



Filling In

John Dylena



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Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Filling In](#)

[Afterword](#)

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by John Dylena

Wyrnwood Publishing and Editing

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Smashwords Edition

a Pink Skirt Press story

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This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

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

Enjoy.

Mark dropped his head onto his desk after reading the first sentence of the rejection email. He had lost count of how many cut and pasted rejection letters he had received in the past month and a half, but it was enough to put the idea of changing his major into his head.

A film student at a top notch film school, he was required to work as an intern at a film studio. Without this internship, he couldn't graduate.

When he first heard about it during his freshman orientation, he was so excited by the possibility of working with some big name studio and getting to interact with A-list celebrities and directors whose movies were among the best ever created.

Senior year finally came around and he started sending off his applications. One by one his film school friends were getting accepted, all bragging about which major motion picture company they got into.

But for Mark, every response was a rejection, and with each reply, his heart sank further. He branched out, applying for positions at smaller, more independent studios, figuring they would welcome the help.

Just like the major studios, Mark got denied from them as well.

It had gotten to a point where he typed in "movie studios" into the search bar and applied to every one that popped up in the results. He moved the cursor over the link to the next one and hesitated.

"AltFetish Studios?" he said, reading the link aloud. He looked back over his shoulder and got up from his desk. Poking his head out his bedroom door, there was no sign of either of his roommates in his apartment.

He clicked the link and his jaw dropped.

"Nope!" he said, quickly moving his cursor to the corner to exit out of the tab.

But for some reason, his finger refused to move and exit out of the page. His eyes skimmed over the details, lingering on the hot women and trying to avoid the men dressed in lingerie or the shemales posing alongside them.

At the bottom of the screen he saw the word, “Contact.”

Every other studio I've applied to has said no, he thought as he stared at the webpage. The internship has to be at a film studio, and this is a film studio...

“Ah, fuck it!” he mumbled, clicking the link at the bottom.

Mark quickly typed in his information, letting whomever it was that operated the studio know that he was a film student needing an internship.

With the email sent, he decided to call it quits, and instead of exiting the page, he found himself navigating through it, his curiosity building as he browsed through the titles the studio produced.

He clicked on each one and read the short synopses, and even scrolled through the image galleries and short video trailers for female domination videos with gorgeous women dressed in skin-tight leather, with both men and women at their heels.

Mark watched a preview of a man dressed up like a woman by his wife and forced to suck the cocks of her coworkers, followed by one with a guy getting fucked by a shemale.

Hearing the front door close and a knock on his bedroom door, he quickly closed out of the page.

“Mark you in here?” his roommate yelled.

“Yeah, what’s up?” he replied.

Mark slid back from his desk and went to stand up, only to realize that he had a massive erection. What the fuck? I got turned on by that?

“We’re going over next door to the party. Want to come? I heard Anne is going to be there.”

Anne, with fiery red hair and jade-green eyes; Mark had a crush on her since the start of the semester. She sat a couple rows in front of him in his History of Science Fiction class, but he hasn’t built up the nerve to ask her out.

“Yeah, just a sec!” He stood up and willed his boner to go away before opening his door. But try as he might, the images and videos from the fetish site remained.

“Were you watching porn in there?” Steven asked. He has his back to the wall, and standing next to him holding two cases of beer was Zack, his other roommate. “It sounded like porn.”

“Yeah, it was,” Mark replied sheepishly, scratching his head.

“Whatever, let’s get going before all the women get taken,” Zack said, walking toward the front door.

“Dude! You gotta tell us what happened!” Steven said, stumbling through the front door of the apartment. Zack came in right after and the three roommates made their way into the living room.

Mark had been grinning like an idiot ever since he came out of the bedroom of the house next door, holding onto Anne’s hand. Her hair was disheveled, and her clothes were hastily put back on.

“How good was she?” Zack asked, opening up another can of beer.

“The best. And then there was this.” Mark tossed his phone to Steven before lying down on the couch.

“Holy shit, man! No way.”

“Let me see!” Zack said, quickly moving next to Steven. The two men ogled at the picture Mark had on his phone. Before she got dressed, Anne took a selfie of her naked torso. The top half of her face was cut off, showing nothing more than her ruby red lips and her fair skin and rosy nipples.

“She gave me her number, too. I’ll be seeing her again tomorrow,” Mark said, swiping his phone away from his horny roommates. “Good night, gentlemen, and sweet dreams.”

“You gotta send us that photo!” Steven said.

“Not on your life,” Mark said as he closed his bedroom door.

He tossed his phone on his bed and shuffled over to his computer. He woke it up from his sleep and opened up his email, groaning as he read through two more rejection letters.

Until he read the reply from AltFetish Studios.

Mark,

Thank you for your interest in our studio. We have been shorthanded recently, which has slowed down our production, and would be more than glad to have you help out around the studio. I’m sure a film student such as yourself would rather work at a major motion picture studio, but over there it’s all work and no fun. We’re a tight-knit production company and everyone is treated with respect and dignity.

Looking forward to your reply,

Ricardo

Owner, AltFetish Studios

He sat back in his chair and reread the email, remembering what a classmate had told him about his workload. At first Mark was jealous of him, as he got a spot at the studio that was Mark’s first choice. It started out fun, his friend said, getting to see all the fancy equipment and stuff, but after a couple of days it became a nightmare.

He worked long days with very few breaks, and everyone treated him like a

slave. No one even called him by his name. They called him “intern” and had him go on coffee runs and lug equipment around the set. He was forbidden to speak to the actors, and the director didn’t even acknowledge his existence.

It’s not like I have any other options available to me, Mark thought as he started typing up a reply. It could be fun, and those women are gorgeous.

He sent the message expressing his interest in working with the studio before going to bed, but not before opening up the picture Anne gave him and whipping out his hardening cock.

There was a reply waiting for him in his inbox the following morning, inviting him to stop by the studio. With nothing else to do this weekend but party, Mark took them up on the offer.

The studio was a short drive away, tucked deep inside an industrial complex. All the buildings were identical, some with company names on the sides. AltFetish Studios had no identifiable signs and their windows were darkly tinted with only the address on the glass.

Mark stayed in his car, waiting for someone to come in or out of the building. After twenty minutes of waiting for nothing, he got out of his car and walked up to the door.

“Hello, how may I help you?”

Mark stood in the small lobby, and after a few moments of looking around, he stepped up to the receptionist counter. The woman behind the desk was a petite brunette with her hair tied back in a ponytail.

“Sorry, but I think I got bad directions,” Mark said, looking back at the sparse waiting room.

It consisted of three chairs, a small table with magazines, and a potted plant in the corner. There were two other doors, one in the far corner with a “No Admittance” sign on it, and the other marked “restroom”.

“I’m looking for Ricardo?”

“What’s your name, sir?”

“Mark.”

“One moment. Please have a seat,” the woman said, gesturing to the empty chairs and picking up the phone.

“Ricardo, there is a Mark here to see you... of course.” She hung up and returned to her typing.

A couple minutes later, the “No Admittance” door and a Hispanic man came out.

“Mark? I’m Ricardo, and this is AltFetish Studios,” he said with a firm handshake.

“Oh good, I thought I was in the wrong place.” Mark smiled.

“Nah, we just like to keep our business incognito. Keeps the crazies away,” he laughed. “Let me give you a tour!” He walked over and opened the door and waved him in.

“That was Tina, our receptionist,” he said, closing the door behind him. The door led to a wide hallway with doors on either side. “She’s also the graphic designer. She made all the posters on the walls.”

Mark looked at each one as they walked down the hallway. They were large prints of the covers for the movies, with the models and actors all posing together.

As they walked down the hallway, Ricardo opened up each door and showed Mark what was inside. A couple were storage, others bathrooms with showers. There was a post production room, lounge, and an office.

He knocked twice before opening the door. “This is Marie’s office, my wife and co-owner of the studio. She takes care of the business side and I run the creative side.”

Marie waved to the two of them. “Hello, Mark. Welcome to the family,” she quickly said before returning to her phone call.

“We will be wrapping up our newest movie tonight, if you want to come by again,” he said, closing the door and rounding the corner at the end of the hallway. “Lisa and Amy are the only ones here at the moment. I can introduce you to them.”

“Sure,” Mark said, looking around.

Rounding the corner, the hallway ended with a pair of wide doors. Above them was a red and a green light.

“Red light means we’re filming and not to enter.” Ricardo said, pointing to the lights. “Since it’s green, it’s safe.”

He pushed open the doors, revealing a large sound stage. There were multiple sets and lighting equipment scattered round the large room. Mark recognized all of the sets from the pictures and trailers he saw on the website. In the corner of the sound stage were several couches and chairs, as well as low tables.

“Hair and makeup is that room, and the other one is wardrobe. That room is the kitchen.” Ricardo looked back to see Mark staring off in the direction of the couches where two gorgeous blondes chatted. He smiled as he put his hand on Mark’s back and pushed him in the direction of the women.

“Hey, ladies!” Ricardo said. “This is Mark, the intern.” The two women looked away from each other and smiled at Mark, who remained still. “Everything okay, Mark?” Ricardo asked.

Mark didn’t know how to say it gently. “Yeah, it’s just...” he whispered.

“Oh, I see,” Ricardo laughed. “That’ll take some getting used to.” He turned to the women. “He’s just shy, that’s all. He’s watched some of your videos.”

Mark turned bright red as the three of them laughed. Ricardo sat down on one of the couches.

“Mark, if you’re going to work at a porn studio, you’re going to have to get used to seeing the models,” Lisa said, standing up and walking toward him. She grabbed his hand and led him over to the couches. “Tell us more about

yourself.”

It had been a busy week for Mark. Between working at the studio and going out with Anne, he hadn't had a night to himself.

Ricardo was right; it did take some getting used to. Mark mainly helped move the equipment around the sound stage, but when they were filming he took turns assisting Tyler the cameraman, Tim who did lighting, and Bob who was in charge of sound.

Each day there was a different combination of people, and over the course of the week, Mark had met each one.

AltFetish Studios had a three regular dommes: Lisa, Vivian, and Winona. Lisa and Vivian were both blondes, and Winona was black.

In addition to the dommes, they had two recurring men: Butch and Oscar, both over six feet tall and incredibly muscular. But despite their physical appearance and the roles they played in the films, both men were very nice.

Amy and Jessica were the two female subs that were often paired with one of the dommes. But for Mark, the most awkward night was when he met Layla and Zena, two transwomen who still had their man-parts. They were both very beautiful, but it was proving difficult to get used to seeing them naked and fucking Amy, Jessica, or Oscar.

The one person Mark had yet to meet was Cole, the man who was often dressed up in lingerie with makeup and a wig. Two nights in a row he called in sick, and the third night he was a no-show without even calling in.

He silently watched Ricardo and Marie discuss the matter with Lisa. They had wrapped up the other projects and were about to start a new one where she would come home from work to find her boyfriend wearing her stockings. It would be the first in a series of shorts, and in each one, the boyfriend would become more and more feminized until he ended up sandwiched between Oscar and Butch.

“This isn't the first time he's done this,” Lisa sighed. “He pulled this shit

during the last movie as well.”

“He has become unreliable recently,” Marie said. “Not to mention he’s been demanding his full paycheck at the start of the project. I guess it’s time we cut him loose and find a replacement.”

“But that’ll take weeks!” Ricardo shouted. “Damn it, Cole, why couldn’t you put in a two weeks’ notice like a normal employee?”

“I think I have a solution to our problem.”

The color from Mark’s face vanished when Lisa pointed at him. All eyes turned toward him and his heart pounded in his chest.

Lisa walked up to him and inspected him. “He is the right build for this: slender with some muscle tone.”

Ricardo stroked his dark beard and turned toward Becca and Beatrice. “What do you think, ladies? Will he work?”

“He’s only a little shorter than Cole, so there will be no problem with the wardrobe,” Becca said.

Beatrice nodded. “And his face isn’t too masculine, so he’ll actually look more feminine than Cole ever did.”

“Well, I’m sold on it.” Ricardo clapped. “Mark?”

“I... I...” His eyes darted about, looking at the rest of the crew.

“Five hundred dollars,” Marie said. “You’ll be paid five hundred at the end of shooting tonight, than you’ll be paid another five hundred when we wrap in a couple days. Plus you’ll get a percentage of sales.”

Mark opened his mouth to speak, but words failed him. Never in his life had he ever worn women’s clothes, and the thought had never occurred to him, nor had the idea of being pegged.

The fact that Lisa was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen made it easier to swallow. And he had heard about how enjoyable it is to be

pegged, considering that the prostate is the male g-spot.

Then there was Anne. They had been going out for little over a week, but for some reason she seemed distant and reluctant to go steady with him. So it wasn't like he'd be cheating on her by doing this; he could say it was part of his job.

Besides, porn stars have SOs, and they still have sex on camera.

“Okay, I'll do it,” he sighed.

“Yes! Thank you, Mark!” Lisa hugged him. “Don't worry. I'll be very gentle with you, and like any other movie, we can cut and stop filming. I'll give you a safeword, and if you utter it, I'll immediately stop what I'm doing—no matter what.”

“Come on, Mark. We need to find you a pair of stockings and give you a little makeup.” Becca grabbed his hand and the two women led him away from the group into the makeup room.

“What the fuck, Mark?!” Lisa slammed the door to their bedroom and stormed up to their bed.

“I... I can explain!” he replied, climbing off of the bed and covering his erection.

“Yes, explain to me why you are wearing my stockings and jerking off.” She crossed her arms. Mark opened his mouth to explain, but she waved him off. “Actually, you don't need to explain. It all makes sense now.”

“What does?”

“My boyfriend is a sissy slut. And you know what happens to sissy sluts?” Lisa turned away from him, walked over to her dresser, and dug through the contents.

“What happens to them?” Mark said, looking over at her.

“They get fucked in the ass,” Lisa replied, pulling out a black leather harness with a flesh-colored dildo attached. He watched with wide eyes as she stepped into the harness, tightened it, and walked up to Mark.

“Bend over, slut!” she commanded, turning him around and pushing him onto the bed.

“And cut!” Ricardo shouted.

Mark let out a huge sigh as he rolled over onto his back.

Lisa handed him a robe and sat down next to him on the bed. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“It’s weird wearing stockings. It’ll be even weirder wearing the full get-up.”

“Oh, you’ll get used to it. In fact, I think you look good in stockings,” Lisa teased.

“That’s it for tonight!” Ricardo shouted. He walked up to Mark and Lisa. “Mark, have you ever been pegged before?”

“No, I haven’t.”

“Then we’ll need to you come quite a bit early tomorrow. Eat a light breakfast and have a liquid lunch. When you get here, we’ll clean out your insides and warm you up with a small plug.”

Lisa could see the frightened look on his face. “Don’t worry, Mark. I’ve pegged lots of guys. The first time is the hardest, but as long as we take it slow, you’ll be fine. Most guys I peg were skeptical or had no interest, but later thanked me for opening their eyes to it. Doesn’t make you gay or anything.”

“Thanks. I hope it’s as enjoyable as you say it is,” he sighed.

The following night, Mark discovered the joy of being pegged. He showed up when he was told to, and after prepping him, there was still plenty of time left, so Lisa offered a warm-up session with Ricardo’s approval.

In her private room, Lisa took Mark slowly and gently with the smallest strap-on they had. Afterward, she plugged him up and kept it there until filming started and she wielded the same one as the night prior. At the end of the night, Mark went home sore, but very satisfied.

“Oh, Mark, before you go...” Ricardo called out to him. “There has been a change in the script.”

“What is it?”

“Butch is out of town for a wedding, so instead of having him show up in the next part, we managed to secure a guest domme. She’ll play a friend of Lisa’s who helps further your feminization. Tomorrow you’ll be dressed in the full outfit and pegged by two ladies! Doesn’t that sound like fun?”

Ricardo slapped him on the back and left, laughing. Mark rubbed his face as he walked back to his car, planning on spending the remainder of his night in his bedroom, drinking himself to sleep.

Anne was waiting for him back at his apartment.

“How was work?” She poured herself a shot of whiskey.

“Fine,” he replied. “Is everything okay? Where’s Zack and Steven?”

“They went to a party. It’s just you and me here. Tell me about the studio you work at.” She tossed the shot back and poured herself another.

“It’s a small indie studio. I told you this already. What’s bothering you?”

“I start a new job tomorrow, and it’ll be difficult for me to stay in a relationship. I’m sorry Mark, but I’m breaking up with you.” She knocked back the second shot.

His jaw dropped. “What?”

“My job is very demanding, not to mention my schedule is never set in stone. I took a short break to catch up in school, so now I’m at a point where I can start working again.”

“I see,” he replied, dropping his head.

“Mark, you’re a really nice guy and all, it’s just... I felt like something was missing in our relationship, and it was awkward for me. I’m sure you’ll find someone.” She quickly took a third shot of whiskey before walking around the counter and kissing Mark.

“Enjoy that photo. We may not be a couple any more, but if you ever need an itch scratched, call me.”

Mark said nothing as he watched her leave the apartment. She closed the door and he stood in disbelief. When he finally snapped out of it, he grabbed the bottle of whiskey, a glass full of ice, and went to his bedroom.

He woke up the following morning with a terrible hangover and a strong desire to call in sick. As he wallowed in his misery, he was reminded of the wonderful pleasure of being pegged by Lisa.

Is this really happening to me? Am I growing fond of taking it in the butt from a beautiful woman? He sat up on his bed and scratched his head. Tonight, I’m going all the way. Dressed up like a woman and everything. God, I hope no one I know watches this.

Mark sat in his car for over half an hour building up the courage to walk through the front doors. It was weird enough wearing stockings, but tonight he was going to wear the whole thing.

He recalled the outfits that Cole had worn in the pass: short, tight dresses, stockings, high heels, miniskirts, and tied-off blouses.

Am I going to have to wear a mini-skirt and blouse? Like a schoolgirl? He leaned forward and pressed his head to the steering wheel, groaning.

There was a knock on his window, and Mark thought he was going to have a heart attack.

Standing next to his car was Lisa, holding back her laughter.

“Everything okay, Mark?” she said as he rolled down his window.

“Yeah, it’s just...”

“Nerves getting ya?”

“Yeah...”

“Look, Mark, no one is making you do this. You can always back out and no one will blame you. You think Cole was the first guy we hired? We went through ten guys before finding one that stuck around.”

He rolled up the window and got out of the car. “It’s just weird.”

“It’s weird because that is how society labels it and it’s what’s you’ve been conditioned to think. At least give it a chance. You’ll never know if you don’t try it. Besides, you can go back to being an intern when we find a permanent replacement for Cole.”

“You’re right,” Mark said with a nod. “Let’s do this.”

“Good! I’m excited for tonight. I’ve heard good things about our guest domme.” Lisa wrapped her arm around Mark and led him away from the car.

Inside, Lisa kept her arm around Mark as she led him down the hallway to the sound stage where Ricardo, Beatrice, and Becca were waiting for him.

“Okay so tonight we’re starting with Mark all dressed up, makeup, wig, and all. It’ll start with Lisa applying some lip gloss on Mark, telling him how pretty he is and whatnot, and about how her friend is coming over to have some fun with him.”

“Speaking of which, have we heard from her?” Lisa added.

“Nothing yet,” Ricardo replied, “but she should be here any minute.”

Lisa sighed. “I hope so. I really wanted to chat with her beforehand.”

“Mark: are you ready?” Ricardo asked, putting his hand on the former intern’s back.

“As I’ll ever be,” he sighed.

“Ladies, he’s all yours. Make a woman out of him.”

“Come on, Mark,” the two women said, taking his hands. “This will be fun.”

For the first time since Mark started working in the studio, he saw the inside of wardrobe.

“That’s... quite a lot of clothes,” he said, marveling at the rows. There was an assortment of mini dresses, skirts, blouses; leather and latex pieces, and a wide array of heels in every color and style. On top of the rows of clothing and shoes were wigs of various lengths and hues.

Becca browsed through the dresses. “Don’t worry, Mark. Everything is thoroughly cleaned and washed after it’s been worn. Let’s get you dressed.”

Mark sat in a chair and anxiously watched the two women mix and match outfits, wigs, and shoes. His mouth went dry and his throat clenched up when they finally decided on an outfit.

“It’s a good thing you’re not all that hairy, otherwise you would’ve had to shave before coming tonight,” Becca said, holding out the clothes.

“Nothing too trashy or slutty, but still very sexy,” Beatrice said, inspecting the dress. It was dark red and made of a stretchy fabric that would cling to his body, showing off every curve. It had a low neckline that would’ve put any cleavage he had on display.

“Since you’re already thin, there won’t be any need for a corset. Unless you want more defined curves?” The two women waited for his reply.

“No, no. I’m good.”

The two women pouted. “Cole never wanted to wear a corset either,” Becca lamented. “Someday...” she added wistfully.

“Okay, Mark, step into that changing room over there and strip out of your clothes. We’ll hand you your outfit piece by piece. Once you’re dressed,

we'll do makeup."

Inside the changing room, Mark's hands trembled. They took his clothes as he stripped out of them, and he stood naked with the black lace panties in his hands.

Lisa's words echoed in his head. Give it a chance.

Swallowing hard, he summoned the courage and stepped into the delicate underwear. He slowly pulled them up his legs until they gently caressed his groin.

Huh, these are... strangely comfortable, he thought, looking at himself in the mirror. It's almost like I'm wearing nothing at all. They're so light and delicate.

"Time's a-wasting, Mark," Becca called out. "Chop, chop!"

He quietly sighed as he clasped the bra behind his back and picked up the first rolled up stocking and pulled it up his leg. It gently caressed his skin, showing off his calves and toned thighs.

Mark stared at his stocking-clad leg until there was a knock on the changing room door and a reminder of the deadline. He quickly pulled on the second stocking before sliding into the heels and stepping into the dress, shimmying it up his body.

"Umm, I can't zip up the back," he shouted.

"Are you otherwise dressed?" Becca replied.

"Yes."

"Then open the door and come on out."

Mark reached for the knob, but an overwhelming sense of embarrassment kept his hand from turning it.

"What's the matter, Mark?" Beatrice said after a moment.

“I... I can’t do it.”

“Don’t be afraid. We’re not going to laugh or make fun of you. If we thought it was weird or gross, we wouldn’t work here. Come on out. I’m sure you look great.”

Mark took a couple of deep breaths and closed his eyes as he opened the changing room door. He stepped out in the main room, his hands together in front of him and his eyes on the ground.

His face was the color of his dress.

“Oh, wow, Mark! That outfit looks great on you. And once your makeup is all done, you’ll look even better.”

“Think so?” he asked, loosening up. “It just feels so... weird.”

“Everything is weird the first time you do it. Don’t worry.”

The two women grabbed his hands, led him through the door, and sat him down in the makeup chair.

“Let’s keep it a surprise,” Becca said, turning his chair away from the mirror.

The two women silently nodded and got to work on Mark’s face. When they finished and added the brunette wig, Mark’s transformation was complete.

“Not a hint of your old self visible. Ready for the big reveal?”

“Yes,” he replied, his voice trembling.

It was nerve-wracking watching them go to town on his face. They held nothing back and used every item in their arsenal to make him into a good-looking woman.

“I think this is our best work yet,” Beatrice said, turning Mark’s chair back toward the mirror.

“Holy shit,” Mark said, covering his mouth in shock. “I... I can’t believe

that's me! I look so feminine!"

"Come, Mark." Becca stuck out her hand. "Let's show the rest of the crew the new you."

He took a deep breath and the two women held his hands as they opened the door and led him out of the makeup room. Over by the lounge area of the sound stage, the rest of the crew, including both Ricardo and Marie, were gathered and chatting.

The sound of high heels on the concrete floor stopped the conversations and all eyes turned to Mark.

"No fucking way!" Lisa said, running up to Mark. She put her hands on his shoulders and smiled. "Mark, you look amazing." Everyone else walked up behind Lisa and joined in on complimenting Mark.

"Oh, right, let me introduce you to our guest domme." Ricardo said, squeezing through the crowd and placing his hand on Mark's shoulder. "Mark, this is Lady—"

"Anne?!"

A redheaded woman dressed in a shiny black leather outfit stepped through the crowd. She extended her hand and they both froze when they saw each other.

"Mark?!"

"Oh, this is perfect," Lisa laughed. She watched Mark and Anne stare dumbfounded at each other. "Please tell me you used to be a couple."

"We, uh—we were. Until yesterday," Mark said, pulling his gaze away from his ex. "This is why you broke up with me? 'Cause you're a domme?"

"Yes. It's difficult for me to maintain a healthy relationship with someone while I'm working as a domme. I'm still new to this whole thing, and I'm not experienced enough to keep my two lives separate."

"How long have you been doing this?"

“Almost two years now. I first discovered this part of me freshman year. Took me a while to realize what I am and when I did, I sought professional advice. I became an apprentice to another domme, and for the past year and a half, she’s mentored me and taught me everything she knows. Instead of starting out on my own, she told me to do some collabs with other dommes to build a network and learn from others.”

“She contacted me, and I eagerly accepted her offer. I know and highly respect the woman she trained under.” Lisa said. “But this... this is priceless.”

“So, Mark...” Anne folded her arms. “Have you always been a crossdresser?”

“No, today is actually my first time.” He looked down at his own outfit, inspecting his heels and adjusting the hem of his dress.

“I hope this won’t be the last,” Anne purred. “I like seeing you in a dress. Turns me on.”

Mark’s face turned bright red as Anne placed her hand on his cheek.

“This is great!” Ricardo cheered. “It’ll make the film more authentic. All right, ladies and gentlemen; let’s get to work!”

“Oh my, you look like such a slut,” Lisa said, applying a coat of gloss to Mark’s lips.

He sat on the bed in front of her, hands together on his lap, looking away from the blonde woman. She had changed out of her business attire into a corset, thong, and thigh-high leather boots.

Mark looked over to the bed where the strap-on harness waited.

“Pucker those lips for me,” Lisa commanded. “Good girl. I have a surprise for you tonight.”

“What is it, Mistress?” Mark asked, his voice soft and feminine.

“You remember Anne? My friend from work?”

“I do, Mistress.”

“Well, I told her about how I found you in my stockings and how I dressed you up like the slut you are. She’s on her way over and she can’t wait to fuck you. You like that, don’t you?”

“I do, Mistress.”

“Can’t wait to have another cock inside you? Tell me how bad you want another cock.”

“I want another cock inside me,” he begged.

“It’s a shame her boyfriend is out of town on work, otherwise she would’ve brought him along and you could’ve tasted a real cock.”

“Hello? I’m here,” Anne said, walking in through the door.

“Hello, Anne!” Lisa said, hugging her friend.

“Oh my god! Is this him?” Anne pointed to Mark.

“Her, Anne. That’s no man. She’s my personal slut and her name is Malinda.” She turned to Mark. “Ain’t that right?”

“Yes, Mistress. I’m not a man. I’m woman and a slut,” Mark, replied.

“Ready to have some fun?” Lisa asked, stepping into her harness.

“Am I ever!” Anne removed her heavy coat, revealing her skin-tight leather outfit and bright pink strap-on.

“Onto the bed, slut! Hands and knees,” Lisa commanded.

Mark silently obeyed and he climbed onto the bed. He didn’t look back as Lisa lubed up his asshole.

“Anne, since you’re the guest, how would you like to fuck my slut’s pussy?”

“Why, I’d love to!” Anne replied, taking the lube from Lisa and prepping her bright pink cock. “Thank you, Lisa.”

Lisa nodded as she climbed onto the bed and moved in front of Mark. “Well, what are you waiting for?”

Mark whimpered as he wrapped his lips around her fake dick. Anne crawled behind him and played with his ass before pressing the head of her cock against his opening and slowly pushing it in.

He moaned through the cock in his mouth as Anne gently buried herself deeper and deeper into him. Each time she thrust, she pulled out to the tip, then slowly inched her way back inside until his ass clamped down around her hilt. She moaned at the sensation of fucking him and how it pressed her strap-on against her clit.

The two women continued their assault on Mark, filling him from both ends, giggling and groaning as he hungrily slobbered all over Lisa’s dick. His thighs quivered as Anne picked up the pace behind him, bucking her hips in a wild frenzy, desperate to ramp up the friction on her clit. He knew she was close.

He was close, too. The curved tip of her thick strap-on was prodding at his sweet spot, filling his own dick with a thick, hot load. Mark closed his eyes and deepthroated Lisa again and again, forcing his face against her hips and swaying his head so her cock grazed her slit.

“Fuck!” Lisa moaned just as all three of them climaxed.

Mark moaned loudly as he blew his load onto the bed, seeing stars as Anne frantically pummeled his prostate. Both the women cried out as they went over the edge, Lisa rubbing her mound all over his face as she tickled the back of his throat with her dick. He could smell her lust on the other side of the fake cock, filling his nostrils with the heady aroma of her sweetness.

With their lust sated, they pulled out of Mark and left him on the bed, empty and exhausted.

Lisa and Anne hugged, said their goodbyes, and Anne left.

“And cut!” Ricardo shouted. “Nicely done, ladies, and way to go Mark! You did a great job.”

Anne returned with a jacket, wrapped it around Mark, and sat down next to him.

“I’m proud of you, Mark. It takes a lot of guts to do what you just did,” Lisa said, hugging him. She kissed him on the cheek and left the set.

“Mark,” Anne said, rubbing his back.

“Yeah?”

“I’m sorry for breaking up with you. But if it’s all right with you, I think I can give it another shot.” She turned her head and whispered into his ear. “Seeing you all dressed like this is incredibly hot. I hope Malinda can come by my apartment sometime. I have some lingerie I’d love to see her wear.”

Mark faced Anne and smiled. “I think that can be arranged.”

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading Filling In, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena