





NEW RECRUIT

John Dylana

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New Recruit

by John Dylena

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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.

Roger threw his hands up into the air and cheered as he watched the wide receiver score a touchdown on the bar's big screen TV. He reached back, grabbed a hold of his frosty mug, and took a long swig of his beer.

Seated next to him at the tall table was Layla, a beautiful woman with long brown hair and jade green eyes. She leaned forward onto her hand, sighing as she stared off into the space ahead of her.

"Got something you want to say?" Roger said, looking over his shoulder at his old lady.

"No, no, please," she said with a wave of her hand, "drink your beer and watch your stupid football as I sit here and stare at the same picture I always stare at night after night."

"You got a problem with this bar? This is my favorite bar, and since I'm the man, I decide where we go."

Layla rolled her eyes as she took another sip of her drink, her eyes drawn away from the beer poster with the woman in a bikini on it to the front door of the bar.

A group of women wearing dark shirts, jeans, and leather vests walked in and up to the bar. Layla watched them carefully, and it wasn't long before she realized who they were.

Roger threw his hands in the air once more as his favorite team scored a touchdown. His outburst drew the attention of the women bikers.

"Hey, asshole!" one of them shouted, pointing at Roger. He ignored the woman, figuring they were talking to someone else.

Even after standing into his line of sight, Roger leaned to the side and looked around them.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" the front woman shouted, pointing to the patch on his leather jacket. "You're trespassing on our turf."

Roger cursed at the women and looked past them at the TV again. He

slammed his hands on the table after watching the quarterback fumble.

“Did you hear me?” the woman said, stepping toward him.

“Yeah, bitch, I did. Now move the fuck away.”

“How about you get the fuck out of our bar?”

“Your bar?” Roger laughed. “A bunch of bimbos like you aren’t bikers. More like a bunch of whores who can’t suck dick decided to get together and play pretend.”

“What the fuck, Roger?!” Layla said, sliding down off of her bar stool and moving in between her boyfriend and the three women inches away from beating the crap out of him.

She turned toward the women. “Look, ignore my drunk boyfriend. He’s all talk. Tries to act all macho the days after I peg him in the bedroom.”

The three women burst into laughter as Roger turned bright red. The embarrassment quickly turned into anger and he slammed his mug on the table.

He grabbed Layla and spun her around toward him, then slapped her across the face. She screamed as she stumbled backwards into the arms of the bikers.

“That’s bullshit and you know it, Layla,” he shouted. The bar grew silent and waited to see what would happen next.

Roger turned away from the three women, picked up his mug, and silently drank his beer, only to step down and walk off toward the bathroom moments later.

The women helped Layla back into her feet and chatted quietly with her. The club president shook Layla’s hand and smiled before leaving the bar.

“Back to what you’re doing, folks,” she said, stepping out of the door.

With all eyes elsewhere, no one saw Layla drop the tiny pill into Roger’s

mug. She smiled as she watched it dissolve, holding her cold drink to her face where Roger hit her.

“Come on, let’s go. You’re driving me home,” Roger slurred as he slid down from the stool. His head was swimming in alcoholic bliss as he stumbled toward the door. “Huh, I didn’t realize I had that much to drink...”

Layla rolled her eyes as she dragged her boyfriend out the door. He stumbled toward their car, his eyelids getting heavier and heavier with each step.

She opened the car door, threw him onto the seat, and she grinned as he tiptoed the fine line between consciousness and drug-induced sleep.

As he pressed his cheek to the cool window, Roger heard a soft rumble around him, almost like a distant thunder. Engines, he realized through his pleasant haze. Those are engines...

The pane began to vibrate against his face, and soon the lull of the engines grew into a deafening roar. The last thing Roger saw before the world went black were the headlights of three bikes shining directly into his eyes.

When he finally awoke, he discovered that not only was he not at home in bed, but he was tied up in the middle of a clubhouse.

There were several other women in the clubhouse. A couple of them were playing pool while others were drinking at the bar or playing cards.

Roger was the only man among them.

He squirmed in his chair when he realized that he was bound, and looking down, his eyes went wide when he discovered that not only was he completely naked, but shaved as well.

“Holy shit, what the fuck did you do to me?” he shouted over the din.

“We shaved you,” said a voice from behind him. “Oh, and allow me to introduce myself. I am Rebecca, the president of the club you insulted.”

“You fuckers are going to pay when my brothers hear what you—”

“Oh really?” the blonde said, putting her heeled boot on the chair inches away from Roger’s exposed cock. “Your brothers will do nothing.”

“We talked to them while you were out cold. It seems you were on your last leg with them,” a different woman said. “When we informed them what you did to your old lady, they disowned you.”

The color from Roger’s face drained as he watched one of them tear the patch from his vest. His stomach churned. His club was his life—his family. What the hell was he going to do now?

“But I have some good news,” the woman purred. “You’re a free agent now, and we have two openings in our club! So how about it, Roger? Would you like to join?”

“Oh, but that’s right,” Rebecca said, tapping her forehead. “We accept women only. But we can fix that, can’t we, ladies?”

“Oh no you don’t!” Roger said, struggling against his restraints.

He felt a pinch in his shoulder. Wincing, he looked over to see another woman holding a syringe and injecting a clear fluid below his flesh.

“That oughta keep you under control,” Rebecca said with a grin.

“What did you—”

“It’s a muscle relaxant,” she replied, untying Roger’s restraints.

The moment he was free, he stood up to run away, only his legs turned to jelly underneath him. He fell forward, managing a pitiful squeak as the air rushed from his belly and lungs. None of his limbs would respond to his commands. He was utterly helpless.

“No, please!” he begged.

“Silence, Roger,” Rebecca said, filling his mouth with a ball gag.

He cried out from behind the round ball, but the sound was muffled, escaping only as a few piteous whimpers. He watched as they dragged him across the clubhouse floor and into one of the bedrooms.

The bikers plopped him into the bed. He watched in horror as the women decided on what he should wear.

The outfits they were discussing made the color drain from his face and his heart race. They huddled up and lowered their discussion into a whisper when they realized he could hear them talking.

It took mere minutes for the group of women to decide how to dress him.

Silently, they gathered the items from the drawers and from the other rooms, bringing them all together in front of Roger.

There was a pink thong, a black leather miniskirt, and a red tube top. One of the women handed over a white bra and the tallest of the entire club gave the blonde woman a pair of clear-soled heels and black fishnet stockings.

In addition to the clothing pile, the women gathered jewelry, including a rhinestone collar with a large metal ring, bracelets, rings, hoop earrings, a belly button ring, and an anklet.

“Look what I found!” one of the women said, running into the bedroom. She held in her hands a blonde wig made up of lavish curls and waves.

“Very good, girls. I think Roger here will look like a very pretty slut once we’re all through.” Rebecca regarded him coolly, a cruel smile spreading across her face.

“Oh, one last thing: that position I was telling you about?” She grinned. “It wasn’t for a biker. Us girls needed our own personal whore to pleasure us when we need it. Every club has a girl that they share, so why not us?”

The group of women laughed as Roger protested from behind his ball gag. He tried to maneuver his body, but nothing budged, not even the tips of his fingers.

There was nothing he could do but watch as they lifted up his smooth,

hairless legs and slid them through the leg holes of the thong.

The women giggled as they pulled it up to his waist, tucking his limp dick into the little pouch of fabric.

“I guess his machismo was compensating for something,” one of the women said, fondling his cock and balls through the fabric.

Roger’s face turned bright red as two women rolled the stockings up into donuts and slid them up his legs, encasing them in the delicate fabric.

The scalloped tops kept them high on his thigh and the women softly rubbed his legs through the fishnets.

“So soft, and so feminine. Your legs are perfect for stockings!”

The women laughed as they lifted his torso up off of the bed. They slid his arms through the bra straps and clasped it behind him. They stuffed the cups of the bra before pulling the tube top down over him.

The top left his entire midriff bare, and the stuffed bra gave him the illusion of having C-cup breasts. They dropped him back down onto the bed and fed the skirt up his legs.

The hem barely covered his thighs, leaving the tops of his stockings exposed. One of the women fed her hands through the waist band and pulled the straps of the thong up and onto his narrow hips.

Roger rolled his eyes skyward, moaning from the wedgie the thong gave him.

“I think he likes it!” one of them shouted, pointing at the growing bulge in his skirt.

He snarled at them from behind the ball gag, trying to explain that it was their playful fondling that got him hard and not the clothes, but they wouldn’t listen.

Instead, they continued to tease him as they slid on the clear pair of hooker heels. Two women climbed onto the bed and one of them held his head still

while the other started the makeover.

A dark-haired woman gave him the works, hiding any trace of masculinity underneath the makeup. She removed the gag from his mouth before painting his lips a dark red.

“Looking slutty, Ramona,” the woman said, covering his red lips with a sparkling coat of gloss.

“Ramona... I like that,” Rebecca said, combing the wig. She handed it to the woman who did the makeup and she placed it on Roger’s head, completing the transformation.

“Holy shit. He actually looks like a woman,” she said. The woman pulled her phone out of her back pocket and took several pictures of Roger all done up. “There. Now you have no other choice. Either cooperate, or we’ll share these photos with the other clubs. You’ll never be able to show your face in a biker bar again. Understand?”

Roger nodded slowly. There was no more fighting it; he had to do whatever it was that they wanted him to. He’d do anything to stop those photos from getting out.

The women finished his transformation with the jewelry and rolled him onto his belly. He felt something wet and cold applied to his lower back, and when the women peeled it off, he realized it could only be one thing.

“Now Ramona is officially a tramp.”

He heard the woman taking pictures with her phones, and as they rolled him onto his back again, feeling returned to his fingers. A couple of minutes later, he could walk.

Under the watchful eye of the female bikers, Roger was taught how to walk, talk, and act like a woman. They forced him to strut all around the clubhouse until he was comfortable in the heels. He had to rock his hips as he walked; stand tall, and stick his chest out.

Then they made him bend at the waist and stick his butt out.

“Nice ass, slut!” one of the women shouted, squeezing his cheeks. “Give us a dance!”

“Yeah, dance!” they chanted. One of them turned the music up and Roger moved his body to the rhythm, obeying the orders given to him until the music stopped.

Then the door to the clubhouse opened and all eyes went to the woman standing there.

Anger filled Roger when he laid eyes on his old lady. It was all her fault that he was here dressed like this. If she hadn’t opened her mouth, they’d be back at his apartment having sex by now.

“Well, well, well,” Layla said, sauntering into the clubhouse carrying a large shopping bag. She wore tight jeans and a black tank top. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail and she wore black leather, high-heeled boots. He had never seen her look this attractive before. “Aren’t you a good-looking whore. I hope you fuck as good as you look.”

The women cheered at Layla’s insult, and the hollering only got louder when she set the bag on the ground and pulled out what was inside.

“I brought some presents for my new sisters,” she said, grinning. “For helping rid me of my shitty boyfriend.”

In her hand was a black leather harness with a double-ended, skin-colored dildo attached to the front.

Roger watched as Layla shimmied out of her tight jeans and red thong. She stepped into it, moaning as she inserted one of the ends inside of her and tightened the straps before walking further into the clubhouse and handing Rebecca the shopping bag.

The club president smiled before dumping the contents onto the table: three more harnesses with dildos attached and a large bottle of lube.

“Well, Ramona, now that your ex is here, it’s time for initiation. But of course, you may have the first dance with our new clubhouse whore, Layla.”

“Thank you,” Layla said, grabbing the bottle of lube. “I’m honored to be welcomed into this club.”

Roger took a couple steps backward as Layla strolled toward him, smiling widely as she stroked the thick rubber cock lathered with lube.

“What’s the matter Rog—Ramona? You weren’t this afraid last night when I fucked you silly.”

“Where do you think you’re going?” one of the bikers said, grabbing Roger’s shoulders and pushing him back into the center of the room as he tried to flee. The women closed in on Roger, cutting off any escape and leading him to the large leather couch.

Layla grabbed his shoulders and pushed him onto the couch, lifting up the hem of his skirt and pulling aside the strap of the thong.

“Oh, wow—he’s so smooth! I’ve been trying to get him to shave for so long,” Layla murmured, rubbing her hand across Roger’s smooth ass. “And I love the tramp stamp. So fitting for a whore like Ramona.”

She gripped Roger’s hips and leaned in close. “Are you ready, slut? I want you to moan for me.”

Roger whimpered as she drove her hips forward, burying the thick cock into his asshole. He fell forward onto the couch, bent over the armrest. Layla stood behind him, thrusting in and out of his tight hole, pushing so hard the couch started to slide.

“Oh yeah, baby!” she shouted, slapping Roger on the ass. “Take it like a whore!”

Roger moaned into the cushions of the pillow. He could hear the other bikers cheering and yelling, urging Layla on as she relentlessly fucked him, her bucking hips making wet slapping sounds against Roger’s plump, juicy cheeks.

She pummeled him for what felt like an eternity. When he finally managed to lift his face off the couch, Roger came face-to-face with another rubber cock.

“That’s right, slut,” Rebecca said through her Cheshire grin. “It’s time for a spit roast. Open that pretty little mouth of yours.” She grabbed his chin and forced his mouth open, filling it with her fake dick. “Oh yeah, suck it!”

The cheering and the chanting got louder as Roger was filled from both ends. He choked on Rebecca’s cock, desperately trying to inhale through his nose as she fucked the back of his throat. It was overwhelming to the point where his mind was lost in a sea of lust. His dick hardened, pushing aside the thin fabric of the thong and lifting up the hem of his skirt.

His body was on fire, burning brightly as he neared his climax. Layla moaned loudly as she pushed hard into Roger, the second end of the dildo driving into her g-spot hard enough to make her cum while buried in Roger’s ass.

“Oh god, yes!” She wiped the sweat from her brow as she backed away from Roger and turned toward the rest of the female bikers. “She’s all yours.”

“My turn!” Rebecca said, pulling her dick out of Roger’s mouth. “Not so tough now, are you, whore?”

Roger whimpered as the woman made her way behind him and stuffed her cock into his vacant asshole.

Layla sat down in front of him and he watched her remove the double-ended strap-on, exposing her sopping wet cunt, her lust oozing out of her pink pussy and dribbling down her thighs.

It was a ritual they did every time she pegged him.

She slid her coated end into Roger’s mouth, forcing him to clean it of her juices before grabbing a fistful of his hair and burying his head in her cunt, moaning as he licked her clean. She rubbed his cheek as he lapped hungrily at her, looking up at the blonde who slowed her thrusts, then pulled out.

“All right, tie this whore up,” Rebecca commanded.

Two of the women lifted Roger up off of the armrest and dragged him over into the corner of the room where a leash made of chains waited for him.

“This used to be where we kept our dog, but Old Jimmy passed away last summer and this corner has remained vacant since then. Well, not anymore.”

They clipped the metal leash to his collar, secured it with a lock, and put the gag back in his mouth. Roger kneeled quietly and watched as the women returned to what they were doing. The woman talked, laughed, and drank, cheering for their new recruit and the present she’d given them.

For the rest of the night, Roger did nothing more than eat out the women bikers. They’d stand in front of him and hold his head against their crotch until they were satisfied. Then they’d go back to their fun, making him nothing more than a living sex toy.

But the night wasn’t over. Unbeknownst to Roger, it was only just beginning.

The sounds of engines rose over the din of conversation, then quickly vanished. Roger’s face turned ashen when he heard the front door open and the sounds of heavy books fill the clubhouse.

Oh, fuck!

The footsteps grew louder until three men appeared. Roger recognized them instantly. They were the three leaders of the club that—up until recently—he rode for.

All three men were large and strong, with chiseled bodies and weathered features. Oscar, Marco, and José, all veteran riders and not to be trifled with. The Three Kings, his former club called them. They were the top dogs of the whole chapter.

“Welcome, gentlemen,” Rebecca said, standing up from the couch. “I’m glad you could join us tonight.”

“Thank you for the invitation,” Marco, the club president said. “We’d love to discuss a pact between our two clubs.”

“Before the discussions begin,” Rebecca said, walking away from the three men. “An offering of good faith.”

“Well I’ll be,” Marco said, moving toward Roger. “I didn’t recognize you in that get up. You look like the genuine article.”

“Roger was always an asshole,” Oscar chimed in. “I’m surprised we kept him in our club for as long as we did.”

“But when you told us what he did to his old lady? That was the final straw.” José added.

Marco squatted down in front of Roger. He grabbed his chin with his hand and inspected him closely. “Shame she’s flat-chested, otherwise she’d be one hot piece of ass.”

Roger turned bright red and looked away from the man he used to ride for.

“I’ll bet a little whore like you is a good cocksucker. It’s about time someone plugged up that mouth of yours.”

“Please, gentlemen, have your way with Ramona.”

“Ramona? I like that,” Oscar said, turning to Layla. “I’m glad you were able to rid yourself of this scum Layla.”

José winked. “How did a fine girl like you end up with him?”

“It doesn’t matter anymore,” she said with a smile. “I’m newly single.”

“What do you have to say to that, Ramona?” Marco said, removing the ball gag from Roger’s mouth.

“Please... don’t—”

Marco slapped him across the face. “I’m looking at a pretty whore, not a man.”

“Please don’t, Marco,” he whimpered in his best female voice.

“Marco? That’s sir to you, slut!” Marco stood up and unzipped his jeans, letting his monster cock loose. It hung inches away from Roger’s face, getting harder before his very eyes. “I’m waiting.”

“Hurry up, whore!” one of the other women shouted. “Do your job!”

Roger looked at Layla, who paid him no heed. Instead, all her attention was on José, who had his arm around her whispering something into her ear that made her excited.

He swallowed his pride and took the monster dong in his hands. His fingers trembled as he wrapped them around the hard shaft. Marco pushed his hips forward, bringing the head of his cock up to Roger’s ruby red lips.

“Lick it first,” he grunted. “I want you to taste it before you take it all in. This is what a real man tastes like.”

Roger stuck his tongue out and licked the crown, encircling it before wrapping his lips around it.

“Thatta girl, slowly now. You like sucking cock, don’t you?”

Roger said nothing. Instead, he closed his eyes as he took a little more of Marco’s cock.

“Answer him!” Rebecca shouted.

He took his mouth off of the cock. “...yes, I do...” Roger mumbled.

“Louder,” Oscar growled.

The second of the Three Kings stepped up next to Marco, blocking Roger’s view of Layla. He could barely see her in between the two men. She had her arms wrapped around José and was kissing him passionately as José’s hand slid down her back and grabbed her ass.

“Eyes on us,” Oscar said, unzipping his jeans and letting his dark-skinned beast out. It was even bigger than Marco’s. “I want you to stroke mine while you suck on his.”

Roger looked away as he grabbed hold of Oscar’s cock, stroking it slowly as he swallowed more of Marco.

“Faster, whore!” Marco said, putting his hand on the back of Roger’s head.

Roger picked up the pace, bobbing up and down on Marco's cock while he continued to stroke Oscar.

"Good, now switch!"

He let Marco's cock fall out of his mouth and took a couple breaths before swallowing Oscar's beast. He could hear Layla moaning, and through a small gap in their bodies, Roger saw Layla bent over the couch getting fucked by José.

Oscar looked over at the couple and back down at Roger. "Are you jealous of her, Ramona? I'll bet you want to be fucked by a big stud, too."

Marco nodded and walked behind Roger, grabbing his hips with his strong hands as he knelt down behind him. Oscar followed suit and knelt down in front of Roger. He grabbed into Roger's head and pulled him back down onto his cock.

At the same time, Marco lined his dick up with Roger's ass and buried it deep into his hole. Roger cried out, his outburst muffled by the thick cock filling up his mouth.

The two men thrust their hips back and forth, fucking and filling Roger from both ends.

"Oh god, she's looser than I thought!" Marco said, slapping Roger on the ass. He grunted and groaned as he pounded Roger with the full force of his ripped body.

Oscar held Roger's head in place as he fucked him, pushing his monster cock all the way into Roger's throat. Roger gagged and shuddered as Oscar's musk filled his nostrils and his shaft pulsed in his throat. Layla's screams grew louder, sending unwanted shivers down his spine as his cock grew harder and harder.

His head swam in erotic bliss as he blew his load all over the clubhouse floor. Moments later, Oscar pulled his dick out of Roger's mouth and climaxed, blanketing Roger's face in his thick cum.

The women laughed and cheered as Roger was coated in jizz, streams of it

landing on his tongue. He tasted the man's cum, the salty flavor adding spice to the ecstasy overtaking him.

Satisfied, Oscar stood up and walked away, just in time for Roger to see Layla orgasm. He had never heard her scream so loud.

He fell forward onto his arms as Marco thrust deeply into him. Roger could feel the heat as Marco filled him with his cum. He slapped Roger's ass one last time before pulling out.

Then Marco stood up, put his jeans back on, and nodded at Rebecca. He and Oscar walked away from Roger, who remained on his hands and knees. Cum dripped off of his face and oozed out of his asshole, tickling the backs of his thighs as it dripped toward his bruised knees.

"That was amazing," Layla said breathlessly.

"Anytime, gorgeous," José cooed in reply.

"Thank you for the wonderful gift," Marco said to Rebecca.

"Was she to your liking?"

"She was," Oscar added.

"Well, then. Should this deal go through, you three are welcome to help yourselves to our house whore whenever you like. But only if none of us are using her!"

Everyone in the clubhouse joined in on the laughter.

Everyone but Roger.

He sighed heavily and put the ball gag back into his mouth. With nowhere to run and no brothers to back him up, he reluctantly accepted his fate as the clubhouse whore.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading New Recruit, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena