

And Other Duties As Required
- A Smutty Novel -
By Razmagurk
Part 1

= Prologue =

We'd just been given the green light.

I closed my eyes. I could hear the roar of the crowd even here. They were impatient. Excited. Hungry.

We were thirty minutes behind schedule. Something to do with the lighting or the staging. Something beyond our control. They didn't care. All they cared about was us. I looked up at one of the posters plastered on the greenroom wall. The three of us in those ridiculous outfits doing those ridiculous poses. The crowd ate it up. They'd see us soon enough.

"You ready?" the petite bespeckled girl to my left laughed. As though she wasn't just as nervous.

I nodded enthusiastically. How could I not be? Everything had been leading up to this. All of the hard work we'd been doing, all the training, all the practice. We had suffered. All for this. If tonight went well, we'd finally be able to break free. We'd be in control of our own destinies. I couldn't think of a sweeter prize than that.

The three of us gripped hands tightly as we walked back stage, getting into position for the start. All around us people rushed to complete last-minute preparations. An entire troupe - an entire industry - devoted to one thing: making us look good.

My hips swung invitingly as I walked. I had once struggled to even stand in these heels. Now, everywhere I went I left a trail of cute guys stunned in my wake. I gave them a sweet smile as I passed. They were putty in my hands.

I couldn't blame them, really. Who could resist, looking the way I did? Men. It seemed so long ago now that I had been one of them. What a difference a month makes. I winked at one of the techs scurrying around with a clipboard. I wanted to show him exactly how much I appreciated all his hard work.

The three of us stepped out onto the stage. It was pitch black. I don't know if it was the cool air or the sheer pressure of thousands of fans staring, but a shiver ran through my hot skin.

The music started. I swallowed the last of my nerves. It was showtime.

The track was soft at first, but it ramped dramatically as the lights threw aside the curtain of darkness and revealed us to our waiting throng of hungry onlookers. The crowd squealed and cheered.

Blinded by the spotlight I could barely make them out, but I could hear them. The frenzied pitch of their excited screaming was so fervent it almost drowned out the music. I drank it in. They loved us. They love me. A concert hall full of horny fans. These people had spent their hard-earned money to buy tickets, to buy our merch. And now it was time to give them something back.

“Thank you all for coming!” said the bubbly girl on my right, pulling up her already barely-there skirt and spreading her glistening pussy lips. The fans went crazy. “Look how wet we are for all of you!”

Time seemed to slow to a crawl. My eyes went wide.

“We’ve been working very hard!” said the girl on my left, bending over to show her naked ass as she looked out at the crowd over her shoulder. “So please watch us get fucked like the squealing whore bitches we are!”

The music swelled as the dancers on stage behind us tore off their pants. My breath hitched as I saw what lay beneath. Their cocks - grotesquely huge - hung down well past their knees. I could feel my pulse pounding, my mouth watering. I gasped as the vibrating bullet in my costume’s tissue-thin panties flared to life, a soft low pulsing in time with the music shooting electric bolts of knee-shaking pleasure through my traitorous clitoris.

What - I gasped - what was happening? It wasn’t supposed to be like this.

I wanted to scream. I wanted to cry out and put my foot down, to put a stop to this here and now, but I couldn’t look away from the crowd, I couldn’t let my smile fall away. The show had to go on.

And so I just grinned through gritted teeth at the VIP box, glaring at the woman I knew was responsible for all this. She grinned right back. Her lips broke into laughter as she waved a chastising finger in my direction. A stern reminder that if I didn’t play along things were going to get much worse.

My heart broke. All the hard work we’d done. All the training and practice, singing and dancing until our bodies were about to break. And now all that people were going to hear was us screaming out as we roiled and thrashed in feminine rapture.

I turned to look at the man waiting for me at the back end of the stage. He was tall and handsome - small mercy - but what really mattered was the body-breaking size of his dick.

This was her plan all along. We had never been intended to perform. We were here to get fucked and degraded like a sex object in front of thousands of screaming fans. I shook. Why did that idea sound so enticing? I could smell my own arousal mixing in with the horny sweat of the crowd.

I took a step forward, towards that delicious hunk of meat. And then, as though we had choreographed the whole thing, my bandmates and I all fell to our knees. His musk filled my lungs, setting my mouth to water. I reached out an impatient tongue.

As the lust and sex consumed me all I could do was wonder: what had my life become?

-= Chapter 1 =-

"What the hell are you doing in my office?"

"Oh, Mik Mik!" the woman turned as I opened the door. Her face lit up with a smile I'm sure was supposed to be charming. "I'm glad your finally here."

I frowned at her familiarity. I had once made the mistake of openly admonishing her for referring to me by my first name instead of as Mr. Mizuguchi, and she had made a pointed effort to use that ridiculous nickname ever since.

"What do you want, Madeline?" I stepped inside, careful to leave the door open. I didn't want anybody getting the wrong idea.

She put the framed photo she'd been inspecting back on the bookshelf with all the others. Her vibrant clothing was a colorful contrast against the mahogany wood and brass I'd furnished the place with. It was old fashioned, sure, but it projected a sense of power, a sense of authority. It commanded respect. Respect which this woman saw fit to deny me at every opportunity.

"Do I have to want something to visit my favorite producer?" She took a step towards me, her hips swinging beneath her long jacket.

"You've got a lot of nerve coming back here like this after what you've done." I let my anger drip into my voice - just enough to show that I was in control here. My voice had gotten me far in life - it was deep, powerful. "As you'll recall we parted on less than amicable terms."

"I'm hurt!" she put a hand to her heart. "I should hope that our relationship is stronger than such trifling setbacks."

"I don't know what games you think you're playing this time, Madeline, but you should be crawling to me on your hands and knees, begging for forgiveness! Not-" I shook my head, "Not whatever this is supposed to be." I stepped over to the phone on my desk, not letting my eyes off this woman for even a moment, and pressed one of the buttons. "I'll have security escort you a little more gently out of the building this time."

She laughed. I knew that laugh well. It was as fake and hollow as the rest of her. She wanted me to think that she knew something I didn't. She wanted to hold that over me, to use my curiosity as leverage to drag me into whatever crazy bullshit she had deluded herself with this time. It was her favorite gambit. But I wasn't playing.

"Aren't you the least bit ashamed?"

"Ashamed?" The fake smile fell away from her face. "You're one to talk." Her voice was hot and shaking. A rare glimpse of the real woman beneath. She turned back to the bookshelf of photographs and ran a finger along one of the frames. "After all you've done to these girls? After all you did to me? You're the one who should be ashamed." She looked around at the rich furnishings and sneered. "Is this really the life your depravity bought you?" she shook her head. "You don't know how good you have it, Mikio."

I rolled my eyes. "Your here to admonish me? Is that it? You know what they say about glass houses."

"Oh, no, Mik Mik. You've got it all wrong." She pulled her jacket open and let it fall seductively to the floor. "I'm here to do far worse than that."

"What are you-?" My eyes went wide. "Madeline!" I turned away, fists trembling.

She had always had an impressive body - nubile, vivacious. She had been blessed with wide hips and an especially long pair of legs. It was why we had hired her. Now though it was like her curves had been dialed up to eleven. I had to force myself not to take a closer look. How was she doing that? Shapewear? Prosthetics? Her boobs had never been that big.

And what the hell was she wearing? She had on a low cut white top that clung to the underside of her enormous - and evidently braless - tits. Below that, a high waisted green skirt ruffled and flared out in a way that - with the help of those stiletto heels - made her long bare legs looked like they went on forever. She looked some sort of slutty barbie doll.

"Like what you see?" she taunted.

"That's enough!" I slammed a fist down on my desk. "I'm tired of being part of your crazy mind games, Madeline! This is why I'm always stuck cleaning up your damn scandals! You're a self-entitled psychopath, and you're always pulling shit like this! It doesn't matter how attractive you are, you have a sick mind!"

"Aw, what's the matter, Mikio?" she cooed, "You don't think I'm pretty anymore? We used to be so close once." she picked the photo back up off the shelf. Me and her, back when we'd first met. We were both so full of hope then. It was hard to believe I had ever been so young. "Or do you only like them when they're still young and full of enthusiasm?" She threw it to the ground, frame shattering. her voice had an edge now, sharper than glass. "How many girls have you despoiled on this couch?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Come on, Mik Mik, we've all heard the rumors. How you've been testing the fresh talent."

"Get out!" Rage flashed across my face.

"Not until I have what I came for." She stepped forward, her high heel crunching on the broken glass. "Not until I've taught you a lesson."

"A lesson? That's rich coming from you. The only thing you have to teach is what to avoid. You're a cautionary tale. We're done here. I've already called security. If you don't get out of my office right this second, I'll call the police as well."

"No." she walked up, "I'm not going anywhere. All my life I've been powerless at the hands of men like you. Pushed around, told what to do, what to say! A little puppet forced to sell her body for the perverted leers of disgusting men!"

"You were a model, Madeline, not a porn star. You were hardly taken advantage of."

"A slim difference! You'd treat us all the same anyway. We're all just girls for you to take advantage of. Well not anymore!" She pulled a slim looking tv remote out from between her cleavage and clutched it to her chest. "Look around you, Mikio. You must feel so unassailable here. An office made of old wood." The edge of her lip rose. "It's so oppressively masculine, don't you think? Well don't worry, we can fix that."

"You've finally lost it, you know that?"

"No, for once in my life I've finally got it together." With a dramatic flourish she pointed the remote at me. "Today, I'm getting my revenge!"

She pressed one of the buttons. There was a sound like an electric buzzer, and then nothing.

"Is that it?" I raised an eyebrow as she grinned triumphantly.

There was a knock on the door. One of the security guards stepped in.

"About time." I sighed. "Max, could you please remove Miss Martin here from the premises? She's clearly had too much to drink."

The guard took a second to consider the request, a brief moment of confusion that let a furrowed brow break through otherwise professionally unreadable face. He turned and look expectantly at Madeline.

"Well?" I raised my voice, "What are you waiting for?"

"I don't think so, Mik Mik." Madeline walked over to my desk and sat on the edge. "Max, sweetheart, could you please restrain Mister Mizuguchi? I'm concerned he's about to try something foolish."

"What are you -?"

He gave a curt nod then took a step over to me. I barely had a chance to respond before he had my arms and shoulders in a lock.

"What are you doing?" I struggled in vain. I wasn't weak by any stretch of the imagination, but guys like Max worked security for a reason. "Let me go! You work for me!"

"I don't think so, Mik Mik." Madeline made a show of sitting down in my plush leather chair. "At least, not any more he doesn't. You see, the way I see it - and the way the rest of the world suddenly sees it - this is my office now. Always has been." She tapped the nameplate on my desk: Madeline Martin. "I'm a big-time producer. And you? Well, you're just another washed up idol."

"What kind of bullshit game are you playing at?"

"No games. Well. Not yet, anyway. Just revenge. My whole career you made me feel powerless. Weak. Vulnerable. You made me feel like the only way I could ever get ahead was to sell my body. Regardless of my mind. Well, now I have the power. Now you're going to see what it's like."

She pointed the device at me again and pressed a series of buttons. I flinched, but there was no blow. Just a sound like an arc of electricity blasting through my soul and a sudden wave of confused dizziness. I went limp. I'd have fallen were Max not there to hold me up. His grip seemed firmer now. Bigger.

My mind reeled through the fog. Had she just fucking tazed me? I tried to stand, to get back onto my feet, but it was like teetering on points. Every attempt to keep myself righted just sent me further off balance.

I made one last attempt to wrench myself free of Max's grip, to escape whatever Madeline had just done, but it was no use.

I tried to growl out, to scream "What did you do to me, you bitch?" but the voice that came out was a foreign breathy alto.

"Oh Mik Mik," I heard my voice say, "I told you I was going to put you in your place."

I looked up to see my own face staring back at me. Sheer animalistic panic consumed me. I thrashed as best I could against Max's firm embrace. This was no mirror. Standing behind the table was my own body, grinning like the cat that caught the canary.

I looked down. Heavy, barely contained mounds of tit flesh obstructed my view of a taught stomach and the long smooth legs beyond. I screamed.

I was in Madeline's body. And she was in mine.

I rallied against my restraint with renewed vigor, existential desperation demanding I break free and do something. Anything! But I hadn't been able to resist Max's grip as a man, let alone now, no matter how hard I tried.

"Max?" came my voice from my lips from behind Madeline's smile. "Please escort *Miss Mizuguchi* out of the office. She's not welcome on the property any more. At least until she learns some respect."

"Yes, sir."

"And then afterwards please see me in my office. Have I ever told you Max," I heard her purr, "how much I admire your muscles?"

I screamed hoarse the last of my voice as I was dragged out of the office and down the stairs. The hot edge of my panic dulled though and my blithe bravado soon gave way to fear as I was brought before the rest of the security team. It occurred to me dimly that I had no recourse against these men.

For the first time in my life I felt helpless, weak. These men - these strong, tall, strapping men - could do whatever they wanted to me and I'd be helpless to stop them. The idea sent a shiver down my spine.

I chose not to resist.

I stumbled to stand straight in Madeline's 3-inch heels as I was ejected from the building. The evening air blew goosebumps along my exposed skin. I wrapped my arms around myself to help keep me warm, but flesh pressing on flesh just sent my tits jiggling.

Tits.

Oh my god. I had tits.

With a shaking hand I reached up and grabbed one. A gasp escaped my lips. They were big and they were heavy and they were - ah - so fucking sensitive. How did girls manage these?

The cold had set my nipples painfully stiff. Without thinking I slipped a hand under my top to massage one, my delicate ruby-tipped fingers groping, squeezing and rolling as my hand lifted and groped. I moaned softly at the gooey warmth washing through me. It was like removing stiff shoes after a long day and rubbing your feet. These were tits begging to be free, to be squeezed and fondled and massaged.

Fuck. I could feel myself getting wet at the attention. A simmering slickness between my legs. It took me a moment to process, then my face went flush as I realized what was really happening. What a uniquely lewd sensation. My breath was hot and ragged. My head swimming. I let out a whimpering sigh and wobbled over to lean against a nearby wall, the urgency of my task demanding my full mental bandwidth.

A cat call broke me out of my stupor. I looked up in surprise. A small crowd had gathered. Phones were out, filming.

Oh my god. I blushed and pulled my hands free of my top. Had I really just been doing that? Fondling my tits out in the open like some kind of desperate whore? I put a hand to my head. What the hell was wrong with me? But trying to think was like pushing through fog.

I had to get out of there. This wasn't a bad part of town, but it was getting late and the evening attracted all sorts.

I hunched my shoulders against the cold and the lurid stares of my gathered admirers. I shivered. All my life, I'd been taller than everybody around me. Now, even these strangers on the street seemed to loom over me, heels be damned. It brought up something animalistic in me, a heart pounding anxiety tickling at the back of my brain: the unshakable instinct that they were predators and that I was prey.

I made an uneasy step, my stiletto heel clicking against the pavement. I shifted my weight onto it and then took another. I was wobbling like a baby fawn, but after a few steps I was able to walk without breaking an ankle. I tried to pick up the pace but I found myself walking with this exaggerated feminine gait. One step in front of the other, my hips - my ass - swaying sexily behind me. A lump rose in my throat. Why was I walking like this? Was it the heels? Muscle memory? Where had I learned this?

I squeezed my eyes shut. I just had to get home. I just had to get somewhere safe. Then I could take stock. Then I could figure out this madness.

Home. I froze. Another shiver ran through me but this one had nothing to do with the cold. I couldn't remember where I lived.

My breathing grew tight. What kind of crazy bullshit was that? How could she have taken that from me? Where was I going to go? I had no family, no friends. The police? Who would believe me?

What had she done? It wasn't bad enough she had stolen my career and my body - she had apparently also fucked with my head as well?

I was cold and alone with no place to go and a gaggle of creeps hot on my trail. I swung my hips faster, but the perverts and their cameras out seemed so close behind. With the way Madeline had dressed - the way I was dressed - I was a meal for these creeps.

"Hey sweetie, what's the rush?" A hand reached out and grabbed my arm. I pulled away, stumbling forward. Fight or flight flashed in my brain. I needed to get out of here now. I kicked off my heels and I started to run.

The cold concrete slapped against my bare feet, tits bouncing pendulously with every shaking step. They seemed to constantly pull me down and forward. This body was slow and awkward and even this short burst of speed seemed to knock the wind out of me. I clearly wasn't going to outrun them. I had to hide.

Luckily, I had enough of a lead to give myself options. As soon as I'd rounded the corner and broke line of sight, I ducked down a narrow alley.

I had hoped to ditch them, throw them off the trail. Instead I crashed headlong into more trouble. Drunk trouble. Dirty, ugly and just... so bewilderingly big. Trouble that smelt as foul as he looked.

"Hey there, sweet thing," he flashed me the gap between his teeth. "I know you."

"Y-You do?" I took a step back, but the crowd behind me had been harder to shake than I thought. I was surrounded.

"You're that idol girl, ain't you? Miki Miza-somethingorother? Shit," he stepped forward, his eyes caressed the curves of my feminine body as one hand rubbed at the front of his jeans, "you're even hotter in person."

I took a step back, tried to turn and run - I'd rather take the crowd than this - but no sooner had I presented it then there was a hand on my ass. I blushed at the sensation. My butt was apparently just as big and insidiously sensitive as my tits.

"Hey!" I cried out and tried to tug myself free, but he had me by the hem of the skirt.

"Aw come on," he licked his lips, "show your fans what you've got to work with."

"No!" I screamed as the crowd caught up to me. Men - big, tall - pressed in around me, looming over me like a canopy. Hard rough hands finding their way along every inch of me, tearing at my clothes. "Get away!"

“Miki?” A girl’s voice echoed from the front of the alley, “Is that you?” Hands stopped. Heads turned. “Come on girl, you know how our security detail feels about letting guys get near you. They’re gonna be here any minute now to start busting heads if you don’t quit playing around!”

Playing around? I was getting felt up by a crowd of strangers in an alleyway and she thought I was playing around?

Yet my aggressors seemed to regard the prospect of a security team as more trouble than I was worth. With one last squeeze of my ass, one last tantalizing pinch of my diamond-hard nipple, the crowd dispersed, taking off the other end of the alley.

The girl ran up to me, her arm waving in the air.

“I think they bought it.” she giggled. My heart pounded. This girl had a smile that could melt even the iciest of hearts. A soft face, with youthful features peaking through careful coifed bangs and just enough makeup to create the illusion that her wide, expressive eyes were all natural. She was wearing an oversized sweater over a short skirt and thigh-high stockings that left just a hint of leg in the gap leading to her skirt.

“Thank you!” I looked up at her, “I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t arrived when you did.”

“Yeah, well that’s what you get for running off!” she put a hand on her cocked hip. “Geeze, Miki, what were you thinking? It’s dangerous out here!” Her voice was high and childish, matching her stylish-but-girly aesthetic.

Something about this girl seemed so familiar. Was she one of mine? I strained for the memory. There was a time in my life when I made it a point to remember the names and faces of everybody that worked for me, but that was a long time ago.

She was one of last years middling successes, wasn’t she? A band. Not top celebs, but enough to fill a concert hall. They had plateaued and I had delegated their day-to-day to someone else. I’d barely given them a second thought since.

Love something? It was one of those stupid cutesy names. Love hearts? Love Hearts Trio! I remembered now. This was Meiling. She had trembled like a flower in our prior meetings. Now she seemed so confident, so self-assured. Now I was the one shaking.

“Miki? Are you feeling alright?” she put a warm hand to my forehead. “You don’t look so good. Come on, girl. You know you really shouldn’t be out so late all alone.” she sighed, her tone shifting from admonition to disappointment. “I wish at least you had told us where you were going. Look, I know you’re new at this, but come on, we’re a team, right?”

“Uh. I...”

“Wait,” she sniffed my breath, “have you been drinking?”

I stopped to consider the question. The dizziness, the lack of balance, the fog in my brain. That bitch had left one final insult as I was thrown out in her body.

The girl saw me trembling and wrapped her arms around me. Tears welled in my eyes. I couldn't speak.

"Come on," she grabbed my hand, "let's get back to the dorm. If the paparazzi catch sight of you like this, we're gonna be in a lot of trouble."

I leaned on her for support as she flagged down a taxi. The driver's eyes roamed over my outfit: slutty, disheveled and torn. I crossed my arms over my chest, but it just drew further attention to them. I turned away, I tried to pretend I didn't notice, but he kept finding excuses to look back.

I didn't give him the benefit of meeting his gaze. My attention was focused instead on the girl who had saved me. She had an arm wrapped around me for comfort. She kept engaging the driver. Conversing, joking, laughing. She was distracting him. Pulling his attention away from me. She never let on for a moment that anything wasn't alright - that anything wasn't going to be okay. An idol is always on the clock.

The last thing I remember before blackness consumed me was the day's events rushing to catch up to me. The surreality of it all swirling around my head alongside all those drinks I had never drunken.

With Madeline's laughter echoing through my brain, I closed my eyes and slept.

- = Chapter 2 = -

I woke up gasping, a screaming sheet of pleasure blasting through me so fierce, so intense, that it sent my back arching. My throbbing pussy - hypersensitive and soaking wet as my hand played out the last remnants of some intense somnambulistic fantasy - quickly dispelled any notions that it had all been a dream. My hips kicked wildly into the air as I humped the inflamed folds of my flowering sex against the delicate rigidity of my buried digits.

I was panting hot and breathless, moans spilling out from sweet lips - a faint but musical echo of the euphoria coursing through my body like liquid fire.

“Ah, fuck!”

I pulled my hand away from my yearning sex just moments from the peak. Some shred of my rational mind able to seize control for just that slim moment. My hips shivered as I went limp, hot blood pounding through my brain, hot blood pounding through my clit. I closed my eyes, wishing sleep back upon myself, wishing an escape from this hell.

I was still a woman. There was no denying it. I screamed in important rage, my voice came out high and melodic and it just made things worse. I slammed a feeble fist down on the bed.

Eyes closed, I tried to focus on my breathing, tried to calm and center myself. In and out. The sense of air in my smaller lungs, the feeling of my shorter breathing cycle, the smell of my slutty pussy, still hungry and begging for more. It was a cacophony of dysphoric agony.

I could feel the anger rising up again, but anger wasn't going to get me anywhere. I had to remain in control. She had taken everything from me but I still had myself. Despite all evidence to the contrary, I was still a man, damnit, I was still me. And the last thing I was going to do was break down into girlish hysterics.

I needed to take stock. I needed to come up with a plan. I had to find some way out of this nightmare. I let out a slow breath. Madeline had turned me into this? Then I would find Madeline and force her to turn me back.

I sat up and rolled my slender legs off the side of the bed. My bare skin felt like silk. I glanced away, blushing, from my own nakedness, then rolled my eyes at my shyness. Madeline's body or not, I had just had my hand down this body's quivering cunt.

Still, it felt foreign. Wrong. Like I was an intruder here.

I looked around. The room I had found myself in was some pale shade of pink and festooned with cutesy kitsch. The space was dominated by the large bed, but there were two dressing tables and several wardrobes fighting for space along the periphery. It felt more like a communal bedroom than any one person's. Despite that, it was poorly kept: dirty clothes were scattered on the floor near a hamper, a lacy bra hanging out the top. The room smelled - somewhere beneath the hot musk of my own gushing cunt - like a woman.

There were several mirrors about the place but the largest was on the back of the door. I stood up and took a look.

My delicate jaw dropped. This was Madeline's body alright, but as attractive as she had been, she had never been this... this *raw*. This wasn't just attractive, this was sexy. No, even that barely did it justice.

I raised a hand to my chest and watched, my body growing juicier at the sight, as this girl in the mirror cupped her naked tits, as the heavy flesh of them overflowed around her fingers. I bit my lip. Madeline had never had tits like this. She would have taken advantage of it if she had.

Shit. I sighed softly. I'd forgotten how sensitive these stupid things were. My throat hitched. It was like they were on a hair trigger. I hefted the weight of them carefully. One wrong move and I'd be back on my back, screaming like the slut I had evidently been turned into.

Still... I couldn't deny that they felt... *nice*.

I twirled a long lock of brown hair around one finger, gently tracing a path around my areola with another. Maybe it wasn't so bad, that addictive sexual high. I thought back to how I had just woken up, how somehow each moment had struck me harder than even the greatest moment of male ecstasy. Was that a woman's pleasure? Or had Madeline somehow amped her body up to an electric 11 just for me?

I bit my lip and turned back towards the bed, then shook my head. No. No. As much as I wanted to, as much as my body was screaming for release, this was hardly the place, this was hardly the time.

I looked back at the mirror, to the girl shuddering in need, to the fact that that girl was me. I was walking pornography. Jesus, those clothes she had been wearing. I had thought Madeline had just been trying to accentuate her curves, I didn't realize she'd been underplaying them so that she would still look even remotely like herself.

My gaze was drawn to the width of her hips, to the butt beyond. I twisted to get a better look. Somehow it was just as plump and inviting, just as sexually exaggerated, and just as lip-bitingly fuckable as her tits. It was a parody of sexuality, huge but impossibly perky. Had she had work done? But no - I gave the fat crease beneath a fondle - It was all natural. It jiggled as I pulled away.

I shook my head. Was I really getting so worked up just checking myself out? As though I had a choice. Just look at me.

I took a step forward and took a closer look at my face. Wide eyes stared back at me, trembling and half lidded in trepidation and sleepy lust. Madeline could do cute, sure, but she had never excelled at it. She lacked the natural innocence. Her face was appealing in other ways, though. She had seduction, she had smoulder. She wasn't some kid playing around. And now, with hungry eyes and a pouting lip, that impression echoed through all the harder.

God, how different this face looked without Madeline behind it. She had been so enthusiastic, once. These days she seemed to have a perpetual scowl. It was a shame, she had a nice smile, though I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen it. Except, well... I touched a hand to my cheek. The girl staring back bore only an expression of horny bewilderment. I was amazed at how unlike Madeline it was. She

was still innocent, still pretty. Vulnerable in a way Madeline had never let herself be. All that beauty, all that potential.

And now she was me.

I ran a hand down my stomach. Soft skin, so smooth and - ah, so fucking sensitive.

My legs squeezed together, my body tingling. It was taking everything I could to keep my hand away from my quivering sex. It was a little cliché wasn't it? I wasn't some horny virgin teen. I liked to believe I had enough experience with women that I was beyond mindlessly groping myself the moment I discovered I was one.

And yet... I couldn't deny that the sight of the girl in the mirror had my blood pumping.

I swallowed. All this prodding, all this sensuous exploration. Would a little more really hurt? I thought back to how I had awoken, to that that roaring need and lusty dreams that still floated at the edge of my awareness, unremembered but not unfelt. What sort of erotic nightmare had my estrogen-riddled subconscious been imagining? Just thinking about it sent me tingling, a burning nymphomania crackling through every vein.

A hand reached up to pluck at a nipple. Gently, slowly, catching it between two fingers while I circled it with my thumb. I let out a deep breath. It was so sensitive, so stiff. A ruby of passion begging to be polished. I had always been so rough when I'd been with women in the past - if only I'd known.

My other hand drifted down to the flat curve of my crotch, to the hot lips drooling and throbbing beneath. The thrill - narcissistic as it was - of this slut in the mirror masturbating for me just drove me further and further towards the edge. What can I say? I'm a heterosexual male. When a woman spreads her legs in front of me, what choice do I have but to get turned on?

Even - I bit my lip - even when that woman was me.

My hand touched down on my thrumming pulsing pussy. The flush of pleasure sent my knees wobbling as hot horny blood rushed to my head. No! I clenched my fist and pulled it away. This wasn't the time for this! I held my fists tight in front of me, but as soon as my focus lapsed it started to find its way back, a compass drawn to the magnetic pole of my desire.

Foreign wants consumed my brain. Masculine arousal is hard and focused. This was nothing like that. This was a full-body softness yearning to be held, touched, kneaded, molded. My body was clay. A vessel designed to get filled. I was a hole. And as the flames of my arousal rise thunderously around me, nowhere was that more apparent than the boiling cauldron of my pussy, of the red-hot clit begging to be quenched.

Wet heat spilled out from between those slick lips, salivating in anticipation. It was my body giving a begging invitation to get filled. To get fucked. To get held down and bred until my brain was a screaming orgasmic mush and then to never stop.

I whimpered, mewling in hopeless yearning for this thing I suddenly craved more than anything.

Who was I kidding? I couldn't stop. Not now. A flame had been lit inside me and it was going to burn down the world.

I pawed hungrily - eagerly - at the folds of my new sex. A wash of horny body-shaking pleasure flooded through me as I drew a finger along the moist slick fold of my vulva and the eager bead of my clitoris. Oh my god, the clit. It was like nothing I had ever dreamed.

And yet... and yet it wasn't enough. Though by no means inexperienced with the female form, my heavy-handed strokes felt frustratingly amateurish on the receiving end. My eyes rolled up into the back of my head as I gave myself over to instinct - an eager student with a lot to learn.

Focus had left me. There was now only pleasure.

My whimpers turned to gasps and then cries. I couldn't control it. I didn't want to do this but... fuck, it was too good. I couldn't resist. Masculinity be damned.

I fell back onto the bed, hips arching in the air, wiggling, undulating and bucking at the unrelenting rigidity of my middle finger as it pressed and slid around the hard bead at the heart of my desire, my other fingers stroking my swollen lips, stoking the unyielding flame of passion.

I screamed. It was good. Too good. The pleasure that flooded my brain was like nothing I had ever experienced, an earthshaking, toe curling sensation that pushed all thought out of my head. I gripped the sheets with my other hand, my head rolling. This body was a fire cracker waiting to go off. A powder keg of pleasure and sensitivity desperate to explode.

I was a mountain climber, each step taking me closer towards heaven. I was close - so close. My breathing hot and furious, my ruby-tipped fingers straining, my abs twitching, bracing for the rapturous ocean that was about to be my reward. I was almost there, moments away from that tipping point, moments away from -

"Miki?" The door opened. "Are you allri- oh my god!"

I shot bolt upright, my hand sending dew flying as it withdrew. My body was red and shaking both from sheer humiliation and from the soul-quenching orgasm I'd been so close to receiving.

"I'm so sorry!" came the girl's voice. Her eyes were averted. I had been facing the mirror on the door. She had gotten a perfect look of my smooth pussy, my thrusting hips, my seeking hand. "I - I didn't know!"

"Wait! Meiling!" I cried, "Its not what it looks like!"

It was exactly what it looked like.

"B-breakfast is ready!" She slammed the door behind her. "Get dressed!"

I shoved a pillow over my head. Maybe I could just curl up and die?

I gripped my fist. I was furious. What the hell had I been doing? Giving into temptation? I slumped down on the bed and whimpered. I had been so close. I squeezed my eyes shut, forcing all the itching hypersexual *want* that was coursing through my blood to return to whence it came; forcing whatever spirit had possessed me to sink back into these girly bones and haunt me no more.

I stood up, legs shaking, unable to meet the judging gaze from the mirror. With the burning needs of my arousal so unceremoniously doused, I realized how hungry I was. The smell of waffles peaked over the perfume of my lust. I sighed. I needed to get dressed.

I walked over to one of the drawers, my body feeling just as alien as it had when I'd first got it. A diverse rainbow of women's underwear stared back at me, sorted vertically by color and horizontally by style. A delicately sorted array of delicates.

I picked up the least feminine thing I could find - a pair of white boy short panties with a little pink bow - and held it in front of me. They seemed so small.

I wasn't really about to put these on, was I? Uhg. As though this was any worse than what I had just done.

I mean, what choice did I have? What was I going to do? Refuse to wear anything? Tell that girl who I really was and what had really happened? The ship for that had sailed the moment she walked in on me fucking my brains out. What would she think if she knew some man was masturbating in her friend's body? I shivered. I had nowhere else to go. Getting kicked out naked was just going to make things worse.

For now, I was going to have to act the part - at least around her. And for how much I hated it, that meant wearing panties.

I sat down on the bed and tried to slide the silky material up my long legs. It was a struggle. Try as I might I couldn't get it up over my butt. I pulled as hard as I could, the material stretching as much as it was able, but it was hopeless. I yanked them off and threw them on the ground.

Panic washed through me. Was this part of Madeline's plan? Had she given herself a bigger butt without adjusting all of her clothes just to torment me? What the hell was I supposed to wear?

I dug through the rest of the wardrobe. There had to be something that would fit. Pants? No, same problem. I seethed. The only thing I could squeeze my fat jiggling ass into was a particularly stretchy skirt.

I held a bra up to my chest. Same problem. Tit flesh overflowed around the cups. I tried to put it on anyway, to do up the band then stuff them in, but it was like trying to hold back the tide with a plastic bucket.

Luckily I was able to find a few stretchy tops. They'd be small on me - scandalous, even - but at least they covered my chest. Well, Mostly. There was nothing I could do to keep these obscene nipples of mine from jutting through. Not that I tried too hard - I didn't want to wind up any hornier than I already was. I'd just have to put up with it. Just one more little reminder of the living sex doll I had become.

I looked in the mirror. A ruffled shoulderless peasant top and a skirt that I'm pretty sure was not supposed to be skin tight. Anyone else wearing it would look cute, fashionable, girlish. On me? With the way the vast acreages of my ass and tits strained against every stitch? I looked like a whore doing overtime.

Well, I sighed, at least I hadn't had to put on panties.

I looked over at the vanity. An intimidating assortment of colorful brushes, powders and ointments lay ready for use. I looked again at Madeline's face in the mirror, dried sweat on her brow, hair disheveled and out of place. Anyone who saw me would know full well what I had just been doing. I brushed it back as best I could and tried feebly to adopt some of Madeline's coldness.

I would go without makeup, I decided. I didn't need it.

I froze. How many times had girls told me that? How many times had I insisted the opposite? How many times had I told them that all girls needed makeup, no matter how small the event? I had spent my whole career correcting people who thought they knew better, and now here I was, already a hypocrite. I shook my head. This was breakfast, not a shoot. I'd be fine.

I took a breath, eyes closed to the strangeness of the woman staring back at me, and opened the door.

I stepped out into what turned out to be a relatively small house. It seemed the haphazardly feminine decoration wasn't isolated to just the bedroom. Now that I was able to get a better look I recognized the house as one of the company dorms. If the sales numbers allowed it, we'd rent a cheap house for any given band or idol group to live together in. We got a good deal on it, it made the logistics of managing them a lot easier, and close proximity usually made them a more tight-knit team. Not to mention, if a group was really good, we could offer them better dorms as a reward for their success.

Whoever lived here was clearly not that good.

I stumbled my way into the living room, my straining skirt fighting me at every step. An assortment of breakfast foods was scattered on the table. Meiling was sitting there with another girl, petite with slender features.

I racked my brain trying to remember who this was. Much of her face was buried behind large round glasses that magnified her doe-eyed expressiveness. She brushed a lock of her long hair behind her ear. Like Meiling, she carried a youthful innocence that had clearly been cultivated to snatch at heart strings. Unlike Meiling, she had the size to match. Even in my reduced size I was bigger than her.

Meiling turned to look as I walked in. The apologetic expression on her face turned to shock and then embarrassment as she caught sight of me. She turned away, a giggle fighting to escape her lips. The other girl just squared her gaze, Her mouth hanging open. The two of them were wearing loose sweatshirts and pajama pants. I was painfully overdressed.

"Oh my god!" The mystery girl squinted from behind her glasses. "Is that my skirt? Is that my top!?"

I looked down at it, then back at her. She was easily two sizes smaller than me, to say nothing of her slender chest and hips. I blushed. No wonder none of the clothes fit.

"Miki!" she whined, "You're going to stretch it out with your stupid fat butt!"

Every inch of me was red. I was a man in a skirt, I was humiliated enough. To be admonished like that... it was too much. It cut directly to the heart of my insecurities.

"S-sorry!" I yelped, turning and making a retreat for the bedroom. In my haste my unruly skirt slipped up over my jiggling rear, revealing my retreating posterior for all to see.

I slammed the door shut behind me and slammed a fist against it. I grit my teeth as my tits swung and bounced, free at last from my top as I pulled it up and over my head and threw it to the ground.

Tears welled in my eyes. Why did this hurt so bad? Why had that bothered me so much? That was the worst part - I was upset at myself for getting upset, for getting embarrassed. I was a guy, what did I care how I looked? I was supposed to be calm and stoic. And yet some man I was - what kind of man gets caught stretching out a girl's clothes with his huge tits?

Besides. I huffed. My butt wasn't *fat*.

It seemed I had been too hasty in my dismissal of the other clothes as not fitting. As it turned out, all three girls shared the room. There was an entire second chest of drawers filled with pastels and frills and all things cute. For a moment I shuddered at the thought that I'd have to wear that, but a quick check of the bras revealed that none of this was my size either.

It was the third set of drawers where I found clothes that actually fit. It was a mixed blessing. This was also the drawer filled with sexier, tighter outfits. Rows and rows of skimpy tops and miniskirts and leather corsets in shining black and sultry red. I grimaced as I held up a PVC catsuit with the cleavage cut out. I'd look even sluttier in these than in what I had just been wearing.

I looked back at the second wardrobe, maybe I was better off with that gauzy pink summer dress, after all.

I dug around deeper, trying to find something casual like the others had been wearing. The closest I could find to pajama pants were skin-tight yoga pants, and not only did the loosest shirt still reveal more cleavage than I've ever seen on a reasonable woman, but it's torn asymmetrical hem exposed so much of my midriff that it threatened to show a tantalizing hint of underboob as well.

At least I could put on a bra. It was something I thought I'd never be happy about, but if it kept these salacious sweater stuffers from swinging at the slightest step, I wasn't going to complain.

Of course, it was easier said than done. Not only did the long red of my nails make the catch impossible, but even the perfectly innocent act of manhandling my heavy breasts into those enormous cups drew attention to the horny flame still burning inside me. One wrong step and I'd be bent back over that bed, both hands caressing and squeezing my tits as I gave my ruby-hard nipples the squeezing, pinching and tugging that they so desperately craved.

I wondered if I could fit one in my mouth?

No. I steadied my breath and bit my lip. Not here. Not now.

By the time I finally returned to the table, the other girls had long since finished and had moved to the nearby couch where they were watching tv. The eggs that had been left out for me were cold, but my stomach rumbled at the smell. When was the last time I had eaten?

"Are you okay, Miki?" asked the girl from last night. No, I corrected myself. Meiling. If I was going to play the part of her friend, I was going to need to think of her as more than just some girl.

I nodded sheepishly as I sat down and started spooning breakfast onto my plate. I was afraid to open my mouth, to let them hear me speak, as though that would somehow give me away.

"Hey, sorry for yelling." said the other girl. "You can borrow my clothes all you want, just... ask first, okay? I know we have a photoshoot tonight, but save your whole 'sluttier than thou' thing for then, alright?"

"A shoot?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah," laughed Maeling "We gotta promote the heck out of this concert! We gotta get everybody all pumped up to see us."

"I-" I shook my head. I didn't have time for a photoshoot. "I'm sorry, but I can't go."

"What?" her laugh stopped. Incredulity gave way to stunned disbelief as she saw how serious I was.

"I have more important things I need to do." I needed to find out what was going on. I needed to find Madeline. I needed to set things right. I didn't have time to sit around and play model at some photography studio.

"Miki, what the fuck? You can't just blow off a gig!" The other girl's hand slammed down on the end table as she stood up. I drew a strange comfort in the fact that even at her full bristling height she was still smaller than me. "Don't you know how important this is?"

"This isn't up for discussion." I lowered my tone, trying to make it firm and commanding instead of sultry and husky.

"What is wrong with you, girl!? It's bad enough you were out last night getting your ass drunk - we have a photoshoot today! It's on the *schedule*! It's been on the schedule for months. Whatever else you have going on in your life will have to wait. This is a big deal. I'm sick of you acting like you're too good for this shit. You need to get serious!"

"Min's just nervous." Meiling put a disarming hand on the girl's shoulder.

Min! That was her name!

"I am not!" she brushed the arm off, "But maybe the two of you need to be. This photoshoot comes out right before our concert. If we fuck it up, we're going to lose all of our momentum." Her voice wavered. "If we- if we fuck it up, we're going to keep stalling out as just another third-rate group." She blinked

away the mist from her eyes. "I won't allow it. We deserve better than that! And I'm not about to let the junior member of our group let everything go to waste because she thinks she has better things to do!"

Wait, how was I the junior member here?

"Rookie!" She clapped her hands for emphasis. "You need to shape up! The company's already on edge with you. You've been warned in the past. If these photoshoots don't go well - if this concert doesn't go well, it's going to be the end of your career! I don't want that any more than you do, and I especially don't want you dragging me - us - down with you."

"Min..." Meilings eyes were wide and sympathetic.

The girl was shaking like an angry leaf.

There was a moment of tense silence, then, just as quickly as it flashed to life, the anger inside of her died. She seemed to deflate as she sat back down, breathing heavy. "I'm sorry," she sniffed. "I didn't mean to yell. I'm sorry." Meiling ran a supportive hand along her back. With the anger gone only tears remained. "It's just... we're so close! We have the chance to be good - so good! We can't give up on that now. We can't!"

I took a step back. I had been more prepared to handle this girl's anger than her sorrow. I could feel a lump growing in my throat. This wasn't the first time I'd dealt with a crying woman - you had to be prepared to put your heart aside in this industry - but there was something about the girl's display that stirred something inside me. I chalked it up to the estrogen and turned away.

"Oh," said Meiling, trying to disarm the tension. "That reminds me. There's a letter for you, Miki. From Ms. Martin."

"Ms. Martin?" it took me a second. "Madeline?" Shit. Speaking of trouble.

The envelope felt heavy in my hands. A letter. Why a letter? It felt like some sort of bizarre trap. Like I was going to open it and it would make my tits balloon up even further or something. I wouldn't put it past her.

"Dear Fucker." it began. My grip on the envelope tightened. I was glad to see she was treating this with all the seriousness it deserved.

"By now you've probably figured out what I've done to you. Congratulations! You're an idol now. Just like all those girls you've used up and abused over the years. Now you get to see how the other half lives.

You said I was always playing games? Well in this case you're absolutely right.

But before we begin, I want you to realize just how lucky you are that you even realize what's going on. I could have had you turning penny-ante tricks on a street corner thinking it's been your dream job ever since you were a little boy. I could have had you fall passionately in love with the fattest otaku slob in existence and make you grateful that you get to lick his disgusting toes. I could have turned you into a living sexdoll and

installed you as a penny-ante jizz-toilet in a public plaza and it would never cross that empty head of yours that you were ever any different or deserved better. All of that, I could have done, if I was feeling generous.

But let's face it, wheres the fun there? No, Mik Mik. I want you to *suffer*.

And so you get to keep that little mind of yours - with a few choice alterations - and we get to play my little game.

Here are the rules: You're going to pretend to be a pretty happy idol. Your new name is Miki, and you're the junior member of the Love Hearts Trio. Feel free to look yourself up, you'll find that in so far as anyone cares this is how things have always been. You've never been anything but a stupid girl with a pretty face.

Aw, does that hurt Miki? Well just remember the advice you gave to me all those years ago: 'Suck it up. You're a fucking idol. Swallow your pride and do your damn job.' Truly, Mr. Manager, you were the font of inspiration I needed in my life.

Here's how you win - I want you to feel what it means to be an idol for one fucking day. Tonight the Love Hearts Trio has a photoshoot. If you can get through that, if you can shine while putting up with all the bullshit idols get put through, if you can satisfy all of the director's perverted whims, then you win. I'll let you go. I'll even give you back your body and your job. If you fail however, Mikio Mizuguchi will be a thing of the past. You'll spend the rest of your life as pop idol slut Miki as she washes up a third rate fluffer on a low-budget porno.

Sounds simple right? Don't worry, I have a few fun surprises planned to keep it interesting.

I'll see you soon, Miki.

Good luck.

XOXO

-Madeline Martin

Chief Producer In Charge Of Your Dumb Bitch Fate"

I crumpled it up and slammed it down on the table. My heart cried a chorus of outrage and keening vulnerable pain. That bitch made it sound like I had been some kind of abusive monster, like I was unconcerned with the fate of my girls, like I chewed them up and spat them out! I... I cared! Didn't I? Hadn't I worked hard to make things the best for my girls?

At least... at least I had at first. I deflated. I thought back to all the pictures on my office walls. How many of them had I really gone all out for? How long had it been before they were just another girl? Min had been working for me a year and I didn't even know her name.

But I had never abused them! Never exploited them! Yes, I had told Madeline to buck up when she had cried at her first shoot, but not like that! I sighed. She had seemed so young then. How long ago was

that? It was her job. It wasn't easy being an idol. You had to appreciate the hard work. *That's* what I was trying to teach her.

I roiled at the irony. Now she was the one teaching me a lesson.

Did she really expect me to play her fucking game? Who did she think she was? That ungrateful bitch - as though I hadn't been responsible for her career taking off.

I took a deep breath. It came out a heavy quaking sigh. I didn't know if it was defiant anger or defeated despair. What choice did I have but to play along?

"Is everything okay?" asked Min. Despite her lecture earlier she seemed genuinely concerned.

"Bad news." I tried to hold back the tears. I tried to keep the uncertainty in my throat from giving away the agony in my soul. "It's nothing."

"Do you want to talk about it?" offered Meiling, her arms open.

"No. I just -" I took a deep breath and stood up. "I think I just need to be alone for a little bit."

"Miki, come on." Said Min. "If it's something important -"

But I was already storming back to the bedroom, each step increasing my pace until I slammed the door shut behind me like a petulant teenager. I fell down onto the bed and curled up, my boobs wobbling as my knees pressed them into my chest. Tears fell unbidden from my eyes.

What was I going to do?

There was a knock.

"Miki?" Min's head poked through the door. "Look, I'm sorry again about earlier. You're obviously going through a lot."

She had no idea.

"She fired you, didn't she?"

"Huh?"

"Ms. Madison. The letter. Shit, Miki I'm so sorry. I kept telling you this was going to happen if you didn't shape up, but I never wanted things to actually end this way. Look, Meiling and I, we'll go down there... we'll go to bat for you okay? We'll put in a complaint or something, get her to change her mind."

"She didn't fire me." I turned my head away, not wanting to let her see my tears."

"Oh, see, that's great. I mean, small miracles at least. Not that... not that she should have fired you, just... what did it say then?"

"It was a... a warning. Do good tonight or else."

"Oh my god, that woman is such a drama queen." she shook her head. "Okay, yeah, you're right, that's pretty rough. But at least it's not the end of the world. Look, you've just got to think of it as a challenge, right? Rise to the occasion, show the bitch who's boss."

"What if I fuck it all up?" my voice was tiny.

"You're not giving yourself enough credit." she sat down at the foot of the bed. "You're a great Idol, Miki. You just need to apply yourself. You need to commit. You do that and you're going to blow them away, I just know it."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"I know better than you, Rookie. And besides, you're not in this alone. Meiling and I are gonna be with you the whole way. Even if you do fuck up tonight, we'll fight for you."

"No!" I shivered. "She'd just take it out on you." This girl had no idea what Madeline was capable of.

"That's a risk we're willing to take. Look. We're a team, right? We're in this together. I'm sorry I yelled at you."

I closed my eyes and let out a breath. She was right. Rise to the challenge. I had to face this head on. Madeline wanted to play games? Fine, I'd show her games.

Besides, it was what? One photoshoot? I'd been working in this industry all my life. How hard could it be? I'd do a few poses and show that entitled brat that all those years she had spent bitching, it was all just a matter of buckling down and putting in the work.

If being Miki for one event was all it took to get things back to normal, then I would wave and smile and be a good little girl.

I brushed the tears from my cheeks as I turned to look at Min. I frowned. It wasn't just putting on a show for Madeline at the shoot though, was it? I had to convince these two that nothing was the matter. I wasn't just pretending to be an idol; I was pretending to be their friend.

Fine. I suppressed a sigh. If that's what it took.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. How would an idol act? How would a girl act? How would Miki act? I forced my lips into a smile of girlish empathy. I would bury myself in this role. I would live it. Though it was humiliating, demasculinizing, insulting, I would be Miki for a day.

"Thank you, Min." I put as much brightness in my voice as I could, arms outstretched and embracing this girl in a sign of sororal solidarity. If she noticed how stilted and awkward the gesture was, she didn't let on. "I'm sorry for worrying you. You're absolutely right. Let's all work together to make sure tonight's photoshoot is the best ever!"

The girl smiled. I was caught off guard. She was such a petite thing, but she had such a brilliant smile. No wonder she was an idol.

"That's the Miki I know and love." she hugged me back, a familial comfort unlike any I was accustomed to. I prayed she couldn't feel my nipples stiffening at her closeness, at the way my nymphomaniacal body flared to attention at the touch of a pretty girl. "Now come on and get cleaned up. That stupid reality show you like is starting soon."

"I'll be right out." I nodded an enthusiastic agreement.

She closed the door behind her. The glee fell from my face. Madeline's face stared back at me from the mirror, all the anguish, all the anxiety rushing back to it. I pushed those feelings down. I forced another smile, and then another one. Different moods, different faces. Just like the swaying of my hips when I walked, it all felt far more practiced, far more natural, than I was strictly comfortable with.

"Okay," I said to myself, "let's do this."

What followed was a tour de force performance as I learned what it meant to live someone else's life. To live like a woman, to live like an idol. Every moment, every instinct, every response, all had to be carefully considered and scrutinized before I allowed myself to make it. I was hyper focused, every second on edge.

I was so sure they must have realized that something was wrong - that I wasn't their friend and bandmate, but I was able to chalk any indiscretions up to last night's drunken reveling and the mysterious bad-news letter that arrived this morning.

To my great relief they seemed to respect my excuses, even as I proved oblivious about the most basic facts about our lives, even as I completely failed to walk in heels, even as they caught me masturbating to the brink of screaming, knee-shaking orgasm in the shower.

In retrospect, this was the easy part. But then, somehow, before I knew it, it was time for the shoot.

- = Chapter 3 = -

All things considered it was a low-key event. There were no fans to deal with and most of the work to make me look my best would be done for me. A minimum of makeup was expected - though I learned, quite to my horror, that a minimum of makeup was not no makeup. Meiling was able to step in when I had been struggling, attributing my ignorance to nerves. The girl just kept saving my life.

The company had sent a taxi to take us to the shoot location. A long drive through the bad part of town. I recognized the place immediately. It was an old warehouse that had been converted into a film studio. We had done a number of these things there in the past, but we had stopped when we found out that they had been pressuring girls into doing things that were, well, let's just say they were forcing girls to do things that were not beneficial to their careers.

I clenched an impotent fist as we stepped out of the car. This was Madeline's idea of a joke, I was sure.

"Good luck today, Mik Mik." The taxi driver gave a knowing grin from the rolled down window.

"M-Madeline?" My blood went cold.

"Make sure the director gets exactly what he's looking for. If I hear one complaint, it's game over for you."

"You bitch!"

"And remember," she wagged a slim finger. "I'll be watching."

"Madeline, wait!"

But it was too late. She had already driven off.

It was bad enough she could steal my life, I shivered, but now apparently, she could be anyone? No, stealing my body had been the least of what she had done. Of course, she could be watching from behind anyone's eyes.

I hurried to catch up with the other girls as we approached the front desk. The last time I'd been to this building I'd been a producer. They had treated me like I had owned the place. Now I was at the bottom of that totem pole - meat to be processed.

Tall, well-built men leered down at us from every direction as we were escorted to the green room. My heart pounded. Despite my best effort to act confident, I found my arms huddled over my chest self-consciously. I was dressed more conservatively than my efforts this morning, but honestly, I don't think there was anything in Miki's wardrobe that wouldn't make men stare.

It was a surreal experience. A little intimidating, a little exciting. As a man I'd always had to work hard to stand out from the pack. I'd had to be the alpha dog if I wanted any respect. Now, I had these men at complete attention and all I had to do was stand here and look pretty.

"Hey, come on," Meiling rubbed my shoulder. "Don't be nervous. You're going to be great."

"Yeah," added Min, the false bravado in her voice deflecting from her own lack of confidence. "It's a nice basic shoot. Just follow our lead."

Any hope I had that that was going to be true vanished as soon we stepped into the green room.

Within, an enormous masculine figure stood, seven feet tall if an inch, and hulking with well-toned muscle. I took a step back. They were wearing a dress.

"Oh my god!" the burly figure let out a high-pitched squeal of excitement as it turned around, one leg raised daintily, elbows tucked and hands held out to the side, wrists loose. It was a shockingly feminine gesture, but what truly stunned me was what turning around revealed. There, sitting casually on top of that hypermasculine body, was the delicate head and features of a small Taiwanese woman.

"Melody!" Meiling rushed forward to give the man-bodied girl a hug. The two jumped up and down in each other's arms.

"It's so good to see you again!" her voice was small and bright despite her massive frame.

"What are you doing here?"

"Your makeup, silly." she stuck out her tongue. "The company sent me to make sure everybody's looking their best. Ms. Martin said she wanted everybody perfect - especially the new girl." I blushed. I could feel her mentally judging the poor work I had done with my face, even with Meiling's help.

"With you on the case?" Min laughed, "I'm sure we will be!"

"Oh my god, I'm sorry, I don't think we've ever officially met." She thrust a thick calloused hand in my direction. "I'm Melody, it's so good to meet you."

"Melody's the best!" exclaimed Meiling.

"It- It's a pleasure." I took her hand and shook it, bowing slightly as I did. "Please take good care of me." No one else seemed to find anything out of place with the girls appearance, with the way her towering frame swished around the room. Even she didn't seem to realize the significance of her height, judging by her behavior. She loomed without meaning to. "Did you say Madeline spoke to you?"

"That's right!" she chirped, "I was surprised! I'd always thought she had it in for me for some reason. We'd never really gotten along, you know? But then earlier today she visited me in person to tell me she was putting all that behind her and that she wanted me doing this specific gig. I was going to say no, actually - I'd booked some time off to spend with my fiancé - but when the boss makes a personal request like that, well..." her shoulders moved like mountains as she gave a dainty shrug. "Who am I to say no?"

"You're fiancé?"

“Yeah!” she brightened up and pulled out her phone. Her home screen was a picture of a muscular hunk and a small enthusiastically grinning woman standing in front of a waterfall, but it was like someone had swapped their heads around in photoshop. “Isn’t he great? He’s a body builder!”

My heart swirled. I wasn’t the only one being punished. I don’t know why that surprised me. Madeline was a cold vindictive bitch. Who knows how many people she had it out for? I thought back to what she’d said in her letter, how I was lucky to be aware of what was going on. How many people didn’t have it so good?

I pushed all that aside and tried to put on my biggest smile. If she wasn’t aware, I wasn’t going to treat her any different, as much for my sake as for hers.

In a weird way it seemed almost better. She was just...so happy, so energetic. She wasn’t drowning in self doubt or conflict about who she was. A part of me envied that freedom. No. I shook my head. I should be envying her masculinity, shouldn’t I?

I was surprised to see how skilled those rough hands of hers could be with a brush. I had thought Madeline’s face - my face - reasonably attractive. But the skilled application of cosmetics elevated it to an art form. It was one thing to know the importance of makeup as a producer, but it was quite another to actually witness the work unfolding first hand before me.

That said, I had never quite appreciated all the pain and discomfort that went into the process. I wanted to scream as she had lifted up my eyelid to draw on the underside with a thin black pencil, but she just laughed and asked if I’d rather do it myself.

The makeup I’d put on before leaving - now long scrubbed away and replaced - had been a quick easy affair. This took an hour. By the time we were done I felt like I was wearing a mask of powders and creams. It felt thick and unnatural, but I couldn’t deny the allure. I was stunning.

While most of the work had gone into making my face rounder and my features more delicate, it was my eyes that stood out. My eyes, boldly outlined and framed with long lashes and smokey eyeshadow, conveyed an expressive innocence waiting to be corrupted. An invitation reaffirmed by the juicy wetness of my plump, shining lips. Confident, yearning, yet vulnerable. It was several degrees sultrier than I’d have expected, but I couldn’t deny that I looked amazing.

“See?” said Meiling, finally getting a look at me when I was done “I told you Melody’s the best.”

Who was I to argue with results?

The studio lights were hot as we stepped out. Somehow, even in the relatively light fabrics we wore, we were still roasting. We were wearing matching silky crop tops with long flowy sleeves that ended just after the elbows, and skirts - high waisted but scandalously short - with crisscross lacing at either side to ensure it was good and skin tight.

On the other girls it looked chic, if bold, but on me, with the way my tits bulged obscenely at the shimmering fabric, it looked like something that might get worn to the bedroom and not long thereafter.

“Ladies! Welcome!” A squat round man with buggy eyes stepped up to greet us. “You’re all looking as lovely as ever!” He didn’t even try to disguise his sleazy grin as his gaze roamed appreciatively over our outfits. I scowled. I remembered this man. This man had been exactly the reason we had stopped working with this company. “I’ll be your director today. We’re running a little bit behind, so I hope you don’t mind if we get right into it. With girls as beautiful as you, we’re going to do great things today, I just know it!”

The other two nodded enthusiastically, either oblivious to his leers or else too professional to let on. I tried to follow suit, but my disdain was like a bitter pill in the back of my throat.

It started simple enough: the three of us doing basic poses as a group while a lanky photographer tried to capture our every angle. At least, he should have been capturing our every angle. Most of his focus seemed to be on our busts or behinds or trying to get down low enough to snap at our panties. I wanted to kick him in the face, but of course I had to be a good little doll for Madeline’s game.

“Beautiful! Beautiful!” crooned the director, scarcely caring except for those risqué shots.

If I was in charge I wouldn’t have put up with this shit. These men were supposed to be professionals. But then, I wasn’t in charge, was I? That was the whole point.

The group photography was easy enough. With the other two there I could at least follow their lead. Things got a lot trickier when we broke up for solo shots.

Being cute is not something men have experience with, being sultry even less so.

It was frustrating. I knew full well what sorts of compositions and expressions photographers wanted, but I was a complete novice at actually bringing them to life. I kept trying everything I could think of, but I just wasn’t capturing the photographer’s interest like the other two could.

Worse, I wasn’t getting the feedback I was used to. As a producer I was able to see the photos as they were taken, think critically about what was happening and adjust things in real time. These men didn’t want me thinking though. In so far as they were concerned, I was just here to be pretty.

The director yawned. I swallowed the lump in my throat. I was going to need to up my game.

Okay, think. This man’s gaze was voyeuristic, opportunistic, perverted. If I was going to command his attention, I was going to need to take advantage of that. I was going to need to lure him in, tempt him. I clenched a fist. As much as I hated it, I was going to need to turn this from an act of expression into an act of seduction.

I bent down, leaning in and stretching myself out so that my bouncing cleavage was perfectly presented into the camera’s field of view. I gave a giggle and a wink.

“Come on sweetheart,” the director sighed. “Is that really the best you’ve got?”

I blushed, as embarrassed by the attempt as the rejection.

"I don't get it." he crossed his hands over his chest. "A pretty thing like you can't even show off her body properly? You're a dead fish out there! Why are you even here if this is what you're bringing me?"

Fury flashed through my eyes. Who the hell did this perverted little troll think he was?

"There's that fire!" He grinned. "Come on, sweetness! Show me that heat!"

I stumbled. Oh, he liked that, did he? He wanted heat? I'd show him heat. I let my fury drip into my gaze. Normally it was intimidating. Today it would play the part of passion.

I smouldered. A smoky sultry seductress simmering with sensuous desires. I just had to keep the disdain out of my lips.

"Beautiful!" he leaned in. "See? Now you're getting it. Okay, let's keep this going - lose the blouse!"

"What!?" I stomped a foot down.

"Lose the blouse!" he leered in emphasis, "Let's see those tits!"

"Look," I took an angry step towards him, "I don't know what kind of bullshit you're trying to pull here, but if you think you can ask me to do something like that and - "

"Come on, Miki!" cheered Meiling from the sidelines. "You got this!"

"Yeah!" chimed in Min. "Put those slutty udders to work!"

I looked over at her in shock, but the two of them didn't even seem to register what the director had just asked. No, they'd registered it all right, they just thought it was normal. Just like Melody. I clenched a fist. This was Madeline's work.

Of course. I sighed. Why would she make it easy on me?

"Whoa, hey. Look, Sweetheart," the director held his hands up defensively "I don't want to cross any lines here. If you have some kind of weird complex with showing off your boobs, that's your business. I ain't gonna force you to do anything you don't want to do."

"Wait, what?"

"Yeah, come on, what sort of a person do you take me for? That said, I don't know what kind of shoot you expect us to be able to do without 'em. Mathew?"

"Yeah, boss?" One of the assistants stepped forward.

"Get Madeline Martin on the phone. Tell her she and I need to have words about her latest little idol."

Goosebumps rose on the back of my neck at just the mention of her name.

"Wait!" I cried.

They turned and looked. A battle was raging inside me.

“Like- like this?” I pulled my top open as he turned back to me, my heavy melons swinging pendulously. The slightly cooler air set my already stiff nipples hard as points. I leaned back to give him a show and flicked my hair coyly.

“See?” his eyes bulged. “That’s the spirit! That’s what I’m talking about!”

I’d have to play along for now.

The cameraman’s lens was practically buried in my exposed cleavage as I turned and posed, shot after sexy shot, my breasts bouncing and jiggling with even the slightest movement.

I grinned through gritted teeth. I was a guy, I kept telling myself, why was the act of bearing my chest so humiliating.

“It’s good, but I need more!” the director was panting now. “Let’s see some action!”

“Action?”

“Yeah, you know.” He made a groping motion in the air in front of him, his fingers waving. “Action!”

I flashed him another scowl, but had little choice but to acquiesce.

I reached my hands up slowly to cup my heavy naked breasts. I could feel the pounding heat of arousal building in my blood even before flesh touched flesh, music building to a swell, and yet the shiver of hot red pleasure that ran through me as my hands made contact with my smooth creamy orbs still took me by surprise. I let out a soft sigh, my body melting into hot gooey wax at the pleasant familiar sensation.

“Well?”

“Huh?” I looked up.

“Come on, girl, I said action! Action! Don’t just hold, ‘em! Do something with them!”

Once again, I let my anger drive me, though this time the smouldering glare I gave him was undercut by the unerring arousal that had begun to flood through every inch of my body.

“Fiery! I love it!” he cried as the photographer snapped a shot. “Get my coals stoked, sweetheart!”

Oh, I’d stoke his coals alright. Thoughts of beating the shit out of this horrible man faded as I quickly became too horny to think clearly. Ah - shit. At this rate, he was going to get burned.

One hand stroked at a nipple, tugging, pulling, rolling it between fingers while my other hand slid sensuously down the length of my body, sexually charged skin jumping to attention.

I wanted to be gentle. I wanted to take it slow. I knew, after all, that the sensitivity of my flesh was a hurdle to be overcome through careful discipline. But that wasn't what they wanted to see. That wasn't a man's idea of sex. Instead I grabbed and tugged, my breath going ragged as I squeezed and pinched with a rough hand, my own hands serving as an analogue for everything that dirty director wanted to do to me.

The photographer circled, picture after picture, each a candid shot of my escalating arousal, each catching me one tiny caress closer to losing myself to pleasure. Each an open invitation to any who saw it that I wished someone else's hands were there. That I loved to be touched, to be taken advantage of, to be *fucked*.

I could feel eyes staring at me. The distant gaze of everybody who'd be seeing these pictures. Of men reading magazines and masturbating to the sight of my ministrations. It was disgusting. And yet, - I let out a soft moan - I couldn't shake that there was a part of me getting excited by the idea.

"You see? Much better!" grinned the director. "Well, I mean, it's passable, at least. Let's get the rest of you in on this. Come on, tops off ladies!"

Meiling and Min flipped their blouses off and joined me excitedly in front of the camera, their perky breasts seeming to defy gravity as they bounced their way over.

Their poses were bright and provocative. An eerie mix of obviously pornographic seduction and typical idol charm. They, of course, had no reservations about being half naked in front of the camera. They thought this was all perfectly normal. They made it look so easy.

"Wonderful!" the director clucked. With each click of the camera we changed positions. Things started out sexy, but what little hopes I had that that was as far as the insanity would go dimmed as each pose took us further down the path of perversity.

Click. The three of us were grinning and flashing peace signs.

Click. Meiling's warm hands were holding my breasts from behind while Min sat in my lap.

Click. The three of us were down on our hands and knees, wiggling our panty-clad butts at the camera invitingly.

"Brilliant!" the director crooned. "Now, make out!"

I tried to voice my surprise, but all that came out was a whimper as I suddenly found Min's tongue dancing across my lips. I shuddered, brain spinning, then returned the kiss. Hesitantly at first, but then with increasing vigor. As horny as I already was, my resistance to her soft touch was minimal. Her sweet breath fanned the flames of my fire to an all-encompassing blaze.

How had I not realized? It was one thing to touch myself, it was another thing entirely to get touched. There was little I could do but moan out as she broke the kiss.

I had tried so hard to keep control and now it was all coming unraveled. These traitor girls. I thought we were in this together.

Min licked at my lips, the heat of her body melting the soft wax of my own. I pressed in further, my tongue circling hers, her lips kissing and teasing, breaking off and leaving me hungry, begging for more, leaving me mushy and dizzy and soft.

Hot breath blew against the back of my neck. A foreign hand found its way under my skirt. The weight of it was authoritative, knowing. I ground my hips into it, falling back, letting the girl behind me catch me, balancing between the sapphic squeeze of my bandmates as I found new heights of bliss. Was this hand Min's? Meiling's? All I knew is that I shuddered in want as it caressed the thin line of my slick panties, a promise of what was to come.

I was gushing now, squelching wet like a faucet as a hand probed one pair of lips and a tongue probed the other. Ah, if only they were reversed, I'd be in such sweet heaven.

All my life I'd been in charge during sex, it was about power. Now, it was all I could do to be swept along in this river of sensation, hot passion sending my clit boiling as delicate fingers traced around it, pulling me into an ocean of rapture.

"Ah!" I gasped. Min's face smiled at me, then turned that smile towards the camera. Of course. It was all a show, I knew that much, and yet... and yet I couldn't help but to lose myself in it, to love the soft sensation of feminine hands caressing my body, of skilled fingers tracing figure eights over the lips of my pussy as my own hand fondled and squeezed at the throbbing diamond points of my nipples, trying urgently to relieve some - any - of this heavenly pressure.

"Yes, yes!" The camera man cheered; his lens mouth-wateringly phallic as he pressed up along my leg towards my waiting skirt. His voyeuristic angle was a sharply ironic affectation - it wasn't as though I had anything left to hide. I was so enraptured by the gentle touch of my paramours that I didn't even notice the lewd display my body seemed to make through sheer instinct.

Panties pulled to the side by probing fingers, my sex pulsed. Lips were spread lasciviously for the viewers gaze, swollen with need and dripping, steaming with sweet musky juice.

Like a sneeze, I could feel it building, that explosion of euphoria. The thunderheads of an orgasmic storm typhooning its way through my body. I cried out, a gasp rising higher than I had intended. Was I really about to cum from this? From a voyeuristic makeout session and some heavy petting? Oh, fuck, I was, wasn't I? Honey was gushing out of me like saliva, the cup of my pleasure inching ever closer to overflowing.

I threw my head back and cried out, my breath a heavy pant. I was so close.

"Alright, that's enough!" the director called out, the interruption crashing into the cusp of my climax. "Let's do the costume change!"

"Huh?" I faltered, falling without a parachute off the cliff of my arousal. Hands withdrew from my body. I was left shivering and panting, juice-stained hips bucking against nothing. "No! Please!" I begged. "Just a few more! I was so close!"

"Sorry sweetheart, we have a schedule to keep. It's time for the costume change. Be quick!"

I whimpered in desperation.

Ten minutes later we were stepping back out for the next round. The previous outfit - before we had lost the tops anyway - had been sexy, bold. This was downright pornographic. It would be a crime to wear this in public

"What the hell is this?" I held my hands over my tits, fingers doing a better job of covering me than this so called top.

"It's a swimsuit?" Meiling gave me a worried look. "What's the matter? You don't like it?"

"I think it's kind of cute." Min turned and posed into the mirror. "A little conservative, but" - she shrugged as she adjusted a strap - "it's got a lot of charm."

It was a string bikini. No, not even. It was dental floss holding the barest scrap of whisper-thin fabric over my areolas. Hell, with how achingly erect my nipples still were, the damned things didn't even cover that.

Somehow, it was the only costume change on the schedule. They wanted us in this for the rest of the shoot. No, something told me we'd just be getting nakeder from here. What the hell kind of shoot was this? Why even bother with the other outfit if this was Madeline's plan all along?

"Come on, Miki, don't be shy!" Meiling cheered, slapping me on the butt. "You look good!"

The bottoms, which were more thong than swimsuit, did such a poor job of covering my pussy that you could clearly see the outlines of my pubic mound poking out from around it. The thin black line of fabric covered only the slick line of my pussy lips, and even that only if I angled it just right.

With how fucking wet I was, I was surprised I hadn't swallowed the whole damn thing.

"Yeah, it's not that bad." said Min, adjusting her string over her more modest breasts. "Bikini shots are a little much, but these are actually pretty tasteful."

I just shook my head. Whatever fucking magic Madeline was using had to be working overtime on this one. In their minds - in the minds of the world at large for all I knew - we were wearing perfectly normal bikinis.

Not that that stopped the men from staring as we made our way back out.

We started back up with the solo shots, me and Meiling huddling up together on the little bench off to the side as Min went up to do her thing.

There was no hidden pretense this time, no playing coy. Min screamed out as her body undulated, the fingers of one hand buried in her tight horny snatch while the other made a V sign, her eyes glazed over in joy and rolled up into the back of her head.

"Nice pose!" cheered Meiling, "Great job, Min!"

I held myself tighter, hands gripping my arms to avoid them slipping down and rubbing one out to the live masturbation show before me.

With every photo the director goaded the petite girl closer and closer to climax. I hated it. I hated that he was taking advantage of these girls. I hated that they didn't realize, that I couldn't scream out and punch this man in the face and take these girls somewhere safe. Never in my life had I felt so powerless.

And yet my male brain couldn't deny how hot it was, couldn't deny the surging female arousal singing away at the edge of my consciousness, wishing that were me with my hand buried in my snatch, screaming my way over a jagged mountain range of sheer orgasmic bliss. Even just the idea of being on display was turning me on at this point.

It wasn't their fault. I kept having to remind myself of that. Their behavior, my arousal, even the perverted director - they were all just a pawn in Madeline's games. If I should be mad at anybody it should be her.

"Alright, Miki. You're up!"

"You got this!" Min held up a slimy hand for a high five as she trotted over to the bench. Her makeup was a smeared mess from the tears of rapture, but there was something so content about the way she was grinning... I don't know if it was the multiple screaming orgasms she had just been driven to, or if this was a girl who - beneath her stern exterior - genuinely enjoyed her work.

"Miki! Sweetheart! Sugartits!" the director clasped a clammy hand to my shoulder as I stepped in front of the cameras. "Look, I know this is going to be hard for you to hear, but you've hardly given me a good shot all night."

"What!?" This piece of utter trash. After all those compromising positions I'd shown him, how could he say that?

"I know, I know, you're still starting out. You've got a long way to go, I get it. And look, We've been doing the best we can to make you look good, but you've got to meet us half way here, especially for these last shots, okay? These are the most important ones. We can't have you being a dead fish again like earlier, do you feel me?"

"I have not been a dead fish!"

"Hey, watch your tone, honey. Here I am trying to help and you get all uppity? How about a little respect?"

"Yes sir." I bit my tongue. "Sorry sir."

"That's better. Look, we want to help - that's why we're going to give you a prop for this next section."

"A prop?"

“Yeah, your producer suggested it. She brought one by and everything. Said it would give you something to focus on.”

“Did she now?” my heart froze.

The assistant from earlier stepped forward with a briefcase. My face fell as it opened. No way. There was no fucking way.

“It’s real simple,” he explained, “You’ve just got to fuck yourself with this. Balls deep.”

Inside the briefcase was the biggest, thickest, veiniest dildo I have ever seen. To say it was the size of my forearm was underselling it. From what sick nightmare had this thing come? No girl in her right mind would be able to fit this thing inside of her.

“It’s huge!”

“What’s the matter,” he chided, “don’t think you can take it? Come on, sweetheart, don’t give me that crap. You’re an idol. A model. That means you gotta help me get the shot I want. And right now? Right now I think you’d look positively stunning bottomed out on this giant rubber cock, you feel me? If I don’t get that, then geeze, this whole shoot’s gonna be for nothing.”

“You’re crazy! There’s no way.” I crossed my arms over my all-but-naked chest.

“Alright, alright!” he held up his hands in defeat. “You don’t want to do it, that’s fine. Again, I ain’t going to force you. But how do you think your producer is going to feel when she finds out you turned down her idea, huh?”

“I-” I gritted my teeth. That was something I’d forgotten about playing games with Madeline - She cheats.

I wasn’t seriously considering this was I? I looked back down at the long imposing mass of silicone. There was no way. And yet it wasn’t like I even had a choice in the matter, was it? Not really.

“Fine.” I whispered.

“Good girl.”

“Come on, Miki!” cheered Meiling. She had evidently sensed my difficulty “You can do it! Stuff that cunt!”

I took the dildo out of the briefcase and took a seat in front of the camera. Even wielding it with both hands it still wobbled uncontrollably. I don’t know if it was my own lack of strength or what, but it seemed so impossibly heavy.

My heart pounded - throbbing at the sight. It was intimidating, terrifying, like nothing I’d ever seen before. I should have felt sick just looking at it. So why was the sight of it getting my pussy so juicy? Why was it making me so weak? I swallowed loudly.

I put the beast between my legs, stabilizing its bulk with my thighs. The suction cup of it's base pressed down past my knees as I tried to line the tip of it up with my drooling pussy. Despite my hesitations, my body was undeterred by the bulk. After all the nymphomaniacal frustrations it had endured, it wanted this.

Experimentally, I pressed the bulbous head of it against my vulva. The wash of euphoric sensation sent stars prickling at the edge of my field of vision. A firm reminder that - yes - I was still mind-bendingly horny. That I had been mind-bendingly horny all day. That, no matter how manly my mind, no matter how straight, this was what my body craved - a big hard dick filling up the hot yawning hole of my desire.

I made of that meat an impatient lover, rubbing, pressing and prodding against the slopping folds of my sex. Though a river of juice was flooding out of me in invitation, it was still going to be a challenge. I wanted it soaked, coated in my wetness, the hard shaft becoming so slick that I had to use both hands to steer it properly. I rubbed the shaft up and down along my pink lips, salivating over this meal.

I took a deep breath, and then another, preparing myself, body and mind for what was going to happen next.

My body shook as I pushed, the head parting the sensitive folds of my labia and pressing into my vagina proper.

"Oh fuck!"

It was like someone had a wire directly into the pleasure center of my brain. My knees trembled, my body rocked, my abs twitched. I lost all sense of self. I didn't even have the head in all the way and it still felt so deep, so full.

And then, for one terrifying second it all came tumbling back.

What the hell was I doing?

I was a man trapped in a woman's body, fucking himself with a monster dildo on camera for a world of perverts to see. I was one of the most successful producers in the industry! Why was I degrading myself like this? This was insanity! Why was I playing Madeline's stupid games?

I pulled the dildo out and flung it aside. It's absence - the hole it left within me - was just as noticeable and heart-poundingly intense as the sensation of having it inside me.

"Stop!" cried the director. "What are you doing?"

"I... I can't." I was struggling for breath. "I won't! I'm not your - your porn star!"

"Porn?" he laughed. "Honey, this is barely risqué. If you can't even do something like this, you're never going to be able to handle the serious stuff. We're done here. Mathew? Looks like we'll need Ms. Martin on the line after all."

I took several ragged breaths. Let her fucking know. Her game had been rigged from the start. She was trying to prove a point? Well she'd proven it. It was an impossible task. I was done playing. I was done debasing myself for her.

I swallowed tightly, trying not to give into the threat, trying not to imagine what new kinds of hell Madeline could put me through.

If I was lucky, she'd just make me oblivious. A blissful reprieve from this anxiety. Would she make good on her threat to wash me up as a fluffer? Would she make me love this thing I despised? Or would she make good on those other implied threats? A public use cum dumpster turning tricks while in passionate love with the most disgusting man she could find?

I pushed those thoughts away. I would find some other way to turn back. I had to.

"Come on, Miki!" cried Meiling's voice from the sidelines. "Don't give up! You're better than this!"

"Yeah!" yelled Min. "Show us what that fat butt of yours is made of! Come on girl, you're not going to let this stop you are you? After everything you've been through?"

Everything I've been through? If only she knew. All the pain, all the anxiety and the fear. My whole life had been torn up from under me. I'd endured more humiliation and impotent frustration than she could imagine.

I swallowed and looked back down at the enormous silicone phallus wobbling on the floor, bright studio lights glistening off the sheen of slick juice.

Shit. The girls were right.

I'd come too far to give up now. What was I thinking? I was pussyng out moments from the finish line. The only thing stopping me here was me. Madeline had been counting on it. She knew I'd be too prideful, too ashamed to do what needed to be done. She'd been betting on it.

If I gave up now, she'd win. All of my humiliation and impotent frustration, all for nothing. I needed to keep going. No matter how degrading, I needed to show Madeline that I wasn't about to let her stupid bullshit stop me. I was going to win this, no matter what it took.

I looked up at the director. He was shaking his head in disappointment as the assistant next to him handed him a phone. I had to act fast.

I spun around onto my hands and knees, hoisting the enormous faux-phallus up onto its base and affixing it to the ground in front of me. I glanced up past it at the director - his eyes locked curiously on me - and ran a tongue along the thing's long lurid length.

"I'm sorry I've been a bad girl, Mr. Director" I forced my voice up a tone, fishing for a pitch that was sultry, but bratty. Young. *Naughty*. "It's just so hard. So big! I gotta get it nice and wet first."

The director's eyes went wide. He dropped the phone.

The camera man squeezed in low and tight. His full attention on me as I started to run my hands along the shaft, sloppy kisses sucking my own juices off the hard length and replacing them with pearly strings of saliva.

His breath caught in his throat as I blew a slippery kiss into the lens. Men. I smiled. So easy. I wasn't proud of it, but if this is what it took, this is what it took. I just had to put in the work.

When I was sure I had their attention - no, better: their imagination - I gave the dildo one last slurp, loud and sloppy, then flipped back around and let it stick out once more from between my legs. Gripping the slick shaft for support I rolled up onto my knees so that the head of it was resting just over my crotch.

But as I held on that precipice, I didn't take it inside of me, no. Instead I pulled myself into position, pressing my pulsing pussy parallel into the length of the shaft.

Then, once I was sure the cameraman had the best view, I lowered my hips, stroking the length of the cock with my quivering wet sex, humping at it cowgirl style, grinding against it, taking my pleasure from it, but never quite putting it in.

The veiny texture slid slickly against the tender fleshy folds and the hypersensitive button that was the core of my pleasure. Up, down, up, down, trying not to lose myself to the fireworks exploding in my brain.

I leaned back to give a better view, one hand behind me for support as the other fondled eagerly at my quivering tits.

It was ready now. The shaft had been growing slipperier with each thrust, my juices building on it, coating it. Its length had been no match for the ocean of heat pouring out of my sex.

My body was screaming out with need. The once-intimidating length now so inviting. An electric fire was burning away my thoughts and leaving nothing but sheer raw need and every hot breath just fanned it higher. There was no turning back now. I wanted this. I needed this. No more doubts. No more anxieties. If I didn't get this thing inside of me, I was going to find something else that I could.

I repositioned, sliding up to my knees, juices dripping to the floor. I kneeled down, squatting over the thick intruder.

The studio held its collective breath.

With one hand to guide this thick spear into the core of me, I lowered my screaming sex to the head, jolting as the tip of it slammed against clit, but not stopping. A profound stretching sensation echoed within me like a ringing in my ears as it found the entrance to my quivering hole. Oh god. Oh my fucking god.

Balanced precariously upon the knife's edge of my lust, I closed my eyes and slid down upon it. Gently at first - euphoric tingles sparkling through me, but then harder and with more urgency.

I needed this thing inside me. Even as it stretched me to my limit, even as it threatened to split me open. I needed more.

It was a struggle, a challenge, but I did not back down. Soon I could feel it inside me, filling up what felt like every inch of me. My exultation was brief - was just the head.

One hand shot down to dig around against my perverted throbbing clit while the other reached up and roughly grasped a breast. My breathing was a hot mess of needy grunts. I had thought the pressure - the pleasure - inside of me was so great, but as soon as I laid my fingers on my clit - that tingling nexus of sheer carnal want - it was like turning on the amp to a guitar.

"Ahh, fuck! Fill me up!" I babbled. "Oh my god, stuff my horny cunt!" I was dizzy from the sheer intensity of sensation. It was too much, too powerful. How much was inside me? Two inches? Three? I wriggled on it, as much trying to acclimatize to what was already there as I was trying to push further. I screamed, and though the pleasure was overwhelming, I needed more.

I was further now. 4 inches, 5? It wasn't the length, it was the girth. It was thicker than a coke can, thicker than a fist. I had expected something to tear. I had expected to hit a wall. Had Madeline's body always been able to do such stunts? Was this how she got off? Or, - fuck - or had she stolen this as well?

This morning I thought I had found heaven. How wrong I was. Even those towering seas of euphoria that I had found in that gentle morning masturbation were but milquetoast shallows fringing the vast oceans of rapture that were currently overflowing the dam of my resolve. This... this was a whole other world. I screamed again, unsure if I'd ever really stopped. The dildo inside of me was like a force multiplier, sensations kicking up to 11 as the length of the thing pulsed inside me with each bounce, closer and closer to the base - closer and closer to climax.

I was ablaze in a wildfire of sensation, the fuses lit on the powder kegs of my lust and a trail burning towards an explosive outcome.

In a brief moment of lucidity, I could see the camera man's lens aimed unabashedly at my struggling cunt, the beast I was taming putting even the phallus of the lens to shame. The director's grin seemed to grow wider with each inch I conquered, all in anticipation of that glorious moment when I bottomed out.

Meiling and Min were whooping and cheering from the sidelines, but their cries were quickly lost in my own carnal cacophony. I recalled fondly the way their hands playing across my body as our sweet lips touched, but this was so far beyond the delicate exploring fingers of a curious girl. This was a dick. A profound fullness, I could feel it pulling - scraping at the hypersensitive walls of my female sex.

I held out a hand to steady myself, heat coursed through my undulating body, boiling blood pounding through my ears. Impaled as fully as I was, each sway of my body pressed the main mass of the hot silicone pole from one electrically charged inner-wall to another.

Every cell of my dripping tunnel was swollen and lit up with the carnal need for a steady rhythmic hump, to get held down and fucked, to be bred like the hole I was.

I was almost there. How many inches had it been? I had lost count. A smile found its way to the lusty wreck that was my mouth. I was proud of myself. For taking it so deep - for not giving up. No. I shook

those thoughts away. Not because this was nothing to be proud of, but because this was no time to celebrate. I wasn't there yet.

My hips bucked in a frenzied staccato rhythm, the head pressing further into me than anything I could have ever imagined, pounding at some deep inner Shangri La. I wanted to pull out, to start back at the beginning and give it a running start, to drop the whole weight of me on it in one master-stroke, but I didn't want to lose even an ounce of that fullness.

I bounced and pressed and I squeezed, the weight of it, the girth of it, pounding just as much at my brain as my pussy, pushing away my thoughts and leaving nothing but raw electric-edged libido and animalistic urgency. One more inch. One more inch.

I was drooling. I didn't care.

"Keep going!" the director grunted. "Take it all!"

He didn't need to tell me. My pleasure was building now. My belly distending from its unyielding masculine girth, my tits bouncing and my ass jiggling with each desperate thrust, hips rocking and abs shivering as my body sang out like a choir of horny angels, what else could I do?

Need. All I could feel was need. All that mattered was getting off. All that mattered was getting deeper, harder. Closer to that explosion.

My cries reached a peak, the ocean of bliss inside me ready to flood the burning valley of my hot thrashing lust. I screamed again, and again and again.

Spots engulfed my vision as my strength left me.

"Almost...."

I shrieked.

"... There!"

My first orgasm slammed into me like a tidal wave of pleasure. A crescendo of sticky lust that sent me reeling, sweeping me away and - as I drank it in - filling me just as good and just as hard as that massive rod of virility buried to near-hilt in my snatch, stuffing me so good right down to my core. My whole body shook and trembled around it, my legs giving out, every nerve flailing and all control lost, screaming, clenching, writhing as the cum flooded out of me in squirts.

And it didn't stop there. Oh no, my lust was too great, my need to have this thing all the way inside of me too all-encompassing. Even as nuclear bombs exploded inside of me I knew I needed more.

I pumped harder with what little control I had. Flopping and shifting my weight, flinging myself against those spots within me that felt the best. Another orgasm rocked through me, just as powerful as the first, and then another and another and another. A machine gun blast tearing through me. Toes curled, legs cramped, my body screamed for air, but still it wasn't enough.

I was so close.

I was so close.

I screamed as I hit the bottom. Simple orgasm giving way to the Thrashing climax whipping through me like a sharp steel wind. My nerves fried into an eternity of blinding pleasure. All I was, was this. In the eternity of that brief moment I came harder and truer than any sensation I had ever known. An electric storm shooting through my soul, a hurricane, carrying me, turning me, pushing me as my body spasmed around that unyielding meat.

And that's when I blacked out.

== Chapter 4 ==

I woke to a splash of cold water.

“Miki? Oh my god, are you okay?”

I was in the green room, reclined on the couch. Meiling’s sweet face loomed over me with a sponge while Min looked down with concern. I hurt. My whole body felt like it had been run through a washing machine. Little aftershocks of pleasure still coursed through me, leaving goosebumps in their wake. I was overcome by the powerful need to just curl up and cuddle.

“What happened?” I managed to ask.

“You passed out, you dork.” Min stuck out her tongue.

“You should have told us you were feeling faint!” Meiling doted, “We would have taken a break! You can’t work yourself into the ground like that, you had us terrified!”

“As if that would have helped. Garbage!” the director slammed a tablet down on the table nearby. He and the cameraman were going through the day’s work. “These are all garbage! How is it that one model manages to ruin an entire shoot?”

“Well,” came a familiar voice. “She’s still new at all this. Such a shame. I had such high hopes for her.”

Madeline! I sat up bolt straight.

She was sitting in a plush a chair on the far side of the room, legs languorously crossed. She gazed down on me, eyes never leaving mine. That bitch! That bitch had my fucking body!

I wobbled to my feet, fists clenched. I was going to show her what she got for fucking with me.

Instead my knees shook and I fell into a dizzy mess as all the blood rushed to my head. Meiling caught me and sat me back down on the couch.

“Easy Miki.” Min said. “Try not to move.”

“That’s right, *Miki*.” Madeline gave a sly smile. “After all, you’re such a delicate little thing.”

I screamed internally. All this rage and anguish inside of me screaming to get out, begging me to wipe that grin off her fucking face, but it was like all the strength had been drained out of me.

“The rest of you girls are wonderful,” the director conceded, “but Miki, this is terrible. Just...” he turned the tablet towards me. “Just look!”

“Miki, Miki, Miki.” Madeline shook her head admonishingly. “I warned you that this level of quality wouldn’t stand. I’m going to have you out on the street at this rate.”

What bullshit was this?

I looked at the photos. Sure enough, in every shot, I looked either like I was embarrassed to be there or like a petulant teen throwing a fit. My whole body went red as I went through them. I thought I had been doing so well.

The only shots of me that were good were even close to good were the ones where I was crawling on the floor fucking the dildo like some horny idol slut.

The photographer took back the tablet. Oh my god. I cradled my forehead in my hands. I was the worst idol I'd ever worked with. And it was going to cost me everything.

"Wait!" I looked up pleadingly at the director. "Isn't there something I can do to make it up to you?"

Fuck, why had I phrased it that way?

"Well," He leered, "There is one way a pretty thing like you can prove to me that you've got what it takes."

"Oh, please sir," I let that slutty schoolgirl back into my voice. "I'd do anything!"

"Oh?" Purred Madeline. "Well, isn't this a surprise? I'm impressed. You really are willing to prove that you'll do whatever it takes, huh?"

My fists shook as I stood up. I didn't know if I was going to kick him in the balls or if I was actually going to drop to my knees and start fellating this disgusting pig - either way I was going to show this man what I was made of.

"Miki, be careful." Meiling cautioned. "You're still weak."

I stepped forward. My body couldn't shake what had just happened. That enormous thing inside me, tearing me open, filling me up, completing me. I could feel that flush of arousal growing anew. I could feel the wetness between my legs. Was a small part of me wanting this?

As I took a step towards him, my tongue tracing the path of plump shimmer on my lips - a reminder of how wet I could be.

I fell to my knees and reached a hand forward.

"Oh my god! This is it!" Cried the camera man.

"Huh?" the director's turned from my little display to his associate.

"Look at this!" he pulled a picture up on the screen.

It was me, bottomed out on the dildo. Hands held limply out at my side as my clit slammed home against the silicone balls at the base. It was right at the moment where I had passed out - my tongue lolling, my fingers, fresh from my clit, held up in little Vs as droplets of juice hung in the air. I could not have imagined a more degrading picture, and yet, I couldn't deny that it was a good photo. It had such a

candor to it. None of the apprehension, none of the doubt. This was unmistakably a girl who loved fucking. A slut getting what she deserved. It just so happened that that slut was me.

"Its perfect!" The director shoved me aside as he leapt to his feet and ran an appraising and perverted eye over the image, my offer apparently forgotten. "This is exactly what we need for our centerpiece! That vision! That life! Madeline, I take back everything I said about this girl, clearly she just needs the proper motivation! We're going to plaster this *everywhere*!"

Madeline's smile tightened. She took the tablet and inspected it. Her lips grew wider as she saw the horror and shock on my face - as she saw the unmistakable rage in my heart and my complete inability to do anything about it.

"Hmmf." she huffed. "I suppose it's passable. Barely."

I fell back onto the couch. The two girls beside me cheering their congratulations.

"I'd say you've earned a reprieve, *Miki*." She stood and stepped towards the door. "But clearly you have to learn your lessons for next time."

"Next time?"

"Oh yes, this isn't a victory for you. More like a stay of execution. You three have a handshake event in a week. Another chance to prove yourself."

"Another game?"

"What's the matter Mik Mik? Not having any fun?" She gestured to the photo. "You seemed to be enjoying yourself just fine a minute ago."

"You bitch." I whispered.

"Careful." she wagged a finger. "Don't forget who's in charge here."

I shrunk back.

"That's right sweetheart. And I'm done going easy on you. So buckle up, Sugartits. You're in for a hell of a ride. And don't worry -- I'll be keeping a very close eye on you."

She laughed as she stepped out the door.

"Miki? Are you alright?"

God help me. I broke into tears.

To be continued.