

Making Mandi



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PRESENTED BY



The boyish, auburn-haired young man had not only been queued in line for over an hour, but had been at the head of the line for nearly half of that time. Nevertheless, more than a dozen people had been waved in ahead of him by the bouncer.

Frustrating as it might have been, Adam not only understood the standard operating procedure—he actually agreed with it. After all, Shifters was *the* hottest new nightclub in town, and ‘regular schlubs’ like Adam only got in if the maximum capacity of the club had not already been met by all the ‘beautiful people’ who were waved in on sight by the bouncer.

Shivering slightly in his olive drab t-shirt, jeans, and sneaker combo, Adam was nevertheless content—because when he did get in, it would be into a club full of all those hot babes the bouncer had been waving in all night. Oh, sure, there were also the ‘studs’ who had been allowed in, meaning Adam would have some pretty stiff competition... but even if Adam didn’t manage to hook up with a girl tonight, at least he would have a few hours’ worth of high-end eye candy to enjoy.

Just then, the bouncer watched two of the beautiful people—a couple, clearly—emerge from the club and head of into the night...

...and Adam, and the lucky guy behind him, were invited to enter with a bored wave of the shaven-headed bouncer’s hand.

Stepping through the door, the rangy auburn-haired nineteen-year-old found himself in a curving hallway—almost immediately, just from the design, it became obvious that the club had been laid out in a series of concentric rings, with a circular dance floor presumable in the middle (given the heavy club music coming from somewhere in the middle of the club). As it was, the corridor Adam found himself in had a curved black/green/gold on his right side, defining the outside of this particular circle. The inner wall, on his left, was made up of glass blocks; transparent enough that Adam could make out that the next ring was a lounge-type bar setting, but the blocks distorted too much for him to make out any details.

A gap in the glass-block wall a short way down the curved corridor would allow Adam to verify his assumptions—but between he and it lay a ‘checkpoint’. It was a marble, glass and chrome desk taking up half the hallway, with a bar-type barrier, controlled by the person at the desk, blocking the other half of the passage.

Adam’s eyes, however, were on the woman at the desk. She was very attractive, in a sort of athletic, professional sort of way. The ‘professional’ part should have been emphasized, considering that she was wearing a security guard’s uniform... but the fact that said uniform was made out of skin-tight latex, it sort of emphasized the ‘sexy’ part even more.

Still, her face held a ‘real guard’ non-expression as she gestured to a stack of what almost looked like a multi-colored selection of credit cards. “Please choose a passcard and enable to your partner,” she instructed them in a clear, pleasant voice.

“Ex...cuse me?” the other guy who had been waved in stammered, looking at Adam in a mute appeal for an explanation—but Adam had none to give.

“Pairs only,” she instructed them, with a small sigh. “Two people enter, two people leave—that’s the rule. If you can find somebody... ‘interested’ enough, they can swap passcards with your partner, allowing you to leave with them. That, however, would be up to the four of you—both pairs—to arrange. Otherwise, neither of you can leave without the other.”

“Um...” Adam prevaricated.

The sexy, latex-clad guard lifted one finely-shaped eyebrow. “It’s already in play, gentlemen—either you both take a card, or neither of you get in.”

The two young men hesitated—and then Adam, with an almost helplessly ‘what else could we do?’ smile at the somewhat older blond, quickly grabbed the top card, all while introducing himself to the other man.

The blond, taking the time to find a card he liked, introduced himself as Hank—at twenty-two, he was new in town, and hadn't realized that Shifters was likewise a new arrival. This brief biography was given as they approached the little double-slotted machine on the desk.

As he inserted his card into the appropriate slot, Adam realized with a bit of a flush that he had grabbed one that was a rather garish combination of pink and black. A quick glance at Hank's card revealed that the other man had chosen a 'gold card'. A closer look at his own card revealed that Adam's garish rectangle of plastic was done up like a gag credit card.



Now actually blushing, Adam quickly tucked the 'PlastiPleasure Credit Card' into the back pocket of his jeans, hoping Hank hadn't noticed.

"Well, I guess one way or another, we'll be seeing each other later, huh?" Hank said, as they passed through the checkpoint.

"Yeah, guess so..." Adam replied, more than a bit vaguely—rounding the wall into the 'lounge ring', he was already looking forward to seeing some of the eye-candy that had passed him in the line while...

Adam—and, he eventually realized, Hank as well—had come to a dead stop just inside the lounge, gaping like yokels.

The women who had passed Adam and Hank in line had been 'sexy young women all dolled up for a night at the club' hot. Some of the women they now saw still were—say, maybe half.

The *other* half of the women present, on the other hand, were stripper/pornstar/fetish model/'I want a cock to service, and I want it right now!' hot.

"Yeah. Later," Hank said in a flat, distracted voice, even as he began drifting off in one direction—and, equally bemused, excited, and aroused, Adam drifted off in the other.

In his approximately seven years of *sexual* male life experience, Adam had never even imagined so many insanely hot chicks in one place, much

less ever seen it in reality—until now.

There were the hot college girls, out for a flirty/naughty night on the town. There were ‘off duty’ strippers so proud of their often-enhanced figures that they were out showing them off. There were cougars and MILFs, bimbos and sluts and vamps and baby-girls...

...and there was competition. Serious competition.

As in, the guys that made up almost exactly half the club’s current population looked, dressed, and acted exactly like the type of guys you would *expect* in a club full of insanely hot women.

Which meant, Adam began to realize with a sinking feeling, that an ‘average joe’ like him probably had absolutely no chance at all...

“Aw, don’t you look sad...” a warm, sensuous voice cooed, practically in his ear.

Turning quickly, Adam quickly discovered why that was—though of average height herself, the sexy woman wearing what looked like a cross between a diner waitress’ uniform and a sexy French maid outfit was perched atop extremely high platform heels, putting her mouth at just about the level of Adam’s ear...

...and her rather bountiful cleavage at a very easy-to-view height.

“Already out of drinks on your own card, and can’t get anybody to pony up for you?” the... cocktail waitress? ...continued, in a sexily

sympathetic voice.

“Huh? Drinks? Card?” Adam stammered—although, in his defense, he was being distracted by a stunningly décolletage.

“Oh, a new one... Mmmm, I just love new ones...” the waitress all-but-moaned, sensuously. She smiled, and then explained: “Seven drinks, love—that’s what’s pre-loaded on every card. It’s not just drinks, here—it’s, well... call it ‘motivation’, shall we?”

She chuckled, low in her throat, as if at a private joke.

“Use them for yourself? Or give them to a girl in hopes of.. well, you know. Usually, regulars know which they are planning for, and pick a card appropriately—each card only buys certain *types* of drinks, you see. So— which card did you pick?”

“Well, I didn’t know any of this, so I really didn’t *pick* it...” Adam tried to explain, blushing as he fished the card out of his pocket and handed it over. “It was just the top card, you see, and...”

“Oh...” the waitress gasped, clearly struggling not to giggle. “Oh, my...”

“Um...”

“This... is actually a card very much in demand,” the waitress assured him, quickly.

“Er—for ‘buying for myself’, or for ‘buying for a girl?’” Adam asked.

She blinked, then smiled.

“All depends on who picks it—and what they are hoping to have happen...” the waitress replied, with a smile as enigmatic as her words. “So—drink?”

“Ah, yeah—sure...” Adam replied. “Er—what kinds of drinks can I get?”

Still with that strange little smile, the waitress fished into a pouch of her frilly apron, and emerged with a little plastic-coated card, about the size of a 4x6 photo. On each side of the card, six drinks were listed, a total of a dozen drinks Adam could buy with the PlastiPleasure Card.

“You can hold on to that,” she informed Adam, as he perused the options.

They were all, perhaps quite predictably, ‘girly’ drinks. Although pretty standard cocktails, Shifters had given each an equally girly-girl name, as well.

“I’ll have... er, a ‘Bouncy Bubble Blitz’,” Adam decided, choosing the champagne-and-cranberry cocktail... which, given the ingredients, was of course, pink. “No umbrella, please.”

“You got it, honey,” the waitress purred, then headed off, carrying Adam’s card with her. Looking around, Adam spied a tiny, unoccupied table off to one side. The tiny club tables were high enough to comfortably

use while standing, but also had high barstools, and it was onto one of these that Adam perched, enjoying the view as he waited for his drink. In fact, he was enjoying it so much, that he didn't notice the waitress placing the drink and his card on the table. When he did spot it, Adam slid the card into his pocket, picked up the drink, and began absentmindedly sipping it as he watched the hot babes wiggle, flirt, jiggle, dance and giggle their way around the room.

Considering all the hot, and mostly scantily-clad feminine flesh he was eyeing, Adam didn't find it all that surprising when the denim fabric over his crotch began to feel a little... *constricting*.

No, it wasn't even the fact that the fabric over his crotch went from 'constricting' to 'tight' to 'extremely uncomfortable' that broke his attention—it was the fact that the fabric was pulled equally tight across his hips and ass that finally broke the sensual spell cast by the bevy of bounteous, beautiful babes.

“What the hell...?” Adam muttered, putting aside the now-empty glass as he tried to surreptitiously determine what the hell was going on with his jeans. Had they somehow mysteriously shrunk from just above the knee and up, leaving the bottom half unaffected?

But it didn't seem to be the jeans at all—it was with the flesh underneath the denim that something was... wrong.

Maybe ‘wrong’ wasn’t the right word—aside from the overly tight fit of his jeans, Adam wasn’t in any pain, nor did he even feel awkward. It was just that something was undeniably *different*.

Adams hips, and even his thighs, felt... thicker? ...bulkier? No, that wasn’t right, because he didn’t feel ‘heavy’ or ‘burdened’, and neither hips nor thighs felt blocky or chunky; indeed, his hands found smoothly flowing curves under the straining denim. They were simply more emphatic curves than he was used to feeling.

Now, Adam’s *ass*, on the other hand...

Weirdly, it didn’t feel ‘swollen’ to Adam, the way a bee sting or bruise did; it also didn’t feel uncomfortable, or out-of-balance. It was, however, considerably more intense a level of ‘strange’ than Adam’s hips or thighs. Finally giving up on any attempt at being ‘surreptitious’, Adam jumped down off of the barstool, twisted his torso to the left, and then cranked his neck and head all the way around to peer over his own right shoulder.



For a long moment, Adam held the awkward pose, simply staring at his own ass, his face blank. Finally, still unemotional, he relaxed into a more comfortable standing position.

“Huh...” he remarked to himself in a conversational tone of voice, “woulda thought I’d be a little more freaked out to find myself with a huge, round, definitely feminine-looking ass...”

“Oh, well, all of Shifters drinks have the appropriate mood-stabilizing chemicals in them,” helpfully explained the man who, passing by on the

way to the bar, had overheard Adam's self-directed comment and considerately stopped to answer.

“Oh...?” Adam asked—a bit bemused to find, under the circumstances, that curiosity was the strongest emotion he was feeling at the moment.

“Oh, my, yes—the entire point of Shifters is enjoyment... albeit generally of a very specific subset.” He paused for a quick, leering grin. “Perhaps it has yet to dawn on you that you have not had to actually pay for anything? No, the mixed coven, male and female, that run Shifters are only interested in one ‘currency’—sexual pleasure.”

“Wow... I guess I can get behind that...” Adam chuckled, eyeing the man—who, Adam realized, reminded him a lot of those old movie stars like Clark Gable and Errol Flynn. He had that sort of debonair panache, the fashion sense—even a neatly waxed little moustache.

“Speaking of behinds,” ‘Clark Flynn’ chuckled, “yours is really rather spectacular. Especially with those nicely rounded out hips and smoothly shaped thighs to provide the perfect mountings for such a spectacularly round, outthrust ‘bubble butt’.”

Despite that strange sense of groggy contentment, Clark Flynn's blatant appreciation for this feminine ass made Adam angry enough that he opened his mouth to tell the other man off...

...but he never got the chance, because for some inexplicable reason, just as Flynn finished the highly insulting ‘compliment’, Adam’s cock randomly decided to go ahead and get rock-hard.

Well, that is, it tried.

In Adam’s already uncomfortably-too-tight jeans.

The result of which was Adam groaning in pain, hunching over and clutching at his crotch as he staggered aimlessly through the ring-like lounge, trying desperately not to notice any of the super-sexy women who would, at this particular moment, only make things worse if they were to come on to him.

Which was a thought Adam never expected to have...

“Card...?” a voice asked, and, gasping and finding it difficult to concentrate, Adam realized he’d come up against the bar. Taking a deep breath, he very carefully straightened; the pain having dissuaded his erection, it was merely uncomfortable, rather than cock-crushingly agonizing.

“I... beg your pardon...?” he stammered, trying to gather his wits. He knew he had gotten very angry at that guy... but couldn’t quite get his mind to cough up the memory of *why*. He also seemed to remember being surprised about... something about the way he looked. What that ‘something’ was, however, he couldn’t quite recall. He was trying to do a

sort of mental inventory of his body, trying to see if anything seemed out of place, and he was just beginning to think it might have something to do with his backside, so he began to look over his shoulder...

“Look, did you want a drink or not?” the female bartender asked—pleasantly enough, but with a pointed enough edge to drag his attention back to her.

“Uh, yeah, a drink...” he muttered, struggling to get both card and menu out of a back pocket that seemed exceedingly tight. Why on earth would it be so hard to get something out of his back pocket...?

...but he could worry about that on his own time, as the bartender was still waiting with forced patience. Still feeling decidedly out-of-focus, he looked over the card and made a decision: “I’ll take the Lickable Ladyfinger Liqueur.”

Soon enough, it and the card were placed on the bar in front of him. As far as he could tell, it was simply four ladyfingers—narrow vanilla wafers covered in milk chocolate—stuck into a ‘rocks’ glass full of Tequila Rose, a strawberry cream liqueur.

“Good choice, Amanda—it tastes like Neapolitan ice cream if you use the ladyfingers to scoop the liqueur.”

“Oh, well...” he started to reply—then blinked. “Er... what did you call me?”

“Amanda—just like on your card,” she replied.

He looked down at the pink-and-black card...

“Uh, yeah... thanks...” Amanda said, feeling a little confused—wasn’t his name... shorter? Oh, well—he’d worry about that after he figured out... whatever it was he’d been thinking about before ordering this drink.

Tucking his card back into his pocket, Amanda picked up the Lickable Ladyfinger Liqueur and, following the bartender’s suggestion, did find that it tasted like Neapolitan ice cream if you ‘drank’/ate it that way...

“Enjoy it?” the bartender asked, as Amanda placed the empty glass on the bar...

...but Amanda didn’t answer—because he was too busy staring at his hand.

Well... he was too busy staring at the hand he found gracing the end of his arm, at any rate.



“Wait...” Amanda said, confusion evident in his voice, as well as discomfort—but no fear or panic, although Amanda felt there ought to be some, for some reason. “Um... my hand. It... it isn't supposed to look like this... is it?”

The bartender lightly cupped Amanda's hand in her own, eyeing the slender appendage with a critical eye.

“I don't see anything wrong with this hand,” she finally said, looking at Amanda with a ‘what am I supposed to be seeing?’ expression on her face.

“Well, but, er...” Amanda stammered—certain that there was something very, very different about this hand compared to a while ago, but unable to pin down what, exactly, was triggering that certainty. “The... the nails, perhaps?”

“Hmmm... nice and long, perfectly shaped, flawless coating of glossy, hot-pink nail polish...” she enumerated, watching Amanda carefully for the reaction.

“Yes, well—I mean, yes, it’s a lovely hand...” Amanda was forced to agree, despite his confusion and growing sense that several things about the situation were somehow... *off*, in some as-yet indefinable way.

Staring at the still-extended hand, Amanda was completely unaware of the almost wicked grin on the bartender’s face as, eyes locked on his face to gauge just how well the looks-and-tastes-like-a-cocktail magic potion was affecting the person who currently helplessly thought of himself as ‘Amanda’.

“Not just ‘lovely’... *sexy*...” she probed, carefully. “I imagine any man would be completely happy getting a handjob from such a playfully sexy hand.”

She then grinned triumphantly as, practically automatically, tone of voice completely distracted, Amanda answered: “Oh, of course. These

hands would be completely at home working a nice thick, hard cock to orgasm—no doubt about it...”

Then, forcing his sluggish mind to heel, Amanda rallied, “still, I’m sure that there’s something...”

“Hey, hey—bumped into each other sooner than expected, huh, Ad... um... I mean, Amanda...”

Train of thought derailed by the interruption, Amanda turned to see the guy he’d been ‘paired’ with standing there, a somewhat confused look on his face.

“Thank God!”, Amanda thought—somebody who knew what he’d looked like when he’d entered, and so could tell if anything looked somehow ‘different’, as Amanda’s back-brain kept trying to insist.

“Hey, I’m glad you’re here, Hank—I’ve been feeling strange, and...”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa...!” the blond interrupted, holding up a hand. “What did you just call me?”

“Er... ‘Hank?’” Amanda replied, confused.

The blond—who, come to think of it, was better looking and more expensively dressed than Amanda had initially realized—handed over his card: “Does this say ‘Hank’ on it, Amanda?”

The blond’s reaction drowning out the feeling that ‘Amanda’ was somehow too long a name, Amanda looked at what had been handed to

him: a genuine Americans Impressed Gold Card, issued to Hunk Richman.

“Oh, my god, Hunk—I’m so sorry! I must have misheard you!” Amanda stammered, blushing in mortified humiliation at having gotten the name of a Gold Card holder wrong. How could he have let this happen, Amanda couldn’t help but wonder, writhing in humiliation—after all, Gold Card holders were... were... were so *impressive*. Doubly so to Americans, such as Amanda himself—after all, America was a capitalist society that put value on wealth, and so Gold Card holders were, well... practically American royalty!

...and Amanda had gotten his name wrong.

Humiliated, desperately needing a moment to recover from his massive faux pas, Amanda of course did nothing to dissuade Hunk when he began fondling Amanda’s incredible round, girlish ass. As humiliating and disgusting as Amanda found it to have a man fondling his huge ‘bubble butt’, it was minimal repayment for Amanda’s goof. Still, to cover his extreme discomfort at Hunk’s touch, Amanda went ahead and ordered another drink...

...only to have two drinks placed on the bar in front of him as the bartender whisked Amanda’s card away.

“The other one’s from me...” Hunk said, casually, still fondling Amanda’s huge, taut ass-cheeks. It was especially humiliating, as Amanda

was discovering that, emotional disgust aside, it actually felt really, really good.

“Well, I’d just ordered my own...” Amanda said, weakly—because, after all, one did not actually say the word ‘no’ to an American Impress Gold Card holder.

“Yeah, well, I figured a drink was a fair trade for that hand down my pants...” Hunk said... only, squirming in humiliation and unwanted pleasure, Amanda did not notice that the tone of voice was strained and confused, and that Hunk’s face expressed disbelief at his own words.

The bartender—and many of the new club’s already-regular clientele—were watching the little game play out, smiling broadly at the struggle against the power of the (in the final analysis, completely harmless) magical spells still weaving themselves around the pair.

Which is how, blushing furiously, Amanda found himself standing at the bar, outthrust ass being vigorously fondled by Hunk’s left hand, his own right hand slipped down into Hunk’s trousers to gently stroke and caress Hunk’s large, slowly hardening cock... leaving Amanda’s own left hand free to handle the drinks placed before him.

Even as he reached for a drink—Hunk’s, of course—Amanda realized that he couldn’t quite pin down why what was happening was so disgusting and humiliating; a sexy hand was fondling a big, thick cock, and a strong

male hand was eagerly fondling a sexy, feminine ass. What, exactly, was causing Amanda to feel this way?

Putting the thought aside for the moment, Amanda downed the drink, which the bartender had identified as a ‘California Goldrush’; to Amanda, it seemed to be a California champagne mixed with Goldschläger. Pausing only long enough to belch out some of the cinnamon-flavored carbonation from the Goldrush, Amanda moved right on to the drink taken from his girly-girl menu of free booze: something called a ‘Blower’s Blessing’.

Amanda hadn’t any idea what type of cocktail such a name would indicate, but he figured it made sense once he’d downed it—because the pink liquid not only tasted like bubble-gum, but it turned out that there was actually one of those larger-sized candy-coated balls of bubble-gum, hiding in the bottom of the snifter. As the gumball was itself pink, Amanda hadn’t noticed it in the somewhat milky pink liquid... and so it came as a complete surprise, the large gumball actually slipping deep into the back of his throat before Amanda even knew it was there.

“Ack!” Amanda gurgled, mouth popping open into a wide ‘O’ of surprise as he began trying to get the gumball currently stuck in his throat to go in one direction of the other. Instead, the flexing of Amanda’s throat

muscles simply seemed to cause the gumball to slide back and forth, rising higher and lower in his throat.

Smiling, the bartender watched Hunk as he, in turn, watched the expression on Amanda's face as the steadily changing young man continued 'deep throating' the gumball... and, from the expression on Amanda's face, the bartender knew that the changing young man was finding himself enjoying the sensation, even as the magic kept him from consciously considering how much like the bulbous head of a cock the now pleasure-causing gumball could be considered.

Amanda, for his part, wasn't even conscious of keeping his lips open in a perfect circle—even as he was too busy feeling the guilty pleasure to notice that those open lips were themselves changing. Wide-opened eyes rolling in confused shock and startled pleasure, Amanda desperately tried to identify the strange, silky sensations that, in fact, marked his hair not only growing much longer and silkier, but shifting color steadily towards a lighter, golden shade...



Finally, confused and excited and embarrassed and aroused, Amanda pushed the gumball all the way out into his mouth... were, almost mindlessly, he began to chew on the sweet-tasting bubble-gum, unaware of just how much of his diminished mental acuity he was using up in the simple task of chewing gum.

“Um, um, uh, um...” Amanda stammered, wondering why his voice sounded so oddly high and breathy to his own ears, but more concerned with brushing hair out of his face.

Was his hair always this long? Hadn't it been a different color... sometime? ...and his face, it seemed oddly smooth to the touch of his delightfully slender, sexy hand; the curves and contours so delicate and femininely formed...

Was that normal? Was that how it was supposed to be? Amanda couldn't tell.

“Um, er—Hunk?” Amanda hazarded in his breathy, embarrassingly girlish voice. “I... I don't... feel right. I... I think we should leave...”

“Naw... we just got in!” Hunk announced, confidently. “C'mon, let's each have at least one more drink, okay?”

“Yeah, sure...” Amanda muttered—not wanting one, as the alcohol only seemed to make his confusion worse, but unable to refuse such an impressive Cardholder. All Amanda was certain of was the fact that he didn't want a second dose... er, helping of a drink he'd already had, although he couldn't have said why the thought of a second of any should cause a reflective spurt of something much like panic.

So, Amanda ordered something called a 'Heavenly Heights', while Hunk had one called, of all things, the 'Big Shot'.

Hunk's turned out, to Amanda's eyes, to be nothing but a triple scotch—whereas Amanda's own drink was a tall, slender glass of a liquid that was milky pink for the bottom third, and milky white for the rest of the glass.

They downed the drinks, and then Amanda nodded.

“Okay—now we leave,” she announced, damning her ‘Marilyn Monroe’ voice even as she marshaled enough of her scattered wits for decisive action. “Come on.”

Despite the fluttering in his gut from ordering around a Cardholder, Amanda set out with the most authoritative stride she could manage.

“Damn!” Hunk said appreciatively, following Amanda across the floor, “I don’t know how the hell you manage that in those heels, but baby, your ass is driving me insane!”

Startled by a momentary flare of horror and anger at Hunk’s sweetly unsolicited compliment, Amanda peered down at herself, trying to figure out what was noteworthy enough about her walk to garner Hunk’s delightfully raunchy attention, even if...

What the *hell?!!*



Staring down at the long, shapely legs her tight-fitting denim miniskirt revealed so delightfully, Amanda tried to figure out when and how she had ended up in such a ridiculously high pair of pink platform pumps with satin-strap cross-lacing so sexy, that just *thinking* about the swivel and sway such heels would impart to her hips and ass was enough to get her heavenly pussy all hot and wet...

Wait...

What...?

Pussy?!

“Holy shit!” Amanda stammered, one oh-so-sexy hand darting beneath the skirt to brush over the black French-cut panties covering her wet-and-ready new womanhood.

It was a ‘new’ womanhood... wasn’t it? She was a guy... or had been, before... before... before she had... well, she couldn’t quite remember.

“Something wrong, babe?” a deep voice asked, amused—and Amanda whipped her head around, feeling her silky mane of pale-gold hair float around her lovely face as she stared in shock at the massive, muscular example of manhood packed into a hand-crafted Italian suit.

“Hunk...? I... This... isn’t right...” Amanda stammered, confused, even as she found her sultry blue eyes sliding down to the wonderfully oversized bulge straining the tailored silk of his trousers. “Please, we have to... there’s something...”

She knew there was something she’d been thinking about, something important... but, in the presence of such an impressive specimen, such a wealthy mass of masculinity, a real hunk of a rich man... well, thinking about anything but the obvious desire to submit herself to such a dominant example of masculinity was, of course, extremely difficult.

“Whoa, hey, no need to panic,” Hunk replied, easily, already making her feel much better as he slipped one strong arm around her, squeezing her oh-so-squeezable ass. He leaned forward...

...and just kind of ‘hovered’ there for the couple of seconds it took Amanda to realize he was waiting for a kiss.

Which was... reasonable. So, somewhat awkwardly, she complied, doing her honest—if inexpert—best to make sure he enjoyed it. That was, after all, the important thing, because Gold Cardholders, well... they got what they wanted, of course.

The fact that she found the kiss not only incredibly enjoyable, but a sharp reminder of how much she would also enjoy sinking to her knees, eagerly ripping open those expensive pants, and oh-so-joyfully giving herself over to the task of servicing his magnificent manhood with her willing mouth...

Gasping, Amanda somehow managed to wrench her thoughts away from the oh-so-enticing fantasy... to find, while struggling with her own mind and compulsions, unsure which she should be welcoming and which she should be rejecting, Hunk had taken her card and gone and bought her another drink with it.

“I... I don’t...” Amanda struggled to articulate concerns that she, herself, wasn’t even sure existed. “Something about staying here, in the club... about drinking and, you know...”

Amanda’s blush deepened as, making a jerking motion with one fisted hand, she held it first near her open mouth... then, blushing even more

deeply, down near her crotch... and, finally, now beet-red, moving the back-and-forthing hand so that it was aimed at her spectacular, wonderfully fuckable ass...

...or was that one of the thoughts she was supposed to be fighting to keep away, rather than desperately trying to make a reality?

Considering the question, Amanda tried to explain her concerns to Hunk:

“I mean, even my name... something seems wrong with it!” she explained in her breathless, ‘Eager Sex Kitten’ voice, as she idly handed the now-empty glass back to Hunk. Without really thinking about it, one hand began to absentmindedly rub at where a pleasurable sensation of warmth was spreading through her chest.

“Oh—how so?” Hunk asked, smiling as he stared at a shirt that, in the back of her mind, Amanda noted seemed to be quite a bit tighter fitting than she remembered it being.

“It... feels like it’s too long...” Amanda admitted in shame, knowing how silly it sounded. When Hunk didn’t immediately answer, Amanda began to nervously play with her long, golden spill of silken hair, wondering why Hunk was staring so avidly at her chest like that. All things considered, it was almost unavoidable that she would glance down to follow Hunk’s gaze...



“Boobs,” Amanda said, slowly, a pretty pout of confusion on her wholly feminine face. “I have... boobs. Tits, actually—huge, round, fake-looking tits.”

“You sure do, Mandi baby!” Hunk said, big hands reaching out to fulfill their destiny of being filled with tits scaled to such a massive, rich, incredibly well-hung man...

...and Mandi recoiled, almost falling off her skyscraper heels as she stared around her in confusion, trying to pin down the series of alarms ringing in her brain. Dozens of signals screamed at her to pay attention to

notice what was so horribly, humiliatingly wrong with this situation... yet, try as she might, Mandi couldn't identify what those screaming signals were trying to warn her about. Something was certainly very, *very* 'off'... but she didn't know what!

“Leaving!” Mandi suddenly blurted out, a tremendous effort of will bringing her at least marginally back on track. “We... we were leaving!”

“Yeah, we were...” Hunk agreed, eyeing her with a lust that made her stomach flutter and her pussy twitch. Struggling to ignore the desire to simply surrender herself to the task of servicing Hunk any way he wanted, she instead wiggled, jiggled and swayed atop her wonderfully tall heels toward the door, aware of Hunk's eyes on her luscious legs and awesome ass as she led the way.

They reached the security checkpoint—and the cute guard (“I love her outfit, I wonder if I can get one just like it, but in pink...”) smiled warmly at the familiar sight of a super-horny, super-sexy hetero couple eager to get someplace where they could fuck each other's brains out (“Although it'll just be luck if I orgasm, because I'm nothing, it's all about Hunk's pleasure...”), just like all the other couples who left the club—regardless of who or what they might have been when they came in.

Of course, the guard mused, it could all change again on the next visit, which is what made it all so much fun—sooner or later, just about

everybody went through just about every possible role, given enough time...

For now, however, the guard merely waited breathlessly to see what the hot new blonde chick was going to do. The massive model of masculinity was obviously completely enveloped in his role—it wouldn't even occur to him to turn in *his* card, since he believed it implicitly.

The buxom blonde, however, was clearly still struggling—and so the outcome of the evening hung in the balance as, avidly, the guard watched Mandi swipe 'her' card to open the barrier...

...and then, as the guard's smile widened, Mandi absently began to perform the motion that would deposit her credit card into her purse.

The fact that she didn't actually have a purse wasn't important—because, as she finished stepping through the gate, card still voluntarily in her possession, the magic let out the final ripple... and Mandi tucked her card into her little clutch purse, then turned to smile at Hunk.

“Hey, lover-boy...” Mandi Pleasure purred, smoothing her pink-and-black spandex club dress over her exaggerated, sexual curves. She slipped into a provocative little pose, one hand playing with her hair as she gave him her most sultry, come-hither look. “In case you haven't noticed, I'm so very eager to... 'blow' this place in favor of someplace more... private.”

A tiny vestige of Hank, buried in the temporary identity of Hunk, knew the truth, knew who 'Mandi' had once been... but between that

body, in that pose, and those words in that tone of voice, neither Hank nor Hunk gave a damn as he eagerly accepted Mandi's sensuously explicit offer of... well, herself.

