddy," she said as she came to the driver's side of the car. "He really, really did. He was rough." Then, more softly, he added, "He fucked me in the ass."

"I wouldn't let guys do that to you if I didn't know you liked it," said Val with a cruel grin.

"I *did* like it, Daddy," Alex said. "I liked it a lot. I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad little slut."

"That's why I whore you out, bitch."

"I know, Daddy. Thank you for whoring me."

Val smiled. "Get in the car, baby. You made a promise. Don't think I won't hold you to it."

Alex came around the car and got in.

Val had her strap-on cock already pulled out of her jeans. Her hand was wrapped around it, slowly moving up and down as if it were a real cock. Alex could see that she'd been jacking it slowly as she watched them -- as if she really was a pervert pimp who got off on watching her bitch turn a trick in an adjacent car.

Alex's cock throbbed anew. Holy fuck, was he actually going to get hard again -- already?

It certainly felt like it. Alex had never been this turned on before.

Alex regarded the dick that his wife was wearing. He was familiar enough with this unit; he'd gotten "intimate" with it on numerous occasions at home. It was one of Val's favorites, an excessively stiff and oversized monster he would have thought he'd never be able to take in his ass.

Unless he was bad, and then maybe "Daddy" would have to force it.

But now, Alex knew better. With the memory of Mike's giant cock in his ass, he knew that he could take any dick Daddy strapped on.

Alex knew from experience that this cock was one of his wife's favorites to wear when she made him dress up and suck her. Its stiffness gave him a lot of leeway. He could really get traction on the base of it. If he played his cards right, he could get enough of a grip on that stiff dick to force it down against Val's vulva at the perfect angle. That put plenty of pressure on her clit.

If Alex sucked and jacked at exactly the right pace, he could get his wife off almost as efficiently as if she really did had a cock.

That was clearly what Daddy had in mind. Val expected her little whore to make good on that promise to suck Daddy's dick after she'd turned a trick for him. Having "earned" for Daddy, it was time for "Lexi" to suck some more dick.

Alex had no complaints. He was a whore tonight. Sucking cock was what he *did*.

Alex bent down and put his face in his wife's lap. He wrapped his hand around the base of Val's cock and started sucking the head. He purposefully drooled, making slurping sounds as his lipstick-painted mouth bobbed up and down on his wife's huge cock.

Val purred: "Oh, yeah, that's it, baby. Suck off your Daddy. Show daddy how much you learned from that dirty, dirty trick you just turned. Make Daddy cum in your mouth. Eat Daddy's cum, baby. Show him what a good little cocksucking whore you are. You love that big dick, don't you, bitch? Don't you love all big dicks?"

Alex worked his lips down the length of Daddy's huge cock, gagging himself on it. He choked it all the way down his cock and bobbed up and down for a while as Daddy talked dirty.

When he came up for air, he was drooling and panting.

"Yes, Daddy," he said. "I *love* big dicks, Daddy. Thank you for whoring me."

"My pleasure," grinned Val.

And it was.

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My Date with Two Domes by Shauna Cross

When Daphne and Yolanda make me their whore, Yolanda insists that I dress for the part.

That's why we have to do it at a motel, rather than on our bed. I know if we just get busy one Saturday and I let her do it, I won't be worked up the way I need to be to really let her take my ass. I want to be a girl, and I want Yolanda to be the sleaziest, nastiest biker son of a bitch who ever bent a poor little slut over and did her hard.

I want to be the kind of girl who *wants* that kind of guy -- even though she's a virgin. And tonight, I am very much a virgin.

Yolanda helped me a lot, but I had to do it on my own. She's got her own part to play, so she's already scouted out a sleazy motel. I don't know where it is or what it's going to be like. All I know is that she'll be there; she'll text me at ten o'clock with the location. I'll drive there, probably with my heart pounding, driving exactly the speed limit and praying I don't have a busted taillight.

Because I'll be dressed like a girl -- and not just a girl. I'll be dressed like the girl of my dreams...a horny little slut, going to some sleazebag motel to get it on with an older, nasty man.

I start with a long, relaxing shower. I already shaved my legs a few days ago -- but I do a little touch-up. Then I shave my balls. Yolanda insisted on this, because she knows what my fantasies are like. She sees what I download from the internet; she knows what stories and comics and scenes turn me on. "A horny little whore always has her pussy shaved," she told me. "I want yours shaved, too."

So I shave them, my hand exceedingly steady more out of fear that I'll cut myself than out of confidence. I still can't believe I'm doing this. I can't believe I've got a girlfriend who will do this.

When my balls are nice and smooth, I do my chest. I don't have a whole lot of hair there to begin with, and of course I'll be wearing a bra. But again, Yolanda insisted. She wants me shaved all over.

I get out of the shower. I take a few minutes to relax. I enjoy a glass of wine, knowing I can only have one. I'll be driving, after all.

Then I start getting dressed.

The stockings go first, maybe because they get me turned on the most. Then I put on a black lace garter belt to match the black stockings with the seams up the back. My black lace panties go on over the garters, so my "client" can pull them down if he wants to. They're tight, and a little fuller than what I would consider sexiest -- because I'm going to have to have room in them to tuck my cock away. But I don't bother to tuck just yet. Instead, I step into the black high heels that Yolanda helped me pick out. I put them on this early in the game because it turns me on to walk around on them -- even though I totter and sway, and even though they make me so tall that I would never pass as genetically female. But there's something so hot about walking around on such a high set of heels, and I *love* the way they make my freshly-shaved legs look, especially in these seamed stockings.

I know it's going to be hot to wear breast forms this time of year, but I don't care. I spend some time with spirit gum and the forms that Yolanda and I bought at the drag queen store in the Mission. They're surprisingly convincing; I'm glad we went for the more expensive model. I'm also glad we went for the D-cups; my shoulders are too broad for any size smaller to give me anything like a feminine shape.

With the black lace bra on, I look remarkably feminine from the waist down. My cock gives a little tingle, but I don't let it stiffen. The black lace bra is mostly mesh in the front -- it really shows off my tits, complete with their sculpted nipples. Topless, from the waist down, I think I could almost pass at a distance.

If my damned cock doesn't get hard.

I stuff it back into place -- not a serious tuck job, just yet...just aiming it down so it won't be as likely to get troublesome if I start to get partially hard while I do my makeup.

This is my favorite part.

I take a good long hour doing my makeup, feeling more and more turned on as I gradually transform myself. I use foundation, because even with as carefully as I shaved I've still got a tiny whisper of a shadow. The heavy foundation takes care of that, even if it makes me look like a whorish, painted slut. But that's sort of a good thing. I layer on eye shadow -- bright blue. I put on lots of eyeliner and mascara. I put blush on, till it looks like I'm a blow-up doll. I feel like the make-up is necessary to make me look female enough to convince myself. And I'm more than satisfied with the result; I still don't know if I could pass, but once I'm on my knees in that sleazy motel room, it won't matter. It's all about creating the illusion for me...and for Yolanda.

I leave the lipstick for last, because that makes me hardest. My cock actually stiffens in my panties as I slather and blot and reapply and fix up my lips until they look like a swollen, pouty invitation for cock.

I put on my wig and take a while to get it situated. It isn't easy...but I finally get it teased into that freshly-fucked and freshly-fuckable look. I know I won't look like the girls Yolanda has been with -- the skinny, nasty dykes she used to date before she and I met. But I hope that I'll at least look fuckable for her. I know she'll fuck me no matter how I look -- she does that sort of thing; she's my girlfriend. But it'll be so much hotter for me if I see the lust in her eyes...and can feel the lust in mine.

I get my cell phone and take a few snaps, standing in the bright light of the bathroom and throwing a My Space Face at the phone. I blink into the flash and end up with four or five picks that I would want to fuck if I saw them online.

I text them to Yolanda with a message: "cheap - \$50 - white meat."

No answer, at least not right away. I put down the phone and go back to the bedroom. I struggle into my dress, a little black one to match my little black lingerie. I have to contort my body get it zipped in back.

But I finally get it on, and adjusted.

Only *then* do I tuck -- tight and firm. It isn't easy, but it's worth it.

Then I look in the mirror.

The dress is revealing, but its high waist and flaring hips seems to accentuate the hips that aren't there. Depending on how I stand, I look like I *might* have hips. And let me tell you, it doesn't matter how I stand; from any angle, I look like I *definitely* have tits.

Yeah, I look fuckable enough. More than fuckable enough. Half of me wants to drop by some singles' bar and see if I can show up at whatever sleazy motel Yolanda picked out with some hot half-drunk pickup in tow.

Knowing Yolanda, I can't even *imagine* how unbelievably hot she would get seeing me drop to my knees and suck dick. *Especially* if it was my idea. I'm pretty sure she'd get over the idea of not being my "first" in order to see me do it to a real dick. Yolanda's something of a fag hag, you see.

But that would be wrong, right? I mean, if I'm going to involve a third party, I should check it with her first....right?

Then again, Yolanda would forgive just about any transgression for the price of seeing my lips wrapped around a cock. And the idea is getting me pretty hot.

It always disturbs me a little how un-straight I feel once I pour myself into a little fuck-me dress and some high heeled shoes, and paint a cocksucker's mouth on my face. But that's what Yolanda is for, right? She'll

do me right. I'm damned sure of that. However I need to be done, she's definitely up for it.

My cell phone buzzes. I open the text.

It's Yolanda, of course. "I'd fuck that." Then she gives me the address of a motel. The Cloud Palace, out by the airport. And a room number.

Good.

I snap one last pic in the light of the bathroom -- or, more accurately, I snap ten pics and settle on the one where I look hottest. I send it to Yolanda with a text: "We'll send Shauna out right away, Sir."

No response.

I get my purse and make sure there are condoms and lube in it.

There's something that's always been so hot to me about bringing condoms on a date.

I go downstairs, nervously looking around to see if any of my neighbors spot me. Not that I'd care, in our neighborhood...but for some reason, it feels more real if they don't clock me.

My car is parked a block away. Walking to it, I see a guy who lives upstairs -- I've never known his name. He's older and single. He gives me a double take, up and down, and when we pass and I glance over my shoulder, he's *staring* over his. The expression on his face says it all. He's not looking to see if that hot chick is his neighbor; he's getting a better look at my ass.

I passed, and he wants me. It feels good.

I get in the car and drive.

#

The Cloud Palace is one seriously sleazy motel. Yolanda and I have driven by it and we always make fun of it. The sign itself must be sixty years old. From the pictures online, the décor is, too. And it's not the kind of place where any "respectable" people would spend the night, whether they were stranded overnight due to a cancelled flight or just needed a place to crash. On the contrary, people went to places like the Cloud Palace to fuck whores, score drugs and swill liquor.

It's perfect. I don't need to check in, of course. I just park the car, and put the Boot across the steering wheel like some paranoid suburbanite out for a walk on the wild side -- which I am. I check my phone for the room number she gave me -- 235. I have to go upstairs. My high heels make clicking sounds as I walk across the parking lot. In the distance, some guys are drinking malt liquor. They make catcalls and shout at me. "Hey!" they call me. I click-clack for the stairs as fast as I can, acutely feeling the swing of my hips in these high heels. Someone on the bottom floor looks out the windows. It's an older man; he gives me a double-take, too.

I make it up the stairs without further incident. Only then does my pounding heart give a flutter of pleasure from the catcalls of the strangers across the parking lot.

I knock three times on Room 235.

#

Even though Yolanda and I discussed and negotiated all this extensively, I don't know what to expect when I open the door. Will she be fully dressed? Half undressed? Will she be ready to fuck, or will she want to romance me, first -- get me drunk, maybe abuse me a little? Make me beg for the money?

All those things rush through my brain as the door swings open.

Then conscious thought is obliterated -- because my kinky girlfriend has succeeded in totally flabbergasting me.

There's someone else in the room with her.

#

Don't get me wrong -- it's weird to begin with. My girlfriend's black hair is ratted out so it looks like some sleazy biker guy's. When she's dressed like a guy before, she's had a big fat dark caterpillar of a mustache sitting on her upper lip, along with what looks to be an eleven o'clock shadow -- eleven o'clock on the third day, that is. I told her that part was "optional" this time. To my relief, she's all woman. The cigar she's chewing on is no more manly than the ones I've seen her smoke at parties. She's got a fondness for Cubans. Despite it, she looks remarkably feminine. She hasn't even strapped down her tits. They fill out her white undershirt nicely, the nipples showing through.

But the jockey shorts she's wearing are another matter entirely. There, she's all man. Her cock, silicone-stiff, tents the white cotton, as if she's already got an obscene hard-on.

That thing looks damned *big*, big enough to give me pause. She and the room smell like liquor and cigars. Perched on these heels, I'm still a lot taller than her, but her confidence spills out and makes me feel intimidated.

Some might even say...*submissive*.

As for the other person in the room, well...that panics me a little bit. But all I can see of him is a huge pair of boots, crossed at the foot of the bed. I can also hear the grotesque sounds of hotel-room porn playing...female moans, slapping sounds and bad, bad '80s music.

What the fuck? I've gone this far.

I've already rehearsed my opening lines -- so I just let them spill out naturally, despite being more scared than ever.

"Hi, I'm Shauna from the agency....you called for some company?"

Yolanda looks me up and down, sneers at me.

"Yeah," she says. "You'll do. I'm Joe. Get in here. Hope you don't mind, a friend dropped by. I figured he can watch." Yolanda jerks her thumb behind her and steps aside.

"Um," I said, craning my head to look past her. I can't really get a good look at the person.

Yolanda grabs my arm and drags me in, slamming the door behind me.

I don't play reluctant any longer. I figure, in for a penny, in for a pound.

There on the bed is a blonde woman, also wearing men's underwear and with filled-out jockeys. It takes me a minute to recognize her; it's our friend Daphne, and the look on her face tells me she could eat me up with a spoon.

"What have we here?" she grins. "I thought you said you were only hiring one whore. This looks like enough woman for two."

Both Yolanda and Deirdre have remarkably feminine faces -- but their energy is about as male as I've ever seen. Way more male for me to handle without positively *melting* under my previous fantasy of picking up a guy to bring along. Yolanda -- Joe -- seems to have done it for me.

And with that cigar in her mouth, she really does look like a Joe.

"Yum," I say, looking Daphne up and down. "Who's this?"

Yolanda's is already up behind me, putting her hands all over my ass. "You can call him Daddy," she says. "I told him he could watch, but if you're up for earning another fifty bucks..."

I laugh lightly and push Joe's hand away from my ass. "Money up front?"

Yolanda's hand comes around. A \$100 bill appears in front of me. I take it and stuff it in my bra...

....and Yolanda's hands, both of them, return to my ass. Her lips find the back of my neck and she starts kissing me wetly. A shiver goes through me. Yolanda gropes and feels me up as Daphne gets off the bed and comes toward me. With her big boots, Yolanda kicks my feet apart and tips me forward, and Daphne is there to catch me. I'm a lot bigger than either of these women, but Daphne is a tightly-built, muscled little dyke, with short hair and plenty of tattoos. She grabs me and kisses me. Her mouth tastes like cigars and liquor. Her tongue works deep into my mouth and she holds me up as Yolanda feels me up.

"This is a piece of ass I could fuck all night," Yolanda says. Daphne kisses me deeply as she feels up my tits. Behind me, Yolanda is reaching up my dress and fingering my panties, caressing my tucked cock and balls. It almost feels and looks like a camel toe -- until my dick starts to stiffen under her caress, and I feel her pushing me forward, onto the bed.

Daphne spills back under me and drags me onto her, pushing my face down into her crotch.

Yolanda gets on the bed behind me. "You take it bareback?" she grunts.

I think fast -- because I know how she thinks.

"Sorry," I say. "I'm not on the pill."

Yolanda laughs, reaching up my skirt to pull down my panties.

She says, "I promise I'll pull out. Of course, if you'd rather be safe, there's always someplace else I can put it--"

I let out a squeal as Yolanda bends down and puts her mouth between my freshly shaved cheeks. Her tongue works insistently into me, and I squirm as Daphne aims my face at her cock.

Yolanda rims me deeply and pulls my panties all the way down to my spread knees. My cock has come out to play, stiffening fully and sticking up toward my lower belly -- but, remarkably, I feel no less feminine. Yolanda's tongue works deep into my asshole while she spits on her hand and starts caressing my balls. "Such a sweet little pussy," she purrs during a break between her deep licks into my asshole.

She's rimmed me before -- but never like this. She's also put her finger in there -- but never her cock. She's got enough of them, but the most she's ever done is make me suck them. It was a turn-on then, but it's ten times more so when Daphne growls, "Come on, Shauna. Get that mouth working."

I leave a big red kiss on the front of her jockey shorts. I look up at "Daddy" shyly and then pull her shorts down over her strap-on.

I plant my lipstick-covered mouth on her cockhead. Then I take her into my mouth.

Yolanda had lube ready, apparently; when her fingers start to work into my asshole, they're slippery with gel. She puts in one of them at first, going nice and slow while I start sucking Daphne's cock in earnest. It was a turn-on the few times Yolanda made me do this at home, but it's ten times more so now that I've got the smell of cigars and pussy and cologne and filthy motel room all around, all over me, and Yolanda's tongue and fingers in my asshole. I've never felt so submissive. Yolanda leaves my panties stretched between my knees -- because she knows I think it's hot to look down and see them.

She works a second finger into my asshole, caressing my balls and occasionally letting her hand reach up to stroke my cock. I'm very turned on, and she could jerk me off if she wanted. But there's no way Yolanda will let me cum until I've earned it -- by taking her cock in my ass, the way I promised.

Meanwhile, I'm really going to town on Daphne's cock....to my surprise. It's really getting me hot to bob up and down on her huge dick. It isn't until I

hear the faint buzzing from below that I realize that she's got a set of wires coming out of her jockeys, out of the harness underneath. The control box is clipped to the harness's belt at the back of her hip -- sort of like where a cop would carry a concealed pistol.

She's just turned up the dial, and she utters a remarkably girlish squeal as the vibrations surge through her clit.

I feel the throb of the vibrator through my teeth -- and, gradually, through the back of my throat as I work Daphne's cock into it. This, I've never even done with Yolanda -- I've only ever deep-throated dildos by myself, using one with a very wide flange. It was a remarkably easy way to learn...and, at least while I was cross-dressed, it was a huge fucking turn-on.

It's a bigger turn-on now, because I hear Daphne letting out masculine grunts and moans of pleasure, saying, "Oh, yeah, baby, suck that dick," calling me Shauna and telling em what a pretty little cocksucker I am. I think I'm blushing under the makeup. My dick is definitely hard all the way; just the gentle grazing touches that Yolanda gives it are making me crazy. And every time my head bobs down, Daphne's moans rise louder.

I know what's happening; Yolanda's described this phenomenon to me. Positioned just right, the base of a properly-fitted harness can sometimes hit the clitoris. Add a vibrator, if you're into that, and a girl can cum for real. What's even better, she told me, the motions of a cocksucker's mouth and lips and throat and tongue work the base against the clit and actually make a difference -- not exactly like giving a real blowjob, but damned close, if you do it right.

Well, apparently, I was doing it right. Daphne was moaning like crazy.

She pulls me off of her, almost dislodging my wig. She turns off the vibe and holds me back; she wants to be present for the ritual violation of my asshole.

I'm on the cheap sleazy bed, now, the feel of the plastic-y bedspread rubbing my knees through my black stockings. I'm stretched between them Yolanda and Daphne, with Daphne's cock up against my face, smearing spit

everywhere. I feel Yolanda slicking up my asshole and her cock with lube. Then I feel her dickhead up against my entrance, and I feel her working it in.

It takes a long time, and she doesn't rush me. She has to really work me open; after all, I'm a virgin. I don't tell them that, of course...there's no time, since before long Daphne grabs me and shoves her dick back in my mouth. But in my mind, I'm Shauna, the horny little whore who's never had a boyfriend, but here she is turning her first trick in a sleazy motel, getting fucked in the ass by a stranger while she sucks off another.

My red lips are well down on Daphne's cock when Yolanda's dickhead finally violates me. My entrance stretches wide and a jolt goes through my whole body. Yolanda stops, her cockhead just barely inside me. Daphne stops, too -- stops working her hips and clutching her hand at the back of my head to force my face up and down on her cock.

Neither woman moves for a few moments, while I moan around Daphne's cock. I'm afraid they're going to ask me if I'm okay -- when, in fact, I don't know. The sensation of having my asshole stretched by cock is enough to completely overwhelm me.

But it isn't long before I'm over it; the fear has passed, and it just feels *good*.

That's when I start to push myself backwards. I fuck myself onto Yolanda's dick -- and she begins to meet my thrusts, building gradually.

She works her cock in deeper, stretching me open. Soon she's fucking me in big long strokes, while I chow down on Daphne's slippery cock. It's slippery because I've been drooling on it for thirty minutes now, and she's been holding back her orgasm. I wish she could cum in my mouth -- meaning cum, meaning jizz, meaning I wish she could shoot it down my throat. But in the absence of that, I've got something just as good, and I can tell she's right on the brink.

I look up at her and say it, loudly enough that Yolanda can hear:

"Cum in my mouth, Mister?"

She doesn't even care that I should be calling her "Daddy," per her earlier instructions; in the heat of the moment, "Mister" just seemed hotter and more anonymous. And she likes that. She cranks the dial on her vibrator, and gives out a loud yell as the vibrations mount. Pleasure flashes through her. I know Daphne has to fuck me harder with deeper strokes to really get the pressure against her clit -- just like Yolanda is doing to my ass. Luckily for both of us, it's still very tight, and each stroke provides her plenty of traction.

Daphne grips the back of my head and fucks my face, lifting her hips in aggressive strokes. Yolanda fucks my ass.

They cum about a minute apart. That's what I really wanted from the moment I realized the two of them were both there -- not to have them get me off, but to get *them* off. Preferably while they were fucking me the way I really wanted to be fucked -- like this, pinned between them, spit-roasted by two strangers' cocks.

I can feel the trembling of Yolanda's body as she shoves her cock up in me for the final stroke and leaves it buried deep. She reaches under me and grabs my cock. Her hand is shaking, too. There's lube everywhere -- lube and spit. Yolanda knows just how to get me off. With a long quick series of strokes, she brings me to the edge, and then I look up into Daphne's pretty brown eyes and howl, "I'm cumming! I'm cumming, Daddy!"

She really, really likes that. She grins and rubs her lipstick-covered cock all over my face.

I shoot my load in huge sticky streams on the filthy comforter. Yolanda gives me a few more strokes to propel my orgasm to the stratosphere. When she finally tugs her cock back and eases it out of me, the head stretches me painfully and I yelp. But then it's out, and I feel nothing but open and easy - - utterly spent.

"What do you say we watch a little porno?" asks Daphne while Yolanda hits the bathroom for some towels and tissues?

"Daddy" pulls me up on the bed and plants my painted face between her tits.

"Hell yeah," says Daphne. "That's one fine piece of ass."

"Erica's John" first appeared in *Girls on Top: Explicit Erotica for Women*, edited by Violet Blue. Cleis Press, 2009. Copyright © 2009 by the author. Used with permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Erica's John by Erica K.

"Tonight, my little slut, you're going to learn to suck cock."

Mistress Amanda sipped her red wine, smiling at me over the rim as she saw my eyes go wide. I could feel my own cock stir inside the tight panties I wore, the sensitive head rubbing against the lace. I could feel my nipples harden under the soft inserts that tented the spandex minidress I wore. My face flushed hot and I felt my head spinning. I struggled to find words.

"But Mistress," I began nervously.

"Silence!" snapped Mistress Amanda. "You said you wanted to learn to be a slut, and all sluts suck cock. You want to be a slut, don't you? That means learning to suck cock."

