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Office Entertainer

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.

The air was thick and heavy in the club. It was hazy; a sticky mixture of heat, sweat, smoke, and sex. The room was dimly lit, the only lights were the stream of round bulbs that lined the raised platforms where the dancers danced. The music was loud and deep, its pulsating rhythms guiding the dancers in their movements. Their hips swayed and their bodies gyrated to the beats and tempos.

The crowd had their eyes on the dancers, either up on one of the many stages or on their laps. Bouncers casually walked the floor, their eyes on the patrons waiting to spring into action at a moment's notice. The booths were dimly lit, making it near impossible to make out the features of those sitting in the next booth over. Only when a dancer mounted a patron did the lighting shift, illuminating the lap dance.

Devin sat alone in one of the booths. His hands cradled a tall pint of cold beer and his eyes moved about the club. His gaze would linger on one of the dancers and would trace her curves from head to toe before moving on to the next one.

One of the waitresses moved into his line of sight and remained there. One arm held a round tray tucked under her shoulder, the other rested on her cocked-out hip. She had brown hair pulled back in a messy ponytail with green eyes and tan skin. Her outfit was a black cut-off t-shirt and miniskirt, stockings and heels.

She smirked. "Why hello Devin! Didn't know you were coming in tonight." She took her hand off of her hip and placed it on the table as she leaned forward. "Don't you usually come in on Friday's?"

Devin's eyes went from hers down to her breasts briefly. He blushed. "Hi Jessica."

Her smirk widened into a mischievous smile and Devin shriveled up under her gaze. She knew why he was here tonight. He knew that she knew. Tonight was a special night. A night that happens only once a month at this club.

Last month, Devin was too nervous to partake in the special night. He just sat in the back and watched with a mixture of jealousy and fear as a handful

of men worked the stage and the poles dressed as women. Only, they made no attempt to hide their manhood. At first their cocks were neatly tucked away in their panties, the bulges were obvious and as they danced and feasted off of the palpable lust of the crowd that hooted and hollered and stuffed bills into their clothes, their cocks grew hard.

Devin watched with awe as the dancers moved with rock-hard erections. Some of them had breast forms, others chose to remain flat-chested. No matter which option they chose, all the dancers were convincingly feminine with expertly applied makeup and wigs. They all walked away with some serious cash. Even though Devin had a nice job and made a good amount of money, he could always use a little extra spending cash. His computer had some obsolete parts and the money he could make from going up and dancing would not only pay for replacements, but he would still have some left over.

He started visiting the club more often, becoming a regular. He studied the dancers, their movements and techniques. He saw how they manipulated the crowd and catered to the big spenders. If he was to not only compete with other dancers, but to make some money doing so, Devin would have to really develop some skills.

It was nerve wracking, opening that very first package. He bought the items the same night. Devin stayed up well past his normal bed time that night browsing online for some clothes and shoes. Nothing was provided. The box was waiting for him in the office at his apartment complex. He was extremely nervous when he ordered the items, even though he knew the contents would be masked by the Amazon logo. Devin said nothing as he grabbed the box and ran to his apartment after work that day.

His fingers trembled as he tore open the box and removed the contents onto his round kitchen table. There was a bright, almost neon, pink wig, some stockings, panties, bras, a minidress, microskirt and tied-off blouse. Lastly were the shoes: a pair of six inch, clear platform strappy heels. In addition to the clothes and wig, there was some costume jewelry and a basic makeup kit. The jewelry was clip-on earrings, some bracelets a body chain and even a clip-on belly button piercing.

Devin was thin, but he wasn't girly. He had an almost athletic build with

some muscle tone. He had brown hair and eyes, little body hair and almost no scruff. His attempts at growing facial hair would be rewarded with a borderline-creepy mustache, some chin hair and patchy growth on his cheeks. After several failed attempts during high school and college, Devin decided it was never meant to be and shaved every morning.

An overwhelming fear washed over him as he stared at the items on the kitchen table in his apartment. Never before in his life had he ever worn women's clothing, yet after one night of watching men dressed as women strip and dance—which he didn't realize was scheduled for that night—he returned home with the full intention to do so the following month and even bought the clothes. The realization of what he done didn't sink in until this very moment, the package arrived and his purchases there in front of him.

