

The Sexual Matrix

Grace Mansfield

PART ONE

"Hey, babe, you've got a choice.

She held out her hands. In the palms of those sexy, red tipped digits were two pills. One was red and one was blue.

We were sitting at the kitchen table at her home. She was facing me, and she was never more beautiful. Her long, dark hair spread over her bare shoulders. Her eyes smokey and mysterious. Her lips red, plump, and she licked them, her pink tongue sliding over them, moistening them, making them glisten.

And, I might add, we were naked. She had invited me over, gotten me naked, and told me she had a deal for me.

She sat there, facing me, and I could smell her arousal, and the glimpse I had had of her vagina indicated that it was wet.

I, of course, was totally erect.

God, I was in love.

Heather was the perfect woman for me. She was five and a half feet tall, massive mammaries, tiny waist, smarter than Einstein, and she had me. She knew she had me. From the very first day I set eyes on her, she had me.

"What's in them?" I asked.

"You've seen the matrix. You take the red pill things change, life goes crazy, you find out the truth and fight the evil forces of mental manipulation and sexual abuse."

Sexual abuse? Uh oh. That was the one thing about Heather, she liked to tease. A lot. I had gone home so many times with my pants bulging and my throat gulping and so turned on I couldn't stand it. My heart pounding, my penis throbbing, so full of lust that my eyeballs were steamed.

"You take the blue pill and you wake up in bed. Alone and horny, and we're done."

"D-done?" My heart dropped. Yes, she kept me horny, but on those few times when she did let me get off, usually by her hand, once by her mouth, and once, just rubbing the tip of my dick against her pussy....well, actually it was her rubbing her pussy lips against my dick. I was tied down at the time.

"Done, sweetheart. You either take the next step, the red pill, find out what evil lurks behind the curtain, or, see ya later alligator."

"See you..." my heart had dropped all the way into my sandals. I felt like the world was not just ending, but exploding into a cinder.

"But, we've had so many good times!"

Well, she had. Being demanding and pushing me around. Making me wait on her hand and foot. And I was teased, and stroked, and tied down for her pleasure, whatever that pleasure brought.

Which meant that I wasn't just having pleasure, I was in heaven.

"And we can have more, once you choose." She smiled. "Or we can call it quits."

"But what's really in the pills?"

"Your future. One way or the other. Your choice. And you better make it, because I'm not going to sit here, offering you your future, while you dither and dally."

"Can I have a drink while I think about it?"

She shook her head, which, because we were leaning towards each other in kitchen chairs, was only a foot apart from mine. Her hands were in front of me, offering...what?

"You must make this choice with a clear mind. Your own mind." then she laughed. "For the last time."

The last time? what the heck was she plotting? What was in the pills? What would happen to me.

"Wait," I said, and I actually took my attention off her. My eyes glazed, and I actually had deep thoughts.

She was fine with that. In fact, I think she wanted that. She wanted me to do this of my own accord.

I thought of the movie The Matrix. Neo took a chance and found the love of his life. In a culture heavy with slavery and sweat and chains and mental machines that raped the mind, he found true love.

And, he learned Kung Fu.

I had watched the scene in the dojo a million times, Neo struggling, getting beat, Morpheus encouraging him to find the truth of himself, and then...he knew Kung Fu.

But it wasn't the kung fu that I kept thinking about, it was the love of my life.

I had already found the love of my life. My dick told me so. So why should I give her up? Oh, that's right. I had no choice, or rather, my choice was give her up, or take the next step. whatever that next step was.

"Okay," I said, my eyes focusing on her.

She smiled.

I took the red pill from her hand, I put it in my mouth.

Now she offered me a drink. Coke and bourbon, my favorite, and washed that little pellet down the old gullet.

She sat back, satisfied and watched me.

"What now?"

"We wait."

"What was in the pill."

She just laughed.

I sat back. I pushed my hair back. To one side of me was the window, and I turned and looked at myself. I was the same. I was Justin Brooks, suburban schmuck, just out of college. No prospects and a lifetime in front of me.

"I'm glad you took the pill, Justin."

I looked back at her. "Uh, so am I."

She giggled. "You sound so funny."

"What's supposed to happen now?"

Her lips pursed in a quirky curve. "I think this is where you see your reflection, you reach out and touch it."

I looked at my reflection in the window.

"Go ahead. Reach out."

So I did. Feeling foolish, but compelled by my fascination. I touched the tip of my finger to the window. Nothing happened. Mercury didn't run up my arms and into my mouth and turn me inside out.

I brought my hand back, feeling foolish.

I looked at her, she was laughing.

We sat there for 15 minutes, nothing happening, yet she just kept telling me to sit, to wait.

Then another 15 minutes,

Then I felt funny. My eyelids fluttered, and I gulped, and the world just sort of felt...skewed.

This was what Heather had been waiting for. She leaned forward, again licking her lips, and she motioned me to lean forward.

There we were a foot apart, staring into each others eyes, and she said. "Take off your clothes. Quickly. And don't stop looking at me while you do. You must keep your eyes on me, totally on me, nothing else, for the next five minutes.

I tell you, I shucked my clothes faster than a rubber band snaps. In 15 seconds I was sitting there, naked, my penis pointing towards her and throbbing uncontrollably.

She was fully clothed, her chest rising and falling in excitement. She reached forward with both hands and placed them around my penis.

"Uhhh," I groaned. She had made a point of telling me not to cum for a week. No masturbation. She had been insistent, and even grilled me every day. And I hadn't. I was hornier than a tuba.

"Justin. I have been waiting for this, but first I had to make sure you were right, that you were the one."

I closed my eyes, giving in to the feel of her hands stroking me, her warm palms sliding up my shaft. I could feel her breath on my face, gentle and sweet smelling.

"No. Open your eyes."

I opened them.

"No matter what happens, you must focus on me. I must become your world for the next few minutes, until you have an orgasm."

I nodded, licked my own lips, and felt her hands pulling me onward, stoking my lust, making my fires burn brighter. My testicles felt like they were swelling, everything getting tight down there.

She stroked, and she moved her face closer. Close enough to kiss. I stared at her lips.

"No. My eyes. And don't try to kiss me. Just do this."

I had no intention of doing anything else. I was about to cum. I lived for this. Sex with Heather. My world made whole.

She focused on me, and kept stroking.

I wanted her to fondle my balls, maybe slap them a bit. But she just stroked and stroked, and watched my eyes.

I wanted her to palm the head, maybe even to bend down and suck it a bit. But she just kept stroking, watching my eyes.

I didn't take long, maybe three minutes, then she slowed down, real slow. No premature ejaculators for her. She wanted us to look at each other for the full five minutes.

So I did, though I was gulping and sweating, and then the world started to turn over, to slant, and I felt like my stomach was turning inside my turning body, and my senses were all skewed, but I kept my eyes on her. No matter what bizarre acrobatics my senses were going through, I watched her eyes.

Her eyes, liquid pools of blue, never ending depths. The black hole in the center spreading out, overwhelming me, swallowing me. I felt like I was drowning, and I heard her voice... "Come on Justin, just a little more, you can do it."

She was far away, and I felt my core surge with love for her, and my penis, suddenly it felt like an old steam locomotive, chugging and chugging, steam spurting out of it. And I realized:

My dick was pulsing!

The steam was my spiritual energy, being shaped, being funneled, being drained into...her...her eyes...her...

I was cuming, my dick spurting, and suddenly everything started to go right side up.

I looked down, and she let me.

My dick hung there, a big, fat slug drooling semen. There were drops on the floor, but the major issue was in her hand.

I had been so messed up, so far out in some weird world, that I had hardly felt it, and I felt this massive sense of disappointment.

I watched, and she lifted her hand and tasted the sperm, then she smiled and sucked it into her mouth. Gobs and gobs of the sweet essence.

And I felt like I was falling down a drain pipe.

I reached out, grabbed the kitchen table with one hand, the other hand flailed around searching.

Heather laughed. Her teeth were so white and beautiful, so straight and powerful. I couldn't take my eyes off her lips stick, perfectly applied, red, giving her a lustful appearance. And I wanted her to lust for me. In fact, my whole being gravitated to the thought that I needed her to love me. I would do anything for her, if I could only get her to love me.

"How you doing, Justin?"

I blurted, "Please, I just need you to love me."

"If you want me to love you...get a hard on."

I blinked. I loved her, but there was a part of me that realized how non sequitur her command was.

I looked down. Without being touched. Without any stimulation, and after having just shot a massive load, my dick was erecting. I watched, stunned, as it rose to a turgid pounding.

"Wha...?" I said, confused.

She laughed and said, "Go sit in the living room. Wait for me. Do not say anything until I say you can."

I stood up and walked into the living room, and a part of me watched my body walking, and wondered...why am I doing this? She had told me what to do, and I didn't quibble, I didn't object, I didn't even ask why. I just did what she said.

I sat down, feeling a sense of amazement at myself. My submissive self.

A moment passed and Heather walked through the living room. She glanced at me, and I stared at her hungrily, my dick hard as a spaceship counting down. She just laughed and walked into the bedroom.

I waited. I listened to her shower. I just wanted her to come back to me; I just wanted to gaze at her!

Yet she was ignoring me. I could feel it. I knew it. She had done something to me, and she was enjoying her little joke.

I felt a little irritated. I wanted to go in and give her a piece of my mind. But when I told my body to stand up it just sat there. I was a useless appendage attached to a boner.

Fifteen minutes later she came out of her room. She tossed me a towel. "Dry me."

She took a position in front of me.

I stood up and began blotting the water off her. I put the towel to her body, pulling it around her, blotting and rubbing. I dried her breasts off, and my cock started to drip.

She felt a splatter of pre-cum and looked down. She laughed. "Don't get any of that on me or you'll be licking it off."

But I couldn't help it. I had been commanded to dry her off, and moving around her my hard dick swayed, and a bit of juice landed on her thigh.

"Lick that off."

Without a word, I knelt, placed my hands on her lovely legs, and lapped the pre-cum off her, which caused even more pre-cum to leak and fall on her foot.

"Lick that off, too."

I bent down, on all fours, and began to lick the pre-squirt off her toes.

"While you're down there, fuck my foot with your tongue."

She walked away, and I lurched after her, grabbing and missing and falling on the floor.

She laughed as she sat down and I scampered after her.

I took her foot, her beautiful, red toes, and I washed them with my tongue. I poked my tongue between her toes. I sucked on the toes. I kissed and licked the bottom of her foot. A piece of me was far away, dazed, protesting, but I couldn't stop.

Suddenly she raised a foot, placed it against my chest, and pushed.

I rolled back on my ass, scrambled to right myself and was ready to dive back to her feet, but she said, "No."

I stopped.

"Squat in front of me."

I hunkered down at her feet and stared up at her, awed by her incredible beauty.

She was giggling, having the time of her life. "Oh, Justin. Justin. I love you this way. I'm going to keep you like this for a long time. Would you like that?"

Like a dam bursting, I broke. I had been given leave to speak.

"No..."

"Say yes."

"Yes."

She smiled. "From here on out you will always reply appropriate to my wishes. If I ask, you may speak your mind, but you will always revert to doing what you think I would like you to do."

I opened my mouth and tried to speak, but I was going to say something inappropriate to her desires, and I was officially speechless.

"Okay. You may break rule one once."

"I don't...what is happening? Why am I doing...I don't..."

She held up her finger and I shut. Like a bear trap. Words died in me and I was bound by what I came to know as rule one: Do only what is appropriate to her needs.

"Now then, I really thought about this...should I leave you to wonder why you can't not follow my desires, but I figured you might eventually go insane, and we don't want that. At least, not until you have waited on me sufficient to be allowed to go insane."

She smiled.

I gulped and loved her forever.

"The blue pill was nothing. A placebo. Sugar. But we would have been done. I needed you to take the red pill, and if you wouldn't, then I would find somebody who would.

"What was in the red pill...wait, I should tell you where I got it from first, that will help you understand the significance of the red pill.

"My first name is Heather. But my last name isn't Johnson. It is Frankendick. You may remember reading about Dr. Frankendick in the newspapers last year? Nod if you do."

I nodded.

"Well, you remember that Dr. Frankendick and his wife were discovered in his home on an endless loop of slavery and sex. They were deemed to be insane and locked away.

"As a distant relative, their only relative, I took possession of their house, and this included samples of the chemicals that had reduced them to their bizarre state, and complete instructions for making other products.

"The drug that was used, that they invented and was actually used upon them, was a derivation of Rohypnol. The date rape drug.

"What I gave you was a pill of pure, undiluted essence of Rohypnol.

"The effect is to make you unable to do anything except what your master says. By making you stare into my eyes for five minutes, while the drug took effect, I became imprinted on you. I know, you loved me before, but you could always walk away, refuse me, and if you are going to be my boyfriend I can't have that.

"So you are officially my property, and you will always do what I say. And even though you will have thoughts, you will be unable to resist my commands. Do you understand what I have said? You may say what you will."

"I understand, but..."

"But what?"

"But what about my free will? What about my rights as a human being?"

She held up a finger and I slapped my jaw shut.

"You already exercised those rights when you made a choice and took the red pill. Now, enough chit chat. Chit chat makes me so wonderfully horny. Lick me to an orgasm."

I wanted to speak, to object, to say something, but all I could do was dive forward and bury my head between her thighs.

I licked, I gobbled, I ran my tongue up her slit and nibbled on the clitoris. All the time I was erect and dripping. My dick rubbed against the carpet and I groaned at the feeling of the head being roughly stimulated.

She lifted my head. "By the way. You will be erect and dripping at all times, unless I say otherwise. And...you are not allowed to come."

I managed to stare at her incredulously.

She pushed my head back down. "Now come on. Do me right."

So I did.

"Use your fingers, use your nose," she moaned. She lay back and began playing with her tits.

I could barely see her pulling on her nipples and her hips started to move back and forth, fucking my face as I redoubled my efforts.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried, and then the spasms set in. Her pelvis jerked and she held my face in place. I couldn't breath, but I couldn't back away. I continued to eat her as her thighs tightened and squeezed my face.

Finally, she pushed me away. I was weak from not breathing and fell back on the rug.

She sighed, and I quickly came back to my haunches and stared at her.

Far away, I was aghast, objecting, hating everything. But I couldn't help but stare at her and love her.

She came to her elbows and said, "I need another shower. Go stand in it and make the water the right temperature."

I ran for the bathroom, jumped in the shower and turned the spigots. Fortunately, she had just taken a shower not long before, so I only experienced lukewarm water, which quickly became hot. But I dreaded the idea of doing this with cold water.

She came to the shower, "Get out and dry the floor. Next time close the door so you won't get water on the floor."

I jumped out of the shower and ran for the towel I had previously used to dry her off. I began scrubbing the floor. Meanwhile, Heather was in the shower. She was humming, and I could see her soaping her delicious breasts through the frosted glass.

My hard on was, of course, gigantic, and it brushed against the floor, stimulating me even further, but there was no hope for relief. I was stuck in a place where everything aroused me, but nothing released me.

She stepped out of the shower, "Dry me off."

I walked around her and rubbed her skin. It was so fine, so perfect, and suddenly she grabbed my cock and began to stroke it.

My rubbing slowed down and I began to gasp. My cock was turning red, pre-cum flowed out of the tip. I felt the surges beginning deep down, churning my balls, driving the liquid up the shaft, but nothing came out of the head.

Heather giggled. "This is so much fun. Is it fun for you?"

Appropriate, I answered. "I love it." And, truth, there was something in me, underneath the protest and dismay, that did enjoy it.

She patted my cheek. She kissed me, and the world became white and dizzy. Her mere touch was making me swoon, and she still stroked my cock. "Now, dear, I want you to dry the floor again, then you may sleep in the shower. You will awake at six o'clock, fully rested, and prepare breakfast. I want sausages and waffles and a mimosa. Bring them in and stand by my bed when everything is ready."

She walked away from me. As I knelt to the floor and began wiping up her water I heard her bed springs creak. A minute later the floor was dry. I turned off the light and stepped into the shower. Then commenced one of the most miserable nights I have ever experienced.

It was wet in the shower. It wasn't cold, but I was trying to sleep on wet tiles, and my flesh slipped on the tiles, and I bumped my elbows, and the tiles were hard to sleep on.

I kept waking up, wiping water off me, dozing, bumping a knee, existing in a sleepy state that couldn't get respite, and, to top it off, my erection wouldn't go away.

I didn't get any real sleep until probably five in the morning, and then it was just an hour, and I awoke, feeling freshly rested, and I stood up.

I tip toed past her bed. She slumbered peacefully, and in the glow of her clock I stared at her precious face. So beautiful, so perfect, and I loved her.

But I needed to hurry if I was going to get her breakfast.

Once out of the bedroom I ran for the kitchen. My dick bounced and liquid splatted on the floor. I knew I would have to clean up more mess later, but right now, I was being driven by my love for her. I had to do what she wanted.

I cooked the sausages and waffles, put everything on a tray, including butter and syrup and a glass half and half with orange juice and champagne, and I brought them back to her bedroom. I took a position where I could gaze lovingly at her. I stared down at her and felt my love swell, and my cock dripped endlessly.

A few minutes later she stirred. She turned over, stretched, opened her eyes, and looked at me.

"Justin! how wonderful of you. Place the tray right here." She patted the bed.

I put the tray down and she began eating. Little nibbles of sausage, lots of syrup. "Mmmm, you're a good cook."

I said nothing. I just watched her lips move and fell deeper in love.

She sighed. "You may talk, just...oh, hell, you can talk. I don't want you deaf and dumb or anything."

"Please," I said. "May I cum?"

She laughed, ate a little more, and said, "Now where is the fun in that? You give a big, old squirt, and then you are empty, no longer in lust. No, I prefer you to be horny, to be enslaved to me by the juices in your cock."

And I realized: *yes, I did love her, but that was just fueling my horniness, and...and I needed relief.*

"How long are you going to keep me like this?"

"A long time."

"What?"

"I have to tell you, I like you like this." She giggled. "I think, in the end, you won't want to escape. Your mind will just sort of snap, and you will realize that there are worse things than being my slave."

That was food for thought.

She finished eating. "Do the dishes, clean the kitchen, then come back and we will have a discussion. Answer me with 'yes, ma'am.'"

"Yes, ma'am." I took the tray and headed for the kitchen.

A short time later I was back, and she was ready for me. She was still in bed, but she had kicked the covers off and was playing with herself. She smiled up at me.

"Would you like to get in me?"

"Oh, please!" I blurted, actually lurching in place.

"Very well. You may fuck me until I cum, but don't you dare have an orgasm."

"Yes, ma'am." I was already on the bed, crawling up between her legs.

"Not so fast, bozo. Give me a good licking."

I stopped at her crotch and began tasting her. Oh, the torment. I could feel my cock erupting with pre-cum, my hips were lurching, and my cock felt like every throb was a spank.

"Oh, yeah. That's it, lover." She held my head and pushed her pussy into my face. "Now, come up and do me right."

I crawled up and placed my cock at her hole. Oh, God, my penis was massive! Redder than I had ever seen it, and the veins were pulsing with desire.

"Come on, shove it in."

Helpless to her commands, I moved my hips and pushed forward.

She gasped and held on to me. She pulled me tight, then bid me be still. "Don't move for a second. I just want to enjoy the feel of a good cock for a while."

I lay, motionless, my penis ensconced in her cunt, throbbing so hard I thought my heart would burst.

"Isn't this wonderful? Doesn't it feel good to just hold it?"

"No...no...I want to cum!"

She laughed merrily. "Oh, you silly goose. You aren't allowed to cum. Now start to move. Slide in and out, give it a twist or turn every now and then.

I fucked her, and my dick was controlling my mind. Well, she was controlling it, but my dick was second in line, and I was a far distant third. So part of me lusted and pumped and moaned and groaned. And my dick felt the goodness and was so enraptured, taking me down the path of compulsion and addiction. And a piece of me was screaming 'No! No!'

Heather knew what was happening. She watched the torment unfold on my face and she kept chuckling.

"Oh, yeah, baby. You're a good fuck."

She ground her hips upon me.

"Please," I managed to whisper. "Please, let me cum. Set me free!"

"Nonsense," she moaned. She reached down and felt my balls. Her eyes opened. "They're so hot! And they feel so full!"

"They are, and they need to let go. I need to be emptied!" I sounded so piteous, yet she just smiled.

"God, it makes me horny to see you like this."

And there was the catch 22. The hornier she made me, the hornier she got, and why should she ever let me squirt?

"Oh, God...God...Fu..." I drove my giant cock into her, and she began to shake and tremble.

"Oh, yes, here we go!" She held onto me then, and her pelvis shuddered and spasmed, and she squeezed me so tight I thought I might break. The orgasm went on and on, never ending, and then, suddenly, she lay back and gasped.

I lay in her, my heart pounding, my cock surging, and nothing happening.

She pushed me and I got off. I withdrew my cock and stared at it. It was glistening with her juices, the head was purple, and even as I watched white droplets formed and fell from the slit.

"Oh, God!" I moaned, and my hips thrust back and forth, fucking the air itself, trying to get some relief.

Heather lay back for a second, then she wheeled around and sat on the bed next to me. She looked at my poor, abused tool, and she giggled. She took it in her hand and started stroking.

"Now then, my dear. I've arranged for you to take a job. So I need you to lick me clean, ready the shower, dry me off, then clean yourself up. You may dress casual, and I will leave a slip of paper on the kitchen table with the address. They will be expecting you, so don't let me down."

"Yes, ma'am." I was sad, horny, excited. My dick was large, throbbing, and my balls felt super filled. I watched her hand work me, making me ever hornier and hornier.

"And, Justin?"

I looked at her. "Yes, ma'am?"

She smiled at me, squeezed my balls and pecked my cheek. "You're a good boy."

Then she lay back on the bed and waited for me to get on with my chores.

PART TWO

I reported to a sex store downtown. I walked in, looked at the walls of dildos, the butt plugs, the whips and glossy books, and I knew what my life was becoming.

Oddly, it didn't matter as much as it had. I was already getting acclimated to loving my hard on. I just wanted to work in the store, get done, and go home and gaze upon Heather, and...get off!

The driving motivation of my life. Getting off...with Heather.

I wanted to fuck her, suck her, bring her to frothy Os, in spite of the fact that she never let me get off. Or maybe because?

"You must be Justin." A girl wearing the shortest shorts I had ever seen, and possessing the juttingest tits in the world, sauntered up to me.

"Uh, yeah. Hea—"

She kissed me. She just walked up and splatted one on me. And it was a good one.

At first I was shocked, but it didn't take long to respond, and then I was giving as good as I got.

She broke it off. I wanted more, I leaned forward, tried to pull her to me, but she got a hand up and pushed on my chest.

"Oh, Heather wasn't kidding. You are a horny one!"

Well, yeah. I hadn't cum in a week, and now what Heather had done to me, I wanted to pop in the worst way.

But, of course. I couldn't.

So Ginger (that was her name) reached in my pants and grabbed me and led me back into the store.

Past the rows of toys and lubes and strap ons. Past fake asses and monster dildos. She kept glancing over her shoulder at me, laughing, tugging on my penis. "You're going to be our stock boy. You'll work in the back. Good thing it's summer, because Heather wants you nude all the time. Heather doesn't like clothes. And we're supposed to keep you hard, send you home all hot and bothered. Are you going to like that? Does Heather ever actually fuck you? Oh, that's Jill over there. Hi Jill! This is Justin. He's our new Peeny Boy."

My face was red, but there was nothing I could do, I was supposed to work for her, to follow directions as if they were given by Heather herself.

"There's the break room over there, and there's a forklift. You know how to drive a forklift? Good."

My cock was surging, my hips were jerking forward and I was gasping. I wanted to cum so badly.

Ginger didn't care. Well, she did care. She thought it was funny and she kept giggling and stroking me even harder.

When we finally stopped she looked at her hand and laughed. It was slimy with my pre-cum.

"Oh, you gusher." She wiped the goo off on my chest. "Now take your clothes off and get ready. I'll show you what to do."

I took off my clothes and now my boner, her handle, stood out for me to actually see.

"Oh, my. That is big! And it's so red! Does it hurt? I mean that must be painful."

I was naked but for shoes, and she came closer to me and began stroking me.

"Uh, yeah, can you...can you get me off?"

"Oh, I probably could, but where's the fun in that?"

"Yeah, but..."

She put a finger to my lips. "I love to hear you beg, and I want you to beg a lot, but right now, I have to show you how to fill orders.

"Now, before we start, I want you to stroke yourself. You may stop whenever you get too close, but as soon as the urge passes, it's back to stroking."

"Okay."

"Now."

I blinked, grabbed my cock, and began sliding my hand back and forth.

Oh, it felt heavenly. I was so close, and so horny.

She slapped me. Not hard, but enough to open my eyes. Keep stroking, but keep your attention on me, on the job.

"Oh...okay." I gulped. My balls felt like they were going to explode.

"Excellent."

Ding!

I looked to the side. On the end of a prep table was a printer. A sheet of paper shot out of it as I watched.

"Oh, goodie. Just in time. Hey! Justin...just in...it's a pun."

I stroked and nodded and gulped.

"Grab that paper and let's fill it."

I took the lone sheet of paper in hand, and she grabbed my cock and led me away.

"What's the order?"

I looked at the paper and focused my eyes, which was hard because my chest hurt with heat, my balls were tight, my dick kept pulsing against her grip.

"A strap on and a negligee."

"This is the strap on aisle," she pulled me down a wide aisle and we found the strap on item.

Then another aisle. Her pulling on me, me gasping and making moaning sounds. "And these are the negligees, look for number 302A."

I found the number. It was in a small packet.

"Okey dokey, back to the table."

At the table, while I kept stroking myself, she put the two things in a box, taped it, addressed it, and threw it in a big rolly cart. "That's for the mail man. Stop stroking."

I stopped. I was shivering. She was grinning. "I really don't know where Heather finds such wonderful boys."

"I...I need to cum." A long string of pre-cum was hanging to the floor.

"Catch that drool with your other hand."

I did.

Ginger came close to me. She put her fingers on my nipples and started flicking and circling them. "Now, eat it."

I felt the gag reflex try to kick in. My throat lurched and I wanted to puke. I lifted my hand and sucked the contents. Slightly salty but otherwise bland goo touched my lips, coated my tongue, slid down my throat.

I stopped wanting to gag. My eyes opened.

"Tastes pretty good, eh?"

"Not really."

"I think it does," and she looked at me pointedly.

"Oh," I blinked, and realized that it really was delicious. Just the right amount of bland. Yes, I liked it.

I nodded and she smiled.

"You see, pre-cum, and especially cum, is energy. And if it just falls on the floor it is wasted energy. And somebody comes along and mops up your wasted energy and squeezes out the mop and all your energy just goes down the drain."

"But if you eat it, it recycles, and you stay healthy, never skinny out, and you actually don't need as much food as you think. Isn't that great?"

"I, uh...I—"

She frowned and spoke in a warning voice, "I asked if that was great."

"Oh, uh, yeah. It's great. I love it. It's delicious." I was finding that just as I had fallen in love with Heather, following the directions of Ginger was making me fall in love with her. I did so want to please her. And I wanted to fuck her. And I wanted to cum. But we know the story on that.

"Okay. So you fill the next order, I'll watch."

As if on cue...Ding!

Stroking myself, I picked up the order form. High heels for a cross dresser. I looked at the map which was posted above the table and located the aisle.

Heather followed me as I trotted, dick swaying and dripping, down the high heeled aisle.

I found the heels and climbed up a ladder for them.

Heather stood under me, one hand out to catch my drippings. "High heels. We're going to have to have you wear some. You'll find they're a lot of fun."

I descended to the floor and she held her hand out. I dutifully licked it. Yes, it tasted yummy.

"Good boy."

Then she followed me to the prepping table and watched as I boxed, addressed, put postage on, and threw the order into the mail cart.

"Excellent!" she laughed. "Now, in between orders you may sit on that barstool. You can face it in any direction. You should stroke yourself, keep yourself on edge, and wait for the next order. Go on, have a seat."

I got on the barstool and faced her. God, she was beautiful. Long, red hair, and those breasts... I asked, "May I touch your titties?"

She giggled. "Why Justin! You are so fresh!" And she gave me a light, almost loving slap on the cheek.

I touched my cheek in wonder. I wasn't fresh, I was compelled. I was in love. I just wanted to please her.

"Now you sit there and wait for orders, and we'll do stocking this afternoon. I'll call you when it's time for lunch."

She left and I sat on the barstool and looked towards the street. Out the big doors was a small parking lot, and then a driveway about fifty feet long. I watched cars whiz by on the street. I watched people walking along the sidewalk. They frequently looked up the drive, but I was at the back of the warehouse, in the shadows, and they couldn't see me.

Still, it was exciting to be sitting naked, knowing they could almost see me.

In fact everything was exciting. It was exciting to be in love with Heather, and now with Ginger. And there were other beautiful girls in the shop and I had no doubt I was going to be falling in love with them.

Ding!

I jumped off the stool and ran to fill the order.

"Justin, report to the lunchroom!" I was startled by the loudspeaker. I looked at the mail cart, it was full to overflowing. I had worked hard and I was happy. I was happy because Ginger would be happy, and Heather would be happy, and that made me happy.

I didn't realize that I was thinking less and stroking more.

I trotted towards the corridor leading to the shop. I held my balls with one hand so they wouldn't bounce, they were so full they were painful, and I pumped my cock with my other hand. I had to be careful, though. My cock was getting a little tender.

I entered the lunchroom and found that six other employees were already there. I saw Ginger, talking to another girl at the back of the room and I ran to her.

"Hi, Ginger."

"Hi, Justin. Did you have a good morning?"

"I did."

"And do you want to cum?"

"Oh, yes. Please, please."

The other girl giggled as I begged.

"Well, you can't cum, but we can relieve the pressure a little. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes," I was all eagerness and cheer.

"Excellent, let's put you on the machine."

The machine was a weird set up of planks and bars, with a little motor and tubes in front of it.

She showed me how to lay on a big padded plank and put my head and hands on the edge of another plank that had half holes cut into it. She then lowered another plank, and I was laying in a sort of pillory.

"What does this do?"

"You'll find out. Now, let's put your dick in this suction cup thing, good, and you'll be expected to do all this the next time we milk you."

"Milk me?"

She attached a couple of clips to my nipples and I groaned.

She flicked a switch and the machine hummed and I felt suction on my dick, a pulsing suction. I grunted and would have thrust my hips forward, but she had put a strap around them, fastened me to the plank so I couldn't move.

"I...I..."

"Don't worry, you're not going to cum." She was behind me, and she pushed something up my rectum. I groaned and lurched against the straps holding me down.

"This will massage your prostate, and you will leak cum. You'll be all empty by the end of lunch."

She came to the front of the set up and smiled at me. I had to turn my head up to see her, and it hurt a little bit.

"Now you just relax and enjoy yourself, and I'll come get you at the end of lunch."

She walked away, and I stared at her round, sexy ass.

For a while it felt sort of awkward, just laying there and having my dick mechanically sucked. The other people in the lunch room, however, just ignored me.

I began grunting in a low tone. I wanted to cum, but the machine was designed not to let me have an orgasm. It just wanted my juice, it didn't want me to ruin the rhythm with a big O.

Then, a little later, probably halfway through lunch, I started to feel all loopy goopy. I just felt relaxed.

I could feel the suction on my penis, pulling, pulling, pulling.

I could feel the little motions inside my ass as the prostate massager rubbed and rubbed and rubbed.

And the clips on my nips felt painful, but in a good way.

So I slipped into some kind of subspace. I wallowed in enjoyment. I loved my horniness. And I was almost sorry when Ginger stopped the machine and set me free. She held up a glass and inspected it.

"Oh, you're a big cummer." She turned and put it in a refrigerator.

"What are you going to do with that?" I asked.

"We sell sperm to pharmaceutical houses, food research facilities, that sort of thing. Sperm is rich, and when you add it to foods the food overcomes any lack of nutrition caused by over used soil, too many chemicals, that sort of thing.

"They put sperm into food?"

"Of course they do. They've been doing that for decades."

"But...do people know?"

She laughed. "They don't care. When is the last time you looked at labels in the supermarket? Do you really know what all those chemicals are?"

"No."

"One of those chemicals is a scientific name for sperm. I tell you, if people knew what they were eating..." she tsked and shook her head. "Do you know how much nutrition is found in various kinds of mammal sperm? Even in animal feces."

"No!"

"Oh, yes. But what do you care as long as it tastes good, right?"

"Well, uh..."

"Say you love your processed food."

I found that my disgust was silly. I really did like yummy foods. And if sperm was the secret ingredient...that was fine with me.

"I guess I do. I really love food with sperm in it."

"Excellent, now here, put these on."

She handed me a pair of high heels. I stared at them like they might bite.

"But these are girl's shoes!"

"No, no. They're your shoes, and you really love them."

Gosh, I do, don't I?" I took the shoes, sat down and replaced my athletic shoes.

"Now, you can still run, but be careful. Better to walk fast, and do it like this."

She demonstrated, walking across the lunchroom. The few people still eating clapped. Her ass was swaying and she had one hand on her hip like a fashion model.

She came back. "Just place one one foot in front of the other and let your ass feel good."

So I tried it. It was awkward, but it felt good. There was a certain freedom in letting your butt sway back and forth. When I returned she said, "Just think. If you had tits they would sway, too."

I looked at her, but she just smiled. She didn't tell me that I wanted to have tits, and for some reason I thought this was curiouser and curiouser.

"However, that said, I have to say that your sway isn't enough."

"It's not?"

"Don't worry. I've got something in mind that might help. Here, put this in."

I stared at he hand. It was a butt plug."

"I can't—"

"You love the feeling of a good plug."

And, funny, I realized that I did. I had never used one before, but I knew that I loved the feeling of being filled.

I took the plug and, because the milking machine had reamed me a bit, I found it easy to insert the plug into my rectum. When I straighten up and tried to walk I found it awkward, but I could also feel that it would help me learn to swing my ass better.

The mailman had come while I was being milked, for the cart was empty. I went to the printer but Ginger stopped me.

We're going to do do stocking now. Go get the forklift.

The forklift was parked in a corner of the warehouse. I brought it out.

"There are a half dozen or so pallets outside. Go get them and line them up in the center of the floor.

"But that's outside!" I protested. "Somebody will see me."

"Do it," she snapped with a laugh.

So I drove outside, and saw what she already knew. Except for the drive to the street, the whole parking lot was surrounded by 12 foot fences lined with green material. There was no way anybody could see my nakedness.

I loved the feel of the sun and fresh air on me skin, and I quickly brought the pallets in.

"How's the cock doing?" Ginger asked when I stepped off the forklift.

I looked down. It was just half a chub. Long and slack, no juice dripping from it.

"Oh!" I panicked. I hadn't been stroking it. I started to grab it but Ginger put a hand on my forearm.

"Don't worry about it. You'll be drained a couple of times a week, and you'll feel fine and empty, no urge to masturbate for a few hours. But I tell you, about the time you go home tonight you are going to be one horny puppy. Now, you need to stock the products on the pallets. Here's what we do."

By the end of the day I was tired, but feeling good. I started to get back in my clothes, but Ginger said, "Just pick them up and go get in my car."

I did, and Ginger came out and started the car, as she drove down to the street she told me: "I'll give you a ride home today, but after this you'll be taking a bus." She told me the times and places for bus stops, then handed me a bus ticket. I stared at it. I wasn't much of a fan for buses.

"You're going to love taking the bus," she said.

"Oh, I forgot. Yeah." And I knew I really loved riding on buses.

We drove through the city, and it felt so odd to be sitting naked while a woman drove. Ginger seemed to know that, because she kept chuckling, and at stop lights she would pinch my nipples or grab my cock.

I started to get horny, and suddenly my dick was raging, like REALLY raging.

"Right on time," she quipped. Then she explained. We emptied you at lunch. About four hours later your dick gets hard, and you're going to be feeling super, super horny. You see, we got your body to let loose, but your mind still thinks it's got a full load."

I was processing that, trying to figure out what it all meant when we pulled through the gates and Ginger stopped. Heather came out of the house, and my heart leaped. Oh, God! I loved her!

"How'd it go?"

"Excellent. He's good worker, and we emptied him out for you."

Heather smiled, and my heart felt all warm and fuzzy. She opened the door for me. "Go in and clean the kitchen. Make sure you lick up any splatter."

"Yes, ma'am." I walked towards the house, feeling tall in my heels, my ass swaying and one hand on my hip and the other held up with the hand relaxed and palm down.

Click. Click. Click. went my heels. It sounded so sexy.

Ginger whistled and I turned around. They were smiling at me. I continued on into the house.

I cleaned the kitchen, and, sure enough, my dick started to leak, and it was so hard, and I felt so horny. I kept rubbing up against counters, and I stroked myself. When Heather came in I was down on the floor, pulling on my cock as I licked up pre-cum from the floor.

She laughed. "Very good, pretty boy. Now, there is a menu in the drawer over there, do your best and make it exactly right for my dinner. But before you do that..." she sat down in a chair and spread her legs.

I knew that I loved eating her pussy. I lived for it. I crawled across the floor as quickly as I could and I put my face to her snatch.

She groaned and pulled my head tight and clamped her thighs around my face. I took long, slow licks at her slit. Up and down, stopped every once in a while to suck on her clitoris.

"Oh, yeah. That's the way to do it!"

I knelt and focused all my efforts on her pussy. I wanted her to cum. I needed her to cum. I loved it when she came.

She began thrusting her pussy forward, tilting her hips and pushing my face down. At one point my nose was in her vagina, and she fucked it like a dick, moaning and groaning. She began pulling on her tits, then she gave a half shriek and pushed my head back.

Astounded, I watched as she came. She was sometimes a squirter, and this was one of those times. Golden liquid erupted into the air, two squirts, then she stopped. She pounded on her pussy with one palm and gave three more squirts, then she lay back and gasped.

"Oh, God! That was good." She sat up and looked at me. "I have a feeling you're going to be my favorite pussy licker of all time. What do you think about that?"

"Oh, yes!" I almost clapped my hands in glee. I did so love her. I wanted to be her most accomplished pussy licker of all time.

She smiled. "Good. Now lick the floor clean, then fix my dinner. Bring it into the computer room when it's ready.

"Yes, ma'am."

It took me a while to get the floor clean, but I did it. Then I worked on her dinner. She liked a lot of soups and salads, and just a little meat. She would cook a roast on the weekends, well, I would, and then she would have me cut little cubes to put in her salads through the week.

Interestingly, she had me mix some medicine into a nightly smoothie. I didn't recognize the ingredients, but she explained they were herbs that were designed to make her breasts fuller. They sure were working, her boobs really made my mouth water.

I finished fixing dinner, then served her.

She pushed back from the computer and had me place the dinner tray on a folding table next to her.

"Eat me while I eat," she commanded. Don't give me an orgasm, just keep gently licking. Be like a kitten cleaning its paws."

I went to work. I lapped and sucked and was very gentle.

Heather sighed and sat back. She held the bowl in one hand and used a spoon with the other. On the computer I could hear the sounds of fucking.

"I like to watch a little porn while I eat. It's so much better than the news."

"Yes, ma'am," my voice was muffled, being mouth being busy at the moment.

She finished her dinner, and she was getting hot. Her pussy was emitting more fluid, and she occasionally jerked her hips in a spasm.

She placed her dishes to the side.

"You may take this slop away. You can lick it clean for your own dinner, but make sure you run the dishes through the washing machine when you're done. When you're done I'll be in the bedroom."

I quickly took the tray away, and was conscious that my dick had returned to its perpetually erect state. And it was dripping. And I wanted to jam it in a pussy so bad I could hardly think.

Fortunately, she had left me some bits and pieces, she usually did, unless I didn't live up to her standards, so I had enough to eat. Barely. Then I did the dishes, and while the washing machine was cycling I ran to the bedroom.

She was laying in bed, reading a porn book and diddling her pussy.

"Ah, at last," she looked up as I entered the room. Then she said what I didn't expect. "Come fuck me. And you may cum if you wish."

I could cum? If I wanted? Boy, did I want! I was so hot and horny I almost literally dove through the air and into her snatch. I clamped my mouth on her pussy and sucked. I grabbed her tits with both hands. I was a wild man, totally out of control. She giggled and didn't resist me.

I worked up her body then, lavished her beautiful boobs with glee. Working the nipples, massaging the mounds. Then I moved up and began kissing her.

She kissed back, and she had her arms around my neck as I reached down and inserted my penis into her sacred palace.

"Oh!" she groaned. "I love it when a man is hard and anxious!"

I ground into her, feeling her heavenly walls grip my cock and pull on it. I corkscrewed into her, feeling my shaft rub against the sides of her pussy. I tilted my hips and scooped my dick into her.

She began to moan with the savagery of my attack.

"Yeah, baby, fuck me." Then she kissed me as I desperately tried to cum.

And tried and tried and tried, and then it finally hit me, what Ginger had said. My body was empty of juice, but my mind was filled with the idea that I had lots of juice.

I could fuck all night and never squirt.

"Oh!" I blurted, when I realized the trap I was in.

Heather knew exactly what I was thinking. She laughed at the look on my face. She touched her palm to the side of my face in a caress. "Poor, poor Justin. And you thought you had a chance!"

"But...but..."

"Maybe you should just focus on giving me my orgasm. It'll be better that way."

So I did. I slowed my motions and focused on her pleasure, and, you know...it was better!

When she finally came I experienced a sense of accomplishment that I had never before experienced.

"Good boy," she said, pushing me away. Then she stopped and frowned. She looked up and said, "Have Ginger give you some proper fingernails tomorrow."

"Okay."

Good. Now go prepare my shower."

Eagerly, I jumped into the cold shower, my dick super throbbing but so denied.

Later, when she was ready to climb back into bed, she pointed to a small box in a corner of the room. "You may sleep in there from now on."

I entered what turned out to be a dog cage, pulled the door shut and curled my thin blanket around me.

Oh, I could have pushed the door open, but I wasn't supposed to. She wouldn't like that.

And I could have gotten up and gotten another blanket, but, again, that wasn't what she wanted. And what she didn't want...I didn't want.

All I wanted was for morning to come so I could rise, fresh and rested, and do everything all over again.

That was my life for a year. Working naked in a drafty warehouse.

Sometimes I would wear a butt plug.

Sometimes I would wear articles of female clothing. Corsets, garters, other things.

My fingernails were kept long and red.

My hair grew long and was styled in a very feminine fashion.

Preparing meals and cleaning Heather's house.

Being milked every Monday and Thursday.

Bringing Heather to daily orgasms.

A whole year of this bliss, and then, one day, a month into my second year, Heather told me to put on clothes.

This surprised me. I hadn't worn clothes, except of bus rides, or sporadic trips to a grocery store, for a year.

I put on the clothes I had arrived in.

"Come with me," and she strode out of the house.

I sat in the passenger seat as she drove across town. We stopped in front of an apartment house.

She walked up the walk, up the stairs, and to the last apartment in the complex. She opened the door and I followed her in.

It was one room, furnished. She showed me around the apartment. The refrigerator was full, there were towels in the closet and sheets on the bed. There was even tooth brush, tooth paste, and other items for keeping oneself clean.

She tossed the keys on the counter and turned to me. "This is your apartment. The lease is up in three months. By that time you will have a job and be self-supporting, or you will be out on the street."

"What? But what is happening?"

"I only keep boys for a year. Then they are on their own."

"But...but I don't want to be on my own! I don't know what to do! I just want to live with you and love you!"

She touched my face gently. "It's done, Justin. You're on your own."

Then, without another word, she left the room.

That night I was lost. I tried to lay on the bed, but I couldn't. I ended up sleeping in a corner of the bedroom, one sheet wrapped around my shivering body.

The next morning, I got up and didn't know what to do, so I took a bus to the store.

Ginger met me at the door. She placed a hand on my chest and kept me out. "You no longer work here. Please leave." The look on her face was sad, but somehow amused.

I went back to the apartment and tried to figure out what to do.

Nothing. I couldn't do anything. I tried eating, but even that simple act was fraught with difficulty.

The next day I went to Heather's house. The fence was too tall to climb, and I could only glimpse through the tall bushes surrounded the property. I didn't see any trace of Heather.

The first month passed slowly. I ate little and wasted away. I was weak, and I cried a lot.

I wanted Heather.

I wanted my life in the sex store.

I wanted to be naked, not have to buy clothes, or food, or anything. I just wanted to restock the shelves, fill orders, and get milked.

A couple of weeks into the second month I made my decision. I went to the open driveway that led to the warehouse. There was a naked man sitting on my barstool. I waited until lunch, then snuck into the warehouse. I climbed up a rack and slid into the crawlspace above the store. It wasn't my doghouse, but it would do. I lay in a corner and sniffled, and, when the store closed that night, everything locked up tight. I cried myself to sleep.

This went on for several days.

I grew hungry. I knew I was starving. So one night I climbed down, entered the kitchen and looked through the refrigerator. It didn't hold my beloved scraps, but there were a few leftover lunches. I ate them, then crawled back up into the crawlspace.

The next day I heard voices in the lunch room. And I heard voices in the store. I sat, shivered in fright, and wondered what had happened.

At the end of the crawlspace, above the store, there was a small office. It was Heather's office at work, and there was a small door that opened on the crawlspace. Suddenly it opened. A shaft of light pierced the gloom, and Heather stood in her office, looking into my gloom and doom.

"Justin. Come here."

I expected her to be outraged, but her voice was gentle, even kind.

I crawled through the crawlspace and emerged into her office. She sat behind her desk, waiting. Ginger was standing to one side. On her computer monitor was a picture of me scavenging into the refrigerator. I had been caught on the security cams.

"Justin. Justin." She smiled ruefully and shook her head at the sight of me. She turned to Ginger. Feed him, clean him up, and bring him back here."

"Yes, ma'am."

Ginger took me down stairs. I was wearing clothes, shabby and dirty, and she gave me others to carry with me. She drove me to Heather's house. She had me stand on the front lawn, and she gave me a bar of soap and hosed me down. I was commanded to scrub. Afterwards I put on the clothes she had given me.

We went to a restaurant. I ate, voraciously, as she had told me that Heather wanted me to eat, and she watched me, an amused smile on her face.

"The crawlspace. I never would have..." and she shook her head.

She took me to a beauty salon and had my hair washed and styled.

She had my fingernails repaired. Bright and beautiful.

Then she took me back to the sex store, spritzed me with a squirt of perfume, and pushed me up the stairs.

I climbed the narrow steps to Heather's office. This was what I dreaded. She was going to kick me out again. I wouldn't be allowed to love her.

I entered the office and she looked up. She pointed to a chair. "Sit."

I sat.

She finished some work, then stood up and stretched, then she came around the desk and pulled a chair up to face me. We were now sitting in chairs, face to face, like we had been when this had all started, when she had first offered me a choice of pills.

"Justin. You are so sad."

Yet she smiled, and her happiness was my happiness.

"I'm sorry." And I started crying.

She lifted my face with one hand and told me to stop crying.

I tried, the tears stopped, but I couldn't stop sniffing.

"I'm sorry."

"For what? For loving me? Why be sorry about that?"

"But...I..." I truly couldn't think.

"Justin. Almost 14 months ago I gave you a pill. It made you love me. It was your choice. Whether you knew what you were doing or not, you made the choice."

I nodded, a burble of sobs caught in my throat.

"That pill was only good for a year."

I blinked and stare at her.

"That's right. You haven't been on my super Rohypnol for a couple of months. You haven't been compelled to serve me, to love me, to give your life to me...you just wanted to."

"But...that can't be!"

"Oh, it is. 14 Months ago you made a choice. That choice expired, and for the last few weeks you have been living another one."

"I have?"

"Yes, Justin, and I'm about to ask you to make another choice."

"You are?"

"Yes, I am."

She turned to her desk and picked up something with each hand. What she picked up was small and I couldn't see what her hands were curled around.

"You can't claim ignorance. Now you are making a choice with full knowledge."

She turned her hands over and opened them.

In one palm was a pink pill. In the other was a blue one.

I stared at them. I stared at her.

"If you take the blue one it's all over. You will go back to your apartment, find a job, live your life, do what you want. Your choice."

"And the pink one?"

"The pink one is super concentrated hormones. No Rohypnol, this has got to be a choice of your own accord."

"What will it do?"

"It will change you into a girl. You will work at my store. You can live with one of the other girls. I will set up a small fund for you to eventually retire on. You won't see me much, but I'm sure you will learn to love one of the other girls. Ginger, perhaps. She's like you."

"Like me?"

"She was a warehouseman for a year, and she made her choice."

I blinked.

She grinned. "You can't tell from looking at her, can you?"

"Does she...does she still have..."

"Her package? That's for you to find out. That's always everybody's individual choice. And speaking of choices,"

We were perched, leaning towards each other. Close enough to breath each other's breath. Close enough to kiss, but those days were over. I had choice now, I had other lips to kiss...or not.

Pink or blue.

I picked up the pink pill and tossed it down my gullet.

Heather sat back with a smile. She had a glass on her desk, and it was filled with Coke and bourbon. She handed it to me and said, "Welcome to the real world."

END