I felt my heart pounding. I had been coming to see Mistress Amanda for three months, with the guarantee, in our initial meeting, that she would teach me not only how to be a woman, but how to be a slut. I had never sucked cock before. I didn't consider myself bisexual. But my agreement with Mistress Amanda was that she owned me totally during these sessions; I trusted her ability to turn me into the slut I longed to be. But only if I cooperated.

"Yes, Mistress," I said. "I want to learn to suck cock."

I had admitted it, weeks ago. Having dressed me up in panties and a bra, helped me shave my body smooth, Mistress Amanda had lashed me to her St. Andrew's cross and teased me with the pinwheel while asking me questions about what it meant to be a slut. I told her sluts got fucked, sucked cock, ate pussy. They did it with anyone. They loved every minute of it.

She'd grabbed my hair and forced my head back, her breath warm on my neck as she'd growled into my ear.

"That means you're going to suck cock, Erica. You're going to suck a man's hard cock."

"Yes, Mistress," I'd said. At the time, my cock had grown so hard in my panties that it hurt as it rubbed against the wooden cross, that the lace abraded it as I squirmed. I pictured myself down on my knees, my slut-painted lips closed around the shaft of a firm, erect cock. It sent a shiver through me, even as it scared me.

"Today's the day you learn how to give head, Erica."

"Y--yes, Mistress," I said nervously.

Mistress Amanda curled up on the couch next to me, cupping my cock and balls as she grinned wickedly. "I've got a man in the next room waiting for you," she told me. "He's got a nice, big, long, fat cock. Eight inches, Erica. Do you think you can handle it?"

"I--I don't know," I said.

"Oh, you'll handle it," she grinned. "You'll take that cock all the way down your throat, Erica. And that's when you'll be a slut."

"He's a very considerate man," she continued. "He'll be gentle. That is, until he's got you broken in. Then, he'll be very rough. That's what you want, isn't it, Erica?"

I'd said that, too. As she'd ran the pinwheel over my balls, piercing the ephemeral lace of the panties I wore, Mistress Amanda had asked me whether men were rough or gentle with sluts.

"Very rough," I'd moaned. "They treat them like whores."

"How hard do they fuck sluts?" Mistress Amanda had cooed into my ear.

"Very hard," I'd breathed. "They fuck them so hard it hurts. They fuck them so hard they cry."

"But do they like it? The sluts? Do sluts like to get fucked so hard it hurts? Does a slut really *love to get fucked so hard she cries?"

I could hardly breathe; my head was spinning. I was more than a little nervous about doing this wicked thing, about going deeper into my role as Erica than I'd ever gone before. But it excited me. My nipples felt so hard I could almost believe they really capped the little A-cup inserts Mistress Amanda had me wearing. I looked at her with love and surrender.

"Yes, Mistress," I said.

#

This was the sluttiest outfit Mistress Amanda had ever had me wear. The spandex minidress was so tight it showed the sculpted nipples of my insert, right through the thin, filmy material of my bra cups. My dress was so short that the lace tops of my black seamed stockings showed right where the garters hooked onto them. It was so short, in fact, that my cock, bound back into the panties and throbbing hard, threatened to show underneath the hem.

"Come with me," Amanda said, taking my hand and leading me down the hall to her second bedroom.

I felt a flush of pride as I walked delicately on the four-inch heels of my fuck-me pumps. That had been one of the conditions of Mistress Amanda's training. "Sluts wear fuck-me pumps," she'd told me. "Sluts learn to walk in high heels."

Except this slut was six-and-a-half feet tall when she wore four-inch fuck-me heels, so she towered over her mistress, who was only five-four in her stilettos. But there was no question that, spiritually, Mistress Amanda towered over me.

As Amanda led me down the dimly-lit hallway, I felt a rush of lust for her. She wore a skintight black dress herself, this one ankle-length but slit all the way up to her hip. It even showed the side of the black thong she wore underneath. The dress was so tight that it clung to the firm swell of her ass, the cheeks well defined under the skintight satin. I could see the cleft between them, and I wanted it. I had spent many long hours between those cheeks, my tongue working Mistress Amanda's asshole, learning how to pay homage to her with my tongue in her dirtiest, most forbidden spot. I had also spent many hours between her legs, learning how to bring her to orgasm with her tongue.

Mistress Amanda had also spent hours cradling my face between her breasts, instructing me in the finer points of how a slut sucks another girl's tits. Mistress Amanda's C-cup breasts were exquisitely sensitive, and her hard nipples reacted so strongly to my carefully-instructed ministrations that she could come just from that. I'd made Mistress Amanda come many times by sucking her tits. Just thinking about it made me want to soil my panties with my masculine come.

But the most pleasure I'd ever felt was when she'd stripped naked, strapped on her cock, and guided me onto the thick silicone member, teaching me how to suck. That had taken many, many hours, and now I knew I'd learned well.

"Here you go," said Mistress Amanda. "I'll be watching on the monitor. If I see you slacking off or not properly sucking cock...."

My rear cheeks gave a little clench as I remembered the many times Mistress Amanda had paddled my ass as she'd taught me how to properly eat her pussy. I learned quickly, but not quickly enough to avoid a few spankings.

"I'll suck good cock, Mistress," I said. "I promise."

"You'd better," said Mistress Amanda sternly. "And you won't forget to deep-throat him, will you?"

I breathed heavily. "No, Mistress," I said. "I won't forget to deep-throat him."

"Good. Now go inside and introduce yourself to John."

"Yes, Mistress."

I reached out for the doorknob.

I gasped as I felt the Mistress's firm swat on my spandex-clad ass.

"Uh-uh," she snapped. "Where do sluts belong?"

I swallowed.

"On their knees," I sighed.

"That's right, Erica. *Crawl."

My cock surging in my panties, I obediently lowered myself onto my knees.

Then, I opened the door and began to crawl into the room on all fours.

The room where John was waiting to fuck my face.

Mistress Amanda closed the door behind me, and I heard a click as she locked it from the outside.

#

On my hands and knees, I could feel John's imposing male presence, and it both frightened and aroused me. I could smell the male sweat mingling with the scent of decidedly masculine cologne. I had never sucked cock before -- not *real cock. Now, I was about to become a real slut.

I looked up discreetly and saw the dark form of John sitting in the big armchair Mistress Amanda had so often occupied as she taught me to eat her pussy. The room was dimly lit, so I couldn't see him well, but he had a dark beard and a huge bulge in what looked like a filthy pair of blue jeans, which were tucked into black leather knee-high biker boots. I felt a surge of nervousness as I realized that John already had a hard-on.

I crawled over to John and curled up between his spread knees, putting my face in his lap.

"Hello," I said, remembering the Mistress's instructions that I introduce myself. "I'm Erica."

"You're my cocksucking slut," he growled. "Is that right?"

I felt a twinge of nervousness: something was familiar about the voice. I didn't dare look up at John's face. I just swallowed hard and nodded. "Yes," I said.

"You better do it real good," said John. "I paid Amanda twenty bucks to get your pretty little virgin mouth, slut."

A warmth went through my body as I heard those words. I was a virgin. I was about to suck cock for the first time. I breathed John's scent and again felt the nagging sense of something familiar hovering under the cheap cologne. My eyes flickered up and a bolt of shock exploded into me.

My cock immediately stiffened until it pulsed in agony, imprisoned in my panties. I smiled up at John, my full, red-painted lips feeling ready and hungry for him.

"I'll do it good," I promised. "I'll suck you real good, John."

"Then get to it, slut. I haven't got all day."

I buried my face in John's crotch, smelling the intense sent of filthy male sweat. I pressed my lips against the hard bulge in his jeans, leaving lipstick kisses up and down the length. I reached up and began to undo his belt.

"Just what I like," he said. "A girl who knows how to get down to business."

I took John's zipper down and pressed my face against his filthy white underwear. The scent of male crotch was so overwhelming that it sent a fresh surge of excitement through me. I began to kiss and suck his cock through his jockey shorts, breathing deeply so I could smell him. Then I kissed my way up his waistband, where the tip of his fleshy knob showed over the white cotton.

"Suck it," he told me.

I pulled down his underwear and began to kiss the head. I could taste the sharpness of unwashed cock, the pungency of male essence. I could even taste a little come dried on the head, as if he'd just spurted recently and rubbed it all over him. I took his cock into my mouth and began working it.

John moaned, running his hands through my hair, careful not to dislodge the blonde bob wig that I wore. But he had my hair good enough that I knew he wasn't going to let me up until I'd finished the job. My lips worked up and down his shaft, leaving streaks of lipstick along it. I felt my heart pounding, my arousal soaring as I gave myself over to the taste of his cock. I reached up to play with his nipples as I sucked him, and he slapped my hands away.

"No touching," he said. "Sluts don't touch. They just suck."

I put my hands, inert, between my slightly spread knees as I used my mouth on John. I felt his head pressing against the back of my throat, and I knew it was time to deep-throat him, as Mistress Amanda had instructed me to do. I took a deep breath and opened my mouth wide around his cock, forcing myself down onto it. Mistress Amanda had instructed me many times in the proper way to deep-throat a dildo, but John's cock was thicker

and fuller than hers. I struggled to get it down my throat, feeling my gag reflex tightening my muscles as I refused to give up.

Finally, my throat slid down over John's cock. He sighed.

"You deep-throat pretty good," he said. "You must really want to be a slut."

I couldn't nod, couldn't say a thing. All I could do was work my mouth and throat up and down on John's cock.

When I came up for air I panted, my lungs burning. My throat felt wide and open. As I sank back down on John's cock, he took hold of my head and began to push his hips forward.

"Time for a throat fucking," he growled.

He held me tight as his hips worked back and forth, shoving his cock into my throat. I struggled to open my throat wide and take his powerful thrusts. After the first few, it proved easy, and I felt my arousal mounting as John used my face and throat.

When he pulled me off of him, I could feel long dribbles of drool running down my chin and onto my cleavage. They were pink with my destroyed lipstick, and I knew if I looked in the mirror I'd see my lips sprawled red and wet across my face. I smiled up at him.

"Amanda told me for another ten bucks I could have your virgin ass," he told me.

I couldn't suppress the moan of fear that came from my lips. Mistress Amanda had fucked my ass before, but John's cock was so much bigger than hers.

"I figure that ass of yours is worth at least ten bucks. You gonna give it up to me, Erica?"

"Yes," I whimpered.

"Take off your panties and show me your ass."

My hands shaking, I reached under my tight dress and pulled off my panties, which Mistress Amanda always had me put on the outside of my garters. My cock sprang free, having slipped out of its lace prison -- but still held tight by the cock ring and ball stretcher that I always wore when I was Erica. I turned around, putting my upper body on the floor and reaching behind me to lift my dress. I parted the cheeks of my shaved ass and showed my pink, virgin asshole to John.

"Nice," he said. "I'm going to enjoy this, Erica."

I felt the cold drizzle of lube between my cheeks, felt John's cockhead opening up my anus. I held my breath for a moment as his head pressed firmly against my opening, and then, as Mistress Amanda had instructed, I pushed myself back onto him, exhaling.

I gasped as I thrust myself onto John's thick organ. The sensations were so intense that I felt tears forming in my eyes, ruining my mascara. But I didn't stop. I pushed myself onto his cock until I felt my cheeks pressing against the rough fabric of John's filthy jeans.

"Nice," he said. "A slut who really wants it up the ass."

John came off the chair and pushed me down against the ground. He grabbed my head and forced it into the floor as his cock began to savage me, sliding smoothly in and out of my ass. He moaned loud, reaching down to grasp my tightly-bound cock and balls. The pressure of his hand was enough to make me realize I was going to come -- despite the painful bondage imposed on my genitals.

"I'm gonna shoot in your fucking ass, slut. You want to come with me, Erica?"

"Yes," I moaned, choking back a sob as John began to viciously pump my cock with his hand. The painful stretch of my balls always made it hurt when I came, but my orgasm was always intensified tenfold. I anticipated my explosion with fear and excitement, and as John plumed my ass I heard him groaning in orgasm, shooting deep inside me just as I came. The agony and pleasure mingled as they pulsed deep inside Erica's body, and I felt hot streams of jizz soaking the front of my dress. John kept fucking me until he'd emptied himself, and then he sighed as he pulled himself out of me.

He sat back in the armchair and snapped his fingers.

"Come over here, Erica," he told me. "Put your head in my lap."

I obeyed, finding it hard to move after the intense ass-fucking I'd just received. But I wanted very much to tell John I loved him.

I pressed my head into John's lap and looked up, the recognition now overwhelming. I could smell my wife's pussy, ripe and raw and overpowering even the strong scents of cologne, of male sweat, of my own ass fucked wide open and glistening on the strap-on dildo.

"I love you, Erica. You know that, don't you?"

I smiled up into Jen's bright eyes, admiring the perfect line of the spirit-gummed beard, the familiar scent of my own crotch on the filthy jeans. I might have wondered why Mistress Amanda had instructed me to wear the same pair of jeans and the same pair of jockey shorts for a full month whenever I wasn't at work -- why she'd instructed me to work out in them, jerk off in them, soak the underwear and jeans with my come and then hang them out to dry.

I might have even wondered why for our last session, the night before, she'd instructed me not to wash for several days beforehand and then rubbed the dildo all over my crotch and made me jerk off onto it, smearing the come into it.

And, more importantly, I might have wondered why Jen had been so mysterious lately, disappearing twice a week for a "class" she wouldn't tell me about. I might have wondered if she'd been having an affair, if the burden of having a husband who preferred to be Erica rather than Eric had proved too much for her and she'd sought the comforts only a "real" man could offer. I might have wondered that, but I didn't. Because I'd long since learned to trust the women in my life, however dangerous that trust sometimes felt.

When I'd confessed to Jen a year ago that I longed to become a slut, that I fantasized and dreamed of becoming "Erica" part of the time, she couldn't have been more supportive. There wasn't a hint of disappointment or anger in her tender eyes as she kissed me and told me that she loved me whoever I was.

Jen isn't a perfumed and primping straight girl, you see. Bicycling shorts are more her style than lace panties, and I don't think she's ever worn pantyhose. High heels? Forget it. In the six years we've been together, I've seen her wear makeup once: At her sister's wedding. She had to have her best friend put it on for her, and even then it looked bizarre on her aquiline features.

Don't get me wrong: She's all woman. Believe it or not, she's even all slut. But there was simply no way that my wife was going to be able to teach me how to be the kind of slut I wanted to be, because her kind of slut sucked cock without lipstick, and when she went without panties it was under baggy jeans or cotton cargo pants.

And now I understood part of the reason why, when she suggested that I start seeing a professional, her one condition was that I tell her every detail of our sessions after I came home. Why she perked up noticeably when I mentioned that Mistress Amanda had told me I would suck cock. It wasn't just the pyrotechnic sex we would have whenever I described my submission to Mistress Amanda. No, I know now that there was much more going on.

And I know why I trusted her when she disappeared to her "class." Because she wasn't having an affair -- yet. But she was planning one.

With Erica.

I looked up into my wife's eyes and smiled.

"How about we go home, Eric?"

"I'd like that very much, Jen."

"One condition," she said. "You promise to put the dress back on after we get home, little slut."

I buried my face in Jen's crotch and kissed her thighs. "Yes, Master," I told her. "I'll put the dress back on. I'll be your slut whenever you want."

Mistress Amanda was smiling ear to ear as we walked out.

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Sissy Whore by Timber Corbett

When I wake up in the morning, you're pressed against me, close and warm and very naked. I can feel the curve of your breasts against me, the nipples already hard. You're straddling my thigh and I can feel that you're already wet. I wonder how long you've been awake.

The first thing you say to me is: "Remember what day it is?"

I do remember. It's a Saturday in the middle of winter, and outside the rain is pouring down in great crashing waves, the thunder making the windows rattle every few minutes.

But in case you've forgotten, you remind me: "Today's the day I'm going to make you my sissy whore."

I shiver a little as you say it; there's a cruel smile on your beautiful face. We've both wanted this for a long time, but actually doing it is scary to me. Luckily, I know I don't have any choice. You're in control. You're totally in control.

My cock stirs and you wrap your fingers around my hard-on, smiling.

We get out of bed and you lead me to the shower. You've set out an assortment of products for me in the shower; fruity, girly shampoo, a body wash called Aphrodite, shaving cream in a pink can, feminine after-shave lotion and several disposable razors.

"Don't forget to shave your pussy real close," you tell me, cradling my hard cock in your hand. "I want my little girl's pussy nice and smooth for me." Your arm curves around me and your fingers tickle my ass. "This pussy, too, where I'm going to fuck you. I'll help you shave your ass, little girl. I want your smooth when I fuck you."

My hands are shaking a little from anticipation as I get in the scalding-hot shower and wash myself all over with the body wash, imagining that

I'm drawing its feminine scent deep into my lungs, feeling it transform me. I shave my face the way I do every morning, paying extra attention to make it as smooth as can be. Then I sit down on the edge of the tub and start shaving, lathering my legs all over with the lilac-scented shave cream. I stroke my legs with the razor, long, tender strokes from my ankles to the tops of my calves, then up my thighs to my crotch. I have to change the razor and clean out the screen in the drain several times. I pull my scrotum tight and very carefully shave it smooth, too. Soon my legs and crotch are smooth and pink, my cock standing out straight from a hairless body. When you come back in to check on me, I bend forward in the shower and you pick up the razor.

I breathe hard as you draw the razor over my buttocks, hugging every curve and not cutting me once. When you rinse me off, I can feel the warm water running over my asshole. Your fingers glide over my smooth ass, savoring its vulnerability.

You turn me around and look me up and down.

"Very nice," you tell me, stroking my shaved balls. "You're going to make such a great little whore."

When I'm done with the shower, you lead me into the bedroom and sit me down in a wooden chair in front of your vanity. You've laid out an assortment of makeup, ready to paint my face. You sit in my lap, straddling me. I can smell the heat of your pussy, can feel it nuzzling against my cock, wet and dripping. You lean forward and start to paint me.

Look up. Look down. Close your eyes. Purse your lips. I thought this shade would be perfect for you. It's called cocksucker red. You do know that whores suck cock, don't you? You're going to suck a lot of cock by the time you're through, little girl. Don't be afraid. I'll make sure it's real good for you.

By the time you let me turn around and look at myself in the mirror, I can feel the little pool of juice you've left on my thighs. It matches the

strings of pre-come that glisten from the tip of my cock to my lower belly every time I move. This is turning you on as much as it is me.

I look beautiful. The foundation hides my masculine features and the hint of a beard; the blush accentuates my cheekbones; the eyeliner makes my eyes look big and sleepy and sexy.

And the cocksucker-red lipstick making my lips look full and pouty and ready to be savaged -- the mouth of a whore.

You produce a black pageboy wig from the closet and snug it on over my short hair. You take a moment to nestle my cock between my fingers and then bend down to gently kiss it goodbye. The feel of your tongue swirling around my head almost makes me come, but you know when to stop.

You open your top drawer and take out a skimpy pair of black lace panties, a garter belt and black seamed stockings, and a matching black lace bra. You push me back onto the bed and I put my legs up for you to put the stockings on my smooth-shaved legs. You tell me to stand up and you wrap the garter belt around my slim hips, hitching the garters to my stockings.

"Panties always go on over the garters," you whisper into my ear. "That way you're easier to fuck."

My cock tucks awkwardly into the panties, stretching the lacy satin so that its outline pushes off to the right. You put the bra on me and take a pair of latex forms out of your drawer. They've got sculpted nipples, and they poke through the bra as you adjust them.

"I figured D-cups were good," you say. "I thought you'd want to have nice big tits."

You step back from me and look me up and down. I flush hot as your eyes rove over me in my black wig, makeup, bra, fake tits, panties, garter belt and stockings.

"Mmmm," you moan. "You look good enough to eat. Now let's get you dressed up for company."

"Company?" I ask nervously.

"Yes," you say. "Company. You want to be a whore, right? A whore has tricks."

You get a little black dress out of the closet and I wriggle into it with your help. It's so tight that the sculpted nipples of my breasts show through the fabric quite clearly. It's so short that it hangs just a few inches past the curve of my ass. You can see the outline of my cock tenting the front of the tight dress.

"I'd tuck your cock out of the way," you tell me, "but with you all hard like that it wouldn't be possible. Guess your trick will know what he's getting. Something tells me he won't mind."

"He?" I say nervously.

"Of course," you tell me. "Sissy whores suck cock and eat come. That's what you're going to be doing. Don't give me any argument," you coo, leaning close to me and whispering warmly into my ear. "You've been wanting this forever. I'm sure you'll be real good at it. You're probably a better cocksucker than me, aren't you?"

"I don't know," I say.

"Well, you'll find out," you smile, and plant a barely-there kiss on my lips so as not to mess up my cocksucker's lipstick.

The finishing touch on my outfit are the black pumps with four-inch heels that you take out of a box in the closet. You snuggle them over my feet and I totter nervously on them.

"Do you know what these are called?" you ask as you caress my feet in their open-toed pumps.

I shake my head.

"Please-fuck-me shoes. Isn't that what little sissy whores want?"

I nod, feeling my cock surge in my panties, pressing against the front of the dress.

The doorbell rings.

"Why don't you make our guest comfortable and get him a drink while I get dressed?" you ask. Nervously, I walk to the front door, feeling unsteady in the four-inch heels. The doorbell rings insistently before I make it there.

When I open the door, I feel my heart pound. It's a stranger, a large black man, perhaps six inches taller than me -- even with my four-inch heels -- and heavier by at least 100 pounds. He's big and bulky and muscled, I can see even though he's wearing a dripping black raincoat. He's got a broad smile on his face, an umbrella in one hand and a dozen rain-glistening red roses in the other.

"Hi Corey," he smiles at me. "I'm Dave. I hear you're a real good cocksucker."

I swallow nervously. "Yes," I say. "I think I am. Can I take your coat?"

He comes in, shaking the rain from his coat. I help him off with it, feeling the closeness of his body as I touch him.

"The living room's right through that door," I say as I hang up his coat. "Make yourself at home."

"These are for you," he says, handing me the roses.

"Thank you," I say. "I'll put them in water. Can....can I get you a drink?"

"Scotch, neat," he says.

I go into the kitchen, cut the roses and put them in a vase. I pour him a healthy glass of our best Scotch and take it into the living room.

He's made himself at home, all right, having switched on the TV and started the DVD player. He's watching porn -- a scene of a woman in a black pageboy wig sucking cock.

"Thanks," he says, accepting the drink and sipping it. "Why don't you come sit next to me, Corey?"

Nervously, I sit on the couch next to him. He puts his arm around me and pulls me closer. I feel my cock throbbing as he presses his body close to mine.

"Aren't you a pretty little girl?" he says, running his hands over my stockinged legs and my slender hips. He brings his hand up to my breasts and squeezes, pinching the nipples. "And such a fuckable face," he says, and pushes my head down into his lap. "You're gonna suck my cock real good, aren't you, Corey?"

I feel my throat tightening, my mouth watering slightly as I nod.

I've never sucked cock before, but when I feel the length of his dick pressing hard through his pants, I feel a rush I never expected. I barely know what I'm doing; I feel like I'm being taken over by this cocksucking whore who's appropriated my body. I unfasten his belt and unzip his pants. Then I take his cock out and see that it's uncut. I've never even seen an uncut cock before up close. It's like I'm a virgin all over again. I nudge back the foreskin, smelling the sharp scent of his sweat. I ease the foreskin down, exposing the head, which is a lighter tan color and glistening with his pre-come. I bend forward and begin to suck it.

It's good-sized, long and exceptionally thick, and it tastes sharp and salty and sweaty and aromatic like my own come when you thrust your fingers forcible into my mouth after giving me a handjob.

Not having any experience, I don't know what to do, don't know how to suck cock. I just lick around the head at first. Then I lick down his shaft, over the bunched flesh of his foreskin, licking down to his balls and tongue them gently. When I slide my mouth back up to the head, his honey-colored shaft is stained red with my lipstick. I take his cock into my mouth and begin pumping it in and out, listening to him moan.

"It's true," he said. "You're the best cocksucker I've ever had."

I want to reach down and stroke my cock; it's throbbing against the front of the dress, and when I look down I see a spreading stain of my pre-come. But I don't dare; I want to focus totally on servicing this stranger. I slide down onto my hands and knees in front of him as he spreads his legs. I kneel on the floor and he watches me suck his cock, his eyes flickering up to the blowjob on the TV screen every now and then -- at first. But soon he's only watching me.

"Such a pretty face," he says. "Especially when it's got a cock in it."

I look up at him with my pretty eyes and feel the surge of energy between us as he watches me. I don't even realize you're watching us until you speak.

"What can I say? Corey really knows how to thank a man for bringing flowers."

"She sure does," says Dave. "You've trained this whore right."

I slide Dave's cock out of my mouth and look back at you. You look gorgeous in a pair of skintight PVC pants and a matching zippered bustier. I can see the bulge at the front of the pants -- you're wearing your strap-on. The big one.

"Keep working on the one end," you tell him as you cross the room. "I'll take care of her other end."

Dave puts his hand on the back of my head and pushes me back onto his cock.

I lift my ass in the air as I take Dave's cock back into my mouth. You slip your hands under my dress and pull the panties down to my knees, then over them and off. You spread my legs as you snug the dress over my hips, and I feel your face descending between my shaved cheeks. I gasp as your tongue slides into my asshole, but the sound is muffled by Dave's cock. He's got his hand on the back of my head, telling me he's not going to let me up - he's not going to let me stop sucking his cock, no matter what. That turns me on more than anything, and when you reach down to wrap your fingers around my cock, I know I could come any minute. But you go slow, stroking me gently as your tongue burrows into my ass. I whimper deep in my throat as I take a deep breath and swallow Dave's cock. I hear the faint sound of a zipper and feel a cold drizzle of lube between my cheeks.

Your cockhead nuzzles my asshole as Dave watches. I clutch the base of his shaft with my hand for support as you enter me. I feel my asshole spreading for you, opening up to accept your hard cock. You push it in, holding my hips steady as you take me. My asshole fills with your dick, and I suck Dave's cock even more eagerly.

I hear the vibrator humming deep in your harness, knowing its nuzzled firmly against your clit. You moan loudly as you stroke into me. You go gently at first, but soon you're fucking me violently as you moan. It's almost like you've got a real cock and you're taking your pleasure from my asshole. And that's as close to true as it needs to be. I'm really close myself, the head of your cock hitting just the right place at exactly the right angle. I'm going to come.

But you come first, moaning loudly and pounding me deep as if you're shooting your load deep into my asshole. Dave is next, letting out a big sigh as I clamp my lips around his head. The hot streams of his come taste sharp, a little surprising. But I swallow it all, sucking the come from his red-tinted shaft as you finish coming in my asshole.

"Roll her over," you tell him as you pull out of me, and the two of you push me onto the sofa, getting me onto my back with my head in your lap, so close I can smell my own asshole on the swell of your cock.

Now Dave is between my legs, his mouth wrapped around my cock. I've never had my cock sucked by another man before, and the surprise and shock of it overwhelms me as he takes me into his mouth. Two strokes, three -- and then I shoot, deep inside his mouth, ecstasy exploding through my feminine body.

"Give your little sissy whore a kiss," you tell him, and Dave presses his mouth to mine, letting my come gush into my mouth. Obediently, I swallow as you stroke my hair.

"Good girl," you tell me. "Good little sissy whore."

I close my eyes and drift into pleasure as the thunder outside shakes the house.

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Closet Case by Ken Vincent

I've been following you since the start of the tour at Madison Square Garden. I've gone to every show, hung out at the stage door, haunted your hotel waiting for one with security I could penetrate. Now I've found it, just a few hours from home.

You've got the Presidential Suite. I'm sitting in the lobby when they bring your groupies in: three girls who look like they might or might not be of age. It's four in the morning. Three guys in leather pants lead the girls through the empty lobby. A blonde in black spandex pants and high boots, a little spandex crop-top showing off every contour of her tits, including nipples erect with the prospect of meeting you. A brunette in black leather hot pants and a leather bra, back tattooed with ragged modern-primitive designs. A redhead in a PVC minidress so tight it's hard to believe she got into it without axle grease. They giggle and squeal as your roadies take them into the hotel.

I reach into the pocket of my leather jacket and feel the tiny bottle there, feel the bandanna. I step onto the other elevator and press the button for the floor below yours. When the doors ding open, I slip down the hallway and into the fire exit. Up one floor, I press my ear to the fire door and listen to the giggles of the probably-underage girls until I hear the slam of your hotel room door.

The fire door is locked on this side. I get out my lock pick. It takes me about five minutes, just enough time for you to get your groupies naked and start fucking them -- that's a laugh.

I crack the fire door and peer through it. There aren't any roadies now, just a your hotel room, blank and beautiful opposite a hall window with a panoramic view of the city.

I creep down the hallway and kneel in front of your door. All I can hear are the titters of the excited groupies. The door has an electronic key card, which makes it even easier than a mechanical lock. It takes the palmtop

about two minutes of humming before it finds the code and the green light goes on. Two thousand dollars well spent.

I open the door and step into the hotel room. The three girl groupies are sprawled across the lavish couches in various stages of undress as they wait for you. The blonde gasps and leaps up, covering her bare tits with her hands. The brunette just puffs on her cigarette, watching me. The redhead is bent over a coffee table, occupied with a line of coke. She glances up and looks embarrassed. I smile at them.

"Where is he?" I ask them.

They shrug, eyeing my skintight PVC pants, leather jacket and fishnet top, thinking I'm another roadie. The brunette points toward the bedroom door of the lavish suite. From beyond, I hear the rhythmic moaning of female voices -- two, perhaps, three? -- as the bed slams against the wall. I smile.

Interior locks in hotel rooms are always easy as hell. It just takes the push of a credit card alongside the lock, and the door pops open.

The groupies are looking at me, confused, as I open the door just far enough to slip in. Inside, it's dark and it smells like sex: lube and sweat and liquor and cum. The blonde jumps up, dropping her hands from her tits, and heads toward the door -- thinking I'm going to let her in, maybe ahead of schedule, before you've finished with the girls ahead of her.

I close the door behind me.

I hear a feminine squeal from the darkness. Whoever she is, it sounds like she's getting stuck like a pig.

Then I hear your grunt, moan, grunt, familiar from so many songs with bestial growls littered between macho guitar solos and pussy-drenched lyrics. And I know I was right all along.

You're the one getting stuck like a pig.

It's a simple trick, really. The barely-legal (maybe) groupies come up and think they're going to get laid by you -- a moment they've dreamed of all their lives, or at least since they discovered you three months ago. People see them go into your hotel room and whisper about what a sick, demented pussyhound you are. The girls listen to you pounding the shift before them, thinking, damn, that guy really loves pussy. They hear how hard the headboard slams against the wall, hear the women moaning and whimpering and they know they're going to get as good as they've ever gotten. Maybe they get bored and leave, or maybe they pass out from the drugs and liquor. When they wake up in the morning and you're gone, they titter their way out into their local teen slut rocker whore community and brag how they fucked Brian Booker. They tell everyone you had the biggest dick in the world and your cum tasted like strawberries and your ass-crack tasted like vanilla. They tell them you're a real, real sweet guy and a fantastic fuck.

Maybe they tell the truth to their closest girlfriends: That Brian Booker is such a stud that he never even got around to us. It sounded like he had, like, six girls in there with him, and god, they were making a lot of noise! I wish I'd actually gotten to fuck him, but at least I was right there close to him! All they know for sure is that you're the straightest motherfucker on the planet and you loooooooooove pussy. And you can shoot your load about a hundred times. What a stud. Your reputation is secure.

I've seen it in every city from New York to here. And my cock got hard every time I saw it.

Now, my cock's getting harder than ever. It's getting so hard it fucking hurts as it stretches the tight PVC of my pants.

And it fucking throbs as my eyes adjust to the darkness, as I bathe in the squealing whimpers from the state-of-the-art stereo system, probably a single long CD-R track on repeat. Your dipshit groupies will be passed out long before the moans start to repeat in anything like a recognizable fashion.

I am fucking harder than I have ever been in my life. Because there it is in the darkness, illuminated by the light under the door and the flickering from the Bang & Olufsen. There it is: The most famous ass in rock 'n' roll. Only now it's not packed into skintight jeans; it's not wagging back and forth in time with your guitar licks, in front of a zillion drooling teenage bad girls; it's no longer the icon of feminine lust -- or, maybe, now it is, for real.

Because there's a big, fat cock plowing it. A big fat cock attached to the biggest, most gorgeous dreadlocked stud I've ever fucking scene. He's all muscles and cock and long, woven dreads, glow-in-the-dark tattoos stitched in to his smooth dark skin, shaved smooth. He's leaning back, hands on your hips, pulling you violently onto his shaft as you hold onto the headboard for dear life. There's a gag shoved into your mouth, and I would bet it's to keep you from screaming "Yes, Daddy, please, Daddy, fuck my ass, Daddy." Now that would really give those poor sluts outside a moment of pause.

You and your stud are both so wrapped up in what you're doing that you don't even notice me standing there. You don't hear the almost imperceptible click of the camera, quiet as a dormouse and about the same size. Film only -- digital is too easy to fake, but film will be taken seriously. Light sensitive: these photos will come out perfect. The world has got to know, motherfucker. And I don't care what you or your agent or your manager or the record company executives say: you want the world to know. They've forced you to hide it, maybe even threatened you. They tell you your career will be over if you come out -- if anyone at all knows. But there are more important things than being a rock god, Brian, and you know that even if you can't admit it to yourself. Those record company motherfuckers will let you do whatever you want as long as there are safeguards -- like the groupie whores ready to brag about how they fucked you. But that's not enough, Brian. You want the world to know.

That's why it was so easy to get into your hotel room. Like you were begging for some faggot photojournalist to snap a few of you taking it like a bitch. You've got security guards crawling the lobby, but it was easy as fuck for me to waltz in here and snap a few photos of you taking it up the ass like the faggot bitch you are. You're telling me that's an accident, Brian? How many of us know already? How many of us saw it in the way you move that ass, in the haunting invitation in your dark eyes, the invitation everyone assumes is aimed at women?

How many men fell in love with you, like I did, fell in love thinking you were nothing more than a hopeless crush? A straight icon they could never touch, never have anything in common with?

I'm here for them, Brian. And I'm here for you, because you and me -- we're the same. Now everyone will know.

Dreadlock is so wrapped up in using your ass, that he doesn't hear me kicking off my boots and unzipping my PVC pants. He doesn't hear the soft thunk of the camera hitting the pile of my clothes -- how could he, over the feminine moans, unless he was listening to something other than your gag-muffled groans? He doesn't smell my sweat as I inch toward the bed. But you do, Brian. I see your head swivel, like you've caught a scent on the wind. Like an animal. The scent of a predator.

Mr. Dreadlocks is either high as a kite or just extremely open-minded. He doesn't bat an eyelash as I grab your face and twist it around, dragging you to the edge of the bed. He just keeps fucking your asshole as I pull the buckle on the ball gag and pry your mouth wide open for my cock. It doesn't take much: You're hungry for it, and my thumb pops your mouth wide open like it's spring-loaded. In the half-darkness I can see your eyes are glazed, shimmering, which I already know. But just then a particularly loud moan shivers through the crystalline air and the monitor on the expensive stereo flares bright for an instant -- and I see it. Your lips, painted bright red, thick, slutty. Your eyes, shadowed garishly, blue-grey in the greenish light from the stereo. Your hair, tatted out and hairsprayed in a way

that would never go with your greasy-locked rockerboy image. And a word written in slashes of lipstick, bloody across your forehead: WHORE.

Oh, how I wish I'd brought my camera over.

I shove my cock into your mouth and you go at it like you're a starving man. It glides down your throat like you're the most well-trained cocksucker in creation. Now I know why you only get fucked with a gag in your mouth: even with your throat crammed full of my cock, your groans and grunts are loud enough to be heard over the counterfeit feminine sounds from the stereo. With each violent thrust I give your face, your throat opens up and closes, gripping my cock hungrily. I grip your slutty hair and pound your face while Dreadlocks keeps working on your ass. Now I see you. I see you for real. Fucked from both ends, made up like a little bitch. This is the rock star a million teenage girls rub themselves to every night. This is the God that a million despairing faggots pump their cocks to, thinking they're jerking to the icon of heterosexuality. When in reality, you're every inch a woman.

I shove you back hard against Dreadlocks, forcing my cock deep down your throat so I can reach under you and grab your cock. It's so fucking big I can't even stand it. Not that I didn't know it would be -- but it's reassuring to be right all the time.

I start jerking your cock while I grip your hair and fuck your face so hard I'm afraid, for a moment, you're going to puke.

Let him, I think. What could be more perfect for this moment than feeding you cock until you can't take any more? Maybe I won't have to publish my photos after all. Maybe you'll find yourself in the emergency room tonight, your slut-painted lips wrapped wide around a plastic tube as a quart of my cum is pumped out of your fucking stomach, Brian, sitting pearly-white in a tempered glass cylinder. Will they give it to you to take home?

Dreadlocks lets out a great, shuddering groan and pulls out his cock to shoot a hot load all over your back. You're not far behind; I stroke your cock

once more, twice more, and maybe it's the feel of hot jizz shooting all over your back that makes you let go and cum, spattering the starched hotel sheets. Or maybe it's the fact that I'm fucking your face so hard that disintegrated slashes of makeup are smeared all over my balls, thighs and lower belly. That's enough to send me over the edge, and I jerk off on your face, covering your ruined makeup in spunk.

Dreadlocks tumbles, exhausted, onto the filthy bed, leaving your ass wide open and gaping. I hear you weeping, from happiness or sadness or maybe something else. But you don't say a word. I climb back into my clothes and tuck the camera back into my pocket.

"He's ready for you," I tell the groupies, leaving the door to your bedroom open. They're sprawled all over the sofas in their underwear. They perk up as soon as they hear that you're ready to fuck them, and I make it to the door just as I hear their shocked, terrified squeals.

A big hairy roadie in leather pants is standing outside by the elevator. When he sees me come out of the hotel room, he shouts "Hey!" and I break into a dead run. Down twenty flights of stairs, I stay ahead of him, and make it out the kitchen exit.

It's six in the morning and I'm locked in my darkroom, a little converted closet in the far corner of my apartment. I drove three hours to get back home so I could develop the pictures right away. I'm listening to the radio as I work. I've got the prints of you drying on screens: perfect shots of your face, your ass, Dreadlocks' cock. My own cock gets hard just remembering it. You're going to be free, Brian. You're going to be free.

I know you'll love me for it, Brian. I know this is what I'll be remembered for in your mind: The man who freed you from all your parlor games.

The morning news comes on. I'm wondering if I'll make it tomorrow -- I start composing the lead in my head.

The story comes on about the car accident -- authorities are investigating. Appears to be accidental. Drugs and alcohol involved.

My breath catches tight in my throat. My head spins. The smile I've been wearing since I left the hotel is gone in an instant, evaporated like the smile on your lipsticked lips when I shot my load all over them.

No survivors. Sports car jumped the rail and plunged into the river. Not wearing seat belts.

I hear footsteps outside the closet, hear the violent pump of a nail gun.

I get one last look at your picture as I smell the smoke.

Looks like your agent just locked the closet door.