

Entangled

by John Dylena

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a **Pink Skirt Press** story

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If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

A Warning from the Author:

In addition to the adult content disclaimer mentioned before, this story contains themes and subject matter that some readers may find **offensive** or **upsetting**, including but not limited to, insulting language for the purpose of degradation/humiliation.

Reader discretion is advised.

For Sealguy,

Whose art has inspired more than just this story...

I always try to be very careful. Especially now that it's been twice that my two roommates, Julian and Isaac, nearly caught me. I don't know how I was able to get away with it the second time. Frankly, it was a fucking miracle, and you know how the saying goes: don't look a gift horse in the mouth. I'm not going to go questioning the divine and how I managed to escape intact. I'm just going to chalk it up to a combination of brain rot from too many years partying and them just not giving a shit.

I don't remember when I started crossdressing. It was sometime in my early teens. Having an older sister who was the stereotypical slut meant I had access to a wide variety of scandalous attire and she didn't seem to notice when some of her lingerie went missing, or a run appeared in her stockings, or I left a small scuff mark on her high heels. She was a partier, always coming home super late and drunk on weekends, so she must've thought the damage was her own fault. Her going off to college was a godsend. Her closet was mine for months on end, and she was none the wiser.

Everything changed once I left for college. I couldn't take the clothes with me, and I had little to no privacy in the dorms. No way in hell I'd try to stash away girl clothes. So I was left with trying to find different ways to "satisfy my urges".

It's funny. My fetish for wearing girls' clothes evolved faster and deeper my first year at college than it did in the previous five of dressing up at home. That's the power of the internet, I guess. I discovered so much more, so many things that made my cock rock hard to the point where I'd have to wander off to the showers just to get off. I couldn't wait to get home to my secret stash of my sister's clothes. I even started buying my own, somehow managing to sneak things behind my aloof parents – shoes, wigs, lingerie... even some toys.

I always considered myself straight. Even though I've got a realistic dildo tucked away in my closet back home. Even though I occasionally suck on it and slide it into my ass. That first time I came from anal was... well, liberating. Still. I'm straight. Not into dudes.

College was also where I met Julian and his best friend, Isaac. Julian was my roommate in junior year. How a guy like him made it to year three of college astounds me. Always out drinking and partying hard with his frat brothers. Even worse was when he started dating my sister. It didn't last long, but somehow they kept coming back to each other.

I had hoped to find some high-paying job after graduating so I could buy a house and not have to rent, but destiny, it seems, has a cruel sense of humor because I ended up living with Julian and Isaac. Apparently, I can thank my sister. Somehow, she convinced Julian to let me rent out the third room. I must've been the only one of Julian and Isaac's friends with an income. It's a really nice townhouse, three bedrooms, two and a half bathrooms. They're 'letting' me have the master, despite the fact that I'm paying the most rent between the three of us.

Soon I'll have enough to buy my own place. I cannot wait.

But, for now, I'll have to settle for when Julian and Isaac go on their "bro trips" together. This one, in particular, they've been counting down to for months, and in a somewhat similar way, I too have been counting down to it. It's their annual trip to the lake, a weeklong alcohol-fueled extravaganza with all the other river rats and partiers. Which means I have the place to myself for the entire week.

I've been waiting for this for so long. I've been slowly building a collection here, keeping it all tucked away in my closet and bathroom. Lingerie, heels, wigs, makeup, accessories, sex toys. Sneaking it in here or there when I could, trying on things to make sure they fit, but I could never stay dressed for long. Nearly getting caught with a pair of stockings on, some remnants of lipstick.

I've been looking forward to this for so long. Not since before college have I had this much time alone. I finally get to experiment with chastity and fulfill my lifelong fantasy of cleaning up this pigsty dressed as a sissy maid. I was so relieved when I tried on the pair of light green heels. I searched high and low to find something that matched my maid outfit. I was originally just going to go with the typical black maid's dress, but when I stumbled upon the light green one, I knew I just had to buy it. I mean, my favorite color is green, and there's something about

the light green of this dress that has a particularly feminine quality to it.

Everything was ready.

All I had to do now was wait.

To say it was agonizing is the understatement of the century. I sat in the living room watching TV while Julian and Isaac haphazardly finished packing. They were supposed to have left already, yet they were still loading the car. At this rate, it'll be sundown by the time they get their stupid asses on the road. I was so anxious and frustrated that I nearly leapt from the couch and bolted upstairs the moment the car pulled out of the garage. But I waited. I needed to give them a chance to come back because the odds were high they would forget something. On one short weekend trip they left without their cooler of beer!

I watched the clock more than whatever was on TV.

An hour passed.

After two hours, I ran upstairs. At long last.

I started with a hot shower and shaved my entire body smooth, during which I had to stop to jerk off. I was so turned on by the thought of what was coming that I just couldn't contain myself. It ended up working out, because immediately after getting out of the shower I slipped into the chastity cage. A bright, hot pink piece of plastic that went on effortlessly. Almost immediately after I clicked on the small lock, my cock hardened. Or at least it tried too. Fuck, it felt so good. So strangely wonderful. My cock locked away, unusable. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to find a cage that would fit comfortably. I managed to sneak in some trial runs, even managing to wear it overnight once a month ago.

Then came the plug. I was nervous about this one, afraid it might be too big. But with enough lube and even more patience, I got it in. It wasn't easy, and I nearly gave up more than once, but that moment it slipped into place? Let me just say, wow! This is... this is so amazing. My cock twitched in its cage, begging for release so it can harden. Oh, god, this is... wow. It's almost addicting. But I'm far from finished. I'm only just getting started.

Stockings came next. A nude pair with a built-in garter belt. A blessing, since I hated fiddling with those stupid little clips. As wonderful as stockings are, it's a thousand times better to put them on over freshly shaved legs. The sensation never fails to make me quiver, to bite my lip as I stifle a moan. My cock protested again, trying so hard to break free of its cage. This time, a little dollop of precum trickled out, and I couldn't help but catch it with my finger and bring it to my lips.

I slipped into a pair of light green panties before planting myself in front of the mirror at my vanity and getting to work. I didn't consider the fact that sitting would only push the plug deeper but, after a few moments of concentration, I was able to clear my head of lewd thoughts so I could focus on my makeup. As tempted as I was to try to paint myself into a porn star, I stuck with a more modest application; glossy strawberry-red lipstick, lavender eyeshadow, though I may have gone overboard with the fake eyelashes.

Another squirt of precum oozed into my panties as I applied the lipstick. There's just something so hot about it. It almost makes my mouth water. With the makeup done, all that was left to do was to get dressed.

"Holy fucking shit," I mumbled as I stared at my reflection. I couldn't believe how amazing it all turned out. Better than I ever hoped. The matching heels and maid outfit—which was ridiculously short—the blonde up-do wig, white elbow-length gloves, pearl necklace, and matching clip-on earrings. If it wasn't for the fact that I had no breasts, I'd look convincingly female. Well, except for the small, but noticeable bulge in my panties. Because of the petticoat, the hem of the dress shoots out, so my crotch is plain for all to see.

A shiver ran down my spine as my knees buckled. I couldn't believe how... how amazing this felt. I'm so turned on. I can feel my cock trying so hard to burst out of its cage. I want to jerk off so badly, but I can't. I have to earn that reward.

This place is filthy, and I need to get started.

I don't know how I didn't hear the garage door open. I was in the living room, dusting the entertainment center, when the door opened.

"Yo, Todd! We forgot—what the fuck?!"

I froze. Literal deer in the headlights as I stared back at Julian, duster still hovering over the used and abused Xbox.

Isaac called out from the garage. "Something wro—" He drifted off as he stepped through the door. "Holy fucking shit. Todd?"

My heart pounded in my chest. It felt like it was going to burst out of my ribcage like the creature from *Alien*. There was no way I could get out of this one. I was plain and simply fucked.

Julian blinked out of his daze. "Dude, what... the... FUCK?!"

Somehow, I managed to speak through my clenched throat. "Hey, guys—"

"Dude, are you some kind of faggot or something?" Isaac said.

"No, I'm—"

"Bullshit," Julian interrupted. "Dressed like that? I knew you were homo."

I dropped the duster and raised my hands. "Guys, I can explain. Please."

Julian laughed as he shook his head. I took a step forward, but it was too late. Both of them had their phones out. Each *click* of the phone's camera made my heart sink deeper and deeper. I'm so royally fucked.

"Dude," Isaac tapped Julian's shoulder. "He's even got panties on. Why do I see pink?"

"Take them off," Julian said. "Show us what you've got under there, fag."

I bit my lip. My face burned. I was probably redder than a tomato.

"Hurry up!" Isaac shouted.

I diverted my gaze as I pulled down my panties.

"Fucking hell!" Julian laughed. I heard the *clicks* of the phone camera. "He's got on a chastity cage! What a fucking faggot!"

"Hey!" Isaac shouted at me. "What's your girl name? I bet it's something really girly."

"Yeah, sissy, what's your girl name?" Julian held out his phone. "Tammy? Tanya?"

"Tiffany?" Isaac jeered.

"Tina," I whispered.

"Louder fag!" Julian said.

"My name's Tina."

"Say it again, but with a girl's voice."

"Oh! And curtsy too," Isaac added.

I can't lie. I've practiced my girl voice. It's pretty terrible, but still. I did as they commanded, and the two of them burst out in laughter. I blushed and looked away. This was the worst thing to ever happen. But, strangely enough, intertwining with all the humiliation and the pain, was a thrill. Some part of me liked it.

"Oh, fuck, wait until your sister sees these! I wonder if she knew that she had a faggot as a brother? I bet you wore all her clothes too!"

"Did you jerk off in her skirts?" Isaac asked. "Masturbate in her panties? Thinking about how much of a gay boy you are? Thirsting over cocks?"

"Please, don't!" I stepped toward them, hoping to grab their phones, but they were too quick. They knew what I'd try. "I'll do anything!"

I regretted that instantly.

Julian glanced over at Isaac. "Anything?"

Isaac returned the glance.

Julian motioned with his chin. "On your knees."

Trembling, I lowered myself and waited.

With a wide, devilish smile, Julian positioned his camera and said, "Say 'my name is Tina and I am a sissy faggot' for us."

I bit my lip as my body trembled. My heart raced.

"Do it now!" he barked.

I opened my mouth and did as he ordered. "My name is Tina and I am a sissy faggot."

My body reacted, but not how I expected. Instead of breaking out into tears, my cock pulsed, and fluid leaked onto the floor.

"Holy shit. Dude," Isaac said, "he's getting turned on by that!"

"While, I'll be." Julian looked down past the hem of my dress to the floor. It was plain to see. "Do you enjoy being called a dirty little faggot? Huh, Tina? Do you like that?"

I wanted to shake my head no, to tell them to fuck off, but I couldn't do it. I'd be lying right now if I said I wasn't the most turned-on I've ever been.

"Do you want to suck my dick, faggot?" Julian grinned. "I'll bet you do. Sissy fags love cock, don't they?"

Before I could think about it, I nodded. More fluid dripped onto the floor.

"Well, if you don't want your sister finding out she has a gay ass faggot for a brother, get on with it."

Isaac cheered as I reached for Julian's zipper. My hands quivered as I felt his cock through his pants. It was hot and hard and so different from my own. I pulled down the zipper and then reached in, tentatively, to fish his cock out of his briefs. It was far bigger than I thought, as big as the dildo lying on my bed, waiting for me. I refused to look up at them as I wrapped my hand about the shaft. Eyes closed, I leaned forward and wrapped my lips around his quickly hardening dick. The smell was... intoxicating. A strong, heady odor, a manly musk that made me a little lightheaded.

"Is this your first cock, sissy?" Julian said.

I nodded.

"I don't believe you," he said. "I'll bet you've sucked dozens of cocks."

Fuck. Why is this so... so... why does it feel so good? I'm not gay. I don't like men. But... here I am, halfway down on my roommate's cock, and I'm sure if my own wasn't locked up in a plastic cage it'd be stiff as a board.

Julian placed his hand on the back of my head, urging me on. "Shit, sissy, you suck dick better than your sister! That's it. All the way. Deepthroat me faggot."

Somehow, I did. Maybe it was all the practice with my dildo, or maybe being a slut ran in the family, but I swallowed that thing to the root. I felt his cock slide across my tongue, poke at the back of my throat, and then force its way down. I'd never felt so full before in my life. What was worse, now that I had it in me, I didn't want to let it go.

In the corner of my vision, I saw Isaac undo his pants. Moments later, he pressed his already-erect dick up against my cheek.

"Well, don't leave me hanging," Isaac said. "I want in on this too."

Julian pushed him aside. "Wait your turn, dude. This fag's gotta make me cum first. I'm sure she's craving my seed. Aren't you, Tina?"

Fuck. I... I can't deny it. I want it. Why do I want it so bad? Why does this feel so good? Why does it turn me on so much when they call me these names? And why can't I stop my tongue from making love to his cock while I sucked. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Julian didn't warn me. Before I knew what was happening, he grunted, twitched, and something hot and sticky filled my mouth. It tasted awful, and I gagged as some of it went down my throat, but I couldn't catch a break. Julian pulled out as he finished cumming, the last remnants of his load streaking onto my face.

That? That I liked. There was something so slutty about feeling a man's seed splattering my face, dripping off my nose and glistening my lips.

I was barely able to catch my breath before Isaac slid his cock into my mouth.

It wasn't nearly as big as Julian's, and while I should've tried to resist, tried to fight back, I found that I couldn't. It was as if... no... I...

I opened wide, took it inside, and closed my mouth about it. I caressed its underside with my tongue and sucked for all I was worth. It was too short to reach very far down my throat, but I knew it was my job to try.

Isaac came a lot quicker than Julian. That, or I completely lost track of how long I've been sucking his cock.

"Oh shit," Julian said. "We need to get going. Can't believe we almost forgot."

"You think..." Isaac gestured down at me. "You think we should bring her?"

I looked up at Julian as I wiped the cum off my face with my gloved hand. I could see the gears turning in his head but, after a few moments, he shook his head. "Nah, why share her when we can have her all to ourselves?"

Isaac stuffed his limp cock back into his pants and my two roommates ran off to grab whatever it was that they came back for. I remained on my knees, letting my mind process what had just happened. For a moment there I thought they would bring me with them. The thought made me shudder.

But I wasn't sure whether it was with fear or arousal.

Excitement or disappointment.

"I want this place sparkling, you hear me, Tina?" Julian said. "Not a speck of dust, or else."

I finally managed to get onto my feet. "You're going to delete those pictures, right? You promised!"

Julian sneered. He glanced over at Isaac, who had a cooler tucked under his arm and two massive bottles of tequila in the other. "When did I promise that? Nah, and based on that puddle on the ground where you were kneeling, I think you enjoyed it just as much as we did. See you in a week, sissy. Don't stop practicing!"

They laughed as they went back out into the garage. I could hear them talking about it as they loaded up the car. I stood by the window and watched them leave. I kept staring, for what could've been hours, before finally peeling myself away from the window and staggering back to where it all went down. There was a puddle of cum where I'd been kneeling. No way it was any of theirs – all of that would've landed on my maid outfit.

I sighed, picked up the duster, and got back to cleaning.

"Fuck! You really do give great head, Tina, you sissy faggot."

I moaned in response. It was hard to say anything with Julian's cock in my mouth. He was on the couch watching a football game. Isaac was next to him. I could see the bulge in his jeans as he waited his turn.

It's been a month since the fateful day when my two roommates returned back to the house to pick up some things they forgot. When they came back from their trip later, they laid some ground rules. I wasn't allowed to dress like a boy anymore, except for when I leave for work. Every morning and night I give them blowjobs, plus extra ones on the weekends. I find it difficult to clean our place when they insist on interrupting me with spur-of-the-moment blowjobs.

Or bend me over the couch when I'm trying to vacuum. That was new to me, and sometimes they forgot the lube, but it got easier every time. Something about that maid outfit really turns us all on!

I don't mind it anymore, not really. In fact, I've really come to enjoy it. The names they call me? They think they're being hurtful when, in fact, it really turns me on.

They keep taking pictures of me, thinking I'm afraid of what would happen if they shared them. I find it so hot. Especially when one of them is fucking me and they record me moaning and crying out as they slam their cocks deep into my asshole. Or, as I started calling it, my boipussy.

I always figured I was straight. Normal guy, into women and all that, despite my rather ravenous interest in

crossdressing. Turns out, I'm actually a flaming cocksucking sissy faggot! All it took was my two roommates to open my eyes to the truth.

I can't ever go back.

Not after what they've shown me.

"Oh, fuck me, Daddy!" I shout as I bounce up and down on Julian's cock. His was the first cock I sucked and the first cock I ever rode. He fit me so much better than my dildo ever had. He was hard and hot, with just the right kind of flexibility. His head was fat enough to stretch me inside, and the veins in his shaft felt amazing when they rubbed my prostate. The longer I've been in chastity, the larger and more sensitive it had become.

"Fuck, Tina you're especially cockhungry today, aren't you, you sissy faggot?" He really does like it when I call him Daddy. I called Isaac all sorts of names, but never Daddy. That was reserved for Julian.

"Yes, Daddy!" My voice was a feminine squeal all the time now. I didn't have to pretend, not anymore. "Oh, fuck me, Daddy!"

I guess getting caught wasn't so bad after all.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading *Entangled*, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena