

John Dylana



Party Girl

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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.

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A month later, and I still felt the sting as if it had just happened an hour ago. Once more I opened up my phone to look at the last message she sent me.

“I’m sorry, Oliver, but I just don’t feel the same way you do. Goodbye.” It was the “goodbye” at the end that really twisted the knife.

I tossed my phone aside as my eyes glazed over in my dark apartment. A whiff of something foul eventually snapped me out of the trance, and it was as if I’m seeing my apartment for the first time in months. Stuffed trash bags had gathered at the door. Stacked pizza boxes were forming their own leaning tower. Dishes erupted from the sink. Dust motes floated in the ambient light of my phone screen. But it was my own body odor that finally got me off my ass.

About an hour later I plopped back down, this time in my desk chair. My apartment was clean, I was clean, and at some point, during what could only be described as a holy cleansing of the evil that permeated my residence, I decided to treat myself to some retail therapy.

A few weeks prior, a brand new, state-of-the-art VR headset made its public debut following years of research, development, and testing. Its price tag was high, but to no one’s surprise, they sold out almost instantaneously and any new stock disappears just as fast. For longer than I should’ve, I debated buying from a third-party scalper until I saw what they were selling them for. Talk about price-gouging!

I don’t know whether I should call it luck or fate, but as I browsed eBay in a last-ditch effort to find one not being sold for more than three times the price, a listing came up asking for less than the retail cost. I couldn’t believe my eyes. There was no way this could be real. The seller listed it as “used, but in good condition” and said that “as much as they wanted to keep it, they have to part with it.” Even more red flags appeared when I noticed that the seller had absolutely no history.

I had to decide fast. This listing wouldn’t last long. Hell, it was probably already gone.

“Fuck it!” I crossed my fingers as I submitted the offer, then let out a sigh of relief as it went through. Now I just had to wait.

The package arrived a few days later, even though the initial shipping estimate had suggested it would take over a week. But lo and behold, there it was waiting for me on my doorstep. I tried to leave work early when I got the delivered notification—the last thing I wanted was some scumbag porch thief to walk off with my new VR headset—but unfortunately, I had to wait. It was Friday, and a couple of my coworkers had already requested early leave.

Just like the description said, the headset was in rather good condition. There were some obvious signs of usage, but nothing major. However, there was something about the headset that wasn’t included in the seller’s description: it came with a piece of software pre-installed. It’s an unfortunate industry standard for computers and smartphones to come with what’s collectively known as “bloatware,” but in this case, it was something the previous owner had left behind.

To make things even stranger, when I went to contact the seller for more info, their account was gone, which left me with no way to learn more besides what the game’s description proclaimed would be “an experience like no other” and “beyond life-like.” Judging by that description, the name, and its rather risqué icon, I felt it was safe to assume that this Party Girl program was straight-up pornography. It probably turned your room into a strip club or something where you could jerk off to a digital porn star.

I took the headset off and held it in front of me, weighing the surprisingly difficult decision I couldn’t believe I was making. The VR headset seemed to be otherwise fine, but that wasn’t what I was trying to decide on. It was whether or not I wanted to give the obvious porn software a go. Sure, it had only been a month since I was dumped, but the last couple months of our relationship, things weren’t so great between me and Kara. Sex was practically nonexistent, and you can only do so much with your hand.

The thought of a virtual stripper was enticing. I could get all the visuals without needing to toss a wad of singles at her. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and put the headset back on. Then with a hesitant, shaky hand, I opened the Party Girl software.

For a good thirty seconds or so, nothing happened. A simple black screen filled my vision.

“Fucking broken soft—”

And then what could only be described as a visual onslaught of hot pink flashed before my eyes. I practically ripped the visor off before it could induce a seizure.

“Fucking hell.” I rubbed my eyes, attempting to blink away the afterimages. “What the fuck was that? No wonder the seller got rid of it.”

Feeling like I’d been sitting for hours on my couch, I stood, stretched, and headed for my bathroom. I gave myself a quick once-over in the mirror and frowned at what I saw—messy hair, patchy stubble, and dark circles under my eyes. I looked like hell.

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When I leaned forward to get a better look, my hand brushed something. It tipped over and rolled, stopping on the raised outer lip of the porcelain countertop. I cocked my head at the sight of the small brass tube. That... was definitely not there a moment ago. Something that shiny would normally stand out like a sore thumb.

I knew exactly what it was, yet I still picked it up to get a closer look at it. Did Kara leave a tube of lipstick here? Though when I popped the lid off and saw the color, I knew it wasn't hers. Twisting the base revealed a bright, sparkly pink lipstick. She preferred the darker tints.

"Wait, what the fuck?" I said when I caught myself nearly putting the lipstick on. It was mere centimeters from my lips when I realized what my body was doing. As quick as I could, I put the cap back on and threw it in the trash, trembling with anxious energy.

What the fuck just happened?

Backing away from the trash can like it was some kind of angry cat ready to pounce, I rubbed my head and tried to calm my racing heart. I decided maybe I should go for a walk. Get some fresh air. Maybe get some food.

Living downtown had its perks, like being within walking distance of many clubs and bars. It also had its downsides, such as living within walking distance of those same clubs and bars. As the weekend drew go on, it tended to get louder and louder as the crowds gathered, grew, and migrated from one venue to another. There'd be the occasional police siren, but other than that, just a bunch of loud drunks.

It was still on the early side, which made walking to the diner a breeze. This particular establishment had been here longer than any of the bars or clubs, a walk-up burger place that got packed as drunkards stumbled out of the bars to get a bite to eat.

"Name for the order?" The cashier couldn't have been more than twenty years old. I hoped he got paid enough to deal with all the drunks that would show up later.

"Olivia." I blinked. "Oliver." I shook my head to try to play it off, but he heard me; his shit-eating grin said so. What the fuck was wrong with me?

"Number 2 combo with a Dr. Pepper for Olivia." He handed me my receipt with a wide smile, and I did my best to shrug off my embarrassment. It almost worked, until they called for "Olivia" again over the restaurant's loudspeaker.

I grabbed my food and took a seat in the corner, munching on my burger as I watched the world go by through the floor-to-ceiling windows. I was nearly done with my burger when a lock of hair fell in front of my face. Instinctually I brushed it aside, only for it to click a moment later that I didn't have hair that long. It also almost looked... blonde?

I checked my reflection in the window. Nothing about me had changed, though I probably looked silly to anyone walking by. I brought up my phone and flipped the camera into selfie mode. Still no sign of any long, blonde strands of hair. Just my normal shaggy brown.

I leaned back in the booth and exhaled. "I need a drink."

"You coming in, or what?" The bouncer looked me up and down.

I didn't recognize this club. In fact, a lot of the clubs here seemed new. As much foot traffic as these places got, the operating costs must've been astronomical.

While there was no line outside, the venue was already near capacity. Luckily, I managed to snag a small table. The last thing I wanted to do was stand around as I enjoyed my drink.

The DJ's choice of music was some strange combo of fast electronic beats with heavy bass thrown in. Whatever it was called, the crowd sure loved it. It was so loud I had to scream my order at the waitress. But even then, I'm not confident she understood.

My suspicions were confirmed a few minutes later when she placed what looked like a Cosmo on my small round table that could barely sit one, let alone two. I called after her, but my voice was lost under the din of nearby conversations and the overwhelming music.

The drink, served in a chilled martini glass, was a cloudy pink. A lone cherry skewered with a multicolored toothpick floated on the surface. Frowning, I played with the drink, putting off drinking it as long as I could and hoping to catch the waitress next time she came by. Eventually the sweet cherry smell won me over and I decided to give it a taste. I had paid for it, so I might as well.

It was overtly sweet, but surprisingly strong. One sip and I could already feel the buzz coming on, which was odd—I definitely wasn't a lightweight. I'd held my own in college, having walked away from some of the rowdiest frat parties without assistance.

Before I realized it, I took the last sip of the drink. The alcohol's warm, comforting hug brought a smile to my face, as well as a foreign desire to go out on the dance floor. I felt the pull of the music and the undulating mob of bodies. I stepped down from my table and joined the crowd.

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I couldn't remember the last time I danced. The world around me slipped away as I found my rhythm. A fog filled my mind, giving me an almost pleasant lightheadedness. I felt like I was floating along, not a care in the world. Bodies pressed up against mine. Sweat, perfume, and cologne combined to form a strangely alluring aroma. I couldn't get enough of it.

A body pressed up against mine. A man, I could tell because of something hard poking into my lower back.

Something stirred within me. A desire for more. A craving for something...

Something pink flashed before my eyes. I brought my hands down to find the source of it was my nails. They were long, polished smooth, and painted an almost neon pink.

The guy behind me pressed his body harder against mine, upset that I broke the rhythm. When I felt his definitely erect cock against my backside, I stepped away, not daring to look back at who it was. Somehow, I wound up in the middle of the dance crowd, and it would've been easier to slosh through a waist-deep swamp than it was getting out of there.

When I finally did escape, I headed straight for the bathroom and locked myself in the first stall I found. The restroom was thankfully empty and its tiled walls muffled the droning beat of the music. I closed my eyes, took several deep, centering breaths, and opened them, focusing on my hands and dreading what I'd find.

Relief washed over me as I was greeted with my regular old hands, with my short, half-chewed nails and dry knuckles.

I exhaled and leaned against one of the walls, rubbing my face. My mind raced as I tried to figure out what was wrong with me. Was it something I ate? Maybe my drink was spiked. Whatever it was, it seemed to have passed, though I could still feel the alcohol warming my blood. It was a lot stronger than it seemed, whatever it was.

The taste of cherries still lingers on my lips.

I straightened and exhaled once more, rolling out my neck and shoulders as I attempted to bring myself back to a calm state. The fog in my mind lingered, making it hard to focus on anything.

Leaving the stall, I stepped up to the sink and took out my phone to check the time, but I wrapped my fingers around a small metal tube instead. My reflection's eyes widened. I knew what the object was even before I held it out in front of me—the brass tube of lipstick I'd thrown away.

I wanted to drop it. Throw it across the club bathroom. Chuck it into the trashcan overflowing with paper towels. But I couldn't; something kept the shiny tube in my grasp. A fascination. A curiosity.

I pocketed the lid and exposed the shimmering pink lipstick, moving it every which way to see the light reflect off its glittering surface. The pounding of my heart replaced the thrum of the music as the world around me faded away. My eyes moved from the lipstick to my reflection as I brought the lipstick closer... closer...

It went on almost effortlessly, painting my lips the bright, sparkly pink and it wasn't until they were fully covered that I found myself asking why. What the fuck was I doing? Why the fuck did I just put lipstick on?

I stared at my reflection, dumbfounded and looking absolutely ridiculous. Realizing I should probably remove the lipstick before anyone saw me, I pocketed the tube, turned the water on, and reached for some paper towels.

"Oh fuck."

I dropped the towels and lifted my hands to be eye level, staring in complete and utter disbelief at the pink, talon-like nails extending from my thin, dainty fingers. Something tickled my ears, and looking past my hands at my reflection, I spotted the return of the blonde hair too, only this time it wasn't just a few strands.

Right before my eyes my hair didn't just grow, but lightened. In moments my short, shaggy brown hair had grown past my ears as the color gave way to a bright, golden blonde.

The door to the restroom opened. Music rushed in, filling the mostly silent void, as well as women's voices.

I lunged for the closest stall, hoping they didn't spot me as I closed and locked the door. Had I been in the women's bathroom this whole time?

The women continued on as I pressed my back against the wall, covering my hand with my mouth to keep myself quiet, a task made even more difficult as the changes to my body continued.

Invisible hands kneaded my form like clay. They pulled my stomach in tight, redistributing the weight to my chest and ass. Tighter and tighter my clothes became, and just when I thought my shirt was going to rip open, the fabric started to stretch. I dared not look down at the still-expanding breasts, hoping that if I continued to ignore them, they'd go away.

It was all strangely erotic. A heat stronger than the alcohol I consumed earlier washed over me, and I

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caught myself moaning into my hand. My knees buckled as my mind swam. It was, like, so totally hard to think!

When I did open my eyes, I glanced down and was greeted by two very large breasts barely contained by a hot pink dress.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Another wave of pleasure flowed through me as my groin pulled in on itself. With my left hand still covering my mouth, my right fumbled with the hem of the dress as I searched for what I knew was no longer there.

As my boxers became a lacy thong, I found only a moist slit where my cock and balls had been.

Once more my body twitched and spasmed. I had to grab hold of the handrail for support, which allowed another moan to escape my lips freely. Thankfully there was no response. The women must've left, a welcome thought as I opened the stall and wobbled forward in my new platform heels, which were also hot pink.

I stared—no, gawked—at my reflection. The busty blonde woman looking back at me couldn't be me. As I raised my right hand, she mirrored the motion, staring back with ocean-blue eyes and her full, glossy lips set in a permanent pout. Waves of golden blonde hair fell down past her shoulders.

"Like, oh my god."

I covered my mouth at the sound of my voice—airy and feminine, honey-sweet and seductive. "This is my—"

I couldn't finish the sentence. Like, what happened to me? How did I become this, like, totally beautiful babe? I'm like, so hot and stuff.

I shook my head. I was having trouble focusing. I couldn't, like, think straight. I needed to get out of here, back to my apartment, before this could get, like, way worse.

Pulling my attention from the mirror, I faced the door. I could do this. I could, like, totally do this. I took a step forward, hoping I could walk in these, like, totally amazing heels. They were, like, so slutty!

Ignoring the ditzzy voice in my mind, I took another step, and another, my breasts bouncing with each one until I was finally at the door. Trembling, I reached for the handle. I needed to, like, get out of here.

The music hit me like a bus and blanketed my senses, the heavy bass thrumming in my chest and the tempo overwhelming my already foggy mind. I had trouble locating the exit. The flashing lights kept pulling my attention back to the dance floor, which I had to pass through in order to leave the club.

It was surprisingly easy to walk in the heels. As if I had been, like, doing it all my life. So much so that as I approached the dance floor, my hips swayed with the rhythm of the music.

The mob opened up for me. It was a trap, and by the time I, like, realized this, it was totally too late. Bodies pressed in all around me. I lost my bearings and, like, couldn't remember which way it was to the exit. I spun around, becoming light-headed and dizzy. It was, like, so hard to think.

What was I trying to do again? Find the exit or something? Like, why would I want to do that?

I giggled and let the music flow through me. Bodies pressed in closer as I inhaled the heady aroma of sweat, perfume, cologne, and alcohol. I glanced back at the guy moving in behind me. His body glistened = as he placed his hands on my hips, pulling me in even closer until we danced as one.

Feeling another pair of hands, I opened my eyes to see another guy position himself in front of me. The two men moved in even closer and a pleasurable warmth flowed through me. Like, how awesome was this? Two totally hot dudes dancing with me, fighting over me. Oh my god, was that, like, what I thought it was? They were, like, getting boners!

Wait a minute...

I snapped out of the trance, and in a moment of clarity, I found the exit and pushed my way through and out of the crowd of people. While I may have left the dance floor, the sensations of two guys grinding against me with boners remained. Having escaped the quicksand, I made my way toward the exit.

The cool night air was a welcome relief. It cleared my head and lifted the fog, allowing me to think clearly for, like, the first time in a while. Now I totally needed to get back to my apartment before I, like, did anything I might regret.

Downtown had fully come alive. Crowds gathered in front of the clubs and bars as the lines for each steadily grew. Traffic came to a standstill as taxis and ride-shares brought even more would-be partygoers.

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Men and women both stared at me as I sauntered down the sidewalk. I mean, it was, like, so hard to not stare at me. I looked totally amazing. Super-hot, super sexy. It, like, felt so good to be ogled.

The doors to another club opened as I passed by, and the music caught my attention the same way the aroma of some exotic dish would stoke my hunger. I bit my lower lip as I peered inside at the light show and the dancing crowd. It all looked so totally amazing.

No. I couldn't. I tore my gaze away from the closing doors and forced my legs forward. One more block,

then I would cross the street. I'd be at my apartment and could, like, figure out what to do.

I passed by another club. Once more the doors opened and I found myself peering inside. It called to me, inviting me in.

"Ma'am, would you like to come in?" the bouncer lifted the velvet rope and waved me through, much to the anger of those still in line. I guessed looking this sexy had its perks after all.

I glanced over at my apartment building. I mean, what harm could one more club do? I'd only pop in for,

like, a little bit. Just a couple songs.

"Totally," I said.

The crowd made way for me as I approached the dance floor, hips rocking, breasts bouncing, and swallowed me whole as I threw my hands in the air. As I danced, the weight of the world vanished from my shoulders. A pleasant heat radiated through my body as the fog crept back into my brain. It felt, like, so totally wonderful.

In no time at all, a guy moved in behind me and pressed his body against mine, gently gripping my hips as he pulled me in close. When I felt something hard press against my ass, turned toward him. The way he stared at me... like, wow. So, so hot. I couldn't control myself. I just had to.

I leaned in and planted my lips on his. I, like, couldn't believe I was kissing a guy, but it was, like, so totally hot. His musk was intoxicating. I wanted him. I wanted him, like, so bad. Fuck. If he invited me back to his place, I would go. I'd go and I'd do whatever he wanted me to do. I wouldn't be able to help myself. He was, like, so totally cute.

The guy took me by the hand and led me away from the dance floor. Though instead of his place, he took me to the bathroom. The other guy in there gave us both a look. Like, fuck, this was so totally crazy. What was I doing? Oh god, this was so totally slutty.

The two of us barely fit in the stall, but that didn't matter. Our hands were all over each other's bodies, with mine focusing on his firm butt, rock-hard abs, and muscular arms. He squeezed my ass and pulled me hard against him as we made out like there was no tomorrow. That was when I felt it again—his thick, hard cock. I moved my hand down and rubbed the front of his pants. He grunted in approval in between kisses.

I dropped to my knees. His cock was, like, so big. Like, oh my god, it was huge! Way bigger than mine ever was. This dude was, like, a total stud! The smell made my mouth water. I licked my lips, and without hesitation, took his cock into my mouth.

Oh. My. God. I was, like, totally in heaven. It was soooo amazing! Fuck! Was this what a cock tasted like?! It was so... like... mmmm! I couldn't stop. I didn't want to.

"Oh fuck!" the guy grunted. "Damn, girl!"

My nose pressed against his pubic bone. Was I really taking the whole thing in my mouth?! Damn, I was such a slut! Like, deepthroating a dude in a bathroom. Oh my god, what if he, like—

The guy twitched and moaned as cum erupted from his cock, filling my mouth and spraying what remained all over my face as he pulled back. I swallowed what I could and licked the rest from my lips. It tasted... so... good. More. I needed more.

"Damn, girl, that was... amazing," he said breathlessly. Then he tucked his limp dick back into his pants and left me there, kneeling on the bathroom floor and wiping the cum from my face and sucking it off my fingers like it was honey. God, I was such a fucking slut. That felt so amazing. Like, so good.

When I opened the door to the stall, two guys stood by the sinks. They looked between me and the door, confused, and from the looks of the growing bulges in their pants, turned on.

I knew they wanted me. I caught a glimpse of my reflection. Apparently, I hadn't gotten all the cum off my face. Oopsie.

"Hey, boys, you want to, like, fuck me?"

They couldn't have been more than twenty-five. They looked at each other, and then one of them ran for the door. Just as I was about to start pouting, he locked it. By the time I got down to my knees, they had both their dicks out, ready for me. Both were smaller than the previous guy, but not by much. Not that it mattered—like, a cock is still a cock. Duh.

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The guys high-fived as I went back and forth between them, sucking on one while jerking off the other. But as much as I enjoyed the taste of their cocks, there was, like, something else I craved. I needed a dick in me. I needed to, like, get totally fucked.

"Fuck me," I moaned, eyes darting back and forth between the two men. "Please fuck me. I want your dicks in me."

I didn't wait for an answer. I simply got up from my knees and sat down on the edge of the counter, legs

spread wide. When one of the guys hesitated, the other stepped up. Like, oh my god. My head swam as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me with each thrust.

I don't think I can... I can't even, like, think straight. Like, oh my god! Fuck!

I threw my head back and moaned. Then an idea came to me and I gently pushed my handsome stud back, allowing me to slide off the counter and get back down on my knees. My mouth felt totally empty. I, like, needed a cock in it.

The two men caught on quickly. The guy fucking my brains out—like, what little I had left—dropped to his knees and lined up behind me as I wrapped my lips around the other guy's cock.

Oh my god, I was, like, in heaven. Fuck, fuck, fuck! I needed a third cock. No—three more. One in each hand and another to fill my other hole. Cocks. I needed cocks. Needed to fuck and suck and get fucked. Like, I'm such a total whore, oh my god!

"Oh fuck," the guy behind me grunted. "I'm going to..."

I felt the cum fill me. The warmth radiated throughout my body. Then the guy in front of me joined his friend, though he pulled out, instead spraying my face with his white-hot seed. I opened my mouth wide and stuck out my tongue as I tried to get as much of it as I could before I lost control.

My entire body convulsed as the orgasm swept through me, shaking me to my core. Wave after wave, I was tossed about. It was stronger than any drink, more powerful than any drug. My vision blurred, my head swam, and I floated about in nothingness, the music reduced to a distant murmur. I couldn't see what I looked like, but I could only imagine the empty, dazed look I must've had. My lips curled into a smile.

And then everything went black.

When I came to, darkness engulfed my vision. I was seated and my head was strangely heavy, like something was...

Wait a minute.

I reached up and pulled off the VR visor. That was weird, I thought it took it off when...

I looked around my dark apartment, the only source of light streaming in through the windows. What time was it? How long had I been...

I looked down and frowned. My pants were soaked. Not just in sweat, but cum too, and a fair bit of it.

I looked back at the visor. Was it all real? My hands were my own, my clothes too. Same with my body. I was back to my old self. But did I even change to begin with? Or...

I shook my head. I didn't want to think about it, even though I remembered. Even though I could still taste...

I shuddered. I needed a shower, bad. A long, hot shower. And some mouthwash. And something strong to drink.

After nearly doubling my water bill for the month, I returned to my living room. Outside the downtown cityscape thrummed with activity. As I sat back down on my couch, I picked up the headset again and held it out in front of me. I imagined the previous owner got rid of the visor because of that Party Girl software. But why? Were they so totally disgusted by the experience that they needed to be rid of the thing once and for all? Or was it because they enjoyed it too much?

I tapped my fingers on the visor as I considered this. I could always uninstall the software—after all, it would be a waste to get rid of the visor after one use. Then again, I couldn't deny how surprisingly good that all felt. It was really something else.

Something, like, totally amazing.

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AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading *Party Girl*, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena