

Swapped by a Prank



Gender Swap MFM

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By

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Tyler leaned back in the beaten up faux leather desk chair, tossing his dirty football up in the air, catching it in his calloused hands, and then tossing it up again. He resisted the temptation to try to bounce it back off the freshly painted walls.

What color did Mom call this crap? Springtime Meadow Clover or something lame like that? Whatever it is, last thing I need is for her to come back from that long-ass vacation with her latest boyfriend and bitch at me that I need to repaint them. I haven't even moved out into the dorms yet and she's already redecorating my room, he thought, rolling his eyes. At least this one is taking her on a cruise all summer and getting her away from bugging me.

He caught the football in his hands and cradled it lovingly while he stared glassy eyed at his computer monitor. His white and blue FriendNet page flickered brightly, open to a group chat message. The usual group of guys were trying to plan out their last great summer of freedom before college and internships, careers and dating real women took over everything. They had vowed to always meet up back home every year for football, swimming, and just hanging with the bros like old times.

“Old Times,” Tyler thought with a smirk. *Like we're already in our forties with kids and pot bellies, reminiscing about high school. We're all still eighteen. Out of high school, sure, but it's not like we're dead yet.*

He focused his eyes on the banner picture on his account: him with his two best friends, Aaron and Tony, in their high school graduation caps and gowns. Tyler grinned, remembering that morning. They'd played the best prank on everyone. Before anyone had arrived in the auditorium, they'd run up and down all the rows of seating dumping glitter in the school's colors all over the floors and seats. Everyone, students, parents, teachers, had no choice but to sit and walk in the sea of glitter. Even now, at the end of June, people in town were still talking about the “Graduation Glitter Bombing.”

We need one last real good prank before we all go off to college. One last good one. But one for more than just the school or the town. We gotta film this one and post it on UsTube. Get it to go viral and become big internet stars! He grinned as he imagined all the fans and reposts he'd get for such a great prank video. *But what could we do that would be that awesome? What could I do,* Tyler thought,

changing the plan from involving Tony and Aaron to a one-man epic.

He frowned, putting a spin on the football as he tossed it into the air, trying to wrack his brain for the perfect prank. He'd never done one on his own, either. He'd always involved his best bros, and usually also a few more guys from the wrestling or the football teams, of which he had belonged to since freshman year. They'd done everything. Petroleum jelly on all the door knobs in the school, letting crickets go in the cafeteria, packing the hallways with balloons, pelting the new members of the team with water balloons on a cold day or soaking their underwear in ice buckets in the locker room. Only the biggest dorks had gotten mad and not understood how great their pranks were.

He'd need to come up with something really good.

If only Mike Florence would *shut up* with that damn violin!

Most people would love to have a classically trained violinist next door, but not Tyler. Mike was the polar opposite of Tyler. When Tyler was out playing sports with loads of friends, Mike was happiest alone in his bedroom practicing the violin or working on his computer. There's a "Mike" in every high school. The one guy who was just one beat off from everyone else. Not special enough or gifted enough to be put in a different class or school, but different enough to just never fit in. Mike was the kind of guy who liked getting to school early to check over his homework and loved the cafeteria food. He started the computer programming club so he could have at least one other extracurricular besides marching band.

Worse for Tyler, since they were neighbors, his mom was always trying to make them be friends. Suggesting in ways that let Tyler know it was not a choice to invite Mike along to play football, go to the lake or a BBQ. At least Mike seemed just as unhappy about the forced socializing and by halfway through high school, he stopped tagging along.

But he was always next door, a constant reminder to Tyler that being popular didn't automatically translate into success. Mike had always gotten better grades and more academic awards than Tyler. Tyler had responded to each one with a roll of his eyes and a huff, reminding his mom that he had won plenty of first place trophies and a "D" was still passing. Every note that wafted through the open window was like a finger jabbing at Tyler's side, laughter that the star

footballer hadn't been recruited after all. That he was just going to a state school instead of a free ride to a big top university. If he heard his mom talk about how Mike was going to a fancy out of state pricy school for programming, all on a scholarship because of some math fair he had won or something, he was gonna puke.

"Fuckin' Mike," Tyler grumbled, spiking his football off the floor and launching himself from his chair and stalking over to the window. He slammed it shut, hoping that the sudden crack of the window would interrupt Mike's precious music. Tyler didn't even detect a momentary stutter in the notes.

"Everyone's so impressed with his ass." Mike smirked, glaring across the yard toward the window he knew belonged to Mike's room. "He's never even gotten any ass!" He laughed at his own awful joke. But it was true. Mike certainly wasn't the kind of guy to have lucked out and gotten a girlfriend in high school. Meanwhile Tyler knew he had his pick of any of the girls in town. Same for any of the varsity football players. He'd never had a girlfriend, content to play the dating field just like he did the ball field. Whenever a girl started to get too pushy about commitment, he'd happily move on to the next girl in line. He couldn't remember a weekend where he wasn't invited to a good party with plenty of pussy.

"Fuck- that's it. That's what I'm gonna do," he laughed, making a fist and pumping his right hand in the air like he'd just made a touchdown.

"Oh maaaaan, this is gonna be great!" Tyler cackled as he sat back down at his computer. His fingers flew over the keys as he brought up the FriendNet page to register a new account. Within minutes, Tyler had grabbed a generic stock image of an attractive blonde teenage girl and created a fake page for her.

Trinity Tyler was eighteen, was in town for the summer staying at her aunt and uncle's place, and was looking to make friends. She was accepted to the state college but hadn't yet declared a major. She was hoping most of all to make this summer the most romantic one yet.

Then, Tyler sent the first message to set his prank in motion.

"Hey Mike! You don't know me, I'm new in the area! But I creeped your profile and I think you're super cool and totally hot! OH MY GOD I can't believe I'm

saying this!!!! I just really like you!!!! Message me back babe!!!!!!”

Maybe not the most convincing, but I know chicks who talk like that. Should I misspell some stuff? Tyler paused and pondered his “chick grammar”. *Nah, he’d wanna go for a babe who’s smart, too. Probably one of those guys who says stuff like “looks don’t matter,”* he thought with an out loud guffaw at the ridiculousness of the idea of looks not mattering.

The message was gone with a little chirping sound. Tyler leaned back in his chair with a shit eating grin plastered on his rugged face. He was already dying to tell the guys what he’d done. He was gonna make Mike fall in love with a chick who didn’t even exist!

The music had ceased. Tyler’s ears pricked up at the silence. Mike wasn’t playing anymore. Had he already seen the message? Tyler was suddenly as nervous as the first time he asked a girl out on a date. He clenched his fists and then spread his fingers out wide repeatedly. His palms were starting to sweat. His eyes turned to the computer screen as his tongue wet his lips.

Shit, that was quick. Did he see it? Maybe he was just done practicing or whatever the hell he does. Not like I know the guy’s schedule. If he did see it ... Tyler checked the bottom left hand corner of the message window. No ellipses. Mike wasn’t writing anything in the text box. *Knowing that dork, he’s probably trying to look her up and research her like some nerdy science experiment. That’s what’s taking him so long to reply.*

The ellipses popped up. Mike was typing something.

Oh man, oh man. This is it. Is he gonna fall for it? There’s no way he’s gonna fall for it. He’s gotta know it’s a prank. There’s just no way. Oh. Oh holy shit! Tyler’s eyes sparkled with glee and he grinned maniacally as his computer chimed with the new message alert.

“Wow, Trinity! You’re really quite gorgeous! I am flattered beyond expression that one such as you might take interest in me. I’ve waited so long for a woman who could recognize my superior intelligence. You must be as equally brilliant as you are beautiful to see that within me. Pray tell, might you live close by, that we might converse in person?”

A crinkle appeared on Tyler's forehead between his furrowed brows as he worked to decipher the message as if Mike had communicated in a complex code. *Fuck. He's never gonna get laid talking like this. Poor dude. Oh well, not my problem and better for me!* He set to work crafting the next message.

"Mike I'm sooooo happy you said stuff back! I'm kinda one of your next door neighbors I'm just super shy!!! I'd love to meet you if you like me!! Would this be like a real date?!?! OMG I can't believe I'm saying this!!!!"

Chirp. Message sent. Tyler waited, the hunter with his prey in his sights.

This time, the response was swift. "A date? My lady, I would be honored to escort you out on the town! When and where shall we meet?"

Tyler hadn't thought things through this far. It was all moving so fast. He scrambled for an answer. He went with the first place that sprung into his mind.

"Friday night at the field in the park. Where the guys always play ball. But like late. So it's romantic with the moon and stars."

Mike's response was so quick Tyler laughed at how eager he obviously was. "Midnight tomorrow night at the games field in the park. As you wish, my angel."

Tyler rubbed his hands together like a scheming super villain. The grin on his face matched the gesture. "This is gonna be one wicked prank. I bet he even brings, like, flowers and chocolates and dresses up. Oh, Mikey. You're gonna finally get it for real," Tyler cackled.

I wanna tell Aaron and Tony so fuckin' bad. I'll just bring my phone and set it up to record the whole thing. Oh, this is gonna be great! Mike's gonna just be humiliated! I wish Aaron and Tony could be there to see it all.

Tyler spent the rest of the night watching other "prank" video channels on UsTube. He wanted tons of good ideas for when he went to college. Mike, however, spent the evening doing exactly as Tyler had predicted: researching everything he could about his first date dream woman. Of course, he found nothing of the fictional woman. Mike frowned. He didn't want to mess this up. He wanted this woman to be a sure thing. He had hoped to find out everything

about her and woo her right into his bed.

He turned to the only thing he could trust to help him: the internet. He probed the deep web, navigating through the most secret websites and programs that no average computer user would ever be able to find. He deciphered the coded messages and passwords until he found just the program he wanted.

A familiar chirping noise woke Tyler in the late afternoon. The summer sun was already beginning to set, casting the last of its orange hued rays through his window as he groaned and mumbled, “fuckin’ birds.” Another persistent chirp. Tyler pulled his pillow over his face. *Chirp*. His eyes opened as the sound finally registered in his sleep-addled brain. A FriendNet message waiting to be read.

He jumped up out of bed, clad only in his red plaid boxers and slid into the creaky desk chair, swiveling it around to face the computer.

From Mike. Guess Romeo here wants to be sure I’m - Trinity’s- still up for meeting.

“Trinity, I hope you slept well, my beauty.” Tyler cringed, reading the sad attempt at fairy tail romance, “I wish to bestow this small token of my affection upon you prior to our meeting. Please view it before our meeting this evening.”

Huh. O-kaaaaay.

Normally, he wouldn’t have given a second thought to some weird program sent by his neighbor but this could be comedy gold for his prank. Tyler quirked a brow as he double clicked on the attachment sent from Mike below the message. The usual warning message about opening programs from unknown senders popped up and, as always, Tyler rolled his eyes and ignored it. How dangerous could a dumb computer thing be? He had a virus scanner installed.

He reached for his phone to record whatever was about to pop up on the screen for his prank video. He propped the phone up between him and the screen as the program loaded. The phone recorded the monitor, picking up on every electronic flicker and stutter, shining the image back at Tyler with enhanced brightness and accuracy.

The progress bar reached 100% and without any further prompts, bloomed to

full screen in front of Tyler. The monitor glowed a soft pastel pink as red rose petals lazily wafted down from the top and disappeared below the bottom of the screen. Soft violin music began to play from his speakers. Tyler leaned back in his chair, smirking.

A leggy blonde computer animated woman seductively walked across the screen in front of the falling petals, stopping in the center and facing Tyler. Her breasts were comically large, barely contained in the sheer black bra desperately clinging to her creamy white skin. A real woman never would have the extraordinarily pinched waist and wide hips the computer woman had. She looked like the dirty fantasy of a pubescent boy. Matching black thong panties and dangerously tall black stiletto high heels finished off the sex bomb's outfit.

Tyler shifted uncomfortably in his seat, a bit embarrassed the woman was getting him hard just looking at her. There was something about her that had him enthralled. He couldn't take his eyes off of her. Surprisingly, it was her face that held him captive and not her shapely curves. It was as if her eyes held some kind of power over him, keeping his short attention span focused solely on her. The world around him fading out of existence as he stared at her. Her ruby lips began to move, the light glistening off them as she spoke. Tyler grabbed for his headset as if it was life or death that he heard her words, never taking his eyes from her.

“You're so lucky you have Mike. You can't wait to kiss him all over. You want to be everything he needs. All good girls love Mike so much. Mike is our ultimate man. We do everything Mike wants.”

Tyler wanted to howl with laughter. To point at the ridiculous bimbo on the screen and her flat, almost robotic voice. To call his bros and tell them that the nerd next door had made some kind of hypno-love program to try and get a girl.

But he couldn't make more than a soft gurgling in the back of his throat. Couldn't do anything but watch the pretty petals. The sexy woman talking. His head nodded slightly in agreement with her words.

The rose petals continued to fall, but no longer straight up to down. They swirled behind her in a flowery spiral. A gentle, monotonous voice flowed into Tyler's ears and wrapped around his brain. The light from the spiral and the woman focused into the phone and projected back over Tyler, brighter and brighter as he listened more intently to her message than any lecture at school or play

explanation from his coach.

“Mike loves when we’re sexy sluts just for him. Mike loves when we let him touch our huge tits. You should let Mike touch your tits. You should let Mike do whatever he wants. You’re a good love doll. A good love doll. You want to be a love doll for Mike. Mike’s toy. Good toy. You’re the toy. Become the good love doll. Become just what he wants.” The voice was flat, emotionless. Tyler wanted to laugh some more, forward this ridiculous thing off to Aaron and Tony. All he could do was slump back in his chair, his arms hanging off the rests, hands limp in the air.

Breathe in and out. In and out. Be the good love doll. Become the good love doll. Horny toy. Good girl. In and out. It feels good. Good doll. Good toy. Become what he wants.

Tyler didn’t know where the voice’s commands ended and his own thoughts began. There was nothing but the voice. The spinning red spiral. The pulsing pink background behind the seductive woman. Her hands roaming up and down her body which quivered as if she was experiencing the most exquisite earthly pleasures.

I want that. I want to feel what she’s feeling. She’s loving it. I wanna love it. I wanna love ... love... Mike? No way. He’s a dork... he’s a love... love doll. Love doll loves Mike.

Tyler moaned, surprising himself. He could feel how hard he was, aching to touch himself but unable or unwilling to move his hands. He didn’t want anything to break him out of this spell. He wanted to keep listening to the woman. She was the first person to make sense to him in so long. it was all so simple. Become the love doll. Don’t worry about college. Careers. Not being a first round pick for the NFL. Become the love doll.

It was so much easier, better to just be a beautiful woman.

Tyler’s eyes closed until the woman on the screen was barely visible through his heavy lids. His long, lush eyelashes. Become the love doll. He groaned softly as his skin became hot and itchy like a sunburn starting to peel. There was something else. A coiling tightness in his lower belly. His toes curled on the carpet and his feet arched until just the balls of his feet and his toes were on the

ground. His heels were up in the air, his calf muscles tense. The skin on his legs prickled and suddenly felt so cold. He rubbed them together and felt not the usual coarse hair but only smooth, silky soft flesh on flesh.

Mmm, that feels nice.

The thought had barely finished before there was a stab of sudden adrenaline through his core. A flash of pain was smothered by the dull throbbing of an impending orgasm, but he wasn't even touching himself. The core of his body ached for something, like he had an itch deep inside of him that needed to be scratched, tickled, teased. He knew he was so painfully aroused but he could no longer feel the familiar turgid rod fighting to be released from his pants. He was just in boxers. It should have easily poked through the front opening. Been bobbing against his toned abdomen and leaving sticky smears of pre-cum. Where was that tight ache from a load burning for release? The only thing he felt was a strange wet heat lower than it should have been. A slickness between his smooth, long legs begging for some foreign desire. But he knew the end goal was the same. He wanted to come. Wanted to be a good love doll who got to come.

Tyler sucked a deep breath in through his nose. He wasn't greeted by the familiar stale smell of his bedroom, a mixture of masculine musk and the earthy tones of his well worn football gear. Instead, his lung filled with the sweet aroma of a floral perfume. The pleasant fruity scent of freshly shampooed hair. Female hair. No shampoo he'd ever used had smelled like that. Tyler almost thought his most recent ex-girlfriend was lying on the bed behind him. There was a tangy undercurrent of the unmistakable, mouth watering scent of a woman's arousal.

He moaned again, lifting his hips from the seat and bucking up while rolling them forward. He spread his legs and the warm, moist flesh was greeted by the stinging rush of the cold air conditioning. Tyler squirmed and lowered himself back into the chair with a little gasp. His firm ass met the chair just a little earlier than he had expected. He couldn't understand how, but somehow his behind was thicker, plumper, more padded and round. His hips even felt wider, like they were flared out and padded like his ass into a sultry feminine curve instead of his narrow straight up and down masculine bones.

His toes dug into the carpeting, feeling small, pedicured nails grazing the plush material. The voice still echoed in his head, his sleepy eyes locked on the image.

He was no longer consciously hearing her speak to him but rather he simply knew he was being commanded. The phone kept recording, the image projected back onto him from the brighter phone screen as if it was trying to brand itself into his chest.

The skin of his chest, once flat over the planes of his muscles now stretched and swelled. Tyler could only recline in the chair, his mouth hanging agape, aware of something changing inside him. Shifting, stretching, pulling, pinching. Something that made him so hot. Made his breath quicken and his blood race through his veins. His head throbbed in sync with the muscle contractions between his legs. Something more powerful than anything he'd felt with any of his girlfriends. He was being a good love doll.

Please, please, let me come!

He reached up, a modicum of control returning to his limbs, and instinctively reached for what his body knew was there even if his mind didn't. He groped the new pair of full, perky breasts that hung from his chest. The weight feeling so strange but so sweet. His long, graceful fingers with their expensive French manicure wrapped around each of his breasts, letting the warm flesh fill and spill over his hands. He groaned with a smile on his full, deep pink lips as he played with the rosy pink, spongy nipples. The sensitive nubs hardened under his fingers as he rolled them between the soft pads, no callouses from years of sports to be found.

Tyler's breaths became ragged pants of pleasure as he played with his new tits. Holding them up and then letting them fall, feeling the weight of them as they jiggled back into place. Again, his full, curvaceous hips bucked forward, seeking but not finding what they craved. His head rolled back against the top of the chair, his silky, long blonde hair cascading down behind him, brushing against the worn leather. Tyler's brain was too addled by the calming voice, all his thoughts focused on becoming a good doll.

Worry tugged at the pleasant thoughts from some weakening part of his mind. Worry that told him something was different. Something was wrong. This wasn't right. But it felt so good. It was so warm and tingly. It was making his whole body feel so good all over. For the first time in weeks he wasn't annoyed, irritated, pent up. Whatever was happening, it was much better than how things used to be. Tyler didn't care what was changing. Whatever it was, it was good.

And he wanted more of it.

His fingers tugged at his nipples and a high pitched yelp escaped his graceful throat followed by a whimpering moan of enjoyment. A ripple of pleasure flowed up from between his legs and wrapped around the coil of heat in his belly. He bucked his hips again, moaning, back arched as his hands pawed at the luscious tits bouncing on his chest. The voice began to become more sultry, smokey and thick.

“You’re such a good doll listening all the way through. Good dolls get to be played with. I hope you’re playing with yourself. Getting ready for Mike. Go ahead and finish playing. Make yourself feel good but remember Mike makes you feel even better. Tell me who you are. Tell me your name and who you belong to.”

Tyler’s voice struggled to form the words. His mind hiccuped and his thoughts stuttered. Conflicting thoughts crashed and fought for dominance. He knew his name. He knew who he was.

Only... it wasn’t right. Not anymore. It was different now. What was different? He was... he was... Tyler... a good love doll. Good love doll. Not Tyler. Trinity. Trinity is a good love doll.

Trinity’s thick lips moved, mouthing the new name silently. Trinity.

“Tell me your name, who you belong to. That’s a good girl.”

“T-Trinity! Trinity! I’m Trinity and I’m Mike’s good doll!”

The voice in the speakers cooed, “ Did you say it for me? Good doll. Good girl. Come for me.”

The final sentence was spoken with such commanding authority it made Trinity’s breath catch in her throat.

I can come! I’m a good doll! I can come!

Trinity bit down on her fleshy bottom lip as her entire body tensed. She expected to feel the familiar erection stiffen and jump, hit against her belly with a thud,

but there was only a hollow need deep inside of her. Pulsing, wet desire coursing through her entire being. The tendrils of pleasure snaking through her body from her core, wrapping around every erogenous zone and stroking, squeezing, petting. Just from the command. *Good doll. Come.*

Before her mind could catch up with these new sensations, Trinity screamed, “oh, oh, fuck me! Yes!” Her whole body jerking as the tense coil unraveled at lightning speeds, electrifying those tendrils with the fiery heat of her release. The orgasm clenched her and cradled her in a cloud of ecstasy. A hot puddle spread beneath her on the chair, the juices rushing from the swollen pink lips between her legs, splashing over her inner thighs. She thrashed in the chair, moaning like she was the star of a porn video.

The headset fell back off her head from the force of her movements, the cord yanked from its plug in the computer. The program automatically stopped, the woman and spiral frozen in place.

“Ah, ah, oh, shit. That... wow,” she barely was able to whisper as the fog of desire rolled out and the grip of her climax lessened. Her hands slowly moved from her heaving breasts and trailed down her smooth, flat belly. The muscles were still tight and strong but not nearly as defined. She was so much softer and delicate. Her fingers found the sticky, drenched folds of her new femininity, caressing the tender skin gently.

“Mmm, I love having a nice, smooth pussy. Good love dolls are always shaved and clean,” Trinity giggled, closing her eyes as she basked in the fading glow of the orgasm that changed her life. She lazily spun in the chair in slowly circles like a bored child at play.

When the chair stopped spinning, Trinity found herself facing the window. Her sluggish mind started to think, to remember. She gazed out the window at the evening stars, the room illuminated only by the pinks and reds of the program frozen on her computer.

Prank. The park. Best prank ever. Evening already. Wait. Shit. The park! I gotta get to the park so I can prank Mike! He's gonna be so surprised when he sees I'm a good little doll now! This is gonna be the best! Fuck! What do I wear?!

Trinity sprung from the chair, letting it spin wildly behind her as she launched

herself at her disheveled closet. She frowned into the cavernous darkness, the shadows of men's shirts barely clinging to hangers, the floor cluttered with mysterious piles of laundry possessing dubious cleanliness. She huffed with frustration and grabbed at the first items that looked like they would fit and stalked out of the bedroom and into the bathroom.

Squinting in the brightness of the lights in the bathroom, Trinity dropped the clothes right back into a heap on the floor. It was already so late, she didn't think she had time for a proper shower. Still, she turned the water on and tied her flowing golden hair up to keep the majority of it dry. She giggled and squealed as she rubbed the soap over her curves, washing the scent of her previous activities from her creamy skin.

Trinity moved her body as if she had always been this way. She seemed to have no recollection of ever not having the hourglass figure, the breasts that were almost as big as her head, the perfect round and high ass. She let out a satisfied "mmm" as the hot water made rivers and streams down her body while she rinsed the soap suds. She was confused why she felt the need to shower and dress nicely just to meet Mike for the prank, though. All she knew was that it was what a good doll would do, so she did it.

The bathroom was steamy and moist by the time she stepped from the shower, toweling herself off. She had to settle for wrapping the towel around herself just below her breasts with the twin mountains of flesh bouncing on top of it. There hadn't been enough material for it to contain her tits. She wiped the condensation from the mirror in a wide circle with her hand and leaned over the counter to inspect herself closely.

Makeup. Definitely. Good girls always wear lots for their men. I... do I even... of course I do. It's here someplace.

A quick search of the bathroom uncovered her mother's makeup kit. Trinity rummaged through the bag until she had her selection. Soon, her face was a slightly different shade than the rest of her body from the foundation, bronzer and face powder she'd applied. Her eyes had a thick layer of smokey grayish-purple eyeshadow. Her lashes elongated by heavy black mascara, matching black eyeliner giving her a sharp cat eye. Her favorite part was smearing the shiny red lipstick all over her lusciously plump lips. She giggled again in the mirror as she admired herself, letting her hair down to tumble over her shoulders.

The towel dropped in a damp heap at her feet and she bent down to gather up the clothes. She'd chosen a white men's dress shirt, hardly crisp or freshly ironed, but it wasn't dirty, so it was good enough. Trinity pulled the shirt on, buttoning it up to halfway between her breasts. That was as far as the buttons could reach. She shrugged and decided to let her impressive cleavage stay out, deciding it looked "super hot".

She pulled up a pair of tan cargo shorts, the waist so wide on her it tumbled down her hips until it barely hugged just above her thighs. Trinity frowned, took a cautious step, and rolled her eyes as they immediately fell to the floor. "Yea, that's not working. Well... this is long enough..." she mused, holding the hem of the shirt out in front of her and letting it fall, fluttering around her mid-thigh.

With that, she walked back to the bedroom, combing her fingers through her hair. She flicked the light on this time and quickly found a brown belt still in the loops of some dirty jeans. She pulled the belt free and then tightened it around her waist, turning the shirt into a "dress" with one accessory. "Totally hot," she giggled, and turned for the door. "Oh- wait! My phone! I gotta film this!" She spun back around, snatched the phone, slid her feet into a pair of simple black flip-flop sandals, and scampered down the stairs and out the front door.

She checked her phone as she silently walked the empty suburban streets going to the park. 11:30pm. *Gonna be a bit early. That's fine, I gotta find a good place to set the phone up.* She giggled to herself both at the idea of how shocked Mike would be and at the cool night air reaching up her makeshift dress and kissing her bare skin beneath. This was so different. So free. So *naughty*.

Trinity couldn't remember ever having left the house without pants on. How funny. She loved dresses and skirts. She loved the idea of being out around other people and knowing she had hardly anything on, how easily anyone could lift her clothes and see her body. Touch her bare flesh. To dress provocatively, begging for attention yet acting irritated when she got it. Such a fun game. Just like the prank tonight would be! Her steps hastened towards the park, a wide grin on her bright red lips.

Trinity made a beeline for the metal bleachers, only several rows high, used for spectators to the casual kids' sporting events the field was used for. When older people played there, they would relax on the bleachers, sitting and sipping sports

drinks and eating sandwiches, waiting for their turn to play. It was where girlfriends sat and watched, bragging about their beaus. Trinity had a memory of something like that. Fucking a girlfriend on the bleachers at night. No. That wasn't right. She must have been the one getting fucked. Her legs spread wide as her date plunged between them. Yea. That's how it was. She was getting fucked by a thick cock. That felt so good. She had been a good doll even back then. Good dolls spread their legs. She wanted to be a good doll again. Mike would be here soon.

She kicked the cumbersome sandals off into the grass and with wide steps lifted herself over each row of the squat metal benches. She carefully wedged her phone between two metal rungs along the back of the top bleachers that served as a barrier to keep anyone from accidentally toppling off. She checked the screen, making sure it covered the whole area of the bleachers since she couldn't be sure where Mike would be when he saw her. She started recording and leaned her pretty face into the frame and whispered, "ok, here we go! The best prank all for you guys! Mike is gonna freak out!" She stifled her laughter and tried to keep her face straight as she went to sit down on the front row. She crossed her legs like a proper lady as she waited, her tits practically totally on display as the shirt was pulled open around them.

A shadow emerged from the far side of the field. A wide, long shadow that brought its arm close to its face. Belonging to the tall and stocky young man worriedly checking the time as he hurried to meet his mystery admirer. He saw her, sitting on the bleachers. She'd really come! It wasn't some joke by the guys at school! There really was a blonde babe here, alone, in the park for him! His steps slowed as he got closer. His eyes straining in the low light to see her. She really was as hot as her pictures!

"W-wow," Mike breathed into the night air as he approached Trinity. Well, maybe her picture was a little off. It was her... but... different. He stopped in front of her, grinning like a kid who's just been given an entire candy shop. Trinity just grinned back, looking as if she was about to burst into laughter.

Mike regarded her carefully. *Why isn't she saying anything? This was all her idea, she should be the one doing something about now, right,* he wondered, nervously tugging at his charcoal gray t-shirt. *Maybe that weird love program I found... maybe it worked but it made her, like, a mindless zombie instead of a sex crazed nympho for the guy who sent it. I remembered to put my name into it*

instead of the default, right? Oh man. What if she's just a sex zombie now? That might be cool... unless she tried to eat my dick... focus, man! There's a real girl here and she wants you! Say something!

“Uhh... hi, uh, Trinity? I presume? It's me, your gallant Mike,” he said shakily with a sweeping bow as if he was a knight addressing a princess.

Trinity was all ready to break out in raucous laughter, pointing and jeering. To yell nonsense like “You been punk'd man! Got you! Oh, look at you! Punk'd! What a dork,” but her breath caught in her throat. The words wouldn't come out. She heard him speak his name and remembered she was a good doll. And a good doll wouldn't do that to her man. A good doll would obey her man and make him happy. And that's what she wanted more than to do this prank. It was a great idea for getting him to come out and be alone with her. To get her to the bleachers and make her feel good like she did in that long-ago memory.

Instead of the laughter and taunts, Trinity stood up and wrapped her arms around Mike's neck, stretching up on her tiptoes in the grass. Her voice was husky and seductive like the music in a smokey, dim jazz club. Begging you to come in further, to relax and lose yourself to your inner desires in a place where nothing matters but indulgence and pleasure. “Fuck me. I've been waiting all night.”

“Holy. Shit.” Mike's eyes went wide as he peered down at the gorgeous blonde grinding her hips against his crotch, making his jeans incredibly uncomfortable. This wasn't an invitation Mike was going to question certainly wasn't something he was going to turn down. He'd only gotten to do this once before when he and Trudy Mason had gotten drunk at a marching band away trip. Trudy made him vow not to speak a word of it the next day. This was gonna be different. He could tell.

“C'mon, don't make me wait for it,” Trinity whined. Her hands began to travel down Mike's chest, letting her nails drag along the fabric of his shirt. She hooked her fingers into the waistband of his jeans, playfully tugging them forward and down. She locked her eyes on his as she deftly popped the button on his jeans open with her thumbs as if she knew the perfect trick.

“You... you really wanna, uh, do it,” Mike gasped, incredulous even as Trinity lowered his zipper and sunk down to her knees in the cold grass, pulling his pants with her. Mike's cock was already at full attention, creating a high-pitched

tent in his underwear. A darkened spot was already forming on the fabric at the center of the tip.

“I’m a good doll,” Trinity cooed as she pulled Mike’s underwear down just enough to free the pulsing heat locked within. Her fingers wrapped around the velvety pole, tracing every criss-crossing vein as she stroked up and down the length. She pressed her lips to the head, letting the plump flesh bulge and spread around it without actually letting him pass into her mouth. Her lips moved like she was sucking on a straw, wrapping around the sensitive head and feeling the oozing, salty liquid begin to dribble over her lipstick and make her chin shin in the moonlight. She flicked her tongue just barely out between her lips as they massaged his skin, whipping like a wet noodle against his rigid skin.

Shivers ran up and down Mike’s spine as he watched Trinity worship his cock. *What had she just said? Good doll? He decided to roll with it.* Whatever she wanted as long as she kept doing this. *Fuck, she really knows what to do with a dick...* “Yea, yea, good doll, Trinity,” Mike moaned, threading his fingers through her hair and lightly pressing on the back of her head, hoping to encourage her to take him deeper.

Trinity’s eyes fluttered nearly closed at his words. She relaxed her jaw and let his cock swiftly fill her mouth and lodge the head just barely down her throat. What Mike lacked in length he more than made up for in girth. He was so thick she could barely stretch her mouth wide enough and already her jaw ached. A masculine voice chuckled in her memories, urging her to not be a wuss and take it. Babes are for sucking dick.

With the renewed vigor of a football player given a pep talk by his coach, Trinity put her all into sucking off the man that just yesterday she had thought of as nothing but a dork. She gazed languidly up at Mike, hoping to hear the words again, aching for his praise as she bobbed her head up and down on him. She tasted every inch of the musky, salty flesh. Rubbed her nose in the scratchy wires of his pubic hair as she made herself gag on his length. Her breath halted every time she plunged her mouth all the way down and her throat expanded around his cock. She felt every throb on her tongue, dragging the pink muscle along the underside. She lapped at either side of the thick tube that ran along the entire length.

The air around them became hot and heavy from the panting breaths and ragged

moans. The scent of dewy grass and night blooming wildflowers was muted by the musk of arousal. Mike's nostrils flared as he inhaled the sweet tang wafting from between Trinity's legs. She moaned around his cock, sending vibrations through his cock and up his body in an electric tingle. Trinity rocked her hips back and forth so slightly it was barely noticeable even to herself. That tight coil in her belly had returned. Winding itself up and making her burn deep inside. A fire that needed to be stoked and stroked. Needed something nice and big and thick to reach up inside her and put it out.

Trinity sucked as if her life depended on it. Her cheeks dented inwards from the forced while she kept bobbing her head up and down, turning her face into a cock sucking vacuum. Mike's hands kept a firm grip on her head, helping her to keep going harder and faster than she could on her own.

A flash of a memory almost made Trinity falter but she quickly recovered. So different from getting it sucked. It's good. Better to do the sucking. Getting to taste it. Feel it so big and hard in my mouth. Wondering if he's gonna make me swallow his load. Mmm, I'd like that. Maybe he'll do that. Hold my head down and make me taste it. But ... but I wanna fuck. I wanna have it in my pussy first!

Trinity's hands pushed at Mike's thighs, making him release her hair and take a little step back. "You ok, Trinity," he asked through deep breaths, looking concerned.

"Mmm, yea. I just... I just wanna make sure you fuck me before you blow. You can still cum in my mouth if you want. Just fuck me first," she smiled devilishly as she rose up and turned around. She bent over, her hands on the cold metal bleacher in front of her, her bare ass high in the air. She spread her legs as wide as she could, feeling the night air licking at her sopping wet folds.

Mike momentarily thought about leaning in and getting a taste of her with his mouth first, but his cock was just too hard. He was too worked up, too close. And she wasn't saying a damn thing about a condom, either. Trinity wiggled her ass, her juicy pussy glistening. His eyes devoured her body hungrily and he couldn't hold back a moment longer. He wrapped his hand around the base of the engorged flesh and guided the tip, still slick with her saliva, to her entrance.

With a squeal of anticipation and delight, Trinity bucked her hips back and forced the tip of Mike's cock to press into her. "C'mon, I want it! Fuck me," she

begged again, almost yelling.

“Damn, babe. Alright. I guess you’re just a horny little fuck doll, aren’t you?”

Trembling, her knees turned inward. He’d said those magic words again and she had almost come right then. Yes, a good, horny little fuck doll. Mike eased the head past the sticky, wet pink folds, forcing himself to go slow and enjoy this. Trinity let a deep sigh escape over her lips as she finally felt him pushing her wide open.

This was it. This was the best feeling. Not trying to convince and beg and trick to get some pussy, but having full control over it and getting to simply tell someone to make her feel good. And then he would do it. Mike’s hands gripped her hips as he inched himself through her silken tunnel, the tremendous girth stretching Trinity out wide around him. It would have hurt if it didn’t feel so heavenly. The stretching, the feel of the hot juices making the pathway slick and ready being shoved back up by the invading cock. The heavy fullness as he finally sheathed himself in the untried flesh with a shudder and a satisfied groan.

“Uggh, you’re so fuckin’ tight babe!” Mike’s words hissed out between his teeth as his hips began to thrust. Back and forth. In and out. Feeling the cold night air, then the exquisite heat and the vice grip of her body. Cold. Hot. The scent of Trinity’s arousal wrapped around them, a heavy blanket of pheromones driving their bodies to keep meeting with wet slaps and groans.

“Yea, yea, shove it in! Fuck me harder!” Trinity moaned, loving how it felt to have those cum-laden balls slapping against her swollen pussy lips. Mike’s bare cock pumped in and out of her quivering channel, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips. Trinity’s fingers wrapped around the far side of the bleachers to help keep her balance. Her tits bounced free from inside the shirt with the force of Mike’s fucking. The two jiggling globes swung wildly in wide circles in the air beneath her, making soft little slaps every time they connected against each other and bounced off again.

“You’re a great fuck doll, Trinity! I wish I could do this to you every day! You’re so tight and wet on me! And you have…” Mike’s hands left her hips and reached around to take hold of her tits, grabbing onto them like they were the reins to controlling a wild horse, “these great big tits!” He slammed his hips harder against her, making Trinity squeal again, feeling him heaving his full weight up

against her asscheeks in order to slam himself as deeply inside her as possible.

He palmed the doughy flesh of her breasts in his hands, feeling their weight and letting the hot skin envelope his fingers. His fingertips found the spongy, hard pebbles of her nipples, pinching and twisting them left and right. Trinity's yelps of pleasure and every wet slap and pound echoed off the metal bleachers, making it sound like there was a full on orgy taking place.

Trinity's mind was tickled by the praise just as her pussy was stroked and caressed by his cock. She felt her skin being pulled and forced so wide, her body swallowing him greedily over and over as her breasts bounced in his hands. Her nipples teased and pulled, pain colliding with pleasure. Mike's large body was hunched over her as he drove himself into her core over and over again, relentlessly humping her like a desperate animal in heat.

"I'm gonna cum! Oh, fuck, Trinity, I'm gonna cum! where do you want it, babe?!" Mike's voice was ragged and almost panicked as he kept pounding away at the gorgeous blonde.

"Go ahead and cum in me! Make me come on that big cock of yours," Trinity cried back over her shoulder.

She pushed her hips back, grinding her pussy down over Mike's cock as he hammered into her. Trinity felt that all too familiar swelling, the jump, only it wasn't from a cock attached to her. It was someone else's. A cock in her pussy. Her pussy that felt so good. So tight and wet, stretched so wide open on its very first cock. Trinity swung one hand from the bleachers back between her legs and found the tiny bundle of nerves that had once been her own rigid manhood. Her fingers furiously worked the engorged nub, knowing just how to stroke it, just how she always had liked it.

The sensations of having her clit-cock jerked off once more while her sensitive pussy was plowed into from behind was more than enough to drive her to the peak and over the edge. Her world exploded in white light as she howled her orgasm to the sky. "Fuuuuuck! Yessss! Yes! Your cock is so good! I'm coming! I'm coming all over that thick hard cock!"

Trinity's body writhed on the end of Mike's cock as her orgasm ripped through her. Mike gritted his teeth as her pussy clamped down on him. Every swing of

her hips seemed perfectly calculated to help get him off. Trinity's body spasmed around him, the electric bolts of pleasure firing off throughout her body as the tense knot in her belly clenched and then finally released. A second wave of pure ecstasy almost brought her to her knees if not for Mike's hands holding onto her. Her entire body shook from the center as the hot waves of pleasure radiated out through her from her core.

The orgasm was so much more intense than any she'd ever experienced, seeming to come from inside, outside, her breasts, her pussy, her clit, every part of her all at once trembling in carnal delight and sin. Mike bucked his hips forward, driving himself as deeply inside as he could reach and with a grunt his own release splashed out into Trinity. Her back arched as she threw her head back, moaning until her throat felt raw. Mike's cock twitched inside her, coating her tunnel with the sticky, white fluids.

Trinity's body shook with pleasure, how hot and heavy she felt as the liquid heat rushed up into her instead of out. The waves of pleasure continued to splash over her, her toes curling in the grass as if to keep her on the ground. Orgasms before had been a sudden burst, a jump of pleasure and then it was gone. As Trinity, the physical pleasure was so much more. Deeper, longer, more intimate. She felt like she was experiencing sex and all it could offer for the first time.

And she craved more. More than what just Mike could give her. Even if he had called her a good doll. Maybe she should aim to be a great doll. And a great doll would know how to serve more men. That would probably make her feel things even better.

With a heavy sigh of contentment, Mike slowly pulled himself free from the grip of Trinity's pussy. All his thick cum was safely inside her, her tight lips holding all but a few errant drips inside. It was only when Trinity slowly stood up, stretching her arms up to the sky that a large dollop dropped out onto the grass.

She sat down on the bleachers to give her shaking legs a rest. Mike pulled his pants back up, staring at her, seemingly still not believing his luck. "So, um, do I get to see you again? I mean, this was only the first of many dates, right," he asked hopefully.

"Oh, um, yea, I liked it pretty good. I'll message you when I need to fuck again, ok," Trinity giggled, tucking her breasts back into her shirt and buttoning it as

far up as she could.

“Could I walk you home, make sure you get back in safely,” Mike asked with a lopsided smile.

Trinity was as dismissive of Mike as Tyler was to all the girls he fucked. She simply shrugged and climbed up over the bleachers to retrieve her phone. She hopped back down to the grass in front of Mike and gave him a playful punch in the shoulder like he was an old teammate. “I said I’ll call when I wanna fuck again. Later!” She waved behind her as she briskly walked across the field, disappearing into the dark park and leaving Mike to wonder if the program really had worked as intended. It was supposed to get him a sex crazed girlfriend, not a sex crazed one time fling. Oh well, sex was sex.

Trinity began a group text to Aaron and Tony as soon as she was sure she was out of sight from Mike.

“Dudes! Just did the funniest thing! You gotta come over and peep the vid,” she began. Then her head began to buzz again like she was freshly drunk. That flat voice hummed between her ears. *Be a good doll. Be a great doll.* She wanted to do more than show her bros the “prank.” Her steps slowed as her legs became tense and wobbled with a flash of desire in her core. A little moan heated her moist lips as it escaped her throat, her body igniting at the thought of her muscular, jock best friends’ bodies. She needed them to come over. Right now.

The phone buzzed in her hands, pulling her attention away from her growing need. Aaron had texted, “right now? bro, it’s like 1am in the morning.” Tony’s message wasn’t far behind, “if i come over and this isn't the best vid ever I'm gonna beat you up Ty.” “ugh guess if tony’s there i’ll be there too,” Aaron added. “Good. Need you guys over asap,” Trinity tapped out, hitting send as she jogged the rest of the way back to her home.

Inside, she flipped on the lights in the front living room, tossed her phone on the coffee table, and waited. Again, her mind seemed at war with itself.

I hope they get here soon, I’m so fuckin’ horny. I wanna show them what a good doll I am now. I wanna show... show them that great prank I pulled on Mike. He’s such a... such a dork? Such a hot guy. He’s a hot guy. I wanna fuck hot guys. All of them. Aaron and Tony. They’re my best bros. They’ll fuck me for

sure. I know they always talk about the hot babes they bang. I'm a hot babe. A good doll. They'll do me. I hope they do me. But they're my bros! I don't wanna do them... except I'm so horny!

Her frustration and indecision didn't have time to resolve themselves. The doorbell rang and then there was obnoxiously loud and fast knocking. They were here! She scampered to the door, took a moment to make sure her tits were nice and high and squeezed together for the perfect amount of cleavage, and opened the door with a bright smile.

The two men's jaws dropped at the sight of the nearly naked blonde.

"Woah," Tony uttered, blinking hard to make sure he wasn't seeing anything. He suddenly wished he'd put on more than basketball shorts and a white t-shirt. Aaron was dressed similarly, except he'd left his boxers on and hadn't bothered with proper pants. He was just meeting up with the guys, he'd thought.

"Um, hey, we're Tyler's friends," Aaron explained, staring unabashedly at Trinity's tits, her hard nipples poking at the button-up's material.

"I know who you are, duh," Trinity giggled, stepping aside to let them in. She closed the door behind her stunned friends and leaned her upper back against it, jutting her hips out so the hem of the shirt pulled up to reveal her bare pussy.

Aaron put one large tan hand on the back of his head, ruffling his shaggy, surfer blonde hair. All the blood was rushing from that head to the other one that was now threatening to pop right out of the loose underwear. "Uh, wow, so, um, you know us? What's your name, babe? You Tyler's friend?"

Tony gulped as his eyes jumped between Trinity's tits and pussy, undecided on where he wanted to look more. He brushed his dark hair out of his eyes as he hungrily devoured her form with his gaze. "Yea, where is that asshole anyway? He tells us get over here now and he's not around? Not that.. not that you're not leagues better to look at. Damn," he said the last word almost under his breath, his heart rate increasing the longer he took her in.

Trinity giggled again and rolled her eyes, flipping her hair over her shoulders with quick jerks of her head. "It's me, nerds. It's me, Ty...T...Trinity! I had to get you over here asap! I had to show... show you... show you... mmm, no, I

wanna fuck you. You guys wanna fuck me?” She wiggled her hips, spreading her legs just enough to show off her juicy peach. She unbuckled the belt around her waist, tossing it to the floor.

Seductively, she unbuttoned the shirt one by one, mouthing the word “pop” every time a button opened and revealed more of her curvaceous body. She shifted her hips left, then right and back again with every button until her taught stomach was bared. Her heavy breasts hung free between the limp halves of her shirt, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. It felt so good to be in control like this. So much better knowing she was going to let them fuck her rather than being on the other side. The side when she was a he, hoping he’d get to fuck her.

Tony tilted his head toward Aaron, his mouth dry as he watched the strip tease, and said quietly, “dude, where the fuck’s Ty? Did he just set this up for us?”

Aaron shook his head slightly, not daring to move his eyes and miss a second of the blonde bimbo’s show. “Who fuckin’ cares, man. If he set this up for us, we owe him. But worry about that later. I’m pretty sure this chick is a sure thing,” he finished, quickly pulling his t-shirt off over his head and tossing it aside onto a nearby chair. Tony followed suit, his shirt landing atop Aaron’s.

The door made a slight rattle as she pushed herself off of it, shrugging her shoulders to make the garment topple down around her elbows. Another shake of her willowy upper limbs and she left it behind her on the floor as she padded to her awestruck best bros. Trinity dropped to her knees slowly, her eyes on their faces. She settled on the floor perfectly between the two men and slightly in front. The smile on her face was innocent and sweet but the sparkle in her eyes was naughty. She made her lips pouty like she was trying to enlarge them before taking a selfie as she reached out and tugged down their remaining clothing with one hand on each.

Once the shorts and underwear were left encircled around each man’s knees, Trinity’s hands glided up the strong pairs of legs until her left hand wrapped around Tony’s engorged rod and her right did the same to Aaron’s. “Mmm,” she purred as she began to pump the throbbing shafts in her hands. Her soft, warm palms encircled the lengths while her thumb played along the slit in the purple mushroom heads. She let her finger tips work to drag the dribbles of precum down from the slit and around the groove that separated the head from the shaft.

Sex filled the air, heavy and rich like a delicious meal waiting to be savored. Aaron and Tony stood still, their breaths deep and hot, air hitching in their throats every time Trinity's experienced hands found a particularly magical spot along their journeys up and down. She would giggle with delight, thrilled she had made them display how much they were relishing just a hand job from her. She was drunk on the power she had over them. Knowing she could demand anything of the men if she promised more physical attention.

Why are chicks so difficult to get to bed? This is the fucking best! I could do this all day, every day! Trinity grinned up at her willing subjects. *I wonder what would happen...* She leaned in towards Tony, the more tense of the pair, opened her mouth, and let her pink tongue flick against the head of his cock.

"Ohhh," Tony groaned as he watched her pretty mouth glide down his shaft until it met her hand wrapped around the base. Her palm swirled around him like she was turning a screw with a wrench while her mouth took over bobbing up and down on him. Her tongue flitted against the underside, lapping up the salty sweetness smeared along his hard flesh. Her other hand worked double time on Aaron to make up for the fact he wasn't the one down her throat.

Just as Tony tried to reach out to push her head down further on him, Trinity pulled away and turned to Aaron. With a deep swallow, she sucked his cock down past her tongue, her moans muffled as her throat filled up with his length. Her left hand resumed caressing Tony, giving him little squeezes as it traveled up and down. She could feel each of the men growing even harder and thicker as she worked them. Her hips squirmed under her as she grew more in need of attention herself. Trinity's juices ran freely from within her, scenting the charged air around the trio with her desire.

Why is sucking cock so good? Why do they taste so fuckin' good? It gets me so horny to get to suck them off, to know I'm the one making them this horny. I can remember... playing ball with them... I shouldn't be doin' this... something is weird... this is wrong. It's fucked up. Mmm... no, I'm a good doll. I'm a good doll who wants to get fucked, she thought as her lips dragged up and down Aaron's shaft, his moans ringing through the room.

She needed more than just sucking.

Trinity slowly pulled her face back and released the men's cocks from her hands.

She sat down, her legs bent and spread to show her little pink entrance and leaning back on her elbows. “So, who wants to go first? Or am I gonna get to take you both on at once?” Trinity’s stomach tightened with excitement, her juices rushing out of her from her own words. The question was just as much a request, a confession. She didn’t want just one, she wanted two. Both of them at the same time filling her. The idea of two big, young cocks stuffing her body full almost made her moan out loud.

She could remember a time not long ago she would have recoiled at the idea of touching another man’s cock. But that had all changed. Given way to her deepest desires to simply fuck and be fucked. To be used for pleasure and give herself over to as many men would take her. Forget modesty and morals. She just wanted cocks. Her new body knew what it wanted, what it needed.

“Oh, shit, that’s so fuckin’ hot babe,” Aaron gasped, getting on his knees between her legs. He steadied himself on one arm while his free hand wrapped around his bare cock, lining it up with Trinity’s opening. He rubbed the head up and down, getting it nice and wet. It had been far too long since he had gotten to go in without using a rubber, and even then she’d been drunk.

Just as he began to groan and press himself between Trinity’s slick lower lips, Tony walked around behind Trinity’s head. “Hey, hey, you know I’m still here, too man,” he said with a little chuckle. “You know I love being an ass man but you gotta let me get at that.”

Aaron sighed and sat back, “yea, yea, sorry. You get a taste of this hottie, too. Too bad Ty isn’t here to enjoy this with us,” he said as he laid on his back, his hard length bobbing almost up to his navel, leaving a sticky little puddle of precum on his hard abs. “C’mon, babe, go for a ride,” he said with a mischievous smirk, two fingers holding onto the base and making it beckon to Trinity.

Trinity wet her lips as she got up and crawled on her hands and knees into her place over Aaron. Her tits hung from her like twin udders that needed to be milked, only hers were simply naturally that huge, that ripe and round. The stiff pink nubs at their tips rubbed along the planes of Aaron’s chest as she crawled, her ass wagging in the air with every shift of her hips. She stopped once she could feel Aaron’s rock solid erection warming her hairless mound. She dropped her hips and wiggled them around while punctuating the air with little jabs

backwards, trying to guide her entrance back onto his tip.

Aaron helped his cock find its mark with his fingers working around the base. He felt like he was already close to bursting but he resolved to bite his tongue if he had to force himself to hold out and enjoy this as long as he could. With a satisfied hum, Trinity slowly began to engulf him with her wet heat. Aaron quickly got his hand out of the way and took far greater pleasure in groping the massive tits in front of him than his own flesh. He joined Trinity with his own deeper, soft groans of pleasure as his length disappeared up inside her tight, wet sheath.

She was as tight as any virgin but with the experience of a whore. Trinity started to swirl her hips around on him in wide circles, letting his cock slide almost completely out of her at times onto to slowly glide right back into her very center. He felt her muscles twitch around him as she struggled to adjust to his size. Her face scrunched up and she clenched her teeth, sucking in a long breath and releasing it as a drawn out moan. Trinity's tight little tunnel hugged the solid pole, feeling every vein, the slight curve, the swollen head that strained to reach deeper.

And then he began to thrust. With his hands greedily clinging to her jiggling globes, his thumbs flicking her nipples back and forth, Aaron lifted his hips and pressed as deeply into what was once his burly, muscle bound friend. Trinity's mouth dropped open as she released another moan, "oohhh, yes, baby. Just like that. Fuck my pussy good and deep just like that," she hissed as another thrust made the cock inside her thump against her core.

"Damn, you two can't wait, can you. Well, guess I'm not gonna wait for an invitation," Tony grumbled from behind. Trinity barely had time to look over her shoulder at the voice that was practically right beside her ear before she felt the rough hands grab onto her asscheeks and pull them wide apart. "Oh, oh shit- w-wait!" she gasped, feeling Tony's cock, still slick with her saliva and dribbling precum push at her puckered rosebud. "Ain't nothing a babe like you, begging for two dicks, can't take," Tony said matter of factly.

Permission wasn't something he was interested in getting from this blonde slut. It was implied as soon as she started taking that shirt off. He did just as he said. He didn't wait. Even while Aaron kept pumping himself in and out of Trinity's slick folds, Tony held onto her ass and in one firm shove, embedded himself in

her behind. Trinity's body tensed and she yelped, her virgin asshole being forced wide around the massive cock sliding up into her.

"Ohh, yes, that ass is *tight*, babe," Tony groaned, his fingers digging into her doughy flesh, leaving red marks behind every time he released her only to grasp her more firmly. Trinity remembered so many Mondays where Tony would brag what cheerleader he had gotten to take it up the ass on Saturday night. They were cheerleaders. They were made to get fucked by big, strong jocks like them. Like them. When Trinity was one of them. Now she was one of the cheerleaders. Made to be fucked. Made to be a good love doll.

"Yea, that's it," Trinity moaned, remembering her new place in the world. On her back, on her knees. It didn't matter. If there was a cock in her, that was right. That was good. "Fuck my ass as hard as you want! Stuff my pussy and ass full! I wan' it hard!" She bucked her hips back onto Tony's cock and then down onto Aaron, both men rutting against her until their hips were flush with her own petite body.

"Damn, girl, take it! Take it all, balls deep, babe," Aaron grunted with exertion, sweat rolling down his forehead as he used all his strength and muscles to pound himself into the willing slut bouncing on his dick. He drove himself into her until the thick base of his cock was forcing her pink pussy into a ring just as thin as her asshole around Tony. She was spread open, flayed apart by the cocks pushing and forcing their way up into her.

Every time their motions synced and they drove through her quivering flesh at the same time, she could feel them bumping and stroking against each other. Fighting for dominance of her body, for more space, more of her holes to fuck as they were separated by only that thin, sensitive wall of skin inside her. She was pulled down, forced back, the men almost challenging themselves and each other for who could claim the most of her at once.

Tony grabbed a fistful of her golden hair, pulling her head back with one hand as the other kept her ass steady while on her hip. Aaron's hands clamped down on her tits, making the flesh bulge out between his fingers. Her nipples became a deep red as Trinity squealed and squirmed between the two stallions using her body as their pleasure playground. Tony took his hand from her hip and brought his open palm down across her ass, leaving a red mark and making the firm flesh bounce from the impact. "Be good now, princess, you asked for it, now you gotta

take it!”

Trinity nodded as much as she could with her hair pulled back, “I’m-I’m a good love doll! I love it all! Keep fucking me good and hard! I even want you to cum in me! I want you both to fill me up with cum,” she nearly screamed, grinding her ass back onto Tony while Aaron kept bucking his hips up wildly to keep up the same pace as his buddy in her ass.

“Damn, babe! You’re really gonna let me blow in you without a condom? You’re fuckin’ awesome!” He grinned and lifted his ass up from the floor, his muscles tensing and trembling as he worked to push himself as far up into her unprotected pussy as he could. This was the best he’d ever had; she wasn’t even drunk and she was asking for him to cum in her. Usually he had to promise to pull out and then act like his orgasm took him by surprise and he just couldn’t make it in time. To have a girl ask for it like that, to flat out demand it, was the hottest thing he’d ever heard. Too bad Tyler had to miss it. He would have really loved getting to nail a babe like this.

Tony gritted his teeth and threw his head back, his dark hair soaked with sweat. His hips bounced off the cushion of Trinity’s plump, soft ass, the orbs jiggling and bouncing just like her tits. Her body was thrown back and forth between the men as if she was nothing more than a fuck toy. The same way Tyler would have treated any woman in her position. There was something so much better, so much more freeing about being the one fucked. The one who was taking the meat in the sandwich of grunting, sweaty bodies. Trinity didn’t have to even work for it. All she had to do was be a good doll and submit. Give in to all her desires, not worry about consequences, not worry that these two were her best friends, that she used to have a cock. All that mattered was she had a pussy now and it was crammed full with a thick, hard cock. That her ass was being used for a hunky, strong man’s pleasure at the same time. Too bad there wasn’t a third for her mouth. That would be her goal for next time.

For now all that she cared about was scratching the itch deep inside her. Released the hot ball of tension that was burning in her belly. The tendrils of pleasure had snaked out from her core and wrapped themselves around every bundle of nerves in her body and squeezed. Every thrust from each of the two cocks deep inside her, reminding her of what she used to have, what she used to be, and that what she was- a hot, tight hole for a cock- was so much better. So much more fulfilling. There was no longer just a race to the finish line of a

climax but now she enjoyed every pump, every stroke that stretched her out, every gasp and pant, how her heavy tits felt swaying off her chest, being squeezed and pinched and pulled.

The muscles in her belly tightened first. Trinity's pussy clamped down on Aaron's cock, her whole body tensing and making her ass even that much more impossibly tight on Tony. "More, more, harder," she screamed, "you're gonna make me come! I wanna come! Fuck me and make me come for your huge cocks!"

Tony snarled behind her, her words turning him into a feral animal. He yanked on her hair like a set of reins, forcing her back to arch. Aaron's hands pulled on her huge tits, her body contorting to satisfy each man's desire. Aaron was pumping into her so hard that his balls were slapping up and touching her sopping wet pussy lips. Tony buried himself balls deep, forcing her asshole to stretch to its absolute limits to take him all the way.

"Here it comes, princess, here you go! I'm gonna cum in you," Tony growled. He rammed his cock through her once more before Trinity felt the engorged rod twitch and thicken. "Oh, fuuuuuck," she screamed as she felt the first spray of cum warm her ass. As if on cue, Aaron's body tensed, his teeth gritting as he let out a long, low groan. Trinity felt his cock leap inside her, and then the telltale pulsing, the sensation like an egg traveling through a garden hose as she felt the inevitable load moving from him and into her. She screamed as her climax burst forth from the coiled heat in her belly, set free by the throbbing cocks inside her tunnels. Aaron's cock unleashed jet after jet of the boiling, sticky fluid into her.

Trinity's entire body shuddered as the pleasure only known to women coursed through her. The feeling of her belly and her ass being pumped full of cum from virile studs. To get to milk two cocks at once while she screamed and writhed in pleasure, held down in place by the relentless pounding from the men. They still jerked their hips back and forth, making sure to feel her hungry body every last drop. Drowning her insides with white cream, hosing down every last inch of her pussy and ass and quenching the thirst that Trinity thought would never be sated.

I'm the best fuck doll now. This was the best prank ever!

Trinity collapsed onto Aaron's chest, moaning as her body was used to soak up the cum still weakly flowing from the cocks lodged inside her. Her hips had

stilled as the waves of her orgasm washed over her, her tunnels trembling and working their dicks until they were dry. “So... so fuckin’ good,” she gasped.

Tony let out a soft groan as he slowly pulled his spent cock from Trinity’s stretched out asshole. A waterfall of hot semen poured from inside her and down her legs, joining the trickle that seeped from her pussy around Aaron’s cock. Cum in her ass felt so good. So hot and thick. Having two holes was so much better. More places for more cocks. More cum.

With a little moan she swung her leg over Aaron and gingerly let him slip from within her. She whimpered at the pain of no longer being full, her gaping entrances aching to once again be pulled wide by cocks. She lay back on the floor, her arms and legs splayed. The three lovers lay in silence, catching their breath and processing what had just happened.

Trinity was the first to sit up and survey the scene. She grinned and spoke, “so, I pulled the best prank ever tonight, you guys. Wanna see the video? If you like it, we can do another one with you two.”

Thank you so much for reading! I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I loved writing it for you!

Let others know what you thought by leaving a review; your opinion will influence others - and me! Let me know what you enjoyed so I can write more for you!

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