

And Other Duties As Required
- A Smutty Novel -
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Part 2

-- Chapter 5 --

I woke up horny.

Not just regular horny. Painfully horny. Achingly horny. Hornier than I'd ever been. It rang out from my every nerve, an existential need that filled and defined me. Fuck - I squirmed my naked girly flesh out from the sopping wet sheets - I was so goddamn horny.

I don't know why it surprised me. I was always horny. It was a constant in my life now: that pounding headache of lust. It was the black of my night, the background radiation of my new existence. I let out a whimper then held a pillow over my face to scream. This stupid lascivious body. This stupid lascivious life.

I reached a hand down to idly stroke at my clit, believing foolishly that this small act would hold back the tide of my raging nymphomania, that I could just scratch this lusty itch away and be done with it. If I thought that this would do anything besides drive me towards yet another mindless masturbatory sabbatical, then I was lying to myself.

A soft moan escaped as I bit my lip. The last remnants of my latest sexy nightmare worked their way through my subconscious. What had I been dreaming? Unsure visions throbbed tumescent in the back of my brain. Something big, something strong, something *masculine*. It penetrated me, it filled me up, it poured itself into me and stretched me to my every last inch. I cried out; the echo of half-dreamed pleasures drowned out by a fresh carnal scream.

I rolled over and tried to bury my head in my pillow, but I just ended up crushing my enormous tits. It hurt, but that was okay - this body liked it rough.

I brought in my legs, curling up and raising my puckering pussy into the cool air. I lay there doggy style, all my weight on my knees and shoulders, pressing my horny hooters further into the bed, grinding into those sensitive melons as I rocked back and forth. With my tits good and occupied, I had both hands free to stroke that wet, horny hole that was demanding so much attention. Probing fingers drowned in the oceanic depths of my arousal while I rang a siren song from the screaming bell of my clit. I fell over, mewling in appreciation. Absolute heaven.

Sweet honey poured lazily from my lips as I plunged heedlessly forward in this dreamy morning haze. This body was insatiable - an addict - but right now it felt too good to care. I'd rather lose myself to this impossible sexual high than think about yesterday, than think about how Madeline had turned me into a girl - into this slut. I didn't want to think about her games, or the photoshoot or - ah - how I had so recently been a man.

I especially didn't want to think - oh fuck - about that enormous cock I had fucked on camera. How it had split me open, how it filled me up so fucking good that I had passed out from the pleasure. The toe

curling, mind blanking rapture of being filled up, of being *fucked*. How good it had felt, how right. All those nasty things they had made me do, all just driving me higher and higher to that ultimate bliss.

My body shuddered, a fresh wash of keening orgasmic chemicals flooding through me. I bit the sheets as I screamed out again and again and again.

Fuck.

I squeezed my eyes tight and fell limp to the bed, arms and legs wrapped around a big poofy pillow, hips still rocking, body still eager to grind my sloppy naked cunt against anything it could find.

I sighed, then let out a very different kind of whimper. As powerful and as moving as this orgasm had been, it was a gentle breeze compared to the typhoon I had experienced last night. I was still horny.

I rolled over and started idly playing with one of my long hard nipples, plucking, pinching and teasing, a soft moan escaping my lips. Two days ago, I had been a man. God, how could I call myself that now?

I sat up and brushed the long silky hair out of my eyes as my hand continued to play absently with my shiveringly sensitive melons. It was all coming back to me. Madeline had given me a second chance. Another round in her game. Win it, and I was free to go. Lose and... well... best not think about that.

I grit my teeth. As much as I hated being at her mercy, at least it was something tangible. A concrete goal that I could work towards. She thought I'd buckle under the pressure or succumb to the humiliation. I'd show that crazy bitch that I wasn't about to give in. I was going to beat her at her own game, whatever that took.

I whimpered as my sparkling pink nails dug impatiently into my hungry, horny tits.

Whatever it took. How far did that go? I licked my lips as I thought back to yesterday after the photoshoot. Had I really been about to suck off that disgusting troll of a director to save my ass? Would I even have been able? How big was his dick, I wondered? How hard had I made it? I bet he tasted disgusting. My heart pounded at the thought, but I shook the vision away. As though I'd ever stoop so low as to give a man a blowjob.

A week. The handshake event was in one week. I just had to put up with all this until then. I would just have to be this horny buxom slut of an idol until then. How hard could it be?

With great effort I pulled my hands from my yearning flesh and rolled out of bed.

Getting dressed was once again a struggle. I knew now which clothes were mine, sure, but it did little to make them comfortable. It was strange. If I had seen these clothes on another woman, I'd have found them evocative and alluring, but the act of actually putting them on my body just made them so mundane.

Oh, I was still sexy, sure. The sight of me in the mirror was driving me wild, but this was my body now. These were my clothes. I was the one who had to deal with making them sit right, I was the one who

had to keep my skirt from riding up around my plump ass, I was the one who had to constantly micromanage these heaving, jiggly boobs.

It didn't help that Miki's wardrobe was rather limited. There was no getting around it, the girl was a slut and she let everybody know. I could stick to the more conservative stuff for now, but from there each outfit was more overblown than the last.

I massaged the bridge of my nose with my fingers. Yesterday this had been such a temporary affair. It had been so easy to dismiss this side of the things. Now it was really hitting home that for the next week at least, this was my life.

I stepped out into the living room wearing a pair of yoga pants and an oversized knit sweater with a big hole cut out to display my cleavage. I figured this, at least, was appropriate dress for a bleary-eyed breakfast.

How wrong I was.

Diaphanous slips of silky fabric hung tantalizingly from the curves of their slender bodies as Meiling and Min sat at the table, eating. They were wearing nighties. Sheer, elegant, and scandalously short. One of Meiling's shoulder straps had slipped away, drawing attention to the soft arch of her shoulder and just how easy it would be to tear the rest of that delicate thing off of her. I swallowed loudly. Oh god.

"Oh, Miki! Good! I didn't want to interrupt like last time," Meiling turned, a blush on her cheek, "but breakfast is-" she fought back a laugh. "W-what are you wearing?"

"Uh." My head swam. I was having a serious case of *deja vu*. But no - I looked down to confirm, I was the one dressed casually here. "What are *you* wearing?"

"The same stuff we wear every morning?" snarked Min. "Why are you dressed like the third act of a porno?"

I blinked at them like I had missed the joke and was waiting for them to explain it. They just blinked right back.

You know what? I didn't have the emotional energy to argue. I turned around and went back to change. It wasn't like Miki was lacking in the nightgown department. I returned in a simple red nightie - a delicate crimson bow between two straining cups and a sheer skirt that would show my ass if I even so much as thought about bending over.

"Much better." said Min, "I mean, not that I'm complaining, but is there a reason you keep coming out of the bedroom dressed like you're trying to seduce a horny teenager?"

'Min!"

She stuck out her tongue.

I blushed. She wasn't wrong.

"How are you feeling?" asked Meiling.

"What do you mean?"

"You slept through most of breakfast." Meiling doted, "I was going to wake you, but, ah -" she glanced away. I blushed all the harder. With how loud I had been, there was no denying what I had been doing. Hell, I still reeked of pussy juice.

"We figured after yesterday, you earned a bit of a rest." Min added, finishing Meiling's sentence. "Not too much though. We still have a concert coming up, and there's that handshake we gotta be ready for. I don't know what's going on with you, Miki, but we can't have another repeat like yesterday. You have to do better."

"Min!" Meiling chastised.

"No, she's right." My voice was dark. I had come so close to fucking it all up. I had thought that what these girls did was easy. I had underestimated them. I thought back to all those awkward photos. If one of the girls working for me had given me results like that, I'd have been furious. "I almost ruined everything. I need to do better. This handshake event, I need to blow everybody away. I can't afford to screw it up."

"Oh, Miki." Meiling gave me a sweet smile. "Don't worry. We're here for you."

"Yeah," Min nodded "we're not about to let our junior member fall behind! If you're finally willing to sit that oversized ass of yours down and take things seriously for once, then we're behind you 100% of the way."

"That's right! As long as you're working hard, you're going to do great! Don't let Miss Martin's threats get you down."

"Threats?"

"Yeah, come on, Miki. It's pretty obvious what's going on. That letter? All that drama last night? She's given you an ultimatum, right? Shape up or ship out?"

"Oh my god," Min rolled her eyes, "that woman is three kinds of crazy. "

"Min!" Meiling giggled.

"What? She is. Did you see the way she was parading a round like she owned the place?"

"She does own the place."

"The *company* owns the place. She acts like she's in charge but - "

"Wait." My heart froze. "She was here?"

"Yeah, just this morning. We were going to wake you up but she said you'd earned a rest. She said it was some kind of inspection."

"She was being super dramatic." Min laughed. "I don't buy it. Like, we've never had an inspection before, and why would Ms. Martin do it in person? She kept waving around this weird little tv remote and laughing. She's always seemed so stern and intimidating, but today it was just... creepy."

Oh god. My brain reeled. She had been here. She had been making changes. But what? Why? She hadn't come all this way just to make these girls dress in nighties, had she? No, this was a warning, wasn't it? She was showing me that I was far from safe - a reminder of her power.

"I'm sure she just wanted to check up on us after Miki passed out on the job last night."

"I don't know," Min shrugged. "She was asking a lot of weird questions."

"Questions?" I raised an eyebrow.

"It was like something from a dating app." Min shook her head. "Dating history. Kinks. Sexuality. That sort of thing. Uhg, I really hope she's not thinking of having us do an 18+ gig, that would fucking ruin us."

"Kinks?" I stood up. The world was spinning.

"She probably just wants to make sure we're living up to our reputation as idols." Meiling giggled.

"Right." Min scoffed, "No boys allowed. No matter how much we may want them."

Their nonchalant attitude put my hackles on end. I looked around, hoping for some obvious sign, some clue as to what she had changed. Would I even notice though if there was? Was it all or nothing, or could she pick and choose what I could and could not see, just to torment me?

"Oh, and look!" Meiling grinned and gestured to the end table. "She brought a preview copy of that magazine we posed for last night. Take a look!"

"What? So soon?"

"She said she had them rush it through just for us."

I looked at the brightly colored magazine on the table. Even rushed there was no way they would have been able to publish a whole magazine in less than 12 hours turnaround. This thing had been on the presses. More of Madeline's magic?

I frowned as I saw the cover. It was the three of us locked in a lesbian embrace, me crying out in roiling ecstasy while Meiling and Min suckled at my fat, needy tits. My blood pounded at the sight of this sapphic spread and the memory of that sweet moment.

I was flushed. Flustered. This was a respectable magazine. It would be an accomplishment for a group of our caliber to get the cover. They didn't go around publishing smut. They especially didn't publish... this. Pornography. That's what this was. Pure and simple.

I opened to the table of contents. We were listed as "Super Slutty Idol Group: Love Hearts Trio"

"Oh," Meiling beamed proudly, "take a look at the centerfold!"

I flipped through the glossy pages. The rest of the magazine was perfectly normal, full of respectable talk about the industry like you'd see in any magazine. Then I got to the section on us. More pornographic filth from last night's shoot and articles that read like penthouse letters.

The centerfold, sure enough, was me screaming out in sheer carnal bliss as I bottomed out on that mammoth dildo. It was the exact moment the ocean of girlish climax knocked me into unconsciousness, and it was plain for all the world to see just how much I was fucking loving it.

I bit my lip at the memory of that heat, that rapturous inferno which had consumed me so completely. My pussy, hot and soft and mushy, ached to relive that memory, to get filled. Despite all of my suffering, it wanted more.

I could feel my face going red as my eyes lingered. It apparently wasn't enough that they'd used this obscene picture of me, no, they'd photoshopped it as well. My already indecent proportions had been further narrowed and plumped to create an even more exaggerated femininity. What was left was a being of unnatural perfection - they had turned me into an ephemeral beauty so titillating that she could only exist on the pages of a magazine and in the masturbatory fantasies of horny teenagers. No real girl could compare to this vivacious vixen, and here she was getting fucked like the dirty desperate slut she was.

Despite myself, I could feel my nipples stiffening looking at it, my rosebud, already warm and slick, grew juicier and juicier as my heart rate raced.

"Oooh! See?" Meiling leaned over my shoulder. "Isn't it a great shot? I'm still worried that you pushed yourself so hard you passed out, but you really did a great job on this one. I'm so proud of you!"

"Th-thank you." I blushed even deeper. The words came out more genuine than I had expected. Emotions warred within me. I couldn't deny some sliver of pride. It had taken a lot of work, after all - a supreme effort of will - and she was right, it was a great shot. This was the shot that had saved my stupid jiggly butt. I'd be Madeline's eager toy right now if it wasn't for this. There was nothing wrong with feeling good about that, was there?

"And oh my god," she continued, "doesn't your pussy just look so munchable? I was so horny watching you from the sidelines I wanted to run over and fuck you with that thing myself!"

"E-excuse me?"

“Ooh yeah, great job rookie!” There was a hitch of husk in Min’s voice as she leaned over my other shoulder. “Your pussy looks so tasty stretched out like that! See? I told you you could do it. Uhg,” she bit her lip, “and look at how much fun you’re having. I’m totes envious. Wish I had a vagina that flexible”

I blinked at the two of them, aghast, but their half-lidded eyes were so drawn to the photographic fornication that they didn’t even notice. Neither of them seemed to recognize the perversity of their actions.

My heart pounded all the faster. I threw the magazine down on the table in disgust and pushed back my chair. The heat was building up inside my all-too-eager body like a pressure cooker as horny estrogen-fueled blood pounded its way through my brain. I could only barely deal with the picture of them screaming out as they fucking me silly on the cover, but these two beautiful girls, cavorting so casually in that scandalous lingerie while saying such filthy things, as well? It was too much. I couldn’t take it any longer.

A monsoon of arousal battered the shell of my apprehension. I took a deep breath to try to calm myself but the scent of three girls - one of whom was dripping in heat - just drove my lust all the harder.

I closed my eyes. Madeline thought she could fuck with me? Distractions. That’s what these were. Sexy, soft, sapphic distractions. Is this what Madeline had meant by making my life hard? I looked at the tiny bow on the front of Min’s side-tie panties, at the lace of Meiling’s cups. Did Madeline really believe those rumors that I had been sleeping with my girls? A trap, that’s what this was. The moment I let my guard down she was going to jump out and punish me further. She had said she would be watching. Well too bad. I wasn’t going to give her the satisfaction.

I pulled away. The next big event was the handshake next weekend. I needed to practice. No more being awkward, no more being embarrassed, and no more letting this rollercoaster of a libido get the better of me. No more distractions, no matter how sweet and delicate and curvaceous.

My stomach growled. Okay, maybe one distraction.

Not long later, I sat down with a bowl of cereal. The cool air in the apartment blew unceremoniously against the expansive exposure of flesh that was my thong-clad ass. The other two girls sat cuddled on the couch watching tv while my tits - not realistically restrained in the least by my silky lingerie - jiggled with each spoonful. The mundanity of the scene just highlighted its strangeness. We looked like the backstage at a pornshoot or some harem of sex slaves waiting for our master to return.

Mmm... I could just imagine some tall muscular guy walking in and making us kneel and beg before taking out his great big dick and fucking the three of us all at once, his fat hard meat driving us to screaming orgasm as we - I shook my head. No. Focus. I had to be careful. My mind seemed to want to wander at the slightest erotic provocation.

As soon as I was done with breakfast I sat down in front of the computer. No password, thank god, but I had to push the keyboard forward lest my breasts interfere with my typing. Even then, it was slow. Madeline’s slender fingers and long sparkling pink nails meant lots of little errors. How did girls get anything done with these?

Something had been bothering me. Madeline had taken my life and left me an idol, but she'd mostly done television and modeling. She hadn't been part of a music group, and she certainly hadn't been a part of the Love Hearts Trio. Furthermore, Min and Meiling kept referring to me as the junior member, but Madeline was a veteran compared to those two.

So if this wasn't Madeline's life I was living, whose was it?

Looking up my old life just brought up heartache. She had inserted herself completely into the space I'd left behind. All of my online accounts, what little social media I kept, all of it replaced with her. Even the awards I had won were now made out in her name. I had held out a sliver of hope that she'd maybe forgotten to change my passwords or security questions, but no such luck.

It was the photos though that drove everything home. Pictures of me in magazines and award shows, but instead of me standing there it was her in my body, with her stupid shit-eating grin. All of my accomplishments, all of my memories. I closed the browser in disgust.

I looked up Miki, the girl I had become. A whole debauched history unfolded before me. Slutty pictures and videos like yesterday seemed commonplace. There was a video of me masturbating openly on a train car while winking into the camera and licking my lips. It should have been banned from the site but the comments just called me a sweet girl. There was a whole playlist of videos just like it. It was like the whole world had gone mad.

I looked up Madeline. Actual Madeline. Things from her old life. The scandals, the heartbreaks, that Christmas party. A smiling sweetheart stared back at me from the hole she had made in the world. Mia, it said her name was, Mia Michaelson.

Her features were familiar but distant. Was this the real Miki? She seemed so young - the baby of the group. She was slender and fragile, with features like a porcelain doll. She looked so sad, so sweet. A delicate thing that men's hearts would rush to protect. I could see her alongside Meiling and Min. A classic idol trio.

I frowned. She was hardly the wanton whore that I had been turned into.

This didn't make any sense. None of the clothes in the closet would have fit her. Hell, they shouldn't even have fit Madeline and I was in her body. I traced a hand along my sprawling cleavage - her entire career Madeline had never had curves this vivacious. Besides, she was a model, she'd always dressed to downplay her figure.

So who's nightie was I wearing? An entire wardrobe of some stranger's clothes? Had she changed them to fit? Or had Madeline created them whole cloth? How deep did her power lie? How long had she been planning this?

I wanted to reach out to this Mia girl, to find out what she knew. Maybe she was the missing link. Maybe she could help me make sense of all this chaos. But what was I going to say? "Help, I think I've stolen your life?" As far as I knew she was just as clueless as the rest of the world.

She had had a whole other life grafted onto her. What was that like? If she didn't know that this wasn't her, then who was she? I looked at a photo of her leaving an event - She was making the scowl Madeline had made when she had been in this photo, but it didn't suit her at all. If that was the life that she thought she had lived, then had she changed with her history? Did she think she was Madeline? Was she?

I shuddered at the thought. What had she done to deserve such a fate? Did Madeline consider this revenge? Had this girl slighted her somehow? Or had she just been in the wrong place at the wrong time? An innocent that needed to be sacrificed to carry out her plans against me.

I sent her a message just in case. Something subtle. Even if she didn't know what was happening, maybe she could provide some kind of clue.

"Miki?" There was a soft knock. "Come on, we've got to go. Are you still not ready?"

"Ready for what?"

"The studio." Min was wearing a tight shirt and tiny booty shorts and had a small duffel bag over her shoulder. "Come on, we've got practice."

"The studio?" The words turned over in my mind. Of course. A house this small probably didn't have a practice room. All of their exercise, practice and singing would have to be at local facilities.

"Yeah, come on, we took yesterday off for the shoot and took the morning off today to give you a chance to recover, but if we're going to look our best for the handshake - for this concert - we gotta work, girl!"

Right. I took a deep breath. I'd been dreading this. Idols needed to constantly hone their skill and talents. A big part of a manager's job was keeping the girls to a rigorous schedule. It was a never-ending battle, a constant push to be the best. They needed to stir the hearts of even the most jaded masses, and that meant a constant honing of skills. No amount of natural talent could touch a lifetime of rigorous practice.

Honestly, I could scarcely afford the distraction. I still had so many questions. I needed to plan, to figure out some way out of this. But this is what Miki would do. I didn't want to let Madeline think I wasn't playing along.

Besides - I sighed - maybe a bit of practice was a good idea. Lord knows I was going to need all the help I could get if I was going to pass as Miki at this handshake event.

How hard could it be?

-- Chapter 6 --

I collapsed, exhausted, to the ground.

"Is that all you've got?" The voice was shrill and disdainful. "Get back up!"

I struggled. The cold of the hardwood floor was a blissful reprieve even as I failed to raise myself off of it. My shaking arms were barely able to set me right, let alone help me stand.

"You call yourself an Idol?" the woman spat. "Get up!"

"Miki, are you alright?" Meiling rushed over to my side.

"I'm fine." I took her hand, she pulled me up. My head was spinning, vision and air struggling to get through to my brain. Every muscle in my body was screaming out in burning agony.

"We need a break." Min held up her hands.

"Again?"

"Yes, again! Miki's no good to anybody if you kill her."

"She's no good to anybody if she can't even do one simple routine!"

"Madame, please!"

I fell back to a mirrored wall. A bottle of water was pushed into my hand. I gulped it down. My tight athletic top and yoga shorts were soaked, I had no idea tits could get so sweaty.

Meiling's arm wrapped around me to keep me from falling over as Min stood between me and my aggressor. The piercing face of the former idol curling her lips in disdain. An experienced group wouldn't need a coach outside of learning new routines, but with the concert coming up and my close call yesterday, the company wasn't taking any chances.

"Fine." she relented, rolling her eyes. "Five minutes. But I'm not letting you girls out of here until she gives me one good set." She pressed a button and the cutesy music stopped.

"Miki are you okay?" Meiling whispered. "You're not going to pass out again, are you? Are you sick?"

I shook my head. I was too busy gulping down air to give a proper response. I wasn't sick, I was exhausted, and - fuck - achingly horny. The instructor wanted one more set? I'd lost count of how many times we'd been over this.

My body wasn't designed for this. Oh, the moves came simple enough, somehow, even if I fumbled with the more complicated stuff. It was another gift from Madeline I was sure - she was probably laughing her butt off at the idea of me doing all these sickeningly cute hyper-feminine dance steps. Madeline,

though, had been a model and an actress. She could dance, sure, but the sheer athleticism required to do it at this level for hours was beyond her. I was straining muscles I didn't even know I had.

And that had been before she had gotten all these... upgrades. Never did these ridiculous tits and this stupid fat butt feel more humungous than when I was trying to be graceful. No matter where I stopped, my body kept moving, and endless machine of bobbing, bouncing and swaying. Most routines would have been fine, bearable. But somehow all of ours seemed specifically designed to send me jiggling around as much as possible. Even with my poor sensitive tits stuffed into two chokingly tight sports bras, it was like jumping on a trampoline with weights hung around my neck.

I struggled to breathe steady, my heart pumping furiously. The worst part was that the pain did little to stave off the advances of my libido. No matter how much I needed to focus, my mind kept wandering into the realm of lurid fantasy. I couldn't help but wonder what would happen if our beautiful instructor finally got fed up with me and pulled me over her lap to spank me like the naughty bitch I was.

I leaned against the rock that was Meiling's body, the scent of her sweet sweat teasing at my nose. Her heart, too, was pounding. Her perky heaving breasts lay hypnotically level with my gaze.

No. I poured more water down my gullet and turned away, not wanting to get caught, not wanting to feed my impulses. I'd been desperate all day to avoid temptation, but there was only so much I could do. How could I imitate their dancing if I wasn't studying their every curve and bend? Visions of them in lingerie still burned bright in my memory. Thank god I was soaked with sweat, I don't know how else I'd explain the wet patch in my clothes.

I looked around for a distraction, but the tiny dance studio offered little. It was a cramped, hot, out of the way nook on the third story above a convenience store. There were a handful of places like this around the city. It wasn't the best, but it was cheap enough to book on the regular and it was within walking distance. When the girls made it big they'd get a dorm with a studio attached, but for now we'd had to make do.

My eyes came to rest on the exit sign above the door. It taunted me, promising an escape but knowing damn well I didn't have the strength to take even another step.

"Time's up!" the woman tapped her foot. "Come on, girls, I want to see some *joie de fucking vivre* out here. Miki, that means you! You're not leaving today until I get one complete routine without you fucking up!"

I gritted my teeth. I couldn't even blame her for her cruelty. If one of my girls was performing at my level this close to a concert, I'd be pissed off too. I was surprised the other girls hadn't turned on me. Well, okay, Min was clearly not happy, but there was no jeering, no aggression. They caught me when I fell, even when it meant an admonition.

"It's not her fault, Madame," Meiling stood up, "she's still recovering from -"

"I don't want to hear it! Are you Idols or Idles? Get to work!"

"Come on, Miki, you can do this." Min propped me up. "You ready?"

I nodded and stood as best as I was able. My legs, my core, my whole body screamed with every step. This was about more than just dance practice. It was about weakness. I couldn't let Madeline's weakness stop me. I couldn't let my own. I was pouring my all into this, and my all wasn't nearly good enough. I had to do better. I had to be better.

The music started. Insipidly cute bubble-gum pop. We fell into position like soldiers.

"With feeling, girls!"

I put on a rigor-mortis smile.

The music started that slow build. I was hidden behind Meiling, echoing her motions, hands out, forcing my hip to sway naturally. I step out to the side, Min behind me, then she steps out to the other side. The three of us are a V before the mirror, in sync to the music and to each other.

Panic flooded through me. My movements were sloppy. It was at the end of a long day, of course they were sloppy. Blood pounded in my ears. I wouldn't have stood for it. I would have demanded more from my girls. And yet, here I was on the other side of things thinking how impossible of a task that seemed.

Before today I'd never seen a dance from this angle, never seen the backs of the idols. I was grateful at least for the mirrors. If I could see myself in the mirror, I could correct my flaws, but I couldn't get caught relying on it, couldn't use it as a crutch. The dance required us to look away - to have faith in our abilities.

Body undulating, arms swinging. I held my smile even as my cheeks burned. Madeline's body was simultaneously so much stronger and more capable than I had ever given it credit for, and yet so agonizingly heavy. I'd have collapsed if not for the adrenal push of my desperation, the fear of an even greater pain pushing me past this one.

Meiling broke away to do her solo. Min and I stepped back, dancing to support Meiling's bigger role. Her breath was as heavy as mine. She was off her mark on one of the poses, but she made up for it with a flourish as she moved into the next step. They were hurting just as much as I was, I was sure, but you'd never tell by the looks on any of our faces that we weren't loving every second.

My body undulated as we pushed into a series of hip sways, arms swinging, legs stomping. My breasts heaved and my ass jiggled. I fought to make the motions seem dainty, demure, intentional. The dance was supposed to be cutesy and girly but from me it seemed lurid and lascivious. I needed control. Counterbalance. Don't overshoot.

Hands in a heart, swing from pose to pose, energetic, enthusiastic. We fell back into step for the chorus, chest and body screaming as I undulated, as I dug as deep as I could to find the grace to keep my motions smooth, to remain in control.

My foot skidded as I was late to land on my mark. The instructor's eyes were burning into me. Keep to time, keep in sync. Play it up. Give her that smile.

Muscles strained and ached, but I was unable to do so much as quiver. As much as my body wanted to spill out upon the floor, as much as my lungs pounded, I couldn't let any of that out. I couldn't even grit my teeth. Had this song always been so long?

Just the finale to go. I didn't even have a hard part for it. I just had to hold on, just a few more bars. So close. I jumped, legs spread for the final pose, then landed with a wobble. Shit. My eyes went wide in terror before I could fix my expression. The music stopped. We held our poses. I tried to hide the lungfuls of air I was gasping down. Had she noticed? She had to have noticed. How could she have not? We were going to have to do it all over again, and then again and again. An eternity of this hell.

"Better!" she gave me an approving smile. "See Miki, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

I went crashing to the ground, knees shaking, my sigh of relief buried beneath laborious breaths.

We'd been going for hours, and now, at last, it was over. I closed my eyes and let the dizziness and anxiety wash over me.

By the time I'd returned to my senses, the girls had sat me down at a little card table near the window. With dance practice over, we took a break for an early dinner. The smell of it drove deep into the only part of my brain primal enough to compete with my libido. I don't think I'd ever been so hungry in my life.

I scarfed eagerly at the meal before me. Meiling had cooked earlier in the week: pre-portioned meals, carefully selected for nutrition and calories. Healthy stuff. Fresher than what I was used to, and in smaller portions. As a man I'd... well, I couldn't remember the last time I'd had a home-cooked meal.

I was so hungry that I didn't even mind the pain whenever I tried to move.

"Slow down Miki," The girls laughed. "You're going to choke"

Food had never tasted so good.

Outside, the lights of the city blinked and flashed. It was dark. Had the whole day passed already? Had we really been dancing for that long?

I was glad for the break, but afraid of what was coming next.

"Are you feeling better now?" Meiling chimed.

I looked at my empty plate and nodded. The portions had been small, but filling.

"Good," Min nodded, "because we need to talk about what's happening."

"What?" I paused, putting on an innocent face. "What do you mean?"

"Cut the crap, Miki. You know we're trying to do our best to support you, but come on, do you think we're idiots? Something is seriously wrong. It's like this is your first time at practice or something."

"Min..." Meiling reached out a hand.

"No, I'm serious." She batted Meiling's hand away. "Look, I know I give you a lot of shit for not taking this seriously, but today it's like... I can't even say you're not trying - I'm seeing you struggle out there - but this isn't anything you should be struggling with. What's going on?"

The hairs on the back of my neck stood on edge. My eyes darted around the empty studio, trying to avoid her gaze. What could I say?

"I guess," I began, "I guess it's all starting to hit home what will happen if I screw this all up." I took a shaky breath. All of the fear and anxiety welling up inside me started to rise to the surface. This was coming out more genuine than I had intended. "If I fuck this up, my life is over. I don't want that, and now I need to work harder than I've ever had to work, but the truth is, I don't belong here. This isn't my life. And now I'm trying, but I just keep screwing up. I- I don't know if I can do this. I don't know if I'll be able to do what needs to be done when the time comes."

"Miki!" Meiling jumped out of her chair to wrap me up in a hug. "Don't you ever say that you don't belong here. Don't ever say that you can't do this. You wouldn't be here if you didn't."

"Yeah," nodded Min. "We all have our doubts."

"Just look at how nervous Min gets before every event." Meiling giggled.

"Hey!"

"It's true!"

"The important thing," Min steered back to the topic at hand, "is that you don't give into those dark thoughts. Don't let your doubts about all the bad things that might happen get in the way of all the good things that could happen. Doubts are your body trying to hold you back, to keep you safe. But if your heart is set on something, then that's what's important. Push them out of your mind. Take the risk. You've trained, you've practiced, you're a good Idol, Miki, even if you don't take this seriously. Trust in that."

I blinked back in surprise. I don't know if it was the estrogen or the exhaustion, but I had to blink back tears. I'd have never expected such big words from someone so delicate. They had completely missed the point, but it was inspiring all the same.

"I always found that it helps to think about why we're here." Meiling took a sip of her tea and gazed introspectively out the window. "Whenever things seem dark, I think about my family and all the ways this money helps them out. I know it's a bit shallow, but, well, it really makes a difference, you know?"

"Oh Yeah," Min nodded, a fond smile crossing her lips. "Seeing the look on my family's face when I first took the stage... the first time they saw what I could do? They were completely awestruck. It wiped the smug looks right off their stupid faces." She let out a sharp laugh. "They spent their whole lives doubting

and discouraging me, but I worked my ass off and I showed them. That's what keeps me going. I'll show up anybody who tells me I can't. And that includes myself. Fuck doubt."

We laughed.

I glanced away to stare back out the window. My family. I hadn't even considered them. What little family I had was distant. No one really cared. Did Miki have family? Was I someone's daughter right now? I wondered how they'd feel about this hell I was going through.

The girls were right though. I had to focus on why I was here. If all of this pain was what it took to get me back to manhood, then it was more than worth it.

While the worst of it was over, the day was far from done. After dinner we had singing. Hours of going over the songs for the upcoming concert. Each part needed to be perfect. This, thankfully, we didn't need a coach for, and I could count on the girls' mercy.

As an Idol manager I'd been to a fair few company karaoke events. I could sing just well enough to not embarrass myself. Luckily, I knew all the songs we had to go over tonight - they had been drilled into me through hours of grueling dance. I was feeling better about this than I had about the choreography from earlier.

I'd never sung with another person before, let alone two. There was something strangely exciting about it. I was rarely the centerpiece of the song - thank god - but that meant I was a supporter. I had to focus on cooperation and collaboration, not competition. It was a whole different mindset than I was used to. I wasn't just trying to sing my best, I was trying to get the best out of these girls, and they from me.

Once again, Madeline's body made things difficult. Her body was larger, her voice deeper and darker than the girl who was supposed to be singing this. It was a struggle to hit the notes I needed, and yet I had to admit, I was surprised by Madeline's voice. She wasn't a singer, but she had volume. She could belt and yell like even I couldn't.

Throughout my entire career I'd trained my voice to be low and intimidating and powerful. This was like driving somebody else's car.

If this was just about singing, just about hitting the right notes, then I think I'd have been fine. But these songs were cutesy and girly and bubbly. I had to smile wide to cram just the right amount of rainbow and sunshine into each note, all while still nailing the rhythm and melody.

Somehow it too left me panting for breath. I shuddered at the thought that we'd probably have to put this and the dancing together soon enough.

Our last appointments for the day were etiquette lessons and a check in with our manager. We weren't important enough for them to come to us, so we had to hustle five blocks to an office building to meet up with them. This meant a shower and a change of clothes.

The shower room was practically an afterthought on the old building. It was three showers built into a recessed section of the changeroom. It left zero privacy and, frankly, was a little creepy, but it was better at least than showering at a public facility with all sorts of strangers walking past.

I changed quickly and stepped into the shower, blushing as the girls stripped down behind me, minding my own business and trying to resist the masturbatory urges the hot water seemed to invite. Steam fogged the mirrors. I turned away, not out of respect or a sense of propriety, but out of fear that to look would drive me over the edge. My simmering nymphomania, which had settled to a dull background roar, boiled at just the thought of the three of us naked together in the shower.

I couldn't help but steal a glance. What harm could one look do? I wished I hadn't.

Min had an arm wrapped possessively around Meiling's hip as the two of them stepped under a shower head, their naked flesh pressing together as hot water poured over them. Soon, wet, soapy hands sloshed over wet, soapy skin, scrubbing, probing, finding their way into every tender crevice. Soft moans and little giggling gasps fluttered over the pounding of the water and the beating of my heart.

I looked away. Was this really happening?

"What's the matter Miki?" Min gave me a wink as Meiling kissed along her neck. "Don't you want to join in?"

"I-" I blushed, "I'm almost done!" This was more of Madeline's tricks; I was sure of it. More of her temptations. I rushed to finish lathering up my body, but the soft hands running over my body just brought my aching desire all the more to the fore. I bit a lip and tried not to whimper as my stiff horny nipples humped desperately against my loofa. I whimpered. At least the hot water hid the sheer liquid need dripping from my soft steamy pussy.

Though I didn't dare turn back, my brain and ears were more than happy to fill in the missing details. Lurid fantasies of those two girls dissolving into sloppy sapphic makeouts, their sopping wet tits rubbing creamy soap into their nubile athletic bodies, Meiling giving a sharp cry as Min's hand found its way south of her belt, a predatory glint her eye as she -

I jumped as I turned the shower to cold.

The icy water did little to dissuade the raging inferno of my lust, but it was enough to snap me out of it just long enough to extricate myself from the shower.

I barely even dried off as I rushed to get dressed, eyes fixed firmly on the wall and wishing for all the world that I could somehow drown out those sweet lilting cries, my imagination tempting me worse than even the sight of the two of them in the flesh. I had to physically restrain my hand from snaking down my skirt as I finished and stepped out into the hall.

There, alone, I could resist no longer.

Back to the wall, skirt pulled up around my waist, I found myself once again gasping for breath as my hand dove into the boiling depths of my needy snatch, making oh-so-good on all of the promises my imagination had made.

I bit my lip as a day's worth of pent-up frustrations finally started working their way through my system.

But alas...

"Miki? Everything okay?" Meiling's voice perked up as the two of them stepped out some minutes later. I pulled my hand away and put on an innocent smile. I wasn't fooling anybody. All I had done is make myself hornier and leave soaking what had been a fresh pair of panties.

Still, we picked up afterwards without missing a beat. No one said a word about the lesbian tryst in the shower. Had it even really happened? Or had my own horniness been so overwhelming that I'd imagined the whole thing?

The memory had already started to fade as we stepped into the brisk chill of the night air. I took a deep breath to clear my head. It was like a soothing balm to my aching lungs. Before us the lights of the city sparkled. It was beautiful.

We were all fashionably dressed. It was our duty, after all, as Idols, to look good. God, the other girls embodied it so perfectly. They were the epitome of grace and style, and here I was struggling to even walk in Miki's short little skin-tight pencil-skirt and her stiletto heels. They looked like models, I looked like a whore. With the way my tits hung out of this blouse, lord knows I felt like one.

Where had the day gone? I was a day closer to the handshake and no close to figuring out a way out of this. I'd been so caught up in fighting for my life trying to be Miki that I hadn't had the time. Was this, too, part of Madeline's plan? To keep me busy? Distracted?

I had known, on some intellectual level, that being an idol was hard. I'd been managing them my whole career, after all. But their pain had always felt so distant. To be living this life first hand, it was something else entirely. Maybe... maybe if I had known, I would have been better to my girls. More sympathetic.

I frowned. I couldn't deny the revelation, but the fact that it was exactly what Madeline seemed to want to teach me left a bitter taste in my mouth.

I looked out at the dark streets as we walked past. Why was I doing this? Why was I playing this game? It would be so easy to just turn down one of these roads and lose myself. All I had to do was run. I could escape, I could hide, I could plot my revenge and find a way to fight back. I could show that bitch once and for all what I thought of her games and her threats.

The memory of that pervert's hand grasping my skirt in the alleyway bobbed to the surface.

On second thought - I pushed in closer to the girls - maybe it was best to stick together for now.

Meiling put her arm around me. The warmth of her presence a strange source of security and comfort in the scantily-clad cold. As a man I would never have taken such solace. Stoic resolve, that's what being a

man was all about. But I wasn't exactly a man right now, was I? Water welled unwanted to my eyes. It was a sharp femininity that here, in my moment of greatest weakness, my moment of greatest struggle, I was just grateful that I didn't have to go at it alone.

I leaned into her, blinking away the tear. I didn't want it messing up my eyeliner.

The elevator dinged as we stepped out into the office. The etiquette lessons were short - only an hour. Not really a focus. Etiquette and acting lessons were something most idols benefited from. Regardless of their specialty, Idols had to be taught to handle interviews and to always be on. On top of that, a lot of girls struggled with shyness, and some, well, they just didn't like people. That was fine - we didn't discriminate when hiring - but we needed them to pretend that they did.

Whoever was managing our schedules evidently considered the coming concert a higher priority than the handshake. I frowned. They weren't wrong to do so, but it did me little good - I intended to be long gone by then. For me, learning how to deal with people as Miki needed to be my priority.

Handshake events were relatively casual. The fan comes up and spends about fifteen seconds talking, hands are shook, and then the next person in line steps up. It's hard to really screw up. It's more about keeping a poker face and staying in character even when dealing with the more extreme personalities.

We sat down and waited for our instructor to arrive. I had hoped that my years in a socially aggressive business would help. I thought at least this would be some nice easy relief for my aching muscles. How wrong I was.

Etiquette as a man, it turns out, is very different from etiquette as a woman.

"Thank you all so much for your support!" I beamed, forcing as much girlish glee into my voice as my aching throat could manage. "We wouldn't be here without you!"

"Again!" he barked. That domineering man who was our instructor. "Make me believe it!"

Respect. That's what it meant to men. Shoulders square, chin up, look them in the eyes. hold yourself with dignity and confidence.

As a woman it was the opposite. Be weak, diligent, acquiescent. It was a coy and demure deference. Guide and suggest, don't state. Sweet sugary girlhood, how strange it tasted, how out of character it was for me.

Not that wanting a girl to go against her natural character had ever stopped us. We tried to line people up into roles that suited them when we were assembling groups - it saved a lot of time - but sometimes we had to make do with what we had. If that meant putting a sweet girl in the roll of a punk because it matched the group dynamic better, then so be it. Acting your role was a part of being an idol.

And now, it was my job - my life.

I had known all this time that something like this was likely coming, but putting it all into practice was something different entirely.

The role of Miki was that of the junior member. Younger, a little bratty, a little immature. Not as proper as Meiling, not as cool as Min. It was as far from my masculine stoicism as I could have gotten. I had to be quirky and spontaneous and parade emotions across my face. I had to be cute. I had to be vulnerable. If I wasn't so exhausted, I'd have been furious. I wanted to scream.

I had to keep reminding myself that if putting up with this sexist ass of an instructor and being Miki was what it took to be able to get out of all this, then that's what I needed to do. That's who I would be. As much as it ground against the gut of my soul, this was the role I had to master, and that meant practice.

And practice we did. We practiced in front of a full-body mirror over and over. I realized all too quickly how far I had to go. What I thought had been a charming smile was anything but. It was aggressive and confrontational. I had to develop new body language, new expressions. Each one took me one step further from the man I was - the face I had once known. And yet, despite my exhaustion, despite my contempt for the subject and this man teaching us, I was an eager student. This was important. This is what I needed to know.

And here - I sighed - it came at the end of the night when I could barely focus.

My attempted smile turned into a frown and then a sneer. I was too fucking sexy. No matter what I tried I just couldn't drive the horny edge off of my face. That stupid half-lidded smoulder seemed baked into my every expression. Every glimpse I gave carried with it the implication of carnal want, an unspoken invitation to take me and fuck me senseless. Was this something Madeline had done? Resting slut face? Or was I really just that undisguisedly horny?

I hated this. I missed my face, my relaxed confidence. I missed not having to police my every action.

And despite my best efforts I kept clashing with our instructor. There was just something about him that put me on edge. He was a broad-shouldered man, tall and forceful. Like a wolf he kept striking at my weak points and tearing me down to raise himself up. I sneered. His kind were a dime a dozen in this industry. I'd dealt with men like him all my life, but they had always backed down when I growled. This man did not.

Of course he didn't. I wasn't an alpha male. I was nothing to him. A disobedient idol. Another girl to be used and broken, to be punished for not submitting to his tall, muscular authority. I took a sharp breath. Why was there something so thrilling about the idea of breaking myself upon him?

Thank god we finished before I got the chance.

The evening wrapped up with a check in with the manager. The four of us squeezed into his office as he went over the apparent success of the recent shoot and how important the upcoming events were.

It soon became apparent that the man was an idiot. I had been on the other side of that desk once, I knew how a manager was supposed to handle girls like us. He seemed to care more about us all getting along, us all being friends, than he did about us being successful. Our happiness should have been a secondary concern.

Worse, this man had been my subordinate. I had trusted him; I had thought better of him. I should have wanted to scream, to take all of my frustrations out upon him, but honestly, I was so exhausted that at this point, I barely cared. I just nodded my head and smiled.

Soon my mind began to wander, and then my eyes. He was an idiot, but a handsome idiot. Broad shoulders, charming smile, big hands...

I hated that I noticed. But as I sat there stewing in a day's worth of accursed chastity, all I could think about was how well his tailored shirt clung to his chiseled form. God, I wondered how it would feel to run a hand along those steely, powerful muscles. I wondered how it would feel to have the firmness of him pressing against my soft flesh. His voice was deep and calming. I could curl up and sleep to it.

My breathing grew deep. I wriggled in my seat. Now that I no longer had something to distract me, it was like the whole day had caught up to me all at once. I was sore and I was exhausted and I was fed up, but above all else I was horny. Was this a new wave of desire, or had the last one never really gone away? I couldn't even tell anymore. It was like the constant roar of the ocean to someone who lived on the coast.

Valiantly, I resisted as best I could. But it was one thing to resist when you're in the middle of a dance practice, moving around in front of others, your mind set on other things, and another altogether when all you can do is sit and stew, when every second dragged past longer than the last.

My leg bounced as I tapped my high-heeled foot. I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Excuse me." I stood up; hand held up in apology. Meiling shot me a worried look. "Bathroom. I'll be right back."

I pushed into the empty women's room. No one was here, thank god. This late we probably had the whole building to ourselves. The door hadn't even swung closed in the time it took me to tug up the hem of my tight little pencil skirt.

I leaned over, one hand resting on the sink for support as the other battled the savage hyper-sexual itch burning in my pussy. My fingers dove deep into my tender folds, plunging depths I didn't know I had. No warmup, no foreplay, none was needed.

"Ah-" my knees quaked. "Fuck."

I had intended to splash myself with cold water, to cool off the fire burning within my blood, but fuck. I had needed this so badly. I was like a smoker taking a puff after a long day. Just a little couldn't hurt, could it?

My slick vulva squelched as my fingers pumped out and then slid back home. Hot breaths gasped from my lungs. I shook, my little bell of euphoria ringing like the tower of a burning church as I throttled it with my thumb. All of the pain faded away as ancient biological systems found untapped reserves of energy for this most primal and sacred of tasks.

I shivered as my other hand found its way beneath my bra, into that narrow corridor between my already straining bra and the encroaching glaciers of flesh that were my heavy tits. My nipples, ruby-hard, ached against the fabric, ached in longing and loneliness and sheer desperate need. I squeezed, I pinched, I rolled them between my fingers.

My poor boobs had been abused all day. All that bouncing and jiggling as they'd been squeezed tight by my sports bras had taken their toll. I pulled down my brasier, buttons ripping from my blouse as my tits swung free. Freedom never felt so good.

I squeezed tighter, massaging away some of the tension. These things were such a pain and yet - fuck - and yet I'd put up with any amount of pain if it meant I could feel this good. Oh god.

I tried to focus on the image of the girls that had been getting me all hot and bothered all day, tried to relive that moment in the shower, but my mind kept drifting back to that handsome idiot of a manager. My eager body couldn't help but remember that monstrous dildo buried in me yesterday, how good and how full it had felt. Shit, my tiny fingers, as blissfully precise as they were, had nothing on that. I humped helplessly at my hand. Just how good would it feel to get fucked for real?

What would it feel like if these were a real man's hands on my body? Rough hands, large hands. How would it feel if it was him taking his pleasure, him using me and mauling my tits, while he plunging my darkest depths with his body-breaking monster cock? Oh god.

Sparks of orgasmic electricity shook through me like pins and needles as I translated my androphilic fantasy onto my body. I should have been repulsed by this newfound boylust, horrified. But honestly? I barely even noticed. My eyes rolled up into the back of my head as I bucked my hips with renewed intensity. I was already lost to the pleasure.

My legs spread wider as my imagined lover bent me over, fingers burying deep, a come-hither motion massaging that sensitive cluster of nerves at the roof of my vaginal cavity - a man like him would know just the right way to use me, just the right way to make me feel good, my body would be his instrument and my rapture his music.

I pulled my blouse down lower, tits swinging free, hands searching, seeking, pillaging. Nails like pink diamonds traced roughly over my soft fleshy tits while my other arm raided more fertile lands. Every inch of me was alive with sensation.

My gasps turned to screams as a day's worth of horny frustrations built up to a crescendo, a lilting, unmistakable cry. I had just begun and already I was close - so close - to finally getting that blissful mind-blanking relief I knew this body capable of. It was like a sneeze building up in the back of my nose. Just a little bit more and -

"Miki! Again!?"

I whimpered as Meiling stepped in. My whole body turned red in humiliation, but I couldn't bear to pull out. The part of me mortified to be caught was completely overwhelmed by that much larger, needier part of me that just had to fucking cum.

And yet... and yet it was no good. I squirmed and I struggled and I cried like the pathetic bitch that I was, but it was gone. The moment had passed. I sobbed and stomped a foot. I hadn't even been hiding it - hadn't even been in a stall. The place reeked of my overflowing cunt.

"Jesus, girl," Meiling giggled. "Save some of that sweet pussy for tonight."

"W-what?"

She stepped towards me, an uncharacteristically hungry look in her eyes. She took my hand and pulled it out from between my dripping legs like the drawing of Excalibur.

"I said..." her voice was a husky whisper. "Save some for tonight."

She put the fingers to her mouth and licked them clean. I shivered. I melted. I fell to my knees.

And just like that, she checked her makeup in the mirror, blew me a little kiss, and was gone.

I trembled. My world swam. Had she been a dream too? A vision? Had I finally fucking lost it?

What the hell was I doing? I shook my head. Had I really been so close to cumming to the thought of some man? I closed my eyes to catch my breath. The revulsion had returned, but it was weak, an intellectual echo of what I thought I should be feeling rather than what I actually was. I was more alarmed at the foreignness of the thoughts than the thoughts themselves.

I had never felt this way before. I - No, wait... My pulse quickened. I thought back to the past few days, to all the tall men, handsome men, muscular men, all making my heart pound, making me feel weak and gooey and submissive. How had I not noticed? I let out a frustrated, horny sigh.

I stood up and stared at my reflection. Madeline's laughing grin flashed through my mind. That bitch. I slammed a fist against the mirror. She had made me gay.

Or... well... I thought back to the warmth that had flooded through me as Meiling took my hand in hers. Maybe not completely gay. Bi?

I stood up on trembling legs. I wanted to reach a hand back down, my body wanted me to finish what I had started. It was begging to be held and squeezed and fucked, but I couldn't do it. I couldn't give myself over to the possibility that I would once again lose myself in that boy-crazy haze. I didn't want to like men. This wasn't who I was. Even if - shit - even if liking men felt so fucking good.

I beat my fist against the sink, splashed cold water on my face, and stepped out into the hall.

I was a mess as I returned. Hair in disarray, blouse buttons ripped to reveal an even greater expanse of creamy flesh than before, and the unmistakable glow of a woman who had just been fucking herself silly in the bathroom. Everybody pretended not to notice.

I blushed and nodded my way through the rest of the meeting, all the hornier and more desperate. God, I was aware of it now. That flush of blood, that elevation of my senses, that... *excitement*. I had blamed

the boiling warmth in my sex to my overactive libido, but there was so much more to my arousal than that. Feelings I couldn't process suddenly all made sense in context. I wanted this idiot to like me, I wanted him to think I looked pretty, I warmed at his smile.

Shit, I was in a lot of trouble.

I kept my head down and tried to think gynophilic thoughts. I conjured up bouncing tits and beautiful lusty faces and the memory of Meiling and Min moaning naked and scrubbing in the shower. All day I'd been avoiding such distractions, but now, well, desperate times called for desperate measures.

I boiled away in the corner, chewing my lip as I tried not to cry out at my own fantasies. By the time we were done, I don't think I'd paid attention to a single word he'd said.

Our day was done.

I collapsed into a chair as soon as we got home. I was spent. Completely worn out. All the weight of the day pounding down on me. An Idol's life was exhausting.

It was late. We had scant few hours before we had to get ready for tomorrow, but it was time at least to ourselves. The girls had curled up on the couch to watch some mindless television. I envied them. Oh, how I'd love to just shut off my brain and relax. But no. I had to use this time carefully. I had to put together a plan, figure out some way around Madeline's machinations.

Instead, I found myself pulling up the group's old choreography, videos of dance practices and concerts in the past. I paused on a still of the girl I now was, shining brightly on stage, a grin that could light up the world.

God, how was this face even capable of an expression like that? I looked into the mirror and tried to summon even an ounce of that enthusiasm, an ounce of that sweetness. I faltered. My lips were weak.

I tried again and again. Cheeks trembling, muscles aching. A tear ran down my cheek.

I slammed a fist down on the table and sobbed. I wanted my fucking life back.

There was a ping in my email - a response from Mia, the idol Madeline had doomed to her life. Hope swelled within me. Maybe I wasn't the only one.

"Miki, I'm sorry." it began.

"It's funny. You asked me if I've noticed anything strange the past few days. The truth is, yes.

I don't know what inspired it, but the past few days I've come to the realization that I've been a horrible person. I've been selfish, self-entitled, and awful to all of the people in my life. It's like a veil has been lifted from my eyes and I'm seeing for the first time that the person I've been - the person I've become - is not the person I want to be. I want to

thank you for reaching out to me. So few other people have and I'm so alone. The most important people in my life won't even talk to me after what I've done.

So I'll say again - I'm sorry. From the bottom of my heart, Miki, for all of the shit I gave you. You were this young fresh-faced thing and you reminded me of who I was when I was just starting out. You're young and full of potential and I... I'm not. You made me see that and it terrified me. It made me bitter. So bitter that I couldn't stand it. So bitter that I sabotaged your success and humiliated you when you came to me for help.

I pretended to be your friend and I ruined you, and now I have nothing but regrets.

I'm done with it now though. I'm putting all of my wickedness behind me. I don't know if I can ever make up for the things I've done. But I'm going to start. I don't expect you to forgive me. I expect you'll hate me forever like everybody else. But I have to try.

You asked me to be your mentor once. I hope to one day earn enough of your trust that you'd ask again. For now though, I have to put my life in order. I have so much to atone for and I don't even know where to begin.

Thank you again for reaching out, Miki. It means so much to me.

I'm so sorry.

-Mia"

"Jesus christ, Madeline," I rubbed the bridge of my nose, "what did you do?"

I agonized over a reply. How do you respond to something like that? But I knew it wasn't her fault, not really. What would I think if it was Madeline sending a message like that? I'd think it was disingenuous bullshit, some sort of scheme. That poor girl.

I told her I forgave her. That we could talk any time. That we could still be friends. What else could I do?

I went back over the letter a few more times. I don't know what kind of history she had with Madeline, but she seemed just as oblivious as anybody else. She had had been given an entirely new life and she thought it had always been hers, even as she looked back over all the things she would never do.

I closed the browser. She had no idea what had been taken from her. What had I been expecting? An ally? A knight in shining armor? I really was all alone.

"Miki?" There was a knock. Min poked her head in. "Quit looking at porn and hurry your fat butt up. It's time for bed."

"Bed?" It wasn't even 9 o'clock. I wiped away the tears and followed.

Bed - It turns out - involved 20 minutes of scrubbing off makeup and applying various face creams. It wasn't enough to be cleansed. Oh no. It needed to be double cleansed and then treated and moisturized. An idol's skin, Meiling was happy to point out, was the canvas of her beauty.

"Wait." It clicked. "We all share a bed?"

"Yeah, the company still hasn't fixed the error." Min sighed. "I was going to mention it when Ms. Martin was here earlier, but she was being all creepy, you know?"

The two of them were wear clad in diaphanous whisps of negligee, carefully tailored to tantalizingly accentuate their exposed curves as they lay cuddled up on the king-sized bed I'd grown so familiar with these past few days. The flimsy lingerie was like a ribbon on a Christmas present: just begging to get pulled off and discarded, and yet they wore it as casually and as comfortably as pajamas.

"It's fine though - we're all girls here, right?" Meiling giggled.

"Yeah, don't tell me your getting shy, rookie."

"No! I just... its fine. I guess." I looked away. Of course, to them this was just three straight heterosexual roommates sharing a bed. It was entirely platonic. Despite the closeness, despite the stunning lack of clothing, despite my furious pounding libido, there was nothing sexual about it. Just one further insult to my masculinity.

I plopped down on the bed, the hem of my nightie riding up over my prodigious ass as I crawled over to the empty space between them.

"Great!" purred Meiling, "Now spread your legs!" Her soft hand found its way to my thigh.

"What?"

"Spread your legs, Miki." Min whined. "We've been craving that juicy pussy of yours all day."

"What!?" My head swam. I tried to sit up, tried to stumble backwards. Once again, I doubted my sanity.

"Don't act like we haven't noticed the way you've been teasing." Meiling chastised, "You've been very mean."

"Teasing!?" I balked

"The way you kept shaking your ass at us during dance practice." Meiling wiggled.

"The way you kept flaunting those oversized boobs." Min ran a hand down the side of her breast.

"Not joining us in the shower." the two said at once, then giggled.

They started to rub up against me. My breath to hitched.

“That wasn’t... I wasn’t...”

“So your saying,” Meiling’s fingers walked up along the length of my thigh, “that you didn’t dip out of our meeting to go masturbate in the bathroom? That wasn’t your horny pussy we had to spend the rest of the meeting smelling?”

“And that’s to say nothing of the photoshoot.” Min groaned.

“Oh my god, that photoshoot!” Lips were bit.

I couldn’t escape. The two of them had me surrounded, pressing in closer. Meiling buried her hungry face into my neck, kissing and licking while Min sucked gently on my ear.

“W-what is all this?”

“Sex?” Min raised an eyebrow.

“Sex!?”

“Yeah,” Meiling laughed. “it’s a teambuilding exercise? We do this every night.”

Jesus christ, Madeline.

“Come on, Miki. You want this just as much as we do, don’t even try to hide it. It’s not like you’ve been doing a very good job of hiding how horny you’ve been today.”

I blushed. I tried to shake my head, but I couldn’t deny the longing on my face, in my loins.

The smell of their warm bodies was soft and sensual, yet with an undeniable undercut of arousal. It was like a perfume of pheromones pounding through my brain. My knees went weak as that smell pushed all sense of reason further to the back of my mind.

No. I turned my head away.

I couldn’t. Oh, I wanted to. After an entire day of torments, I’d have given anything to be able to drop to my knees and rut until the sun went out. But I couldn’t give in. What sort of manager would I be if I slept with these girls? If I gave into my desires? Wasn’t this just proving Madeline right about me? I pulled away from their fledgling embrace. I couldn’t. I wouldn’t.

But these girls weren’t taking no for an answer.

The two advanced on me as one, hands stroking my body, stoking the eager coals of my lust higher and higher even as I squirmed out my token defiance. I whimpered. Lips and fingers tickled at my vulnerable spots. I tried to pull away, tried to run, but after everything I had been through today, I just didn’t have the strength.

I fell backwards into the warmth of their embrace, sandwiched between two hot wriggling bodies. Their flesh was a balm upon mine, a deep tissue massage. Sweet flesh slipped over sweet flesh as we exchanged a three-way embrace.

And then we began, earnestly and in reality, that which had haunted my horny fantasies all day.

It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. Sex as a man was rough and straight to the point. As a woman - as a woman being fucked by other women - it was soft, gentle, precise. The girls would do with a thousand little caresses what a man would do with a single thrust.

And the foreplay - fuck - I had never experienced foreplay before. Not really. Not like this. My body shuddered as Min nibbled on my ear, as Meiling blew at my neck, as their hands traced tantalizingly - teasingly - over my hypersensitive skin. My hips bucked in time to my low moans and their horny cooing giggles.

We kissed. Three pairs of lips struggled for dominance, crossing paths and intertwining. It was cursory at first, shy wet probes, but it they grew more eager and confident and passionate with each success. Soon our lips struggled for dominance as we pressed together tighter.

Their eagerness made it all too apparent that they were just as cloyingly, desperately horny as I was. I could feel the pounding of their hearts through their breasts, the soft gasps of their breath, those gentle moans, all echoing my own passion, my own lust. We were comrades - sisters - in our need, taking and giving our pleasure in equal measure. Hands probed, stroked and rubbed at every hot inch of soft silky skin.

A seeking hand found the thin fabric of my nightie and tore it away.

Skilled fingers drummed against my tight body as Meiling's tongue slid deeper into my mouth. I melted into it, soft and weak and moaning. I sucked welcomingly and wanted more, wanted her to somehow fill up the spaces between us, to fill the hole inside of me, to make me whole.

With a mischievous smirk, she pulled away, delivering one final small kiss to my lower lip as she started her descent downwards, kissing and sucking a slow gentle path down my writhing body.

Min's arms wrapped around me as I shook at the sensation. She held my body tight against hers, squeezing us together as her hands found their way across flawless skin to the vast real-estate of my creamy mounds. Her tongue wrote a love letter on the back of my neck as her fingers traced their path around my heaving breasts.

Her soft hands slid home, massaging, pressing and grasping at my titflesh. She was teasing me now, tantalizingly tracing her nails along my sensitive areola. Electric tingles spread throughout my chest, building in time to the beating of my heart as she prodded my hypersexual body into a frothing wet frenzy of boiling, gushing, screaming heat. My body buckled in need. I was completely at their mercy.

And then, with a kiss between my legs, Meiling sent me crying, my back arching in rapture.

Fuck fuck fuck. My toes curled. My body writhed. She had found her way to the hot creamy core of my desire, her tongue tracing the electric edge of my vulva and circling once - twice - three times around the hot, engorged mess of nerves that was my eager clitoris. I think I was falling in love. She was good. She was so good.

My eyes rolled up into the back of my head. Meiling was such a sweet thing, so innocent in appearance. How could someone like that be so fucking good? So perversely, carnally, animalistically skilled?

Her long tongue, simultaneously so soft and so stern, lapped up the boiling juices flooding out of me, somehow drinking in the gushing river of my mewling, horny desperation. Oh god, I needed this so badly. The whole of my being was tingling, numb with desire, and with every soft caress it sang out in bliss like a violin quivering in the hands of a virtuoso.

Min finished sucking on my neck, pulling away with a loud sloppy pop. Without ever taking her hands off me, she crawled around to my front. The small girl's delicate, flawless skin and elegant curves loomed over me as she repositioned.

She smiled, then brought her gentle lips up to one of my trembling breasts. God, it was almost the size of her head. She kissed one gently, then reached out her hands to hold them, even as they spilled out around her fingers. Awestruck by these perfect fleshy orbs, her smile turned into a horny grin. She squeezed.

Oh fuck. I bucked. She was done teasing.

Both hands went to work. This wasn't the rough aggressive squeeze of a man's hand - or even of my own clumsy explorations - but firm, sensual, and playful. A fire in my chest to match the one in my cunt. She lifted one of my aching hard nipples to her lips and ran her tongue around it, kissing and then sucking, nibbling faintly at the hypersensitive tip. As good as it felt, this wasn't for my sake, but her taking her own satisfaction. She pulled off the wet mound and blew. I shook. Between the two of them it was all I could do to force myself to breath between gasping moans.

And then Min dropped lower, kissing her way down to Meiling, delicate fingers replacing her wet tongue's rapturous assault on my nipples. Despite her new position, she wasn't about to yield for a second her claim on my tits. I spread my legs wider in invitation.

How different could two girls licking at my inflamed pussy be? It was an idle thought, a stupid thought, and it answered itself in the question. Two girls probing, two girls kissing. No breaks, no pauses, just an unrelenting flow of fuel thrown onto the fires of my bucking, frothing, gushing lust.

Oh god, and I thought Meiling had been good.

I soon lost track of whose lips were doing what. The two of them competed to see who could get me to scream louder, but when it soon became apparent that I was already screaming as loud as I could, they started to work together instead.

One minute one tongue would be probing the engorged chasm of my sex while the other traced perverse paths along my puffy clitoris, the next minute they'd each taken a side, one licking the left half

while the other licked the right. At one point I'm pretty sure they were just making out with my pussy in the middle. There seemed no end to the games they could come up and all of them left me a shivering quaking dripping mess.

My pussy was leaking, overflowing, my body... *my body*... When had I stopped thinking of this as Madeline's body? But - oh fuck - It was *my body* right now wasn't it? And this was *my pleasure*, *my orgasm*, and *my nymphomaniacal drive* to escalate my climax higher and higher.

My breath failed me as together the two of them brought me to the edge. No slow climb, no jerky pounding, just a steady delicate orchestra of perfectly timed notes. I had been allowed no chance to falter, no time to recover. I was at their mercy as we climbed higher and higher to the peaks of heaven.

Body tense, I gripped the sheets, mind subsumed in dizzy yearning bliss. Twin suns of sensation brought the seas of my arousal to the edge of boiling, to the cusp of hot sweet sweaty climax, my pornographic body living up to its reputation as it drowned me in pleasure the likes of which I had never before experienced.

I came, and I never stopped.

The roaring inferno of my desire exploded into a staccato supernova of carnal bliss. A torrent of pussy juice sprayed from my ringing cunt as I thrashed and I screamed and my body shook. Endorphins drowned out my brain and dribbled down my ears. Each time I thought the sensation was about to fade it just rose again, again and again and again.

Whether it was minutes or hours or the passing of an age, I couldn't tell. My soul had already departed my body.

"Mmm, Miki's so juicy." Min giggled as she came away with my girl-cum sloppy on her face. Meiling licked it up.

That was the next thing I remembered. Meiling's bald vulva was waving in my face, drooling its heady intoxicating perfume. Her cream was thick and luxurious and I drank it in like a woman dying of thirst.

Somehow, I was still horny.

I had thought once that I knew how to please women. How wrong I had been. But now... even here on the edge of exhaustion, even here on the heady shores on the far side of my first climax, now I was learning all I needed to know and more. It was like we were on the same wavelength. I knew exactly what she wanted. The need pulsing in that pungent pink pussy of hers was the same as the one pounding in all of our hearts.

Meiling's hips ground her pussy into my face as she spread Min's legs and dove into her cunt in turn. We fell sideways on the bed, an ouroboros of sapphic squirming girlflesh, three hearts, three cunts, beating as one.

We fucked late into the night, the girls evidently just as animalistically, whimperingly needy as I was. Round after round of girlish venting, letting out all of our yearnings and frustration. Meiling shuddering

around my tongue even as I kept going, even as Min drove me to yet another climax. We swapped partners and positions and before long I had lost track of who's cunt was whose, or how many times the two of them brought me to heaven.

When we weren't fucking, we were cuddling, clinging together in mutual need. Flesh to flesh, breast to breast. Sweet breath slanted off my brow.

Madeline never sprang forth to punish me for my sins. In the post-coital glow, my guilt seemed so distant. I wasn't their manager anymore. I was one of them. As though there could be anything wrong with such tenderness.

At some point sleep overcame me. I was tired. Sore. I had lost track of how many times I'd cum, and yet somehow, I was still hungry for more. It had been the best sex I had ever had; I'd screamed out in rapture time and time again, and still it left me with room for dessert. What would it take to satisfy this appetite of mine? I thought back to that body-breaking dildo, and fell asleep with a hand buried in my hot snatch.

I slept. I dreamed. I danced.

I spun in a grand ballroom, strong arms holding me tight as my dress spun out behind me, long, elegant and flowing, twirling out girlishly with each spin.

I looked up at the man leading me. The manager smiled back - princely, regal. His eyes sparkled as he gazed beatifically into mine. I blushed, giggling at his charming grin. A handsome smile, so broad and masculine that it sent my girlish heart atwitter. I was the world to him, and I ached for him in return.

I pulled myself in tighter. The warmth of him inspiring further warmth in me, a silky heat that spread through my pounding breast. I was his. It was my job to please him. To make him feel good. I'd do anything for this man.

I could feel his hardening ardour pressing against me, growing into the tightness between us. I could feel myself growing weak as it grew strong, as he swept me away in his dance. I smiled, grateful for the chance to do what I knew I had to do. My dress spilled out around me as I fell to my knees. All around us people danced and people watched. Scandalous grins turned to sneers of perverse interest as their features warped - Madeline's face laughing at me from every corner.

Proudly, I pulled his masculinity from his pants, long and hard and pulsing with need, as hungry for me as I was for it. I cooed in appreciation. How sweet a gift, how romantic a notion. This hardness, this desire - it was all for me. It was proof of his caring, his love, his devotion.

I stuck out my tongue, one long slow lick taking me from it's churning base to it's throbbing head. A shiver of delight ran through me. Each lick, each flick of my tongue, felt as good as a tongue on my own sex.

I struggled to fit the head - easily as large and as purple a plum - into my mouth, to engulf it, to be the space that it filled. I wished with every fiber of my being that it could be a perfect fit - Cinderella's slipper - but it was too much. It couldn't be contained.

My head rolled, my tongue alive with sensation as I kissed and licked and sucked. Electric jolts quivered through me each ounce of pleasure that I gave him echoed back through my own needy sex. And yet, I didn't care. The pleasure I received was immaterial. What mattered was him.

He groaned. Precum spilled out, as hot and as wet as my own raging pussy. I breathed it in like a sweet perfume and drank it deep, grateful for even the smallest of tastes and oh-so-eager for more. His hands were on my head, grasping my hair, guiding me, using me, teaching me how to be his perfect cock-hole, his perfect woman. What a wonderful man he was.

I lost all track of self, all track of time, there was only me, there was only this, there was only now - an eternal moment of rising bliss as I worshipped at the font of this manhood. This was my place. This was where I belonged. Why would I ever want anything more? Nirvana was a cock down my throat. My blissful cries echoed out like poetry even as I filled my mouth with as much of him as I could.

"You're mine." I looked up into my prince's eyes once more to see Madeline's smug face atop his body, and yet, I wasn't afraid.

"I'm yours."

As I knelt there in devoted sacrament, my prayers were answered. Her heavy, manly balls pulsed and throbbed and her abs twitched in approval. She squeezed my hair tight, burying herself to the hilt inside of me. A flood of hot cum sloshed its way toward her cock, ready to flood into me - my baptism, my salvation, mere moments away.

I woke up screaming. Meiling's tongue danced across my clitoris in a practiced rhythm, jolts of ab-tensing pleasure sending my body rocking to whatever song was playing through her head.

"Oh good." Min was already over by the dresser putting on makeup. "She's up."

"Told you that would work." Meiling looked up from between my legs, a dreamy half-lidded smile lighting up her face. "Good morning, Miki."

I whimpered. No light shone in through the window. My body, beneath the sea of endorphins I was riding, was a tangled wreck of aching muscle. I screamed a very different kind of scream.

"What time is it?" I asked, my voice a pleading whimper.

"Six."

"Six-Fifteen," chided Min. "You slept through the alarm."

"You looked like you were having a good dream," Meiling licked her lips, "so I thought I'd help out."

The dream was already fading. A princess and a ballroom? A handsome face? A huge dick. Oh god.

"Wait... why is it so early?" I shook my head to dislodge the image

“Morning practice?” Meiling and Min exchanged a concerned look. “We have to get a couple hours in before breakfast.”

I tried to close my eyes and retreat back into the dream. Anything was better than this.

“Are you still feeling anemic, Miki?” Meiling pulled me into a warm cuddle.

“No.” I shook my head. I wanted to say yes, to seize any advantage I could, but I didn’t want to give Madeline any more ammunition.

“Good.” Miki added. “We can’t keep slacking off like yesterday.”

I roiled. Slacking off? Every muscle in my body was sore after that marathon of training. I stretched, then winced. I could barely even move. But what choice did I have?

I groaned and tried to sit up. At least Madeline’s body was young. I was hardly old, especially for someone in my position - but if I had tried to do all of that with my old body, I’d be in the hospital for sure. As sore as I was, the pain was soothed by the balm of youth, a body in its peak working the way it was supposed to.

“Come on, Rookie, time to get up. We got a lot of practice ahead of us. You want to be an idol, don’t you?” she stuck out her tongue.

I groaned again and forced my aching body out of bed. It wasn’t a matter of want, it was a matter of need. If I was going to escape Madeline, then this is what I needed to do.

Right. I shook my head again. I steeled my nerve. If this was what it was going to take, then that’s what it was going to take. No matter the pain, no matter the agony. I was going to win.

The rest of the week passed much the same way. Each day an endless slog of grueling practice and training. I wasn’t going to be caught off guard again. I wasn’t going to let Madeline win again. I was trying to cram an entire lifetime of being an idol into just one agonizing week, but dammit I wasn’t just going to give up. Madeline thought she could break me? She thought she could humiliate me? All she’d done is piss me off.

And so, even as the man I once was melted in the crucible of Miki - even as I endured every girly humiliation - I bit my tongue and I grinned through gritted teeth. I laughed and I giggled and I put up with the pain and the suffering and all of the horny indignation.

I was just glad I didn’t have to do it alone. As hard as the girls made it sometimes, knowing that I had people I could count on, people who would pick me up when I fell and who would keep me motivated, it helped. Prior to this, I don’t think I ever had anybody in my life I’d seriously call a friend. I don’t know what I would have done without them.

And sure, each night, they kept the itch at bay - the sheet-gripping sweetness of their tongues helping to fight back the endless tide of my nymphomaniacal desires - but it was more than that. As weak and as

vulnerable as it made me feel, being close to them brought comfort and warmth. It gave me some semblance of peace when I needed it the most.

Together, I thought, we could do anything. Let Madeline do her worst.

How foolish I was, how naive. If only I knew what she had in store.

- = Chapter 7 = -

I took a deep breath. It was the day of the handshake event. We'd taken the morning off of training and gotten some extra sleep - it was that big a deal.

The whole week I'd been expected Madeline to make another move, waiting for the other shoe to drop. But it had been strangely quiet. More of her torments? Had she lost interest after the photoshoot? It was now or never. I had to be careful.

The venue was an old record store near our corporate office. We did a lot of events there, so this wasn't too far out of the ordinary so far, especially since it gave us a chance to promote the upcoming concert. People who had reordered VIP concert tickets had all gotten their handshake tickets in the mail, and anyone else walking in could purchase one and get into line.

And what a line it was. We hadn't even started yet and already we could see it spiraling out the door. They cheered as we drove past, waving. We'd be coming in through the back of course, and it was still early. All of the last-minute preparations took hours.

Still, the line was so long. How long had they been waiting? And for what? Each of them would only get fifteen seconds with one of us. A handshake and a few words. I guess they didn't see it that way though. For them, this was a irresistible chance to actually interact with the girls they idolized, an opportunity to show their love. For them, any wait was worth it.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't nervous. This would be my first time interacting with fans as a woman, as Miki. Fans were... well, there was a weird disconnect there. By and large they were just normal people who wanted to support the girls they loved, but some... some were a little obsessive. You never knew what could happen with fans. That's why we had security. Tall, stern figures standing just off to the side, stopwatches in hand and ready to leap to our honor at a moments notice. It rarely came to that, of course, but it was known to happen.

Like it or not, fans were the pulsing lifeblood of idoldom. It was their money that paid our cheques. As large as the industry was, they were the customers. That's why were here today - to give something back, to show them that the idols they worshiped cared, that we'd be nothing without them.

And that meant I had to be the girl that they loved. I had to be the Miki that the world believed I was. A little shy, a little demure, but enthusiastic and genuine. Above all, grateful and innocent.

I had masturbated three times this morning, trying to get all of the lust out of my brain. It still wasn't nearly enough. As we stepped inside, I could already feel the low simmer building up in my bones. I did my best to shake it away - I couldn't afford any weakness - but by this point I'd learned that it was just something I had to live with.

I almost tripped when I saw the concert posters plastering the shop and the back room. When last I'd seen it, we had been wearing cutesy outfits appropriate for idols like us. Now it was the three of us wearing those flimsy nothings from the photoshoot. Same positions, same poses, same poster, different wardrobe. This was Madeline's work.

Luckily, they didn't actually expect us to wear costumes for this kind of thing. For public events like this, we had a bit more control over our style.

For the others that meant they could dress cute, girly, stylish. For me it meant a tight blouse that clung to my skin and a ruffled tartan miniskirt that threatened to flare up over my ass at the slightest provocation.

"Oh my god," gushed Melody as she ran a powdered brush under my eyelids. She was the reason we had to be there so early. Art took time. "Your eyes are so dark. Were you up all night?"

In truth, yes. Last night's sex had been particularly vigorous, but I didn't know how to even begin explaining that to her.

"The three of you really need to start taking better care of yourselves. Min was just complaining about her pants being too tight. Not everyday is cheat day you know." she stuck out a tongue. "If you three don't start taking better care of yourselves you're not going to fit into your costume come the concert. Might already have to adjust Min's inseam." she gave a giggle.

Min was currently in the bathroom hyperventilating. Meiling had gone in after her to try to coax her out. She was more nervous about this than I was.

Wait, hold on. Was she calling me fat? After all the exercise I'd endured over the past week? I fumed, but didn't try to argue. There was something about the sight of the girl - her small delicate head stuck obliviously on the body of her bodybuilder fiancé - that disinclined me from wanting to start shit.

Not that she realized her own strength. She was wearing an all-too delicate summer dress, her very muscular - and very male - body squeezing tightly at the seams as she hummed and spun and fluttered her way around the staff-room that was serving as our green room.

I don't know what I'd been expecting. That Madeline would have turned her back? I guess at least she hadn't made things any worse.

Melody had taken great joy in showing us all the pictures her and her fiancé took on their holiday this past week. His bearded face grinned back from a selfie despite the weight of the muscular girl sitting on his delicate female lap.

I had to force a smile as she gushed about their wedding plans and how she just couldn't decide on a dress.

By the time she was done with us, our faces and outfits, though less over-the-top than they had been for the photoshoot, were no less beautiful. Somehow Melody had found a way to bring out the girl-next-door in even me. There was little she could do to stop me from being a sexual dynamo, but she had done wonders to make me more... well, approachable. A mask of powder above a mask of flesh.

Was I actually ready to do this? No. But I was as ready as I'd ever be. I'd had all week to prepare. I'd studied. I'd practiced. If I could fool those girls into believing I was Miki, then how much harder would it be to fool fans for fifteen seconds at a time?

And then all of my confidence drained out of me in just a few short words.

“Oh Mik Mik?” an all-too familiar voice rang out behind me. “A moment, if you’d please?”

My blood ran cold. Madeline, pulling me into an office.

The sight of her in my body brought all of my agony to the surface. It had cooled over the past week, tempered in the mundanity of this girl’s life, but now, now it was all I could do not to run over and kick her in the fucking balls.

She grinned, knowing full well I couldn’t do anything to her. Had my body always been so tall? So intimidating? Had my voice always been so deep and powerful? A soft blush crossed my face. Had I always been that hot?

“Your manager tells me you’ve been a busy girl this week. Seems like you’ve been having just as much fun as I have.”

I scowled, my heart raging at my impotence.

“Aw, poor Miki,” she cooed, “so defiant. This is what you wanted, isn’t it? A second chance? And what’s the matter? I thought you’d have loved a week away from it all with those two lovely girls. Did you like the little gift I left for you?”

“You bitch.”

“Careful, *Miki*,” she warned, her eyes going deadly serious. “Let’s not forget our place. You’re an idol, remember? Let’s see that pretty little smile.”

I leaned back and forced the saccharine expression I’d been practicing all week, a sharp contrast to the rage behind it.

“See? Isn’t that much better? I’ll tell you what. There’s a lot of people here today to see you, charming girl that you are. They really liked the centerfold. It’s a top seller. Good job.”

I gripped a fist and didn’t rise to her challenge. That stupid centerfold had been following me around all week.

“Your job today is simple, Miki. All you have to do is please your fans. All you have to do is handle your line.”

“That’s it?” I raised an eyebrow.

“That’s it. If you can... *satisfy*... everybody lined up to see you, then you win. It’s as simple as that. I’ll let you have your old life back, good as new. I might even let you keep some of the upgrades I made.” She winked. “Sound good?”

"I don't buy it. It's too easy. What's the game, Madeline?"

"That is the game." she sighed. "Look, Miki. I don't need to make this hard for you. I know how hard this is to begin with. I've been on the other end of this, remember? So just sit your pretty little ass down and give the fans what they want. Be the sex symbol they believe you to be. Finish your line before we close the doors and you can go free."

"And if I fail? What then?"

"Then?" She grinned. "Then the real fun begins."

"How do I know I can even trust you? How do I know you aren't going to just fuck me over even if I win? How do I know you won't just keep dragging this out, best two out of three, best five out of seven, until you finally win?"

"Oh, you can't." She laughed. "I could ruin you to my heart's content and you wouldn't even notice. But, well," her smile fell away, "games are boring without rules. As I'm starting to learn." she looked at the remote on the desk in front of her. "Especially when you're playing with cheats turned on. If I don't keep it fun somehow, then, well, what's the point?"

My heart pounded.

"Come on, Miki, where'd that pretty smile go? That's all anyone came here to see. Well, that and those ridiculous tits of yours. Don't worry. I'm sure you'll have a great time. Now get going. You don't want to keep everybody waiting, now do you?"

Her laughter was still haunting my mind as we three girls stepped out into the store some time later. The fans, stuffed behind a velvet rope, were all clamoring to see us. Three lanes had formed, one for each of us, each with a lineup as far back as we could see.

Oh my god. I stopped, stunned like a deer in headlights. There were so many of them. All eyes on us. All eyes on me.

The ones in the front of my lane were tired and hungry. They had been here since the store opened this morning - maybe earlier - all to be the first to see me, to see Miki. They looked like they were going to cry just looking at me. My heart pounded. I clenched a fist. I could do this. I had to. I had spent all week pretending to be Miki, pretending to be this lovable sexy girl. I could fool these men for the fifteen seconds at a time it took to move things along.

Meiling waved - the only one of us not currently terrified. The entire store burst into cheers.

I took a deep breath. I could do this. the line wasn't even that bad, not really. We weren't even A-listers. If I kept things moving, I should be able to handle them without too much trouble. I just had to stay focused and keep in character. Hell, Meiling's line was way longer. She was the one everybody was here to see.

I sat down behind the little table and took a sip of water. Televisions around the store were feeding in video of the three of us at the front while speakers piped in our music. Beside me a tall intimidating man stood ready with a stopwatch.

"We will now begin the handshake event!" Screamed the manager, his voice drowned out by the eager crowd. He pulled the belt from the stanchion like the gun at the start of a race. I flinched. Have you ever seen hundreds of people surge forward all at once? I thought I was about to get swept away.

Instead, they stopped patiently at the marker 5 feet away. The first stepped forward.

"Oh my god," he gushed "I'm such a huge fan!" He was on the verge of tears as he tried not to fangirl over me. "I can't believe I'm first! I've been following your career since that video of you on the subway! You were so amazing!"

I'd seen that YouTube video. It was obscene. I held back a frown. Looking into the genuine expression in this man's eyes, I could imagine that maybe, before Madeline had perverted it, it had once been something sweet.

I gave the guy a quick look over. I had been expecting Madeline to fill the crowd with rows of fat, ugly, awkward men, but this guy was firmly in the average category. Hell, if you could look past his haircut, he was actually kind of cute. I could sort of see him sweeping me off my feet, taking me back to his place and pounding my tight snatch with his- I blushed and looked away.

These stupid androphilic desires had been growing worse all week. Was that Madeline's game? Make me hornier and hornier until I burst and ravished the first guy I saw? Hell, at this rate she didn't have very far to go. I turned back to him. Just shake his hand and say thank you. Don't make this weird.

"Thank you!" I held out my hand. "Your support means so much to me."

He whipped out his dick.

I froze, my face red.

My eyes swiveled to look up at the security guard to my left. He had a stopwatch in hand to time the handshake and shoo people along when their time was up. What was he doing? How did he not see this?

The fan stood there awkwardly, expectantly.

"Come on, Miki," urged Min from the chair further down, "Get on your knees and start sucking! Just like we've been practicing all week. He can't move on until he's cum!"

I looked at the huge line, an endless line of hard-ons scarcely contained by their pants

I stared down at the pulsing member before me. I gulped.

There it was. Madeline's game. So much for this being simple.

My head frantically swiveled. I turned to look at the back of the store. The path to the storerooms was still open. The back door we had arrived through would be clear and free. I could run. I could run and never look back.

Over by the stanchion, the manager laughed. A sadistic laugh. A familiar laugh. Madeline's cruel smile familiar even on those lips. Of course. I don't know why I thought she would be subtle.

It was the photoshoot all over again. I wasn't trapped, but what choice did I have? If I resisted, if I rebelled, she'd win. I had come so close. I'd put up with an entire week of being sexy idol Miki. No. My fists clenched. I couldn't give up now. No matter how perverse, no matter how disgusting.

My heart pounded. Satisfy the fans. That's what she'd said. It wasn't going to be easy, but dammit, I could beat her yet.

I pushed past the table and fell to my knees. No more wasted time.

My plump lips popped open, tongue exploring tantalizingly forward as I leaned towards the thick shaft of his cock. I couldn't believe I was about to do this. He was straining, twitching, so eager, so hungry. Why wouldn't he be? I was his idol. How many times had he fantasized about this? His musky smell set something alight in the back of my brain. My mouth watered. God help me, my body wanted this just as much as he did.

I gave the tip an experimental lick, reliving what felt like a thousand wet dreams and fantasies. My body needed this. My body was made for this. Satisfy him? You couldn't have asked for someone better.

My tongue met his head. My eyes went wide as my heart pounded. Sweaty skin had never tasted so delicious, so *hot*. No, it wasn't the flavour, it was the context. The flavour was just a trigger for the full body flood of endorphinic arousal. It was a little bit hairy, a little bit musky, a little bit bitter but none of that mattered - I wanted more.

I pulled back to take another look at it, shocked by its power, its virility. It was like finding out I'd spent my whole life without ever tasting chocolate.

Though I couldn't see her from my vantage point, I could hear Madeline's laugh.

I had thought she'd want me to hate it. I thought she'd want me to suffer, disgusted. I never dreamed she'd make me love it. God, I didn't know which was worse.

I was drooling like a desperate dog as this hot slab of throbbing fuckmeat swayed hypnotically in front of me. My traitorous flesh quivered with need. It had tasted blood and it wanted more.

I dove back onto it with reckless abandon. I'd never sucked a cock before, but I had dreamed, and I knew what made men feel good. Kissing and licking turned to sucking and slurping and slobbering. There was a gasp of amazement as I pulled off. From this vantage I don't know if it was him reacting to my ministrations, or the crowd impressed with my theatrics.

Some lingering vestige of my masculine heterosexuality raged inside me. I was about to suck some stranger's dick in front of a crowd of frothing fans. I couldn't do this. I had to stop before I ended up the leading lady in a blowbang bukkake buffet while - fuck - while hundreds of fans looked on, leering, staring, condemning me for the slut I was. Oh god, just thinking about it got me so fucking hot. Knowing that they were watching, that they were getting off to the sight of me... it all just drove me even higher.

I pulled back and took another look at the cock in my hands. It was so much larger than mine had been. I looked out at the tented pants waiting for their turn. They all were. Somehow my blush grew deeper. Was this her doing too? Or was this an unfortunate truth I had never realized? Its size was nowhere near what I had dealt with at that photoshoot, but the flesh was silky and spongy and it glowed with a hot human heat. This was man in flesh and blood. This was the real thing.

Fuck, I wanted more.

I ran my tongue along the underside of his swollen head. It was so plump and so hard. I flicked at the sensitive rim, one hand twisting its way around his shaft while my lips clamped down tight around it, my tongue, my head and my sucking lips rotating in the opposite directions. My loud slurping told all the world just how soft and wet and ready my mouth was, even as it was but a pale reflection of the moist pliance of my other, lower lips.

He shuddered and he tensed and I swallowed down my creamy reward, a treat for a job well done. I whimpered at the sudden taste of it, the aroma and flavor so intoxicating. I swallowed it down before I even realized what was happening, though the thick cream coating my throat tantalized me with the aftertaste. This - fuck - this had an actual flavor. I was already trembling for more.

I thanked him - truly, genuinely - as he pulled away. I was almost disappointed with how soon he had cum. Not that I wasn't eager to move the line forward, but it felt like we had only just begun.

It dimly occurred to me that the thought of not getting to suck all of these wonderful cocks terrified me far more than the notion that I might have to.

My fans weren't about to let me go wanting. Another cock replaced his, and then another and another. An endless parade of tall, eager, and most importantly, big-dicked *men*. Some were awkward, some were gentle, some - the best of them - were not.

I squealed in delight as one grabbed my hair and took control, fucking my face for all it was worth. I had to struggle to breathe, but that was no excuse to stop my ministrations. My tongue swirled and my lips puckered as this heavenly saliva-slick rod pulled out of my tight, eager throat.

I glanced back at the long line of other fans before as my head was slammed forward back onto his cock. They weren't attractive per se, but I couldn't deny the arousal coursing through my blood. I wondered how much cum they had churning in their balls, ready to unload into me. How many inches of cock could I take before they finally left me a twitching cum-drenched mess on the floor, fucked so senseless that I finally found satisfaction? I whimpered at the thought even as I gulped for breath. Oh my god, what was I becoming?

This wasn't sensual or romantic. It was urgent, frenzied, furious. A part of me tried to hold on, to tell myself that I just wanted to keep the line moving, but with each urgent thrust that excuse became flimsier and flimsier.

I didn't choke as this man's balls slapped around my tongue. Why didn't I choke? I could feel it pressing into the depth of me, plumbing the well of my throat, and yet all I did was swallow around it, pulling it in deeper, massaging it with my throat muscles as I gulped down his turgid masculinity. I shuddered in pleasure, my other hand - free now that I had bottomed out around this cock - played across the hot bud of my desire like a guitar string. I didn't care why I wasn't choking, all that mattered was that his cock could jackhammer freely against the pleasure centers of my brain.

My slick hand pulled aside the thin slip of my thong. My legs were spread wide for all to see. I was dizzy now with desire, neither seeing nor thinking straight - doing things I'd never have thought possible or hot, all to feed this insatiable flame of horny passion growing within me. I didn't care that people were watching. I wanted them to watch. I wiped the cum-slobber from my chin and used it for lube. Fingers plunged home, jostling in the live socket of my cunt, the electric flood of my arousal burbling out unrestrained around my hand and running down my leg.

He groaned. There was a pump, a surge, and then he came. Oh god, did he ever cum. This one was one of the good ones - river after river of hot jizz spraying down my needy throat. My mewling contentment turned however to disappointment as he pulled out, as his cum stopped.

He staggered away, cum dripping down my lips. I was still in shock. I blinked and remembered where I was, who I was, what I was supposed to be. I swallowed. I smiled. I glanced reverently up at the next person in line. His hard dick was already out and ready for me.

I looked over at the other girls. Enormous meaty poles hung beneath their skirts, thick throbbing dicks poking their way out of the two girls' panties. The next fan in Min's line stepped up and fell to his knees, his mouth engulfing her thick dick, his eager lips slobbering reverently over her throbbing head. Further down, Meiling moaned theatrically as she slammed her hips into the ass of another fan, no lube, no warmup, all in one shot. The middle-aged man cried out in stunned rapture as she bent him over the table and aggressively throttled his perky butt.

"What?" I gawked "Why are you...?" I froze in confusion, my brain seemingly unable to process anything besides how incredibly juicy those two cocks looked. Then I realized the roughness with which they were treating their lovers. It was a cathartic angry pounding. Maybe Madeline had just as much beef to take out on her fans as she did on me. Was this her way of paying them back for all the times they'd screwed her over?

It did little to assuage my indignation.

"Why am I giving and you're receiving?" I whined. As though I would even want it any other way.

The two didn't even stop thrusting as they exchanged a look and then laughed.

"Because you're the junior member." Meiling clarified.

“Duh.” added Min.

I groaned. Half in lust, half in annoyance. This was another stupid distraction. I didn’t have time to dwell on this.

I tried to shake off this strange mix of emotions. I was outraged and protective and horny and jealous, all mixed together into one sour note. It was the jealousy that keened the loudest. I should be jealous of these girls for having dicks - angry that I didn’t. That’s what Madeline wanted, wasn’t it? Well, the joke was on her, I was more jealous of that fan on his knees, getting to choke on that monster cock of Min’s as she twitched and screamed out her enjoyment.

Shit, why wasn’t I sucking a dick?

I turned to my next fan and winked up at him. A week's worth of etiquette training spilled out onto the floor as I stopped trying to be a girlish idol and accepted my role as a wanton cum-hungry whore. It was a game of wild improvisation, but just like the dancing, it seemed to come so naturally.

It wasn’t long though before the next person in line was a woman. Without a cock, I had to struggle to get my brain to focus on her. She was pretty, but hardly stunning. Her hair was a little messy and she wasn’t wearing any makeup. I don’t know why I was surprised by her presence. The majority of people here today were men, sure, but we had lots of female fans.

I raised an eyebrow as she unzipped her pants. I don’t know what I was expecting, but the sight of her tightly-shaved pussy just left me disappointed. Not that I didn’t love women, not that they weren’t hot, but seeing that void between her legs, nothing for my mouth to latch on to, nothing to pound me senseless with and pour cum down my throat? I felt so cheated.

And yet, she was a fan. I couldn’t let her go away unsatisfied.

I pressed my face to her pussy and inhaled deeply, the smell of her femininity such a stark contrast to all of this masculine musk. I kissed at her vulva with my cum-stained lips, sucking playfully at her already engorged clitoris. This, at least, was something I was good at, something I had practiced. After a week with those two I knew just how to make a girl scream. And yet... my heart just wasn’t in it. I had to smile and fake my enjoyment. I couldn’t stop thinking about cock.

If she noticed my disinterest, she was polite enough not to mention it, and soon enough she was crying out in climax, her thighs clamping down around my head as her body squirmed and spasmed.

I don’t know if Madeline had read my mind or what, but the next girl gave me nothing to complain about.

Before I knew it, I had another cock in my mouth, and then another, and another. The line was moving.

“Thank you all so much!” I moaned as I pulled off of one with a gasp, “for all your support!”

I looked at the line, and then the clock. Despite my skill, this was taking too long. Even working as fast as I could, it was taking up to five minutes to work my way through each cock. How the hell was I supposed to get through a line like this at that pace? I needed to work harder.

I doubled down on my efforts, diving onto dick after dick, moaning in desperation. I pulled out every trick I could think of from a lifetime of masculine masturbation. I tongued the tumescent tip, I cradled their cum-heavy balls, I worked those slobber-stained shafts for all I was worth, but even with all this renewed vigor, I was in trouble.

Sure, a few were cumming good and quick, but all too many were taking their sweet time, slow and steady until my all-too-eager ministrations convinced them to do otherwise.

I was going to lose.

The thought shot through me like a bullet as cum dribbled down my chin and onto my blouse. I was actually going to lose. I was going to be here forever. Stuck like this. Transformed permanently into some perverse sex doll at the whims of Madeline's desires. I'd be spending the rest of my life on my hands and knees fucking an endless tide of tall hungry men.

I shivered in pleasure, in anticipation. Mmm... would it really be so bad? To live like this forever? I slobbered all this wonderful, orgasmically addictive cum around in my mouth. If it meant I could get fucked like this? If I could experience this joy every day? How could anything that felt so good be so wrong?

I screamed out in frustration, an orgasmic wail giving voice to the musical rhythm of my cum-slick hand as it played over my engorged bead and swollen folds. What sane girl wouldn't want this?

Then I caught the sight once more of Madeline, smirking through the crowd, and a shiver of clarity ran through me.

That bitch. This had been her plan all along, hadn't it?

No.

As good as it felt, as much as every inch of me wanted oh-so-badly to just give into this bliss and drift off into heaven with all these hunky, broad-chested, cum-filled men, I couldn't. I couldn't let her win. I'd die before I conceded one inch to that woman.

And that meant I needed to do better. I needed to be better. All week I'd been getting my ass kicked in training, always trying, always failing. I'd endured the worst pain of my life, but I had never given up. If there was one thing I'd learned it's that you had to fight.

I hadn't given up that first day, lying on the floor exhausted, and I wasn't about to now. I had to keep pushing, even when I was at my limits. I had to press on no matter the pain - no matter the pleasure.

Like it or not, I was an idol. It was my job to move these people's hearts.

"Everybody!" I yelled it loud and bright, gulping down the cum that had been building up in my mouth. I tugged at my wet blouse, popping buttons with wild abandon as my jizz-stained tits strained against the tight fabric. I pulled it down just enough that they could see my lacy bra and the turgid struggle of my dark horny nipples. "Please have your dicks out and ready!" I put as much cheer and pep and sunshine in it as I could - a girlish earnestness with a sultry undertone that no man could deny. "I want you all stroking your hard cocks in line while watching me! I want you all good and ready to cum down my slutty throat when it's your turn!"

A cheer went up, zippers went down, cocks rose to the occasion. A wave of horny musk rolled over me, the smell of men, playing at my nose like a steak. Hard, meaty, virile. My mouth watered.

The impatient hands of my eager audience drove diligently over their hard dicks, pumping, throbbing, squeezing. Some were in time to our cutesy songs playing gently over the speakers, while others pushed ahead at their own pace. I was greeted with a chorus of groans and hitched breaths. I sighed wistfully. All of these men, all stroking to me. A tear welled in my eye. It was so touching.

I turned to the next cock in line, licking the jizz away from my lips and resuming my duty. This time though, things were different. Rather than trying to make this guy feel as good as possible, this time my fans were going to get a *show*.

I brushed the long hair out of my eyes, tucking it behind my ears to give the crowd a wink as my reaching tongue tantalized at the underside of his cockhead. Though my body cried at the interruption, I pulled my sopping-slick hand away from my ragged juicy cunt and ran it instead along the glaze-dribbled flesh of my hungry tits, hoisting and bouncing and squeezing them for the crowd like the lewd, horny udders they were.

Rather than doubling down on this dick - rather than swallowing as much of this sweet pole as I could, I pulled off, a sloppy pop leaving a copious quantity of dribbling cum-laden saliva back down upon the shaft. It was a metaphor, you see, a dance - an artistic portrayal of just how wet and how sticky I was, how hot and hungry and horny I could be. Then I slowly and deliberately slurped it all up, showing once and for all how much I wanted to get filled.

I even managed to put my singing practice to good use. My carnal moans were loud enough that even the people on the street could hear how insatiably desperate I was for this dick.

The fans ate it up. A little dramatic, sure, but this is what they came here for. The sounds of hundreds of men masturbating intensified. I could hear them grunting, all eyes on me. Now I really had their attention.

The cock in my hand twitched and exploded, coating my face in a fresh splattering of boy-hot cream. I giggled and blew a kiss to the crowd. Even focused on the crowd like I was, he had gotten off faster than any of the others. I guess he, too, had enjoyed the show.

The next fan could barely keep her hands off her cock as she stepped up - hard, red and throbbing. It barely took a lick before she, too, erupted a fat load all over my face and tits. I fell back gasping, rubbing her cum into my boobs, licking my lips as I thanked her.

It was working! I had them so on edge that all I had to do was finish them off. No more foreplay, no more wasted time. At this rate I might still be able to pull this off.

And yet - my body shivered - as hot as it was, it hurt. The pungent bouquet of their dripping arousal drove my own horny need higher and higher, but with my hand occupied and my mouth empty, I'd lost all of my own relief. Oh sure, the cum was fucking delicious and I was a complete buzzing mess from just making all these boys feel good, but right now I just needed something big and hard filling up that yawning void of arousal within me. At this pace, I could barely get going before it was time to move on. I wanted a cock in my pussy, a cock in my mouth, spilling out into me. I needed to get *fucked*. I didn't care by who or what hole.

I tried to let my salacious desperation bleed over into my performance, tried to use that to fuel my wanton display, but it did little to assuage my hunger. I had to keep going. This wasn't about me feeling good - it was about them feeling good.

I threw my body back into my task, trying eagerly to make up for lost time, the crowd was almost as eager as I was.

I caught another glimpse of the other girls. They seemed so easy going, so relaxed, hell they looked excited to be here. For them this was an ordinary fan meet. Even as Min's low-hanging balls slapped into the chin of the tall, skinny stud currently trying his best to swallow the heft of her turgid girl-cock. He looked nervous, embarrassed he was going to fuck it all up in front of the girl he loved. Min was biting her lip to hold back as he inexpertly but enthusiastically slobbered his love along the length of her throbbing shaft. If only he knew how nervous she had been this morning. Was she nervous now, I wondered?

Meanwhile, Meiling had just blown a fat load into an overweight guy's ass. Cum spilled down the length of her softening member, splattering along his back while more ran down his leg from the creampie she left behind. He stumbled forward on his hands and knees, gasping his appreciation even as another man stepped forward to present his puckering, ready hole.

A blink later her cock was different. The deflating, cum soaked thing disappeared as a new one, hard and fresh, appeared on her groin. Had that just happened? There was no denying it. This new one was bigger, thicker, better curved. I licked my lips. Creamy precum dribbled from the tip. This beast was virile and ready to breed. She squeezed more lube onto it, leaving it shining and dripping. The fan trembled in anticipation. I couldn't blame them. Oh god, who wouldn't want to get fucked by a cock like that? She lined it up and plunged gently into the depths of his eager ass.

Rhythmically, powerfully, the two girls fucked their respective paramours. Their cries came out as thrusting grunts. There was none of the gentle caring warmth of our lesbian dalliances, no tender caresses or longing sighs. They were fucking hard and they were fucking rough, but it was a handshake of a fuck, cheery and bright, but businesslike, a part of their duty as idols. Based on those familiar moans, it was a business they were enjoying, but a business nonetheless. They were playing at passion, but so much of it was an act. I'd seen them with the lights off.

And yet, idols that they were, the fans had fallen in love. The crowd was hungry for their turn to get used, despoiled, and fucked senseless.

God, they wanted it almost as much as I did. How would it feel, I wondered, to be sandwiched between those two cocks in our bed every night? Meiling's soft whispers against my neck as she ran my ass raw from behind, all the while choking around Min's steely, unyielding rod as she face-fucked me until I couldn't breathe. How would it feel to have the two of them bouncing me back and forth like the fuck-meat I was until they both exploded so much hot potent jizz inside me that I leaked out from both ends? How would it feel to fall asleep with a cock in both ends, with me as their wriggling dick-sheath as the three of us cuddled off to sleep?

Fuck.

I shook my head and turned back to my line. My breath was hot and short. My hunger, my desperation, the heat burning through my body, all flaring up higher. I needed cock. My fans were more than happy to oblige.

I dove down on to the next one. No opening foreplay, no kiss, no lick, just that thick thing as far down my quaveringly sensitive fuck-throat as I could get it. I trembled as it blew its load down my stomach in less than one pump. It wasn't enough. I didn't want to let it go. It felt so good as I swallowed it, rope after heavenly rope of thick cream blasting into me, giving me everything I could desire. I wanted this bliss - this scant moment of pleasure - to last forever. But there was still so much cock left to go. I pulled away with a wet salty pop, and the line kept moving.

I let out a whimper. My body was screaming out in frustration, desperate for the attention I was denying myself, but giving to these fans. I was playing at pleasuring myself, sure, but the fondling of my sensitive tits - though dramatic - was like trying to douse a forest fire with a plastic bucket.

I dove onto cock after cock with renewed desperation, new hunger. Hornier and hornier but unable to act upon it. And then, somewhere in that conga line of carnal chaos a miracle occurred. Somehow, as I gargled down a particularly potent load, I found a sort of zen. The truth was that I was loving this. As much as I'd rather be getting fucked, I was somehow so horny, so body-shakingly, soul-searingly *hot*, that cock after cock using and abusing my fuck-mouth was actually getting me off.

The lack of air as I deepthroated? The spit and cum dripping down my body like an aphrodisiac? The grunting roar of hundreds beating their meat to my every lewd act? All were driving me closer and closer to a climax I didn't even need to touch my pussy for.

My body shivered as my nose pressed into some guy's hairy crotch - my body was so desperate to get fucked that, because getting fucked in the throat was the closest it could find, it was taking it. Tingling, pulsing, wriggling, quaking. Oh my god. I wasn't going to cum from sucking these guys off, was I? Was that even possible?

I came up for breath, bubbles of thick creamy saliva bubbling down my lips as he pulled out. Hot cum splashed against hot skin as it spilled forth. I was a cum-stained mess and I was going to cum from it.

Time became a blur. Only the staunchest of sticks could bear my lips for long. Most of the rest barely even lasted a kiss, leaving me whimpering and desperate for that good dick driven down my throat. Each dick brought me closer, but I was now all the more desperate for those that could fill me up just right.

I cupped my tits together, jism pooling in my cleavage, the floor soaked beneath me, but even as another long hard stick of meat found its home pounding in the sheath of my throat, I cried out.

Fan after fan, dick after dick, load after load, the line filled the emptiness inside me one cock at a time as each thrust took me closer to heaven. My moans ran together into sweet music, a gasping hymn from deep in my appreciative heart towards all these wonderful men. All the lessons, all the pain, all the strength I'd cultivated and practiced - it all came together in this one beautiful moment. The joy in my heart overflowed sluttily as it gargled its way across my jizz-soaked lips.

I gave an enthusiastic, girlish grin, hips bucking in the air as I rode the rising wave. I didn't have to fake my enthusiasm now. Their hands started stroking faster. All for me. An orgy of blowjobs hours in the making. Enough cum to drown me in that sea of bliss.

The line was moving. I was doing it. I was actually doing it. But it wasn't fast enough. I needed to go harder.

I grasped on the edge of climax as the air was fucked out of me by a particularly well-endowed college student. His thick cock, so meaty I could barely fit it down my throat, had been everything I had hoped for. The blood pounding in my head was so intense, the lack of air sending my vision ablaze. My whole body went insensate save that building orgasmic tingling that spread through every nerve like electric pins and needles thrusting straight into my rain.

Oh god. Was this? My body shook. Stars exploded through my every cell, my every atom. Oh god, yes!

I struggled to keep my senses as my arousal peaked, as girl cum shot out of my shaking pussy, flooding around my drenched panties and soaking the floor beneath, a sopping wet mixture of my own cum and the frothing jism of these countless men.

I spun, dizzy. Then fell forward, hand landing on another dick. The need just built higher. More. I needed more! I fell on one and then another, hurling myself from orgasm to orgasm, leaping from peak to immeasurable peak.

Again, I had lost all sense of time, all sense of space, all sense of self. There was only the gravity-defying heights of carnal, cocksucking bliss.

It was her laughter that brought me back.

"Aw, looks like little Miki's running out of time."

I snapped to attention. Madeline stood over me, stopwatch in hand. It had gotten dark. The line had almost finished. There were maybe still a dozen fans left to go and - oh god - less than three minutes left.

There was no way.

"Oh well. I told you, you didn't have what it takes." Madeline tutted. "Better luck next time, Miki. Not that we'll be playing for prizes."

"I... I'm not done yet."

She smirked, as confident in my defeat as I was.

It was a race against the clock now. I had come so far, but as my sore abused body came to the end of the event it wasn't enough. I had nothing left. I was drenched in a pool of cum and saliva, my diaphanous outfit stained and sticky, my heavy boobs aching. Pain and pleasure had become one. I thought I had known exhaustion? It had nothing on this.

She laughed. A sea of hopelessness crested over the vast oceans of my arousal. What could I possibly do?

I shook. There had to be something. I wasn't beaten yet. The fire of my resistance - a flame I thought all but extinguished - still shone, a blaze of light-house blue in a storm of red-hot sexual need.

Please the fans.

"Everybody!" I yelled; my ragged voice honest in its sheer desperation. I ripped the already drenched clothes from my body and hoisted the mammoth real estate of my cum-stained tits like an offering before god. "Thank you so much for your patience! We're running out of time, so please, everybody that's left - please let me show you my appreciation by having you cum all over my body all at once!"

Eight men and four women stepped forward, surrounding me. Their cocks were already red with abuse, their hands and hips both jackhammering as they pumped their dicks for all they were worth.

With both hands and my mouth, I played among them, shaking hands and kissing dicks, no longer bothering to be coy, no longer capable of being subtle. No tongue, no lips, just the fuckhole of my mouth, numb with pleasure, trying not to lose myself as more sharp orgasms tore through me again and again.

Balls surged. As hips began to buck. They'd been at the end of the line - waiting, watching for who knows how long. As horny and as urgent as I was. And now, this was it. They were so close. I was so close.

"Cum for me!" I screamed "Cum on me like the bitch I am!"

A dozen rivulets of fresh hot cum splashed over me, coating my tits, my back, my face my hair, all while I cried and babbled in appreciative rapture.

"Time!" called the security guard, his stopwatch still in hand.

My head was swimming in the heady aroma of fresh ejaculate, my brain lightheaded from lack of oxygen deepthroating had left me. I was delirious and giddy and not just because of the mind-breaking series of orgasms. No, I was giddy because I'd won.

Madeline scowled. I rubbed the cum all over me, savoring the sensation of it on my skin like a towel straight from the dryer. It was the greatest prize I could imagine.

I held up two fingers in a peace sign and let my tongue lol out of my mouth as the fans snapped photos. My heavy tits bounced stickily, wetly, free at last from my now see-through blouse.

"I bet you think you're pretty clever."

"I won." The words were hard to say, my throat had forgotten what words were. "I beat you, fair and square. At your own rigged game."

"You cheated." she glanced over at the crowd.

"Please all the fans." I quoted at her, shakily rising to my feet. I could scarcely move. "That's what you said. No rule about doing it the way I did."

"Fine." she huffed, crossing her hands over her chest. "I guess you're right, Mik Mik. You win yet again. Isn't it nice that everything always seems to work out so well for you? I should have turned you into a bimbo when I had the chance. But no." she pulled out the remote control and pointed it in my direction. "I had to give you a fucking chance."

"Madeline?" I took a step back.

"So how does it feel, Mikio? How does success taste? To be the person everybody wants. To have everybody treat you like a sex object. To be little more than a whore. How do you like it, jizz princess?"

"Cut the crap, Madeline!" my body shook, "You were never a whore. Never forced to do anything you didn't agree to, never extorted into doing things you hated! You think the world wronged you? You think I wronged you? All you had to do was walk away!"

"You - you have no idea what it was like for me! All those years I slaved away for the company - for you! And then you abandon me!? How dare you? How fucking dare you!"

"Abandon you!?" I stomped a cum-splattered heel. "We did everything we could for you! How many managers did you go through, huh? How many scandals!?"

"I didn't want your managers, Mikio, you fuckwit, I wanted you! I was a child when this all started! I trusted you! And as soon as you grew bored with me you left me to the wolves. I did it all for you, Mikio, and look what it got me!"

"You wanted nothing to fucking do with me. All you did was lash out the moment you weren't the center of attention! No decorum, no respect! All you did was cause trouble!"

"I wanted you to taste my pain!" her voice hitched.

"Yeah, well, I have. Worse than anything you were put through and more. And you know what? I still think you're full of shit. Your suffering doesn't justify what you did. It doesn't justify any of this! And I'm sorry you're hurt, but I'm done."

"Done?"

"I'm not going to be your little punching bag anymore. I don't know what kind of fucked-up revenge you think this is. I don't know how you think I've hurt you - how you think I've hurt the girls that worked for me, but you're wrong. And I'm done with it. I'm not going to coddle you, Madeline. I'm not going to sit here and beg or tell you that you deserve the world because you couldn't handle your own life. I played your fucking game - your impossible, rigged game - and I won, and don't tell me I didn't earn it. Now turn me back."

"You..." stunned disbelief turned to rage. "You arrogant, insufferable man! Do you really think you can just walk out of here after all you've done? You think you can just wash your hands of me? Of all the pain you've caused! When I'm done with you, you're going to wish-" she paused, her aggression faltering as she looked around. A crowd of fans had gathered, watching us argue, watching this manager threaten one of her idols. One had their phone out, recording.

"It's over Madeline."

Madeline took a step back, her face red. Her eyes darted about, then locked on something behind me. I don't know what it was, but her temperament seemed to do a 180. She laughed. A manic, maddening laugh.

"Madeline?"

"Fine." she played at being civil. "You're no fun, Mik Mik. You're right. You've won, fair and square. And I can't say you didn't earn it." She looked down at the jizz-encrusted wretch I had become and shook her head in disgust. "You can have it all back. Your body, your life. All you have to do is walk out that door." she smiled and pointed.

Like the parting of the red sea, the crowd cleared before me. There was a straight shot to the front door. The night air wafting in brought with it a cool reprieve from the cum-soaked heat pounding through my body.

I looked back at Madeline. There was that grin that said she knew more than she was letting on.

"Well? What are you waiting for? Claim your prize."

"How do I know this isn't a trap?"

"And people say I'm dramatic." she rolled her eyes, "Rules are rules, Mik Mik, remember? What fun is all this if I cheat, huh? You have my word," she waved the remote around dramatically, "as soon as you cross that threshold, I'll turn you back to normal."

I knew better than to believe her, but I was so close. I couldn't throw away a chance like this, not now.

I took a step forward, legs wobbly. I'd been on my knees for so long that my joints were locking. It took all I had to push forward, to put one sticky foot in front of the other. A herculean effort for such small steps.

All around me these fans, these tall, big-dicked men, stepped aside to let me pass. I wasn't really going to give up on all this, was I? I wasn't really going to turn my back on all these horny studs? All these throbbing cocks? Hadn't I wanted to live like this forever?

No. No. That was my libido talking, not me. It was Madeline's manipulations that were making me feel that way. That's what she wanted. But I was still me, damnit, and I wasn't going to hear any different.

I was almost there. Hope swelled within my breast. Just a few more steps.

"Besides..." Madeline smiled. "It's not as though I don't have these other girls to take my frustrations out on."

Her words hit me like a bullet. I froze.

The room spun. I turned to look at Min and Meiling, their lines still coiling around the store. Meiling was leisurely plunging her meaty cock into a salaryman's ass with a loud wet slapping as Min got her balls gargled by a muscular blonde body builder.

"Poor things. Looks like they didn't finish their lines in time."

"No!" I intended it to sound defiant, but it came out as a whisper. "You can't! They didn't know. I'm the target here. Don't take your frustration out on them."

"Knowing isn't part of the game, Miki darling."

My vision swam, my head swiveling between the girls and the door.

"What do you care, Mik Mik? You've won. Go. Take your life back. You never gave a shit for these girls before, why start now?"

She was right. Before this past week I hadn't even known their names. I took another step towards the door, wet footsteps in my wake. I was so close. I could reclaim my life. I could be free from this humiliation, from this perverted hell. Wasn't this what I had been working for? Wasn't this what all the suffering had been towards? All that pain? All that struggle?

But... but I hadn't been the only one suffering, had I? We had been in it together. Every step of the way they'd been with me. My fist clenched. They deserved better than this.

I stopped, my hand on the open door, leaning on it for support. What was I doing even questioning this? Just leave. Run! Don't let it all be for nothing, damnit! One more step. Don't look back. I shook, my leg raised into the air.

I looked back.

The two of them were laughing as they buried their cocks hilt-deep in their respective fans. They didn't have a care in the world. What would Madeline do with them? I couldn't even imagine it. They were oblivious, helpless against her games.

Would they be stuck as slutty idols forever? Would Madeline bore with them and discard them? Or was this just the tip of an iceberg? How deep did her depravity go? Would she hurt them just to spite me?

But what choice did I have? Even if I stayed, what good would it do? At least this way one of us could get out, one of us could be free.

I turned back to the door. Foot hovering above the threshold.

"Double or nothing." I whispered.

"What's that?"

"Double or nothing." I swung to face her, somehow finding the strength to stand to my full height. Fire burned in my eyes. "The concert. One more of your stupid games. If I win, I go free, and I take the girls with me."

Her face went from utter shock to a grin wider than any I'd ever seen. "And if I win?"

"Then you get me. Until the end of time."

"And why should I care about that? Why should I care about you when I could take anybody?"

"Because I'm the one you want, Madeline. Those two are just bystanders. Besides," I sniped, "where's the fun in any of this without rules, huh?"

"Ha!" her laugh was like a thrusting knife. "You surprise me, Mik Mik. I expected to torment you with them, to force you to spend the rest of your life knowing you had abandoned them. But instead, here you are, ready to throw away your only chance at freedom for them. Mm, well, maybe your time as a woman has taught you a thing or two after all. A shame that it's too little, too late. It's a deal. But don't expect me to go easy on you."

"Do your worst," I spat, "you bitch."

"How bold." Another laugh. "Don't worry, my adorable little jizzrag, I will. Your perfect little idol life is over. It's time for you to realize just how hard things can really be. I see that look in your eye. You think you and the girls are going to band together? You think that as long as you have each other there's nothing you can't do? You're so naive."

She pointed the remote at me.

“I’m going to make you suffer, Mikio. This past week will be a cakewalk compared to what’s in store. And when we meet again at the concert, well... let’s just say I’m going to make you sing. But oh, don’t worry, you’ll be getting exactly what you wanted - you’re all going to suffer together.”

She pressed a button, and all went black.

To be continued.