Dream Girl Pt. 01

"So what would your perfect girlfriend be like?"

'You,' thought Steph, gazing into hazel eyes with flecks of gold glimmering inside.

It took him a few seconds to realise he had to respond with his mouth.

"Oh, uhh..... someone caring I guess? I'm not sure..... What would your perfect boyfriend be like?"

The way Grace brushed her hair behind her ears was something Steph always adored as she hummed quietly, turning to stare at the bedroom ceiling. Chestnut locks reached down to her slim waist, almost as long as they had been when they first met, her face still pale although the freckles had long since disappeared, replaced by a vibrant glow and subtle sharpening of the cheeks that brought out her natural beauty. Just looking at her felt like someone was grabbing his heart and toying with it like a dog savaging a rag doll. It had always been this way, even after years spent together.... Well, not together in the way that Steph wanted, anyway.

"Urmm.... Someone sweet... and.. and strong!"

"You mean like... inside?"

She giggled.

"Well sure... I guess he doesn't HAVE to be strong on the outside..."

Steph subconsciously checked his bicep and flexed the weedy sinews. Even now at the age of nineteen, he had not developed any muscle mass of note, and dainty ankles and a plum ass were his not-so-treasured inheritance from his parents.

"And of course they'd have to treat me right."

Steph smiled, shining his baby blue eyes at her, blinking away a tuft of blond that had fallen into them.

"Well who knows, maybe we'll discover someone like that on holiday."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"Maybe... but what about you! I mean.. I've never seen you with a girl... You're like, the best guy ever!"

He fidgeted.

"I don't know... maybe I'm just waiting for the right girl to see me."

A pregnant silence filled the room, and for one heart-stopping second Steph watched realisation dawn on Grace's face.

"Or..... maybe you're waiting for the right GUY!"

"Huh?!"

She looked ecstatic at having worked it out.

"Of COURSE! You're like perfect, so of course you'd be gay, all the perfect ones are..."

This deduction hit home harder than Steph would like to admit, as people often made fun of him due to his soft complexion, large lips, and other less-than-manly features.

"What?! No, no I'm not gay...."

"Yeah, and maybe you'll meet *your* perfect boyfriend too... We could do it together!!"

His stomach turned.

"N-No, there is no perfect boyfriend for me, I'm not into guys!"

"Hmmmmm..... I don't know Steph... wait, how long have we been...."

She glanced at the bedside clock and her brow shot up to the ceiling.

"CRAP! THE FLIGHT IS IN TWO HOURS!"

She fell off the bed and began chucking clothes and accessories in a flurry into a large pink suitcase. Steph squeaked and leapt to the

door in a haphazard fashion, grabbing his own luggage on the way.

"I knew you should have set an alarm!" he yelled as he flung the case downstairs, nearly bowling over Grace's mother near the bottom.

"EXCUSE ME, CAN YOU NOT THROW HEAVY BAGS IN THE HOUSE!"

Her eyes glinted with menace.

"Sorry," Steph squeaked, sliding past her.

Mrs Smith sighed and the dragon's fire inside her cooled.

"Just... just be careful darling," she said affectionately. "And do look after Grace will you? I have no idea who these people are that she's meeting..."

This holiday would be the first that Steph and Grace had ever been on together. Their families weren't blessed with money, and when two 'friends' had offered to pay for Grace and a companion to visit their home on the distant island of Galagos, she had entirely ignored the blatant scepticism of her Mother, over the moon at finally being able to experience something outside the dreary suburbs of mid-west America.

"I do worry about her," she said, before leaning in. "You know I always say.. you two would make a lovely couple."

Steph gave Jill a sheepish expression, before jogging out to the Smith's old family car whilst trying not to let a huge grin take over his face.

Everyone knew Steph yearned for Grace, though there had never been any reciprocation..... until last week when she had invited Steph on the 'couple's holiday'. She had barely gotten the words out of her mouth before he had accepted, and they had become even closer since then if that were possible.

Steph was sure this holiday would finally be the moment he professed his desires to her... Which of course depended on them reaching the airport in time. Steph began to gnash his teeth as it was taking Grace so long to finish packing that they were in serious danger of missing their flight, and eventually he had to drag her

suitcase away before she could quadruple check whether they'd brought enough suntan lotion.

Their nerves didn't get any better as Grace's Mom refused to go a single mile above the speed limit, and by the time they got to the Airport they barely had time to wave goodbye as they bustled towards the check-in gates; above their heads huge screens lined the wall, listing dozens of numbers and cities. Where was their flight?!

"G... G... There!"

Galagos, the tiny equator-bound island, was written in bright white letters with the words *'DEPARTING, TWENTY MINUTES,'* next to it.

Grace whinnied and shot towards the one desk doing check-ins on Galagos airlines as Steph pulled the bags as fast as he could. It took them ten minutes to check in, and ten more to get through security, and by the time they made it into the departure lounge they were frantic.

"Gate 31, Gate 31.... Oh you've got to be kidding me!" moaned Steph. It was down the other end of the terminal.

"Come on!" said Grace with a determined air, and she began to sprint, weaving past disgruntled travellers and leaving Steph with the rather large hand luggage. With a cheerleader's physique (cute breasts, a toned stomach and a shapely butt), she flew through the terminal. Luckily Steph had done ballet for a good portion of his life, and despite quitting when he was seventeen still possessed a decent amount of stamina with a lithe figure to match as he skuttled along behind the flowing mane of brown hair. What he was not so good at was lifting heavy objects (being barely above 5'6), and the bags were soon making his arms ache.

He regretted not grabbing a trolley.

Gate 25....Gate 24... Gate 24... wait, 24 again?!

Steph almost vomited after seeing Gate 24-A, B, C *and* D, and was gasping by the time they reached the Galagos airlines check in, where two tall, dark skinned stewards were waiting, the words 'FINAL BOARDING' flashing above their heads.

They didn't look pleased, and Steph's cheeks flushed as he waited in front of one of the well-built men, who whittled him down with an intimidating glare. He was thankful when the man finally stamped his passport after checking it over a few times, although not quite so thankful when a hand brushed his ass as he walked by. Steph turned in shock and was greeted with a wink from the steward, and for some reason he couldn't help noticing the man's tight shirt, shapely muscles, and a large swell running down the inside of the man's trousers.

Steph reckoned that they definitely should have spared five seconds to grab a trolley as blood pounded so hard through his chest that he was sure some might spurt out of his ears at any moment.

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The background rumble of the engines was mirrored by their constant fidgeting as the two young explorers nattered away, Grace occasionally glancing through the window to see the oceans of white candy floss drifting away below them.

"Adventurous."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," she giggled. "I don't want someone who is afraid to try new things."

Her slim brows were laced with mischief, and every time she stared at him it seemed like she had a secret to tell, pulling him in.

"Hmm.... I'd want someone... silly!"

"What, like this?"

Grace pushed her lips into a spout and opened her eyes wide, and Steph snorted.

"Oh absolutely not, that's way too silly."

Grace gave a short "Ha!" of derision, as a smile emerged from her mocking gaze.

"Hey Grace."

"Yeah?"

"Who paid for all this again?"

"Oh, my friends! They're a funny couple, I'm sooooo excited for you to meet them, I think you'll all get along swell!"

"Right," he said, thinking it was odd that she hadn't really said much about them at all. A vision of an elderly couple, odd but sweet came to his mind, perhaps with a penchant for young friends to liven up their retirement on the beaches of Galagos.

"H... How did you meet?" he offered.

"Party," she said simply.

He decided she wasn't interested in discussing it and dropped the subject. Soon the conversation was filled with their usual energy, nattering back and forth over minute attributes of their perfect boyfriend and girlfriend as the sun began to dip below the horizon.

She grasped his hand as they reached the ocean.

"This is going to be so much fun!"

'Her palm is so smooth.'

"Yeah, yeah I think it is."

Grace could barely sit still, head flying to the window to watch seas of cotton wool fly past the wing, illuminated by the setting sun, and after hours of chatting and giggling the fatigue began to kick in. By the time they reached the ocean Grace was snoring softly, and Steph's heart thumped in his chest as her head edged to the side, falling onto his shoulder. He put his head next to hers and smiled.

'Just like a couple.'

In all the excitement Steph found it odd that the lack of sleep hadn't affected him yet, as he let out a yawn and his eyelids crawled downwards.

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Then they were stepping out of the plane and drifting off into the open air, running hand in hand as Grace pulled him close and pressed their lips together.

'This is the best holiday ever', he thought to himself as she kissed him, and they laughed, removing each other's clothing which vanished in the rolling grey hills below them. Steph was aching to see her, as her shirt slipped from her shoulders to reveal the tops of perfect, tear-drop breasts....

Then suddenly two tall, strong stewards were in their way, ebony skin glinting in the moonlight. One was taking hold of Grace, pulling her away from him.

"No, no wait," he murmured.

She had let go of his hand and turned into the figure, surprised but smiling, and then they were entwined, the handsome, athletic man pressing his lips to hers.

"Hey....."

The other man stole his attention, winking at him as he took his clothes off and revealing a strong chest; his crotch.... it was bulging, Steph was being pulled to his knees.. it was close to him, approaching his face as Grace was being mounted by the first man....

A voice called out for passengers to put on their seatbelts.

"*What*?!" he groaned.

"We're here!" said Grace's voice in his ear, and he opened his eyes to find he was on the plane, the bright light streaming through the window suggesting it must be close to midday.

"Already?" he said groggily, trying to cover the tiny tent in his pants.

Grace didn't answer, nose plastered to the window as she watched the plane draw down smoothly over the golden sands and onto the tarmac.

Once he'd shaken himself awake the landing was a quick affair, and soon they were inside a miniscule airport, consisting of one gate and a tiny departure lounge, waved out by dark-skinned men and women

with pleasant smiles and polite mannerisms apart from one particularly stringent customs officer. Steph couldn't help grimacing every time this tall, older man smiled and brushed Grace's arm as he asked her questions, and steam issued from his ears as the man asked where she was going, whether Steph was her boyfriend ("Oh! Ha-ha no, he's my best friend..."), and recommended his brother's cocktail bar down the road.

Steph decided to intervene, only for the man to turn his attentions in a far more aggressive manner, and Steph squealed as large, invasive hands were pressed against him, with the man declaring that a strip search would be in order.

After much begging and apologising, plus a few sly touches on the man's shoulder from Grace, the man relented and with much laughter from her they had made their way out into the bright sunshine of Galagos.

"Gosh that was funny!" Grace chuckled as they walked, Steph gripping the suitcases so tight that his knuckles had gone white.

"Sure, I hope everyone else in this place isn't as friendly as that..."

"Oh Steph it wasn't that bad!"

He didn't agree, rubbing where harsh hands had pried, but eventually they managed to make their way to the meetup point overlooking the beachfront, already sweating from the midday heat.

"There they are!"

Steph put the bags down and stared in the direction she was pointing.

Two rather disinterested, cocksure guys were standing in the sun, their dark skin silhouetted against the blue backdrop.

Steph paused. This seemed.... Odd. Maybe he'd missed something, or perhaps the real couple were somewhere behind them?

He checked but there was no-one else within ten feet, and his worst fears were confirmed when Grace trotted up and beamed at the two

men, who smiled back and gave long, tight hugs. One gave her a pat on the ass as she turned.

"Heyyyy," she giggled, sounding quite pleased and even turning her ass so that her right cheek was exploding through her leggings, ready for round two.

Steph groaned, taking in all the warning signals his senses were screaming at him. These guys were trouble.

He traipsed after her, feeling their gazes switch to him as Grace nattered away.

"Gosh thank you guys SO MUCH for this... oh and, of course this is my special friend...."

Steph grimaced at the use of the word 'friend', which was starting to seeming more ominous by the second.

".....Steph, this is Andres, and that's Demarcus, or Dee for short," she said gesturing to the men.

They were an intimidating sight. Andres was a giant, just the shorter of the two when stood next to Dee. He possessed a handsome face, razor edge hairstyle and a clean shave that showed the smoothness of his cheeks and chin. 'Dee' was a man mountain, with a neat beard, square jaw, and a close shaved trim. Both were extremely well-built, muscles rippling under tight trousers, shirts, and belts with expensive-looking shoes rounding out their attire. Dee's skin was a rich brown chocolate, Andres a deep black. They oozed testosterone from every pore.

"Hi," said Steph warily.

Dee turned back to Grace.

"Where's your girlfriend?"

Grace looked up at him apologetically.

"Sorry... which girlfriend?"

"Your friend, Stephanie."

"Uh, hi... I'm Steph."

Dee continued like he hadn't heard him.

"I don't see her here."

Grace let out a polite laugh.

"Oh haha... This is Steph!" she said, gesturing to Stephan.

"HI!" he said louder, with a wave.

The men didn't even spare him a glance.

"We don't pay for guys to come here."

Confusion slid onto Steph's face.

'What?'

"Hey sorry bu-" Steph began, but Andres spoke over him.

"Whoever this dude is, he can either step on the next flight home, or be a good girl and let us take Grace and Stephanie to our holiday home."

Grace twisted her leg, and bit her lip.

"But... there's no Stephanie..."

Andres smirked, gesturing to Steph

"Sure there is."

Steph chuckled mirthlessly for a second, trying to pretend this was just an extremely un-funny joke, until his expression morphed into one of fear.

Andres was staring at him like a panther, and Steph was unsure if his eyes had flickered up and down his body in a dismissive way... or an approving one.

'What the hell....'

"As long as she's a good girl, no harm, no foul," he said, and Steph's brain screamed at him to run straight back to the plane. Looking up

at the commanding figure, the sensations of the airport steward came bubbling up, and the urge to cover his crotch hit him as blood seemed to have rushed the wrong way in his body.

"Look guys... I-I'm sorry but.."

Andres cut him off again.

"Bitch better stop talking too."

Steph went red in the face.

"Agreed!" sang Grace.

His jaw clanged open, after a few stuttering breaths he finally found his voice.

"Okay, hold up... w-who exactly are you calling a bitch here!?"

The guys looked over with unimpressed expressions and Grace offered an apologetic smile, before giving a pointed look to Steph.

"Sorry guys, could you *give us a moment*?"

She hurried Steph a few metres away and put her hand on his shoulder.

Her breath was close... minty and warm. She whispered and he suddenly had a hard time concentrating on the words she was saying.

"Steph.... These guys have paid for *everything!* They're not bad, they're just a bit quirky. You'll like them once you get to know them, I swear!"

Steph peeled his eyes at her, glancing over at the lofty, intimidating men and couldn't think of a word that described them less than 'quirky'. Andres was saying something to Dee who sniggered, and Steph was sure he was gesturing towards his ass which made him wring the fabric of his T-shirt.

Their arms were really big.

Grace brought him back to her in hushed tones.

"Let's just y'know, make the most of it. We're here together, okay?"

Steph clenched his jaw.

"Pleeeeeeeeaase."

Her hands were clasped together, and she was opening her eyes in that doughy way that he found so difficult to say no to.

'So much for paradise.'

"......Fine."

"OOOOOHH Thank you Steph, you're amazing!" she exclaimed, pecking him on the cheek.

Wooziness spread through Steph from where her lips had brushed his skin, then his hand was in hers as she pulled him along.

"Me and Stephanie are in," she said eagerly.

Steph closed his eyes at being called Stephanie, but stayed silent.

The guys didn't move.

"Only if Stephanie kisses my ring like the bitch she is."

It took Steph a second to work out Andres was serious.

"E...Excuse me?" he uttered in disbelief.

"Steph," said Grace with as much sugar as she could muster, "just clear the air."

He stared at her until she bit her lip and welled those Doughy eyes once more.

Steph tensed his chest and stomach.

'Fuck.'

Hating every second, he walked into Andres' shadow and took the large hand, head inching down... and gave it a peck.

The two men smirked at Steph as he fell back, feeling dirty where his lips had grazed the metal.

"Good girl Stephanie, we're all gonna have a sweet time," said Andres. Steph couldn't meet his eyes, staring at the floor.

The two large men then picked up Grace's bags, and began to guide her, one either side as they went towards the waiting taxi. The two figures dwarfed the tiny figure of Grace between them, and Steph felt a hot flush as his mind fell back to internet videos with similar combinations of figures.

They never ended with anything other than the young white girl getting destroyed.

Steph scrunched his eyelids together and took a slow breath because he was already wishing he could pull Grace back and run away with her, trying not to imagine her naked body sandwiched between Dee and Andres' muscular bulks.

"This was supposed to be a couples holiday," he muttered hopelessly.

He watched Dee's hand touch her on the shoulder as they began to chat, laughing with Grace like he was suddenly the funniest, most charismatic person in the world.

Letting out a small whine of longing, Steph dragged his suitcase quickly after them, huffing as Dee helped Grace into the back seat of the family-sized taxi.

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The taxi ride was mercifully quick as Steph endured sitting to one side of Grace whilst her other side was firmly enveloped by the bulk of Dee. He noticed her steadying hand rub on Dee's tree-trunk thigh, and he was almost eaten alive by jealousy when they finally disembarked at what looked like a small mansion.

"Holy..."

Steph couldn't believe his eyes.

The place was a modern, red-bricked building styled in a cosy way that belied the fact it had three floors, all with balconies overlooking

the gigantic swimming pool which sat in an open terrace area in the garden. Behind them the view stretched over swathes of tropical forests and a shoreline in the distance, a picture that would have outshone most postcards with its beauty.

A hand placed itself on his shoulder.

"Like what you see, girl?" said Andres.

He looked up into the smiling face and shivered, decided he hated this smug douchebag more than he had ever hated anyone in the world, except maybe Dee whenever he tried to flirt with Grace. His eyes were glimmering, perhaps with amusement, and Steph found himself searching for what lay beneath the easy smile.

"Ah... yeah, yeah it's nice," he said through gritted teeth, trying to be the good boy that Grace wanted him to be.

"Cool... and maybe relax a little," said Andres, and Steph breathed out and almost managed to enjoy the tranquillity for a full second before Andres' hand connected with his ass and laid a spank which made him coo like a naughty girl.

"OoooH!" he cried, before looking back at Andres furiously, and the man winked at him as he walked past.

The wink made all his hairs stand on end, and Steph hmphed, winching his jaw shut and noting the tight buns of the man striding away.

'He spanks hard.'

Images in his head of Andres spanking him in more intimate situations appeared out of nowhere, and he whined in frustration at his unhelpful imagination.

'Get a grip.'

"Steph, look at this place!" said Grace, eyes wide as she came in after him.

"That's Stephanie," Dee corrected her, placing a hand on her back and giving Steph a knowing pout which made him tremble with rage.

"Oh yeah," she giggled, before seeing Steph's expression and hastily wiping the smile from her lips.

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Steph raced upstairs and threw his bag into one of the spacious rooms, taking a second to breathe and calm down before padding back downstairs to properly take in the gorgeous-looking lobby; an open-plan lounge and kitchen area with shaggy carpets, comfy-looking chintz sofas and a huge TV screen which took up half the wall and looked about as thin as a piece of paper. It was all tasteful whilst remaining outrageously expensive.

He noticed Andres leaning on the kitchen counter and ignored him, shuffling past to get a glass of water. There was no telling how long they planned to keep this 'girl' stuff up, and he didn't want to encourage them, too busy hoping that Dee wasn't ingratiating himself further with Grace whilst he was away.

His eyes flickered down to Andres' waist, and he spied an ominous bulge running down one leg. He stared for far too long at it and then his brain froze as he looked up straight into the stare of Andres, dark wells boring into his.

"Why don't we have a little chat Stephanie? Girl to Man."

He balled up his fists, but couldn't think of anything to say. Andres chuckled and stood up, putting an arm around him and steered him towards the sofa.

"Come with me baby."

It was clear how physically superior Andres was to Steph, needing none of his strength to push the young man along. The size difference was overwhelming this close, and Steph had the urge to mewled like a kitten as Andres pulled him onto a seat next to him. Their thighs pressed together which left Steph feeling extremely awkward. Andres betrayed no such misgivings.

"Now, I thought, Stephanie, that we should get a few things straight between you and Daddy."

Steph's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

"D.... Daddy?"

His sharp gaze was somehow drilling deep into places that Steph had never known existed before.

"Yes, baby," he said, smirking as Steph's expression morphed into one of shock.

"W-what? No, look I'm sorry, this joke is going a bit toooOOHH!"

A large hand slid onto his crotch and enclosed his balls, which cut off his protests with a whimper.

"UNNnn!"

Andres smiled.

"Are we gonna have a problem here?.... Because if we are, then I'll have to explain to Grace why we had to send you home."

"*Uuhhhhhnnnn.*" he squeaked, quieter, his eyes watering.

"And then little Grace would be all alone in our mansion," he muttered into Steph's ear, making him tremble from the bass and warmth inches from his skin.

Steph felt like he was about to cry, lip trembling as Andres rubbed his testicles a little more enjoyably.

"HUNNNNnnn, o-okay, okay please.....I-I'll play along, but just... maybe don't... ooOOHHHH!"

"Daddy," prompted Andres.

"DADDYYYYY!" he blurted as Andres fondled his balls softly.

"Good girl," said Andres, and he began to rub Steph's crotch so enjoyably that Steph's voice jumped two octaves as pleasure spread like heat through his body, causing him to mewl into Andres' arm,

grabbing it like he was a stripper on a pole. The muscles inside rippled like steel cables under the skin; it felt like holding pure unfettered power in his hands. Steph's mouth began watering.

"Oh yeah girl," breathed Andres, who began to administer a heavy massage of Steph's helpless package. Steph bent over into his arm and began to whine as Andres touched him as invasively as possible, and the feeling of having his manhood manipulated and controlled by someone else's hands made him want to cry, but the problem was it felt so *good*.

"Oh, here's my girl," said Andres smoothly, as he began to feel Steph's cock harden furiously between his fingers.

Steph's chest began to heave as he felt his dick come to full mast under the powerful man's touch and he tried to struggle, to pull himself away.

'*No, I can't be getting hard to this*,' he thought desperately, although all that escaped his mouth was an eager whimper.

Then Grace wandered in from the other side of the kitchen.

"Hey guys!... Sorry, guys and girls," she chuckled, "What's going-?"

Andres removed his hand from Steph's bulging crotch and settled with one arm on the back of the couch.

"Just getting to know one another." he said.

Grace's smile dropped as she saw Steph's horrified expression, taking in the fact that he was breathing heavily, clinging to Andres' arm like a life jacket in the ocean, with a raging boner on display in his pants.

"Wow, urm... that's....."

It took her a few seconds to process the scene, a surprised smile spreading onto her face as she carefully avoided bringing up Steph's arousal in the arms of Andres.

"Hey, wow... I mean this is great!... good to see you guys getting to know one another! I think Stephanie is really starting to enj-...."

Steph burst into tears as she called him by his new name and pushed himself off the sofa, running upstairs.

She raised an eyebrow, confusion plastered on her face.

"Was... Was it something I said?"

"Don't worry, she's just working out some personal issues, give her time," said Andres casually.

Grace frowned.

That was so weird... she had definitely seen Steph sporting a *serious* hard on. Maybe he really *was* into guys...

She waited a few seconds and then headed up after him.

The sobbing was coming from the room down the hall and Grace approached the door slowly.

"Hey... Steph?"

"What," said a small voice.

She opened the door and looked at Steph, curled up in a ball.

"Want to tell me about what happened back there?" she said, softly.

"No."

"Right...Okay then..."

She came down and put her arm round him.

"Well, I think it's a great thing that you're getting to know each other...."

Steph's eyebrows furrowed and his face became angry.

"No, these guys are ASSHOLES, pure and simple! I don't want to talk to them, I, I-I don't want to be near them.... I don't care, if they don't

want us here we'll just go home...."

Worry spread across Grace's face.

"Listen Steph... I'm sorry, I'm sure you're going through....a.... a lot of feelings right now...."

She glanced at his manhood which was being covered by the legs crunched against his chest. He was almost certainly still hard.

"So, uh... why don't we just chill for a bit... we can talk about what we want from our perfect partner, before we make any decisions, huh?"

At this Steph looked up.

"...O...Okay."

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"So you want someone who's a good listener?"

"Definitely..."

"Wow, you are such a Stephanie," she grinned.

Steph didn't smile.

"You?"

"Urrrrm..... Calm."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, someone who can relax with me... sit back and just... talk."

Grace put her arm on his shoulder, and butterflies began to wake in Steph's stomach.

"I'm glad we can talk."

He looked in her eyes.

"Sure, of course."

"Also... I need to be honest... I've been so looking forward to this holiday.... With YOU on this holiday.."

Steph felt his heart lifting.

"...I don't know, I just feel like you could.. you know... make the best of it... enjoy the holiday with me?"

Steph was about to retort when some of the words got through and he paused. Maybe she was right.... He couldn't ruin this just because of some stupid jokes... He was on holiday with his soulmate right? He couldn't waste the opportunity, even if the guys they were here with were the worst kind of people.

"You know what.. yeah...Let's.. let's just make the most of it."

Grace grinned.

"I knew you couldn't be angry for long!"

He gave a sheepish grin. "Yeah, but then I mean... look at this place!"

She snorted and squeezed his shoulder.

"Thanks Steph."

He leaned into it.

"I think you'll find that's Stephanie, thank you very much," he said in a girly voice.

She guffawed and held him tight, and that smell of her body and perfume came strong into his nostrils. He took a deep breath, and when Grace broke the embrace he was almost high on the fumes of her.

"Let's do it, best holiday ever," she said.

"... Sure... Best holiday ever," he replied, and a smile came back to his face.

They spent the rest of the evening unpacking and chatting together as the others thankfully left for one of their other villas ("How many

do they have?!" Steph muttered), and when it came time to sleep the duo lay in Grace's bed talking to exhaustion. Steph watched Grace's chest rise and fall as she drifted off, wishing this night could go on for ever.

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The air was hot the next day. Steph woke from sunlight streaming through the crack in Grace's curtains, and he realised Grace was already up and getting dressed. She was in the middle of slipping on a light dress over her swim top and bottoms, and Steph pretended to be sleeping as it fell past her gorgeous back and ass, which formed the shape of a ripe, juicy pear, ready to be plucked.

"Oops, sorry!" she said, noticing his eyelids fluttering. "I didn't want to wake you..."

"No worrrries," he said, pretending to be groggy. "I'm m'up."

After breakfast and a coffee Steph and Grace were sat at the kitchen table, ready for the day. Grace was a pent up jack-in-the-box, waiting to be released in a splurge of noise and chaos, hands moving constantly in her lap.

"First port of call, I think we should try out the pool!"

"Hell yeah," he agreed.

Grace had a bikini body to die for. Steph bounced on the balls of his heels, anticipation already mounting.

'Best holiday ever.'

"I'll grab my trunks!"

He raced up the stairs, grabbed his bedroom door....

Locked.

'Huh?'

He tried the handle again. It didn't budge.

"Seriously?" he muttered.

Grace rushed past him towards her room, and began rummaging around in her various suitcases, before retrieving a scandalous white bikini set.

'God don't do this to me....'

Maybe he could just go in his boxers?

"Ah... Hey, Grace... "

"Yaha?"

"Urm... I can't open my room... I think someone locked it."

Her expression went aghast.

"OHHHH I forgot! I think Dee said there would be a cleaning lady, she must have come this morning. Maybe she locked your room because she thought it was empty!"

"Oh *crap*.... do we have a spare key?"

"Ah, Steph, I'm not sure...."

She paused, a worrying smile creeping onto her face.

"I have an idea...."

"What?"

She raced into her room and shoved her hand into the huge suitcase, pulling out a yellow bikini set.

"How's this? We're kinda the same size... plus it would show off that sweet ass."

Her grin was infectious, and he couldn't help cracking a smile.

"Ha, ha, very funny...."

"Hey I'm not joking, I reckon you'd look super sexy in this...."

Her tone was teasing, but even hearing her describe him as sexy, even in the hypothetical sense, was enough to make his brain slip into heated thoughts.

"Come on Grace...."

"How about a bet then?.... a race to the pool..... if I win, you have to be my female bestie for the day, which means you wear the Bikini, plus a dress for the WHOLE day!"

Steph raised an eyebrow.

"And if I win?..."

She fluttered her eyelids.

"Name your price."

"You have to kiss me."

Her face turned into a confused smile.

"Oh, really?"

"Well, yeah, just.... on the cheek or whatever," he added hastily, "I don't really need anything to be honest, I'm going to win anyway."

"Aw, Steph you're so sweet. Well if you win, I promise I'll give you the best kiss you've ever gotten!..."

His imagination began to churn out so many steamy scenarios involving him and Grace that his head became woozy.

"..Well, apart from the fact that you won't win....." she added.

Her lips looked so soft.

"Okay, you're on, when do we st-"

"GO!"

She made to move towards the staircase but Steph had anticipated her trying to do him dirty and flung himself towards the stairs already, racing down them.

'That kiss is mine!'

He flew through the kitchen, narrowly avoiding the marble counter on his way past the table, and came to the patio doors, sliding them aside just enough to squeeze through and screech to a stop at the edge of the pool.

'Booyah.'

She wasn't even in view yet.

"Phew, looks like I w-"

A ball flew out of the sky and smacked into the centre of the pool, causing an explosion that went everywhere. Steph was doused from head to toe in water, and the whole side of the pool was covered in a mini-tidal wave. It took him a few seconds to process what had happened.

Grace had got onto the second-floor balcony, and jumped straight into the pool.

He stood there, dumbstruck as the water tumbled left and right, and a mermaid's head appeared in the centre of it. Her face was beaming.

"I won!" she screamed.

"No you didn't, I got here first!"

She swam to the edge, the tops of her breasts peaking out of the water.

"The bet was first *to* the pool, not first *next* to the pool."

Steph opened his mouth and then closed it again.

'Seriously?'

Grace put on her puppy dog expression, holding the side with both hands which also cinched her breasts together.

"Hey, look, even though I won, if you fulfil your side of the bet.... I'll even give you a kiss anyway," she offered, adding sugar to her voice.

Steph's heart beat faster, and he groaned.

"Fine... I guess."

Grace dropped her sweetness act and cackled.

"YESSSSS, Oh Gosh I've wanted a girlfriend for so long... we're going to make you look gorgeous Stephanie!"

She flew out of the pool and back into the house, leaving a trail of wet steps behind her.

Steph gulped. This was a far cry from how he had imagined this holiday in his head.

When she returned she held a bikini, two towels, two lady's sunhats, and a bag of other assorted items. She brought the selection in both arms, dropping them on a free sunbed.

"Here."

She flung the bikini into his arms.

"We're about the same size, so it shouldn't be a problem."

This was all getting a bit too real.

"Ah... okay, okay, maybe we can do this in a bit? It's the first day....."

She cocked her head and put on a terrible British accent.

"So thou aret not a man of honour?"

Steph snorted.

"Hell no, of course I am."

"Well then," she said, gesturing at the bikini, "See you in five minutes."

Steph's demeanour was unenthusiastic.

'Best to just get it over with.... Besides, hopefully there's a kiss waiting at the end of it.'

He went up to Graces room and closed the door behind him, before properly examining the swimming costume. It was aesthetic in its simplicity.

He groaned.

"Ugh perfect, just perfect."

He looked at the bikini in his hand, and he couldn't help the thought popping into his head that it would make a funny story for their friends back home. Maybe it would make a good first date story as well....

Hope swelled in his breast, and a small note of optimism began to creep back into his movements as he removed his trousers.

'I'm on holiday... I might as well go all in. Girls just wanna have fun, right?'

The rest of the clothes came off and he began to slide the bikini up his hairless legs. Grace had always asked him why he shaved his body, and she had never seemed to believe him when he said it was almost all natural. The hair on his head was pretty much the only hair on his entire body, so he just touched up the rest.

Wow, they were really snug.

'Hmmm..... Especially on the front.'

Screw it, it wasn't a particularly impressive bulge, and his ass looked... really feminine actually.

He turned to the side and stuck his ass out like he had seen Grace do in her Instagram pics.

'Holy...'

That was hot.

He found himself rising to attention in his panties and snapped himself out of his reverie.

'This is getting weird.'

He turned from the mirror and added the top to the mix. As he did so he saw some extensions and fancy-dress wigs that Grace had thrown haphazardly on the bed.

'Screw it. Let's see her face when she sees this.'

He sniggered to himself as he took one and plopped it onto his head. It fit fairly snuggly, and when he was done, he turned and looked in the mirror, to see a sight that would haunt his dreams.

A dainty blond-haired minx stood in front of him with his facial features, slim shoulders, an ass dying for release, and a cute, soft belly that he found himself wanting to caress.

That's me.... That's...

"Stephanie."

He said it out loud and heat filled him... No, he shouldn't go out like this.

Steph pulled the hair from his head and made to walk out.

A tiny voice in his head piped up.

'Grace would love it.'

He paused.... and placed the wig back on, carefully concealing any hint of his natural hair, and checked himself once, twice, perhaps five or six times in the mirror.

'Am I doing this?'

Before he could stop Steph was creeping down the stairs and out onto the gleaming veranda where Grace was lying, belly up with her eyes closed, tanning.

"Mhmh," he coughed, and she lazily opened an eye, then turned her head. Her mouth opened, but no words came out. She looked like she was seeing a ghost, utterly gobsmacked.

"Erm... How do I look?" he said, suddenly feeling quite foolish standing in front of his crush in a two piece and wig.

Her jaw bounced for a bit before finally assembling some words.

"You look.... GORGEOUS!" she squealed, springing up and giving him a long hug, breasts squeezed into his chest, and Steph's cheeks were like two radishes as he eagerly wrapped his arms around her.

It was too short and sweet, because she quickly pulled back from his embrace, feverish with excitement.

"Honestly, this is like, PERFECT... That ass, it's like.... You're HOT!" she said, checking out each and every angle of his body as he tried not to let his excitement get the better of him.

She smacked his ass and gasped as it rippled, not noticing his instinctive moan because she was too busy watching the buns jiggle.

"Oh my GOD your ASS!!! Hey you know what? We should totally do a double date! I've never been able to do one before, and I just know the guys would love it!"

He coughed in surprise, trying not to show his discomfort.

"Excuse me, but there is zero chance I'd ever go on a date with those guys."

"Aw, come on Stephanie, I've never had a girlfriend before!"

"Well, why do we need men then?" he asked in a moment of inspiration.

She giggled.

"Oh, you are funny Stephanie."

The next hour or so was spent tanning, splashing each other in the pool and laughing a lot. Grace relaxed around 'Stephanie' to the point where she even removed her top to get a full tan on her chest. Steph gazed, mesmerised by her luscious pears as she settled back, nipples peeking from the white mounds as she closed her eyes.

After far too long staring he began to feel guilty and tore his gaze away, lying forwards on the tanning bed to explore the combination of sun and lace on his skin.

Steph couldn't help enjoying the bikini material on his body; in fact, he was loving how the bottoms wedged into his crack, and wondered if Grace had any spare thongs, before feeling deeply troubled at having even considered it. The reflection staring back at him whenever he went near the pool was so hot, and he imagined what the girl in the yellow bikini would look like sucking a big cock like in the porn films he had seen, slutty lips choking on a big black stick, before he remembered he *was* the girl and shivered, forcing the images from his mind. It was quite tricky trying to tan his back whilst keeping his hips up to stop his erection pressing into the sun bed and dribbling cum on his towel.

After an afternoon spent splashing around, tanning and admiring Steph's booty, they sauntered inside as the sun crawled towards the tropical skyline.

"Well, I think it's time for the next part of our bet," she said slyly.

"Oh yeah?"

'Would this be the time to kiss? Okay it might be weird with me in a bikini but...'

"Yeah.... It's DRESSUP TIME!" she yelled, and Steph's face fell, unnoticed by Grace who was dragging him up the stairs to her room with the full intention of doing whatever she wanted to him, which in any other scenario would have been exactly the plan.

"I think red for you... I mean *lady in red* right?! Stephanie's a passionate woman...."

He couldn't help feeling like a barbie doll, something Grace could mould the way she wanted. It was humiliating, and he drew the line at her ordering him to get naked in front of her.

"What? No, I'm not stripping off in front of you."

"But we're girlfriends Stephanie!"

He glowered at her.

"No."

She sighed but relented.

"Okay... well.... Take this dress, these panties and this bra, keep the wig because it looks perfect, and maybe some heels as well.... We should go the whole hog right?!"

She was so brazen and overcome with excitement that he couldn't say no, and miserably allowed himself to be forced into the bathroom to put on his outfit for the evening.

"How could you let this happen," he muttered to himself in the mirror, before a flutter of excitement hit him when he saw the sexy girl talking to him.

"Jesus, get a grip," he muttered, although his spirits were significantly lifted as he stepped out of his bikini and took the silk panties, riding them high between his cheeks. He loved how slutty they were; even with his tiny little bulge at the front, it really showed off his perks.

He wiggled his tush like he needed a good spanking and tittered.

'Stop it, just put the clothes on', a voice in his head said, and he managed to pull his eyes away from his girly butt long enough to slip on the push-up bra and red dress which rode tantalisingly high up on his thighs.

'Wow, I'd fuck me', he thought to himself as he did a whirl around.

He looked like a girl dressed for one thing: to find and wrap her lips around a thick cock (strangely no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't imagine the cock as anything other than black).

"Oh, the heels!" he whispered excitedly, grabbing them from the floor and slipping them on.

'Wow.... Now I know why girls wear these... I feel so much taller!'

He couldn't believe the stream of thoughts running through his head, but it would be a sad occasion when he had to change back into boys' clothes... he'd gone from a worthless virgin to a sexy, gorgeous blond in twenty minutes!

After a few minutes of staring and daydreaming the bathroom door swung open and Steph turned round in shock, because he had been so focused on his appearance and imagining wicked scenarios between himself and tall, black men that he was hard as a rock. Grace was standing in the doorway wearing a black mini-dress, and her eyes lit up.

"Oh wow," she breathed, and Steph whimpered as he covered up the tiny tent in his lap.

"Hey, can you.... Just wait a bit," he uttered in a strangled sort of voice.

"Sure thing," she grinned, although the eagerness in her eyes was extremely worrying, not helped by the sly wink as she closed the door.

Steph grimaced, thoroughly confused with the turn this week was taking. *'I want to be Grace's boyfriend, not her girlfriend!'*, he thought anxiously, curling his long blond hair in frustration.

He should stop thinking about big black dicks too...

Steph shook his head and waited for his erection to go down whilst idly glancing over the mascara and eyeliners littering the sink.

'Hmmm...'

He picked up a bottle and checked his complexion. Maybe.... Maybe he could use a little definition to bring out his eyes?

Before it had sunk in what he was doing Steph was applying black liquid to his lashes, careful to keep it away from other parts of his face. It was painstaking, but Steph found his concentration becoming keener, enjoying the way the lashes made his gaze seem more vibrant.

By the time he had finished there wasn't a second thought as he grabbed the eyeliner, lipstick and brush whilst checking his phone for a full makeup guide... He wasn't quite sure how to make up his face completely but something inside was firing passionately to complete the look, and after some careful attempts he managed to get a nice depth to the eyes which now gleamed beneath long, fluttery lashes and sultry contours of his more feminine face.

It felt like he was sculpting rather than painting, bringing out features that were already there, hidden within the delicate lines of his face. The sharp eyebrows were darkened, his cheeks becoming a little rosier...

Finally, with a thrill of excitement, he realised the last thing he needed was lipstick, and picked out a cherry red. He found he didn't even need to go over the edges to make his lips look bigger... they were already whore-like to begin with, he thought with a swell of pride in his breast. He gave himself a long kiss in the mirror and made sure it was evenly applied.

The girl staring back at him was so sultry and flirtatious that he found himself feeling profoundly nervous to even think about approaching her, despite the fact it was just himself in the mirror.

He then had a realisation that if he really were the girl in the mirror, he would have wanted nothing to do with the pathetic boy that had been standing there earlier.

'So this is what hot girls feel when they look at guys like me.... Why would I want a worthless boy like that?... Look at me! I only get fucked by real men.'

His whole presence lurched as he tried to take back the thought 'I only fuck real men' and pretended it hadn't happened, hands shaking as he brushed back a blond streak which had fallen to the front of his shoulders.

The door seemed much heavier as he pulled it open and emerged, firmly into the light of the bedroom.

Grace looked up from picking out handbags and screamed.

"OH MY GOD STEPHANIEEEEEEE!"

She leapt up and grabbed Steph, beginning to dance in a circle with him, bounding with energy.

"LOOK AT YOU, OH MY GOD YOU'RE THE SEXIEST GIRL ALIVE, YOU FIIIIINE BITCH!" she sang gleefully.

"Yeah.. sure," murmured Steph, uncomfortable with how she was talking to him but also enjoying how soft her hands felt in his.

Her voice was breathless as she proceeded to look over every inch of Steph.

"Those LIPS babe, oh my..... I just can't get enough of that ass..... you're gonna slay tonight!.."

She stopped at his fingers.

"Erm, Stephanie, you missed something," she said knowingly, fluttering her pink nails at him.

"Oh, sorry," he mumbled. "I don't know how..."

She burst out laughing.

"I KNOW you don't babe, but don't worry, your saviour is here," she said fawning over him as she led Steph to a makeup table with nail polish and a bunch of other items that Steph had never seen.

"Cherry, cherry, cherry," she muttered, searching it.

"AH!"

She snatched the bottle and placed it on the table.

"Sit," she ordered.

He did so, and Steph was subjected to a torturous hour which felt like longer as Grace coloured the nails on his hands and feet whilst discussing 'girl problems', his 'perfect boyfriend', and the recent goings on in her favourite girly trash TV shows, all whilst absent-mindedly touching him across his body, putting a hand on his leg to

steady herself, a stroke of his arm as she focused on a particularly tricky bit.... It ended up leaving Steph with a throbbing hard-on as she finally finished, plus a spectacular set of red nails on his hands and feet.

"Perfect!" she squealed.

Steph's lukewarm "thanks Grace," was cut off by three booming knocks from the front door.

"Oh, the guys have arrived!"

'Fuck.'

She whipped the bedroom door open, looking exhilarated.

"Come on, let's go down and greet them!"

"Oh Grace no, please don't make me.... "

But Grace was positively beaming at the thought of showing Stephanie off to Andres and Dee.

"Oh come on, it'll be great. You said you were adventurous right?"

Her eyes were shining.

'Adventurous... that would be another tick in Grace's perfect boyfriend column....'

"Just.... FINE, okay!"

She grinned.

"Hell yeah sister!"

She grabbed his hand before he could protest at being called 'sister,' and skittered down the stairs, trying not to trip in their heels, and both scandalously dressed figures began laughing as they threw each other off balance through the hallway.

'Like a couple? Or two girlfriends...' Steph was no longer certain.

"Oh and babe, just make sure to do your sexiest pose when the guys first see us!"

"Shut up," he said, still heated from the intimacy and bustling.

She stopped for a moment and faced him with a genuine smile.

"You know... you seem happier than I've ever seen you."

Steph looked deep into his soulmate's eyes and worry filled his stomach.

"Ah... really?"

She nodded, and he tried to hide the anxiety that her comment had caused as she did a sultry turn to the door.

"Okay, ready?"

Steph smirked, pouting his sticky red lips towards the entrance, and threw his hips to the side.

Grace giggled, and unlatched the door.

Andres and Dee were revealed, both dressed to the nines in white suits with black shirts, sleek shoes and golden sunglasses. They seemed, in a word, imperious.

Steph was stunned. The guys looked even more imposing than yesterday... and nobody had mentioned suits. It looked like they were ready to hit the club with their bitches in tow. Steph's heart began beating a hell of a lot faster as his eyes snapped directly to Andres' crotch, searching for the subtle swell running tantalisingly down the leg, before wandering upwards to his cock-sure expression. Andres seemed to be observing Steph's new outfit, although it was kind of hard to tell if he liked it behind the glasses.

"Hey ladies," smiled Dee, who strolled in.

Andres walked up to Steph and slapped him on the ass.

Steph mewled and adjusted his dress so they wouldn't see his excitement rising as he rubbed where Andres had spanked him.

"So," smiled Dee, "Where do we want to go?"

Grace chimed in immediately.

"There's only one place we can go if we all look this good...."

"Wait, surely we're not..." Steph tried to interject, but Grace's excitement was feverish.

"White Ribbon!!"

The guys both nodded in agreement.

"Sounds good," said Dee. "Seeing as that was such a sweet idea, you may kiss the ring, girl."

Steph clenched his fists as he watched Grace simper and peck the man's golden ring, and his voice cracked slightly as he spoke. Everybody else smirked as he began subconsciously speaking in a higher, more girly pitch.

"Guys, I hate to interject, but you may have noticed I'm-....."

"Beautiful," said Andres, eyeing him up and down. "You're definitely my bitch tonight."

Steph felt his face growing hot.

"I... I don't..."

"I'm gonna treat you like a good girl tonight Stephanie."

A thrill ran through him. Well, two could play at that game. For once on this holiday, he wasn't going to be outcooled.

He adjusted his dress so that it fully played across his body, accentuating his subtle curves, and cocked his hips to the side so his ass was almost exploding out of it.

"Why thank you babe," he responded, throwing a kiss in the air.

Grace and Dee were both dumbstruck by Stephanie's change in visage, Grace in particular was mesmerised, staring at the way Steph

was angling his body. Andres didn't say anything, but he.... Rippled. Like a tiger setting itself to attack mode, the mood shifted.

Before Steph could think Andres had closed the space, and the tangy musk of his cologne stung Steph's nostrils, so much so that he could almost taste it. It was not unpleasant at all, with hints of what smelt like palm trees and coconut, mixed with something else.... His large, dark lips were so close... that chest....

Steph froze, quivering as brand-new hormones coursed through his body, his brain screaming signals that didn't make sense, counteracting each other, so he continued to hold his sultry pose, and even brought his lips to Andres' cheek.

"Like what you see?" he murmured.

'What am I doing?!'

Andres spoke in a whisper.

"Hell yeah girl... Come with me."

This nudged Steph back towards reality, and he choked slightly.

"Andres, h-hang on, wait I can't g-ooOOOGHHH!"

He didn't have time to react, because Andres had picked him up and slung him over his shoulder, heels waggling in the air as he was unceremoniously lofted out of the door and into the cool evening air.

"Time to go ladies!" Andres chuckled, as the others tittered in the doorway.

"Andres!" Steph chided. It was frustrating how easily he had been picked up, but his heart was still pounding from the smell of the man's cologne, and besides, they hadn't even made fun of him for being in a dress, in fact they seemed to like it! Most jock guys would have crucified him for that..

"O-Okay, you can stop now," tittered Steph nervously.

The response was a meaty spank on his ass, which made him blurt out in shock.

"*UGH*!"

"You will call me Daddy."

"Stop it Andres, seriously!" he moaned, but Andres simply thwacked his open palm against the jiggling globes, which were completely unprotected by the thin satin material pulled tight across his skin. It was surprising how good it felt being aggressively touched by strong hands.

"Okay, that's...*OH!*" Another *SMACK*, and Steph was moaning now as Andres slapped his ass every few steps, all the way to the waiting limousine. By the time they were there Steph had stopped struggling, and was moaning each time that giant hand connected with his raw behind.

"*Shit,"* he murmured as one last broad stroke found its mark, and then he was being let down, one hand tight on his butt. Andres didn't let go, sliding a thumb tantalisingly up Steph's crack which sent a ripple of pleasure and fear up his spine, before resting at his lower back.

"What's my name," Andres said, those lips so close to Steph's cheek.

"Daddy," he whispered, and the hand gave a squeeze as Andres slid down and pushed his rump past the stripper pole in the centre of the limo and into the corner, next to what looked like a drinks cabinet. This was followed by Andres himself entering and sitting next him, taking up nearly a third of Steph's seat, forcing his side against the man's powerful body.

Steph's mouth opened and closed like a goldfish as he saw the difference between their thighs.....

'Both my thighs could fit into one of his trouser legs.....'

It looked like a father was taking his daughter to school, except for the shocking contrast between Steph's pale, snowy complexion and Andres' deep ebony. The man's hand slid onto Steph's leg in a way that made it clear he was enjoying Steph's new demure countenance.

Steph's heart was thumping in his chest, and he was having trouble swallowing because so much saliva was now being produced in his mouth he was close to drooling.

'Relax... he's messing around, you're not into him, you're just excited, take a breath.'

Steph adjusted his red butt-cheeks. He was okay..... Andres was just screwing with him, and even if he did go to the club as a girl, no one would work out he's a dude. At this point Grace skipped out of the front entrance hand in hand with Dee, making Steph's brain plummet into his stomach. Her hand was not visible, encased inside the huge bear trap, and she had a tiny black handbag on her shoulder with another red one swinging from her free hand.

"Here Stephanie," she smiled, proffering it as she ducked in through the limousine door.

"Thanks," he mumbled.

"You're welcome sister" she said, sitting on the seat opposite with her legs crossed innocently in that way that still made her so perfect in Steph's eyes.

Dee made his way in after her, and something triggered him seeing how close Dee sat next to her.

"Okay stop now guys... this is really funny but I actually don't want to-"

Dee cut in.

"You don't want to let everyone enjoy their holiday?"

'You mean I don't want to let you steal the girl of my dreams!' he spat in his head.

"That's not what I meant...."

Andres smoothly cut across him again.

"We paid for both of your tickets, your Villa.... But it's cool, we can take you both to the airport now if you'd like? I'm sure there'll be no

problem if you want to fly back looking like that."

Stephanie's cheeks went as red as his ass felt, and Grace's face fell in a way that broke his heart.

"Okay... okay fine.... look at least let me get changed!"

Andres sniggered.

"You should have thought about that before you dolled up *bitch*, besides we don't buy drinks for dudes. You're a pretty girl on a night out with everything paid for, why complain? You have to understand, that dude Steph ain't riding anywhere in a limo."

Steph tittered.

"But I'M-"

"Stephanie," interjected Grace. Her eyes were wide in a 'don't ruin it' kind of way.

"Your name is Stephanie."

Steph shrunk, visibly cowed in the corner. He had not expected Grace to openly admonish him. For the first time since he had been here, Steph felt a gap opening between the two of them.

Andres put an arm around him and he shivered. There was nowhere to hide.

"Get off me please."

"Relax Stephie, we're gonna treat you girls real nice tonight."

And with that, he pressed a button in the side next to Steph's waist that he hadn't noticed.

The lights changed from dull white to opal blue, and the cabinet next to Steph opened revealing spirits, mixers and shot glasses.

'Okay, that's pretty cool', he had to admit.

"You like it?" said Dee.

Steph nodded, impressed but still annoyed.

"Yeah... yeah that's nice."

Grace's face lit up.

"Yeah, she has expensive tastes... I think Stephanie is a gold-digger!" she said with a huge, obvious wink.

Everyone in the limo laughed, and even Steph let out a faint chuckle.

Well, if they were going to offer the perfect bitch's experience then fine, he would just have to take this once in a lifetime opportunity to be treated like a pretty girl and get hammered... Andres and Dee were paying for everything anyway...

He grabbed the nearest bottle, not even knowing what it was. Seemingly it was too expensive to be a recognisable brand, but it was translucent brown and hopefully tasted like Rum. He put it towards his lips, but Andres' hand attached itself to his wrist and squeezed to the point where Stephanie was painfully aware of how controlled he now was.

"Let Daddy make you a drink Stephanie," he murmured into his ear, and that was enough for Steph to loosen his hand and make his imagination run wild as he thought about Andres doing other, more explicit things in his ear.

Steph shivered, shoving the thoughts aside, but the more he tried to block it out, the more it developed, became shockingly vivid, and suddenly that black cock was back between Stephanie's pretty lips, but this time Andres was the owner, standing over Stephanie as she sank her whore mouth down the length of his shaft. Subtly, Steph tried to manoeuvre his handbag to his lap where it would cover up the subtle bulge appearing, but he was sure Grace had noticed the exchange of Andres whispering into his ear and him getting flustered because she was staring at him with an odd smile on her face. Steph looked down at her hand, where it was now resting on Dee's thigh, and found his throat tightening as it moved an inch closer to the inside.

Before he could say something Andres nearly made him jump out of his skin by whispering into his ear again.

"Here you go baby."

He handed him a fruity-looking drink.

"Thanks Daddy," he said out loud, and then froze in horror as Dee and Grace stared at him with glee on their faces.

"Oh, it's Daddy now huh?" tittered Grace, and Steph tried not to let tears come to his eyes as she laughed at him, leaning into Dee who now had her hand around her shoulder, and was playing with a strand of her hair as he sniggered with her.

Steph clutched his drink so hard he thought he might crack the glass, throwing it to his lips and downing it in one go. He had expected a hard, bitter alcoholic taste, but what he got tasted like quite wonderful fresh juice.

"Uh.. is there alcohol in here D..... in this drink?" he stuttered, going red as he almost called Andres 'Daddy' again in front of Grace.

Andres smiled.

"Half that glass was rum and tequila babe."

A little weight lifted from his chest at being called babe, and Steph wished his body wouldn't respond so easily to Andres being nice to him, even as it betrayed him again when the huge hand rested on his thigh, and he said nothing as it pressed into his weak muscles, just hard enough to make him quiver.

'If he could make me feel this good just by touching my leg... what could he do with the rest of me?'

Unnoticed by the others, Dee clicked on a hi-fi speaker which then reverberated through the whole car, and the driver took that as his cue to start the engine and pull away from the villa. The party atmosphere began to take hold and for the first time on the holiday Steph felt his excitement building as they cheered and clinked

glasses together, harsh rap music booming through the luxury lounge on wheels.

"Here's to our new guests... with apologies to one guest in particular," he said, smiling to Steph and handing him another drink.

'Maybe he's not so bad,' Steph thought as he accepted the glass with a tiny smile and sipped the tasty beverage.

"Wow this is actually *really good*."

"Right?" agreed Grace.

Everyone began to move their heads to the beat, and the girls listened as Andres began to explain how the drink recipe was an original island creation, made with ingredients found here in Galagos, and Steph was listening so intently that he found himself leaning towards Andres.

'Wait what am I doing?'

He tried to clear his head so fervently he nearly dropped the glass.

"I need another drink please Daddy.. ANDRES, I-I need another drink *Andres*!" he stammered, but everyone in the car had certainly heard it again.

It was horrifying but he couldn't tear his eyes from their faces; Dee seemed unsurprised now, and Grace was delighted, her face now in a permanent beaming smile.

"YEEES Bitch, we are going to tear this town up toniiiight!!" she sang, and she grabbed a few more glasses of the drink that Andres had prepared, sharing them around.

"Say thank you sir," whispered Dee.

Grace's cheeks went red with a playful giggle.

"Thank you... sir," she said suggestively with a wink to Steph, who at this point was torn between curling up into a ball and crying, or reaching for the stripper pole.

"Here's to the gentlemen and their bitches!!" Grace sang, and Steph's cheeks burnt as a glass was thrust into his hand by her, before she raised her own.

Steph didn't move his arm with the rest of them, and Grace chuckled.

"Seriously, you just called him Daddy but this is too much?"

He raised a shaking glass into the air, blood flowing through his body in anger and arousal, all coursing together as they cheered, clinking glasses, before he put the fruity liquid to his lips and poured it down his throat.

As they grinned and grabbed some drinks of their own, Andres stuck his tongue in Steph's ear so suddenly that Steph moaned with pleasure, fingers loosening, and the drink slipped from his fingers and shattered on the floor.

Grace screamed, Dee pulling her away from the shards of glass towards him, and Steph felt himself lurch sideways and upwards, before being seated on what felt like a warm, fleshy boxing bag.

'Oh sweet baby Jesus.'

Andres had pulled him onto his lap, and what felt like a steel bar was digging into his left ass cheek. It was so thick that it was taking every bit of his concentration trying to work out how a human could have something so huge attached to their body.

"Everyone okay?" smiled Dee.

"Yeah, yeah I'm okay," breathed Grace, who seemed a little awkward, but didn't bring up the change of location as she too had ended up in Dee's lap.

"I-I...I'm fine," breathed Steph, trying to adjust by wiggling his tush and having to hold back a squeal as he slid into the centre of Andres' legs, the steel bar now wedged right into his crack.

"Ohhhh, okay Andre-" he muttered through the side of his mouth.

Andres slid his fingers openly into Steph's mouth and Steph mewled around them in alarm.

"What's my name?" Andres asked quietly.

"PHMAHGY!"

"I'm sorry baby, I didn't catch that," he said, winking at Grace whose eyes had become saucer-like, staring at the pair of them.

"*Phdaghdy,"* moaned Steph, drooling all over Andres' fingers, which frustratingly slid out of his mouth.

"Good girl," he said, and Steph humiliatingly felt a sense of pride at having made this man happy, although the sense of dirtiness was magnified tenfold by Grace's disgusted expression.

What made him feel truly naughty was how hard him and Andres were right now, and he clutched his bag tightly to his lap as he felt the man's erection pulsing beneath him.

"Stephanie," said Grace awkwardly, "You've.... You've got some... on your face."

Steph grimaced and wiped his lips, before removing most of the drool that had come out of his mouth with an apologetic smile, making sure to avoid smudging his lipstick whilst remaining laser-focused on Andres' weapon throbbing beneath him.

The fact that Grace was sitting on Dee's lap didn't seem so important right now.

He didn't touch Andres' cock with his hands, but he adjusted his ass much more often than necessary throughout the car ride, covering all bases as he ground his butt cheeks on the big chocolate stick lurking beneath him. It was the most terrifying, and yet quietly exhilarating experience of his life, feeling a man's lust pressing against his ass protected only by the soft material comprised of a slutty dress and panties.

Grace on the other hand seemed flustered, and a calming word from Dee was needed to get her smiling again as Steph quietly ground

away at Andres' erection with his fat cheeks.

***

When they finally reached the club, it was extremely busy, smack bang in the centre of an upmarket area of clothes shops and clubs, and a few supercars could be seen outside as people waited in a long queue outside of the large, flashy building.

Steph felt woozy as they rolled up to a red carpet leading up to the street, and sure enough the four of them were ushered onto it, arm in arm, past lines of envious people. Steph had the sudden realisation that not a single white face could be seen in the queue, and when they strode through the double doors and into a dark, cavernous room pumping with heavy bass, the sensation was magnified tenfold.

Eyes turned from everywhere to observe the intruders.

There was no mistaking it, they must have been the only two white girls.... No, *people*, white people, in there.

"Oh Gosh," he whispered.

"Something wrong?" whispered Andres into his ear, and Steph felt fear clench his chest, magnified by the alcohol coursing through his body.

'This is not me... what am I doing here....'

"Andres listen, I... I just need some space," he said, dazed, and he pulled his arm from Andres and stumbled through the crowd.

"Steph wait!" shouted Grace somewhere behind him, but Steph was soon swallowed up by the mass of bodies.

'I just need to be alone... Maybe another drink would help.'

He received odd looks left and right as he detached himself from the crowd and, remembering that he was supposed to be a woman, composed himself before swaying his hips side to side as he sashayed over to the bar and placed a hand on the counter in what he hoped would be a feminine fashion.

A barman noticed him and came straight over, passing a man waiting to be served. The old man glowered at Stephanie for stealing his bartender, but his expression changed to one of craving as he ogled at the dainty blond.

Steph gave him a nasty look and turned to the barman.

"Do you have any.... Oh I don't know..."

The barman smirked as Steph nervously realised that the only drink he wanted was the one Andres had given him before.

"... something juicy?" he finished lamely.

"We have sex on the beach for lovely ladies like you," said the barman with a dashing smile, giving Steph a once-over with his gaze, which strangely Steph didn't find nearly as invasive as the other man's, and he even smiled back.

"Well... sure," said Steph, trying to ignore the ugly old man inching closer along the bar.

All the while his drink was being prepared he could feel the leer at the edge of his vision, and Steph was relieved when a short while later the barman returned with a pink and yellow drink in his hand.

"That'll be twenty."

Steph smiled and then froze.

"Erm...Oh.... I'm sorry, I-I left my wallet...."

The barman's smile vanished.

"You need to pay your bill Miss."

A hand came down and slapped some money on the counter.

"On me."

It was a voice that sounded like it had seen a lot of cigarettes, and sure enough when he turned, the old man was breathing an odious stench into Steph's face.

"Pretty girl ain'tcha?" he grinned, "Aren't you gonna thank me for buying you a drink?"

"Sorry but I'm... I'm taken, actually," Steph stuttered, looking around for help, drink forgotten.

"Oh really? And where's your boyfriend exactly?" he said gesturing around at the mass of bodies around them.

Steph's heart went cold as the man's expression became ravenous, and he took another step forwards, pressing his large gut up against Steph's side.

'Where are they?!... where's....'

"He's... he's THERE!" squealed Steph, and he positively flung himself towards Andres who had just emerged from the crowd, and put his arms round his neck.

"Oh thank goodness!" he cried, placing his head against Andres' chest.

Andres' smug laugh was like pure honey in Steph's ears, amplified by his head being clamped to his chest which made it reverberate through his body.

Then he felt a tap on his shoulder.

Steph looked back and was disgusted to see that the old man had followed her.

"She with you?" he said gruffly to Andres, ignoring Steph's look of outrage.

"YES!" shouted Stephanie, grabbing Andres close and putting her leg up around his, which unwittingly brought his cock and belly straight into contact with the huge member bulging from the crotch of her 'boyfriend'.

"Huh," Steph muttered as he looked up into the amused eyes of the man who he was now grinding against. He hadn't meant to start grinding at first, but it had felt so good pressing against him that he

had simply continued pressing his crotch carefully into Andres' manhood, whilst trying to remain standing in the killer heels.

"Jesus," muttered the old man, "you got a nice piece of ass there boy."

"Yeah, he does," said Steph aggressively, before turning back to Andres.

"Um.... Could I get a drink Mr?" he said shyly.

"If you remember my name, sure," he said with a sly smile.

"... Daddy," Steph finished with a giggle.

"Good girl... Come on, I got us a table."

And with that Stephanie was led by the hand away from the creepy guy by her saviour and up to a raised section which looked out over the whole club, a mass of sweaty bodies and gyrating, curvy women.

Steph couldn't help watching with jealousy clinging to his breast as black women with huge round tits and asses ground themselves against handsome men, throwing their hips back and twerking openly to the thudding rhythm.

He adjusted his dress and reasoned that even though they were far superior at gyrating their bodies, they didn't look as classy as him. It was also becoming clear that many men in the club were fixated on the white, blond girl in the red dress, and he tried his best to ignore them, turning to Andres.

"Why are they all staring at me," he shouted, having to raise his voice over the music booming in their ears.

"Because you're exotic, and they think you don't have a man."

"But *you're* my man," said Steph before feeling angry with himself for having said it so earnestly.

"You're not acting like it," he said simply.

At this point Steph became distracted by a man near the VIP section licking his lips, staring at him. He fixed the stranger with the most

venomous look he could muster, but the man only seemed to be fuelled by his attention and smiled wider, moving closer to the barrier.

A lance of fear went up Steph's spine, as he realised that the man's friends were equally interested.

"Th-they can't come in, right?" stammered Steph, pressing himself to Andres' side.

Andres looked over.

"Well if they pay for VIP then of course they can, just at the table next to ours if they wish."

Steph saw that the empty table next to them was close enough to touch, and could see one of the men talking eagerly with the bouncer, and made the decision right then. He stood up, and carefully, ostentatiously, settled his ass backwards as far into Andres' lap as he could go, enveloping himself in his huge frame and giving a sneering smile to the men at the entrance area as he brought Andres' arms around his belly.

The men's eager expressions became foul, and one of them muttered something that looked an awful lot like 'fucking bitch', before they moved off to another part of the night club.

'Yeah, that's right, I am a bitch,' Steph thought haughtily.

He looked up and back, setting his gaze squarely at Andres, letting those dark eyes search him. There seemed to be amusement flitting at the edges, so that Steph couldn't quite tell if the man was taking him seriously or not.

Then Andres' hands clutched him tight and the warmth of the club seemed to ratchet up a few notches, goosebumps flickering on his arms.

'*Maybe I need another drink..'*

"Erm... Andr... sorry, Daddy..."

"Yes baby, another drink?"

He tried to find annoyance at being called baby but couldn't muster it up.

"Thanks...."

He took the glass from Daddy's hands and began to sip it, turning to talk up to him.

"So...."

It was oddly nerve-racking trying to prompt a conversation with him.

"...W-What do you do then... for a job I mean?"

He chuckled.

"You mean, how did I get rich?"

"Um... yeah."

"Well baby, Dee and I created a company to bring in investors to this island when we were younger; developers and companies from Africa and America... for a price."

"Wow," muttered Steph, "How old were you?"

"Sixteen."

"Sixteen?!" Steph repeated, in awe. At sixteen he had been playing video games for hours on end, as well as harbouring his passion for ballet.

"Uh-huh, Dee was older by a few years, but we worked together, managed to convince people to invest in the island, and now look at it."

He looked around at the sea of people shimmering under the lights.

'I think I'm getting quite tipsy,' thought Steph, as the lights seemed to get a little brighter.

He had almost forgotten he was on Andres' lap until a wheeze was pulled from his lips, because Andres' hardness had returned and was once again lodged firmly between his butt cheeks. It was impossible to ignore, and he found himself subtly rotating his ass on Andres' lap to search for a comfortable position. For some reason it actually felt good in a lot of places, so he continued rotating, gyrating and then openly humping his ass against Andres, who was now crushing Steph in his embrace, murmuring in his ear.

"So what do you like to do when you're alone," whispered Andres.

"I.... Oh I..." Steph was all at sea, his baby carrot so hard that he was clutching the little bag desperately against his tented lap as Andres throbbed between his cheeks, his buns forming a hot-dog around the man's huge erection.

"...v-video games!" he managed with a soft moan, and Andres laughed.

"Well, we can buy some tomorrow if you like, a little present for my baby girl."

Steph's face lit up.

"Wait, really!?"

Andres smiled.

"For my baby... of course."

"Yeah... yeah I'd like that..... Daddy," Steph whispered fervently, and he pressed himself even more erotically against Andres' throbbing cock.

He couldn't believe how much he was enjoying being on Andres' lap. It was so exciting, and comforting in an odd way. He looked up at the face of his Daddy.

"Y-you know.... you're such a good listener right?"

"Oh really?"

"I just mean... I appreciate it."

He smiled up at the big man, who responded in kind with his own smirk. Steph was beginning to realise he kind of liked the arrogant aura of Andres.

'*I mean the guy can back it up after all*,' he thought as he rubbed his panty-covered asshole against Andres' huge bulge.

"Also I have to say, I'm not gay or anything, but you... you smell really nice," he murmured.

It sounded gay for sure, but Steph gave himself a pass because it was just the drink talking.

"Ha well sure, it is our own signature brand, made right here on this island."

Steph bit his lip.

"Oh really?? That's so cool...."

"It's nice that you think so."

"I *really* think so," whined Steph, bouncing his tush on the man's lap so it was clear how much he liked it.

He opened his neck.

"Here, get a better taste of it."

He made to put his hand on the back of Steph's head but Steph was already diving forward, pressing into Andres. The fumes of that intoxicating musk fired in his nostrils, heady notes of palm tree and coconut, and this time he noticed something more, an aggressive tinge of something citrusy.

'Good enough to taste...'

Giving into his instincts, Steph let his tongue take a quick lick of Andres' neck. He felt the beast shiver underneath him, which halted the air in Steph's lungs.

'Oh.'

He licked a little again and Andres shivered once more.

'Yes.'

Steph, brought his face up to Andres', looked him square in the eyes and brushed their lips together. Not a kiss, but still, the tiny caress left his heart thundering in his chest. Andres didn't react, and for a second Steph's face fell....

And then Andres came forward and Steph keened as their lips pressed together and a huge tongue invaded his mouth, and then they were moaning into each other as the larger man gripped the sexy girl on his lap, the unwitting boy rubbed his tiny cock under his handbag whilst Daddy mauled his mouth.

The music, the alcohol coursing through him, the taste of whiskey in Andres' mouth.... It was pure electricity through Steph's veins.

When they broke the kiss Steph was breathing heavily.

"uhm... phew....Andres, uh... wow" he muttered, smiling and unable to look up in case he got lost in the man's eyes.

Then Andres took his hand and stood up, pulling Steph unsteadily to his feet.

"Wait, what?" murmured Steph, disappointed at having been removed from his new favourite seat.

"Shhhh," Andres said into his ear, pulling him to the club exit.

Steph had questions firing in his head, flickering dimly.

'You kissed him..... Where is he taking me?..... Where's Grace?...'

Steph looked around but the club was a seething mass of bodies, and all too soon he was out of the entrance and being bundled into the limousine.

"Hey... Hey Andres, I think we shoul-"

Andres pulled Steph to his lap, head pulled into his neck and back into the addictive sensation of smells and warmth.

Steph whimpered, but remained still, turning his lips up and waiting for Andres to kiss him again, but he didn't, which was infuriating. His head was spinning as those heady fumes filled his nostrils and he moaned into Daddy's neck, placing a few kisses of his own.

Maybe Daddy should take me back home. I'm sure Grace will be fine....

***

When Andres ushered him out of the limousine Steph was surprised as the man picked him up, carrying him like a bride on their wedding day. Andres' hands were so strong and comfortable, and his scent would have made the hairs on Steph's arms stand up, if they had not already been smooth as silk.

'Gosh I'm drunk...'

He couldn't stop staring at Andres, whose eyes were fixed on his, drawing him into those dark circles.

'*it's so nice being treated like a woman.....*'

He tried to suggest another meeting of their lips with an open gaze and small pursing of his mouth, but the man remained infuriatingly out of reach.

Andres continued his steady walk to the door, squeezing Steph's thigh.

'It's actually so comfortable having a man carry me home... Maybe I should ask him to let me down? Oh his lips are so CLOSE....'

They stopped in front of the door, and Andres raised an eyebrow.

"Got a key babe?"

Steph giggled.

"Anything for you, Daddy."

He stopped laughing when he saw Andres' expression.

"Open the door," murmured Andres, nose to nose with Steph.

Steph was suddenly terrified, his mouth wet with saliva.

"Yes Daddy," he whispered, rifling through the little handbag round his shoulder.

Lipstick, eyeliner... There.

'Thank goodness for Grace being organised!'

He pulled up the keys, hands shaking as he missed the keyhole a couple of times, before finally settling the grooves into place.

The lock clicked, and the door groaned as it was shoved back.

Steph felt Daddy moving fast to the staircase.

Alcohol, adrenaline, and arousal raced through his body as they ascended. He briefly contemplating pushing away, but Andres' chest and arms were like stone cliffs, holding him in as Daddy elevated her to the top of the stairs like it was the easiest thing in the world. She couldn't help being impressed by his effortless strength.

When they glided past the first floor, it didn't surprise him at all.

"Andr- sorry....D...Daddy?" he asked quietly, fingers brushing the back of his hair.

Andres winked at him, moving up to the second floor as Steph bit his lip.

A tiny, sober part of Steph tried to reason.

'Tell him to put you down.'

His back was so muscly.... It was a Roman God's back, carved out of marble.

'Why would I want him to put me down?'

They were headed towards a bedroom.

'This is... I don't know.....'

Then Steph was in mid-air.

He flew through the doorway and hit the soft bedsheets with an "OOfff!" as Andres began to take off his suit.

"I hope you don't mind if I sleep in the nude Stephanie," he grinned.

"Um.... Well I think we... sh-should check where Grace is...," whispered Steph, whose head was spinning, although he stayed laser focused on Andres' body, refusing to deny himself the moment of watching Daddy reveal his full physique.

The tie came off, then the blazer. The shirt went....

Rippling abs. Swollen, smooth chest muscles.

Trousers now.. God it was too much.

'Slow down so I can take it all in..... '

Then the larger man was on the bed, looming over him.

"Fuck... Andres... wow just, just wait a sec....." he murmured, as he saw a swinging bulge barely contained by a pair of stretched out briefs.

"Ok just,.... Oh gosh, that's big....."

Andres slid his hand to the back of Steph's neck, taking a firm grip, whilst the other hand began to remove the boxers.

"S..Slow down, Daddy, please...." whispered Steph, as he looked at the underwear sliding over the head.... Of a humungous, black cock. He whimpered, the musk of Andres infecting him as he watched the glistening, swollen head, hovering inches from his legs, a pair of thick balls hanging just behind it. Before he could properly enjoy the sight, Andres had thrust his hands to Steph's thighs and pried them open.

"OH...Goodness, Andres!" he whispered, as his legs were forcefully thrust aside, settling them into the missionary position, Andres' weight pinning him to the bed.

Cock to cock. The two shafts rubbed together, electricity zipping through his member as it came into contact with Andres' beast. Steph's arms came to clutch his back, almost ready to beg as he

watched Andres reach for a huge tub of lube waiting ready on the bedside table.

"Let's just... just hang on a second..."

'He is so strong....'

Andres began to slather his cock in a huge amount of clear, viscous liquid.

"Andres, *Jesus*....."

Andres ignored Steph and slid his huge lubed up shaft downwards... towards Steph's ass.

The only thing between the glistening weapon and his asshole were a pair of laced panties.

Steph's head went numb as the dress was roughly hiked up to his hips, exposing his lower half.

"Oh fuck... Andres...."

His head was sliding at the covered entrance, silk pressing up into him as the slippery monster pried at his quivering hole.

"Andres please... I'll, I'll call you daddy forever, Just don't...."

Andres' eyebrow raised, nose to nose with Steph.

'His cock is so hot.'

"You'll do what?"

Steph's eyes were getting wet.

"I'll suck your cock daddy."

"Mmmm," rumbled Andres, who brought his lips to Steph and gave him a long, lingering kiss.

'Finally...'

Steph closed his eyes, any potential tears halted in their tracks as he felt the long tongue sliding into his mouth, exploring, teasing. That addictive tang of whiskey his tastebuds, mixed with a rough texture as the edges tickled the inside of his cheeks.

"Mpppphhhhh."

He moaned into Andres' mouth, unravelling into the kiss as his legs wrapped around the back of the man tonguing him deeply, sliding it back and forth. Hands snaked down his dress to clamp on his exposed butt cheeks, kneading the soft flesh, and Andres swirled in his mouth, occasionally leaving his tongue strong in the centre of Steph's lips so he could suck on it like a lollipop.

'So much man for tiny little me.'

He had never understood what he didn't possess as a man, but now he knew. He could never make a woman feel like this.... The strength. The control.

Then his hips were being pulled upwards, and he felt it.

Steph's eyes widened.

Andres's fingers were slipping the panties to one side, allowing his dick to come forward and press against Steph's anal ring. It felt massive against his butthole, which began cinching down against the spongy, mushroomed head, trying to prevent it pressing into him.

A cry escaped his lips.

"OH MY GOD ANDRES, WAIT, JUST *HUUUUHNNNNNN*!"

He shook as the head of Andres' cock forced its way inside him, and his whole body went into shock, terror warring with deep-sated lust as his legs trembled, butt-cheeks split asunder by the sheer girth of the weapon entering him.

"Oh my GOD!" he squealed, head rolling back as Andres drove into his anus.

The pain was difficult to take, and he scrunched his eyes shut as Andres' black snake spread his ass wide. He gripped every part of Daddy's body that he could reach to steal comfort and strength from his man.

"HUHHH, UNnnnn... Daddy, Daddy, Daddy *please*," he whined.

"That's it baby," uttered Andres into his ear, and his tone was strained as Steph realised he was holding back his immense power, probably so that he didn't break him in two.

"Yes Daddy," whimpered the young man into Daddy's shoulder as Andres planted a few kisses on his head and neck, which softened him, and then that huge invader was stealing up into his insides again, and he squealed as Andres showed Steph places inside himself that he had never known before.

"Holy... holy.... F.....Fu... *D-D-Daddy*!" he cried.

It felt like the man's cock was sliding beneath his belly button as it continued endlessly into him. The pain was intense, but so too was something else, something pleasurable, coming closer and closer.

Then a strange look crossed his face. Andres' cock had almost disappeared completely inside him.

'*I'm... I'm almost at the balls....*'

His eyes grew saucer-like in astonishment. The feeling was indescribable.

After a few more seconds of steady pressure and quivering limbs, a juddering groan from Andres and a high-pitched whine from Steph sliced through the air as black hips met white ass, and they stared into each other's eyes as Steph was consumed, in complete and total submission to Andres, who was ten inches deep inside him.

"Oh my God," he whispered, mouth spreading wide as Andres imperceptibly rotated his hips on the surface, causing an earthquake to take place in Steph's abdomen.

"JESUS," he moaned as the girth stimulated every inch of his anal wall. It clung to Andres' dick like his body could not survive without it, and Steph started to understand how women felt, and fleetingly reckoned it had been the worst mistake of his life to let Andres' cock into him, until a huge thrust turned his brain upside down.

"OH OH... OH GOD, OH GOD YES, DADDY, JUST.. please just there.... *Oh... Oh my God yes*...," he moaned as Andres slid his dick into a perfect place inside him.

It was like being thrown ass first into heaven, speared on the dick of Zeus himself as he clung to the granite of Andres' back. He didn't know where to start, it was so large, so *hot*, throbbing with Daddy's heartbeat....

Then the beast began pulling out again.

"No, *noooo*..." murmured Steph because he didn't want it to leave, and Andres smirked as he drove himself heartily back into his babygirl, crushing her into the bed.

"*OOOOOHHHHHH*!" cried Steph as his insides came alive like never before, shockwaves spreading to the tips of his fingers as his nails dug into Andres' back, and he found himself uncontrollably whining, "YES, oh *yes*..." over and over into Andres' shoulders as the black beast throbbed inside his anal walls.

"Want me to stop?" Andres said quietly, knowing full well that Steph would categorically refuse to let him stop. She was covered in a slutty dress, drool running from the sides of her mouth with his cock buried inside her and gagging for more. Steph's life as a straight male was over.

"No!" whimpered Steph, alarmed. "Just... just move inside me, just for a bit, I want to feel it, maybe once or twice...." he said, trying to sound curious but instead coming across as starving, eyes lighting up as she gazed down eagerly at her belly where Andres' cock must have been.

"You want me to take you?" he said, teasing Stephanie with a little rotation of the hips.

Steph nodded his head furiously, and opened his lips, ready for Daddy to pull him in for a passionate kiss.

Andres sated his need, meeting Steph's mouth with a violent tonguing, making savage, animalistic moans as he took her, bullying her tongue around her mouth and grunting into her face.

'This is incredible.'

Steph then did something which made Andres go wild with passion, pushing Andres back briefly so he was able to pull his knees up to his shoulders so that he was near folded in half, utterly exposed from the waist down for a brutal fucking.

"Fuck me, Daddy" said the cherry red lips of Stephanie, and Andres's mouth opened in shock.

"You're.. how are you so flexible?" he whispered, eyebrows raised.

"I never told you... I did ballet Daddy," he giggled, wiggling his ass happily.

Andres responded with a wild groan as he began to pound the young girl with terrifying intensity.

Steph's smile vanished the moment he was hit by a thunderous *SMACK* of hips on his ass, the huge cock finding a place inside that took everything in his life that he had ever experienced and rendered it all meaningless. He had found eutopia.

Andres started breeding Steph like there was no tomorrow, pounding him so that the two figures were bouncing up and down, the young man's entire body being ploughed into the mattress as Andres' powerful legs and arms worked to piston himself inside her at full speed.

Bedsprings squealed, and dull thuds shook the walls as the Steph was fucked into the mattress by the force of his lover, headboard thumping against the wall and heartfelt cries adding to a cacophony now echoing through the hallways of the villa. The feeling of having a black man's chest pressed against his thighs was something Steph would never have dreamt of, but it now consumed him entirely as his

brain was rewired into new heady heights of pure pleasure, gazing into the fury of Andres' face, his large brow creased as he buried himself in Steph's ass.

Steph was so overcome that he could do nothing but hold on for dear life and moan as the bull on top of him rode him like he'd never fuck a woman again, slamming his cock over and over into its new home of Steph's body.

SMACK "*UGH!"* *SMACK* *"OH!"* *SMACK* *"YEEEUS!"*

A torrent of heady blows left Steph gasping for breath, compressed beneath the weight of a man twice his size as he was speared on the man's love stick. The pleasure was immense, and he found himself spasming as the first incredible orgasm hit, back arching as it tore through every fibre of his being.

Then Andres pulled back, raising himself up and pulled Steph's legs up, ankles next to his round shoulders.

"I think someone's excited," he breathed, pulling the dick-drunk Steph's dress up to reveal his tiny cock which was furiously hard, leaking white liquid onto her belly and positively quivering with need as it waited for the next deep stimulation from its big black brother, ready to pop all over the pretty red dress hiked up to Steph's midriff.

Stephanie let out a tiny whimper of happiness, lips curling into an odd, detached smile as she was too busy feeling everything that Andres' black cock had to give her, the flared edges of Andres' helmet rubbing against her prostate which was sending particularly pleasurable sensations rippling through her body.

"F....fu-me-....Unnn..."

Andres was impressed with how Steph felt almost moulded to his manhood, the entrance to his asshole loosening and then clamping down in steady rhythm that showed Stephanie was already a desperate bottom for Andres' dominant top.

"Can't talk huh?" he said with an intense expression of satisfaction on his face.

"N.....*UHnn*....!" drivelled Stephanie, simply unable to deal with all the beautiful sensations emanating from the chocolate ass-destroyer.

"N...Hnnn...."

"Good girl," said Andres quietly, and the demented beaming smile that splayed haphazardly on the young girl's face made him gasp with pleasure as the innocent young figure begged him to take her, not with words, but with actions, humping her little butt so fast on his cock that he had to stop his movements just to enjoy the utter need emanating from every depraved thrust of her butt back onto his cock.

"Oh you dirty girl," he admonished, spanking her ass hard so that she let out a small trill.

"*Oooomph*!" Steph sang, before shoving her butt even harder into Andres' cock.

"Oh baby come here," he said, pulling her as he rolled to the side so that she ended up on top of him, barely pressing down on him with her laughable frame.

"Ride me baby."

"Y....Y-yes Daddy!" she uttered, excited, and without further ado, began to bounce so high on Andres' hips that he could see almost every inch of his cock except the head leave Steph's abused hole on the way up, before disappearing like a magic trick back inside his body.

Andres felt his manhood throb every time Steph hilted all the way down, and he felt a deep growing affection for the young girl as she greedily absorbed that fat cock inside her again and again.

A fuck-rhythm began to take place for a long while, Stephanie letting out light gasps every time she dropped herself violently straight down on top of Andres' penis. She was insatiable, finding stamina from somewhere to keep pounding herself on the black obelisk,

debasing every last inch of her insides with the thick organ which was becoming her new favourite toy in the whole wide world.

"God take me, take me," she moaned, plunging over and over into Andres' weapon, meeting the skin with her tender cheeks which were turning scarlet from the constant battering they were receiving. It didn't curb her desire, and Andres thought for one moment that she had fucked herself unconscious, but Steph let out a disoriented giggle, fluttering half-opened eyelids, and jiggled her hips.

"My God," he groaned, as Steph bent forwards and began to moan into her lover's chest, the world around her having become nothing but Andres. She bounced, gyrated, twerked, and at one point kissed him so passionately that she almost managed to tease him into blowing his load right there and then.

As it was he managed to push her up so she was sitting on him, and she promptly began to judder her cheeks up and down, a new feeling that was rapid and tight, and Andres had to control himself as Stephanie's facial expression showed she was having another body-racking orgasm, eyes lidded and fluttering, whore lips forming a gleaming red circle in the darkness, her tiny cock leaking steady dribbles of white cum onto the chest of her man.

Fuck," muttered Andres. Steph was too good on top, and Andres knew the girly slut would make him fill her instantly if he let her control things a second longer. He couldn't believe how hard Steph had been turned, and it was making him want to breed her more than any man or woman alive.

He grabbed her by the arms in a harsh grip and flung her body underneath him, and Stephanie began to rub her nipples playfully, until all playfulness was torn from her as Andres subjected her to a hideous pounding that sent her into immediate raptures as his cock attacked her prostate, extracting orgasms like Pepsi from a soda machine, an endless stream of bliss as he bullied the boy underneath him so hard that he could barely breath.

Steph groaned, gazing into Andres' ecstatic expression, fervently accepting every violent stroke that found it's home inside his ass, and they both shared a long look of deep passion, truly feeling each other in that moment as they connected inside Steph's body, Steph desperately gyrating her hips so that Andres could go as deep as possible inside her, to mould her, breed her.

"I love you," Steph managed to utter, and Andres found every muscle in his body tightening as the girl professed her desire to him. The words and Steph's emphatic expression of adoration drove Andres so far over the edge he thought he might pass out.

"Love you too" he grunted back, then roared like a lion as every last drop of cum from his balls fired up his shaft, trying to give Steph the strongest, most beautiful black baby possible as they began to explode out of Andres' shuddering weapon and into Steph's asshole.

Steph grabbed a hold of her Daddy's back and held on for dear life, screaming as the pressure inside him sent his whole torso into shockwaves of delight, and his whole body felt like it was vibrating from the bone-shaking orgasm that ripped through him, melting his brains. For ten seconds nothing existed of Steph except a drooling slut as he fulfilled his ultimate purpose of receiving a pipeline of black man's sperm.

Andres felt pleasure spread through his body, and collapsed, grunting and satisfied on top of his freshly fucked girl, still writhing beneath him.

He briefly raised himself up to make sure Steph was okay, having emptied so much cum into her that he reckoned she might have passed out, but when he checked her Steph was smiling so wide that it looked like she had just taken a hit from several class A drugs in one go and was now riding the high.

"*I lo.....love you,"* Steph breathed, chest heaving. She was sprawled in the bed, broken, and utterly sated.

"Baby.. wow, you're incredible" said Andres, regaining his breath and smiling down at Steph whose eyes were glazed over, staring in the

middle distance as her arms spasmed, still in the aftermath of one of the most intense feelings of bliss in her entire life.

"D.... Da...."

His limbs fell heavily to the bed, and there was a wet plunger sound as a huge space opened up inside him, and with a spluttery *POP*, Andres' cock exited his ass. The following sensation was something that would repeat in his head for days afterwards, as a flood of his Daddy's cum exploded out of his ass and onto the bed.

"Oh damn," whispered Andres, raising Steph's legs so that his bottom half was totally open to be observed, a creampie so large that it was almost inhuman to have so much cum flowing out of him.

Steph let Andres watch him pour cum all over the bed whilst drifting off to sleep, so overcome that he couldn't prevent his eyelids closing as Andres kissed his ankle, holding it in the air, a flood of hot jizz trickling down his buttcrack.

'*Yes Daddy*,' he thought happily, as he closed his eyes to dream of Andres.