He stood up and backed away from his table, rubbing his face and mumbling to himself. Devin paced about his apartment, eyes occasionally darting to his kitchen table then looking away as if he gazed upon something forbidden and taboo. He felt ashamed and confused, yet turned on and excited. There was a growing fascination welling up inside him as he remembered the men up on that stage and how convincingly feminine they were—even with their cocks exposed and their lack of breasts.

Devin remembered how turned on he was.

His body remembered first, his cock hardening slightly in his jeans as he moved into the kitchen toward the fridge. It caused him to stop mid-stride and look down at the growing bulge. A warmth followed, which burned hotter as the memories came into his mind's eye. He remembered the rush when he imagined what it must be like to look that sexy; to be up on that stage and in the eyes of the crowd, your only job to arouse and entertain.

There was one dancer in particular that Devin remembered vividly, mostly because near the end of the man's dance, Devin could've sworn he saw precum drip out of the man's cock. The man was stunningly beautiful, even though he chose to not wear forms. His body was thin and feminine, he had curves and an ass; legs that made Devin drool and piercing eyes. That dancer could've made even the most straight guy question his sexuality.

It made Devin question his.

It's not that Devin never before in his life had a gay moment, in fact in college he had a one night stand with another guy. They were both drunk and hooked up after a party. When they both sobered up in the morning, they both admitted to the other that they weren't actually gay, that they only really had a curiosity. Devin had a couple girlfriends since, and while he was open to dating another guy, he just never found one that he could see himself in a relationship with.

Seeing that man dressed convincingly as a woman made Devin wonder what it would be like to be on the other end of that. To be the feminine male that makes both women and men horny and lustful. He wondered what it would be like to date another guy—or woman—dressed as a woman. Devin had a submissive nature, something which one of his ex-girlfriends cultivated further after a couple nights of attempted kinky sex. His ex didn't like it as much as she thought she would, Devin on the other hand, loved it.

Devin stood in the kitchen next to the refrigerator drinking his beer with his eyes locked on the table. His mind raced, debating between sending all the items back or following through with his plan. He was in such deep thought, that he didn't realize his beer was empty until he held it up to his lips for almost thirty seconds.

He tossed the bottle in the recycling as he walked out of the kitchen past the table and toward his bedroom. He stopped when he spotted his computer and remembered why he decided to do this in the first place.

Spending money, he thought. But is it really worth it?

He tried to sit at his computer and play some video games, but it wasn't long before he was reminded of his sub-optimal system; the slow load times, the laggy game play, the ugly, gray-ed out environments.

Devin let out a heavy sigh and turned off his computer after only ten minutes of gaming. He leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling.

He was lost in thought for who knows how long. It was the beeping of his phone that brought him back to reality. He had gotten a text from his boss.

Anna was really something. She was tall—well, Devin was in actuality shorter than average—beautiful and smart. She had dark brown hair and

beautiful blue eyes. Older than him by almost ten years yet she barely looked a year older than he. Her skin was soft and smooth, blemish free and lightly tan. As beautiful as she was, she was also fierce and strict, ruthless but occasionally light-hearted and funny.

She had a wit sharper than a blade, and combined with the rest of her assets, made her a formidable corporate powerhouse. She rose quickly and with her at the helm, steered the company into success and profit.

She was telling him to come in tomorrow.

Devin threw his head back and groaned, tossing his phone onto the bed. He hated coming in on Saturdays. Then again, he would be getting overtime for it.

He walked back out into the kitchen and after staring at the items for a few minutes, decided to follow through with the plan.

He took the clothes back into his bedroom and tried them on one by one.

The bras had big empty cups and were tricky to put on. The panties he got in three different types: thong, bikini, and boyshort. Devin blushed as he put them on and looked at his reflection in the mirror. He tried to keep his cock tucked in. The more he played with it, the harder he became.

The harder he became, the more aroused he was.

Devin bit his lip as he looked at his reflection. There, standing before him was a guy in a pair of hot pink panties with his cock poking out of the top. He placed his hands on his belly and they slowly slid toward his now throbbing cock. He tilted his head back as he gently rubbed the underside of his cock through the thin, delicate fabric of his new panties.

His phone buzzed again.

Devin shook his head and walked over to his bed. Another text from Anna. He still needed to come in, only it would be an hour later.

Devin sighed as he quickly typed a response and tossed his phone back on his bed.

He looked back at his mirror, down at his now mostly flaccid dick, then at the bed.

He still had several more items to try on.

Keeping the hot pink panties on, Devin pulled on a pair of white fishnet stockings with a scalloped lace top. A strip of silicone lined the inside of the lace, making it so that they would stay up on his legs.

Devin frowned at his legs. Despite how sexy they looked and how strangely comfortable and arousing the stockings were, the image was ultimately tarnished by the hairs on his legs poking through. If he was going to go through with this, he would have to be completely smooth.

Completely.

He frowned. Never once in his life had he shaved his body. From the neck down he was covered, but fortunately the hair was thin and sparse. Unlike his brother who he jokingly called the wolf man.

Shaving would come later, he decided. Trying to ignore the growing arousal at the thought of being as silky smooth as his ex girlfriends, Devin put on some more of the other clothes.

He put the matching pink bra back on and on top of that he donned a white fishnet top. He put the shimmering pink wig on and then lastly put on the heels.

He fumbled with the tiny buckles that wrapped around his ankles, then wobbled as if walking on stilts as he stepped in front of the mirror. Devin hadn't had this much trouble keeping balance since he tried to surf one summer while his family rented a beach house.

"Holy shit how do they do it?!" He thought aloud, looking at his reflection and down at his own feet.

When he finally gained some semblance of balance, Devin turned his body to look at his profile. His legs looked amazing—even with the hair—and the platform stripper heels boosted his ass just enough to be noticeable. The heels forced him to stand out straight and push his chest out.

Devin was pleased with his look. There was some inherent femininity, and with some work, he could look convincingly female.

Satisfied, he turned back toward his bed to strip, only he stopped mid-stride. He was still very aroused and his cock was rock hard and held against his belly by the waistband of his panties.

An idea came into his head. An idea that latched on and couldn't shake free. He turned back toward the mirror and took a deep breath.

Biting his lip, he rubbed his body as he slowly moved his body, trying to mimic some of the movements he'd see the strippers do.

His body got hotter and hotter as he danced. Devin let his mouth hang open a little bit, moaning even as he bounced and gyrated.

"Oh fuck yes," he moaned, closing his eyes. When he opened them he discovered that his hands were around his cock and slowly stroking.

He didn't stop himself.

Instead, he stared at his reflection and watched the girly boy jerk herself off and moan. It felt so strange, so surreal.

His hand moved faster and faster. His hips buckled and he moaned loudly as cum shot out of his dick onto the mirror and floor.

It kept coming.

Strings of hot, sticky cum shout out. Devin wobbled in his heels, barely keeping balance as the orgasm washed over him. His head swam and his eyes fogged over as the most intense orgasm he has ever had came to an end.

Devin's heart pounded. For several long seconds he just stood there staring blankly at his reflection. He blinked, then looked down at his hands in disbelief. It felt like a dream. Like he woke up to find someone had taken control of his body while he slumbered then came to just as the intruder finished.

But it wasn't a dream. No one took control of his body. It was all him. This

terrified him, but just as much, it filled him with curiosity and awe. These new feelings and desires were wonderful. Never had he felt so good, so sexy; never had he had such a powerful orgasm from masturbation. Would it always feel this way? Would he be able to control himself up on the stage?

Even though he would be fully exposing himself, if he ejaculated while on stage, he would face some severe consequences.

Even if he didn't go up and dance, he needed to do this again. But first: he needed to clean up the strings of cum on the mirror and floor.

Almost every day after work, Devin would come home and practice. It became more than just trying to be good at stripping for the extra cash. He found pleasure in it. There was something about it that just made him feel so good. He ended up buying an assortment of additional clothes, from various "costumes" to items he can mix and match; still only having one pair of heels.

He didn't wait to shave either. After work that Saturday, he stopped at a store on the way home and bought some razors and shaving cream, and after a long, hot bath he went to work on removing his body hair. It was an arduous task, one that he walked away from with more than a few nicks and cuts.

The result was surreal.

For almost an hour, Devin just sat on his bed and gently stroked his legs. The smoothness was foreign, erotic. There was an awkwardness when he put on pants and a shirt. The way the fabric rubbed his skin was strange. It took some getting used to, the hardest part he realized was the fact that his arms were visible. What if someone said something to him at work? What would he say to defend shaving his arms?

But no one said anything that Monday. Then he just stopped worrying about it.

It almost became a ritual. On the days where Devin didn't go to the gym, he would come back to his apartment, change out of his work clothes and put on one of his now many stripper outfits. Every day he tried a different combination until he found one he liked. Then he would sit down at his

vanity and practice putting on makeup. On the weekends he would paint his nails.

Once he was dressed, he would walk about his apartment in the clear platform heels. Devin would exaggerate his stride, sway his hips side to side; walk one foot in front of the other with his arms to the side and his chest up and out. It was difficult at first walking in the high heels, many times he would stumble and occasionally fall. But the more Devin practiced, the easier and more natural his movements became.

There were some evenings where he spent the entire rest of the day dressed. Almost immediately when he got home he would change out of his clothes and into one of his stripper outfits. It was almost like a switch. The moment he finished getting ready, he became some other person. Not Devin, but a woman. A flat-chested woman with some bonus parts. He did by a pair of false breasts, and there was one night where he not only glued them to his chest, but he even debated going out in public. The moment was fleeting, and in the end he decided to stay indoors and practice his moves.

On Friday nights he would visit the strip club and sit in the same booth. Not only because it gave him a good view of the stage, but also because it was a part of Jessica's route. She was friendly—though he wasn't sure if she was genuinely friendly or just doing it for the tips—and nice. She told him about the girls up on the stage and how for a short time she danced too, until she had (as she put it) a "career ending injury". She couldn't dance anymore, but she could still wait tables.

When the night finally came, Devin was a nervous wreck. He practiced his movements many times the night before so while he knew he was ready, he was still scared as hell. All night that night he surveyed the crowd. The second he saw someone he knew, he would hit the big red cancel button. No way in hell was he going to go up on the stage if he was going to be recognized.

The first half of the night was a regular night. The ladies danced, Devin watched. He didn't know that Jessica also worked Wednesday nights.

"No... you're shitting me," she laughed. She immediately stopped when she saw him sink further into the booth. He looked very much afraid and

anxious. “Oh, shit. You really are going to do it?”

“Yeah,” he replied, his voice barely audible.

Jessica watched him reach out and grab his small duffel bag and push it under the table. She looked around real quick then signaled to one of the other waitresses. “Oi! Becca! Cover me for a sec okay?”

She didn’t even wait for a response from her coworker. She sat down in the booth and scooted over next to Devin. “Hey, I think it’s awesome that you’re going to do this. It’s very brave of you and I am actually super excited to see you do it.”

Devin felt a lot better. She put her hand on his shoulder and rubbed it. “Tell you what, how about I take my break and walk you backstage? The other guys will be heading back there now, so if you’re going to do it, now is the time.”

Jessica stood up and extended her hand. Devin hesitated. He took several deep breaths.

“Come on Devin, live a little,” she said with a wink.

Devin took her hand and followed her backstage.

“Wow! Killer job with your makeup!” Jessica said returning backstage. After taking him here initially, she gave him a little pep talk then had to return to the club floor. She promised that she’d be rooting for him before giving him a quick kiss on the cheek and leaving him to get dressed with the other men. They were in various stages of getting ready, and they all gave Devin cold, competitive stares. He watched them as they sized him up, one even letting out a little chuckle.

Devin smirked then got dressed. He was still nervous and afraid, but it had moved to the back. A new feeling had taken over. These other guys weren’t just fellow dancers, they were his competition. They were all fighting for the same thing: the love and attention—and money—from the crowd. Whoever was picked as crowd favorite would go home with the bonus pot, in addition

to the tips he earned.

There were three other dancers in addition to Devin. Four dancers for three poles. No one was allowed to hog a pole, but Devin had prepared for that situation anyway. The announcer called out their names, and Devin took a deep breath before following the other three out.

When he finally returned backstage, it was with the bedazzled rhinestone tiara on his head, a couple hundred dollars in tips, and a six-hundred dollar prize. Some of that money was Jessica's. She more than happily slipped a bill into his g-string when he squatted down in front of her and stuck out his ass like he had seen the other dancers do.

The other guys were jealous and upset, one of them—the guy who had the crown last month—said somethings that cut, but Devin just ignored him. It helped that Jessica was there when he said the things. She chewed him out more than Devin ever could. She gave him a hug before saying goodbye. The other guys had already left and Devin changed back in the quiet of the locker room.

He was glowing when he walked into his apartment. He was grinning like an idiot as he showered the sweat, makeup, and body glitter off. He was still smiling when he climbed into bed.

Then everything changed when he walked into work the following morning.

For close to an hour, it was like any other workday. Devin would arrive when he normally did, and grab some coffee and perhaps a donut or muffin in the break room if there were any. He'd enjoy the mini breakfast in the few minutes he had, as he tended to arrive ten or so minutes early. From there he would smile and greet his coworkers as he made his way to his desk. He would turn on the computer, clock in, and begin his day.

It was like any other day. Devin sorted through some emails, work on some reports, maybe sneak onto his phone for a few minutes.

“Devin.”

Anna's voice chimed in on the intercom on his phone. He hesitated for a moment, thinking he was caught browsing on his phone.

"Yes?" He said, picking up the phone.

"You busy at this moment?" Her tone was serious, professional. It was all he's ever known about her. Anna's always already there when he gets to work in the morning, and she's always the last one to leave. She isn't rude; she'll say "good morning", even make small talk on the rare occasion. It happened once to Devin, on one of the Saturday mornings that she had him come in on. It was just the two of them, and once they got things covered, they had some down time and they just started chatting. She wasn't awkward or cold, in fact, she kept the conversation going and kept it interesting. Until they had to get back to work.

"No, I'm free."

"Good. Come by my office. There is something we need to discuss."

She hung up. Devin thought for a moment. He traced his steps back and tried to figure out if there was something work-related that he missed. Nothing was late or overdue, he had no major projects. He had been performing well, though.

He smiled. Maybe Anna was going to offer a promotion or raise. It had been a while since anyone got any kind of reward, other than the usual year-end bonuses. Not once did it occur to him that Anna wanted to discuss something not work related. She never discussed things that weren't related to work, even when someone managed to get some small talk, she kept things vague and short. The most anyone knew was her age, that she had two younger siblings, and is apparently single.

It was still early, so a bulk of the workforce hadn't arrived yet. Devin gets there early so he could leave early. He figures Anna just sleeps here. That she has one of those foldaway beds in her office somewhere and a closet too. Her office was big enough for it and she did have a couch.

"Close the door and have a seat."

Devin nodded and as he sat, Anna pushed a button on her desk that turned

the blinds, blocking the view to the office. When he looked back at her after taking a glance at the blinds, Devin's heart sank.

She was grinning.

It wasn't a normal smile, one that meant she had very good news to share with him. It was a mischievous smile. She knew something that pleased her greatly. It was at that moment that Devin realized what it was that had Anna grinning like The Joker from Batman. His fears were realized moments later when she brought out her phone and handed it to him.

On the screen were pictures of him stripping.

The color from his face vanished and he was as still as a statue. Anna walked around her large, polished wood desk and took the phone from Devin. She set it aside as she sat on the edge and crossed her legs.

"Devin," she paused. "Devin, look at me."

Her voice wasn't harsh or cruel, nor was it mocking. It was motherly. She sounded exactly like his mother when she caught him misbehaving. He was sure the next words out of her mouth would be "you're fired."

He was right... sort of.

"You're not fired," Anna said. She picked up her phone again and swiped through the pictures. She looked very pleased. "You make such a pretty girl. I couldn't believe that it was you up on that stage. Now I see why you have no hair on your arms."

Devin blushed and her comment made him try to hide his arms out of embarrassment.

"You moved so gracefully, so sexually. It really turned me on."

Devin's eyes widened but he kept his gaze on the ground between them.

"That was your first time doing it, yes? You weren't up there last month if I recall correctly."

“Yes, ma’am.” Devin replied weakly. He was so embarrassed. He made fists with his hands and squeezed so tightly his knuckles turned white. Then he released them and fidgeted. He tried to keep his gaze away from his boss. He looked at the ground between them, at his lap, over at the door to her office. Anything but her.

“Devin, look at me.”

He slowly raised his head and his gaze. He wanted to look away from her as if she was Medusa and he would be turned to stone upon laying eyes on her. He followed her body up to her face. His eyes glanced over her stiletto pumps, her legs encased in nylons, the black pin-striped skirt that rode up on her thighs. She spread her legs as his eyes traveled up her body.

She was wearing stockings. Devin swallowed hard and his face turned bright red when he laid his eyes on the lacy tops and the thin straps that disappeared further up her skirt. He could barely make out her panties in the darkness. They were red lace.

There was something else there. Something that he wasn’t quite sure of and decided it was just his eyes playing tricks on him.

As briefly as she opened her legs, she closed them again and Devin lifted his gaze to her eyes. Anna had one eyebrow arched and the corner of her dark red lips was curved into a satisfied smirk.

“Devin, how would you like a promotion?”

He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. He closed his mouth, blinked a couple times then opened again. “What?”

Anna uncrossed her legs and recrossed them. “A promotion.” She showed no signs of annoyance or impatience. A true professional.

“What is the job?”

“My personal assistant. But in order to get the job, you have to pass the exam.” Her smile widened. “Your pay will be significantly improved, and you’ll get full benefits, plus... more.”

“What... what will I have to do?”

“Dance.” She slid off the desk and sauntered toward him. She exaggerated the movements of her hips and hiked up her skirt. “I want you to move like you did up on that stage last night. Except you won’t be doing it for a crowd, you’ll be doing it for me.”

She continued pulling up her skirt. The tops of her stockings and the garters that held them up were fully exposed. Devin’s heart beat faster and faster. His body grew warm and he squeezed the armrests of the chair. He squirmed as his cock hardened in his pants.

Then he saw it.

“And when you’re done dancing me and getting me all hot and bothered, you’ll pleasure me.”

Anna pulled her skirt up over her red lace panties. Devin was expecting a normal woman’s crotch. If anything, he would’ve been surprised if there was some hair down there. But what he got something completely unexpected.

A cock.

There it was, tucked away in her panties in such a way that no one would ever suspect that Anna had something extra. Devin was frozen in shock. He just sat there and stared at it as she hooked her fingers into the waist band of her panties and pulled them down as he had seen the strippers do on stage. She let it hang there for a few moments before pulling her panties back up and letting her skirt fall.

She straightened out her skirt as she backed away from Devin and leaned against her desk. “Did I make myself clear?”

Devin stared blankly ahead. “Yes ma’am.”

“Then return here tonight at midnight and bring whatever outfit you think will satisfy me the most. I’ll wait for you in the parking lot.” She walked behind her desk and sat back down. “You may get back to work.”

She pushed a button on her desk and the blinds opened. Devin stood and walked out of the office. He tried to not show the fear, confusion, and sheer arousal on his face. He also didn't want it to look like he was just fired. To anyone who asked, he just told them it was a simple meeting, and that she had more work she wanted him to do.

Devin couldn't focus. He tried to work and eventually sunk into automation. Time just passed by. He drove home in silence and sat quietly in his apartment. He just laid on his bed unsure of what to do.

He wondered what would happen if he didn't show up to the meeting tonight. Would Anna make public the knowledge of his stripping and crossdressing? Or would she just keep it to herself and try to find ways to get him to strip and dress up for her.

On the other hand, the pay increase would be really awesome. The perks too.

"I'll do it," he said aloud, as if Anna was in the room with him.

Devin got up off of the bed, laid out all of his girls on the bed, and put together an outfit.

There was only one other car in the parking lot. Devin parked his car next to it. Anna didn't even get out. She just rolled down her window.

"Get in."

"But—"

"Get in. I'm taking you somewhere else." She rolled her window back up as Devin climbed in the front seat, his duffel bag on his lap.

They drove in silence. Anna was still in her work clothes: white satin blouse, black pin-striped skirt, dark stockings, and black patent heels. She drove with her heels on, speeding out of the parking lot and down the street. She was fast, but she wasn't reckless. Anna exhibited great control behind the wheel, efficiently navigating the empty streets until they pulled into a parking lot behind several buildings.

“Where are w—”

“Hush,” Anne said, slinging her purse over her shoulder and heading toward a heavy metal door illuminated by a single yellow light. Devin stayed close to her, occasionally looking around as they walked up to the door. She pulled her keys out and unlocked it.

The door led to a narrow hallway and three steps in Devin realized exactly where they were. Anna had taken him back to the strip club.

“What are we doing here? We’re going to get in trouble!”

“Nonsense. I know the owner. I have a key.”

She led him to the locker room.

“Get dressed. When you’re done, I’ll be waiting for you in the executive room. Don’t take too long.”

Anna went out through the dancer’s exit. Devin could hear the sounds of lights coming on and then the muffled sounds of music. He looked around the locker room and turned on the lights for one of the empty vanities. He unzipped his bag and got dressed.

Anna sat in the executive room as she has done several times before. The perks of both knowing the owner of the club and actually having the money to pay for it. She leaned back in the wide, comfortable chair, her legs spread apart and her eyes on the door. In one hand she held a short, fat glass with her drink of choice, the other rested on the arm rest.

There was music playing and the lights were on their preprogrammed circuit, alternating and changing with the beat of the song. She tapped her fingers while she waited.

Then the door opened and Devin entered the booth.

“Holy. Shit.” Anna said, smiling from ear to ear.

Devin blushed, his cheeks turning as red as Anna’s panties. He had on a blonde wig, white tied off blouse, a gray pin-striped skirt so short it barely

covered his ass, dark stockings attached to a garter belt hidden somewhere under that skirt, a red thong with straps that poked out from his skirt onto his hips and matching red platform pumps.

He had bought the heels only last week, when he realized just how much fun he had dressing up. He no longer wanted to just dress like a stripper, he wanted to simply dress up, even if all of the outfits were rather risqué and shouldn't be worn in public—unless you're a woman in a certain profession.

His nails and lips were painted the same color red as the thong and heels, and dark eye shadow enhanced his eyes. Devin had on a pearl necklace that more closely resembled a choker and large gold hoop earrings.

“I... I hope you like my outfit.”

“Slut, I love it! Get over here and dance for me.”

“Yes, ma'am!”

Devin wasn't quite sure what to do next. His body froze for a few moments when he laid his eyes on Anna. She had her gaze fixed on him. It was a predatory gaze, the one a lion gives to a trapped gazelle. It told Devin that he had nowhere to go. He was trapped and that Anna would have her way with him.

He swallowed hard. He wasn't quite sure how to take this situation. On one hand he was incredibly turned on by all of this; the crossdressing, the stripping, submitting to his boss—not to mention the fact that she had a cock. On the other hand...

At that moment Devin realized that there wasn't a downside to this. He wasn't getting blackmailed, he wasn't being forced to do any of this. He chose to do it all.

Anna knew that he knew this and she grinned and spread her legs.

“Come on Devin, dance for me,” she said in a calm, but commanding voice.

He bowed slightly, then sauntered over to her as he had seen the lap dancers do. He also climbed onto her lap in the same manner, placing his hands on her shoulders and straddling her hips. He kept his eyes on hers and she stared up at him with a look of victory. He tried to ignore the growing bulge underneath her skirt. He tried to ignore his hardening cock, even as it easily pushed down the small patch of fabric on the front of his thong and lifted up the front of tiny pin-striped miniskirt.

“Enjoying this, are we?” She purred. She took a sip of her drink and caressed his balls with her other hand.

Devin moaned as he rolled his hips around to the music, gently squeezing her shoulders as he moved in closer to her. His cock twitched from her touch, and she giggled as little dollops of shiny clear precum oozed out of his tip.

She hiked up her own skirt, bunching it up at her waist to expose her own panties and cock. It was bigger than this. Thicker. Longer. Juicier. He wondered what it tasted like. He wondered what it was like to be on his knees in front of her, his lips around that thick cock of hers.

He leaned forward, brought his hand down to her dick and kissed her as he gently stroked it. It was strange handling a cock attached to a woman, but he handled it just like how he handled his own.

“Eager little slut aren’t you?” Anna said in between kisses. She reached down and gently squeezed his balls, causing him to moan. “I want that ass of yours.”

Devin straightened up and turned around. He put his hands on his hips and looked back at her over his shoulder as he bobbed and swayed, squatted and stuck his ass out at her. He let out a little yelp when she playfully smacked his ass.

“Look at that cute ass of yours. So round, so pretty.” She squeezed it with both hands then quickly grabbed onto his hips and pulled him onto her lap.

Devin didn’t break stride. He put her hands on her thighs and grinded his ass against her cock. It felt strangely wonderful. His own cock was stiff as a board and more precum oozed out as he rubbed his girly ass against Anna’s

dick.

“Oh fuck I want that cute ass of yours!” Anna groaned.

Devin turned up the dial on his movements, grinding against her faster and harder. He wanted her too. He wanted her more than she wanted him. He tried not to show how hot he was for her, but he failed.

His face was as red as tomatoes and he bit his lip as he looked back at her. He nodded meekly.

“There’s a bottle of lube in my purse,” she said pointing to her black leather designer purse.

Devin walked over to it and found the bottle right away. It didn’t bother him that she had obviously planned for this to happen. In the back of his mind, he wanted it to.

It was a pink bottle and the thick liquid inside it was clear. He squeezed a good amount onto his hands and set the bottle on the small table next to the chair. He stood in front of her, hip cocked out to the side with a smirk on his face as he rubbed his hands together, spreading the lube onto his palms before kneeling in front of her.

He kept his eyes on her cock as he coated it with lube with both hands, slathering the thick gel onto every inch of it.

When it was thoroughly coated, he wiped his hands off and with his eyes locked on Anna’s, he straddled her legs, pulled aside the thin strap of his thong, and lowered himself onto her.

“Oh fuck!” He moaned, as the pleasure filled him.

Anna grunted and grinned as she took his hips in her hands and guided him further down. Slowly and carefully, he took more and more of her dick in him until it all vanished inside of him.

“God that feels good,” she said. “Your pussy is so tight. It’s delectable.”

“It feels amazing,” he said, still getting used to the fullness.

“Well don’t stop now,” she said, smacking his ass. Ride that cock like a cowgirl.”

Devin tipped his imaginary hat at her then gyrated his hips.

He stopped referencing his stripper knowledge, and moved on to what he’d seen in porn.

He leaned forward and kissed her again, and she squeezed and smacked his ass as he bounded on her thick cock. It felt so good and he mentally cursed himself for not buying a dildo before. The thought had come into his mind in the month that he practiced his stripping and dancing, but he just couldn’t bring himself to actually buy the sex toy.

Now, he didn’t need it. Not when he had the real deal. Even better that it belonged to the beauty that is his boss.

“You want to cum, don’t you slut?” she said, tracing the head of his cock with her finger.

“Y-Yes, ma’am!” He replied, still bouncing and grinding.

“Turn around.”

With her cock still in him, Devin rotated one hundred and eighty degrees. Anna sat up and hugged his body. Her breasts pressed against his back and she brought her lips to his ear.

“If you can make me cum, you’ll get the job. Then I’ll let you cum.”

Devin wiggled his butt and pushed back against her. Whatever he was doing was working. Anna moaned and groaned and soon enough, he felt her cock twitch and his eyes widened and he felt her explode inside him.

“Oh yes! Yes!” she screamed as her cum filled him.

She was still pumping him full when she wrapped her hand around his dick and jerked him off.

Devin didn’t last long with the combination of her dick and cum filling him,

and her hand stroking him. The pleasure washed over him like a tsunami and his eyes rolled back into his head as he swam in erotic bliss.

Cum oozed out of his dick, coating it, Anna's hand and the floor in front of them.

He was still in a daze when she released his softening cock and brought her hand to his mouth. He instinctively licked and cleaned the cum off of her hand and fingers, savoring the warm, salty taste.

She helped him off of her, and cum dripped out of his ass when she pulled out of him. Devin stood there, his knees wobbling as her ejaculate dripped down his legs.

"Bend over," she said.

He did, and he felt her slide a plug up into his ass. The flared tip kept it and her cum lodged in him.

She grabbed a couple of the cleaning wipes and wiped his legs and ass clean. Then she cleaned off her own body and tidied herself up. She shut down the booth and escorted Devin back to the locker.

"No, you're staying dressed like that." She said as he reached for his clothes.

Devin whimpered, but didn't disobey. He put his clothes in his duffel bag, and followed her out of the back door of the strip club and into the cold night air, still dressed as a stripper.

"When you return to your apartment, you may change out of those clothes and remove the plug." She said as they drove back to the office. "Tomorrow you'll begin as my assistant. You can arrive at the time your normally do only..."

She turned toward him and smiled.

"You must wear that thong, garter belt, and stockings under those clothes of yours."

Devin opened his mouth to protest, but stopped. All he could do was blush

and say: “Yes, ma’am.”

“That’s my girl,” Anna said, speeding off into the night, her hand caressing Devin’s thigh.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading Office Entertainer, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena