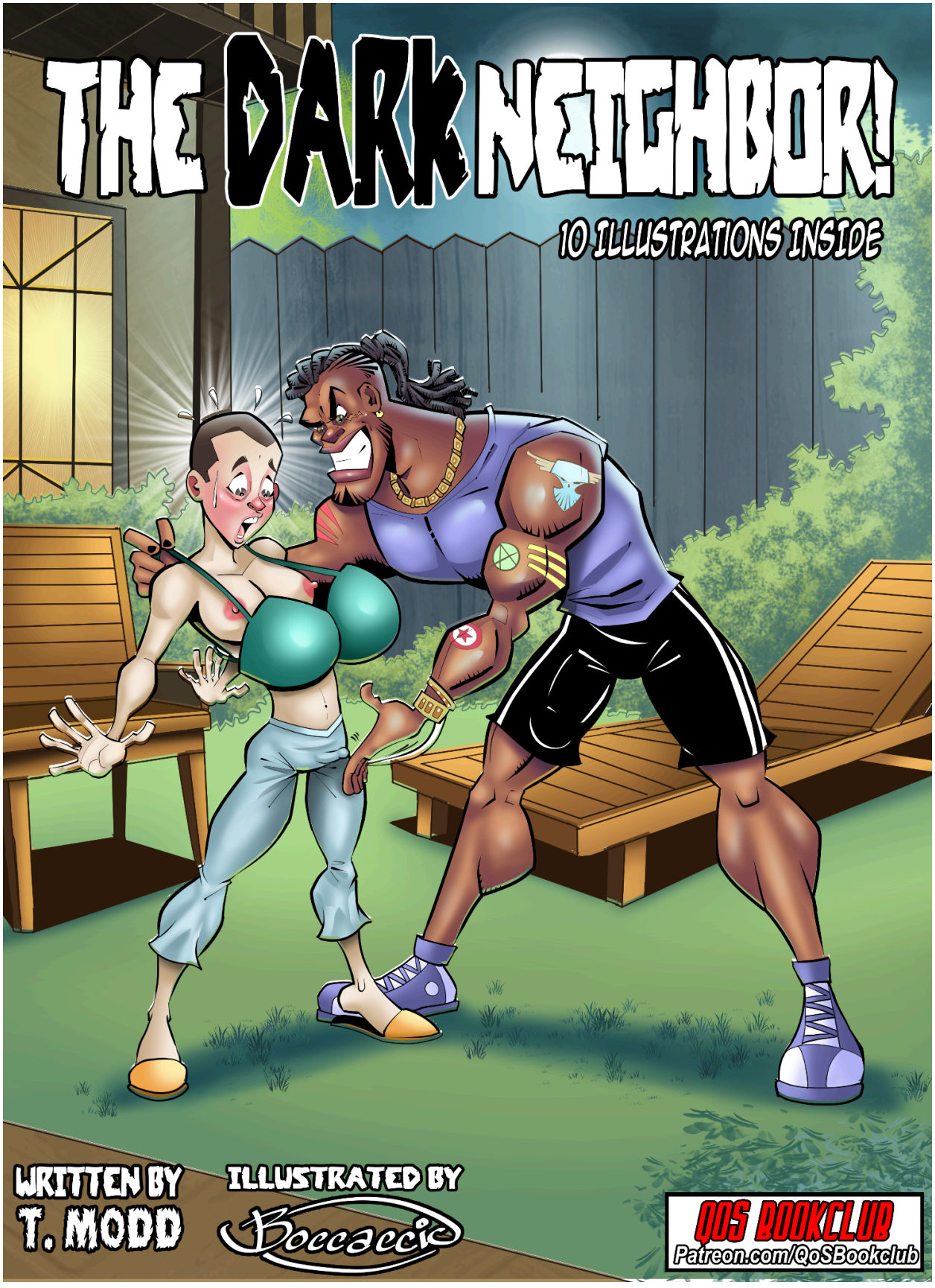
THE DARK NEIGHBOR!
10 ILLUSTRATIONS INSIDE
WRITTEN BY
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The Dark Neighbor!

By T.Modd

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Bullying is NOT OKAY and If you or someone you know is being bullied, please alert the authorities.

The Dark Neighbor!

By T.Modd

Chapter 1: The Arrival

The sun hung low in the suburban sky, casting long shadows over the manicured lawns of Willow Creek Estates. It was one of those perfect late-afternoon moments in early summer, where the air carried the faint scent of freshly cut grass and blooming jasmine. Parker Thompson pulled his modest sedan into the driveway of their new townhouse, the tires crunching softly on the gravel. At 5′4″ with a soft, unassuming body that spoke of desk jobs and skipped gym sessions, Parker was the epitome of average—his slight man boobs hidden under a loose polo shirt, his frame lacking any definition that might suggest strength or confidence. He glanced at himself in the rearview mirror, running a hand through his thinning brown hair, and sighed. This move was supposed to be a fresh start, a way to leave behind the ghosts of his past.

Lucy, his wife of five years, was already unloading boxes from the trunk. She was a vision of curvaceous allure, her white blouse straining against her ample bosom—breasts that evoked the legendary fullness of Tessa Fowler, round and firm, drawing eyes like magnets wherever she went. At 5′8″, she towered over Parker in heels, her hips swaying with a natural rhythm as she bent to lift a cardboard box labeled "Kitchen Essentials." Her long auburn hair cascaded over her shoulders, and her green eyes sparkled with the excitement of new beginnings. "Come on, honey," she called out, her

voice warm and teasing. "Don't just sit there daydreaming. We've got a house to make a home."

Parker forced a smile and stepped out, his khaki pants whispering against his thighs. He grabbed a box, feeling the familiar twinge of inadequacy as he compared his slender arms to Lucy's effortless strength. Their sex life had always been tender but infrequent; Parker's modest 4-inch penis left him self-conscious, often leading to hurried encounters where he focused more on her pleasure than his own. But Lucy loved him—or at least, that's what he told himself. She was the confident one, the marketing executive who commanded boardrooms with her sharp wit and killer figure. He was just the accountant, crunching numbers in a cubicle, grateful for her affection.

As they carried boxes inside, Parker couldn't shake a nagging sense of unease. The townhouse was pristine: open-plan living room with gleaming hardwood floors, a modern kitchen with granite countertops, and a master bedroom upstairs that overlooked a small backyard. It was everything they'd dreamed of after years in a cramped apartment. But as he set down a box in the living room, his mind wandered back to high school, unbidden memories surfacing like bubbles in a stagnant pond.

Fifteen years ago, in the dimly lit locker rooms of Eastwood High, Parker had been the target of relentless bullying. He was the short, soft kid with the high-pitched voice, easy prey

for the tougher boys. Leading the pack was Grudge—real name Darius, but everyone called him Grudge because he held onto slights like a vice. Towering at 6′3″ even then, with muscles honed from street basketball and a glare that could curdle milk, Grudge and his crew had made Parker′s life hell. After school, they′d corner him in abandoned classrooms or behind the bleachers, forcing him into "games" that stripped away his dignity piece by piece.

"Put this on, wimp," Grudge would sneer, tossing him a frilly skirt from the lost-and-found bin or a pair of girls′ panties pilfered from the cheerleaders′ lockers. Parker would protest, his voice cracking, but the threats of beatings or worse kept him compliant. They′d make him dress up, parading him around while they laughed, snapping photos on their cheap flip phones. "Look at those little tits," one of them would jeer, poking at Parker′s budding man boobs. "You′re more girl than boy, Parker." The humiliation burned deep, leaving scars that no amount of therapy could fully erase. He′d never told anyone—not his parents, not his friends, and certainly not Lucy. It was buried, or so he thought.

Shaking off the memory, Parker helped Lucy arrange furniture. She plopped down on the new couch, her breasts bouncing slightly with the motion, and patted the seat next to her. "This place is perfect, isn′t it? No more noisy neighbors or tiny closets." She leaned in, her perfume—a mix of vanilla and spice—enveloping him. Her hand rested

on his thigh, squeezing gently. "We can finally have that privacy we've been craving."

Parker nodded, his heart fluttering. That night, after unpacking most of the essentials, they christened the new bedroom. Lucy stripped slowly, her blouse slipping off to reveal a lacy black bra that cradled her massive breasts like treasures. She was insatiable, guiding Parker's hands to her curves, moaning softly as he kissed her neck. But when it came time for him to perform, he felt the familiar anxiety creep in. His small erection pressed against her thigh, and though she whispered encouragements—"You're perfect for me, baby"—he climaxed too soon, leaving her to finish herself with a vibrator from the nightstand. Parker lay there afterward, staring at the ceiling, feeling like a failure. Lucy cuddled up to him, her heavy breasts pressing against his side, oblivious to his inner turmoil.

The next morning dawned bright and clear. Parker sipped coffee at the kitchen island, watching Lucy prepare breakfast in yoga pants that hugged her round ass and a tank top that did little to contain her cleavage. She hummed a tune, her hips swaying as she flipped eggs. "I think we should host a barbecue soon," she said. "Get to know the neighbors. Make some friends."

Parker murmured agreement, but his mind was elsewhere. As he stepped out to grab the newspaper from the porch, he heard the rumble of a large truck. A moving van backed into

the driveway next door, its engine growling like a beast. Movers hopped out, unloading furniture with efficient grunts. Parker froze when he saw the new owner directing them—a tall, imposing black man in baggy jeans, a black tank top that showcased his ripped physique, and gold chains glinting in the sun. Tattoos snaked up his arms, depicting urban motifs and cryptic symbols. His dreadlocks were tied back, and his face—hardened by years on the streets—bore a scar above his left eye.

The man turned, locking eyes with Parker across the shared fence. A slow, knowing smirk spread across his lips. Parker's blood ran cold. It was him. Grudge. Older, bulkier, but unmistakable. The bully from his nightmares, now rebranded as GrudgeD—probably some street alias turned business moniker. Parker ducked back inside, his heart pounding. "Just the new neighbor," he muttered to himself, trying to steady his breathing.

Lucy poked her head out. "Oh, someone's moving in? That's exciting. We should introduce ourselves." She waved cheerfully as GrudgeD glanced their way again, but Parker pulled her back gently. "Later, maybe. Let's finish unpacking first."

Throughout the day, Parker stole glances through the windows. GrudgeD moved with predatory grace, barking orders at the movers while unloading boxes labeled with tech gear and gym equipment. He seemed prosperous

now—perhaps he'd turned his street smarts into a legitimate hustle, maybe in music production or online entrepreneurship. But the way he carried himself screamed thug life: the low-slung pants, the diamond-studded watch, the aura of untouchable confidence.

As evening fell, Parker and Lucy sat on their back patio, sipping wine. The thin walls of the townhouse complex meant sounds carried easily—laughter from distant yards, the hum of air conditioners. Parker tensed when he heard GrudgeD's deep voice next door, talking on the phone. "Yeah, man, this spot's prime. Quiet, but close to the action. Got some old faces around here too." A chuckle followed, low and menacing.

Parker's mind raced. Did GrudgeD recognize him? It had been fifteen years; maybe not. But that smirk earlier... it felt personal. He excused himself to the bathroom, splashing water on his face. Staring at his reflection—pale skin, soft features, the slight puffiness around his chest—he felt vulnerable. His penis twitched involuntarily at the flood of memories, a confusing mix of fear and something darker, more forbidden.

That night, as Lucy slept soundly beside him, her breasts rising and falling with each breath, Parker lay awake. He heard faint music from next door—bass-heavy hip-hop tracks that vibrated through the walls. And then, a whisper of conversation, too muffled to make out, but enough to

unsettle him. GrudgeD was plotting something; Parker could feel it in his bones.

The following days blurred into a routine of settling in. Parker commuted to his office job, burying himself in spreadsheets to distract from the anxiety. Lucy flourished, decorating the house with feminine touches—floral curtains, plush throw pillows—and networking with neighbors. She mentioned GrudgeD in passing: "Our new neighbor seems nice. Said his name's GrudgeD, like a rapper or something. Invited us over for a drink sometime."

Parker feigned interest, but inside, dread coiled like a snake. One afternoon, returning home early, he found a note in their mailbox. It was a plain envelope, no address. Inside, a printed photo: a grainy image from high school, Parker in a makeshift dress, his face twisted in shame. Scrawled on the back: "Welcome to the neighborhood, old friend. Remember me?"

Parker's hands shook as he tore it up, glancing around to ensure no one saw. He stuffed the pieces in the trash, but the damage was done. The past wasn't buried; it had moved in next door.

As the week progressed, the torments were subtle, almost deniable. A package arrived at Parker's door by "mistake"—women's lingerie catalogs addressed to a "Ms. Parker Thompson." He intercepted it before Lucy saw, his cheeks burning. Then, anonymous texts pinged his phone:

short clips of old videos, Parker's youthful humiliation looped endlessly. He blocked the numbers, but new ones appeared.

GrudgeD kept his distance publicly, waving politely when their paths crossed. But Parker caught him watching—through windows, over fences—with that same predatory smirk. Lucy remained oblivious, her busty figure turning heads at the community pool, where GrudgeD also lounged, his chiseled abs glistening with oil. "He's got that bad boy vibe," she joked once, fanning herself. Parker laughed it off, but jealousy gnawed at him.

One evening, as they prepared dinner, Lucy bent over to grab a pan, her tight jeans accentuating her curves. Parker approached from behind, his hands tentatively on her hips. "You look amazing," he murmured, pressing his small erection against her. She giggled, turning to kiss him deeply. Their lovemaking that night was passionate; Lucy rode him slowly, her breasts swaying hypnotically above his face.


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He buried his mouth in them, sucking on her nipples—hard and pink like ripe berries—while she moaned his name. But even in ecstasy, Parker's mind flashed to GrudgeD, imagining the bully's large hands on her instead. He came quickly, collapsing in shame.

Later, alone in the shower, Parker let the water cascade over his soft body. He cupped his slight man boobs, pinching them experimentally, a wave of illicit arousal washing over him. Why did the memories excite him? He dried off quickly, pushing the thoughts away.

The chapter's turning point came on a quiet Saturday. Parker was mowing the lawn, sweat soaking his shirt, when GrudgeD sauntered over. Up close, he was even more intimidating—broad shoulders, veins bulging on his

forearms, a scent of cologne mixed with cigar smoke. "Hey, neighbor," GrudgeD said, his voice a deep rumble. "Parker, right? Long time no see."

