



John Dylena

Rivals

by John Dylena

[Wyrnwood Publishing and Editing](#)

Copyright © 2018 by John Dylena

Cover Art by: CoaX

<http://www.coaxdreams.com/>

All rights reserved.

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

This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Disclaimer:

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

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

Enjoy.

Stage 0:

Could I just go on record for the thousandth time to say just how much I utterly despised Logan? The man was not only a total asshole, but also a huge ass-kisser. Plus he has one of those smug faces you just want to punch.

That scumbag was in the running for the promotion that I, and I alone, deserved. Sure, I've been here much longer, know all the intricacies of the company, got us our biggest client, and a bunch more accolades. So what did Logan have over me? His uncle was Chairman of the Board. It's literally the only reason he had the job. The man—whose messes I've had to clean up, by the way—came into the company underqualified, and he didn't contribute in the slightest.

He's already stolen the bigger office from me, so there's no way in hell I'm going to let him take this promotion.

And I knew just the way to make sure he didn't.

Thanks to my work ethic and motivation to beat that bastard, I was still in the office after the sun went down on a Friday night. Everyone was already gone, the only people in the office besides me were the after-hours cleaning crew. I was doing some deep diving through the company's financials when I discovered that the numbers weren't adding up. Money that should've been there wasn't, and when I dug deeper, I found it all wound up in some bullshit fund created by none other than king douchebag himself: Logan.

That fucker was stealing from the company.

I leaned back in my chair and rubbed my face as I stifled a laugh. "Okay Ken," I muttered, "you need to make sure this is solid. Beyond solid. So solid it'll cut diamonds."

I triple-checked the numbers. Then I checked them again. I documented everything and wrapped it all up in a neat little bow.

Then I did something incredibly stupid and waited until Monday morning to confront him about the information.

It was such a boneheaded move. I got cocky and wanted to see the look on his face when I said a-ha! Was I going to blackmail him? I don't know. I can't remember. I was so focused on the evidence that I didn't consider what to do with it. There were so many emotions flowing through me that it all became a blur.

First thing Monday morning, I sent him an email. I kept it vague, but it wouldn't be too difficult to figure out the meaning. I told him that if he backed out of the running for the promotion and slipped me some of the cash, I'd delete the data and forget it ever existed. He responded sooner than I expected and wired me the amount I had asked for.

I wore that smug, shit-eating grin for the rest of the day. I felt like a total badass and was going to celebrate when I got home. I wasn't sure how. Maybe I'd go to a strip club and get a private dance.

But just as I was getting ready to head home, I received a new email from Logan that mentioned a counteroffer I might be interested in. I figured he wanted to include me in his shady business dealings, so I decided to play along. It was a prime opportunity to gather more evidence that I could later use against him.

Logan had his feet up on his desk and was on the phone when I entered his gaudy office. He motioned for me to sit and mouthed something about whomever he was on the phone with. He was getting increasingly annoyed with each passing second. He rolled his eyes and made a jabbering motion with his hand.

"Let me call you back," he said. "I've got an important meeting to run to." Then he hung up without a moment's hesitation.

He swung his legs off his desk and stood, walking over to the door to his office. He poked his head out, looked around for a few moments, then closed and locked it.

"Don't want any uninvited guests," he said with a wink.

I shook my head and turned back toward his desk.

He sat back down and leaned forward, tapping his fingers together as if considering his next words very carefully. "I thought about your offer, and while good, let me counter with something better."

"Okay, sure," I told him, even though I had absolutely no intention of accepting, even if he offered me all the money he'd stolen. As good as it sounded, I'd have to bend over backwards to wash that money clean of Logan's filth.

"My counter offer is this: I don't back out, but you get a little slice of the pie."

"No."

Logan raised an eyebrow. "You sure?"

"Yes."

He sighed and leaned back in his chair. "You're absolutely sure you don't want in on this?"

"Positive," I said, trying not to smile.

"You're a pretty smart guy," Logan said. Then he turned to his computer and typed away at something. "Let me show you the numbers. I think that'll change your mind."

"No, Logan—"

"Here, take a look."

"What are you—"

He turned one of his monitors toward me, bombarding me with imagery. I tried to figure out what it was that he was showing me, but then everything went blank. I'm not sure what happened, but I just sat there, staring at the screen. Everything else sorta faded away, and all that mattered was what I was watching... reading... experiencing...

The words on the screen filled my mind.

Stage 1:

Bimbo. Slut. Whore. Sissy.

It's what you want to be.

Air-headed. Obedient.

It's what you want to be.

The mantra repeated on the screen. It became so ingrained in my mind that I found myself saying it. I muttered the words as my eyes glazed over, the pornographic images flooding every square inch of my mind. My body went rigid. I couldn't look away. I couldn't move my arms or legs. I was as still as a statue, blank as a mannequin, as powerless as a doll.

My cock throbbed. It pressed against the fabric of my pants and threatened to burst out. My jaw hung slack.

Bimbo. Slut. Whore. Sissy.

It's what you want to be.

Air-headed. Obedient.

It's what you want to be.

Logan stood from his chair and walked around to the front of the desk and sat down besides the monitor. Arms folded, shit-eating grin plastered all over his face. "You should've taken the offer, Ken. Or rather, you shouldn't go sticking your nose where it don't belong."

Submissive. Docile. Willing.

It's what you want to be.

Logan continued to speak as the program took root in my mind. "I get it, I really do. You've been here longer and you're a hard worker. You're upset that I pretty much just waltzed on in here with practically no experience."

Doll. Empty. Girly. Ditz.

It's what you want to be.

"But that's the world we live in today, bud. I mean, did you honestly think you'd get the job over me? My uncle loves me. He'd prob suck my dick, if I asked him to. So here's the new plan: You completely forget about this whole thing and I'll keep doing what I've been doing. I'll not only get the promotion, but at the rate I'm going, I'll probably end up with this whole company."

It's what you want to be.

It's what you want to be.

It's what you want to be.

"It's what I want to be," I mumbled. The screen turned black, but I remained enthralled. My mind was empty, blank. I was a pile of putty ready to be shaped and molded.

Logan grinned. "Go back to your office and bring me the data you had on my... extracurriculars."

I stood, turned, and walked out of his office. My movements were stiff, robotic; the front of my pants were soaking wet.

There was no one around. It was late, most of the lights were off. As commanded, I moved the data onto a small thumb drive and handed it over.

"I'm going to keep this in a very safe place. Might come in handy," he said. "Now, you're not going to remember any of this. You'll wake up back in your office under the impression that you decided to work late in

hopes to getting ahead of me, but we both know that's not going to happen. Now, back to your office."

I stood and returned to my desk.

That was weird. How long had I been at my desk? I looked over at the clock on my computer screen. Fuck, is that the time? I'm going home.

I closed up my office and sighed when I stepped out and saw just how vacant it was. Then I headed out, flipping off Logan's empty, dark office as I did. I really hated that asshole.

When I got home from work, I followed my usual routine, stripping out of my uncomfortable work clothes—noting the wet patch on the front of my pants—and into something more comfortable: my underwear. I cracked open a beer and sat down in front of the television, but I wasn't even watching it. I was staring at my arms and legs, and at the coarse, dark hair that covered them. I lifted up the waistband of my boxers and cringed at the jungle down there.

I scratched my head. Maybe women had the right idea. I'd never really noticed just how ugly body hair was. I looked like I belonged in a zoo, or in the early human exhibit in a museum. Guys shaved off their body hair, right? I knew bodybuilders did, and they were manly as fuck. All those muscles...

I yawned for the billionth time since leaving work, which I took as a sign. Downing what remained of my beer, I hopped in the shower, but not before taking my trimmer to my entire body. The floor looked like that of a dog groomer's, and after cleaning all that up, I stepped into the shower and finished off my face and the rest of my body with a razor.

"Holy shit," I breathed as I rubbed my hands across my smooth, hairless body. Well, it wasn't completely hairless—I'd wussed out when I got to my groin—but my arms, legs, torso and armpits were. And fuck, did it feel amazing. I'd always wondered what it felt like, and now I knew why women went through the effort. I doubted I could stand to be hairy ever again!

The sensations stirred something else within me, something I hadn't known was there. As I rubbed my legs together in the hot shower, my cock twitched and throbbed. It felt good. Very good. I kept stroking and caressing my body until my cock stiffened and I couldn't contain myself anymore. I jerked off right then and there, and what followed was one of the most powerful orgasms I had ever experienced.

I looked down at my hands, at my hairless chest and legs, and wondered where these feelings and desires came from and why they had taken so long to appear.

The following morning, I decided to wear long sleeves to work. While I wasn't necessarily ashamed of the fact that I was now almost entirely free of body hair, I didn't want to draw any unwanted attention to myself.

The morning passed by uneventfully. I had my coffee, though I decided to forgo adding the usual heaping amounts of sugar and creamer. I also skipped my usual cream cheese-loaded bagel and instead got an egg white omelet with veggies. Though I wasn't sure why I made the change, I was glad I had. I was looking a little pudgy at the waist, and the omelet actually tasted pretty good. Plus, I didn't get all jittery when the coffee wore off.

I was about to clock out for lunch when my phone rang. "What the fuck does he want?" I said when I saw that it was Logan calling. I sighed and picked up the phone.

"Hel—"

Logan interrupted me. "Brain Override."

My eyes glazed over and my mind emptied of all thoughts.

"Come to my office. You're having lunch there," he said before hanging up.

I did as commanded and entered Logan's office. I locked the door behind me and took a seat in one of his chairs, where I waited patiently as he typed at his computer. When he was done, he had me sit in his chair and gave me a pair of headphones. Then he started up the video.

"I'll be back in an hour. Have fun."

I didn't see him leave. All my attention was on the pink spiral on the screen and the words that filled my head, burying themselves deep within my brain.

I blinked and found myself sitting in my office. I was at my desk with an empty salad container in front of me and a bottle of unsweetened iced tea next to it. Had I just zoned out? Why didn't I remember getting lunch? Why did I get a salad?

The rest of the day went by as usual, though for once, I actually went home on time. Of course, that still meant I had to sit in traffic on my way home. Avoiding it was one of the perks of staying late, I supposed.

I was used to sitting in traffic, but this time, it was excruciating. The whole way home, I was horny and had to constantly adjust my position to make room for the erection in my pants.

Fortunately, my townhouse has its own attached garage, so I didn't have to go walking through a lobby or

ride an elevator while trying to nonchalantly hide my rock-hard boner. However, after I sat down in front of my computer and queued up some of my favorite porn to whack off to, I couldn't follow through.

As I watched one of my favorite porn stars getting fucked, I found myself inextricably drawn not to her body, but to her lingerie. I couldn't take my eyes off of it. I stared at the lacy panties and those stockings and found myself wondering what wearing those felt like.

I should've been disgusted with myself. Never in my life had I shown any inclination to wear women's clothing. But there I was, looking down at my legs and picturing them in sheer stockings, my cock and balls nestled in lace. Despite what I'd previously thought, my body seemed rather enticed by that notion and my cock pulsed.

I closed out of the porn and went to buy some stockings and panties online, but I remembered that it took a couple days for things to ship. There's that adult store not too far from here, I reminded myself. I passed by it every single day on my commute. It had been there for years, and I'd always wanted to step inside.

"Looks like you're getting your wish," I said to my groin.

The store was bigger than I thought. When I pulled into the parking lot, two guys walked around to the backside of the building. A few moments later, a different guy came out from that direction, looking smug and satisfied. My curiosity piqued, I headed around the back. I didn't need to go far to figure out what was back there. I came back around and headed through the front door.

The store itself was surprisingly clean and well-maintained. There were two women working the cash register who greeted me with a friendly smile as I entered.

Unfortunately, I wasn't alone. The other customers varied greatly, young and old, men and women. I turned down one of the aisles and found the panties. I brought my fingers up to the first pair I laid eyes on, and the light, delicate sensation of the fabric made me shudder. I could only imagine how it would feel.

I considered bailing. But then I laid eyes on another pair, and I just knew I had to get them. They were classic black lace panties in a bikini style, and just my size too. At least, I thought they were; I had no idea how to shop for panties, so I just assumed they were like buying male underwear. I sheepishly took the pair off the rack and held them in my hands.

"Need help finding anything?"

I turned as one of the staff members approached. She was a short, curvy woman with a warm smile and knowing eyes. She glanced between the underwear in my hands and the deer-in-the-headlights look on my face. She winked. "No judgments here."

I looked at the underwear. "Stockings?"

"This way." I followed her out of the aisle and down the adjacent one. "What style? Fishnets or sheer? Opaque?"

My throat clenched, I was so nervous. "S-Sheer."

"How tall are you?"

"Five-ten," I said as she searched through the menagerie of stockings that hung on the racks.

"Stay-ups? Or would you want to get a garter belt as well?"

"Stay-ups, please."

A moment later she grabbed a pair off the rack and handed them to me. "They have a silicone lining that grips your thighs. Fortunately, we carry the extra tall sizes, otherwise you'd have to buy those online. Anything else?"

"No."

The woman nodded. "I can help you at the front, then."

I was a complete and utter nervous wreck as I walked up to the cash register. My face was bright red as she scanned the items and wrung me up.

"Have a good night," she said, handing me the bag.

I thanked her and bolted out of the store the moment I had the bag in my hands.

When I got into my car, I let out the breath I had been holding and just sat there in the dark, waiting for my heart to stop racing. Once I had achieved some semblance of calm, I headed home.

My heart pounded again as I pulled into my garage, not out of fear or worry, but out of excitement. The whole way back, I'd imagined what it would feel like to wear the lingerie.

I tore my clothes off and kicked off my shoes as I entered my living room. I stood naked as I dumped the contents of the bag onto the low table.

I stared at the lingerie and reached down for it, hesitating when my fingers were inches away. Then in the blink of an eye, the panties were on me, caressing my cock and balls. They were so soft, so delicate, so comfortable. I bit my lip to stifle my moan when I rubbed my junk through the lacy fabric. Then I sat down and, very carefully,

rolled the stockings up my legs.

“Holy fucking shit,” I gasped. A multitude of new feelings washed over me. The sensations were beyond my wildest imaginings. I couldn’t stop touching myself; rubbing my legs together, feeling the fabric encasing them. I got hard almost instantly, and before I knew it, I was lying on the couch moaning and groaning as I jerked myself off.

Then it was over.

I opened my eyes, panting, gasping for breath. Streaks of cum lined my chest and still oozed out of my limp dick pressed to my body by the elastic band of the underwear. Curiosity overrode the logical part of my brain and I dragged two fingers across my chest, scooping up some of my cum. I gazed at it with scientific curiosity before bringing it to my mouth.

It was warm and salty, and while off-putting, some part of me found it wholly satisfying. Where had these thoughts and desires come from? Had they always been there, repressed by some societal influence?

I shrugged. I was too tired to think about stuff like that. It was too complicated. I wiped up the mess on my chest with some tissue before stripping off the lingerie and climbing in the shower. It was still pretty early, sure, but I couldn’t remember the last time I got a full night’s sleep.

I stared at the panties and stockings as I got dressed the following morning. I paused while buttoning my shirt and looked down at my legs.

No one would know. You know you want to wear them. Don’t be afraid. Go on. It’ll feel so good.

I reached down and picked up the panties.

At work, I sat in the parking lot, eyes fixed on my crotch and my rock-hard erection. I attempted to will it into submission, but I had a very difficult time fighting the arousal whirling inside me like a coastal storm.

There was something enchanting about the idea of wearing lingerie under my normal male work attire, like it was some kind of secret that only I knew. I still couldn’t get over how amazing the stockings and panties felt. They were just so light and comfortable and—

Oh, fuck, I’m hard again.

I managed to get myself down to half-erect before strolling into office with my jacket slung over my arm conveniently placed in front of me. However, it came back with a vengeance after I sought refuge in my office. The lingerie constantly reminded me of its presence, and with a meeting coming up, I had to lock my door and masturbate right then and there to get it under control.

It wasn’t the first time I’d masturbated at work. I had come in during a holiday to make up for a personal day off once, and with no one around, I figured why not?

It worked, and I was able to get through the meeting with a clear head and no awkward boner. Though the arousal came back around lunch, my cock stayed flaccid.

I was getting ready to leave when Logan called.

“You wanted to see me?” I asked as I poked my head into his office.

“Yeah, come on in—and close the door.”

I closed the door. “What do you—”

“Brain override.”

My mind went blank and I stood, waiting patiently for my next command.

“Lock the door and take a seat.”

I did as commanded and sat down in front of his desk.

He turned his screen toward me and the training began. I was so far gone I don’t even remember what I saw or heard. All I remember is pink invading every corner of my mind. I unfastened my belt and pulled my pants down to my ankles.

“Holy shit,” Logan laughed when he saw my panties and stockings. “Well, I’ll be damned. This shit is working better than I thought.”

I paid no attention to his words. My mind was gone, in the hands of the program, being reworked and reshaped. My mouth hung open, eyes blank as I rubbed my cock through the panties. It was pressed against my skin, and I rubbed it like it was a clit.

“Go on, cum for me like... like a sissy whore,” Logan said.

I did as commanded and came. But it didn’t come shooting out in thick, sticky strings. It dribbled out, soaking into my panties. I felt no relief from it; the arousal remained, taunting me and teasing me. The program ended, but I remained empty, blank.

“Get yourself cleaned up—no, wait, don’t.” Logan grinned. “Leave the mess. Put your pants back on and

go back to your office. When you're back in your chair, release yourself from the command. Oh, and one more thing: From now on, call me Master Logan."

"Yes, Master Logan." I did as commanded and returned to my office.

Stage 2:

I blinked and found myself seated at my desk with cum-soaked underwear. The last time this had happened was because of a wet dream, and it'd been years since I'd had one of those.

"God damn it. Must've dozed off, or something."

I dabbed up as much as I could with some tissues and got the hell out of there.

I didn't go straight home. After what had happened last night, I knew I couldn't stop with just panties and stockings.

I needed more.

Unlike last time, the store was completely empty. I pretended not to notice the woman from before walking over toward me as I headed for racks of lingerie. My plan was to buy a black bra to go along with the panties, but after thinking about it some more, I decided to get something else.

I was craving hot pink. I had a bra in exactly that shade in my hand when the saleswoman approached me.

"Good color," she said. "Do you know what size you are?"

"I, uh..." I started, then turned to her and frowned.

She pulled a measuring tape out from her back pocket. "Lift your hands up." I did, and she wrapped the tape around my chest. "36, perfect. We have a lot of them in that size."

I looked down at the one in my hand. Sure enough, it was the right band size.

"If you need any more help, just holler."

Before I could reply, she turned and left.

While the one in my hand was the correct band size, it was lacking in the cups. I wanted something big, so I dug around and pulled out a bra marked 36E. Growing up, I had always thought the biggest bra size was DD. Now I realized how dumb that was.

I grabbed a pair of matching panties and put them in my basket, then headed to the store's selection of wigs, which was better than I'd thought it would be. They had a variety of styles, but I went with a long, blonde wig. It was boring, sure, but it was what I wanted.

I grabbed a tube of hot pink, sparkly lipstick and walked toward the toy aisle. I was so nervous I was visibly trembling as I glanced around to see if anyone had come into the store. While I could have bought this stuff online and saved myself the panic attack, teleportation was still in the realm of science fiction, which meant I would have had to wait until tomorrow. And I couldn't do that.

There were a lot of dildos. I didn't want to linger there, so I grabbed the first fair-skinned one I found. On my way to the register, something metallic caught my eye. When I looked closer, I spotted a metallic butt plug and realized I just had to get it.

I was again tearing my clothes off as I entered my home. I tossed the soiled panties into my dirty laundry and put on the new pair. The bra was tricky, but I managed to get it on by putting it on backwards first, then spinning it around. The wig was a little bit of a mess and looked nothing like the model wearing it on the cover, but it was super-cheap. It still had the effect I wanted it to, and after I'd done a surprisingly decent job of applying my lipstick—which was made difficult by how goddamn arousing it was—I took a step back and looked at myself in the mirror.

I couldn't pass for a woman on the street, but I didn't look manly at all. If I had more than just lipstick on, I would have been much more passable. I had a thin, almost androgynous frame to begin with, so that helped.

Blowing myself a kiss, I took some selfies. The longer it went on, the farther down the rabbit hole I fell. I started talking to myself in a girly voice while affecting all kinds of slutty poses.

Then I wrapped my lips around the dildo.

In my hurry to get in and out of that section, I'd made a rather large selection. It was bigger than my own dick, for sure. But that didn't stop me from going to town on it. A week ago, I'd never in my life considered taking another man's cock in my mouth, yet there I was, halfway down on a dildo while dressed in lingerie wearing a wig and lipstick.

And I was loving every second of it.

Fuck, it was so hot! I couldn't stop. I moaned and groaned and laid on my back on my bed, wishing it were

the real thing.

Then I lifted my legs up, pulled my panties aside, and slid the cock deep into me.

“Oooh, fuck!” I moaned. “Oh, my fuck!”

I reached for my phone and snapped some more pictures of myself: my face when I pushed it in deep, my throbbing cock, the toy now balls-deep in me. I tossed my phone aside and pulled the toy in and out, in and out.

Deeper. Harder. Faster.

I folded my body over, bringing my cock inches away from my face. I opened my mouth. I wanted it so bad. I wanted to suck on it, lick it, taste it.

It throbbed, it twitched, and I pushed the dildo in me as deep as it would go.

I moaned.

Then I came, spraying my load all over my face, catching some in my mouth, on my tongue, licking it off my lips. I squeezed out every last drop before laying my body flat.

I don’t know how long I remained like that, staring blissfully into space. Eventually, I got up off my bed, and after carefully taking off the lingerie, I stepped into the shower.

I thought I’d be ashamed of myself, disgusted at what I’d done and the pleasure I’d derived from it. A month ago, I would have been, but now... now I felt something else entirely. It was something new, strange, yet fascinating. I wanted more.

I took to my computer after the shower and ended up buying much more than I had originally planned on. Not that I really minded—I wasn’t strapped for cash, or anything. I bought two pairs of platform high heels, one red, the other hot pink; a leopard print miniskirt; a black crop top; a pink club dress; black fishnet stockings; a much higher-quality blonde wig; some costume jewelry; and to top it off, a complete makeup set.

Stage 3:

I wore the plug to work. I also wore the stockings again, and this time, the pink panties. The plug was a bad idea. If the lingerie was distracting, the plug was like a fire alarm going off all day long.

It was different from before. I wasn’t walking around with a raging hard-on. I was just... like... so incredibly horny. It made it hard to think, and I even tried jerking off in my office again, but the relief was short-lived.

To make matters worse, I had totally forgotten I had a meeting today. I had trouble focusing during it, to the point where I couldn’t even do some basic mental math. I was like, so dumb. It was ridiculous. I apologized to the group, blaming my performance on a combination of stress and illness. They bought it, thankfully. The only one who didn’t seem fazed by it was Logan. He was having the time of his life.

My day brightened when I got the delivery notification as I walked down to my car. I had paid the ridiculous fee for next-day shipping, after all.

The massive box was waiting for me in my porch locker. The second I got it inside, I tore open the box like a kid on Christmas morning and inspected all the things I’d ordered. Everything fit—thank fucking god—and I spent the next couple hours watching makeup tutorials and trying my hand at them. I settled on the smoky porn star look, since it seemed the easiest to do.

After many attempts and countless mistakes, I managed to give myself a full makeover, finishing it off with a nice coat of dark red lipstick. Then I got dressed. To go with the porn star look, I chose the “totally not a prostitute” outfit. Since I didn’t have any real breasts, I stuffed my bra with some socks. It kept me from looking flat-chested, but it didn’t give me the bouncy cleavage that I’d seen countless times in porn videos.

The mini-skirt was indeed mini. It covered just my ass and the very tops of my thighs. If I spread my legs, it would ride up, revealing my panties and the bulge they contained. The fishnets made my legs look amazing, and the heels were so awesome. I’d always loved women in high heels; it was so sexy. They were like, super-hard to walk in, but man, they were like, so awesome. With the wig and my makeover, I looked far more passable than I had the other night. I looked like an actual woman.

I walked around my home, practicing the slutty stride I’d seen so many times. And just like before, the longer I did it, the more I got carried away. I whipped out my phone, and like some self-absorbed reality TV star on Instagram, I took way too many selfies. I posed and posed and posed, bending over for the camera, spreading my legs—I even brought back my female voice and started sucking on the dildo again.

But it wasn’t the same. It felt like it was just a toy, like it was a kid’s Hot Wheels toy compared to the actual sports car in the garage.

I remembered the adult store and the back entrance. I knew what went on back there. The scene played out in my mind's eye. I told myself I didn't want it.

It was a lie.

I craved it. I needed to know what it was like. I wanted to feel lusted after. I like, really wanted to taste another man's cock.

After touching up my makeup, I swapped the wig for the cheap one, put on the rest of the costume jewelry—which included my favorite piece, a rhinestone choker—and got in my car.

Driving while dressed up provided an interesting out of body experience. I almost felt like I was some an undercover agent. Halfway there, I remembered I still had the plug in me. I couldn't believe I'd forgotten about that.

I parked on the side of the lot closest to the back entrance. It was already dark, but the backside of the store was brightly lit, the security cameras were in plain view, and the guard was present. I waited in my car for around thirty minutes, watching people come and go.

When no one was around, I got out of my car, leaving my phone and wallet behind and bringing only my keys.

The guard eyed me as I approached. He knew, he totally knew. He knew that if I handed him my ID it would contain a picture of a man. Fortunately, he said nothing and kept his face stoic as he opened the door for me.

I stepped inside and froze.

I was in a narrow hallway with six doors on either side. The rooms must have been cramped, based on how many there were in such a small space. The hallway was illuminated by two long, parallel strips of light that ran from the door all the way to the end along the baseboards.

Above each door was a small pair of lights: one red, the other green. To my surprise, there were more red than green, and not wanting to linger in the hallway much longer, I entered one of the green booths to my left, located near the middle of the hallway.

The room reeked of disinfectant. The floor was tile, and the only furnishings were a simple chair, a trash can, and small shelf that held a box of condoms, a large tub of lube, disinfectant wipes, and paper towels. There was porn playing on the TV opposite the door, and the only control provided was a volume knob.

I faced one of the walls separating the booths. On the left side was a switch, and right above it was a small light that was currently off. I flipped the switch up, but nothing happened.

A few moments later, a thick, erect cock appeared in a hole I hadn't noticed was there. I hesitated, my eyes transfixed on it. For the first time in my life, I'd seen with my own eyes another man's cock, in the flesh. My heart raced. My body tensed.

My mouth watered.

Before I realized it, I was lowering myself onto my knees. Its musky, potent, and intoxicating fragrance filled my nostrils. I licked my lips, then wrapped them around the cock.

Oh. My. God.

I... I couldn't believe this was happening. There I was, on my knees in the back of an adult store giving a blowjob to a complete stranger. I wasn't even sure if I was doing it right—the only technique I had at my disposal was what I'd seen in porn. I licked, sucked, and kissed it. As thick as it was, it was shorter than the dildo, so I could take most of it in my mouth.

Then it was gone. I waited by the hole, mouth open, ready for it to come back, but it didn't. I felt like I'd just put money in a vending machine and the candy got stuck on its way down.

Maybe I hadn't done as good as a job as I thought. I flicked the switch off and went to the other wall. I flicked the switch there, then got on my knees and waited, not the least bit patient. I was craving it. I needed it. I needed to taste another man's cum. I just had to. I like, wanted to so bad.

It's what you want to be.

I didn't have to wait long. A cock poked through. It was long and thin, and again, fair-skinned. I gave it a long lick from base to tip, and traced the head with my tongue. Whatever I did must've been good, because the man it was attached to trembled. I sucked on the tip and tasted his precum. Holy fuck, this was amazing.

My cock pressed up against the fabric of my skirt, threatening to pierce through. I reached down and pulled aside the fabric, but I refused to touch it. There was no way I was going to cum first.

A proper slut earned her cum. She didn't cum first.

Wait, had I just referred to myself as "she"? Fuck it, it didn't matter. I was dressed as a woman, so I might as well roll with it.

I slid my mouth up and down on the man's cock, rocking back and forth, all while caressing it with my tongue.

Such a good whore. Keep sucking. Don't stop. Cum. Desire cum.

This was like, the best thing ever. It felt so good. So amazing.

Good slut. Be a better slut. Deeper.

This was... this was...

The cock in my mouth twitched. It shuddered. I knew what was next. I took my mouth off of it and stroked it as strings of hot, sticky cum shot out. They landed on my face, in my mouth, on my tongue. I put my mouth back on it and sucked it dry. I wanted more. But the cock retreated back through the hole, and a moment later, a hand pressed a ten-dollar bill through.

It landed on my lap and I cocked my head as I stared down at it, dumbfounded. Had I just like, made money from a blowjob? I held it up like it was some sort of extraterrestrial object.

Another cock brought me back into reality. I tucked the bill into my bra and opened my mouth for the next one.

I hesitated.

It was a black cock. I wasn't being racist or anything, but I always felt like when it came to porn that had black dudes in it, they only ever casted the guys with huge dicks just to maintain the trope.

This one was indeed massive. Bigger than the previous one. But that didn't stop me. I wrapped my lips around it and went to town. I couldn't help myself; this was incredibly addictive. I felt so good.

Cock slut. Whore. Bimbo.

My own cock throbbed. Compared to the one I had in my mouth, it was tiny. So small. So pathetic.

I wasn't ready for it this time. The man ejaculated while it was still in my mouth and it went down my throat. I tried to swallow, but there was too much. I pulled back and let the remnants cover my face. I coughed, spilling some of it onto the floor. Licking my lips, I took a moment to regain my composure while a balled up wad of cash fell through the hole.

It was a twenty-dollar bill this time.

I marveled at the cash, but the rational part of my brain finally took back control. I reached over and flipped off the switch. Enough was enough. I'd had my fill—literally and figuratively. I needed to go home.

I stuffed the twenty into my bra and pulled off a fistful of paper towels to wipe my face. Try as I might, I knew I couldn't get it all off. There was probably some in my wig too. Good thing I'd swapped the expensive one out for the cheap one. In the dim light of the booth, I couldn't even tell if I had gotten it all off my clothes.

I stood up and almost collapsed back to the ground. My knees cried out in agony from the prolonged kneeling on the hard tile, but after a few moments, the pain subsided enough for me to stand and walk.

I reached for the doorknob, but stopped, pressing my ear to the door for a moment. Upon hearing nothing but the sounds of sex, I opened the door and stepped out into the hallway.

I wasn't alone.

An older man, in his fifties maybe, had just entered from outside. He looked at me, but said nothing. I headed toward the exit and he politely stepped aside, pressing his back to the wall and letting me through.

The door to the outside and the cold night air hit me like a truck. It was so refreshing. I breathed in deep, letting it flood my senses.

"Would you like me to escort you to your car, miss?" the security guard said.

I shook my head, not trusting my female voice. He knew I was a man, but I appreciated his manners.

I drove home in complete silence. When I arrived, I stripped, tossing my clothes on the floor. The wig I threw in the trash. There was definitely cum in those synthetic blonde strands. I popped the butt plug out and just left it in the sink as I climbed into the shower.

I just stood there, letting the hot water wash over me as I replayed the events from earlier, analyzing them as if I were a referee reviewing a play, trying to figure out where this all came from.

But again, I wasn't disgusted or ashamed of myself. I couldn't deny just how wonderful that all had felt. It was strange, but at the same time, fascinating.

Stage 4:

I dreamt that night.

In the dream, I was a woman named Kendra. She was strikingly beautiful, with long, flowing blonde hair and huge tits. Kendra was also a complete and utter bimbo who couldn't string together a sentence without a few likes and totallys.

It was so hot that I woke up, breathless, panting, covered in sweat and my cum-soaked boxers. I couldn't fall back asleep afterward. I couldn't get Kendra out of my brain. I kept hearing her giggling and her breathy, bubbly voice.

It was four in the morning when I booted up my computer. I navigated to the bookmarked page that had some fake breasts listed. I bought the largest pair they had available: F-cups. I paid for expedited shipping and climbed back into bed.

I didn't want to go into work. I just wanted to stay home. But I had to, so I crawled out of bed, showered, and went in, hating my life. I was exhausted and had a throbbing headache. I could drive fine, but not long after getting to my desk, I started getting lightheaded. It didn't help that I was still horny as fuck, though at least I wasn't getting constant erections.

I left at noon. I passed by one of my superiors on my way out and told him I wasn't feeling well. He pressed me for more info, and he was saying something else, but I wasn't sure what it was. Before he could finish, I was in the elevator heading down to the parking lot.

I passed by the spa every day on my commute. I'd lost count of the number of times I'd thought about going in for a massage. Given how I felt today, I decided to do just that.

It was one of those high-end, luxury spas that catered to the one-percenters. Its parking lot was underground, and the handful of cars parked there were the kind driven by trophy wives with too much money.

The woman behind the counter greeted me with a friendly smile and gave me the rundown of all their services. I had originally just wanted a stress-relieving massage, but to be perfectly honest, I'd always wanted a full spa experience. So instead of the massage, I got a full body wax, a facial, a manicure and pedicure, and even threw in some eyebrow threading.

Sure, it was painful at times—especially the wax—but holy fuck, the aftercare was amazing. There was just something so therapeutic about it all. My fingers and toenails looked amazing, I even said fuck it and got my toes painted hot pink. I was there for hours, and when I got my phone back, I discovered quite a few missed calls, emails, texts, and voicemails from work.

Despite their threatening tone, I just couldn't bring myself to care. I was feeling so good and so relaxed from the spa treatment that I figured I'd just deal with it tomorrow. My head didn't hurt anymore and I like, felt so totally amazing.

When I got home, there was another package for me. I had totally forgotten about the fake breasts that I ordered, and I like, couldn't believe they'd gotten here so quickly. They were a lot heavier than I thought they would be, and after lugging the box into my bedroom, I stripped off my boy clothes. I had to admit, as painful as that wax was, my body was so incredibly smooth. I made a mental note to look into laser hair removal, then tore open the box.

The fake breasts were massive. Not only did they come with a bottle of adhesive, but there was already a layer pre-applied. I carefully peeled off the plastic, and after lining it up, pressed the first one against my chest. The cold material on my skin made me shiver and giggle, but I didn't let go.

When I finally released, the breast remained. I gave it some test bounces, which again made me giggle, but it held true. I repeated the process with the other one, and a couple minutes later, I became a lot more top-heavy.

The color of the breasts didn't match my own. If I'd wanted that, I would've had to pay for a pair that would've cost four or five times what I'd paid for these. It didn't matter; it had the effect that I wanted, and holy shit, did these feel wonderful. Fortunately, my pink bra was able to contain the massive new additions, though just barely. My cock fit in my panties, as always.

It was strange. As horny and aroused as I was, my cock didn't harden. But I couldn't really care right now. All I cared about was how fucking amazing these breasts were, and how much hotter I'd look once I finished getting dressed.

I did my makeup again, going with dark, sultry eyes. I struggled with a pair of thick, fake eyelashes, but eventually managed to get them on. I topped my look off with a thick coat of sparkly, hot pink lipstick that made my lips look nice and thick.

Big, thick cocksucking lips. Bimbos love cock.

I giggled and donned my wig, cocking my head to the side as I stared at my reflection. A big-titted, empty-eyed sex doll stared back.

It's what you want to be.

It's what you want to be.

I like, looked so hot. I blew a kiss at my reflection, then fondled my breasts. Oh, I wished these were the real things. Fuck, that would've been amazing. Big bimbo tits for Kendra.

I quivered. I moaned.

Good girl. Be a good girl.

I stood, returned to my bedroom, and continued getting dressed. Instead of my outfit from the previous night, I put on the pink dress and heels. That, combined with the rest of my gold and rhinestone costume jewelry, turned me into in a bimbo porn star. I admired myself in the mirror, inspecting every inch of my new look, and snapped god knows how many selfies.

I put my phone away and looked at my reflection. Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath, then opened them.

“Hi! I’m like, Kendra. I’m a total bimbo slut!” I said in my best girl voice.

Bimbo. Whore. Slut.

It’s what you want to be.

I licked my lips and remembered the taste of cock. Fuck, it tasted so good.

“I like, really want to suck someone’s cock right now,” I said aloud.

In the corner of my eye, I spotted my computer. Gloryholes at an adult store arcade wouldn’t satisfy this lust, this burning desire. I needed something more. I needed to go further.

I needed a cock in me.

I needed to like, be fucked like a whore.

I needed a real man inside me.

It’s what you want to be.

I giggled at the thought of being someone’s hotel rende... renda... like, whatever. I just wanted to get fucked.

I booted up my computer and opened up the local sex listings, browsing through the ads. It was too much work; I couldn’t focus. I’d just like, make my own.

I imported my pictures and created an ad.

“Horny bimbo fuck doll...” I giggled. “...looking for a nice, thick cock. Put mine to shame.” I licked my lips, my mouth watering. “Host me at a hotel. The sleazier, the better. Post pics of yourself and your yummy cock.”

I clicked submit, then leaned back in my chair and waited. I fondled my breasts as I watched the emails pour in. Apparently, I was hotter than I thought.

It didn’t take me long to decide on one. The guy was old enough to be my dad—my daddy—and he looked pretty cute too. He had like, this silver fox look going on, and his cock was totally yummy.

I sent him a text, and he replied with his address and room number. It was pretty close, like five or ten minutes away. I slipped my plug in and headed on out.

The motel was a dive, totally the kind of place that guys brought sluts like me to. I scanned the rooms, wondering how many of them would be used for encounters like mine. Then I got out of my car and sauntered up the stairs to the room my “date” had booked for us. It was on the second floor, and was bummed that I didn’t pass by anyone on my way up, though anyone on the sidewalk could see me.

The lights were on when I knocked on the door. A couple moments later, the door opened and my heart nearly burst out of my chest when I saw him. He was way more handsome in person than his pictures let on. Though he had more gray hairs, that actually made him look hotter.

“Hi there,” I said. “I’m Kendra.”

He said nothing as he opened the door farther and motioned for me to enter. The room smelled like cigarettes and wet clothes. The walls and carpet were stained, the wallpaper peeling off in some areas.

I heard the door close and turned to take another look at my lover. The man who would make me a woman. I giggled. Not a woman—a slut, a whore, a sex doll.

It’s what you want to be.

It was what I wanted to be. I quivered.

“Nervous?” he asked.

I nodded.

“Don’t be. And call me Daddy.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I giggled.

“Good girl.”

Hearing that made the flame burn brighter inside of me. Fuck, I was like, so horny. I couldn’t like, think. Not that I wanted to. Thinking was like, so totally lame.

Brainless. Empty. Doll.

It’s what you want to be.

“Show me,” he said. He motioned to my groin.
I smiled as I lifted the front of my dress. I couldn’t even see past my boobs, so I didn’t know how it looked.

Daddy’s reaction was all I needed. He smiled and laughed.

“No wonder,” he said. “Want to know what a real cock is like?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I purred. Fucking hurry up and give it to me, is what I really wanted to say.

I was already on my knees, crawling toward him as he unzipped his pants. I was there before he even had a chance to take it out. He dropped his hands to his sides and let me do the work. The outside world faded away as I wrapped my lips around his cock.

Daddy must’ve liked it, ‘cause he moaned and placed his hand on the back of my head as I took him all the way into my mouth. He was so yummy. I felt so good. I couldn’t believe it had taken me this long to do this.

Bimbo. Slut. Whore. Sissy.

It’s what you want to be.

Air-headed. Obedient.

It’s what you want to be.

Submissive. Docile. Willing.

It’s what you want to be.

Doll. Empty. Girly. Ditz.

It’s what you want to be.

Over and over, the mantra repeated in my head, and I slipped farther away. I was freefalling deeper and deeper.

Daddy pulled out and ordered me onto the bed. He chuckled as he pulled my butt plug out and tossed it aside, then buried his cock deep into me.

My mind emptied, replaced by lust. Desire.

When the fog cleared, I was all alone. Daddy was gone. Cum covered my chest. It trickled out of my ass and covered my face. I glanced up at the clock on the nightstand. It was past midnight. How long had I been in this room?

Something fell off my chest onto the bed. I blinked, and my jaw dropped when I saw that it was a crisp fifty-dollar bill. Panic washed over me, fading moments later when I saw my phone and keys on the table by the door.

He had taken pictures of me. His cock in my mouth, in my ass; me bent over, taking it on my hands and knees. I hardly recognized the person in those photos.

I wiped his cum off me with the sandpaper tissues in the room and drove home. I felt dirty, so dirty. Like a used rag. I needed to get home and shower.

When I finally arrived home, I undressed and tossed my cum-drenched outfit into a pile in the corner of my room. My breasts resisted as I peeled them off, but I just tugged on them like they were bandages until they came loose. Then I showered and went to bed.

This time, I didn’t dream. I was lost in that deep sleep that comes after a week of late nights and early mornings when the body just shuts down. When my alarm rang the next morning, I felt like Rip Van Winkle coming out of his twenty-year slumber.

Stage 5:

My supervisors were upset with me, as they should have been. I had dropped the ball, and Logan had all but secured the promotion. I would be lucky to keep my job, at this rate.

Logan...

Wait a minute. Logan was supposed to be in charge of those projects, not me. He was to blame for the delays and missed deadlines. I had already turned in my stuff. Anything that wasn’t done just needed some last-minute polishing. Had he just handed them over to me without my consent? That fucking bastard.

There was something else. Something else he should have been in trouble for, but I couldn’t remember. I was sure he was to blame for a lot of things.

“Ken! What’s up, dude?”

“Shut the fuck up, you asshole.” I closed the door behind me. “Why the fuck am I getting the blame for the projects that you were in charge of?”

For a while, Logan said nothing. He just looked at me as if planning his next words very, very carefully. But then he turned his monitor toward me and let what I saw on the screen speak for him. They say a picture is worth a thousand words, and what was on the screen was a whole album of photos.

Pictures of me dressed as a woman. All the photos I had taken of myself, even the pictures from last night. “How?” was all I could mutter.

“It’s called having leverage, Ken—or should I say, Kendra?” He swung the monitor away from me and kicked his feet up onto his desk. “When the competition is fierce, you want every advantage you can get, which in my case included hacking into my rival’s phone so I could dig up dirt. I never knew I’d find a fucking gold mine.”

My face contorted in anger. I opened my mouth to shout, but he cut me off.

“Before you go hurling a bunch of empty threats at me, I just wanted you to know that I attached my favorites to an email that I’ll not only send to my uncle and the fellow board members, but to the rest of the company as well.”

My mind raced as I searched for what I could say, but there was nothing I could do. Nothing that would turn the tide against Logan. He had me bested. I unclenched my fists and sighed.

“What do you want?” I asked him, eyes on the ground.

“I’ll delete the photos, but you have to do two things for me.”

I didn’t say anything. I just stood there, waiting.

He dug around in one of his drawers and took out a small, wooden box. He placed it on his desk and pushed it toward me. “First, you wear this for the rest of the day.”

I reached for the box and opened it. “What else?”

I didn’t hear what he said—I was too caught up in what was in the box. I closed it and looked at him. “I have to wear this?”

“Yes, you do.” He pointed to the screen. “The email is just chilling in my drafts. One click, and—”

“Okay, okay,” I said, eyes fixed on the hot pink cock cage nestled in the box’s velvet lining. “What’s the other thing?”

He held up a black duffle bag. “I’ll be staying at The Glacier tonight. I’ll text you the room number. You’ll come dressed in this outfit, which I’ll give you before you leave for the day.”

I wanted to be heartbroken, defeated, depressed, but all I could feel was nervous excitement. Was I really turned on by the fact that my secret was no longer mine, but also known by the man I really fucking hated? That he was using it against me? Making me wear a cock cage and come to him dressed in a mystery outfit? I put all my strength into hiding these feelings behind a mask of defeat.

I pointed to door. “I’ll go put the—”

He waved his finger at me. “Here. Now.”

I blinked

“Well? I haven’t got all day,” he said.

I hesitated. Then I took a deep breath and undid my pants.

My face turned bright red as I put the ring around my balls and slid my cock into the cage before locking the mechanism with the tiny padlock. Logan had the keys, I didn’t even have to ask; I just knew. The cage was tight, but it wasn’t uncomfortable. It was humiliating.

I loved every ounce of it.

“You happy now?” I said, pretending to be embarrassed.

“Not until the night is over. I’ll unlock you tonight. If you don’t show, I’ll not only throw these keys down the drain, but the email will circulate.” He sat down in his chair. “Not like you really need the motivation. I’m sure you’re salivating at the idea.”

Logan shooed me out of his office with a wave of his hand.

I winced back to my own office and tried to ignore the prison walls, the ever-present reminder of my submissiveness.

Logan didn’t even wait for me to swing by his office. He walked in, set the duffle bag down on my desk, and with a wink and a wave, left. I looked at the clock. He was clocking out a couple hours early. That fucking bastard.

I waited until I got home to see what was in the bag. I was immediately glad I did, because I really didn’t want anyone to see the outfit Logan had picked out for me. Shockingly enough, included in the duffle bag was a long black coat to cover up the ensemble that could only be described as: totally not safe for work.

Like an onion, this outfit had layers.

It started with a black fishnet bodystocking that stretched from my feet to my hands, then up to my neck.

There was no bra, just pink thong panties. Then came the skirt, if you could even call it that. It was a tiny, tube-shaped piece of shiny, hot pink fabric that covered my butt and only that. My top was a sleeveless pink crop top with a turtleneck and a window to display my ample cleavage.

My “necklace” was a black leather collar with WHORE spelled out across the front. The rest of the jewelry included two large hoop earrings, a thick body chain that a space hooker would wear that attached to the O-ring on the collar, a butt plug bigger than the one I currently owned, and...

Oh my god...

The heels were a pair of clear hooker heels. The platform was maybe two, two and a half inches with what looked like a five-inch heel. The sole was clear, but the straps that went over my toes and up around my ankle were black.

As ridiculous as the outfit was, I trembled with nervous excitement as I put on each piece. I glued my breasts back on, and seeing them there with my locked cock had an effect on me I should’ve anticipated. My arousal just kept building and building. I was a balloon ready to burst, a dam about to explode. The longer it went on, the more intoxicated I was. By the time I finished my makeup and put on the wig, I was so far gone I was surprised I was coherent enough to drive.

I just like, really wanted to cum.

I’d do anything. Say anything.

It’s what you want to be.

Precum trickled out of my caged dick, soaking my panties as I pulled up to the hotel and pulled into the self-parking. There was no way in hell I’d let a valet park my car and walk into the front door looking like this.

The Glacier Hotel was a five-star, über-luxury hotel. It was where rock stars, A-list celebrities, and anyone else with lots of money stayed. Its restaurant was featured in magazines and newspapers and praised by food critic sites across the country. It was fancy as fuck, and the fact that Logan was not only staying there, but having me come to his room dressed like a ten-dollar whore, was just beyond overkill.

I looked down at the collar in my hands for a few moments. Then I gazed around at the other cars in the underground parking lot. I managed to find a spot very close to the elevators and tucked the collar into the pocket of my long black coat. I’d put it on when I got up to the room.

It’s what you want to be.

I squeezed my steering wheel as my cock pulsed. I was about ready to just find some bolt cutters and free myself from this damn thing. Precum soaked my thighs.

I took out my phone and checked the message from Logan.

Room 1035. Tenth Floor. 8pm.

I had ten minutes.

The coast was clear. I got out of my car and walked toward the elevators, the clicking of my heels on the concrete floor echoing all about me.

I wasn’t alone in the elevator. Two men joined me on the lobby floor. I was afraid this would happen. I stood in the back corner of the elevator and kept my eyes on the floor display. Third... fourth... fifth...

They took turns glancing at me. I pretended not to see them.

Six... Seventh...

It’s what you want to be.

A scene played out in my mind’s eye. I was sandwiched between them, one cock in my mouth, the other in my ass. My cock throbbed. I felt a drop of lust land on my foot.

Ninth...

The elevator stopped and the men stepped out, the one closest to me looking back. He knew. They both knew.

It’s what you want to be.

The doors closed, and I let out the breath I hadn’t even realized I’d been holding. The car ascended one floor, stopped, and the doors opened. I stepped out into the thankfully empty hallway and walked toward my fate.

I stopped in front of the door to Logan’s room and put the collar on.

It’s what you want to be.

I knocked. Nothing. I knocked again. A dark shape moved in front of the keyhole. I knocked a third time. I know you’re fucking in there, Logan. Let me in.

The door opened, and there he stood wearing what looked like a five-thousand-dollar suit and the smuggest grin I’d ever seen. He had a cocktail in his hand and blocked the doorway, preventing me from entering.

I knew what he wanted. “Can I come in?” I said in my best girl voice.

He stepped aside and opened the door. "Yes you may, Kendra."

I hated how turned on that made me. How hot it was to hear not just another man, but my rival call me by a woman's name. It was like, so totally hot.

I couldn't help but be jealous. Sure, I made good money at my job, but not "a night at The Glacier for shits and giggles" kind of money.

The room itself was massive. The bathroom alone was bigger than the apartment I used to have, featuring a king-sized bed, a living room with couches, a panoramic view of the city, and dining table on which the remains of a two-hundred-dollar steak dinner lay.

Logan took off my jacket and tossed it onto a nearby chair. "I see you wore the collar."

"I didn't have a choice," I blurted.

He smacked my ass. It wasn't the playful, teasing kind, but the punishment type. I glared back at him.

"That's not how you speak to me, Kendra," he said as he walked past me, sipping his cocktail. "Tonight it's either Master Logan..." He looked back at me. "... or Daddy. Whatever you prefer."

Asshole, I thought. But my body reacted differently. My already drenched panties got a little wetter.

"Okay, I showed up. Can you please delete the pictures now?"

"I don't think so, Kendra. You really didn't think that all you had to do was show up dressed, did you?"

"Could you at least unlock me?"

"What did I just tell you?"

I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. "Please, Daddy, can you unlock me?"

Logan smiled. "Good girl." He gestured to my skirt. "Show me."

My face turned bright red and I looked away as I lifted the fabric.

"Good god, look at how soaking wet you are! You slut."

It's what you want to be.

My face turned a darker shade of red. Part of me didn't want him to remove the cage. Part of me never wanted to be able to get hard ever again. I almost wanted to remain locked until my cock became weak and pathetic and unusable.

Boys have cocks. You're not a boy.

"To think that I considered you a rival," Logan said. "Incredible. You're not my equal. You belong on your knees, beneath me."

I hesitated.

"Well?" He motioned to the ground in front of him.

"Yes, Daddy," I said, taking a step toward him.

"No, slut. Crawl."

I blushed. Fucking damn it. I did as Logan... as Daddy told me.

Obey. Submit.

I crawled toward him like a cat, eyes locked on his. He liked what he saw; I could tell. There was a growing bulge in his pants. He took a nervous half-step back as I slowly reared up on my knees and brought my hands to his belt buckle. There was no point in pretending anymore. I knew what he wanted.

It's what you want to be.

He swatted my hands away. "Stay."

Dumbstruck, I remained there on my hands and knees as he walked over to one of the large couches. He reached over it and grabbed something, which he kept behind his back as he returned.

"Close your eyes."

I did as commanded.

Click.

"Open."

There, dangling between us, was a chain leash.

"Up," he said, gently tugging on the leash. I rose to my feet. "Show me that slut strut."

He led me around the hotel room. I had to put all my energy and focus into keeping my knees from buckling. My cock kept leaking. I was dripping precum all over the hotel floor.

Finally, Logan led me to the couches where he sat down, spread his legs, and signaled with a single tug on my collar.

Knowing full well what he wanted of me, I got down on my knees and undid his pants, freeing his cock.

It's what you want to be.

"Holy fuck," he murmured.

His cock fell out of his pants like a Murphy bed, hardening almost instantly. I kept my eyes up on his as I sucked. I was a pro by now, and to be honest, his cock was like, totally not the biggest I'd ever sucked. That just made it like, so much easier for me.

I deepthroated it, pressing my nose against the skin of his public mound as I breathed in his own natural musk mixed with cologne. I swirled my tongue, and for a second, I thought he was like, going to topple over. I must have been good at sucking cock.

Bimbo. Slut. Whore. Sissy.

It's what you want to be.

Air-headed. Obedient.

It's what you want to be.

Yes, it was what I wanted to be.

This felt so good. This was like, totally amazing.

More. More. I wanted more.

"Oh my fucking god," Logan groaned.

Daddy liked it. He liked it so much that he downed the rest of his drink and tossed the glass aside. I could barely hear it shatter over the moans, the grunts, and the wet, slurping sounds I was making.

I orgasmed, but no relief came as it dribbled out of my tiny, pathetic cock.

Boys have cocks. You're not a boy.

Out of my little clitty.

Good girl.

Yes, I was a good girl.

Please, Daddy.

I pulled off of him, stroking him with my hands. "I want your cum, Daddy."

"You'll have it soon, Kendra." Logan's lips curled up into a smile and he tossed his head back. "Holy fuck, this is amazing."

Heat filled my throat. So much cum. I pulled back a little, letting it brim in my mouth.

As I leaned back, his cock slipped out and I swallowed his cum. Savored it. It was the fuel I needed. It was what I craved. It was like, so good. I reached forward and took his cock back into my mouth, licked it clean, and sucked out every last drop.

Daddy spasmed. I knew how sensitive it got after an orgasm. Would I ever feel that again? I didn't know. I didn't care.

Submissive. Docile. Willing.

It's what you want to be.

Doll. Empty. Girly. Ditz.

It's what you want to be.

I leaned back onto my heels. Waiting. Obedient. Like a good girl.

Daddy ran his fingers through his hair. He was breathless as he got up and went to the bar. He filled another glass and downed it all in one sip, then looked back at me before filling it again and drinking.

"You're a damn good cocksucker, Kendra," he said as he returned.

"Thank you, Daddy."

He blinked, then looked around the hotel room. "Bed or couch?"

I cocked my head. "What, Daddy?"

"Rhetorical question, you dumb slut."

I giggled.

He reached down and grabbed my leash. "Bed. Now."

"Yes, Daddy."

Daddy plowed me like a good little slut. I let my mind slip away as he fucked me on all fours, face pressed into the silk sheets, hips rocking, breasts swinging back and forth.

He spanked me and I moaned.

"Oh, fuck me, Daddy!" I screamed.

Bimbo. Slut. Whore. Sissy.

It's what you want to be.

Air-headed. Obedient.

It's what you want to be.

Submissive. Docile. Willing.

It's what you want to be.
Doll. Empty. Girly. Ditzzy.
It's what you want to be.

My mind emptied. The pink invaded and took hold. It was like, so much fun being a sex doll. I didn't want to be Kenneth anymore. Kendra was more fun. She like, didn't have to worry about anything. She'd let Daddy do all the thinking for her.

Daddy fucked me on the bed. He fucked me on the couch. He fucked me up against the window for all to see. He covered my face with his yummy cum. He made me his.

It's what you are.
It's what you are.
It's what you are.

Daddy fucked me until I couldn't stand anymore and all I could do was collapse onto the white marble floor, his cum oozing out of my pussy while he wobbled over to the bed. I lost count of how many times I came. My orgasms weren't like Daddy's, though. Mine trickled out of my little clitty and down my legs.

I giggled, then fell asleep.

Aftermath:

Daddy woke me up in the morning, and I gave him a blowjob under the table as he ate his breakfast. Then he showered and got dressed for work. He told me that I didn't have to worry about my job anymore, and that I was getting a promotion. He fucked me against the glass, filled me with his cum, and stuffed my butt plug inside me to keep it all up there. Then he attached a leash to my collar and led me down to his car, and I went into work with him.

I was pretty sure everyone recognized me, but I didn't care. Daddy did some stuff that made him head of the company. He was in charge now, which meant he got the big office all to himself and could do whatever he wanted. His desk was big enough for me to crawl under, and I stayed there all day, sucking his cock while he sorted everything out. It was awesome. At lunch, he bent me over his desk and fucked me.

At the end of the day, he offered me a job! I got to be his personal assistant. He already had one, which confused me, but then he told me that I would get to attend to him while the other lady did the business stuff. I was still confused, but he said I was his sex doll, and I understood that.

When I got back to my place, there was a nice woman named Tiffany who was boxing up all my ugly boy clothes and replacing them with sexy outfits and lots of high heels! She also gave me really amazing makeup lessons.

Daddy also told me he'd get me some new fake breasts! They would be very realistic and would tide me over until I got real breasts, big bouncy ones that would feel so good.

I like, can't wait! I'm so happy. I love the new me.

Did I say how much I love Daddy? He's just the best. He's got a nice big cock too, and I am so happy to be his bimbo sex doll. Hugs and kisses!

STILL WANT MORE?

Check out these other works by John Dylena:

Raethiana

When a man survives the sensual ritual meant to sate a succubus' supernatural appetite, she decides not only to stay the night, but to move in as his new roommate and introduce him to her world; a realm full of demons, magic, and a discovery that will change his life forever.

The Succubus' Sub

Brett comes back to his apartment one night to find a succubus waiting for him. Myserra, as she calls herself, has an offer for him.

She promises an end to his solitude on one condition: he becomes her sub.

Follow Brett as Myserra takes him on an adventure where he will explore the depths of his own sexuality as she introduces him to a wide array of kinks and fetishes. She'll bind him in latex, dress him up in lingerie, change him into a woman, and even give him a body that is anything but human.

www.johndylenaerotica.com

Twitter: @JohnDylena