Price of Paradise - pt.1

(Futa on Male Domination, Sissification, Gender Bending)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male domination, Gender bending and sissification, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

(Please remember to love and support the LGBTQ+ community, privately and publicly if possible.)

If you enjoyed this book check out my other works, and for more stories and content, or to ask about commissions, visit:

www.thereshegoes123.com

Published by Thereshegoes123, Copyright 2020. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and/or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, organizations, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Price of Paradise pt.1

Early morning. The sun creeps above forest canopies, flooding a tropical vista with light, as well as the mansion-cum-villa overlooking it. The chitter of bugs and shrieking of birds remains constant, ever-present… apart from one strange shrieking that joined them. Within one of the villa's expansive bedrooms, a petite white girl rode up and down, up and down on the seat of a giant tanned woman. Shoulder-length black hair tickled Alvin's shoulders as he bounced, a light breeze kissing his skin through the open bay windows, open wide enough to allow the rest of the compound to hear every wretched squeal from his mouth as he juddered, Valentina's hips spanking his ass with forceful blows.

Smack-smack-smack-!

"OUUUMMAAAMMAAUU-"

Alvin jolted, his scream turning silent. The giant pipe had just pounded up into his ass, filling him, brutalising him. He bucked and drooled, a rivulet of saliva dripping down onto the figure below, thanking his owner for these gifts of emasculation.

The woman had at one time been a business partner… then she had become his owner. Now she was his world.

Smack-smack-smack-

"Uyuuyy-!!!!"

"Fucking….. Slut!…"

Despite all her physical attributes, her huge cock and her caramel curves, there was one thing beyond all that bewitched him from the beginning: Her eyes. Those powerful irises of honeyed amber that poured into the darkest parts of his soul, melting his insides. He could do nothing when faced with those beacons of absolute truth - the certainty of Valentina Brito, Queen of Palagos.

He'd stopped asking himself why; why was he here, in the mountains of South America, riding the dick of one of the most powerful mob bosses in the country? It no longer mattered. The question was irrelevant when there was pleasure to be had.

Thinking wasn't something he did much anymore.

A dazed smile spread across his face as the sun's warmth touched his sweaty features, lipstick and mascara smudged and running down his cheeks whilst the woman bounced Alvin almost to the ceiling. Riding cowgirl had become one of their favourite positions. Her hands were harsh as they clamped tighter to the baby-fat of his hips, and then up the gossamer kimono that covered nothing, sliding across the two large breasts that were bouncing on his chest.

Those had taken getting used to.

Now as she fingered his fat nipples, Alvin gave into the wonderful sensation of feeling feminine… feeling fertile and used as he began to let his whore-voice out, a blasphemous feminine hoot signalling the start of the day.

The figure below him was just as gorgeous, yet almost his opposite, a bronzed, hard-jawed woman with a bodybuilder's frame and similarly aggressive-sized breasts. Golden hair fanned out around her head as Valentina smirked, teasing her bitch. She loved to edge her pet closer and closer without letting the slut climax. It was the most beautiful form of torture one could engage in, and truly soul-sating. Such superiority provided a moment of true dominion that few ever got to experience.

"Not yet baby… you haven't earned your release *yet*…."

She slowed down as she felt Alvin begin to shake, letting him moan in frustration, trying to ride harder but prevented by her hip-hold. She even gave him a slight imprint of her nails which screwed his pretty face up in pain.

"Uhhn-"

Long fingers grabbed the tiny tent in his panties, squeezing the base hard to prevent any milk sneaking through, a high-pitched whine rising in Alvin's throat.

"UuuUEUUGh-"

"Hmm, I wonder why I allowed you to keep such a pathetic thing," she drawled, "I should have done you a favour like I did your friend and removed it entirely. I know you like watching him… I mean… *her*…. take it in both holes."

Alvin throbbed in her palm. He did like watching his ex-'friend' if she could be called a friend, get triple-teamed by gigantic, hung men and women. Certainly, it reminded him what a good decision being a well-behaved bitch had turned out to be.

"P-plleassee lemme cumm."

“You cum when I allow you to,” she rasped, her manhood pulsing beneath his milky-white belly as he shuddered, half smiling, half crying from the overwhelming sensations, yet prevented from reaching blissful release.

“Pl-UE—ehh-eeaasseuh-“

“Yeesss… beg,” she rasped, her eyes full of fire, unblinking as she drank in the mind-break of her very own human; her property and plaything.

“P-Ple-*YUHK-!*“

The upward thrusts were so hard and fast that he didn’t even have time to scream, the cock rearranging him from within as his eyes rolled up. The hand at the base of his small manhood squeezed tighter. Somehow the pain during his orgasm seemed to elongate it, unable to release his seed, yet overwhelmed by the feeling of utter humiliating slutty pleasure that came from being unmanned by a superior’s cock.

Occasionally she would grab him and hold him close like a lover, but the things she whispered in his ear were cruel and laced with glee.

“Little *American* white bitch likes that big dick huh PUTA?!”

“Take that DICK!… *ooooh* better than any of the whores I’ve tried before…”

“Ffuck, you finally found your place boy, *UHN!*… on Mama’s cock…!”

“Should have stayed in America… *your ass is mine now…..”*

Alvin couldn’t speak by the time they were done. All he knew was the sun was well along its journey when he finally lay aching and spent in bed, a woman’s cum literally bubbling out of his ass and spreading into a pool, occasionally spurting a few feet.

His owner’s voice murmured in his ear.

“Come Alexa… let’s clean each other in the shower my loverrrrr….. Then we can relax by the pool.”

Alexa. He was still getting used to that too…. Or rather, *she*.

***

Alexa shifted her aching knees on the towel she’d laid on the floor. The oppressive heat sizzling on her back was only half of the reason she was sweating… the other half namely the cock resting on her forehead, plus the huge balls sagging against her mouth.

Splashes from some of the other bitches pricked her ears, but she did not waver from her wonderful task, gifted to her by her Goddess. The harsh sunlight made the leaves of the forest before them shimmer like a green sea as Mistress Valentina sprawled her legs a little wider on her sun lounger, giving Alexa more room to debase herself.

She gave a little tongue tickle of the left nut, feeling the testicle suspended in fluid within bounce around, the wrinkles of the skin folding into her mouth.

“Mmhm.”

The figure lounging on the sunbed grunted, but didn’t move. Golden sunglasses covered her eyes, her abdominal muscles glistening with the tanning oil that Alexa had spread over the woman’s powerful body.

Quietly, the kneeling figure worked away. Her eyes flickered over to other men and women in tanning beds, with their own girls serving them. None of them were fully face-in-crotch like she was, however. They had a modicum of self-respect. But then, that was why she was Valentina’s special girl. She worked hard at being a bitch….. She briefly wondered if it was technically her job, but a snort of salty balls against her lips put all questions from her mind. It wasn’t her job… it was her calling.

Why think when you can suck?

As she slurped the nutsack deeper into her distended jaw, Valentina rippled, groaning loud enough that Alexa felt the woman’s meat vibrate on her forehead.

Splashes from the pool briefly drew her attention to a bikini-clad slut, her tits big enough to look like flotation devices as she leaned them over the side, winking at one of the men on their own sunbed before sneering at Alexa.

“Go on puuuttaaaa… go hog that sack for mawwwmmmyyy!”

Alexa blushed. Even more humiliating was when Mommy started laughing.

“Ha, I think you should listen my little pussy…. Candy knows best after all.”

“Mmm-mm-“

He shook his head, moaning into the sack which was always so *oily*. Alexa had begun to learn that ball sweat (and everything in a hung woman’s under-crevasse) had a certain different texture to it that felt somehow more disgusting, yet more necessary. A scent rub that marked her as owned as she fully pressed her face into the swamp of Mommy’s ballsack.

She knew she'd only be allowed to go for that wonderful, gigantic dick if Mommy let her.

"Yyyyyeaahhhh there ya go, *pussy!"* Candy cackled, bouncing up and down and splashing the water with her milk-makers.

As Alexa began to rub her own hard clitty from all the excitement and emasculation, a distant plane flew overhead, a speck in the sky… just like the one that Alvin had ridden on his first visit, when his life had been on a very different trajectory….

***

1 year ago…..

-

"WE'RE ALMOST THERE!!!"

Jorge's deep, accented voice was loud in his ears, but Alvin could barely hear it over the sound of the wind and the motors. He strained against the seat-belt to peer out of the side of the aircraft, his slim frame pinned by the device. Eventually he gave up and slumped, instead watching the white puffs of clouds briefly interspersed throughout blinding blue sky. Down below, an ocean of rainforest had stretched out ahead of them. It had seemed endless, but to Alvin it was simply a path to another type of green – money. At least, he hoped so.

"You excited?!?"

He turned to his business partner, Floyd, a typical V-shaped jock who had his usual shit-eating grin over a chiselled face, made even less likeable by naturally windswept hair. Alvin wished it was like looking in a mirror, but the only similarity they shared was an American passport and dark-ish hair, his own features dainty, 'assets' consisting of a thick bubble butt and rather gorgeous lips that any pornstar would pay good money for. It didn't help that Floyd's chin was granite, and he wasn't averse to steroids, and hence possessed a barrel-chest that any ordinary human would have to slave for years in the gym to enjoy.

"What?!?"

"You EXCITED!!?"

"It's not about excitement!"

“Aw you’re wound up too tight Inchy!”

“You’re not wound up enough… and STOP calling me that,” he shot back in a clipped tone, gripping the lock-box tighter with sweaty hands. It wouldn’t do to lose their first cash investment, and the loans they’d managed to procure would be easily paid back… provided they met the seller they were looking for.

“Ah c’mon, it’s funny!”

“It’s not.”

“Don’t worry Inchy, I won’t tell it to Valentina!”

He sure hoped not. He was nervous enough already about finally meeting Valentina Brito, or as some in the clubs of Miami had dubbed her - *the cocaine queen*; their seller, whom they would finally be meeting in person today with Jorge as their man in-between. The gatekeeper to a life of riches… but first, they needed to impress her.

Apparently she always met prospective partners in person the first time, and she never gave second chances.

As he tried to take his mind off the coming meeting, as well as the sweat-soaked shirt clinging to his small frame, Alvin thought back, amid the drone of the propellers, to the first moment they’d tried that wonderful, magical white powder – a hit so good and so pure that Floyd had nearly flung himself off a second floor balcony.

Paradise. A variant of cocaine so pure it felt like a bridge to heaven. It hadn’t taken much from Floyd to convince Alvin that this stuff was different to all that weak, watered-down shit. Alvin had needed time to assess whether it was worth it, but there was no doubting the product… This was their ticket to the big-time. No more small time dealing to other students. No more hustling with shitty bicarbonate of soda rat-poison from shitty vendors. This time, they would go to the source for the mother of all cocaine. And get rich.. *filthy* rich.

And of course, Alvin couldn’t let Floyd go to another continent alone. The guy was college douche-bag through and through, and diplomacy was both his biggest strength and weakness depending on what side (and time) of bed he rolled out from, especially when placed outside of frat houses and sororities (especially sororities as he often bragged).

Alvin was brought out of his reverie by a lurch as the plane descended, and by the time they came to a stop and disembarked, he was still feeling decidedly queasy despite the gorgeous sunlight overhead and the tropical fauna surrounding the runway with vines creeping at its edges.

Waiting for them were a man and a woman standing next to a four-by-four, both dark-skinned and rather tall, the man sporting a short military hairstyle and bulky physique where she was slender with dreadlocks, bearing smiles that didn't shine like their aviator sunglasses. They were dressed in chinos and translucent open shirts that left little of their supreme musculature to the imagination. The woman had a bikini-style top on underneath.

"Hola amigos! Welcome to Palagos."

"English please," Floyd gasped, the humidity still too much for him.

The figure's smiles lowered a notch, eyeing the two pale men and the embarrassed grin of Jorge as he shoved past the bent-double tourist and slapped him on the back, giving a curt laugh to break the silence. "HA, very funny Mr Yankee…. Hola amigos. I'm Jorge, this is Floyd, and that's Alvin."

The man spoke.

"A pleasure…. I am Pero, and this is my sister, Silvini.

"Silvini huh?" Floyd panted, suddenly interested as he raised his hand to the woman, ignoring Pero entirely.

The woman gave him a dismissive look.

"Yes."

"Cool… you get around much? Maybe, show me the town?"

"Maybe you should ask Pero."

"Who's Pero?"

"*Me*," the large man growled.

"Eyyyy easy my man…. I was just askin'!"

Jorge tapped Floyd's shoulder and gave him a warning look.

"I think we should get going… it's been a long journey…"

"Sure thing… as long as we're goin' with *her,* I don't care where we're headed!"

Both the figures gave them a disdainful look. In their language, Silvini muttered to Pero, *"maybe I should let him hit on me. He could use a wider asshole."*

This made Pero smirk, but he gestured to the sweating men with two fingers, reverting to English.

"Please come with us."

A black SUV awaited them. As they stepped in, Floyd muttered loud enough for everyone to hear, "Jeez, this Pedro guy is kinda jealous huh?" The two in the front seats twitched but said nothing. Alvin blushed, Jorge putting his head in his hands as they all settled in the back of the car and were soon zooming down dirt roads, the car bobbling and rolling on the harsh earth as Floyd nattered into their ears.

"It's happening! It's really happening!"

"Indeed," Jorge murmured, leaning back. He didn't look so smiley.

"I.. I think something's happening," Alvin muttered, clutching the lock-box even tighter against his stomach which hadn't stopped churning.

"Of COURSE something's happening Inchy! We're gonna meet our ticket to paradise… literally!"

"…and the head of the Valentinos," Jorge murmured, "largest drug gang in South America."

"I don't give a shit as long as she gives us product!" Floyd chirped, sitting in the middle seat with his arms on the back rests, taking up more space with his legs than necessary.

"Boys, we need to be smart. This woman commands respect… this is her country, and everyone knows it."

Floyd grinned, staring out the window as Jorge murmured.

"Her name to all is Madre. And you bow your head when you meet her."

"Sure, sure."

Floyd barely seemed to be listening. Alvin wondered how the guy had got such high grades with such a dickhead attitude, but then again, life was rarely fair. He'd probably cheated.

Jorge continued, gesturing with his hands to get some of the nervous energy out.

“You must allow her the first word… and do not anger her. She has the temper of a tiger.”

“Hey, I’m sure I can tame a little pussycat,” Floyd chuckled.

The car engine rumbled louder as Pero accelerated. Alvin didn’t like the stony looks on the faces of Pero and Silvini, not speaking a word yet the pulsing vein on Pero’s temple was enough to send shivers through Alvin’s body as they began to ascend up a hillside, the roadside steeping to overlook a valley. Alvin’s stomach made another strange flip as he looked down at a bare cliff-edge drop less than a metre from the wheels as they continued up a pockmarked road. Finally, they reached the summit: a stunning vista breaking over the treetops, with a small red-brick compound poised on a ridge. It had been positioned to perfectly overlook a valley to the north and a small bay to the south, the ridge-line itself running down to the sea in the west, with larger hills inland on the east side.. It was quite simply, stunning from all corners.

“Wow….”

“Beautiful no?” Jorge murmured, adjusting his straw trilby.

“Dang… can’t wait to get a place like this,” Floyd murmured as they pulled into the walls of the compound, two armed guards standing outside. Both were tall, similarly tanned local women with strong jawlines and muscles, clad in shorts, tank tops and tactical vests. One of them blew a large pink bubble from her lips, smirking as she stared at the newcomers, the other raising her baseball cap and waving them through.

“Dude, they’re hot as fuck… Might give Silvini a run for her money!”

“Quiet,” murmured Jorge.

Alvin’s eyes widened at the machine guns in their hands… then popped wider at the splendour of wealth within. The forest outside grew close to the walls several metres high, greenery peeking over at a four-story villa in the centre. It looked somehow traditional and modern at the same time, simple red walls and a flat roof which extended around it accompanying floor-to-ceiling windows on the top floor, showing a beautiful living space within bearing white minimalist interiors. The lower floors had windows darkened to make it impossible to see anything other than shadows within.

Clay-roofed houses surrounded this tasteful excess, colourful gardens running throughout the driveway and between the low buildings, which seemed on second glance to be a variety of store-rooms, servant's quarters and other potential guest or service buildings. As they moved closer under the shadow of the main building, trimmings of gold glinted in the exterior, circling pillars that held up a wide front balcony. A fountain in the centre of the gravel driveway spouted water up out of an angelic woman's form, a gardener kneeling next to it in a patch of bright yellow and red flowers that looked alien in the way their leaves were slender and long. What was even more alien was the gardener herself, a young white woman in the midst of the locals, grinding a hand trowel into the dirt, wearing a bikini so tightly wedged into her butt-cheeks that Alvin was sure he could see the pink flower lips of her pussy wedged either side of the stringy silver material as she bent forwards further. It seemed unnecessarily sexual, and when she noticed the car she waved and wiggled her ass.

"Hhhooo baby," Floyd murmured, pawing at the window.

"Don't. They're the Valentino's girls. Nobody touches them except locals."

"Maybe they'll make an exception for a nice guy like me."

"Especially not for guys like you."

As they approached, a maid poked her head out of the front door, giggling as she ushered another away from the sight of guests. She also looked local with similarly bronzed skin and curvier figures, yet the maid's outfits she wore seemed unnecessarily slutty, short skirts, stockings and unnecessary gaps in their outfit revealing suspenders and their bellies. Floyd could barely contain himself as they hurried out of sight. Alvin didn't notice, too busy trying to stop his head spinning from the car journey.

"Out," Silvini ordered.

"Sure thing princess," Floyd grinned, "laters Pedro."

Pero's veneer of professionalism wavered, his face a mask of rage.

"My name… is PERO!"

"Whatever," Floyd muttered, winking at Silvini before disembarking.

"Sorry," Alvin muttered, before adding, "thank you," and following. The pair didn't smile, Pero cursing under his breath in their language as Floyd kicked the door shut behind him.

Eventually the trio were left staring up at the beautiful building, a pair of engraved, wooden double-doors awaiting them, Floyd spent all of two seconds before ogling back at the gardener who was now waving, her breasts barely encase in a similarly thong-like bikini that was more imagination than material.

“Beautiful isn’t it,” Jorge exclaimed, “but don’t be distracted by its magnificence. It is a place of riches… and dark dangers.”

“Yeah,” Floyd murmured, still facing the other way.

Alvin didn’t think he could speak, mainly because of his stomach.

“Come, we should not keep her waiting,” Jorge murmured as the car growled and raced around the fountain towards a large garage off to the side.

“Wonder what’s got Pedro’s knickers in a twist,” Floyd said idly, making Jorge peel his eyes.

Alvin waddled to the door.

“I-I need a minute,” he moaned, squeezing into the house, not stopping to observe the strangely homely corridor with very un-homely giant portraits on the walls either side, nor the pretty girl looking down at her phone in the lobby, who didn’t notice as he flung himself into the nearest bathroom he could find.

***

Alvin took a deep breath, steadying his feet as he exited the bathroom. It was the first time since they’d landed that he felt somewhat human again. He had a brief vision of the hallway; just enough time to take in the huge oil painting of a stern woman with aged toffee skin and grey hair sat in a throne-like chair, when a voice blared in his ear.

“SHIT ALERT!”

The additional cuff around the ear wasn’t necessary but helped to unbalance him further and send him to the floor.

“FFF-FFUCK… F-fuck you Floyd!!”

The man grinned, hauling Alvin up abruptly.

“Ah come on Inchy, you were in there long enough. Thought you might be testing a little of the product! I wouldn’t mind some paradise myself….”

Alvin grumbled as he rubbed his ear, finally getting a chance to observe his fine surroundings; the antique vases filled with bright plants, gold trim banisters running up to the second floor that curled into faces of monkeys at the ends….. and a pretty girl waiting expectantly with one eye on her phone, or rather, upon several double-takes, a young, white sissy dressed in a short skirt, heels, a black crop top and glasses. A headscarf on his head plus obvious glossy red lipstick and mascara made him look profoundly feminine barring the Adam's apple and lack of breasts.

“So… you’re done shitting? Alex, right?”

“Ah… y-yes..”

“He was just thinking about you,” Floyd grinned, leading Alvin to clench his jaw, although the ‘girl’ was a difficult thing to witness for a guy trying to maintain his straightness. The sissy didn’t even bother looking at Floyd, maintaining her bored stare at Alex.

“Name’s Candy. Your friend is…. Interesting,” she sighed, “Come, you’re late.”

Candy was about Alvin’s height in heels which meant he was incredibly short in reality, and the way his ass popped made him about as camp as one could be as his heels *_click-click-clicked_* past the pair.

“Where’s Jorge?”

“Jorge’s upstairs with the big-bad-bitch,” Floyd grinned.

Alvin’s eyes widened as he noticed Candy smirk.

“Yeah, but don’t let the bitch hear you say that.”

“Don’t call her that!” he hissed.

“Why?”

“She OWNS this country!!!”

“She can’t *hear us* dude. Relax….gayboy’s not gonna tell us, are you?”

“Candy is my preferred name,” the camp figure said with a flick of his wrist, walking further ahead up the stairs, “but no… I wouldn’t say I’m one of her more devout followers-“

“Yeah okay we don’t need your life story,” Floyd muttered. Candy’s jaw clamped shut as she strutted on ahead, out of range.

Click-Click-click

Alvin tried to calm his pounding heart, taking a deep breath.

“Wooh… this place is uh… weird huh?”

“Yeah,” Floyd murmured back, “fuck I want to go and play with that gardener after we’re done here.”

“DUDE!…. Listen. This… this woman is not someone that you fuck with… I heard the last dealer that pissed her off disappeared. Never seen again.”

Candy’s ears pricked, but she continued walking.

“Well, better not keep her waiting, yeah?”

Floyd ambled towards the stairs, winking down at a maid emerging from another room. It had to be said she was another stunner, a caramel skinned beauty with her hair in a bun, body thick with a wonderful slight sag with age.

“Hola, Hermana,” Floyd grinned.

Candy rolled his eyes and disappeared down the second floor hallway as the maid’s eyebrows furrowed in annoyance. She jabbered something.

“I love you too,” he replied, touching her shoulder. She flinched and backed off, her voice rising as she waved her hands at him. Alvin felt horrified at Floyd’s behaviour, trying to pull the man up the staircase.. But his bulk stopped and firmly gripped the shining banister.

“Ey… if you’re going to try and push me, I’m staying right here. Hell, maybe I’ll talk a little longer with her… teach her some manners,” Floyd uttered casually with a nasty grin, staring down at the woman who was still muttering a stream of Spanish at them, eyes wide.

“A-alright, *alright*… sorry Floyd, just… let’s go up… Valentina’s waiting.”

“Say please, Inchy.”

Alvin was already regretting going into partnership with this College frat-boy dickhead. But he was too deep in now.

“… Please.”

“There ya go!”

Floyd ruffled his hair just for good measure, leaving Alvin fuming as they climbed the staircase, pushing past Candy on the way. Floyd made sure to take

his sweet time as Alvin fidgeted, knowing it was pointless to try and push the man further. As they approached the door at the end of the second-floor hallway, voices came through the gap.

"Where are they Jorge?"

"They'll be here… One is just… busy in the bathroom."

"I don't like having my time wasted Jorge… You don't need two men to take one shit."

"What's biting her vag?" Floyd murmured.

Alvin shot him as nasty a look as he could manage. He was going to blow this whole deal if they weren't careful. Jorge had done the right thing in keeping Floyd out as long as possible.

"Floyd… she is going to KILL US if we fuck this up!" he hissed.

Floyd scowled, but did compose himself somewhat, straightening his shirt.

"Fine, fine… hold onto your panties, jeez…."

He stuck a salesman smile on his face, and eased the door open.

"Apologies Señors and Señoritas… What did we miss!"

"Ah yes, Madre this is Floyd," Jorge said quickly, "and this…."

Alvin entered an office with an identical giant portrait of the same grey-haired woman positioned above what was clearly that woman's daughter in real life, those same sharp features sitting in that same chair behind a large mahogany desk, only the caramel skin was smoother. She looked around forty, a few wise lines on her face, and possessed the same clinical stare that her mother did. As the woman's frown locked onto him, Alvin's body did a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree somersault yet somehow remained utterly still as his expression dropped into a gormless open-mouthed stare. Honeyed eyes froze him in place. Candy introduced them, standing to one side of Valentina, with another muscular woman on the other side wearing a tactical vest, a pistol at her hip. This local woman was even taller than Silvini or the guards, yet despite her size looming over them, it was Valentina's presence that dominated Alvin completely. His lungs weren't working. He was going to choke on her beauty-

"…this is Alvin. Floyd, Alvin.. *Madre of Palagos*, *Valentina Brito*."

"Pleasure," Floyd said smartly.

Alvin didn't say anything. He couldn't breathe. She was stunning.

Floyd nudged him. His jaw bounced, but no words came out.

Her long hair was dirty-blond, framed by long silver ear-rings which dangled close to a squarish chin. Her face was strangely handsome and masculine, yet had thick, wide lips with dark lipstick the colour of red wine, suggesting sharp but tantalising flavours if one were to kiss them.

Why was he thinking about kissing them?

His gaze couldn't stop drinking in her curves, romping down the purple satin halter-style gown with sleeves, neckline plunging between large breasts, an outfit that grabbed the attention, yet still contained elegance and power, a black and gold belt tight around her waist completing the ensemble. But once again his gaze gravitated to her eyes, filled with intelligence and a twinkle of something deeper he couldn't put his finger on. Any remnants of his soul that were left him in that moment.

"Huyy-heh… ahh you… ooowwwo..woww……"

"This is Alvin," Floyd said, wedging his grin higher.

"*Uuughh….*"

Floyd gave a sharp elbow into Alvin's ribs before taking over.

"Uh, what my PARTNER is trying to say, is we are *honoured* to be invited to your ah.. Palace?"

"It is a villa…. But thank you."

"Thank *you* Valentina."

Jorge gave a sharp cough.

"*Ah…* Madre," Floyd added, bashful for once.

She nodded, still regarding Alvin whose brain was going to explode with either embarrassment, arousal or a twisted combination of the two if he didn't manage some sort of understandable language, yet he still felt like someone had dropped a bomb on his temple, struggling to collect the pieces of his consciousness. He'd struggled with women before, even been speechless once or twice… but he'd never found himself physically at a loss to control any brain function in the face of true unadulterated beauty.

"So…. Alvin. Do you speak as well?"

“Ahhhgyyyuahem…..!!”

He coughed, bowing as Jorge and Floyd bother stared daggers at him.

“…Yeah. YES. I speak English. I’m English. Um, but I-I’m American…I just speak English. I’m Alvin.”

She frowned.

“Yes, I’m aware what your name is.”

“Ah…”

Jorge jumped in before Alvin could cause any more damage.

“Shall we begin *Madre*? I think our dear American compatriots are a little jet-lagged…”

“And retarded,” Floyd muttered, before bowing to Valentina with an apologetic look, “*your grace*… Madre.”

“Sit,” she said.

They did, seating themselves in the chairs arranged before them. It was only at this point that Alvin realised there was one more person in the room. A small, cute woman, much darker skin with short frizzy black hair with a small streak of grey sitting off near an expansive fireplace and seated area. Her garments were expensive, a gold-laced kimono with shimmering blue, almost like a too-short dressing gown. She looked slim and waifish, her gaze vacant. It rested on him at that moment, and Alvin began to squirm as the girl refused to blink, Valentina gesturing to her.

“This is Mbali.”

“Pleasure,” Floyd said, nodding, “and she is… an adviser?”

Valentina’s eyes flashed.

“She is Mbali. That is all you need to know.”

“Right, gotcha. So… we’re here! Um… whaddya want to discuss?”

The woman looked at all of them, one by one. As she spoke, each word felt carefully chosen, as if imbued with just a glimpse of her power, every syllable a shot from a sniper rifle rather than the machine-gun spray of words that Floyd let fly at every opportunity.

“I want to understand your characters. I choose my business partners carefully, and every single supplier has visited this place and looked me in the eyes…..”

As she said this, she glanced to Alvin. He felt his heart accelerate in his chest as those brilliant honey-coloured eyes flicked his way. They compelled him like a bee hypnotised by his queen, and suddenly he wasn’t listening to her words, just lost in the woman’s gaze.

“*…hope you understand?*”

“Absolutely,” Floyd nodded. Alvin blinked, looking over at Jorge and Floyd who were both giving him ‘Please say the right answer’ wide eyed stares.

“Um.. *Yes*. Yes.”

“Hm.”

Mbila’s utterance had all of them looking her way in confusion. The small woman didn’t add to her statement, merely eyed Alvin with that same vacant stare. Alvin felt the pressure of the room on him, trying to find solace by looking back at the matriarch Valentina, but the curiosity emanating from her as she trained her sharp stare on him only caused stranger and stranger things to happen in his body, his brain so overwhelmed by the perfection of this woman that it seemed to be scrambling all of the controls in his body.

Fingers intertwined and unlocked, trying to dig under his own nails. His knee twitched. His heart skipped several beats, almost uncomfortably so as he tried to re-adjust his posture. Was he sitting too straight? T*oo leaned back??*

“Tell me… what are your reasons for going into business with me?”

Floyd jumped in immediately.

“To get rich.”

“Why not with a competitor?”

“Simple…. *Paradise*. It’s the best in the market… and we want the best for our clients.”

She snorted.

“Hmm… *clients* you call them. Stuck-up little American piggies with money and a belief the world revolves around them…”

Floyd’s smile tightened, but he said nothing as she cocked her head.

"… I think that you're the same as your *clients*… just more greedy opportunists."

".. Oh yeah..?"

Jorge placed a hand on his shoulder, noting Floyd's open body language shift to a more head-forward aggressive stance.

"I *think*… *Madre if I may*…. That Floyd and Alvin have been very productive with their business acumen so far…. Please don't discount them for some of their more unusual or *ambitious* tendencies…"

She raised a finger.

Silence.

Alvin gulping as the woman glanced to Mbila. A small, shrugged response. For some reason Valentina began to smile.

"My apologies… I didn't mean any insult. Merely an observation… Greed is important. It's what brought you here, and it's what will ensure a productive partnership. We should all possess a little greed in this line of work."

The men collectively let out a sigh of relief.

"And Alvin… the same to you… *if* you are able to string a few sentences together?"

"I-I-"

All eyes came to him. The large, open office suddenly felt constrictive, the desk gigantic, the woman's plunging neckline a valley that he couldn't escape.

"I… th-that's… your dress is very… nice…."

She peeled her eyes.

"You want me to supply you with drugs because you like my dress?"

"I.. *No…"*

"I think that you like my *suit* because you enjoy looking at my *breasts* correct?"

"N-no-"

"Ah. So you *don't* like my breasts?"

"I… *that's not*.. Y-Your breasts are… "

“You’re staring at them. Would you like me to show you more?”

A smile flickered at the corner of her lips as Alvin began to sweat, stammering.

“I-I’m sorry, I won’t say anything again about-“

Jorge put a hand on his shoulder and gave a gracious bow.

“I think-“

“Quiet!”

Jorge pressed his lips together, frozen in place at Valentina’s sharp tone, watching Alvin with a red shade blossoming in his face as the boy quivered in his seat.

“Continue… what were you saying about these?” Valentina commanded, folding her arms underneath them and leaning forwards to create a perfect frame for her juicy cleavage to pop in Alvin’s eyeline.

“I-I… think…. I-I shouldn’t.”

“You will say it. NOW.”

His lip wobbled. The tension in the room had suddenly become solid enough to freeze everyone in place.

“They’re… b-*beautiful*…”

Two gigantic caramel moons luring him in.

“… incredible…”

“*Really*……Would you suck on them?”

The woman was leaning further forward, her lips parted. Alvin felt like his chest was going to cave in. His breathing was fast, knees shaking… and then a laugh came from the corner. They all turned to see Mbila giggling.

“The white boy is good.”

Valentina looked over, eyebrows raised… and then back at Alvin. She took a strand of her hair and began to curl it between her fingers, assessing the barely coherent boy before her.

“How interesting…. I must agree with that statement.”

Honey eyes caught him in their sticky gaze, laced with a sharpness that cut into his soul. He tried to tell himself to stop.

'Look away… LOOK AWAY…'

"Jorge."

"Y-yes Madre.."

She didn't even glance in the man's direction, refusing to break the stare, instructing others whilst devouring Alvin's soul through his eyeballs.

"I have heard enough….. Let us get down to business. Tell me your offer."

Jorge nodded, wiping the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

"Well, we'll need one hundred kilos per month across the border…"

"Two hundred."

"T… two..?"

"Yes. Can you not handle that?"

Jorge turned to the boys. Floyd nodded eagerly. Alvin was no use, stricken in his chair.

"I-I believe in time-"

"Two hundred kilos. To start."

"That is… difficult," Jorge began, sinking his head down, "we are *most honoured-"*

Alvin didn't hear a word the man said. The woman seemed to be ignoring Jorge and Floyd entirely, boring into his soul with all her will, the finger rolling her hair faster as her lips pursed into something terrifyingly close to a kiss. He simply stared, lost in her, and the more Jorge spoke the less either of them listened, completely focused on absorbing each other.

"-to be a part of this organisation-"

Alvin felt warmth flush between his legs, and pressed them together. Valentina noticed and her mouth quivered, chest expanding. She was breathing heavier… so was he.

What was happening to him?

"-and to work with someone as great-"

She only seemed to get more beautiful the more he looked. The gaze inquisitive, hungry… desperate even….. A jolt hit him as she rubbed a thumb across her lower lip, biting it gently between her teeth.

'Oh God. Look away.'

She squeezed her breasts again for him, a personal display of her assets that even made Jorge's droning voice stutter. The voice in Alvin's head demanding caution also fell silent, as it too had now become solely invested in letting her strip every layer from his body with her attention. Jorge brought his speech to an end, no-one listening as the three men stared at Valentina's breasts.

"….Would that… be acceptable?"

Valentina shook as if awoken from a dream, flustered and stuttering.

"AH.. Ah, yes…"

Candy and the bodyguard frowned. Mbila grinned, watching with delight as Valentina used all of her willpower to break the connection with Alvin and address Jorge directly.

"I apologise…I was distracted, briefly. Please summarise your offer?"

"I… One hundred and fifty kilos for the shipment… until we get things sorted for larger distribution…. Would that be acceptable?"

She glanced at Mbila. The girl nodded, still bearing a wide smile. Valentina for the first time seemed perturbed, glancing once more at Alvin with a bullish expression.

"Fine. Thank you all for travelling so far… Candy, please show these gentlemen out. Pero and Silvini will be waiting outside to take you to your residences in the town."

"*Of.. Of course Madre*," Jorge said, bowing. Floyd and Alvin both bowed after as Candy rolled her eyes and strolled out of the office, not even bothering to motion to them. Jorge muttered to the pair.

"Come."

"Thanks *Madre… Do we* ah… get a complimentary meal or something?" Floyd asked over his shoulder.

"……. Yes, I suppose so."

She wasn't looking at Floyd as she spoke, and Alvin felt saliva flood his mouth as she smouldered, engaging some sort of gravity that was pulling him back towards her. Jorge's hand grabbing his shoulder was barely enough to break her hold over him.

"Come Alvin!"

***

The food was delicious as it was heavy, and all of them waddled as they made their way out of the luxurious dining hall. Jorge of the three had barely eaten, however.

"Somethings wrong."

"What?"

"I've never seen her like that."

"What, a high-strung bitch?" Floyd murmured, rubbing his stomach.

Jorge fixed him with a furious look, glancing at Candy ahead of them as she strutted to the front doors, before muttering to him.

"Distracted. She never gets distracted…."

"Well, thank Mr 'I'm English' fuck-tard for that," Floyd muttered back, shooting a look at Alvin, "lucky you didn't torpedo us."

"S-sorry guys.. I don't…"

"I don't wanna hear it. All that bullshit about being professional and you go and act like you've never had a conversation with a woman? God damn, I shoulda asked my dumb-ass ex to be my partner. At least she could speak to females without pissing her pants."

Jorge continued to dab his brow, adjusting his hat over and over.

"Whatever happened.. I think Alvin rattled her. We need to tread on eggshells, or shit's gonna get real, fast.."

Alvin was speechless. He was fairly certain it wasn't anything he'd *said* that had distracted her.. yet… the connection… those eyes…. That *feeling*. The feeling of being compressed down into his seat without being touched. Like she was about to devour him, strip him of his very humanity. He blinked and found himself staring at an open car door.

“Alvin… for goodness’ sake, put your head on!” Jorge snapped, bustling him into the waiting SUV.

The rest of the trip passed in a haze. The small hotel in the town was more than accommodating, some of the (rather tall and muscular) locals were all keen to talk to the ‘Americans’, especially the buxom middle-aged lady with killer thighs that Floyd had eyes on. Jorge almost had to drag him away from the reception as she smiled and waved her fingers in the most devious manner.

By the end of it, Alvin’s stomach no longer cared about the winding hillside drives, nor the bumpy roads, or even the whooshing sensation as their first of two planes ascended over the sea of green forest once more. His stomach flipped into a fully gymnastics routine however when his thoughts strayed back to Valentina staring at him with a zealous fire that no other woman could ever possess. With pure, undivided attention. Curiosity too…. And of course burning, angry desire.

He swallowed another trickle of saliva, pressing his legs together so the others hopefully wouldn’t see his erection. It had barely left since he’d met her. It was fine though. They would soon be safe, hundreds of miles away, and ready to make millions.

Just as he was about to drift off in the buzz of the plane engines, Floyd nudged him.

“What?!”

“Dude… we’re gonna be *fucking rich.”*

For the first time since he’d arrived in the country… Alvin managed a smile.

“Yeah…”

“One hundred and fifty freakin kilos… then two-hundred after that! Fuck we’re gonna take over. We’re gonna be the kings of America.”

Jorge patted Floyd’s knee.

“Indeed…. If you learn how to keep your mouth shut.”

Alvin snorted, and Floyd gave a sarcastic finger before shoving his headphones on.

***

Three months later….

The shipping container was dark, save for the bright halogen light above him. Alvin carefully placed the package on the weighing scale. Zero-point-9-9-kilos.

“Okay….”

He totted it onto the third tower of brown paper bricks sellotaped together in the corner of the container. Each tower was precisely ten kilos.

This would be the third shipment this year. Each one had been bang on time, and absolutely identical. One hundred and fifty packages, all sealed tight, all containing the highest-grade coke the northern hemisphere had ever shoved up its nostrils.

A buzz in his pocket. He checked it - the girl from last night.

He smirked. Amazing what money could buy.

Saliva entered his mouth as he remembered her grinding her pussy against his face. At one point he’d imagined it was Valentina - it had been an instant climax as soon as he remembered that stare.

‘Crazy… still can’t get her out of my head.’

He glanced at his Rolex. Eleven thirty AM. Plenty of time before Floyd brought the van. He tried to adjust himself, but there was no way to make the undersized wooden chair and desk comfortable. The price of riches, he supposed. That and he didn’t want to be seen moving anything incriminating in or out if he could help it.

His ears pricked at an echo outside the room, the metallic thump of a container being set down in the dockyard. A ship horn blared in the distance.

He looked up, and when no swat team burst through the door, wiped his brow, and looked over the packages he had left…

“Huh.”

He frowned. It didn’t quite look right. Like the pile was smaller.

An icicle crept down his spine.

It looked short. Not by many…Perhaps by five or ten kilos. But that presented a significant sum of money - money they would need to pay back to the Valentinos gang.

He stopped weighing, and began hurriedly sorting them into towers in the far corner of the room, piling them up fast. One tower fell down as he tripped.

“Fuck.. *Fuck fuck fuck…*”

He assembled it back, the highest stake game of Jenga he’d ever played. Nine un-weighed towers… ten un-weighed towers… eleven…..

Where was the twelfth?

He stared at the weighed and un-weighed towers.

Eleven plus three. Fourteen. One hundred and fourteen kilos. Where was the last ten kilos?

The hairs on his neck stood on end, goosebumps coming to his skin. *Where was the last ten kilos.*

The next hour was spent weighing as fast as he could. Maybe he’d miscalculated.. Maybe some of the bricks were done in larger amounts… maybe the scales were faulty? Each subsequent brick only plunged his spirits lower with each near-identical number.

Zero-point-nine-nine. One kilo. One kilo. Zero-point-nine-nine….

No. He had been exactly right. They were ten kilos short.

Alvin grabbed his mobile in sweaty hands and punched Floyd’s number, pressing the phone tight to his head.

“Pick up… *pick up…*”

The dial-tone crackled off immediately.

**Eyyy, ‘sup Inchy! How’s the shipment looking? Bigger than your DICK I hope!”*

“FLOYD Jesus fucking-…. D-don’t say stuff like that on the phone!… look we, *we have a problem.*”

Don’t discuss things on the phone, but we’re discussing things on the phone, real helpful asshole!…

“For FUCK’S…. Floyd we have a PROBLEM, get down here now.”

Dude, I’ll be there in four hours, chill.

Alvin whimpered. Fuck it.

“… Floyd… we’re ten bricks short.”

Silence.

“You hear?”

Say nothing else. I’m on my way.

***

One hour later Alvin, Floyd and Jorge were standing in the dimly lit shipping container. Each of them was in their own state of panic - Alvin had his arms folded tight to his chest, tapping his shoe. Jorge had his hands on his waist, head bowed. Floyd was flexing his muscles, closing his fists and punching the air occasionally ruffling his slicked back hair.

“How the HELL did you fuck this up Alvin?!”

“M-ME? I did nothing!”

“It’s YOUR job to get the stuff from the boat to the container!”

“I-I did… the boat was empty when we finished, I-…”

“Well you musta missed some!”

“Or the boat guy… *he must have stolen it!”*

Jorge shook his head sharply.

“That man has been doing this route ten years. I know his family. If he took even a pinch, he’d be done.”

“Maybe he got greedy!”

“That man works three days a week and has four properties in three countries.”

“Maybe he wants a FIFTH property.”

“Look, why… why don’t we just tell Valentina that we’re short? W-we’ve not sold any yet!”

Jorge gave Alvin an incredulous look.

“So you would like to tell Valentina that she made a mistake?”

“Ahh… um…”

“Look, we have enough if we sell it all, that it doesn’t matter. We make a little, just not as much as we’d hoped this month…”

“Fuck!”

Floyd bunched his fists, slamming the container which rang with a dull vibration.

“I got bills to pay goddammit… this hot as fuck girl is eating me up.. Fancy fuckin’ restaurants, jewellery…best blowjobs ever though..”

“Floyd, if you want to possess the same number of dicks as your girlfriend, you’re welcome to explain it to Valentina.”

This quelled some of the man’s fire. Alvin wondered how he would impress his girlfriend if he had to give back the Porsche he’d been renting.

“Huh… so what do we do?”

“We do what we can. Sell it, explain to the dealers that it’s a slow month… take the last ten kilos out of our cut.”

“Jorge!… but we’ll barely be breaking even!”

Floyd shook his head.

“Nah I’ve laid too much groundwork… these dealers don’t earn big. We give ‘em less, they’re gonna start thinking we’re not legit, or worse, go to the feds and become informers. I’ve seen it happen… first they get itchy, then they start muddying the product or get sloppy. Feds offer them peanuts, and they flip for a buck and a handjob.”

All of them stare at the piles, as if the intensity of their need would somehow multiply the amount. After a moment, Floyd suggested something that would change their lives forever.

“Why don’t… we get *Alvin* to talk to her?”

“M… me?!”

“Yeah… she was totally into you… like, leaning over her desk ‘about-to-eat-your-heart’ into you. Maybe just… y’know… use some charm…bamboozle her. Like last time. Then Jorge, you go in for the kill. Worked a treat last time, right!?”

Jorge shook his head.

“Absolutely not.”

Alvin felt the pull of those amber eyes from a thousand miles away, and felt his heart flutter.

“Well… *maybe*…”

“No… no boys, you don’t understand, there is no TRYING with the Valentinos… there is no TRYING with Valentina herself! You either do what is expected or you stay quiet and hope to keep your life, let alone your dignity.”

“Well, this whole operation is gonna fall apart if it happens again,” Floyd moaned, throwing his hands in the air.

“I… I think he’s right,” Alvin nodded, “we have to talk to her. If this becomes commonplace, it’s only going to escalate.”

Jorge looked him dead in the eye.

“Are you sure? You sure you want to do this?”

“… Yes.”

“Well… We’d better do it in person then,” Jorge muttered after a deep furrow of his brow, ringing his hat, “it’s our only hope… but remember, it’s on your heads.”

“Hey, we’re in this together!”

“Sure. But when push comes to shove, I don’t like the idea of trying to convince Valentina that someone other than her brand-new college frat-boy partners magically disappeared ten kilos of cocaine.”

“Hey, we’re in our third year,” muttered Floyd, “and if we DON’T do this, maybe next time we get thirty kilos less… or maybe they throw us a hundred packages full of baking soda!”

Alvin zoned out their bickering, imagining the woman that had haunted his dreams for months. He’d be lying if he said the drugs were the only reason for going back.

He was going to see the woman of his dreams again.

***

The sweltering humidity that clung to their clothes was barely discussed as they traipsed off the plane, all three of the men holding darker worries as they approached the waiting four-by-four. Pero and Silvini didn’t even leave the vehicle, greeting them with the stoniest of nods, returned with interest by Jorge as Floyd tried to talk some of his nerves away.

“HEY guys… so uh… so great to see you Silvini and um…”

Alvin and Jorge both stared with growing anger as Floyd fiddled with his shirt.

“… with um…. Well, both of you!”

Pero did the worst thing that he could have done at that moment. He smiled.

“Sure……. Laugh it up piggy… from what I’ve heard, you should be shitting your pants.”

“I… why would that be?” Floyd responded, unable to keep the tremor from his voice, leaning forwards from the passenger seat.

Pero chuckled which only prodded Floyd further.

“Hey, Pedro, I’m talkin’ to you!”

Pero whipped around, and all the men in the back balked as he pulled his shirt back to show the gun in his beltline.

“What did you call me?”

“*Pedro*. Got a problem with that?”

Jorge’s face was white.

“Floyd, Shut up. NOW.”

“What? He’s being an asshole!”

Pero slid his tongue across his teeth, taking a deep breath through fluttering nostrils before turning back to the wheel.

“Don’t worry….. today is the day, and soon your ass is gonna be mine, *boy.”*

“Yeah, fuck you too,” Floyd muttered.

Most of the drive was spent in unbearable silence, The bumps and scrapes from foliage were even more noticeable as Pero took the route at a breakneck pace, veering past a steep drop close enough to make Alvin openly whine with fear.

“J-JJEsus….”

“Maybe he should drive himself off a cliff,” Floyd snorted, but Jorge laid a tight hand on his shoulder.

“Do you WANT to leave this country in one piece?”

“First things first - I want to leave this road in one piece.”

The tyres crunched through the dirt as they raced passed the muscular women holding guns, through the open gates of the villa compound before coming to an abrupt stop.

“Get out,” Silvini uttered. Of course, Floyd couldn’t help himself.

“Sure, doll.”

This time it was Silvini who snapped.

“PUTA! When Valentina breaks you…. Me and Pero are gonna do things to you that would make a whore blush.”

Floyd’s eyes widened.

“Yeah? Well… you’re getting me horny just thinking about it! How about we go in the bathroom right now and you show me first hand?!”

Jorge and Alvin half-dragged him out of the car.

“What is your PROBLEM!” Alvin shouted.

“Hey, I’m not letting them walk all over me!”

As the car spun away, kicking dust over their trousers, the men all stared at the front door, panting. Eventually, Floyd puffed out his chest.

“Well…. No time like the present.”

“FLOYD,” Jorge hissed, grasping his shoulder, “just remember… if we make her angry-”

“I GET it!”

He broke free and marched to the door.

“Come on, I’m the most charming guy in the world when I wanna be!”

“We’re fucked,” Alvin muttered to Jorge, holding his head.

“Yup.”

As they entered, the interior felt somehow more claustrophobic and imposing, even as a maid dusted one of the tables, the fresh scents of lemon and pine doing little to assuage their fears. A figure they recognised as Candy was there to greet them… but there was something very different. His face looked slightly more feminine… perhaps a trick of the light. His Adam’s apple also seemed to be missing…. But the biggest change was in the white blouse he now wore. Two gigantic breasts now stuck out from his chest, far too large for his

body, watermelons on a sub-five-foot frame that made him seem like a cheap whore who had wondered into the wrong house. It didn't help that Candy's skirt was now even shorter, the blouse exposing her midriff whilst she tottered on stiletto heels.

"Hi," she smiled widely. There was no phone to be seen.

"M… Candy?"

".. Yes."

Floyd frowned.

"You a tranny now, huh?"

Her face went crimson.

"No, I'm… I'm a woman…."

"You literally didn't have tits before."

"Well… I do now. If that's all, would you please follow me? Madre is waiting…"

Her stilettos echoed with sharper clicks than before on the marble floor.

Click-click-click

They all gave each other odd looks as they padded up the stairs. The long hallway of stern women were waiting for them, every pair of stern eyes demanding they turn tail and flee lest they be whipped like dogs. Alvin found the gaze of one and felt that same lurch from months before. They were still Valentina's eyes…. Another woman, a grandmother perhaps, but nonetheless possessing the same ability to root one to the floor and never let go.

"Come ON, Alvin," Jorge said gruffly, pulling him away.

"Y-yeah… yeah…"

Jorge knocked on the door. Two quick knocks. Not too impudent… not too weak.

"Enter."

The boys experienced a collective swooping sensation as they slipped inside the office. There it was… the same large desk. The same leather-stitched, expensive chair behind it, a bookcase on one wall and a fireplace with floor pillows on the other.

What had changed was Valentina's clothes.

Floyd gave nods to the same figures in the room as previously - the Queen herself, with Mbila situated on her left, and the same muscular woman on the other.

Jorge kept his head bowed, seating himself quickly.

Alvin didn't, trying not to pre-cum in his pants as he beheld his dream woman in a whole new light, stomach somersaulting to the moon and back. Valentina had apparently decided that her suit from their previous encounter was far too demure, this time picking a golden coin bra and chains similar to a belly dancer's costume, or perhaps ceremonial armour that protected little yet revealed everything bar her nipples and belly-button, her torso crossed by twinkling latices of gold that allowed them to observe the full dizzying surface of her body, the curves that seemed to bend one's gaze towards her. She looked too beautiful and powerful to touch even; a sculpture sent from Venus rather than flesh-and-blood made on earth that deserved her pedestal above all mortal men.

"UuURM…"

Each man was bent out of shape by this development. Floyd's eyebrows were sky high. Jorge kept his chin to his chest, head low enough that he hopefully wouldn't offend. Unfortunately, Floyd was the first to manage some words.

"Well… you didn't have to dress up for us."

The woman's face flashed with danger, and Jorge whipped around to stare daggers at him.

"*We apologise!*…. It has been a long journey-"

"Quiet."

The tension in the air ratcheted up immediately. All three men watched this woman who could decide their fates with the click of a finger betray nothing, her expression neutral.

"Explain fully….*why* are you here?"

"I… we are here, because there has been a mistake… perhaps on our part but…"

"Jorge-"

Alvin kicked Floyd in the shin.

“Ow-!”

“… as I was saying, our shipments came in light. We counted ten kilos short-“

“Then you counted *WRONG!”*

She rolled her ‘R’ with extra bite, jolting each of them. Jorge waited for a moment before responding.

“… yes, I suppose we must have-“

“Who started these false rumours?”

They shifted. Floyd glanced to his left. Alvin’s knees began to shake. Valentina’s eyes locked on him with those amber floodlights, and again he was falling, falling into that endless well of total control - dissolving within her reach.

“I.. I-”

“Silence.”

A softer tone, yet each man felt a sliver of life exit their body. The office felt warm and cloying, and the perfume emanating from her seemed to add to the feeling of entrapment, as if this sweet, heavy smell would rest on them for the rest of their soon-to-be-decided lives. Her stare never left Alvin, rooting him.

“You have not honoured our agreement… and now you come begging to me for lenience.”

Floyd’s lips burst open.

“But Miss Valentina-“

“SILENCE!” she snarled, such venom in her words that it slapped them across the face, almost jolting them from their seats. She allowed the ensuing atmosphere of terror to hang, a conductor in complete control of her audience, “….. *As I was saying*… you have not honoured our agreement. So, what do you expect from me now?”

Jorge took his hat and held it against his breast, almost on one knee.

“We… We *implore*… we ask that you find the benevolence to give us another chance…… To make things right. To sell more in the next shipment, to prove-“

“Fine.”

The mood flipped in the office briefly, and Jorge for the first time looked hopeful, dabbing his sweaty brow with a handkerchief, until she pointed squarely at Alvin's chest.

"He stays with me."

Floyd blurted out, "WHAT?!" loud enough that the muscular woman reached for her gun. Valentina raised a hand to halt her as Jorge grabbed and wrestled him back in his seat.

"Sit down, Floyd-"

"But she can't-!"

"I UNDERSTAND, but please…"

The flush of anger in his face began to dissipate as he remembered their situation. It still took Jorge a minute to re-seat his companion with some quiet words whilst the rest watched on with wide eyes. Jorge bowed even lower than before, his hat off again.

"*Miss Valentina… we apologise for-*"

"I want him. Non-negotiable."

Alvin's veins were flooding with adrenaline. The atmosphere seemed to have become thick with every word becoming harder to penetrate his skull, the blinkers coming down as the cool expression on her face became his entire world. This had not been part of the plan.

"We… still need him for part of our operation," Jorge said softly, his tone belied by tight shoulders and sweat dappling a receding brow.

"Replace him. Perhaps you will find someone who can count properly."

"… Why… him?" Floyd asked, halfway between standing and sitting again.

"Do I need to explain? He failed me, so I want him for… personal reasons. You'll get no more than that."

'Personal reasons?'

Alvin felt his entire life suddenly boiling down to this one moment - a turning point. He opened his mouth to speak, but the tiniest shake of Valentina's head snapped it shut again. Jorge tried to calm down the proceedings, to get it back on track.

"Madre…. Perhaps if-"

“He stays with me. … or the deal is off.”

“I see.”

Jorge became sombre. He took a moment to gather his thoughts… and sighed. A swirl of anxiety began to rise in Alvin’s torso as Jorge didn’t turn his head towards him.

“For how long?”

“As I see fit.”

“We’ll…. need compensation.”

Floyd shot up from his chair again.

“Compensation!?”

“Quiet!” Jorge growled, as the large lips of Valentina curled into a smirk.

“Name it.”

“Two hundred thousand dollars each, Floyd and I.”

“He’s not worth that much to either of you. Forty each, and that’s final.”

“Done.”

“J… Jorge?” Alvin stammered, not quite believing what he was hearing.

Jorge doesn’t look him in the eye, and Alvin was about to plead with him when Valentina held out her hand.

“Alvin….Do you think I’m beautiful?”

The statement took him by surprise, so pent up with anxiety that he couldn’t immediately answer.

“I…”

“Take my hand… and do not lie to me.”

“…….*Um*…. yes.”

Her expression didn’t change, as he put his hand in hers, feeling like a child as hers enclosed it, the woman looming up and over him.

“Well I think you’re gorgeous… You are a stunning boy.”

Alvin felt such a flush of heat that the danger of the situation almost disappeared from his mind, hyper-aware of every subtle freckle and hair on her

body, every undeniable curve created purely to wrap oneself around, or to kiss up and down for eternity. She looked like a warrior queen but dressed in the most sexually over-stimulating dress on earth, too much for Alvin's meagre mind to handle. Her thumb tickled the back of his hand.

"Come here."

It was said in a way that didn't sound like an order, so much as a flirty suggestion.

His body angled forwards of its own accord, led by her hand so he was forced to awkwardly lean over the desk.

"Come," she urged again, putting her arm on the rest and pulling.

She was leading him, like a dog.

She sat back and pulled as she did so, a smile of mischief on her face. The tiny grin was all Alvin needed. If he had a tail, it would have wagged like a windscreen wiper as he obediently climbed onto the desk, and her face declared a radiant, beaming smile as she let go, leaving him on all fours, a hot flush hitting his cheeks.

"Stay there!" she crowed, standing up to admire him like some sort of desk decoration.

He remained awkwardly, skin beginning to crawl from the disguised smirks of some, and the shock of Floyd and Jorge, Valentina revelling in the moment as she swept a hand across his back, coming to cup his butt.

"He is perfect no?" she said to Jorge, never taking her eyes from her new boy, "nice and obedient."

"Yes," he said quickly.

She squeezed, and Alvin let out a soft whinny as her nails dug in.

"Uuff-"

"MMmm good boy….Take fifty thousand each. Tell his family that he has taken a job abroad… A diplomat's assistant…. I will sort the papers."

His jaw fell open in shock, but Alvin's will no longer seemed to have any merit. Then again, he was on his hands and knees on her desk.

"B-but-"

"Hush now."

Jorge stood, and shook hands with Valentina, Alvin awkwardly placed on the desk in the centre so they reached around him.

".. You will receive the payment in one week, a pleasure doing business with you both."

"What the fuck man," Floyd uttered, disgusted, but Jorge ushered him quickly from the room.

"GO. Now…."

Alvin watched him go, then stared at Jorge in shock, not quite believing what is happening. The man places his hat on his head and shrugs.

"J.. Jorge…?"

"It's business kid, you asked for this life? You got it."

And with that he limped from the room. A scream made Alvin almost jump out of his skin as Valentina exclaimed, "EVERYBODY OUT!!!!"

Mbila giggled and brushes Alvin's chin.

"Good luck, white boy."

"Best of luck," Candy smiled with a wink.

The muscled guard said nothing, exiting quickly. In seconds they were alone. Alvin remained on all fours on the desk, trembling.

'Fifty grand… personal reasons... What's happening right now..?'

Valentina stood, and cupped his chin, lovingly. Her cool demeanour had gone, as she reached around to unclip her stunning outfit. Alvin wasn't prepared for the golden spidery bra to drop, revealing her breasts in all their glory. They were intimidatingly large, with big puffy nipples ready for a beta like him to suck.

"Do you want me, my love?"

Adrenaline pounds through Alvin's veins. He was face-to-breasts with the most beautiful, exotic and intoxicating woman he'd ever seen. Dangerous or no, some things were too sweet not to risk.

"…. *Yes.*"

The rasp of his voice was unlike he'd ever sounded, and her hands came to pull at his shirt, gently lifting it up over his arms and shoulders. She smiled, a

child on Christmas morning as a milky white chest and belly were revealed, only the finest hints of pubic hair visible above the waistband of his shorts. She strode around the desk, her skirt bulging with all that it had to carry in it, her glutes, quads and thighs all jiggling with too much woman to handle. Alvin didn't notice the most important part dangling between her legs, hidden away.

Alvin wanted her. He wanted to touch her… taste her.

She strutted like a stripper, somehow teasing out the torture as Alvin began to turn to face her like a good dog. It provoked a shriek of laughter.

"OH my love, my love… such a good girl!…"

"Um… girl?"

She ignored him, the tiniest touch keeping him stationary as she strode behind his rear… and peeled down his shorts and boxers to his knees, pulling them free. Alvin began shaking as he tried to press his legs closer to make his hard dick less visible, Valentina striding round full-circle to look down on this naked young man that couldn't possibly trouble a woman of her size and reputation. Yet her chest was expanding larger and larger with excitement, her lips beginning to shine with spittle as they came closer. It was the gentlest kiss possible that she placed on his forehead. He tried to angle up to kiss her back, but she shook her head, leaving him desperate, his five-inch cock firm between his legs.

"You want to please Mama?" she murmured.

"Yes."

"Then.. Come to me."

He did so, almost falling into her breasts. They were as soft and warm as he'd expected, latching onto a fat nipple and suckling on it. She felt huge against him, like a feminine wall of fat and muscle, big enough to easily support or lift him, but beautiful enough to take his breath away. The woman's deep moans were enough to make his cocklet begin dripping onto the desk.

"Ohhh my love slowly…. The way to please a woman is to tease… to make them want you… to go slowly. Take your time.."

She wound her fingers through his hair and pulled him free, saliva dripping down his chin as he let himself be tilted for a kiss… that she once again avoided, just brushing his lips and leaving him whimpering, somehow even more in heat than when he had been attached to her breast.

“I will teach you so much… as we learn each other’s bodies….”

A finger slid to his nipple and tickled it, sending shivers of pleasure through his body…. Then moved to slide up and down his spine, all whilst holding him just close enough that he felt like he was going to explode if she didn’t let him connect fully……. And then her smile deepened into something more dangerous, as she whipped her skirt aside.

Alvin’s world shifted. The air left his lungs as a thick, forearm-sized cock jutted from her body, the head almost as big as his fist. He barely had a moment to squawk with terror before she was dragging his head down to it, trying to push away yet painfully led by his hair. The shock of a spongy mushroom forcing its way into his mouth was followed up by an explosive stink of salty musk that sent a million warning signals to his brain urging him to remove the source of this utter stench at once.

“MMMMG-MMGHHHHh-“

“If you bite my dick, I will remove yours,” she hissed.

He squealed into the cock, but she pushed deeper, the veins and ridges sliding across his tongue as it brushed the edge of his throat, cutting the fearful sounds with more primitive, urgent gags.

“GlhHH… .gGhl…”

“Remember… the way to please a woman… OOHhhh yeeesss….. is to take your time,” she grinned, cruelly pressing at his throat, goading him into defending with his tongue which only sharpened the flavours of her penis with spine-tingling clarity.

Alvin tried to scrabble, to pull back, but every attempt at escape was met with a harsher grip of his hair, a sharper jab of her hips….. he coughed and spluttered as she thumped one large foot on the desk, opening her hips up to give more violent thrusts to his face. He barely noticed as she leaned over him, too busy trying to keep up his desperate defence until he felt her press a finger against his asshole.

“Gll-*HHHHH-!*”

The open squeal was all she required to hip thrust the head of her cock into the opening of his neck, choking him. His cheeks inflated in and out to get some sort of space for air to enter, drool dripping down his chin as all control of his face cavity was cemented by the imperious figure now posing on her desk above him.

The giant tube slid in and out, taking up every last-minute space in his face as she pumped…. And then pressed at his throat.

“GLLH-“

It produced violent gags, yet Valentina ignored them.

“*Come on baby…..”*

“LGl-KKHl-CHKk-“

With a painful splutter, Alvin felt his throat being breached, and had to whimper as her cock slid down into his neck.

“THERE we go… Mmm I waited.. s*o long for this….”*

He tried to touch her hips, to gently push back, but she only gripped his hair tighter, jabbing back to hilt again in his face. The moment he realised she was face-fucking him was the third stroke, when he managed to get a little oxygen around her weapon, lips still distended by it, but felt her began churning the saliva and pre-cum in the entrance of his neck.

“GLh-glh-gl”

“You see.. MMM…. I knew you were my little *bitch* from the moment you came in,…” she growled, beginning to fuck faster and faster as Alvin held on for dear life, his throat already becoming raw, attempting to placate her impervious hips or perhaps find some mercy as tears began to roll down his cheeks, “I just didn’t realise you’d make things.. SO.. DIFFICULT-!”

She slammed all the way from tip to base. The boy’s eyes bulged.

He tried to pull away. She just fucked harder.

Tears began to run as the steel pipe began to impale Alvin over and over. Valentina briefly slowed to pull out all the way, Alvin no longer recognising himself as he slobbered and coughed through the cocktail of gay sex.

“You like that *PUSSY!!?*”

He moaned as she pulled back out, always giving him that moment of hopeful relief that perhaps it would be over…. Until he felt a squirt of salty liquid straight onto his tongue.

“MMMGHHL-“

His squeal was clogged by another thrust as she began to churn it through the cocktail in his head. Her cum *stank*. The musk was powerful enough to render

him docile through shock, overwhelmed as she gave another perverted grin and reached underneath him.

“Mmlg-…MLG-“

A large hand found his balls and squeezed.

“GLH-!!!“

“Oh so *small*….. You feel these ah?”

“Glhh-…ghl-“

Tears were coming to his eyes. He tried to nod, but doing so with a cock pressing into your neck can prove difficult, especially when it felt more solid than steel.

“These are mine now.”

He sobbed, and Valentina forced his head back, staring up at his new master and her sunny grin.

“Enjoy your first meal my love… a toast… to…to my..

Her eyelash twitched.

“..my *new*-..”

She juddered. A wave of vacancy passed across her face, pleasure overtaking her.

“… *sssllllAAAAVVVEEEUUUHHHH!“*

SPLURGE

It came in such force that some cum immediately went into Alvin’s lungs as Valentina’s cock exploded like nothing he had ever seen or experienced. A blizzard of choking, attempting to open his throat and cough up the previous load had tears streaming as the boy was overcome by depravity of the woman gripping him by his head, lips plugged to the base of her cock as she let out a deep cry of release.

“Ayyyuhhhhhhhhhh….”

He struggled. He tried to push away. Cum shot out of his nostrils. Eventually, as the dark edges began to creep into his vision, the giant hosepipe clogging his throat was whipped out. Painfully he coughed up the fluid, allowing sweet air

to assuage his lungs as he collapsed on the desk, not noticing the cum drooling into his hair and on his neck at first.

"Mmuh….*hhhhhgguh*….."

"So pretty… I'm going to enjoy breaking you in."

She reached underneath, and chuckled as her fingers tickled a flaccid cock.

"Ha…. I didn't know it could get so tiny!…. Don't worry. You'll learn to love this soon."

Alvin wondered what on earth he could possibly love in this scenario as he panted, face down as warm liquid drizzled onto him from above. Clearly she was still painting him with her seed on purpose. He burped, and shivered as her cum now infected his whole body, full to bursting with semen as he clutched his aching belly.

"Hhuhh…"

"Shhh… no words darling."

She reached into her desk and pulled out a small key-fob, pressing it. A strange, rather orgasmic noise came from outside the door, and Candy staggered inside, shaking. A buzzing noise was coming from her person.

"Y-Y-YYYES, MADRE??!"

"Take my slave to her room."

Valentina pressed the button again, and the buzzing vanished. Candy moaned in relief, clutching the door-frame for support.

"Y-yes Madre… thank you Madre…"

Long nails tickled Alvin's chin as he blubbered, flinching from the contact.

"I know that was difficult… but you shouldn't have hurt me first. You'll understand sooner than you think."

He didn't know what it meant, but nothing was going to convince him to speak in front of this beast of a woman, the girl he'd dreamt of for months who had just fucked him in the face with her fat cock; a nightmare made real. He dismounted the desk, wiping cum from his face as he bent for his boxers.

"Leave them."

He whimpered, shaking as Candy ushered him out as naked, covered in man-fluid. Valentina's voice was smug behind them.

"Oh, and my love….. The drugs that went missing?"

She grinned with crocodile teeth.

"… I knew it wasn't you. I just wanted you…. And now I have what I want."

Alvin's mouth fell open.

"… Oh…."

"Welcome to your new home…. The Valentinos Villa."

***

Alvin kept his hands on his crotch, head down as Candy's ass swayed in front of him. He couldn't fathom what had just happened… he'd been face-fucked. A throbbing dick had pulsed in his throat and inseminated his belly. It felt beyond violating as he now walked through the halls of his new owner…. And to add to the insanity, the most feminine, overly sexual bimbo strutted in front of him, almost impossible to believe that he was, or had once been, a man. Candy spoke over her shoulder… her voice even sounded higher.

"You'll learn to love it here. We all do."

He swallowed a glob of cum that had tried to escape his stomach and shivered as the salty taste of semen fogged his senses. They ascended the stairs, coming to a number of guest rooms with the same antique aesthetic of gold trimming and occasionally monkey head.

"I must say, you're going to be in trouble," Candy said off-hand, flicking glittery red nails over her shoulder, "usually we just get used as staff… maids if we're lucky, but from what Madre said before, I think you'll have your work cut out for you!"

"What….do you mean?" Alvin muttered, hoarse.

"I Mmmmmeeeaaaan you'll be much closer to her than anyone before from the sounds of it! Why she seems rather obsessed, couldn't stop going on about you…. *that bitch is going to be leashed……. I'm going to fuck that boy a thousand times…. He's going to be my wife,* blah-blah-blah…."

"W… wife?"

Candy continue to rattle on like he wasn't there.

“Being next to her is a trip to be sure… intoxicating almost, but it comes with certain…. Stipulations… I suppose you already know that,” she grinned, gesturing to the white glazing on his face.

He shivered, too cowed to respond as she touched her ass, wiggling it and wincing before continuing.

“Honestly, I can’t get a moment’s rest with that thing in…. But that’s what happens if you cross Madre! I’m shocked she let me keep at least *some* of my equipment…. Poor Lexi had the full set done… Ah, here we are..”

She showed Alvin into a pleasant burgundy room with a queen-sized bed, and a monkey statue standing next to an expensive-looking vase on top of expensive hardwood drawers. A similarly sturdy wardrobe stood next to it. Outside he could see the front courtyard, the window not quite high enough to see over the outer walls to the staggering views from earlier.

“Don’t get used to it. You’ll be in another room soon… “

She leaned in, and he hunched in tighter to himself, trying to cover as much of his naked body as possible.

“…. Oh relax, you’ll be seeing me disrobed in no time. The pool parties will rid you of the self-consciousness in no time…. My recommendation? Enjoy this whilst you can. Madre’s starting you off light.”

She minced out, and Alvin stared after her, wondering what could possibly be worse than what had just happened, before remembering he was naked.

“W-wait, my clothes-!”

“The drawers darling.”

“Drawers…”

With that she was gone.

Finally alone, Alvin fell to his knees shaking, hugging his body. He was in Valentina’s palace. She had enslaved him, forced him to blow her giant cock and apparently had plans to go harder in the coming days. It also seemed to be fairly clear that she turned men into women… at least the way Candy stated it.

Alvin winced as he tried to swallow, his throat hoarse.

What was he going to do?

A burp bubbled up from within, vibrating his lips as the splooge in his stomach refused to settle.

“BLURhhh……Oh… *ohh…..*”

He staggered to the drawers with the stench of semen still in his mouth and opened them. His eyes widened.

Sex toys. Dildos, cock-rings, butt-plugs, chastity cages….

Too much. He shoved it back, terrified, and pulled the next one open.

Panties. Stockings. Suspenders. Bikinis.

“Oh no….”

The next drawer contained halter tops, corsets and stripper-style tassels.

“OHH.. Nnno…!!”

The bottom drawer revealed short skirts, dresses… the least feminine he could find were booty shorts that seemed to be about the same size and tightness as his boxers had been. He groaned. They would have to do. But it was going to feel weird without underwear….

“Oh.. *I’m so fucked...*”

As he wondered if he could ever bring himself to wear this utter slutware, he glanced out the window to the front courtyard. His jaw fell to the floor as he watched a female guard, the fly of her camo-trousers undone as she plunged her humongous cock into the slutty gardener girl.

“OHHH-“

The girl was splayed out beneath her, forced to plough the soil with her face as the guard laughed, slamming her hips against the girl’s ass, rutting in the open sun, her gun lying on the ground as she enjoyed her prize.

“Oh no… oh no, oh no….”

Alvin spied the wall… any handholds, or perhaps an overhanging branch… He had to escape. He HAD to….

‘Maybe I could still catch Jorge and Floyd… maybe…’

But a quick scan of the area dissuaded him of that feeble notion. They were probably halfway to the plane if they weren't already on it. And even if he escaped the compound, he'd be miles from the nearby town with no idea how to reach it.

As everything came to a head, rushing to the bathroom to finally clean himself of some of the jizz, if not the shame from moments earlier, he found himself looking in the mirror. There was still cum dripping from his chin, and a sliver of white dressing on his shoulder. Alvin turned on the shower, entered, and began to cry.

***

Alvin heard the knock at the door. He didn't answer. Maybe if he stayed silent they'd leave him alone, curled up in his fine satin sheets.

"Come on Chica, your beauty sleep is over!"

The morning sun was powerful enough to penetrate the threads of the heavy curtains, an alien vision that made him distinctly aware he was far from home in the depths of a rainforest where no-one would find him.

"CHICCAAAA…. Madre is gonna have both our asses if you are not up for breakfast!"

Alvin raised his head.

"Candy?"

A pair of breasts followed by a gorgeous woman clad in the sluttiest business suit in the world walked in, looking more like a dancer from Chicago than an actual assistant as she rummaged in a large handbag.

"We are LATE! It's quarter past seven, and you have breakfast at eight!"

"That's.. hhhhuh?"

"Get UP!"

"But we have time," he moaned as the bed-sheets were whipped away.

"Come on honey, we have to get started RIGHT away… I was gonna let you do this yourself but for the sake of time and my ass, I'll be your guardian angel. Come on, shower, now."

"Do WHAT!"

"Well, clean… and shave of course."

“I don’t have a beard.”

She gave him the sassiest look he’d ever been given.

“Honey, your baby face has never troubled anyone with as much of a lick of stubble. No, I’m gonna shave your body Chica.”

“What?! No I… stop calling me Chica!”

“Well, we are in Palagos. You’re going to need to learn the language anyway..”

“Look, I just need some normal clothes. I’ll shower and change myself.”

“Out of the question, we need to get any body hair off ASAP. If your asshole has got any foliage-”

“NO!… no I’m not.. I’m not shaving downstairs.”

Candy raised an eyebrow.

“I would protest but… some lessons are best learnt first-hand, hm? No matter…”

She took out a makeup bag.

“…. I assume you’ll be refusing to let me prepare you?”

He strengthened his jaw.

“Yes. I’ve done nothing wrong.”

“Tsk…. Wrong and right aren’t what you think here. They are what Madre decides them to be. I would consider very carefully what you do going forward here Chica.”

“I’m NOT Chica. I’ll get ready myself…”

Candy nodded, packing up her things

“Good luck… and don’t worry. I’m sure I’ll think of… *another* name for you tomorrow. Perhaps you’ll even feel different?”

She left without looking back, and Alvin nodded. He had to stand up for himself… last time he had shown weakness. It had cost him his dignity. Not anymore.

The showers was fresh and hot, and when he came out feeling vaguely human his new confidence was quickly punctured by the outfits once more.

He umm-ed and ahh-ed. The clock ticked closer… maybe he could ask the guards for something more androgynous? Eventually he decided to just stick it out for today until he had his bearings. Gritting his teeth, he pulled on a pair of bikini bottoms that at least didn't contain lace or openings in the ass and crotch, quickly pulling on the booty shorts after them. They fit far too snug and well on his ass, and he felt a shiver of emasculation at fitting women's clothes so well. He'd always been self-conscious about his body shape, and it felt like a cruel joke that he would end up here, in a place where non-masculine men like him were abused. He found a pair of flip-flops and a crop-top, checking himself in the mirror. He looked like a flat-chested lesbian until one saw the subtle shape of his Adam's apple.

"Shit."

He hated that he looked semi-hot in a tomboy kind of way.

'Okay… breakfast…'

He tiptoed out, hoping to garner as little attention as possible. Perhaps Jorge and Floyd would work out a plan… he just needed to play along and remain anonymous.

Here on this floor, a different hallway area greeted him. The same carpets and fine China decorated spaces around him, but thankfully there were no large morose pictures. It felt roomier, like a place that one might actually hope to live.

He checked the first room he came to…. Another bedroom. How many were there? The third room was different… a large library which intersected with the floor below, allowing him to lean over the balcony and watch a girl with glasses chatting to a maid in the corner, book in hand. They looked busy, and it felt strange calling out, so he wandered out to the next.

"Wow…"

The following room was a cinema, the fifth a conference room….

He sighed with relief as another maid appeared…. Then blushed as it turned out to be the same one Floyd had aggravated on their first meeting here. The suspicious peel of her eyes made it obvious she remembered.

"Uh, hi… do you know where the breakfast room is? Ah.. eating?"

She stared at him.

"….Breakfast?"

He mimed eating off a plate. She didn't even flinch as she turned away, continuing to work on the carpet.

"*Right*. Thanks then…"

Frustrated, he proceeded to work his way to the rest of the rooms on that floor, and finally discovered the gigantic open space that took up much of the third floor. It was a modern studio apartment but expansive, possessing a beyond 180-degree view that stretched out over the walls, into the valley, hills and the sea beyond.

He didn't see any of it, frozen in place, as what had a moment ago been honeyed eyes crackle with a blaze of angry embers. Valentina sat at a long glass table with plates of fancy-looking eggs with salad and meat in front of her and a second seat. She wore a simple white sports shirt and skirt, yet she looked like a pornstar in them. Alvin did not feel as much arousal as pure fear when she spoke in a neutral tone, however.

"Candy told me you decided not to prepare yourself."

"I… I did prepare myself. She wanted to shave me…"

"And you declined".

"I thought… it would be alright if I came like this."

There was no smile or recognition, and Alvin felt himself shrink as she stood, her bare feet padding in across the white carpet towards him. The figure grew in such stature as she approached that by the time she stood over him, Alvin felt his knees quaking. Her voice was quiet, yet it simmered with electric energy.

"Would you like to rectify your mistake?"

"M… maybe if we discuss… I don't have the right clothes…"

Valentina sighed.

"Very well…."

She took a seat close to him, and patted her lap.

"Come, lie here."

"O.. Okay…"

He tried to sit.

“No. *Lie down.”*

He did so, awkwardly placing his belly on her thighs. They felt like building supports beneath him, encased in a soft layer of fat, yet impossibly solid underneath.

“May I…. get men’s clothes now?”

“Ah baby…. You have so much to learn….”

A finger hooked his booty shorts and pulled down. He had a second to frown before she swung for the fences, her palm coming down so fast that the pain wasn’t quite as frightening as the whip-crack which jolted his ears.

THHHWAP!

“OUHH-“

SMACK

“OOUhc, Valentin-!”

SMACK!

“-AHHHHH-“

SMACK!

“UUYH-!”

SMACK!

Alvin writhed, but a simple grip around his neck was scary enough to quell any escape, whimpering as she began to aim for the growing red, raw mark on his right buttock.

SMACK

“U-Uuuhhy-“

Tears began to fall as a handprint formed on his ass, her strokes hard and cruel, unerring in their accuracy and power.

“We were supposed to play tennis together.. it seems you do not compose yourself enough to be seen in public yet.”

SMACK

“UUUyhu-“

“It was my mistake… I will not make it again.”

SMACK

“I regret that you will have to spend time learning hard lesson…. Long, hard lessons.”

SMACK

Alvin was sobbing, snivelling as she violated him. His eyes were scrunched expecting the next blow… which didn’t come. A light touch on his bottom made him near-jump three feet in the air as he quivered in terror.

“Candy will assist you in two hours. Be ready for lunchtime.”

***

“Wider.”

Alvin cringed, spreading his butt-cheeks even wider.

“Hooo… cute!”

“Can you just *do it, please Candy”* he begged, as the seconds lengthened.

“What, you’ve got a nice asshole.”

“Fuck off..”

“Barely a hair in there…. But oooh I found one! Goodness, even I’ve got more body hair than you, and I was on hormones for ages!”

He tried not to jerk as the buzz of the razor came to his ass, and then away.

“Make sure not to use this one on your face… not that you’d ever need it!”

He hated how chirpy Candy was, now that she’d been proved right.

“Why are you so happy?”

“Hmm? Well I’m always happy!”

“But why are you happy… being a woman?”

She paused, and he saw in the bathroom mirror her expression go vacant.

“…. Life is simpler now. I look pretty. I do my chores. I get… pleasures.”

“Pleasures?”

“All in good time sweet-pea,” she smiled, “all done! Now to enhance those GORGEOUS facial features of yours… honestly if you hadn’t told me, I’d think it was a supermodel’s face.”

“Really? Most girls don’t consider me the uh.. manly, type.”

Candy snorted.

“Manly? Who said anything about manly? I said supermodel, aka hot bitch material.”

“Oh.”

“Manly. HA! *Incredible*..”

He sealed his lips, face turning purple as Candy manoeuvred him into the bedroom.

“Sit.”

He covered up, naked.

“Panties on.”

“I’m… I’m NOT wearing panties.”

“Would you like to explain that to Madre?”

He looked down, unable to maintain eye contact with the smug smile in front of him.

“… No.”

“Then I’d suggest picking a pair that matches your outfit… or at least won’t show up underneath it so much, unless you want it to of course,” she giggled.

“Can I… not wear the bikini bottoms at *least*?”

“Depends…. How much did you enjoy being spanked like a bad girl?”

His stomach crunched inwards as he dragged himself to the drawers, and stared miserably at the slutwear that was to be his new look.

“If I’m… if I’m good… can I get normal clothes?”

“… Sure.”

“Really?”

“No idea. I’m here to make sure you’re a pretty girl, so just put the panties on…. I need to do your makeup and if I’m not available when Madre needs me-“

“Makeup?”

“Alvin. You’re a GIRL. A sissy, slutty, cock-loving whore… now you can either get into that mindset….”

She jiggled her tits.

“Or prepare for a whole lot of back-ache.”

***

The chirping of parakeets and rain-forest creatures was audible in the background, a constant hum. It still felt strange as he waited at the table. Alvin peeked underneath the silver platter and moaned. A beautifully cooked piece of steak lurked underneath.

“Can we-“

“No.”

Candy stood nearby, pumping one glute and then the other, enjoying her look in the standing mirror.

“Why?”

“Because no-one dines without Madre.”

Minutes passed. He watched Candy pump each butt-cheek in turn. Pump-pump-pump. She looked drop dead gorgeous, and Alvin squirmed, trying not to let any warm feelings flow between his legs and failing as she pressed up her tits.

‘She used to be a MAN! *Why am I getting hard?!*…”

“Can you stop?”

“Why… getting distracted?” She grinned, bending forwards like she was attempting the sluttiest yoga stretch possible, legs spread.

“Just… stop.”

“Come on… don’t be jealous because I got nice titties and ass…. You’re a hot-ass bitch too.”

Alvin caught himself in the mirror and winced, looking away from the pretty girl with lesbian-style hair shaved on one side before he could equate those

bright red lips with his own. The navy-blue dress he wore was unassuming, but looked fairly nice and snug on him… but what really got him was the heels and panties. The panties simply would not allow him to rest easy, too lacy and naughty not to send twinges of excitement up from his balls whenever they interacted.

"H-how do you… deal with the underwear," Alvin grunted, using a long dark blue nail to un-wedge it from his crack.

"Let it ride up in there. You're a naughty slut.. accept it."

"Ugh, NO. Where.. where is she?"

"Out there. Tennis court A."

Alvin stood up and tottered unevenly to the window, overlooking the back yard area. She saw a woman in white slamming a ball past a strong-looking local man with the same bronzed skin who was feeding her balls, letting her hit the same shot over and over.

Ball-feed. *SMACK*. Ball-feed, *SMACK*.

Every ball was going hard towards the corner, occasionally missing, but many on the line or well in. Alvin winced. He'd felt that same power and accuracy earlier that day.

"She's.. good."

"Obviously. She's formidable at whatever she puts her mind to."

It seemed to go on for ages as Alvin's stomach grumbled, but eventually she nodded, holding her hand up. The coach went to begin picking up the balls, but she shouted something and the man paused as a maid scurried onto court to begin collecting the balls. Alvin felt a jolt as he saw that under the maid's short skirt she wore precisely nothing. He could see her vagina and ass as she bent down with straight legs to pick up many of the balls, not a care in the world bar the specific act of picking up balls as slutty as possible.

A few moments later they entered the third-floor space. The tennis coach turned out to be almost as tall as Valentina, yet possessed nowhere near the same gravitas, her attitude and stride containing the confidence of a runway model, his gait deferential and adjusting to match hers. They were jabbering in the local tongue of Palagos. Alvin felt a flush of jealousy as she touched the man's back, ushering him to a seat at the table before switching quickly to English.

“*Ingli, Ingli*…. My goodness, who is this ravishing creature?”

Alvin felt the world contract to just the distance between them as Valentina smouldered in his direction. Nothing else existed, heart lifting as she slunk up to him and touched her finger to his lips. She smelt of sweat, forehead glistening as she tossed her baseball cap aside.

“Mmm… So beautiful……. This dress is just the perfect start for you my princess… and thank you Candy, a wonderful job.”

“Oh thank you Madre! You’re so kind… Would you like me to leave you for your lunch?”

“No! Why you must be hungry?”

“Well… I… wouldn’t say no to-“

“Tell the kitchen to make you the same. We’ll wait…”

Alvin sniffed. he’d missed breakfast, too busy crying after his ordeal.

“M-Madre…”

“Yes.”

“M…. May I eat? I’m so hungry…. Candy can share mine..”

A flicker of ugliness came to her face, almost too quick to notice.

“Oh? But why… I’ll make you a starter myself, *slut*.”

“That’s.. thank you Madre…”

“You’re welcome,” she smiled, striding towards him, grabbing him by the head and pinning him to his seat.

“M-Madre?!”

“I hope you don’t mind if it’s a bit sweaty!” she rasped, pulling down her skirt and boxers to reveal her sweaty cock and balls. The stench was inhuman. He realised what she meant now about feeding him, and raised his hands defensively, stammering.

“W-Wait… Madre-“

“Enjoy your meal, puta.“

When the sweaty junk hit his face, it wasn't the penis that slid across his mouth… she had done him the disservice of lifting her penis so her balls now deposited their oily slick directly onto his face.

"Fff-Uugh, M-madr-*glph-!*"

"MMmmmm…."

The tennis coach looked nervous, hovering by the foot of the table. Valentina smiled at him as she stood over her bitch, jabbing a finger into a painful area behind Alvin's jaw, forcing it open.

"Mm-AAAH-Glph-!"

"You were fantastic today Milanos…. Candy. Thank him *personally*."

"Absolutely," the woman breathed, Alvin's fate forgotten as she unclipped her blazer and threw it aside, striding towards the man and slinking across him, straddling him down into a seat. As she pressed her breasts to his chest, wicked eyes looked up at him. "I hope you're not tired from all your.. *exertions*."

"… No. Not tired," he grinned.

"Good… because you're going to fuck me on the dinner table."

The man smiled in amazement, and then their lips met. Candy didn't pause before plunging her tongue into his mouth, and they began to wrestle for real, the girl lifted off her feet by the powerful man.

The sloshing and excited squealing in the background did little to assuage Alvin's fear and humiliation as the same hardening cock from yesterday now ploughed into his mouth, insisting on going deeper each time. She was already at his throat, and he looked up pitifully to find no remorse in her pretty features.

"You said you were hungry… so if you spill a drop, I will understand that you are full, and you will be excused from lunch."

"MMg-"

"Suck it," she spat, shoving her hips harder against his mouth when he tried to close his throat.

"HG-GLUh-"

"Uh-UH! open… OPEN FOR MADRE-"

"GLLH-LGH-GLH-GLH-"

He felt her swollen nutsack slap against his already wet chin, her cock-head pressing down into his throat as he gagged, slobbering saliva everywhere.

“Ohhhh I think a messy boy doesn’t need lunch eh? Wasting good protein uhh?”

Valentina’s cock had become fully hard, entirely filling him. She began to dip his chair back, almost squatting over him so she could fuck the boy’s face at whatever pace pleased her the most, Alvin utterly helpless as he grabbed her thick thighs for balance. As she pumped, she looked over to see Candy being laid out on the table, her hands interlinking with the coach.

“Don’t fall in love now, Candy…. He’s a good athlete… I don’t want to deny the ladies of the village such good genetics.”

“Oh don’t I know it,” Candy breathed, looking down at the decent-sized cock being lined up to her wet pussy as he gently eased her panties aside, “you heard her right? Don’t fall in love with me…”

The man grinned, and slid across it rather than into it, and Candy bucked. This was the good stuff…. This was what she never managed to do as a man. Tease, take control, be powerful….

It lined up again. Slid across…. The stimulation of her clit was sending her into overdrive, the ache building between her legs. It needed sating… and the tool was right there, just waiting to fill the void.

“PPpllease… *fuck me*…..”

He smiled and allowed her his gift…. A slow spreading of her pussy as she let out tiny gasps, his cock-head gently pushing into the sopping wet hole. The gasps turned into moans as Candy began to lose herself, turning inwards as it slid across wonderful places, journeying deeper into her body.

“Uuyyyuh….”

A few metres away, Alvin spluttered, attached to Madre’s front as she grunted, treating him like a human fleshlight.

“You will learn to adore me, baby….. or I will treat you like the dirtiest cunt in the world,” she rasped, gripping his head tighter and slamming home a few thrusts which bounced his face off of her groin stubble. The steady sloshing of gulps and gags interwove with the pumping noises and feminine cries of Candy

as her lover ratcheted up a notch. The symphony filled the vast space, Valentina and Milanos invigorating each other as they heard the other going deeper, harder, more passionate.

Valentina began to angle Alvin's face up to her (a hard task when her rigid cock was clogging his throat). Her gaze said everything, clear as day. Excitement. Zeal… endless lust. And surprisingly, tenderness. A tenderness he'd not felt from her yet… His gentle whimpers slowed her mashing of his face.

"Easy… come bitch… you know what to do now….. don't disappoint me."

She released his head, and stroked his chin.

"Go on."

He took a few steadying breaths through his nostrils, warmth flowing through himself as he felt the woman pulsing in his mouth. Nearby, he could hear Candy keening to the skies as her recently made pussy was tested to the limit. She filled the room with pornstar moans, and it was making Alvin's own cock twitch between his legs as Valentina pinched his cheek.

"Today, *slut.*"

His eyes scrunched tight. Fuck. He was going to do this…..

'So much for putting the foot down.'

Alvin slowly began to move his head back and forth, shivering as the taste of her penis flooded his tongue. A similar shiver from Valentina had him curious, yet still unwilling to debase himself fully. It still hurt too much.

Up and down, up and down. He stopped at his throat each time… until her hand tightened in his hair.

"Are you going to give me a half-assed blowjob for the rest of my afternoon? Do I have to show you again what happens when you disappoint me?"

He hands began to shake as he desperately thought through every last dirty pornstar move that made him long for a woman's lips, and found his hands rising to feather across her balls. The skin was taut from the size of them, two swollen kiwis with tiny hairs that tickled him as he lifted them slightly. They were heavy… impressively heavy.

"Mmm… here we go…"

He closed his eyes…. And began to slide his tongue around and across the spongy helmet. An answering throb confirmed his suspicions. He attacked her

piss slit, trying to tickle out a drop of dew. He liked it when the women on screen enjoyed the cum.

"OHhh Siiii-"

Valentina's deepening tone was re-enforced by a spurt of cream in his mouth, and Alvin did everything in his power not to scrunch his face up in disgust, instead allowing the curl of his spine to stop at his expression, instead fluttering his eyelids up at the pouting woman, and vacuuming his lips so tight that all the harshness faded from her expression. Suddenly she was the most beautiful creature in the world, filled only with need… a need for him, and the pleasure his sluttiness could bring.

His chest expanded. Small, green-nailed fingers began to squeeze her balls, and Valentina grunted as she bent over.

"HUhh!… Ohhh yyeeeuuh…."

Alvin began to shove forwards, pulling with all his facial muscles and lungs, opening his throat. Suddenly she was toppling into him, and when his laps fused to the base of her cock, he felt the giantess lurch and give the deepest, most masculine moan he'd ever heard from a woman as her nails tightened around his head and neck.

"HHHEEErRRRRggggg-"

"OOhmmuyyggoood-"

Alvin felt the flood of her semen, only it seemed even thicker and more explosive than before, as if his new demeanour had eked out another level of orgasm that was leaving Valentina almost deranged, saliva dribbling down her chin, roaring as she was overcome by the beauty and whoreish nature of her muse.

Nearby, Candy's breathless cries intermingled with Valentine's, far higher and more feminine as she began to seize up, clutching tight to her male counterpart. The two pairs writhed. Alvin squealed as hot cum began to pump into his belly, warming his insides as the testicles contracted in his palm, firing every last drop down his gullet.

Valentina leaned back and roared to the ceiling. She was a monster, an unstoppable force that had laid her seed in another human. Feeling her manhood in his palm, down his throat… it impressed upon him the difference in a true alpha and the beta he was. No alpha male could ever have warmth flooding to his

crotch, dotting his panties with excitement as his belly was filled with nut-cream.

It took minutes for the cries and groans to die down, for people to stop panting long enough to speak. Alvin's eyes were lidded, jaw and tongue aching from the energetic service they had provided. The large cock in his throat pulsed on one side, the veins and ridges tickling his insides as she began to pull it back out of his maw.

"Gllhhhg…."

Valentina

"You still hungry, bitch?"

He shook his head, letting out a burp which sent a slop of white drizzle over his chin.

"HHUrg… no… Madre…"

"Then you are dismissed."

His eyes went wide, seeing her demeanour become cold. It hurt more than any of the humiliations she had meted out so far.

"I… can I stay….?"

A moment of inspiration hit him.

"… on your lap?"

The smile that spread wide across her face was impossible to fake, a sun appearing from behind clouds to illuminate the world as she held out her arms.

"Come here baby."

He did so, taken by the hand and led to the head of the table, where he was popped onto her knee like a child visiting Father Christmas. Her voice was warm in his ear.

"You can sit on my lap *whenever you want*. No need to ask, you understand?"

He glanced down at her still-naked lower half, the slick cock now sitting between her legs, just touching the underside of his thigh.

"… and you can touch *that* whenever you want, too," she smirked.

"… Okay…."

He leaned against her shirt. He could feel the warmth of her breast beneath it, and pined for the feeling of skin-on-skin. But he knew better than to ask, instead just squeezing against it. Her arm pinned him to her, crushing him tighter.

“Let’s eat, shall we?”

She glanced over at Candy who was shuddering on her back, legs draped over the side of the table, her vagina leaking cream on the glass.

“Hhuhh…”

“Milanos… I must say, you’re a master of the court… and the female body,” Valentina nodded, raising a glass to the sweating man who was slumped in his seat, admiring his handiwork.

“Thank you, Valentina.”

“You’re welcome… now, you may eat whatever you like in front of you. The steak, her pussy, whatever.”

He smiled.

“I think I’ll need the steak first.”

“Do as you will.”

And so, lunch was the polar opposite of breakfast, Alvin snuggled into Valentina’s breast, fed steak from her fork as they shared their meal. Eventually their plates were cleaned, and Candy was able to eat some of her steak whilst being gently toyed with by Milanos, his fingers creeping between her legs at any opportunity. Valentina eventually pulled Alvin to his feet.

“Excuse me…. I have business to attend to soon. Candy, be a darling and take my baby to the pool?”

“Yes.. Madre.”

Candy turned to Milanos.

“Care to escort two pretty ladies?”

The man smiled, but Valentina cut it short.

“No. Milanos has work down in the village.”

The man’s jaw tightened, but he nodded, the fire in his eyes quelled quickly.

“Yes Madre.”

Alvin watched the interaction with curiosity, but understood his place in the ecosystem here. He was not to give opinions out of turn.

***

The chittering of insects and creatures was endless. Occasionally this background noise was punctured by the howl of a monkey, or the keening of a flock of birds. It was almost a mirror image of home, churning with life and importance, yet the nature of it was primal and in a way, soothing. It helped that the water Alvin lounged in was cool and clear as glass.

“Why… did Valentina stop Milanos from staying?”

Candy pushed off the side of the pool, the sunlight beaming off her glasses and the water below as the float carried her lazily across towards Alvin. He’d been in an infinity pool before, but never in such a setting. The experience of looking out over an edge-less pool into a green horizon was mesmerising, made far stranger by the bikini wrapped around his tiny bulge, the skimpy top even sillier on his flat chest. It made him want to cover up despite just the two of them being present. Candy’s outfit in comparison was so odiously slutty he could feel his manhood inflating as the woman spread her legs wide, her crevasse cinched by a stringy white thong.

“Her name is Madre to us babe.”

“Hmph. Madre, then.”

A glossy, varnished toe lapped at the water as she floated past.

“She stopped him for many reasons. Firstly, she likes to keep us bitches taut. Needy. Imagine us being entirely sated… why we might develop autonomous feelings, or fall in love with one of the local men…. get married even! I dare say I’ve yearned for a number of men and women after a night or two together… Milanos certainly possesses a certain… *magnetic* quality… *Mmm..*”

Her legs rubbed together as she basked in the memory.

“… but that life is not for slaves.”

“Then.. What IS our life…?”

“Oh, to sate the lust of the Valentinos women of course… the ah.. SPECIAL women, like Madre.”

The tropical humid air in Alvin’s lungs turned to icy wind in an instant.

“Wait, you mean…. There’s more of them?”

Candy humphed.

“HA! Oh honey, just you wait. If Valentina didn’t create sissies like us, there wouldn’t be a woman in Palagos to marry for any normal man. That’s why Valentina herself is so beloved! She is a fair ruler… The men get to keep their wives, the superior women with dicks get as much pussy and ass as they can fuck, and the towns live in harmony.”

“So we’re… we’re whores for… ALL of the cock-swinging women in this country!??….”

“No, no, don’t be silly.”

“Oh, thank God.”

“Whores get paid.”

“Oh *GOD*….”

She cackled, tapping Alvin’s forearm on the way past.

“RELAX…. Every local town gets sissies, usually imported from good ‘ole U-S-of-A… most often ne’er do wells… jailbirds… boys with naughty pasts or tourists who thought the locals were easy targets… occasionally boys with no hope of attracting a woman decide to give their bodies just to experiences sex for the first time.”

“But… *Why me!*… and why can’t you just run off with Milanos if it makes you happy?…”

Alvin felt the eye roll even through the darkened shades.

“Madre cares about us Alvin… but we are her property. Her duty is to the people of Palagos…. Imagine the anger if I, a sissy whore stole a potential husband from the ladies of the town? Valentina stops things before they happen. I believe Milanos will find someone perfect down below and have many, many children. At least, if the sperm leaking out of my pussy is anything to go by.”

“Jesus… when did you get such a foul mouth?”

“Probably around the time I lost my attitude…. idiot that I was. Ugh perhaps if I’d have learned that lesson earlier, I’d still have a penis…. But I have no regrets, not after getting filled in all my holes.”

“Ugh God……. So, in summary…. She takes Americans and turns them into women, and keeps them as slaves. That right?”

“In simple terms yes. In complex terms, no.”

“Seems pretty simple to me,” he said, swimming to the edge of the pool. The vision of an endless vista of water and rainforest was broken by the walls of the compound… his new prison.

“Oh really… then why isn’t your friend Floyd here? Or Jorge?”

‘They left me here…’

“They’re not my friends…. And I have no idea!!”

“That as may be… but think. Why are you here… and they aren’t?”

“I don’t KNOW! Because I looked at Madre a little too long…. Because I forgot to keep my head bowed? I don’t *know*…”

“Alvin, babe… did you feel something… when you met her?”

He looked up at her as Candy lifted her shades.

“Did you?”

“….. Uh.. Yeah?…”

“She did. She told us, the moment you left.”

Alvin’s eyebrows raised.

“She.. Did? What did she say?”

Candy leaned forwards, her thin eyebrows furrowed.

“That boy will be my wife.”

“W… *wife*…”

Candy popped the shades back on and kicked off the near side of the pool, the float drifting back the way it had come.

“Don’t you dare tell her I said that… I don’t know what else she’d do to my body, but rest assured I want to keep the rest of my parts,” she said with a ruffle of her hair. “Oh, and of course you fucked up that little drugs thing didn’t you.”

He growled, resting his chin on the side of the pool again, letting the cool water rush across it.

“That’s just it…. I didn’t. I counted it right…. I didn’t get anything wrong!”

“Well…. In her eyes, you all did… but she wanted you. So, enslave you, terrify the others, job done. Everyone’s happy!”

“But I’M not happy!”

Candy giggled.

“Really? Are you sure…?”

“YES!!”

“Oh babe, you’re going to be the haughtiest princess in the whole rainforest… so *emotional!*…. I understand why Valentina chose you as her number one.”

Alvin grumbled and went back to staring at the impossibly stunning vista. Lime-green parrots with yellow bellies darted from one section of trees to another. Something croaked far below, perhaps a frog or similar. For a while they lounged, soaking up the rays, Alvin lost in his thoughts.. Until a woman’s voice turned his head.

“Bitches! Your daddy is here….”

He turned to see Silvini smiling. She was wearing a black bikini that hugged her muscular figure, but especially around the thick bulge at her groin, her pubic hair splayed in all directions around it. Oddly, her smile was just as difficult to comprehend as the hints of saggy ball-skin drooping either side of the bottoms, jovial as she strode to the edge of the pool.

“So, you lazy bitches…. Why don’t you come over here and say *‘Hola’*!”

“Because you’re all the way over there,” Candy grinned. She turned herself over on the float, so her ass was now directly opposite the newcomer. “I couldn’t possibly waste my energy going so far.”

Silvini growled.

“Then I will have to teach you a lesson.”

“Oh NOOOO,” Candy squealed, wiggling her ass in a ‘come-fuck-me’ manner.

Silvini’s smile dropped as she regarded Alvin nearby, edging away.

“And you…. Why do you try to hide? Come here, BITCH!”

“Oh, let her watch. She’s new,” Candy giggled.

“I know… which is why she deserves to learn her place. *First hand.”*

The woman's snarl was not friendly, and Alvin realised that Floyd's 'advances' had affected all of their standings with the locals as a cloud began to drift over the sunshine, the yellow glow turning to a darker grey.

'Fucking Floyd… why isn't he here dealing with this shit show…?!?'

"I'm.. I'm sorry."

"Sorry??"

This was clearly the wrong thing to say, as Silvini's nostrils flared.

"You will be sorry if you don't lick my feet NOW!"

"CALM, Silvini."

The cloud passed, sunlight bursting through as Valentina's voice rang out across the pool. Everyone's back went a little straighter as she traipsed in a long open gown, gossamer thin that outlined her superior figure. Silver twinkled on every part of her wrists, neck and ears. She had chosen only purple bikini bottoms, her breasts open. Alvin stared at her nipples through the gown. They looked ready to pop, a single suckle from being milked.

Saliva flooded his mouth as she spoke again.

"You may order her for now… but have respect. I have plans for Alexa."

'Alexa?'

The muscular woman frowned.

"Plans?"

"Yes… She is not just a slave. She is mine."

"Oh… your… *personal*, slave?"

"Perhaps, closer than that."

The woman chuckled.

"Oh congratulations Val!"

"Not yet… she has much to learn."

Silvini seemed happier than Alvin had thought possible, approaching Valentina and placing a hand on her shoulder, respectfully.

"Well….. I'm glad."

Valentina gave a tiny smirk, looking in Alvin's direction.

"So am I."

Silvini squeezed, before descending into the pool, drifting like a shark towards where Candy was waiting, pumping her glutes on purpose.

"Ooooh, I think these waters are dangerous…. I need someone to save meeee!!!"

"Oh, I'm not going to save you."

The float was upended, and Candy's jiggling body was sent tumbling into the water. Before she could get her bearings, Silvini had pounced, ripping the thong from her bottom half and pressing her up against the side of the pool. Candy barely had time to wipe the soaking hair from her eyes and catch her breath before she was being humped, legs propped up on the much larger woman's shoulders.

As Alvin watched the show, out of the corner of his eye, Valentina lay down on one of the sunbeds, every move graceful. Candy, even through being pressed up against the poolside, noticed Alvin's indecision and widened her eyes, motioning with her head. Alvin frowned.

"GO," Candy mouthed, before Silvini plunged a tongue in, sealing their lips.

He sighed and, with reservations, began to swim towards his owner, still watching as Candy let out a tight squeal…. And then threw her arms around Silvini's muscular shoulders, gripping her back. Clearly something was happening under the water, confirmed by tiny splashes taking place as Silvini began to pump, small huffs exiting Candy's lips as the thrusts became more vicious.

"Un-un-uh-un-"

"M-Madre…"

Valentina looked up to see Alvin, soaking wet, standing in front of her.

"May I… apply your sunscreen?"

She gave a warm smile.

"… Yes, baby."

It sent a thrill through him to give her pleasure, hurrying a little quicker than was necessary to find a bottle inside the changing area, before running back

out just as Candy began to explosively cry out, the water now churning between them as Silvini began to motor.

"UUYH-uH-UUHH-UUYH-"

Alvin swallowed and hurried on, almost slipping.

"Oop-!"

"Careful," Valentina drawled, eyes closed.

"Yes Madre.."

He unclipped the bottle and began to gently peel back the woman's robe.

"Um.. Madre… may I…"

She threw it from her shoulders, settling back down, and Alvin felt all the heat flow to his crotch, already semi-hard from the show, but now hard as steel as he beheld her breasts resting in front of him, just begging to be caressed. His hands shook as he stared, missing half the sunscreen he was supposed to pour onto his palm before attempting to compose himself, taking a few deep breathes and starting with her legs.

Her thighs and calves felt so powerful… the squishy fats on top enough to deceive that she wasn't brutally muscular underneath until one touched them, his fingers unable to massage any deeper whenever it hit ridges of muscle beneath the curvy exterior.

"Mmm…. A massage also?"

"Sorry… sorry, I won't-"

"Why not?"

"Oh… would you like-"

"Yes."

He nodded to himself, heart pumping as he began to massage now, working his way down to her feet, rubbing the huge soles and toes which jerked.

"Aiii, no baby….. ticklish," she moaned.

"S-sorry!"

He moved hastily upwards, but skirted around her breasts every time, too scared to press against them in case of rebuke. After a few minutes, he whispered, every part of her arms, legs and torso covered bar the two bronze hills.

“Um… would you-“

“YES!”

She sounded angry, as if it were obvious, and he quickly placed both his hands on her breasts, squeezing through the fear and arousal, his body so confused that he could feel his legs and arms shaking for opposing reasons. His hands almost disappeared into the flesh, yet her breasts refused to sink deeper, rebuffing him with the gentle firmness of a mother’s glands as he fondled. He forgot for several minutes that he was supposed to be spreading cream, instead simply dialling her nipples for the perfect radio signal. Valentina seemed not to care one jot, beginning a low guttural grunting that increased the longer he went on. Suddenly the sunscreen wasn’t that important, and as Candy squealed and gurgled in the background, receiving only a deeper, more violent dicking with every minute that passed, Valentina’s animal growls began to join her.

It was only after five minutes of this that Alvin couldn’t hold it in, and fell forwards onto her breast, attacking a puffy nipple with his tongue.

“Uuyyyy-“

Those deep grunts spoke to him like no other sound in his life had… not even the feminine whimpers of a girl as he had licked her out. Somehow this hit a deeper, darker part of his brain… a part of which he was ashamed. His own girlish desires just waiting to get out.

He pushed them back down, focusing on the nipples rather than the grunting, squeezing each water balloon in his hand, unable to grab them fully such were their size. If only he possessed larger hands like true men…

As he slurped, Valentina began to shift on the bed. He noticed that her bikini bottoms were beginning to tent upwards, and he whimpered, wet lips suckling free of the spongy bullet he’d been latched onto as her cock fully revealed its monstrous presence, a flagpole signalling dark intent.

“Um…”

“Something wrong?”

“N-No…”

He began to squirt cream, rubbing around her breasts quickly, back down to the arms.

“… Turn over please?”

Valentina didn't move for a long moment. She didn't look at him, and the tense lines that engraved into her older face began to furrow deep enough that it almost looked like fury. Then, like a glacier detaching and falling into the sea, she shifted her bulk, rotating to flat on her belly. The coldness was palpable as Alvin quickly began spreading cream across her back, massaging it, but there were no more grunts or moans from the woman, bar the occasional sharp sniff. Perhaps it was her mere presence, or perhaps the feeling of wearing a stringy bikini only increased his anxiety, but Alvin sped up even faster, already feeling the growing terror telling him to run, to hide in his room.

'Is she going to remove my penis too?'

The thought magnified the terror, and quickly he was capping the bottle, standing.

"I… may I use the bathroom Madre?!"

"So you are finished?"

"Um… y-yes…."

The fact he couldn't see her face made her silence even more deafening, no longer aware of Candy echoing the monkey chants in the forest as she was inseminated, nor Silvini chuckling as the girl drooled, her eyes lidded. All the churning water was just a distraction as the gorgeous monster beneath him said a single word.

"Fine."

"Th… thank-"

Valentina got up so fast that for a moment Alvin genuinely thought she was about to attack him, bleating… yet she simply stalked off, the huge erection in her bikini bottoms as taut and angry as its owner as she did not acknowledge him on her departure, fists clenched.

"…..Fuck."

As he watched this woman, his new master, owner and God depart in a cold fury, he glanced down at the pair in the pool. The waves had died down. Candy was done, eyes crossed to stare at Silvini's nostrils as the woman kept her pinned, enjoying the loss of brain function she had inflicted before glancing over at Alvin. Her smile faded to a callous look.

"Keep staring… by the looks of it, you'll be just like this in a week."

She pumped her hips into Candy, who moaned, a light, spaced-out sound that was only half-there.

“And for you? I won’t be gentle.”

Alvin felt pressure behind his eyes, the panic in his chest growing as Silvini began to fuck Candy harder, the girl yipping as her body realised it was being pummelled again. Silvini made sure to maintain eye contact with Alvin, so he knew exactly where the venom in her muscular pounding was aimed. He fled the pool to the sounds of the water frothing like white rapids as Candy was unmade, screeching through the umpteenth orgasm of her battered body.

Alvin didn’t stop running until he found his room, slamming the door shut and curling up into a ball. The newest bitch of the Valentinos began to cry, the circumstances of his new life encircling him like the walls of the compound outside, and the endless rainforest beyond.

###

About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for a number of years, and loves to write about girls with bulges in their pants, as well as various other genres.
If you enjoyed these stories please leave a 5-star rating or review as it helps tremendously, and if you want to enjoy early access, read exclusive stories too spicy for regular distribution or influence the outcomes of your favourite characters, find me on patreon under 'Thereshegoes123' or find it via my website:

www.thereshegoes123.com

Other books by this author

For full story list, please visit my website ‘Thereshegoes123.com’ or visit your favourite E-book retailer to discover other stories by Thereshegoes123.

Crossdresser/feminization

Dream Girl pt.1, 2

Gay Male

Sailor Boy
A Wife and a Hard Place
Big Cock Boss

Dickgirl/Futa Stories

Resident Futa series – pts.1, 2
Pet Teacher series – pts.1, 2, 3
Captive Lust
Date Night series – pts. 1, 2, 3, 4

Dominated

Community Service series – pts.1 - 9

Playing Games

Sibling Rivalry

Deep Treatment

A Futa Mom's punishment series – pts.1, 2, 3

Brutal Shemale Lovers series – pts.1, 2, 3

The Hookup

His Futa Auntie series – pts.1, 2, 3, 4

Late series – pts.1 - 8

Team Takedown

Futa Cucks the Boyfriend series – pts.1, 2, 3

The Bet

Mortal Cumbat

*F**cked series* – pts. 1, 2, 3, 4

Dickgirl Dynasty

Deep Cover pts.1, 2

Orc Attack

And more!

For full booklist, please go to my patreon or Website!