Parker stiffened, the mower idling. "Do I know you?"

GrudgeD laughed, a sound like thunder. "Come on, man. Eastwood High? The good old days." He leaned in closer, his breath hot on Parker's ear. "You haven't changed much. Still got that cute little figure."

Parker's face flushed. "That was a long time ago. I'm married now. Happy."

GrudgeD glanced toward the house, where Lucy was visible through the window, her breasts straining against a sundress as she arranged flowers. "Yeah, I see that. Fine woman. You did good." His eyes lingered too long, then snapped back to Parker. "But memories like ours... they don't fade. Maybe we can catch up sometime. Privately."

He walked away, leaving Parker trembling. That night, as Lucy slept, Parker crept downstairs. He rifled through her drawer, his fingers brushing silk panties. He didn't take anything—not yet—but the temptation lingered, a seed planted by GrudgeD's return.

The normalcy Parker had built was cracking, shadows creeping in from next door. And GrudgeD? He was just getting started, his plan to crush Parker's spirit unfolding like a slow-burning fuse.

Chapter 2: Neighborly Encounters

The barbecue invitation came on a Friday afternoon, slipped into their mailbox in a cream-colored envelope with neat handwriting: “Welcome to Willow Creek — Neighborhood Get-Together, Saturday 4 PM, Community Courtyard. Bring a side dish if you like. See you there!”

Lucy clapped her hands together when she read it. “This is perfect. We’ll finally meet everyone properly.” She was already mentally cataloguing what to wear—something summery that would show off her figure without being too obvious. Parker watched her excitement with a sinking feeling in his stomach. He had spent the week jumping at shadows, deleting anonymous texts the moment they arrived, double-checking every window lock. The torn photograph from the mailbox still haunted him; he kept the pieces hidden in an old sock drawer like contraband.

Saturday arrived hot and golden. Parker stood in front of the bathroom mirror, tugging at the collar of his light-blue button-down. The shirt was one size too big, chosen specifically to hide the soft swell of his chest. He smoothed his hands down the front, trying to flatten what couldn’t be flattened. Lucy appeared behind him in the reflection, already dressed in a sleeveless white sundress that hugged

her waist and flared at the hips. The neckline dipped just low enough to display the upper curves of her breasts—full, pale, and impossibly round. A thin gold chain rested in the deep valley between them.

"You look nervous," she said, sliding her arms around his waist from behind. Her breasts pressed warmly against his back. "It's just a barbecue, honey. Relax."

"I'm fine," he lied. "Just… new people."

She kissed the side of his neck. "You'll be great. And if anyone's rude, I'll flash them and we'll run." She laughed, the sound bright and easy. Parker managed a weak smile.

They walked the short distance to the courtyard carrying a tray of deviled eggs Lucy had spent the morning perfecting. The smell of charcoal and grilled meat drifted toward them. Tables were set up under string lights, kids chased each other across the grass, and clusters of adults held plastic cups of beer and lemonade. Music played softly from a Bluetooth speaker—classic rock, nothing too aggressive.

Parker scanned the crowd immediately, searching for one face in particular.

There he was.

GrudgeD stood near the grill, a black apron tied around his waist, flipping burgers with the casual authority of someone who owned every inch of space he occupied. He wore dark

jeans slung low on narrow hips and a fitted gray tank top that left his thick arms and shoulders bare. Sweat glistened along his collarbone and the deep grooves of his biceps. Gold chains caught the sunlight every time he moved. A small knot of people—mostly men—stood around him, laughing at something he'd said.

Lucy noticed him too. "That's the guy next door, right? GrudgeD?"

Parker's throat tightened. "Yeah."

"He looks like he could bench-press both of us," she murmured, half amused, half admiring. She adjusted the neckline of her dress unconsciously, making her cleavage shift enticingly.

They approached the food table to set down the eggs. GrudgeD turned at exactly the right moment, as though he'd been waiting for them. His eyes slid over Lucy first—slow, appreciative—before settling on Parker. The corner of his mouth lifted.

"Well, damn," he said, voice low and rich. "If it ain't the Thompsons."

Lucy smiled brightly and extended her hand. "Hi! I'm Lucy. This is my husband, Parker. We're right next door."

GrudgeD wiped his hands on the apron and engulfed her hand in his much larger one. He held it a beat longer than

necessary. “Pleasure, Lucy. Heard good things already.” His gaze flicked down briefly, then back up to her face. “Real good things.”

Parker felt heat crawl up his neck. He forced himself to step forward and offer his own hand.

GrudgeD took it. His grip was iron—deliberate, unhurried. Parker’s small fingers disappeared inside the other man’s palm. For a moment he thought GrudgeD might crush the bones just to remind him who was in charge. Instead the big man leaned in slightly, speaking so only Parker could hear.

“Fifteen years, huh? You filled out a little. Not much, though.”

Parker’s knees threatened to buckle. He yanked his hand back too quickly. Lucy didn’t notice; she was already chatting with a woman holding a toddler.

GrudgeD turned back to the grill, but not before giving Parker one last look—amused, predatory, patient.

The afternoon dragged.

Parker stayed close to the drink table, nursing a lukewarm beer and watching Lucy move through the crowd like she belonged there. She laughed easily, tossed her hair, let people hug her. Every time she leaned forward to speak to someone seated, her breasts threatened to spill out of the dress. Men noticed. Women noticed. Parker noticed how often their eyes lingered.

GrudgeD noticed too.

At one point Parker saw him approach Lucy near the dessert table. He said something that made her throw her head back and laugh—genuine, delighted. GrudgeD's hand brushed her bare arm as he gestured, the touch light but unmistakable. Parker's stomach twisted into a cold knot.

He turned away, only to find himself face-to-face with Mrs. Callahan from two doors down, who immediately launched into a story about her rose bushes. He nodded mechanically, barely hearing her.

Eventually the sun began to dip and people started drifting home. Lucy found him by the drink table, cheeks flushed from sun and wine.

"That was fun," she said, looping her arm through his. "Everyone's so nice. GrudgeD's actually really funny. Did you talk to him much?"

"Not really," Parker muttered.

"He asked about you. Said you two went to the same high school. Small world, huh?"

Parker's pulse hammered in his ears. "Yeah. Small."

They walked home in the fading light. Lucy hummed softly, swinging their linked hands. Parker kept his eyes on the

sidewalk, trying to ignore the way his skin still remembered the pressure of GrudgeD's grip.

That night he barely slept.

Around two in the morning he slipped out of bed, careful not to wake Lucy. Her breathing was slow and even; one arm was flung across the pillow, the sheet slipped down to reveal the upper swell of her left breast, pale in the moonlight. He stared at her for a long moment, guilt and longing tangling inside him, then padded downstairs.

He opened the mailbox out of habit, even though he knew nothing should be there this late.

There was something.

A small padded envelope, unmarked.

His hands shook as he carried it inside and locked the door behind him. He sat at the kitchen island and tore it open.

Inside was a single Polaroid-style printout on glossy photo paper.

Him. Seventeen years old. Standing in the abandoned art room after school. Wearing a navy pleated skirt that was too short, a white blouse tied under his ribs, and a pair of mismatched thigh-highs. His face was bright red, eyes glassy with unshed tears. One hand was raised as though to cover himself; the other clutched the hem of the skirt.

Across the bottom, in thick black marker:

“Still got those legs, shorty. Welcome home.”

Parker’s breath caught. He stared at the image until it blurred.

He didn’t hear GrudgeD’s back door open next door, didn’t see the tall shadow step onto the patio and light a cigar. Didn’t see the cherry glow brighten as the big man inhaled and watched the lit kitchen window with patient eyes.

The next morning Parker woke to Lucy already in the shower. He lay still, listening to the water, trying to convince himself the photo was a prank, a coincidence, anything but what it was.

When Lucy emerged wrapped in a towel, hair dripping, she kissed his forehead. “You okay? You tossed and turned all night.”

“Just… weird dreams,” he said.

She studied him a moment, then smiled. “Well, shake it off. We’re going to tackle the garage today. You promised.”

They spent the morning hauling boxes, sorting tools, hanging bikes on the wall rack. Around noon Lucy’s phone buzzed. She glanced at it and laughed.

“What?” Parker asked.

“It’s GrudgeD. He’s asking if we have a cordless drill he can borrow. Says his is dead and he needs to hang some shelves.”

Parker’s mouth went dry. “Tell him we don’t have one.”

“We do have one,” she said, puzzled. “It’s in the red toolbox. I’ll take it over.”

“I’ll do it,” he said quickly. Too quickly.

Lucy raised an eyebrow but shrugged. “Okay, Mr. Helpful. I’m going to run to the store for more packing tape anyway.”

She left ten minutes later, humming, hips swaying in cutoff denim shorts.

Parker stood in the garage holding the drill like it was a live grenade. He considered pretending he couldn’t find it. Considered texting GrudgeD to say they didn’t have one after all.

Instead he walked next door.

GrudgeD answered on the second knock, shirtless, a sheen of sweat on his dark skin. The house smelled of fresh paint and weed. Music thumped low in the background—slow trap beat.

“’Sup, shorty,” GrudgeD said, leaning against the doorframe so his bulk blocked most of the entry. “Drill?”

Parker held it out wordlessly.

GrudgeD took it, fingers brushing Parker's. He didn't step aside.

"Come in for a sec," he said. Not a question.

Parker's legs moved before his brain could stop them.

The living room was sparsely furnished: black leather couch, massive TV, weight bench in the corner stacked with plates. A half-assembled shelf unit leaned against the wall.

GrudgeD set the drill down and turned to face him. Up close he smelled like cedar cologne and clean sweat. He towered over Parker, forcing him to tilt his head back.

"You been jumpy," GrudgeD observed. "Why's that?"

"I'm not—"

"Don't lie to me, Parker." The voice dropped lower. "You know exactly why."

Parker swallowed. "I have a wife. A life. Whatever happened back then… it's over."

GrudgeD stepped closer. Parker backed up until his shoulders hit the wall.

"Over?" GrudgeD repeated softly. He reached out, slow enough that Parker could have dodged. Instead he froze as thick fingers traced the soft curve under his left pec—right over the slight swell he tried so hard to hide.

“Still soft here,” GrudgeD murmured. “Still sensitive, I bet.”

Parker’s breath hitched. Shame and something hotter curled low in his belly.

GrudgeD’s hand dropped. “I ain’t tryna ruin your little white-picket life. Not yet.” He smiled, slow and dangerous. “But you owe me some time. Old debts. You remember how we used to settle up after school?”

Parker’s voice cracked. “I’m not that kid anymore.”

“You sure?” GrudgeD tilted his head. “’Cause from where I’m standing, you still look like the same scared little bitch who used to cry when we made him wear panties.”

Parker flinched.

GrudgeD stepped back, casual again. “Thanks for the drill. Tell Lucy I said hi. Tell her she looked real good in that sundress yesterday. Real good.”

Parker stumbled out of the house, pulse roaring in his ears.

He didn’t tell Lucy.

That night she came home with groceries and a bottle of rosé. They cooked together—chicken and vegetables, nothing fancy. She kept touching him—brushing his arm, leaning against him while chopping, pressing her breasts to his back when she reached past him for spices. Later, on the

couch, she straddled his lap and kissed him slow and deep, grinding against the small, insistent hardness in his jeans.

He tried to lose himself in her. In the weight of her breasts in his palms, in the way she sighed when he sucked on her nipples through the thin cotton of her tank top. But every time he closed his eyes he saw GrudgeD's smirk, felt the ghost of those thick fingers pressing against his chest.

When Lucy slid down to take him in her mouth he came almost immediately—embarrassingly fast—spilling across her tongue while she hummed in surprise.

She laughed softly afterward, wiping her lips. "Someone was eager tonight."

Parker buried his face in her neck, hiding the burning humiliation.

Later, after she fell asleep, he crept downstairs again.

He opened Lucy's lingerie drawer for the first time since they moved in.

The bras were neatly folded—black lace, nude satin, one emerald-green with delicate embroidery. He lifted the green one, feeling the underwire, imagining how it must cradle and lift her heavy breasts. His fingers trembled.

He didn't take anything.

Not yet.

But he stood there a long time, breathing in the faint scent of her perfume that clung to the fabric, heart hammering with guilt and something far darker.

Outside, next door, a cigar cherry glowed once more on the patio.

GrudgeD exhaled smoke into the night air and smiled.

Chapter 3: Whispers in the Dark

The house was quiet after midnight, the kind of quiet that pressed against the eardrums and made every small sound feel criminal. Parker lay on his back in the king bed, eyes wide open, staring at the faint blue glow of the ceiling fan light that Lucy always left on "just in case." Beside him she slept deeply, one arm flung across his waist, her heavy breasts rising and falling against his ribcage in slow, warm waves. The thin cotton of her sleep tank had ridden up during the night; he could feel the satin edge of her bra cup brushing his skin every time she exhaled.

He should have been asleep. He should have been exhausted. Instead his heart kept thudding in irregular bursts, each beat reminding him of the Polaroid still hidden inside the lining of an old suitcase in the attic—creased, glossy, damning.

He waited until the digital clock on the nightstand flipped to 1:47 a.m. Then he carefully lifted Lucy's arm, slid out from

under her, and padded barefoot down the hallway. The hardwood was cold against his soles. He didn't turn on any lights. Moonlight coming through the living-room blinds was enough to navigate by.

He sat at the kitchen island in the dark and opened his phone.

Three new messages from an unknown number.

The first was a ten-second video clip. Grainy, shot on a phone from years ago. Teenage Parker, knees locked, skirt hiked, hands trying to cover the front of pink cotton panties while GrudgeD's laugh rumbled off-camera like distant thunder. The clip looped the moment Parker's face crumpled into humiliated tears. No sound—just the silent, repeating shame.

The second message was text only:

Still got that pretty cry face. Bet you still get hard thinking about it.

The third was a single photo: a screenshot of Parker's own browser history from two nights earlier. The search terms were highlighted in red:

"how to delete old videos permanently"

"anonymous blackmail what to do"

"silicone breast forms men discreet shipping"

Parker’s stomach lurched. He hadn’t even cleared the cache.

He deleted the thread, blocked the number, then immediately received the same three items from a different number. Same messages. Same screenshot.

He turned the phone face-down on the granite and pressed his forehead to the cold surface. His breathing came in shallow sips. The room smelled faintly of Lucy’s vanilla body lotion and the lingering char of the chicken they’d grilled earlier. Ordinary smells. Safe smells. They felt mocking now.

He didn’t go back to bed.

Instead he crept upstairs to the guest room they still used as a storage space. He found the suitcase, unzipped the lining with trembling fingers, and pulled out the Polaroid. In the moonlight the colors looked sickly—his own pale thighs, the too-short hem, the shiny fear in his eyes. He stared at it until his vision blurred, then folded it smaller and smaller until it was a tight square no bigger than a postage stamp. He shoved it into the toe of an old running shoe he never wore anymore.

When he finally crawled back under the covers Lucy stirred, mumbling something incoherent, and rolled toward him. Her breasts pillowed against his chest; one nipple, half-hard from the cool air, dragged across his skin through the fabric. He froze, terrified she would wake and feel how clammy he was, how fast his pulse hammered.

She didn’t wake.

He lay there until dawn, listening to the slow creak of the house settling, wondering if GrudgeD was awake next door. Wondering if he was watching the lit guest-room window from his patio. Wondering if he was smiling.

Monday morning Parker drove to work with the windows up and the radio off. He kept glancing in the rearview mirror, half expecting to see GrudgeD’s black SUV behind him. Nothing. Just normal traffic. Normal people going to normal jobs.

At the office he sat through two back-to-back Zoom meetings without hearing a word. His cursor hovered uselessly over spreadsheets. Every time his phone buzzed in his pocket he flinched. By lunch he had received seven more messages—different numbers, same content. Variations on a theme: old photos, looped clips, screenshots of his search history, one particularly cruel close-up of his teenage face mid-sob with the caption:

Still makes you leak, don’t it?

He spent his lunch break in the handicapped stall of the third-floor bathroom, phone in one hand, cock in the other. He hated himself for it. Hated the way his small dick stiffened the second the video started playing. Hated the way he came in four weak spurts across his knuckles while staring at his own crying face from fifteen years ago. He

cleaned up with wads of toilet paper, flushed twice, and washed his hands until they stung.

When he got home that evening Lucy was in the kitchen wearing yoga pants and a cropped hoodie. The hoodie rode up every time she reached for something, exposing the smooth curve of her lower back and the black waistband of her thong. Her breasts pushed against the thin fabric; he could see the faint outline of her areolas when she turned sideways.

She kissed him hello—soft, lingering, tasting of the strawberry gum she chewed when she worked from home.

“You’re tense,” she said, rubbing the knot between his shoulder blades. “Bad day?”

“Long,” he managed.

She studied him a moment, then smiled. “Come help me with dinner. Then I’ll give you a massage. Deal?”

He nodded mutely.

They cooked side by side. She kept brushing against him—hip to hip, breast to arm—casual intimacy that used to make him feel lucky. Now every touch felt like evidence he didn’t deserve.

After they ate she led him upstairs.

“Shirt off,” she ordered playfully, patting the bed.

He obeyed.

She straddled his lower back, poured oil into her palms, and began working the muscles along his spine. Her hands were strong; her weight comforting. Every few strokes her breasts would drag across his skin, warm and heavy, the nipples hardening as they brushed him. He tried to focus on the sensation, tried to let it erase the day.

It didn't.

Halfway through the massage his phone buzzed on the nightstand.

Lucy reached for it out of habit. "Probably work again—"

"Don't!" The word tore out of him sharper than he intended.

She froze. Her hands stilled on his back.

Parker's heart slammed against his ribs. "Sorry. I just… it's nothing. Spam."

She set the phone back down without looking at the screen. But the mood had shifted. She finished the massage in silence, then kissed the back of his neck and slid off him.

"I'm going to take a shower," she said quietly.

When the bathroom door closed Parker grabbed the phone.

New message. No number.

Video this time. Longer. Thirty-two seconds.

It was him—current him—leaving GrudgeD's house two days ago with the cordless drill. Shot from across the street, zoomed in tight enough to catch the sweat on his upper lip, the way his shoulders hunched like he was trying to disappear. Then the clip cut to a split-screen: teenage Parker in the skirt on one side, adult Parker walking away from GrudgeD's door on the other.

Text underneath:

Same scared walk. Same scared face.

You still owe me time, shorty.

Tonight. 1 a.m. Back patio. Bring the green bra from her drawer.

Don't make me come get it.

Parker stared at the screen until it went dark.

He waited until Lucy was asleep again—deep, trusting sleep—then slipped downstairs. He stood in front of her lingerie drawer for almost five minutes before he could make himself open it.

The green bra was on top. Beautiful, expensive, the kind of thing she wore when she wanted to feel sexy. Underwire that lifted her full breasts into perfect roundness, lace that barely

covered the areolas, satin straps that always left faint red lines on her shoulders after she took it off.

He lifted it with two fingers, as though it might burn him.

It smelled like her—vanilla, skin, the faintest trace of her perfume.

He carried it upstairs like stolen contraband, tucked it inside his waistband under his shirt, and waited until 12:55.

At 12:58 he stepped onto their small back patio.

The night air was cool. Crickets sang in the bushes. Next door, GrudgeD's patio light was off. The sliding glass door was open six inches.

Parker stood frozen for a full minute.

Then the door slid wider.

GrudgeD stepped out barefoot, wearing only black basketball shorts. No shirt. The moonlight carved deep shadows across his chest and abs. He looked like he'd been carved from obsidian and polished with oil.

He didn't speak at first. Just watched Parker with that slow, amused predator stare.

Parker's voice cracked when he finally spoke. "I brought it."

GrudgeD extended his hand.

Parker pulled the bra from under his shirt. The satin caught on his skin for a second before it slipped free. He dropped it into GrudgeD's palm.

GrudgeD turned it over slowly, inspecting the cups, running a thick thumb along the lace.

"Nice. Real nice." He looked up. "You ever wonder what she looks like wearing it?"

Parker's throat closed.

GrudgeD stepped closer. Close enough that Parker could smell the faint weed and cedar on his skin.

"Put your hands behind your back."

Parker obeyed before he could think.

GrudgeD reached out, slow, deliberate, and hooked two fingers under the waistband of Parker's sleep pants. He tugged them down just far enough to expose the elastic of Parker's plain gray briefs.

"Still wearing tighty-whities like a little boy," GrudgeD murmured. "Some things never change."

He let the waistband snap back against Parker's stomach—sharp, humiliating sting.

Then he lifted the green bra and draped it over Parker's shoulders so the cups sat against his slight chest swell, straps hanging down his back like broken wings.


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“Hold still.”

Parker did.

GrudgeD stepped behind him, reached around, and fastened the clasp between Parker’s shoulder blades. The bra was too big—meant for Lucy’s heavy DDDs, not Parker’s soft handfuls—but the underwire still pressed into his ribs, the cups sagged empty against his sternum.

GrudgeD tugged the straps up over Parker’s shoulders and adjusted them.

“There,” he said softly. “Now you match her a little.”

Parker’s face burned. His cock—traitorous, shameful—began to thicken inside his briefs.

GrudgeD noticed.

He reached down and palmed Parker through the cotton. Just one slow, firm squeeze.

“Still gets you hard, huh?” he whispered against Parker’s ear. “Fifteen years and you still leak when I dress you up.”

Parker whimpered—small, broken sound.

GrudgeD released him and stepped back.

“Take it off. Fold it nice. Put it back where you got it. Then go to bed.”

Parker’s hands shook so badly he fumbled the clasp three times before it came undone.

GrudgeD watched the whole time, arms crossed, expression unreadable.

When the bra was folded and clutched against Parker’s chest, GrudgeD finally spoke again.

“Tomorrow night. Same time. Bring the black lace thong she wore Saturday. The one with the little bow on the front.”

Parker’s voice was barely audible. “I can’t keep doing this.”

“You already are,” GrudgeD said simply. “And you will. Because if you don’t…” He let the sentence hang. Then: “I’ll show her the videos. All of them. Starting with the new one I shot tonight.”

Parker’s knees nearly buckled.

GrudgeD smiled—slow, satisfied.

“Night, shorty.”

He turned and disappeared back inside.

Parker stood there another minute, bra pressed to his chest, erection throbbing uselessly against his thigh, tears stinging his eyes.

Then he crept back into his own house, replaced the bra exactly where he'd found it, and crawled into bed beside his sleeping wife.

Lucy shifted in her sleep, murmured his name, and curled into him.

He lay awake until sunrise, feeling the ghost of lace against his skin, listening to the slow, even sound of her breathing, and wondering how long he could keep the truth from poisoning everything.

Chapter 4: Borrowed Secrets

The days after the patio encounter blurred into a feverish haze for Parker. Every ordinary moment felt laced with threat: the chirp of his phone notification, the creak of the floorboards, the soft click of Lucy's heels on the stairs when she came home from work. He had started checking the windows before he opened the curtains each morning, half expecting to see GrudgeD's silhouette framed against the morning light, arms crossed, waiting.

He told himself it would stop. That GrudgeD would grow bored. That one night of forced humiliation—the green bra draped over his narrow shoulders, the mocking squeeze of a palm against his traitorous erection—was enough to satisfy whatever grudge still burned after fifteen years.

He was wrong.

The next message arrived at 3:17 p.m. on a Wednesday while Parker was sitting in his cubicle pretending to review quarterly expense reports.

Unknown number. No preview text. Just a video thumbnail: a still frame of Parker's own back patio from the night before, timestamped 1:03 a.m., his pale legs visible in the moonlight, green satin cups sagging against his chest.

He opened it with shaking thumbs, volume muted, screen angled toward his body so the guy in the next cubicle couldn't see.

The clip was short—fifteen seconds—but devastating.

It showed everything: GrudgeD stepping out, the bra being fastened, the slow tug of Parker's waistband, the single humiliating squeeze. The camera had been positioned somewhere high—probably the second-floor window of GrudgeD's townhouse. The angle caught Parker's face clearly: flushed, eyes glassy, mouth parted in a silent gasp.

The video ended with text overlaid in stark white letters:

You kept the appointment. Good boy.

Now earn the delete.

Tonight. 1 a.m. Patio again.

Bring me one of her bras. The lacy black one she wore under the red blouse last Friday.

The one that makes her tits look like they're begging to be freed.

Don't make me ask twice.

Parker's stomach dropped so fast he tasted bile. He locked his phone, shoved it into his desk drawer, and spent the next forty minutes breathing into his cupped hands, trying not to hyperventilate.

He knew exactly which bra GrudgeD meant.

Last Friday Lucy had come home late from a client dinner. She'd worn the red silk blouse that always made her cleavage look obscene—deep V-neck, thin enough that the black lace bra underneath showed through when the light hit it just right. Parker had watched her undress in the bedroom, mesmerized as always by the way the bra cradled her heavy breasts, the underwire creating perfect round swells, the lace cups barely containing her nipples. She'd caught him staring and laughed, cupping herself playfully before slipping into an old T-shirt for bed.

He hadn't touched her that night. He'd lain awake instead, hard and aching, replaying the image until he finally gave in and jerked off into a tissue while she slept.

Now that same bra was being demanded as tribute.

When he got home Lucy was already in the kitchen, barefoot, wearing high-waisted jeans and a cropped white tank that

left a generous strip of midriff bare. Her breasts bounced softly as she chopped vegetables; the lack of a bra was obvious, the faint outline of her nipples pressing against the cotton every time she moved.

“Hey, stranger,” she said, smiling over her shoulder. “You’re early.”

“Slow day,” he lied. His voice sounded thin.

She turned fully, wiping her hands on a dish towel. The motion made her breasts sway. “You okay? You look… pale.”

“Just tired.” He forced a smile. “Long week.”

She crossed the kitchen and kissed him—soft, familiar, tasting faintly of the mint she’d been chewing. Her breasts brushed his chest; he felt the warmth of them through both their shirts and had to fight the urge to pull away.

“Dinner in thirty,” she said. “Then maybe we can watch something dirty and fool around.” She winked, playful, oblivious.

Parker nodded mutely.

The evening crawled.

They ate. They cleared dishes. They sat on the couch and watched half an episode of some true-crime docuseries before Lucy yawned and stretched, arms overhead, breasts lifting dramatically under the tank top.

“I’m going to shower,” she announced. “Join me if you want.”

Parker shook his head. “I’ll clean up down here.”

She disappeared upstairs. He heard the water start.

The second the bathroom door clicked shut he moved.

He climbed the stairs quietly, heart hammering so loud he was sure she’d hear it over the shower. Their bedroom door was ajar. He slipped inside.

Her clothes from the day were in a careless pile on the armchair. The red blouse lay on top, still carrying the faint scent of her perfume. Underneath it—the black lace bra.

He lifted it with reverent, trembling fingers.

It was heavier than he expected. The cups were structured, padded just enough to enhance what was already generous. The lace was intricate—delicate floral patterns that would show through thinner tops. The tag inside read 34DDD. He knew the size by heart; he’d bought her lingerie for anniversaries, always lingering over the racks, imagining how the pieces would look on her.

Now he was stealing one.

He pressed the bra to his face for a single guilty second, inhaling the mix of her skin, her perfume, the faint musk of a long day. Then he folded it quickly, tucked it inside his

hoodie pocket, and retreated downstairs just as the shower shut off.

Lucy came down ten minutes later wrapped in a towel, hair dripping, skin flushed from the heat. Her breasts pushed against the terrycloth; a single bead of water rolled down the valley between them and disappeared.

“You sure you don’t want to come up?” she asked, voice low and teasing. “I’m feeling generous tonight.”

Parker’s cock twitched despite the panic clawing his chest. “I… I have a headache,” he said. The lie tasted sour.

She pouted playfully. “Poor baby. Rain check?”

“Rain check,” he echoed.

She kissed his forehead and went back upstairs to dress for bed.

Parker waited until 12:50 a.m.

Then he slipped out the back door again.

The night was cooler tonight; goosebumps rose on his arms as soon as he stepped onto the patio. GrudgeD’s sliding door was already open.

He stepped inside without knocking.

The living room was dimly lit by a single floor lamp. GrudgeD sat on the black leather couch, legs spread wide,

wearing only gray sweatpants that did nothing to hide the thick outline of his cock against his thigh. No shirt. His chest gleamed faintly—either sweat or oil, Parker couldn't tell. A blunt smoldered in an ashtray beside him; the sweet, skunky scent hung heavy in the air.

"Close the door," GrudgeD said without looking up.

Parker obeyed. The click sounded final.

GrudgeD finally lifted his eyes. "Show me."

Parker pulled the bra from his hoodie pocket and held it out.

GrudgeD took it, turned it over slowly. He ran his thumb along the inside of one cup, right where Lucy's nipple would rest.

"Smells like her," he murmured. "Sweet. Expensive." He looked up. "You sniff it before you brought it?"

Parker's face flamed. He didn't answer.

GrudgeD chuckled. "Thought so."

He stood. Towered. Closed the distance in two steps.

"Strip to your underwear."

Parker hesitated.

GrudgeD's voice dropped. "You want that video sent to her phone right now? One tap."

Parker stripped. Hoodie. T-shirt. Jeans. Socks. Left in plain white briefs that did nothing to hide his half-hard cock.

GrudgeD looked him over slowly. “Still soft everywhere. Cute little tits. Cute little dick.”

He reached out and pinched one of Parker’s nipples—hard enough to make him gasp.

“Put this on.”

He handed the black bra back.

Parker’s hands shook so badly the clasp slipped twice. GrudgeD stepped behind him, batted his fingers away, and fastened it himself. The bra was even more comically oversized on Parker than the green one had been. The cups hung loose and empty; the underwire dug into his ribs.

GrudgeD tugged the straps tight anyway, making the lace bite into Parker’s shoulders.

“Turn around.”

Parker turned.

GrudgeD studied him. Then he reached out and filled both cups with his hands—palms covering the empty lace, squeezing as though he were cupping Lucy’s breasts instead.

“Imagine this is her,” he whispered. “Imagine these are her fat tits in my hands. Heavy. Warm. Nipples hard under the lace.”

Parker whimpered. His cock jerked inside his briefs.

GrudgeD laughed softly. “Yeah. You like that picture, don’t you?”

He released the cups and stepped back.

“On your knees.”

Parker sank down.

GrudgeD pulled the front of his sweatpants down just enough to free his cock. It was thick, long, uncut—easily twice the size of Parker’s. Already half-hard, it hung heavy between his thighs.

“Kiss it.”

Parker stared.

GrudgeD grabbed a fistful of his hair. “You think I’m asking?”

Parker leaned forward. Pressed trembling lips to the warm, velvety shaft. Once. Twice. The skin smelled clean, faintly musky.

“Good boy.”

GrudgeD released his hair.

“Stand up. Keep the bra on.”

Parker rose on unsteady legs.

GrudgeD walked a slow circle around him, inspecting. Then he stopped behind Parker again, reached around, and slid one hand down the front of Parker’s briefs. Wrapped long fingers around his small cock.

“Four inches hard?” GrudgeD murmured against his ear. “Pathetic.”

He stroked once—slow, deliberate. Parker’s hips jerked involuntarily.


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“You stole this bra for me,” GrudgeD continued, stroking again. “You’re gonna keep stealing. Every time I ask. You’re gonna sneak into her drawer like a good little thief. You’re gonna bring me pieces of her. And every time you do, you’re gonna think about me touching her. Fucking her. Making her scream the way you never could.”

Parker’s knees buckled. He came without warning—weak spurts across GrudgeD’s knuckles, soaking into the cotton.

GrudgeD laughed—low, cruel.

He pulled his hand free and wiped it on Parker’s cheek.

“Clean yourself up. Go home. Put the bra back exactly where you found it.”

Parker stumbled toward his clothes.

“And Parker?”

He froze.

“Tomorrow night. The red thong. The one with the little rhinestone heart on the front. She wore it Sunday when you two fucked. I heard her moaning through the wall.”

Parker’s blood turned to ice.

GrudgeD smiled. “Thin walls, shorty. Real thin.”

Parker fled.

He crept back into his own house, replaced the bra with shaking hands, and crawled into bed beside Lucy. She was asleep on her stomach, sheet slipped down to her waist, the smooth curve of her back and the side swell of one breast visible in the moonlight.

He stared at her for a long time.

Then he pressed his face into the pillow and cried—silent, choking sobs that shook his whole body.

The next night he stole the red thong.

And the night after that, a pair of sheer black stockings.

Each time he delivered them to GrudgeD's back door. Each time GrudgeD made him wear something—panties, the bra again, once even a pair of Lucy's high heels that pinched his toes and forced him onto the balls of his feet.

Each time GrudgeD touched him—just enough to keep him hard, never enough to let him come unless it was in shame.

And each time Parker went home and lay beside his wife, smelling of another man's cologne and his own guilt, listening to her breathe and wondering how long he could keep the secret before it tore them apart.

By the end of the week his hands shook constantly. He flinched at every text notification. He avoided mirrors because he hated the hollow look in his own eyes.

Lucy noticed.

“You’re distant,” she said one night over dinner. “Talk to me.”

Parker forced a smile. “Just work stress.”

She reached across the table and squeezed his hand. “You’d tell me if something was really wrong, right?”

He nodded.

But the lie sat like lead in his stomach.

And next door, GrudgeD waited.

Patient.

Smiling.

Already planning the next demand.

The next theft.

The next piece of Parker’s soul.

Chapter 5: Mirrors of Shame

The mirror in the master bathroom was fogged from Lucy's shower, but Parker could still make out his reflection as he stood there, towel wrapped loosely around his waist. His body looked even softer in the steamy haze—pale skin stretched over a frame that lacked any real muscle, his slight

man boobs puffing out just enough to catch his eye every time he glanced down. He poked at one experimentally, feeling the give under his finger, and winced. Below, his 4-inch penis hung limp and unassuming, a constant reminder of his inadequacies. He had just finished masturbating in the shower—quick, guilty strokes while thinking about the black lace bra he'd stolen and returned three nights ago. The memory of GrudgeD's hand wrapping around him, mocking his size, had pushed him over the edge faster than usual.

Lucy was already in bed, her voluptuous form curled under the sheets. She had tried to initiate sex earlier, pressing her Tessa Fowler-like breasts against him in the kitchen, her nipples hard points through her thin nightie. "Come on, baby," she'd whispered, grinding her hips against his. But Parker had pulled away, mumbling about a headache. The truth was, he couldn't get hard without thinking of GrudgeD's commands, and that terrified him.

His phone buzzed on the counter. He snatched it up, heart racing.

Unknown number: *Midnight. My garage. Wear the panties you stole last time. Don't keep me waiting, shorty.*

Parker's knees weakened. It had been two days since the last "appointment"—a brief, humiliating session where GrudgeD had made him parade in Lucy's sheer stockings, his small cock tenting the fabric obscenely. GrudgeD had laughed,

palmed him roughly, and sent him home with a promise of more. Now this.

He deleted the text, but the words burned in his mind. The panties were hidden in the back of his sock drawer—red silk with a rhinestone heart, snatched from Lucy′s laundry hamper while she was at yoga. He had no choice.

At 11:55, with Lucy snoring softly upstairs, Parker slipped into the garage. He pulled on the panties under his sweatpants, the silk sliding coolly over his skin. They were too small, digging into his hips, cupping his balls and penis in a way that felt both constricting and arousing. He crept out the side door, heart pounding, and crossed the shared driveway to GrudgeD′s garage.

The door was cracked open, a sliver of yellow light spilling out. Parker pushed it wider and stepped inside.

The garage smelled of oil, rubber, and something sharper—musk, sweat, the faint tang of cigar smoke. GrudgeD was there, leaning against a workbench cluttered with tools and weights. He was shirtless, his massive black body glistening under the fluorescent lights. At 6′4″ and built like a tank, GrudgeD′s physique was a masterpiece of urban grit: broad shoulders capped with deltoids like boulders, a chest so thick it cast shadows over his eight-pack abs, veins snaking down his arms like rivers on a map. Tattoos covered his torso—intricate designs of skulls, crowns, and street codes inked in bold black. His dreadlocks hung loose tonight,

framing a face with sharp cheekbones, full lips curled in that perpetual smirk, and eyes dark as midnight oil. Sweat beaded on his skin, accentuating the deep V of his hips disappearing into low-slung black joggers.

"Close the door," GrudgeD rumbled, his voice deep and commanding, vibrating through Parker's chest.

Parker obeyed, the click echoing in the confined space.

GrudgeD pushed off the bench and circled him slowly, like a shark scenting blood. Up close, his body radiated heat; Parker could smell him—a potent mix of cedar cologne, fresh sweat from whatever workout he'd just finished, and an underlying masculine musk that made Parker's head swim.

"Strip," GrudgeD ordered.

Parker's hands fumbled with his hoodie, then his sweatpants. He kicked off his sneakers, standing there in just the red panties. His small penis stirred against the silk, betraying him.

GrudgeD's eyes raked over him. "Look at you. Panties hugging that little dick like it's trying to hide." He stepped closer, towering over Parker, his massive chest inches from Parker's face. "You like wearing her shit, don't you? Gets you all leaky."

Parker shook his head, but his body said otherwise—his nipples hardening, his cock twitching visibly in the fabric.

GrudgeD chuckled, a low thunder. He reached out, thick fingers tracing Parker's collarbone, down to one slight man boob. He cupped it roughly, thumbing the nipple until Parker gasped. "These little tits of yours... soft as hers, but tiny. Bet you'd look good with some real ones."

Parker's breath hitched. GrudgeD's hand was huge, calloused from weights and whatever street life he'd lived, engulfing Parker's chest easily.

"Turn around," GrudgeD said.

Parker did, facing the workbench. He heard GrudgeD move behind him, felt the heat of his body press close. Strong arms bracketed him against the wood, trapping him. GrudgeD's chest brushed Parker's back, his abs hard ridges against Parker's soft spine.

"Spread your legs."

Parker hesitated. A large hand smacked his ass—sharp, stinging through the silk. "Do it."

He widened his stance, trembling.

GrudgeD's hand slid down, cupping Parker's ass cheek, squeezing the flesh. "Soft here too. Like a girl's." His fingers dipped lower, tracing the cleft through the panties, pressing against Parker's hole. Parker jolted, a whimper escaping.

"Shh," GrudgeD murmured, breath hot on Parker's neck. "You know you want this. Been dreaming about it since high school, ain't you? Me and the boys making you our little bitch."

Parker's mind flashed back—those after-school sessions, forced into dresses, hands on him, mocking touches that blurred into something darker. His cock hardened fully now, straining the red silk.

GrudgeD noticed. He reached around, palming Parker's small erection through the fabric. "Four inches? Pathetic. Bet Lucy barely feels you." He stroked lazily, the friction of silk and calloused palm making Parker buck. "But look at you, leaking for me already."

Precum dampened the panties. Parker bit his lip, shame flooding him.

GrudgeD pressed closer, grinding his hips forward. Parker felt it then—the massive bulge in GrudgeD's joggers, thick and insistent against his ass. "Feel that? That's a real man's dick. Not your little worm."

He humped slowly, the outline rubbing between Parker's cheeks through the thin layers. Parker pushed back involuntarily, craving the pressure.

GrudgeD laughed. "Eager, huh?" He stepped back suddenly, leaving Parker panting. "On your knees. Time to see what you're really good for."

Parker sank down, knees hitting the cold concrete. GrudgeD stood over him, hooking thumbs in his waistband. He shoved the joggers down, his cock springing free.

It was enormous—thick as Parker's wrist, at least 9 inches long even semi-hard, uncut with the foreskin partially retracted over a bulbous head already glistening with precum. Veins bulged along the shaft, dark and pulsing, the base nestled in a trimmed patch of coarse black hair. The smell hit Parker like a wave: strong, musky, a potent blend of sweat, pre-ejaculate, and raw masculinity that made his mouth water despite himself. It hung heavy, swaying slightly as GrudgeD shifted.

"Look at it," GrudgeD commanded. "Smell it."

Parker leaned in, nose inches from the shaft. The scent intensified—earthy, salty, with a hint of soap from a recent shower overridden by fresh arousal. It was intoxicating, overpowering his senses.

"Kiss it."

Parker's lips brushed the warm skin, soft yet firm. He kissed along the length, up to the tip where a bead of precum smeared his mouth.

GrudgeD groaned, hand fisting Parker's hair. "Open up."

Parker parted his lips. GrudgeD fed him the head, thick and stretching his jaw. The taste exploded—salty, bitter, the

foreskin sliding back as Parker sucked tentatively. GrudgeD's musk filled his nostrils, making his head spin.

"Deeper," GrudgeD growled, thrusting shallowly.

Parker gagged as the cock hit the back of his throat, tears pricking his eyes. GrudgeD's body loomed above, muscles flexing, abs tightening with each push. His balls, heavy and full, brushed Parker's chin—another wave of that strong scent.

"Good little slut," GrudgeD murmured. "Sucking my big black dick in your wife's panties. Bet she'd love to see this."

Parker moaned around the shaft, the vibration making GrudgeD hiss. He bobbed his head, hands gripping GrudgeD's powerful thighs—thick cords of muscle under smooth skin, radiating heat.

GrudgeD pulled out suddenly, strings of saliva connecting them. "Stand up. Bend over the bench."

Parker complied, ass up, panties stretched taut. GrudgeD yanked them down to his knees, exposing him. Cool air hit Parker's skin, his small cock dangling hard between his legs.

GrudgeD's fingers probed, one thick digit circling Parker's hole. "Tight. Virgin ass?"

Parker nodded, whimpering.

GrudgeD spat on his fingers, slicking them. He pushed one in—slow, insistent. Parker arched, the burn mixing with pleasure. GrudgeD's finger was huge, crooking to hit that spot inside, making Parker's cock leak steadily.

"Feel that?" GrudgeD whispered, adding a second finger. "Stretching you for what's coming."

He scissored them, Parker's body clenching. The garage echoed with wet sounds, Parker's moans.

GrudgeD withdrew, replacing fingers with his cock head—hot, slick, pressing against the entrance.

"Please," Parker begged, not sure if he meant stop or more.

GrudgeD pushed in—just the head, popping past the ring. Parker cried out, pain flaring. GrudgeD held still, letting him adjust. "Take it. Take my thick dick."

Inch by inch, he sank deeper, the uncut shaft filling Parker impossibly. The smell of their arousal mingled—sweat, musk, precum. GrudgeD's body pressed flush, his abs against Parker's back, arms caging him.

He started thrusting—slow at first, building to a rhythm. Each slap of skin echoed, GrudgeD's balls smacking Parker's. "Fuck, you're tight. Milking me like a pussy."


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Parker pushed back, lost in sensation. GrudgeD's hand wrapped around his small cock, stroking in time. "Come for me, wimp. Show me how much you love this."

Parker shattered, spilling over GrudgeD's fist in weak spurts. GrudgeD groaned, thrusts erratic, then pulled out, painting Parker's ass with thick ropes of cum—hot, sticky, the strong scent overwhelming.

They panted in silence. GrudgeD stepped back, tucking himself away. "Clean up. Go home. And order that breast plate tomorrow. The one like Lucy's tits. Discreet shipping."

Parker nodded numbly, pulling up the soiled panties.

The humiliation burned, but so did the afterglow.

Back home, he showered quickly, hiding the evidence. Lucy stirred as he slipped into bed. "You okay?" she mumbled.

"Fine," he whispered, curling away.

But inside, the mirror of shame reflected back a broken man.

The next morning, Parker sat at his desk, browser open to a discreet adult site. His fingers hovered over the "add to cart" button. The silicone breast plate stared back—realistic, DDD size, molded to mimic full, perky breasts like Lucy's. Flesh-toned, with adhesive backing for secure wear.

He clicked. Ordered. Express shipping.

GrudgeD's text arrived immediately: *Good boy. Bring it when it arrives. And steal her lipstick tonight.*

The cycle continued.

That evening, while Lucy was out with friends, Parker rifled through her makeup bag. The lipstick was cherry red, the one she wore on date nights, making her lips full and inviting. He pocketed it, guilt twisting his gut.

Midnight found him back in GrudgeD's garage. The big man was lifting weights, body slick with sweat, muscles pumped and veined. His scent was stronger tonight—post-workout musk, thick and heady.

"Strip," GrudgeD commanded, setting down the dumbbells with a clang.

Parker did, standing naked, small and exposed.

GrudgeD approached, cock already tenting his shorts. He pulled Parker close, grinding against him. "Missed this?"

Parker didn't answer, but his body did—cock hardening against GrudgeD's thigh.

GrudgeD shoved him to his knees again. "Suck."

Parker obeyed, taking the thick, uncut cock into his mouth. The smell enveloped him—strong, salty, the foreskin peeling back as he sucked. GrudgeD face-fucked him roughly, hands in his hair, hips snapping.

"Swallow it all," GrudgeD growled, flooding Parker's mouth with cum. Bitter, thick, the taste lingering.

After, GrudgeD made him apply the stolen lipstick—smearing it on his lips in the garage mirror. "Look like a whore now."

Parker stared at his reflection: lips red and glossy, face flushed, body soft and marked with handprints.

GrudgeD bent him over again, fingering him open before sliding in raw. The fuck was brutal—GrudgeD's massive body slamming into him, abs flexing, sweat dripping onto Parker's back. The garage filled with grunts, slaps, the wet slide of cock in ass.

Parker came untouched, screaming into his arm.

When it was over, GrudgeD pulled out, cum leaking down Parker's thighs. "Clean up. And think about how I'm gonna fuck your wife soon. With this dick."

The words hit like a punch. Parker dressed in silence, lipstick smeared, body aching.

Home. Shower. Bed.

Lucy cuddled close, her breasts soft against him. "Love you," she whispered.

Parker closed his eyes, tears silent.

The breast plate arrived two days later, discreetly packaged. Parker hid it in the garage, waiting for the inevitable text.

It came that night: *Bring it. 1 a.m.*

In GrudgeD's living room this time—couch, dim lights, blunt smoke curling. GrudgeD lounged naked, body on full display: chiseled pecs heaving with each breath, thighs like tree trunks spread wide, his thick uncut cock half-hard on his belly, the strong musk wafting as he stroked lazily.

"Put it on," he said.

Parker stripped, attached the silicone forms. They were heavy, realistic—nipples pert, skin textured. His slight man boobs blended seamlessly, creating the illusion of full breasts.

GrudgeD's eyes darkened. "Fuck. Look just like her now."

He pulled Parker onto his lap, hands mauling the fake tits. "Bounce."

Parker straddled him, guiding the thick cock inside. The stretch burned, but he rode—up and down, GrudgeD's hands on his hips, guiding the pace. The silicone breasts bounced with each thrust, GrudgeD's mouth latching onto a fake nipple, sucking hard.

Their bodies slapped together, sweat mingling, GrudgeD's musk overpowering. He came deep inside, growling Lucy's name.

Parker shattered seconds later, collapsing.

"Keep it," GrudgeD said after. "Wear it under your shirt tomorrow. All day."

Parker nodded, spirit fracturing further.

The torment escalated: daily accostings, GrudgeD's body a constant force—muscles pinning him, thick cock invading mouth and ass, strong smell imprinting on his skin.

And always, the mirror showed a man becoming something else.

Broken. Feminized. Owned.

Chapter 6: Stolen Glances

The weight of the silicone breast plate pressed against Parker's chest like a secret he couldn't escape. He had worn it under his loose button-down all day at work, the adhesive holding it firmly in place, mimicking the full, rounded curves of Lucy's Tessa Fowler-esque bosom. Every shift in his chair, every reach for a file, sent a subtle bounce through the forms, a humiliating reminder of GrudgeD's command. His slight man boobs blended seamlessly with the silicone,

creating an illusion that made him avoid the office bathroom mirrors. By the time he got home, his nipples were raw from the friction, and his small 4-inch penis had been half-hard on and off, leaking precum into his boxers from the constant erotic shame.

Lucy was in the living room when he walked in, lounging on the couch in a pair of tight leggings that hugged her wide hips and a low-cut tank top that did little to contain her massive breasts. They spilled over the neckline, the pale skin flushed from the warmth of the day, her nipples faintly visible through the thin fabric. She looked up from her phone with a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes—lately, her expressions had carried a hint of something unspoken, a curiosity that made Parker's stomach twist.

"Hey, stranger," she said, setting her phone aside and stretching her arms overhead. The motion lifted her breasts dramatically, the tank riding up to expose a sliver of her toned midriff. "You look like you've been carrying the weight of the world today. Or maybe something... heavier?" She winked, her voice laced with playful innuendo. Parker froze, his mind racing—did she know about the breast plate? But no, it was hidden under his shirt. She couldn't possibly. Still, the joke landed like a subtle probe, hinting at his secrets without naming them.

"Just a long day," he muttered, forcing a laugh as he shrugged off his jacket. He leaned down to kiss her, but she turned her

cheek at the last second, her lips brushing his ear instead. "You sure? You've been acting so... secretive lately. Sneaking around like you're hiding a mistress or something. Or maybe a mister?" She giggled, but there was an edge to it, her green eyes searching his face for a reaction.

Parker's heart slammed against the silicone. "What? No, Lucy, it's nothing like that." He pulled away, cheeks burning, and headed to the kitchen for a glass of water. Her laughter followed him, light but probing. "I'm just kidding, honey. But seriously, if you're exploring your feminine side or whatever, you know I'd support you. We could share clothes!" Another joke, delivered with a teasing lilt, but it cut deep. Did she suspect the stolen items? The late-night absences? He gulped down the water, trying to steady himself.

That evening, as they prepared dinner together, Lucy's innuendos continued in subtle waves. She bumped her hip against his while chopping vegetables, her breasts brushing his arm. "You've been so distracted. If I didn't know better, I'd think you were getting some action on the side. Maybe from that hunky neighbor?" She said it casually, stirring the sauce, but her eyes flicked to him sidelong, watching for a flinch. Parker nearly dropped the knife. "GrudgeD? Come on, Lucy."

She shrugged, her shoulders making her cleavage jiggle enticingly. "What? He's got that whole bad-boy vibe. And you've been over there a lot 'borrowing tools.' If you're not

careful, I might start wondering what kind of tools you're really handling." The double entendre hung in the air, her tone playful but with a undercurrent of genuine curiosity. Parker laughed it off, but inside, panic coiled tighter. She was joking, right? Testing the waters without accusing. But each quip felt like she was piecing together the puzzle—his odd hours, the missing lingerie she'd mentioned once or twice, blaming the dryer.

After dinner, they settled on the couch for a movie. Lucy curled against him, her head on his shoulder, one hand resting on his thigh. Her breasts pressed warmly against his side, the silicone forms under his shirt creating a bizarre symmetry he hoped she couldn't feel. Midway through, her fingers traced lazy circles on his leg, inching higher. "You know," she whispered, her breath hot on his neck, "if you've got some kinky secrets, you could share them with me. I might even join in." The suggestion was laced with humor, but her hand paused near his crotch, as if waiting for confession. Parker's small penis stirred despite the fear, the breast plate shifting slightly. He shifted uncomfortably. "Lucy, stop teasing. It's nothing."

She pulled back with a mock pout, her full lips curving. "Fine, keep your mysteries. But don't think I haven't noticed how... flushed you get after your little visits next door." She booped his nose and turned back to the screen, but the seed of suspicion had been planted, her jokes a veil for real questions.

The text came at 11:45 p.m., just as Parker was pretending to sleep beside her. *Garage. Now. Bring the lipstick. The red one she wore last date night.*

Parker's hands shook as he slipped out of bed. Lucy stirred but didn't wake, her breathing even, one breast partially exposed from the sheet. He crept to her vanity, rifling quietly through the makeup drawer. The lipstick was there—cherry red, the cap worn from use. He pocketed it and snuck out the back, the night air cool on his skin.

GrudgeD's garage door was ajar, the familiar scent of oil and sweat wafting out. Parker stepped inside, closing it behind him. GrudgeD was there, shirtless and imposing, his massive black frame leaning against the workbench. At 6'4", he was a wall of muscle: shoulders broad as a doorway, pecs thick and defined, rising with each breath like tectonic plates. His abs were etched in deep relief, an eight-pack leading down to the V of his hips, where low-slung black shorts clung to his thighs—quads like carved ebony, veined and powerful. Tattoos swirled across his torso, dark ink telling stories of street life, his dreadlocks tied back tonight, revealing the sharp angles of his face: high cheekbones, full lips in a smirk, eyes gleaming with predatory intent. Sweat glistened on his skin, amplifying his strong, masculine scent—a heady mix of cedar, fresh perspiration, and an underlying musk that hit Parker like a drug.

"You're late," GrudgeD growled, his voice a deep rumble that vibrated through the concrete floor.

"Sorry," Parker whispered, pulling out the lipstick.

GrudgeD snatched it, twisting it open to reveal the vibrant red. "Strip. Everything but the breast plate."

Parker obeyed, peeling off his clothes until he stood naked, the silicone forms jiggling slightly with his movements. They felt heavier now, the realistic nipples perking in the cool air, his small penis already twitching to life.

GrudgeD circled him, his bare feet silent on the floor. Up close, his body heat enveloped Parker, that strong smell intensifying—sweat from a recent lift, the earthy tang of his skin, making Parker's head swim. "On your knees, shorty."

Parker dropped, knees hitting the cold ground. GrudgeD stepped forward, shoving down his shorts. His cock sprang free—thick as a wrist, 9 inches even flaccid, uncut with the foreskin hooding the bulbous head. Veins throbbed along the dark shaft, the base surrounded by coarse black curls. The smell was overpowering: strong, musky, a potent blend of sweat, precum, and raw male essence that made Parker's mouth water involuntarily.

"Apply it," GrudgeD ordered, handing back the lipstick.

Parker's hands trembled as he twisted it up and brought it to his lips. In the dim light, he smeared the red across his

mouth, the waxy texture foreign and humiliating. GrudgeD watched, his cock hardening, lengthening to a full 10 inches, the foreskin retracting slightly to reveal the glistening tip.

"Looks good on you," GrudgeD murmured. "Like a proper slut." He grabbed Parker's hair, pulling him forward. "Now suck."

Parker opened his red-smeared lips, taking the head in. The taste exploded—salty, bitter, the strong musk filling his senses as the thick shaft stretched his jaw. GrudgeD thrust shallowly, the uncut skin sliding back further, precum coating Parker's tongue. "Deeper," he demanded, hips snapping.

Parker gagged, tears streaming, but he bobbed, hands on GrudgeD's powerful thighs—muscles flexing under his palms, hot and unyielding. GrudgeD's balls swung heavy, brushing his chin, adding to the overwhelming scent.

"Fuck yeah," GrudgeD groaned, his abs tightening, pecs heaving. He pulled out, strings of saliva connecting them, and slapped his wet cock against Parker's cheek, smearing lipstick and precum. "Bend over the bench."


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Parker complied, ass up, silicone breasts squishing against the wood. GrudgeD knelt behind, spreading his cheeks. His tongue—hot, wet—lapped at Parker's hole, the strong taste of sweat mingling as he rimmed roughly. Parker moaned, pushing back.

GrudgeD stood, aligning his thick cock. "Beg for it."

"Please," Parker whimpered. "Fuck me."

GrudgeD pushed in, the head popping past the ring, stretching him impossibly. Inch by thick inch, he buried himself, the uncut shaft filling Parker to the brim. The smell of their arousal—sweat, musk, lube—filled the garage. GrudgeD's body pressed flush, his chiseled chest against Parker's back, arms caging him as he thrust—slow at first, then pounding, skin slapping.

"Take this big dick," GrudgeD growled, hand wrapping around Parker's small penis, stroking roughly. "Your wife's gonna love it when I give it to her."

Parker came hard, spilling over the bench. GrudgeD followed, pulling out to paint his ass with thick, hot ropes—sticky, the strong scent lingering.

"Clean up," GrudgeD said, tucking away. "And invite her over for dinner tomorrow. Tell her it's neighborly."

Parker nodded, wiping lipstick from his mouth, body aching.

The next day, Parker suggested the dinner casually over breakfast. Lucy's eyes lit up. "Really? That sounds fun. GrudgeD's always so charming when I see him." She leaned in, kissing Parker's cheek. "But don't worry, I won't flirt too much. Unless you're into that?" Another innuendo, her tone teasing but her gaze sharp.

Parker forced a smile. "It's just dinner."

That evening, they dressed up. Lucy wore a form-fitting black dress that accentuated her curves, the neckline plunging to show off her breasts—round, full, jiggling with each step. Parker wore a loose shirt to hide the breast plate, which GrudgeD had texted him to wear again.

GrudgeD's townhouse was dimly lit, candles flickering on the table set for three. He greeted them at the door, towering in a fitted black shirt that strained over his muscles, his scent—cedar and musk—wafting as he hugged Lucy a beat too long. "Looking fine as always, Lucy," he said, his hand lingering on her arm, thumb brushing her skin. Parker seethed silently.

Dinner was steak and wine, conversation flowing. GrudgeD complimented Lucy endlessly—her laugh, her job, her figure. "You've got curves that could stop traffic," he said, eyes dipping to her cleavage. She blushed, laughing. "Flattery will get you everywhere."

While Parker cleared plates—coerced by a subtle glare from GrudgeD—the big man leaned close to Lucy. "Your man's lucky," he whispered, touching her hand. "But if he ever slips up..." The implication hung.

Parker returned, jealousy burning. Later, as they said goodnight, Lucy hugged GrudgeD again, her breasts pressing against his chest. "Thanks for the invite. We should do this more often."

Back home, Lucy was buzzed from wine. "He's intense, huh? All those muscles... bet he could handle a girl right." She winked at Parker, stripping slowly, her dress pooling at her feet. Naked, her body was a vision—breasts heavy and swaying, hips wide, pussy shaved smooth. She pulled him to bed, riding him hard, but Parker faltered, imagining GrudgeD. She finished herself, moaning, then cuddled close. "You've been so off lately. If you're... experimenting with someone, just tell me. I might even watch." The joke was softer now, but probing.

Parker's paranoia grew. The next day, he ordered a hidden camera online, installing it in their backyard to spy on GrudgeD. But that night, a text: *Nice try with the cam. I see you. Come over.*

In the garage, GrudgeD accosted him again—body slick, cock thick and smelling strong as he fucked Parker over the bench, whispering plans to seduce Lucy. "She's curious about me. I can tell."

Parker came in shame, the camera feed later showing GrudgeD waving at it mockingly.

Lucy's innuendos escalated over the week. "You've got lipstick on your collar—wait, is that mine?" she'd tease, spotting a smudge he'd missed. Or, "Sneaking out again? Hope you're not getting bent over backward by work stress." Each one hinted at suspicion, her curiosity building without confrontation.

One night, after another session where GrudgeD made him model stolen heels—fucking him while he stumbled in them—Parker returned home to find Lucy awake. "Late night walk?" she asked, eyes narrowing. "You smell like... cologne. Not yours." She pulled him close, sniffing. "If you're playing dress-up with the neighbor, at least invite me next time." The joke landed like a veiled accusation, her hand sliding to his ass, squeezing knowingly.

Parker denied it, but the walls were closing in. GrudgeD's seduction was beginning—texts to Lucy about "home tips," casual visits where he'd flex his muscles, touch her arm. And Parker, feminized and broken, could only watch.

The thriller tension mounted: shadows in windows, muffled laughter through walls. Lucy's curiosity turned flirtatious; she'd wave at GrudgeD from the yard, her breasts bouncing in a bikini top. "He's helpful," she'd say to Parker. "Maybe he can fix that leak you've been ignoring." Innuendo dripping.

Parker's spirit cracked further, the secret acts escalating—GrudgeD forcing him to order more feminine items, wear them during accostings. One session, GrudgeD tied him to the bench, cock deep in his throat, body pounding until Parker swallowed every drop, the strong smell imprinting forever.

By week's end, at a neighborhood party, GrudgeD cornered Lucy in the kitchen, his hand on her waist. "Your man's been distant. Need someone to... fill the gap?" She laughed, but didn't pull away. Parker watched from afar, heart shattering.

Lucy's bedtime joke that night: "If you're not satisfying me, maybe I need a bigger tool from next door." She rolled over, leaving Parker in the dark, silicone pressing, shame consuming.

The glances were stolen, the seduction brewing, Parker's torment endless.

Chapter 7: Fractured Facade

Parker's world had become a labyrinth of shadows and whispers, where every creak of the floorboards and every muffled laugh through the thin townhouse walls felt like a personal accusation. The silicone breast plate had become a permanent fixture under his shirts, its weight a constant reminder of his crumbling masculinity. He ordered more items online as per GrudgeD's demands—women's panties in silk and lace, a garter belt that matched one of Lucy's, even a

short black wig that arrived in discreet packaging. Each package felt like another nail in the coffin of his self-respect, hidden in the garage until he could smuggle them next door under cover of night.

Lucy's innuendos had sharpened into something almost accusatory, though she still masked them with humor. That morning, as she poured coffee in her robe—breasts straining the fabric, the tie loose enough to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of cleavage—she'd eyed him over the rim of her mug. "You've been so... pensive lately. Like you're carrying a secret that's weighing you down. Or maybe lifting you up?" She'd giggled, glancing pointedly at his chest, where the breast plate created a subtle swell under his T-shirt. Parker had choked on his sip, sputtering excuses about work stress, but her eyes lingered, curious and probing. "If you're trying on my bras for fun, just say so. We could make it a game." The joke hung there, light but laced with an undercurrent of real suspicion. Did she notice the missing items? The faint scent of cedar cologne that sometimes clung to him after his "visits"? He denied it, of course, but the paranoia gnawed at him like a rat in the walls.

Work was no escape. Sitting in his cubicle, Parker fidgeted constantly, the silicone forms shifting with each breath, his small 4-inch penis stirring at inopportune moments from the illicit thrill. He'd catch himself staring at his reflection in his computer screen—soft features, the hint of feminized curves—and wonder how much longer he could hide.

GrudgeD's texts came sporadically now, less frequent but more demanding: *Wear the wig tonight. Steal her red heels. Come at 1 a.m.* Each one sent a jolt of dread and unwanted arousal through him.

That afternoon, as Parker pulled into the driveway, he saw GrudgeD's black SUV parked outside, but no sign of the man himself. Lucy's car was there too, home early from work. His stomach twisted. Had GrudgeD invited himself over? Parker entered quietly, heart pounding, only to find the house empty. Voices drifted from the backyard—Lucy's laughter, bright and genuine, mixed with GrudgeD's deep rumble. He peered through the kitchen window: they were on the patio, Lucy in a sundress that hugged her voluptuous figure, her Tessa Fowler-like breasts bouncing slightly as she gestured animatedly. GrudgeD stood close, too close, his massive frame dwarfing her, one hand casually on the back of her chair. Parker couldn't hear the words, but the body language screamed intimacy—her head tilted up to him, his smirk down at her. Jealousy surged, hot and bitter. What were they talking about? Home repairs? Or something more?

He didn't confront them. Instead, he retreated upstairs, stripping off his shirt to stare at the breast plate in the mirror. The forms were realistic, heavy and jiggling as he moved, nipples pert and pink. He cupped them, feeling the silicone give under his palms, and his cock hardened in his pants. Shame washed over him—why did this arouse him? Why did the thought of GrudgeD with Lucy make him leak

precum? He jerked off quickly, biting his lip to stifle moans, imagining GrudgeD's thick uncut cock instead of his own small one. When he came, it was weak and unsatisfying, splattering the mirror. He cleaned it up, hating himself.

Downstairs, Lucy came in alone, cheeks flushed. "Oh, hey honey! GrudgeD stopped by to help with that fence panel. He's so handy." She kissed Parker's cheek, her perfume mingling with a faint trace of cedar—GrudgeD's scent. "You okay? You look… disheveled." Another innuendo slipped in: "Like you've been playing dress-up without me." She winked, but her eyes searched his, as if waiting for a crack in his facade.

Parker mumbled agreement, but the conflict raged inside him. He wanted to scream, to confess everything—the coercions, the humiliations, the way GrudgeD's friends were about to enter the picture, though he didn't know that yet. But fear silenced him: the videos, the photos, the threat of exposure. Instead, he watched as Lucy hummed through dinner, her mood lighter than it had been in weeks. Was GrudgeD charming her? Seducing her behind his back? The not-knowing was torture, a psychological blade twisting in his gut.

The text came at midnight: *Garage. Now. Got company. Wear the full set: breast plate, panties, heels, wig. Steal her eyeliner too.*

Parker's hands shook as he prepared. Lucy was asleep, her breathing deep and even, one arm flung across the bed, her

breasts rising and falling under the sheet. He crept to her vanity, pocketing the eyeliner, then dressed in the garage: red silk panties cupping his small penis, the breast plate adhered firmly, black wig falling in waves over his shoulders, red heels pinching his feet. He looked ridiculous, feminine in a caricatured way, but the mirror showed a distorted version of Lucy—curves where none belonged, makeup absent but the intent clear. He snuck next door, each click of the heels on the driveway amplifying his dread.

The garage light was on, voices murmuring inside. Parker pushed the door open, freezing at the sight. GrudgeD lounged against the workbench, shirtless and smirking, his muscular black body glistening under the fluorescents—broad chest, ripped abs, the bulge in his joggers promising that thick uncut cock Parker knew too well. But he wasn't alone. Three other men—black, thugged-out, each exuding a raw, intimidating presence—stood around him, beers in hand, eyes turning to Parker with predatory glee.

"Gentlemen," GrudgeD announced, his deep voice booming, "meet our entertainment for the night. Parker, say hi to the crew."

The first man stepped forward, towering at 6'5" with a lean, wiry build—shoulders like coat hangers, arms corded with veins from years of street fights and gym sessions. His name was Razor, tattoos of blades and scars covering his neck and

chest, dreads pulled into a tight ponytail. His face was angular, eyes narrow and cruel, lips twisted in a perpetual sneer. Razor's cruelty was verbal, sadistic— he loved breaking minds with words, cutting deep with insults that lingered like poison. "Look at this little white bitch," he drawled, voice sharp as his name. "Dressed up like a cheap hooker. Bet that tiny dick's hiding in shame." He laughed, a high, mocking cackle that echoed off the walls.


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Next was Tank, a brute at 6’2” and easily 250 pounds of solid muscle—chest like a barrel, thighs thicker than Parker’s waist, bald head shining under the lights. Tattoos of tanks and explosions adorned his arms, his face round but hardened by prison time, eyes dull but burning with physical menace. Tank’s cruelty was brute force—rough, unyielding, delighting in manhandling his victims, using his strength to dominate without finesse. “Gonna break you, boy,” he rumbled, cracking his knuckles. “Make you squeal.”

The last was Sly, slimmer at 6’1” with a dancer’s build—defined but agile, locs hanging loose, gold teeth flashing in a sly grin. His tattoos were subtle, symbols of cunning foxes and keys, his eyes sharp and calculating. Sly’s cruelty was manipulative, psychological—he toyed with emotions, planting seeds of doubt and desire, making victims crave their own degradation. “Oh, sweetie,” he purred, voice smooth as silk. “You look so pretty. Bet you’ve been dreaming of this. Let’s make you feel wanted.”

Parker stood frozen, the heels making his legs tremble, the wig tickling his neck. His small penis stirred against the panties, betraying him under their gazes. GrudgeD chuckled. “Told you boys about my old high school toy. Time to relive the glory days. Strip him down, but leave the tits and wig.”

Razor moved first, his long fingers yanking at Parker’s shirt—ripping buttons in his haste. “Pathetic. Look at those fake titties bouncing. You trying to be like your wife? Heard

she's got real ones—big, juicy melons." His words sliced, emphasizing Parker's inadequacy. Tank grabbed the pants next, pulling them down roughly, his massive hands bruising Parker's thighs. "Soft as butter," Tank grunted, slapping Parker's ass hard enough to leave a red mark. "Gonna pound this like dough."

Sly circled, eyeliner in hand from Parker's pocket. "Hold still, doll." He applied it with deliberate strokes, smudging the black around Parker's eyes, making him look like a smeared doll. "There. Now you're our little slut. You want this, don't you? Deep down?"

Parker whimpered, but his body responded—cock hardening in the panties, the breast plate jiggling as they manhandled him to his knees. The garage smelled of sweat, beer, and musk—a cocktail of male dominance that overwhelmed him.

GrudgeD unzipped first, his thick uncut cock springing free—9 inches, veined, the strong scent hitting Parker like a wave: musky, salty, arousal thick in the air. "Start with me, shorty."

Parker leaned in, lips parting around the head, the taste bitter and familiar. GrudgeD thrust lazily, holding his head. "Good girl."

The others stripped, revealing their own endowments. Razor's dick was long and slender, 10 inches with a wicked curve upward, veins pulsing like ropes along the

shaft—perfect for hitting spots that made victims scream. It smelled sharp, almost acrid, from his lean body's sweat. "Suck this next, bitch," he sneered, slapping it against Parker's cheek. "Bet it'll choke you better than your hubby's twig."

Tank's was a monster—8 inches but girthy as a beer can, straight and blunt, the head flared wide like a battering ram. His scent was heavy, earthy, sweat-soaked from his bulk. "Open wide," he growled, forcing it in roughly, his hands like vices on Parker's jaw.

Sly's was elegant cruelty—9 inches, tapered at the tip but thickening at the base, smooth and unmarred, with a subtle upward bend. His musk was subtler, almost sweet with a hint of cologne, luring before the pain. "Easy now," he cooed, sliding in after Tank pulled out. "Savor it. You love being our toy, hmm?"

They rotated, each taking turns in Parker's mouth—Razor mocking his gags ("Can't handle a real curve, huh?"), Tank thrusting brutally ("Take it deep, wimp!"), Sly whispering manipulations ("You're made for this, pretty thing"). GrudgeD oversaw, stroking himself, his body a pillar of muscle flexing with each laugh.

Parker's jaw ached, saliva dripping, lipstick and eyeliner smearing. His small cock throbbed untouched, leaking through the panties. The conflict tore at him: humiliation

burned, but arousal betrayed—why did their cruelty excite him? Why did imagining Lucy with GrudgeD make it worse?

They bent him over the bench next. Razor went first, his curved dick sliding into Parker's ass—hitting that spot relentlessly, making him cry out. "Scream for me, bitch! Tell us how much better we are than your little life." The verbal barbs cut deep, Razor's lean body slapping against him, abs contracting sharply.

Tank followed, his girthy monster stretching Parker to the limit, the blunt head pounding without mercy. "Gonna wreck this hole," he grunted, his massive frame slamming forward, muscles bulging, sweat dripping onto Parker's back. The physical dominance was overwhelming—bruises forming, body aching.

Sly took his time, his tapered cock easing in, then thrusting with calculated precision. "Feel that? It's what you crave. What your wife probably wants too." His words wormed in, planting doubts: Was Lucy bored? Was she seeing GrudgeD? Parker's mind reeled, the psychological torment amplifying the pleasure-pain.

GrudgeD finished, his thick uncut cock burying deep, scent enveloping as he came inside—hot, filling. "You're ours now. And while you're here, I'm handling business with your girl."

They left him spent, cum leaking, heels wobbling as he snuck home. Lucy stirred as he showered off the evidence.

“Another late night?” she murmured sleepily. “You smell like… men. Rough night out with the boys?” The innuendo was there, but Parker denied, curling away.

The next days blurred. GrudgeD’s absences from texts meant more time with Lucy—Parker overheard phone calls, saw her texting with a smile, coming home late with excuses about “errands.” He suspected seduction: coffee dates? Secret touches? But he didn’t know, the uncertainty his hell. At work, he obsessed—imagining GrudgeD’s hands on her breasts, his cock where Parker’s small one failed.

The crew returned twice that week—group sessions in the garage, each man’s cruelty layering on: Razor’s insults (“Useless white cuck!”), Tank’s roughness (choking him with his girth), Sly’s mind games (“She’s probably moaning for him right now”). Parker stole more: Lucy’s dress, jewelry, modeling them while they fucked him, the wig and makeup completing the feminized look.

Lucy’s curiosity peaked. “You’ve been borrowing my stuff? That eyeliner’s gone.” She’d tease, “If you’re cross-dressing, let me help. Or is it for someone else?” Her flirtations with GrudgeD grew—waving from windows, lingering chats. Parker spied once: GrudgeD’s hand on her lower back, her laugh too intimate.

The midpoint crisis hit at a neighborhood event—a pool party. Parker, in swim trunks hiding panties underneath, watched GrudgeD and crew arrive. Lucy swam in a bikini,

breasts nearly spilling, drawing eyes. GrudgeD cornered her by the grill, his body close, whispering. Parker seethed, but Razor pulled him aside: “Watch your wife get taken, cuck.”

Later, in a shed, the crew accosted him—quick, brutal: Tank’s girth in his ass, Razor’s curve in his mouth, Sly manipulating (“Enjoy the show?”). GrudgeD joined, revealing: “Spent the afternoon with her. Coffee. She’s warming up.”

Parker broke down after, confessing fragments to Lucy that night— “I feel like I’m losing you.” She misinterpreted: “Is this about a fetish? The clothes?” Pulling away, hurt.

GrudgeD’s text: *She’s mine soon. Keep coming.*

Parker’s world fractured—feminized, tormented, watching his life slip away, the crew’s cruelties echoing his internal war.

Chapter 8: Echoes of the Past

The echoes of high school haunted Parker more vividly now than ever, amplified by the silicone weight on his chest and the lace digging into his hips. Fifteen years had passed, but the scars felt fresh, reopened by GrudgeD's relentless campaign. Parker stared at his reflection in the full-length mirror of their bedroom, the black wig cascading in synthetic waves over his shoulders, the stolen red lipstick smeared slightly from nervous biting. Underneath his loose

robe—Lucy′s robe, pilfered from her closet—he wore the full ensemble: the silicone breast plate mimicking her ample curves, a lacy black bra and panties set he′d stolen weeks ago, sheer stockings clipped to a garter belt, and the red heels that made every step a wobbly humiliation. Eyeliner rimmed his eyes, smudged to give him a doe-like, vulnerable look. He looked like a parody of femininity, his soft body and slight man boobs enhanced by the props into something almost convincing from a distance. Up close, it was grotesque—a 5′4″ white wimp playing dress-up, his 4-inch penis tucked shamefully in the panties, stirring despite the dread.

Lucy′s voice floated up from downstairs: ″Honey, I′m heading out for coffee with a friend. Won′t be long!″ Her tone was light, but Parker knew better. ″Friend″ likely meant GrudgeD—another secretive meeting he couldn′t confirm, another layer to his paranoia. He′d seen the texts on her phone once, glanced while she showered: *Can′t wait to see you. -G* Simple, but damning. What were they doing? Talking? Touching? The not-knowing gnawed at him, a constant internal war between jealousy, fear, and a twisted arousal that made him hate himself more. He called back weakly, ″Okay, have fun,″ his voice cracking slightly under the strain.

She left with a slam of the door, her laughter echoing as she chatted on her phone—probably to him. Parker waited ten

minutes, then the text buzzed: *Garage. Now. Full outfit. Bring the feather duster from her cleaning closet.*

His hands trembled as he grabbed the duster—pink-handled, fluffy, something Lucy used for dusting shelves. He snuck out the back, heels clicking awkwardly on the patio stones, the wig itching his neck. The night air was cool, raising goosebumps on his stockinged legs. GrudgeD's garage door was cracked, low voices and laughter spilling out like smoke.

Inside, the fluorescent lights buzzed harshly, illuminating the crew: GrudgeD leaning against the workbench, his massive 6′4″ frame shirtless and imposing, muscles rippling under tattooed skin, that predatory smirk on his full lips. Razor paced nearby, his lean 6′5″ build coiled like a spring, dreads swaying, eyes narrow with sadistic glee. Tank sat on a stool that creaked under his 250-pound bulk, bald head shining, face set in a dull, menacing grin. Sly lounged against the wall, his agile 6′1″ form relaxed, locs framing his calculating smile, gold teeth glinting.

They all turned as Parker entered, the door clicking shut behind him. Silence fell for a beat, then Razor burst into laughter—a sharp, cutting cackle that sliced through the air. "Holy shit, look at this clown! Dressed like a bargain-bin drag queen. You forget the clown nose, shorty?"

GrudgeD chuckled deeply, crossing his arms over his broad chest. "Told you boys we'd recreate the old days. Back in high school, we'd make him play dress-up after school. Tonight,

it's a full ritual. Private show for us. No outsiders. Parker, introduce yourself properly."

Parker's face burned under the makeup. He stood there, feather duster clutched like a lifeline, the breast plate jiggling slightly with his shallow breaths. The conflict raged inside: run? Scream? But the videos, the threats—they chained him here. "I... I'm Parker," he mumbled.

Sly tilted his head, his smooth voice dripping with false sympathy. "No, no, sweetie. That's not right. Tonight, you're Priscilla. Say it like you mean it. Curtsy while you're at it."

Parker hesitated, but Tank's grunt—low and threatening—pushed him. He bobbed an awkward curtsy in the heels, nearly toppling. "I'm... Priscilla."


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The laughter erupted again. Razor doubled over, slapping his knee. "Priscilla? Sounds like a prissy little maid. Hey, that's perfect! Look at that duster. Clean the garage, maid boy. Start with the workbench. And sing while you do it. Something girly. Like... that old Britney song. 'Oops!... I Did It Again.'"

Parker's stomach dropped. Non-sexual, but utterly humiliating—out-of-the-box degradation designed for their amusement. He teetered over to the workbench, the heels forcing mincing steps, stockings whispering against each other. Dust flew as he swiped the feather duster over tools and weights, his voice cracking as he started: "Oops!... I did it again... I played with your heart..." The words came out high-pitched, falsetto to match the feminine guise, the wig swinging into his eyes.

Tank boomed a laugh, his massive chest heaving. "Louder! And shake those fake tits while you dust. Make 'em bounce like you're in a music video."

Parker obeyed, exaggerating his movements, the silicone forms jiggling obscenely. Razor heckled relentlessly: "Look at those moobs flopping! You call that singing? Sounds like a cat getting strangled. Do it again, but add some dance moves. Twirl, Priscilla!"

He twirled, the heels catching on the concrete, nearly falling into Sly's arms. Sly caught him gently, but his eyes sparkled

with manipulation. "Careful, doll. You're doing great. Now, tell us why you're dressed like this. Confess like it's therapy. 'I love being Priscilla because...'"

Parker's voice shook: "I... I love being Priscilla because... it makes me feel pretty." Lies, but the words burned his throat, the crew's laughter fueling the shame.

GrudgeD watched with folded arms, his abs contracting with silent chuckles. "Good. Now, serve us drinks. Beers from the fridge. But crawl to get them. On all fours, like a good pet maid."

The humiliation deepened—non-sexual acts twisting the knife. Parker dropped to his knees, the stockings snagging on the rough floor, heels sticking out awkwardly. He crawled across the garage, breast plate dragging slightly, wig falling forward. The men catcalled: Razor's insults ("Crawl faster, you lazy bitch!"), Tank's grunts ("Shake that ass!"), Sly's whispers ("You're loving this attention, aren't you?").

He fetched the beers, presenting them on his knees, head bowed. They clinked bottles over his head, spilling foam onto the wig. "Cheers to Priscilla, the best maid in the hood!"

The ritual continued for hours—private, tailored torments echoing high school but amplified. Razor made him recite poetry: "Roses are red, violets are blue, I'm a wimpy crossdresser, and I suck at it too." Parker repeated it in a lisping voice, standing on one foot in the heels, arms flailing

for balance. Tank's turn was physical comedy: "Do push-ups, maid. But with those tits, bet you can't do one." Parker tried, the forms squishing against the floor, collapsing after half a rep. Tank roared, "Pathetic! Now, arm-wrestle me. Loser does jumping jacks."

Parker "wrestled," his soft arm pinned instantly. Jumping jacks followed—the heels clacking, stockings riding up, breast plate bouncing wildly, wig askew. Sly orchestrated a "fashion show": Parker strutted the garage length, posing like a model, while Sly narrated: "And here comes Priscilla in her stolen finery, dreaming of being a real girl. Twirl and blow kisses!"

Each act chipped at Parker's spirit—dialog mocking his softness ("Those legs look like chicken sticks in stockings!" from Razor), brute commands ("Faster! Harder!" from Tank), manipulative praise ("You're so natural at this, sweetie. It's your calling," from Sly). GrudgeD oversaw, occasionally joining: "Remember high school? This is better. Now, dust my boots with your wig."

Parker knelt, using the wig like a rag on GrudgeD's boots, the synthetic hair tangling. The smell of leather and sweat filled his nose, a non-sexual intimacy that humiliated deeper.

Through it all, Parker's mind wandered to Lucy. Where was she now? With GrudgeD earlier today? The conflict tore him: jealousy at imagined scenes—GrudgeD's hands on her curves, his deep voice whispering seductions—mixed with

guilt over his own arousal, his small penis straining the panties from the degradation. Why did this excite him? Was he broken?

The night peaked with a "talent show." Razor demanded a puppet act: Parker used the feather duster as a "microphone," lip-syncing to an old pop song on GrudgeD's phone, hips swaying awkwardly. Tank made him "wrestle" a broom—sweeping while pretending to fight it, falling dramatically. Sly scripted a "confession booth": Parker sat in a chair, "confessing" sins like "I steal my wife's clothes because I'm jealous of her beauty," while Sly "absolved" him with mocking blessings.

By 3 a.m., Parker was exhausted, makeup smeared, outfit torn. The crew dismissed him: "Good show, Priscilla. Same time next week." GrudgeD added, "Lucy's texting me now. Sweet dreams."

Parker snuck home, stripping in the garage, hiding the items. Lucy was asleep, but her phone glowed with a new message. He didn't check—couldn't bear it. Curling beside her, feeling her warm breasts against his back, he wept silently. The facade cracked further—feminized, humiliated, watching his world unravel from the shadows.

The next days intensified the torment. GrudgeD's crew demanded private sessions—Razor's solo "insult comedy roast," where Parker stood crossdressed as Razor hurled barbs: "You look like a melted Barbie! Your wife's probably

laughing behind your back." Non-sexual, but the words festered. Tank's "strength challenges": Parker in heels, trying to lift weights, collapsing while Tank mocked his "girly muscles." Sly's "therapy sessions": Parker recounting high school traumas in a falsetto, Sly twisting them into "desires."

All while GrudgeD escalated with Lucy—Parker spotting her car at a cafe, GrudgeD inside, their heads close. He didn't confront; instead, he stole more: her necklace, wearing it during a group "tea party" where he served imaginary tea in panties and wig, the crew toasting his "ladylike manners."

Parker's conflict peaked: arousal from humiliation clashed with despair over Lucy. One night, after a session where he danced the Macarena in full drag for their laughs, he overheard her on the phone: "He's been distant... Yeah, maybe." To GrudgeD? The uncertainty was his prison.

The chapter built to a fevered ritual—echoes of the past, private humiliations forging his feminized ruin.

Chapter 9: The Breaking Point

The garage sessions had stopped feeling like isolated humiliations. They had become the rhythm of Parker's nights, the only clock he still obeyed. But something shifted after the last "talent show." The crew still laughed, still commanded, still tore him down with words and ridiculous

tasks, yet the edge had dulled—not for them, but for him. The shame no longer flared white-hot; it had settled into a dull, constant pressure, like a bruise that no longer surprised him when pressed. He still cried sometimes, still hated the mirror, still felt his stomach lurch when the text arrived, but the tears came more quietly now. The fight inside him was bleeding out.

Lucy noticed the change in a different way. She no longer asked questions with that playful, probing lilt. Instead she watched him. Long, quiet looks across the kitchen island while she stirred coffee. A pause before she spoke, as though she were waiting for him to crack first. The innuendos had mostly disappeared. What remained was something colder: distance dressed up as concern.

“You’re sleeping in the guest room again,” she said one Tuesday morning. No accusation, just observation. She was already dressed for work—tailored blazer, pencil skirt, the blouse underneath unbuttoned one notch lower than usual. Her breasts pressed against the silk in a way that used to make Parker ache with want. Now it made him feel small.

“I didn’t want to wake you,” he lied. The truth was he couldn’t bear lying beside her anymore, feeling the heat of her body while knowing what waited for him next door. Knowing what might already be happening when she left the house.

She nodded slowly. “You’ve been gone a lot at night. Even when you’re home, you’re… somewhere else.” She set the mug down. “I’m not angry. I’m just trying to understand what I’m supposed to do with someone who won’t talk to me.”

Parker opened his mouth, closed it. The words *I’m being blackmailed* sat on his tongue like lead. *I’m being turned into a joke every night. I’m losing you and I don’t know how to stop it.* But every time he tried to speak, the phantom weight of the videos pressed down on his chest. The old clips. The new ones. The ones with the wig, the heels, the feather duster, the eyeliner running down his cheeks while four men laughed.

“I’m sorry,” was all he managed.

Lucy studied him for several seconds. Then she picked up her purse. “I’m meeting a client for lunch today. I’ll be late.”

She didn’t kiss him goodbye.

He watched her car pull away, then sat at the kitchen table with his head in his hands until the house felt too quiet to bear.

That night the text arrived earlier than usual.

Back patio. 11 p.m. No outfit tonight. Just you. Bring nothing.

Parker stared at the screen until the letters blurred. No wig. No heels. No makeup. No props. Just him.

He didn’t know whether to feel relieved or terrified.

At 10:55 he stepped outside in sweatpants and a hoodie, barefoot on the cold stone. The sliding door to GrudgeD’s patio was already open. Low light spilled across the deck, cigarette smoke curling upward.

GrudgeD sat alone on the outdoor sectional, legs spread, elbows on his knees. No crew. No music. No laughter waiting to erupt. Just the big man in a black hoodie and jeans, the cherry of his cigarette glowing in the dark.

Parker stopped five feet away.

“Sit,” GrudgeD said.

Parker sat on the opposite end of the sectional, knees drawn up, arms wrapped around them like a child expecting punishment.

GrudgeD exhaled smoke, watched it drift. “You’re quieter lately. Less fight. Less crying. Starting to like it?”

“No,” Parker whispered.

A long silence.

“Then why you still coming?”

Parker’s throat worked. “Because you’ll show her.”

GrudgeD nodded once, as though that answer was expected. “And if I didn’t? If I deleted everything tonight. Every clip.

Every photo. Every screenshot. Would you still show up tomorrow night?"

Parker didn't answer right away. The question felt like a trap, but not the kind he was used to.

"I don't know," he said finally.

GrudgeD flicked ash over the railing. "That's honest. First honest thing you said in weeks."

Another drag. Another exhale.

"I've been spending time with her," GrudgeD said casually, like he was discussing the weather. "Coffee. Lunch. Walks. She talks about you a lot. Says you're distant. Says she feels invisible. Says she doesn't know how to reach you anymore."

Parker's stomach folded in on itself.

"She asked me if I thought you were cheating," GrudgeD continued. "I told her no. Told her you're just… lost. She cried a little. Right there in the car. Quiet, like she didn't want me to see."

Parker's eyes burned. He stared at his bare feet on the deck boards.

"I could fuck her tomorrow if I wanted," GrudgeD said. "She's lonely. She's curious. She keeps touching my arm when she laughs. Keeps looking at my mouth when I talk. But I haven't. Not yet."

Parker lifted his head. “Why not?”

GrudgeD met his eyes. “Because it’s more fun this way.”

The simplicity of it was worse than cruelty.

GrudgeD stubbed out the cigarette. “I’m gonna give you a choice tonight. One time only. No tricks.”

He reached into his hoodie pocket and pulled out a small USB drive. Black. Plain. No label.

“Everything’s on here. Every video from high school. Every clip I took here. Every photo. Every screenshot of your search history. Everything. One copy. No cloud backup. No second phone. Just this.”

He held it between two fingers.

“You can take it. Walk back inside your house. Smash it with a hammer. Flush the pieces. Whatever. And I’ll never mention it again. Never text you. Never call you Priscilla. Never touch you. You can go back to being Parker Thompson, accountant, husband, normal guy. I’ll even move out next month. You’ll never see me again.”

Parker stared at the drive. His heart was beating so hard it hurt his ribs.

“Or,” GrudgeD continued, “you can give it back to me right now. And we keep going. Exactly like we have been. But no more half-measures. No more pretending you hate it. You

show up because you want to. You wear what I tell you because you want to. You let Razor call you names, let Tank bruise you, let Sly twist your head, because part of you likes the way it feels to disappear. And I keep working on Lucy. Slow. Careful. Until she decides she wants more than coffee."

Parker's mouth was dry.

"Why give me the choice?"

"Because I'm bored of the scared version," GrudgeD said. "I want the broken one. The one who chooses it."

Silence stretched between them.

Parker looked at the USB drive. Then at GrudgeD's face—calm, patient, utterly certain.

He reached out slowly.

His fingers closed around the drive.

He held it for a long moment.

Then he placed it back in GrudgeD's palm.

GrudgeD didn't smile. He simply nodded, pocketed the drive, and stood.


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“Tomorrow night. 11 p.m. Full outfit. Wig. Makeup. Breast plate. The works. And one more thing.”

He leaned down, voice low.

“Bring her wedding ring.”

Parker flinched as though slapped.

GrudgeD straightened. “You’ll figure it out.”

He walked inside without another word.

Parker sat on the patio alone until the cigarette butt stopped glowing.

When he finally went back inside, the house was dark. Lucy’s car was in the driveway—she’d come home while he was outside. He climbed the stairs quietly, pushed open the bedroom door.

She was awake, sitting up in bed, lamp on low. Wearing one of his old T-shirts, knees drawn up under the covers. Her eyes were red.

“Where were you?” she asked. No anger. Just exhaustion.

“Couldn’t sleep,” he lied. “Needed air.”

She nodded, but didn’t look convinced.

He stood in the doorway, still barefoot, still in sweatpants and hoodie. The breast plate was upstairs in its hiding place. The wig. The makeup. The stolen lingerie. All waiting.

Lucy patted the bed beside her.

He hesitated, then crossed the room and sat. The mattress dipped.

She reached for his hand. Her fingers were cold.

“I miss you,” she said quietly. “Even when you’re right here.”

Parker swallowed. “I miss you too.”

She searched his face. “Are you… seeing someone?”

The question was so soft it barely carried.

“No,” he said. And for once it was technically true.

She nodded slowly. “Okay.”

A long silence.

Then she leaned forward and kissed him—gentle, almost careful, like she was testing whether he still knew how. Parker kissed back, tasting salt from her earlier tears. Her breasts pressed against his chest through the thin shirt; he felt the absence of the silicone forms and hated how much he noticed.

She pulled away first.

“I’m going to sleep,” she said. “Stay if you want.”

He did.

They lay side by side, not touching, listening to each other breathe.

When her breathing finally evened out, Parker stared at the ceiling.

Tomorrow night he would steal her wedding ring.

He would put on the wig, the makeup, the breast plate, the heels.

He would walk next door.

He would let them laugh.

He would let them command.

And somewhere, in the quietest part of himself, he knew he would do it all again the night after that.

Because the choice had already been made.

Not tonight.

Weeks ago.

He just hadn’t admitted it until now.

Chapter 10: Shattered Reflections

The USB drive felt heavier in Parker's pocket than it had any right to. He had taken it back inside after that night on the patio, hidden it in the sock drawer under layers of folded cotton, but he hadn't smashed it. Hadn't flushed it. Hadn't even looked at it again. Instead, he had stared at the ceiling until dawn, Lucy's even breathing beside him a cruel lullaby. The choice GrudgeD had offered wasn't really a choice at all—it was a mirror, forcing Parker to see what he had become. And what he had seen terrified him: a man who no longer wanted rescue.

That next night, he waited until Lucy was asleep. She had initiated sex earlier, her hands roaming his body with a desperation that mirrored his own hidden turmoil. Her Tessa Fowler-like breasts had pressed against him, full and warm, her nipples hardening under his tentative touches. But Parker had faltered, his small 4-inch penis barely responding, his mind fractured between the silicone ghosts under his shirt and the dread of what waited next door. Lucy had finished herself with the vibrator, moaning softly, then rolled away without a word. No more innuendos. No more jokes. Just silence.

He slipped out of bed, heart pounding in a rhythm that felt almost rote now. In the bathroom, he prepared: the silicone breast plate adhered to his chest, enhancing his slight man boobs into voluptuous curves that bounced with each breath. The black wig fell in waves over his shoulders, framing his face as he applied the stolen eyeliner and red lipstick with

shaking hands. The lacy black panties cupped his small erection, already stirring from the forbidden thrill. Stockings sheathed his legs, clipped to the garter belt, and the red heels pinched his feet as he practiced a few steps in the mirror. He looked like a distorted echo of Lucy—feminine, alluring, broken.

Her wedding ring was on the nightstand, glinting under the lamp. Gold band, simple diamond. A symbol of vows long since fractured. Parker picked it up, the metal cool against his palm. Stealing it felt like crossing a final threshold, but he pocketed it without hesitation. No more resistance. Just surrender.

The walk next door was a blur—heels clicking softly, the night air whispering against his stockinged thighs. GrudgeD's back door was unlocked. Inside, the living room was dimly lit, the crew assembled like judges at a trial. Razor paced with his lean, predatory grace, eyes gleaming. Tank sat like a boulder, his massive frame straining the couch. Sly lounged with that sly, manipulative smile. GrudgeD stood in the center, arms crossed over his chiseled chest, his presence a gravitational pull.

"Priscilla's here," Razor sneered, his voice a blade. "And look—she brought a gift."

Parker held out the ring with trembling fingers. GrudgeD took it, turning it in the light. "Her wedding ring. Bold

choice." He slipped it onto his pinky, where it fit loosely. "Kneel."

Parker knelt, the heels digging into his calves, the breast plate shifting. The crew circled him, but tonight there were no elaborate games—no dusting, no singing, no fashion shows. Just raw, unfiltered command.

"Confess," Sly purred, his voice weaving into Parker's mind like smoke. "Tell us why you brought it."

Parker's voice was small, cracked. "Because... I want this. I choose this."

The words hung in the air, a self-inflicted wound. GrudgeD nodded. "Strip."

Parker obeyed, peeling off the layers until he stood in just the feminized accessories—wig, makeup, breast plate, lingerie, heels. His small penis strained against the lace, exposed and pathetic. The crew didn't touch him tonight. Instead, they watched as GrudgeD approached, his thick uncut cock already freed from his jeans, hanging heavy and musky. "Suck."

Parker leaned forward, lips parting around the head, the strong scent enveloping him—salty sweat, raw masculinity. He bobbed slowly, tears mixing with the eyeliner running down his cheeks. The act was mechanical, but the emotion surged: shame twisted with desire, jealousy for the life he was surrendering. GrudgeD groaned, thrusting deeper, but

pulled out before finishing. "Not tonight. Tonight, you watch."

Watch? Parker's confusion cleared when GrudgeD nodded to the window. Through the thin curtains, their own bedroom light flickered on. Lucy was home, moving around the room, undressing slowly. She didn't know they could see—thin walls, thinner privacy.

"She's waiting for me," GrudgeD said casually. "Power outage excuse. I'll 'check on her.' You stay here. Watch from the shadows."

Parker's heart shattered. The crew smirked—Razor's laugh sharp, Tank's grunt approving, Sly's whisper manipulative: "This is what you chose, sweetie. Enjoy the show."

GrudgeD left, crossing the shared yard. Parker pressed against the window, hidden in the dark, the silicone breasts heaving with his ragged breaths. He watched as GrudgeD knocked on their back door. Lucy answered, robe loosely tied, her curvaceous figure silhouetted. She let him in, her smile tentative but warm. They talked—muffled words through the glass—then she laughed, touching his arm. GrudgeD stepped closer, his massive frame dwarfing her. His hand brushed her cheek.

Parker's world narrowed to that scene: GrudgeD's lips on hers, slow and claiming. Lucy hesitated, then melted into it, her hands on his broad chest. The robe slipped open,

revealing her naked body—breasts full and swaying, hips wide, the body Parker had worshipped but never truly satisfied. GrudgeD lifted her easily, carrying her to the bedroom. The lights dimmed, but the curtains were parted just enough.

Parker watched, aroused and devastated, his small hand slipping into the panties to stroke himself guiltily. GrudgeD stripped, his chiseled body a god's—abs flexing, tattoos stark, his thick uncut cock erect and commanding. Lucy gasped as he entered her, her moans carrying through the walls: "Oh God... yes... bigger..." Words that stabbed Parker deeper than any blade. GrudgeD thrust with power Parker could never match, her breasts bouncing, her face contorted in ecstasy she had never shown him.


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The crew watched Parker watch, their amusement a distant hum. "Look at the cuck," Razor whispered. "Jerking to his own ruin." Tank grunted agreement. Sly cooed, "It's beautiful, isn't it? Your gift to them."

Parker came in weak spurts, collapsing against the wall, tears streaming. The scene continued—GrudgeD bringing Lucy to climax after climax, her cries echoing his name: "Grudge... please... more..." Until they collapsed together, laughing softly, entwined.

GrudgeD returned hours later, sated and smirking. "She's asleep. Satisfied." He tossed the USB drive to Parker. "Deleted everything. You're free. But we both know you're not."

Parker clutched the drive, spirit crushed. The crew left, their work done. He snuck home, stripping the feminized gear, curling in the guest room. Lucy's scent lingered—mixed with GrudgeD's now.

The days blurred into weeks. Lucy grew distant, then confrontational. "We need to talk," she said one evening, her eyes red from unspoken tears. "I'm not happy. Haven't been for a long time." Parker nodded numbly, the confession spilling in fragments: his distance, his secrets. She misinterpreted—thought it a midlife crisis, a fetish unexplored. But the truth stayed buried. "I met someone," she admitted softly. "GrudgeD. It's... new. But real."

The divorce papers came soon after. Amicable, they called it. Parker moved to the guest room permanently, then to a small apartment across town. But he didn't stay away. He drove by the townhouse often, parking in shadows, watching.

GrudgeD had moved in officially. The neighborhood whispered— the thugged-out black man with the busty white divorcee. Parker saw them: walks hand-in-hand, her laughter bright, his arm around her waist. One night, through binoculars from his car, he watched their passion—Lucy riding GrudgeD on the couch, her breasts bouncing, moans loud enough to imagine. Parker masturbated in the dark, tears mixing with shame, his small body curled in defeat.

He stole one last item: her necklace, the gold chain with the heart pendant she'd worn on their wedding day. Snuck in during a day they were out, rifling her jewelry box like the thief he'd become. It became his memento—worn under his shirt, a twisted talisman.

GrudgeD discarded the blackmail fully, but the hold remained. Parker returned voluntarily now—secret visits to the garage, feminized and submissive, the crew's humiliations a drug he craved. "Priscilla," they'd call him, making him perform: reciting vows in drag, promising eternal submission while they laughed.

The end came on a rainy night. Parker sat alone in his apartment, staring at his feminized reflection—wig on, makeup fresh, breast plate adhered. The necklace dangled between the silicone curves. Next door—no, not next door anymore. But the echoes remained: Lucy's laughter with GrudgeD, their passion a symphony he could only spy on.


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A new neighbor moved in next to them—a young couple, oblivious. Parker drove by once, saw them wave at GrudgeD and Lucy. The cycle hinted, but he was too shattered to care. No redemption. Just ruin.

He lay down, the rain pattering, and whispered to the empty room: "I chose this." The words were a dirge, emotionally charged with regret, desire, loss. His spirit, fully crushed, dissolved into the night.