

And Other Duties As Required
- A Smutty Novel -
By Razmagurk
Part 4

-= Chapter 11 =-

The stage lights were bright. Blinding. They were all we could see. All that we were. Dancers in the night, singing out into the darkness, stars blazing in the void.

I leapt and I tumbled and I twirled about the stage, arms sweeping, hips swaying, hearts pounding. Every movement - every moment - had to be perfect. No, they had to be better than perfect. This went beyond technical competency. We needed to live it, to sell it. Any girl could dance. We were a idols.

I poured grace like molten metal into every flourish, I smiled, and I cooed, and I was sassy and cute and beautiful. I became the girl every girl wanted to be, the girl all the boys wanted to get with. All eyes were on me.

I flowed like cherry cola into the song's final staccato, bubbling sweetly through even the most difficult sections of choreo. I pushed to the front for the final pose. I dove and slid to my mark, hand on my chest. Min and Meiling grinned beside me.

The crowd screamed in adoration. We had done it. We had won.

And then it all came crashing down.

The stage lights shuttered off, darkness slamming into me like a truck. I was tall and heavy and alone. No music. No girls. No crowd. I was a man again - awkward and alien and slow - and I was alone.

All around me people passed like ghosts - no, like I was a ghost. It was like they couldn't see me, couldn't hear me, didn't care. My heart screamed and I cried out. I wanted them to notice. I needed them to notice. But it was no use.

I took another step forward. There was a mirror before me now. Who was this man staring back? This cold, dark, heartless man? Madeline had stolen this face, yes, but it was this man beneath that had driven everybody away. Madeline's laughter echoed from my chest.

I slammed a fist into the mirror. It shattered and the world shattered with it. I fell backwards, the stage falling away behind me. The pulsing of my blood was a rising drumbeat. The roar of the rushing wind carried the cheering of a crowd.

A tingling warmth swelled within my heart. I clutched at it, tore at it, pulling my flesh apart as pink light spilled out in a brilliant blaze. The flame was warm and soft as it soaked into me. My nerves sparked and tingled as it burned away the man I was.

My back arched as that heat - that familiar feminine pleasure - rose in blazing intensity to wash away my old life.

I rose out of my charred skin and cried out.

“Ah, fuck!”

Somewhere beneath the covers Meiling giggled. There was a whorl of tongue swirling along my squirming labia. My body, still half asleep, could do little but buck feebly as it shook off the steely bonds of sleep paralysis.

I squeezed my eyes tighter, trying to escape back into my dreams, but Meiling was not about to be denied. Her tender lips drove me up and then dropped me down, leaving me panting and squirming as the bed crashed around me. I was still falling, spinning, losing all sense of space or time or anything besides that insistent tongue against my pussy.

She was playing with me. Teasing me with her long, low, and lazy undulations. I smiled. This was how I wanted to be woken up every day. No rush, no drama. Mine was a blank and happy mind, taking joy in the here and now. There was no time for doubting or second guessing, just happy and horny, my skin alive with raunchy sensation. I wasn't alone. Not alone - that was the most important thing - never alone.

“Oh fuuuuck!” I screamed out, the autonomous thrashing of my orgasmic body dragging me once and for all from the soft valleys of sleep and running me roughshod over the jagged peaks of bliss.

It was almost enough to make me forget... to forget...

The concert.

My eyes snapped open. I forced them closed. I rolled over - cunt corkscrewing around Meiling's tongue - and buried my head in the pillow. I wanted to go back.

“Good morning, Miki.” I could hear Meiling smile as she licked her lips.

“Mmmhhng,” I groaned. No words, just a raw vocalization of horny frustration. The sun peaked in through the blinds. I couldn't remember the last time I slept so long. Somehow that just made it worse, like my body had been given an inch and taken a mile. Outside the city was already waking up; the day was coming for me whether I liked it or not.

“Come on, Miki,” Meiling giggled, grabbing me by the foot and pulling me to the edge of the bed. I giggled back as I put up a token resistance. “It's a big day.”

“Uhg, don't remind me.” I curled up into a ball at the edge of the bed, hips rotating upwards so that my sleepy pussy was just barely poking out. I dug my torso into the sheets, humping at them lazily with my tender boobs as I reached a hand over to one of the nightstands. I let my fingers decide which dildo to use - the bumpy red one. A fine choice.

My lips puckered, my hands explored. Some people were content with coffee first thing in the morning.

“Wait,” my eyes snapped open. “Where's Min?”

"Oh, she's in the bathroom." Meiling frowned. "She's not feeling too good."

As if on cue, there was a gagging from the hall, and not the good kind. I let out a quiet sigh and pulled myself off of the red silicone invader.

"Is she okay?" I echoed the worried expression on Meiling's face.

"Yeah, she's just... well." She made a vague gesture with her hand. "You know how she can be."

"Ah." I nodded. "Say no more." I licked the dildo clean and set it back down on the table. "I'll go talk to her."

"I'll go get started on breakfast." Her ass jiggled as she bounced up onto her dainty feet. "Maybe some tea will help."

"Min?" I knocked on the bathroom door. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine!" The girl could act, but she was a bad liar. "Really, I am. I just... it must have been something I ate. I'll be fine."

"Hey now." I teased. "The way I remember it the last thing you ate was my pussy."

She let out a forlorn little chuckle. I smiled.

I wanted to tell her to suck it up. I wanted to pounce on her weakness and use it to bolster my own fragile ego, to assuage my own nerves. I took a breath, and let it pass.

"Its okay Min," my voice was quiet and earnest. "I know how you feel. I think I'm feeling it too."

"You do?"

"Big time." I let out a sigh. How could I not be? Today was fly or die, our last chance to escape, our one shot. My stomach lurched just thinking about it. Was it too late - I wondered - to just go back to bed?

Don't get me wrong - we had come so far; we'd been working so hard. Days of fucking and nights of singing and dancing. We could pull it off, we really could. But one mistake out there and it was all over. Madeline wasn't going to be fucking around.

But being nervous wasn't going to help anyone.

"I don't know how you do it." I tried to hold back the sly smile crossing my face. "You always look so confident out there. Like none of this even fazes you."

"Of course!" She forced a laugh. "You know me."

She took a moment to compose herself then poked her head out the door. She looked awful. The dark rings under her eyes highlighted all the more by the round frames of her glasses and the pale cast of her face. Her confident smirk was well practiced, but I knew the portfolio of her expressions too well.

"Look, Rookie," she put a hand on my shoulder, "I know how easy it is to let this get to you - how this can feel like the most important moment of your life, and how if you screw up even one bit, you'll never live it down." Her grip tightened. "How, if you fuck it up you'll spend the rest of your life regretting it with every fiber of your being and spend every spare moment--"

"Not helping."

"Sorry!" She laughed. "What I'm trying to say, is, listen." She closed her eyes and steadied her breathing. Her nails undug themselves from my soft skin. "There's nothing to be nervous about, okay?" She gazed up into my eyes, searching as much for her own validation as she was trying to inspire it in me. "We've spent our whole lives working towards this. We've trained and we've practiced - we've worked harder than anyone. Today that all pays off. Today, we're all going to stand up there - together - and we're going to show the world how amazing we are. We- " Her confidence flickered, her smile fell. She took another breath. "We have to."

"Min?"

"My..." she shook as she let out a deep breath. "My family is going to be there."

"Oh my god, that's... that's..." I faltered. That was complicated is what that was. "I thought they didn't support you?"

"They don't!" Her tits swayed as she waved a hand dismissively. "They told me over and over that this would never amount to anything. I was happy with that. I could rub my success in their faces, and then I wake up this morning to a text saying they're going to be there. A text! Like it's no big deal!" Her breathing escalated. "Oh god. What if.... what if we fuck up? What if they were right? Miki, what are we doing?"

"What are we doing? What we're doing" -- I pulled her into a tight hug -- "is we're going to show them first hand how far you've come. They're going to see all those thousands of fans there to see you and they're going to realize just how wrong they were about you!"

"To see us," she corrected. My heart thumped.

"And you know what's going to happen? They're going to come around - they're going to see how amazing you are and they're going to start bragging to all their friends about their amazing idol daughter."

"You think?" she smiled, just a hint of smugness creeping through as she indulged in the fantasy.

"Look at you!" I clapped her on the back. Her melons wobbled. "How could they not?"

"I mean, you clearly haven't met my father," she laughed, "but it's a nice thought."

I tried to imagine Min's father, who balked at anything even remotely feminine or inappropriate, watching his titanically-breasted daughter prancing around on stage like a stripper as she tried to hold back from deepthroating the microphone or openly masturbating while all of her horny fans gazed on lecherously. I tried to imagine him not just watching, but cheering her on, bragging about her success as a horny tit-shaking whore.

"Okay, well." I gave her a squeeze. "Stranger things have happened."

She took a step back and tried once more to recompose herself. Her tits shifted like glaciers with each heavy breath.

"Thank you, Miki." Her eyes were sparkling.

"Did that help?"

"Oh, hell no." She laughed. "I still want to run away and jump in a hole and hide forever. But thank you. I'll be fine. I just..." she pulled off her glasses and looked down at them. When she put them back on, she was every inch the carefree idol. "Chin up rookie! It's perfectly natural that you're nervous, but you've just got to hold on until we get there. Once we get out on stage, you're going to do fine. Just follow my lead and we'll get through this."

"Thank you, Min." I gave her a smile. "Do you think some breakfast might help?"

"I..." the paleness returned to her face as a hand rushed to her stomach. I could see the bile rising in her throat. She rushed back into bathroom, door closing behind her. "I think I might need a few more minutes."

I left her to it.

The thunderous globes of Meiling's enormous butt swayed hypnotically as I walked into the kitchen. She was humming one of our songs as she clenched and unclenched around one of the plugs she liked to wear as she went about the day. Below, her pussy drooled lazily down her thigh. She didn't seem to be wearing anything besides an apron.

"Is she alright?" she glanced over at me over her shoulder, leg lifting daintily.

"She'll be fine. She's just... nervous. Her family's going to be there today."

"Oh! That's -" her smile froze. "Ah. "

"Yeah."

"It's all happening so fast, isn't it?" her smile went tight. She hid her nerves better than either of us.

"That's one way of putting it." She'd had a lifetime of build up. I'd only had a month." How are you holding up?"

"I'm excited!" She turned back her frying pan and poked her eggs. "I mean, this is our big break, right? Or as close to it as we'll get. I'm glad I'm going to get to spend it with you two. No matter what."

"You make it sound so final." The lump rose in my throat. Did she know?

"I'm just trying to temper my expectations. Sometimes I get all excited for things and then they don't work out. I mean, let's be real, Miki, we're hardly A-listers. We're lucky that we even have this opportunity. We might not get another."

I frowned. I hadn't even considered it. I'd been so focused on today, but she was right. The Love Hearts Trio was barely scraping by. Sales were good for this concert, sure, but we had no idea what the future held.

The future... would I even be around to see it?

"That's why we have to make this the best concert ever." She turned off the stove and set the pan aside. She turned to me, a mad glint in her eye. "Do you remember, Miki, we spoke about why we're here? How I said I like to think about how the money helps my family? Lately I've been doing a lot of thinking and well, Miki, seeing all those people happy? Knowing that I can make people's lives a little brighter? I think that's what I want most out of the world."

She laughed. Her smile could light up the room. It was almost enough to make me forget she was wearing nothing beneath that apron.

"And you know what?" she stepped forward and pulled my hands into hers. "I want us to have a good time doing it. We've worked our whole lives to get to this point, let's enjoy it! I want us to give a show we'll never forget. The three of us. Together."

I couldn't help but smile along. Fun. It seemed such a distant prospect. How could she expect us to have fun when so much was riding on this?

But - I stared deeply into the sparkling pools of her eyes - if that's what Meiling wanted, then dammit, I was going to give it to her. This wasn't just about me, it was about us. Sure, my survival may have depended on it, but these girls... I owed it to them to give them the show of a lifetime.

"Is that breakfast?"

Min stumbled in, still pale and tired, but composed. Honestly, she looked more hungry than anything else. The smell of greasy food could have that effect on her.

"Concert day pancakes!" Meiling poured the syrup into a smiley face as she put the plates down on the table. "Dig in, girls, we've got a big day ahead of us!"

A big day indeed. We arrived at the venue shortly before noon. My jaw was clenched tight the entire ride over. I kept expecting the driver to turn off into some seedy part of town and to drop us at some dime-rate burlesque show or whore house.

I let out a sigh of relief when our destination proved familiar. It was one of the local convention centers. Not quite a stadium, but bigger than most of the smaller concert halls around the city. For a group like ours to have earned a spot here was rare. Either our company trusted us quite a bit or it was a last-ditch Hail-Mary before our inevitable decline.

My nerves were firing on full cylinders. I knew it was only a matter of time before the shoe dropped, but I didn't know where or when. It was easy enough to pass off as pre-show jitters, but still. I hadn't been this bad before the handshake, had I? I guess this time it all seemed so final. One way or another, it all ended here.

And yet... hadn't it been that way before too? At the photoshoot and the handshake? What was different this time?

I looked over to the girls, laughing and grinning. Of course. This time I had more to lose.

And what was I going to do if I won?

Our manager met us at the door and showed us around. He was wearing a new suit. I resisted the urge to tear it off him. He had done a good job of putting everything together. I was proud of him, he might make a decent manager yet.

The convention center was bigger than I remembered. People were running around everywhere trying to get the space converted over for the concert. They must have been working at it since last night. Come this time tomorrow, they'd have it transformed into some other event space entirely. All this hard work for one shining little moment. For our moment. A single firework exploding in the sky.

They rushed us out onto the stage. We were just in time for the sound check. Great tiers of empty benches loomed all around us, workmen still moving the final rows into position. The houselights were dim and corporate.

Meiling approached the microphone. They barely paid us any mind.

It started with a low softness, a deep hum like some kind of childhood memory, then it grew and warped. Long and low it fluttered, a whorish moan, rising in pitch and volume as she traveled through her range.

I smirked, then laughed. I don't know if it was the reminder of all those times we'd done this in practice, or if it was just the surreality of the situation getting to me, but something about seeing my friend screaming out like a hound in heat on stage just made the whole situation seem way less intimidating.

And besides, if that's how she wanted to play it, I was more than happy to oblige. I stepped up after her and gave a moan of my own, matching hers in pitch and intensity. It was a moan that rolled through the stands and echoed through the halls. A wild and carnal cry that told the world that Meiling wasn't the only bitch in town.

I stepped back and stuck out my tongue. She laughed.

Then Min stepped up and blew us both away. It was powerful and intense and full of all her quivering fears and hopes, a soulful and haunting twang that gave way to a rolling wash of passion that made ours seem shallow and meek by comparison. The message was clear: "I'm here, I'm alive, I'm ready."

"Still nervous?" I laughed.

"Who, me?" She smirked.

The three of us fell into a fit of giggles.

"You're sounding great, girls!" came the voice from the sound booth. Damn right we were. Now we had everybody's attention.

With the soundcheck done, we were escorted over to the small conference room that would be serving as our improvised wardrobe department for tonight.

"Girls!" Melody cheered as we entered.

Her body was thinner, she had been losing weight. The muscle her fiancé had been so proud of was fading, and based on the pictures she kept insisting she show us, it looked like he had been bulking up. The two of them had gone on living, regardless of their bodies. They were moving on, oblivious to the childish slight that had marred them - an unseen and quickly faded scar.

"I'm glad you're here. Before we get started, I wanted you girls to have these!"

"What's this?" Min delicately took the envelope from Melody's masculine hands.

"Well," she blushed, "we thought we'd make it official."

I unfolded the paper before me. Sweeping calligraphy; cream colors on thick stock.

"A wedding invitation?"

"We'd be honored to have you all there."

"Oh, Melody!" Tears of joy rolled down Meiling's cheeks. I swallowed the lump in my throat. Even Min seemed choked up.

"We'd be honored," Min looked between the two of us "right girls?"

We nodded. The next thing I knew the three of us were getting crushed in the woman's enormous arms.

The wedding. What would that even look like? I tried to visualize Melody's mismatched body skipping down the aisle, a blushing bride whose hulking muscles strained against every inch of her wedding dress while her husband's tuxedo burst at the seams from his unrestrained tits. What would their honeymoon look like? Would he try to carry her across the threshold?

Such a surreal vision and yet... she was so happy. She had found joy despite everything. I envied her that.

"It's still a ways away, I know, but its going to be amazing! Especially with you three there. Sorry, I'm trying not to gush. Let's get you girls dressed!"

She wheeled out a rack of clothing. The costumes were weirdly conservative. Scandalous, sure, especially on us, but hell, I'd half expected to get sent onstage with little more than a slap on the ass.

"Wait, what are these?" I held up a frilly piece of pink fabric. It was weirdly heavy.

"Panties!" she beamed. "Aren't they adorable?"

I frowned and tilted my head. I don't think I'd ever seen a pair like this. Tight and innocent in the front, they turned lacy and wild as they opened in the back. They'd be pressed thin against the pussy, but completely open in the ass. Between it and the short skirt, guys wouldn't even need to pull anything aside if they wanted to push me down and shove their hot throbbing dicks in my bubbly little butt, pounding me up against a wall as they shot load after load in my tender, throbbing-

"Miki?"

The other girls had already started stripping down. Meiling frowned as she pulled out her plug. She always felt naked without something in her ass.

"Sorry!" I shook away the fantasy and slid the slender fabric up my legs. Sure enough it pressed tight against my cunt. This had been carefully calibrated, I was sure. These had been designed so that there was no way I was going to avoid soaking it through. Worse, every motion was going to press it tighter, every step, every stretch, every kick, every inch was going to rub this soon-to-be-drenched fabric against the hypersexual nub of my desire.

I bit my lip. If so much didn't ride on it, I'd say that sounded fun as hell.

My top was a flirty ruffled blouse with diaphanous half-sleeves and little bows. It wasn't especially designed to show off my breasts, but with tits like these - braless, no less - that was not a difficult feat. Min had it worse, there was no denying her prodigious underboob.

"Now be careful," melody cautioned. "This is all tearaway. One good tug and the whole thing comes off."

"Of course." I frowned. Madeline had wanted to make this as difficult as possible.

"Oh, I almost forget." she opened a case. Meilings eyes lit up. Buttplugs. Color coded to the three of us. Pink for me, Blue for Min, green for Meiling. Large heavy metal eggs with a bright sparkling heart-shaped gem at the base.

"Oh my god!" Meiling squealed. "They're so cute!"

I plucked mine hesitantly between my fingers. It wasn't like it was the first time I'd have to move around with something up my ass, but it would be hard to ignore while dancing. It would be a constant reminder of my humiliation, and with my ass exposed the way it was, it would be plain as day to anyone who looked.

Plus - I let out a soft sigh as I nestled it in my plump rear - it was another horny distraction. My breathing grew heavy. Something told me these panties weren't even going to last until the show. I wasn't the only one, either - I could already smell that familiar perfume of nagging arousal rising from the other two as it mixed with my own.

Melody took us aside to do our makeup as we finished getting dressed. I'd had a lot of opportunities to learn how to apply makeup over the past month. The idea that I was making myself hotter and more fuckable... well let's just say it was a big motivation. I may not have had the talent the others did, but I'd grown proud of what little I could do. I had come to really appreciate the difficulty involved and the skill required to make it look even half way presentable.

That's why I was so amazed at what Melody could do with those brushes. I looked stunningly flawless. Hell, even the photoshopped poster had had nothing on this. The three of us stood in front of the mirror - a fantasy come to life. We were hot, we were fierce and we were ready.

"I dunno," Min frowned, tracing a line along the cleft of her moist vulva as she turned this way and that. "Does this plug make my pussy look fat"

"Yes," Meiling giggled and gave her a slap on the ass. "In the best way possible."

It was a long walk down to the greenroom. Boys buzzed all around us as we passed. Strong sweet men carrying heavy things.

Before, they'd been so busy we had barely been noticed. Now, jaws dropped as we passed. It was one thing to be the center of attention - we got plenty of stares just walking down the street, sure - but this? This was *power*. They couldn't have turned away even if they'd wanted to. We were idols in our prime. Every inch of us sexy and larger than life. They parted before us like the red sea. We were goddesses.

We drank it in, smiling coyly at the male attention. Our eyes scanned from boy to boy - man to man. A smorgasbord of bulging crotches. I licked my lips.

One grip in particular caught my eye, his muscles bulging as he hoisted a roll of cables. He had rough hands built for grabbing and gripping and never letting go, and he wore tight jeans tenting down to his knee. This was a man who could hoist me effortlessly over his shoulder, who could pick me up and twirl me until I was a giggling mess, then carry me up the stairs and throw me down on the bed.

Mmm... I could just imagine those strong arms pinning me down, as firm and unyielding as they were tender and hot, like liquid steel beams. And that wouldn't be the only part of him that would be hard, no. How thick was his dick? How veiny? What did it smell like, taste like? How creamy was this man's cum? Inquiring minds wanted to know. Maybe if I -

"Miki!"

“Huh?”

“Where are you going?”

I turned around, red of face. I’d been so caught up in my fantasies I’d followed this guy right past the green room.

“What?” I gave a dismissive shrug and a little wink. “He’s got a cute butt.”

“Wait, where’s Meiling?”

“Meiling!”

“Huh?” she turned. She’d been off following a fantasy of her own.

“Keep it together girls,” Min admonished. “We’re almost there.”

We laughed, but our mirth was shortlived.

There was a note taped to the door of the greenroom. Familiar handwriting. The reality of the situation slammed back into me like a truckful of bricks.

“Miki.” It said. “Come see me in my office.”

“Oh my god.” Min clenched her teeth. “More drama? I thought we’d gotten past this.”

“Are you going to be okay?” Meiling put a hand on my shoulder. My breathing had gone shallow.

“Yeah.” I forced a deep breath. “You know what? I think I will be.” I knew that this moment had been coming. I’d been dreading it, sure, but I’d given a lot of thought about what I’d do the next time I saw Madeline. I was centered. Determined.

That said, I’d by lying if I said my heart wasn’t pounding as I made my way over to the temporary production office. Madeline had scored her own little home away from home. Two familiar security guards were standing outside. I remembered all too well the last time those hands had been on me. How unappreciative I’d been.

“You wanted to see me?” It wasn’t a question. I’d stepped inside without bothering to knock. She was expecting me.

“Ah, Miki” Madeline spun around in her tall imposing seat, grin already plastered on her face. How long had she been waiting?

“Madeline.”

“So good to see you again, Miki.” even after all this time she still took so much delight in rubbing my face in that name. “How is my favorite girl?”

“Cut the crap. You know damn well why I’m here. What’s the game?”

“Always straight to business with you, isn’t it?” She rolled her eyes theatrically. “That’s why you never were any fun at parties. You’d think your little change of career would have loosened you up a little. Or maybe that’s just your pussy.” She let out a condescending laugh. “I’ve heard such wonderful reports from my staff.”

My jaw tightened. Was she saying I had a loose cunt? I tried to hide how much that cut.

“The game this time is simple.” Her grin widened as she pulled a remote out of a drawer. It was smaller than that familiar one sitting on her desk, with only a few buttons. I held my breath as she aimed it at me and pressed the button.

“Ah!” A low moan forced the air from my lungs. My panties, already soaked and slick and bunched up like a vulvic wedgie that pressed right into my clit, were vibrating. I swallowed, my breath hitched with lust, my legs shaking. “Is that...” mmf. “Is that all you’ve got?”

“Oh Miki, No. Not by a long shot. But let’s face it, that’s all I need. That’s the game - you’re going to go out there and you’re going to put on your little show and you’re going to cum over and over and over again in front of everybody. I know what you’ve been up to. You think you’re better than me? You think you’ve risen up and achieved some sort of breakthrough? You’re still just a creature of your urges. And soon, everybody is going to know it.

“I am what you made me.” I tried to sound defiant through the hum of the vibrator against my clit, but the sensual tone in my voice was undeniable.

“Cute. That’s my game, Mik Mik. You want to prove something to me? Then don’t cum. It’s as simple as that. If you can avoid cumming then you win. You and those girls will get to go free. You’ll all have your lives back, good as new. Hell, better.”

“And you?”

“Me?” her lip curled. “What do you care what happens to me?”

I raised an eyebrow.

“You know? I honestly hadn’t considered it.” Her grin faded as she turned to stare out the window introspectively. “I imagine, Mik Mik, that I’ll find some other life. That I’ll start all over. There are worse people out there than you, you know. This remote gives me the power to bring a lot of justice into the world.”

“Justice?” I scoffed. “You’re still trying to pretend that this is just?”

“The convicted often feel the victim.” She gave a weak smile. “Tell me, Mikio, how did you like that little gift I left you?”

"What? All of your hate and vitriol?" I crossed my arms over my expansive chest. "What are you expecting, Madeline? That I'd have sunk to your level? No. You may have corrupted my heart but I'll never turn into you."

"Careful, Miki."

"No. You know what? If anything, it's made me stronger. I'm not afraid of you anymore. I've seen what drives you. I've seen why you do the things you do. You think you can sell yourself off as some big villain, but you've overplayed your hand. All I feel for you is sorry."

"How dare you!" Her sneer turned into a snarl. "Don't you forget who's in charge here, little girl."

"Oh, I know full well who's in charge here, and it isn't you. I hurt you, you're right. But those scars you bear? Those are self inflicted. And no amount of catharsis, no amount of magical bullshit is going to fix that. You can play at revenge until we're both old and grey, but it's your insecurities that are calling the shots here!"

"Oh please, you think you're one to talk? I've been in your shoes too, Mikio! I've seen your heart just as deeply as you've seen mine. You think it isn't the same shade of black? You're a cold bitch, just the same as me. Look at your life. No friends. No Family. Just a job that you've long since stopped caring about. The only time you've ever let anybody get close is when it's good for business."

My eyes glanced away as my throat closed up. The buzz of the vibrator echoed in the silence between us.

"You're right." The words were hard to say. "I was. I didn't know what I was missing. But here's the difference between you and I - that's who I was, not who I am. Not anymore. You're a ghost from the past, Madeline. You're a mistake that I made. Yes, I hurt you, but that was never my intent. And since then, all you've done is hurt yourself. All those cries for attention... all you had to do was ask."

"Shut up!"

"That's what this has been all about, right? All of this was so you could claim me? Because you think that having me will fill the rejection-shaped hole in your heart? But oh no, you couldn't just take me, no, that would never satisfy your vanity. You had to win me."

"Shut up!"

"Well you know what I've learned? All this time, all these stunts, all this? All you had to do was tell me how you felt. To be honest with yourself and with me. You should have opened up to me, Madeline." My voice grew quiet. "You should have confided in me. You could have trusted in me. It didn't need to turn out like this."

"You have no idea what you're talking about!" her voice was low and simmering. "You think I'm some kind of simpering weakling? You think I'm some lily-hearted flower-girl pining after some boy? You're disgusting, Mikio. You always think everything is all about you."

"No. I think this is about you. I think it always has been."

"How dare you belittle my pain!" She rose out of her chair to her full height, slamming a powerful fist onto the desk.

I held my ground.

"Save the dramatics, Madeline. You're not an actor anymore. The only person you're fooling here is yourself."

"You smarmy cunt!" She grabbed the big remote off the desk and pointed it at her monitor and then me. "Don't forget who you're talking to." She fired.

For a brief horrifying moment, I could feel my chest being crushed. I gasped for breath, struggling to push past the vice grip around my torso, then there was a rip as my new tits tore through my top, flopping over onto the desk before me. They pushed down past my torso. I balked. It was a struggle to stand.

"What is it with you and tits?" I gasped.

"What, you don't like tits, Mikio? Are you an ass man?" She gave a derisive frown. "Or do you like them young?"

"You bitch!"

"Remember your place, *girl*," she growled. "Complain one more time and I'll have those things dragging along the ground, do you hear me?"

"And what exactly is all this juvenile lashing out supposed to accomplish, huh? You're only hurting yourself.

"On the contrary, Miki" she laughed, then turned to grin smugly out the window. "I feel rather good about this. Though I suppose you're not going to be able to go on stage like that, are you? Not without a wheelbarrow, anyway. All that money we spend on wardrobe and this is the thanks we get."

"You don't have to do this, you know." I didn't rise to her challenge. I wasn't playing her games.

"Don't." She held up a dismissive hand. "Don't even fucking start."

"I'm serious. We don't. We can be better than this. I don't know what kind of power you seem to have gotten your hands on, but you could have anything! Why waste that on all this?"

"Anything, except you." she glanced at me over her shoulder. Somewhere there was a scared girl hiding behind those cold eyes. I think it was the first time I'd seen the real Madeline in years.

"I-" I faltered. What was I going to do? Lead her on? Pretend that I could be the person she wanted me to be?

"I'm sorry, Madeline."

"We both are." her voice grew colder, stern. "But no, this is the way it has to be. You're going to be mine whether you like it or not. You're going to go out there, and you're going to be a whimpering, moaning little slut for me, and the moment you cum, your fate is going to be sealed. Then... then I'm going to get from you everything you denied me. Then I'm going to have my revenge."

"Madeline..."

"No. Now get the fuck out of my sight before I make things really hard on you."

I turned to leave, knees shaking as the vibrator pulsed and throbbed and as my melons dragged their way off the desk.

"Oh, and Miki?" She pointed the big remote back at my chest. I almost fell backward at the sudden loss of weight. "I'd hate to have to cancel the event because one of our Idols couldn't fit into her costume. Wouldn't want you to lose the game before it even starts, would we? Speaking of..." she pointed the smaller remote at me and fired.

The low thrum that had been pulsing against my vulva died away as I stumbled out of the room. A sexy whimper escaped my lips as my body cried out in frustration. The sudden lack of sensation hurt just as keenly as would a lack of oxygen. My body felt robbed.

I ran through the halls as fast as my high heels could carry me, arms wrapped around my naked chest, stiff nipples pressing hungrily - tantalizingly - into each palm. The shreds of my ruffled top somehow conspired to make me seem more naked, more vulnerable than I would have been if I were naked.

Everywhere I went men were staring. So - what? Us blowing a guy in public was nothing, but me running around topless suddenly attracted a crowd? A big strong crowd of stunning adonises with sensitive eyes and broad backs? Mmf.. but no, this wasn't the time to stop, no matter how weak the sight of them made me feel, no matter how much I wanted one or two or a dozen at once to sweep me up in their warm marble-cut arms around me and tell me everything was going to be alright.

"Miki? Oh my god," Min rushed over to me with a towel. "What happened? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." I tried to settle my breathing. "I'll be fine."

The pounding of my heart subsided as Meiling pulled me into an embrace. These weren't the steely arms of a heavyweight bear-wrestler, but it was warm and it was sisterly and Meiling's hugs were works of art.

And do you know what? I really would be. I was nervous, of course, scared. Adrenaline still coursed through me, even if the blind fury that had once served me so well had gone. But even now the power Madeline had held over me seemed... lessened. She was a wounded little girl lashing out. What was the worst she could do to me? Trap me like this forever? Somehow the idea just didn't seem all that scary.

Oh, don't get me wrong. I was still going to fight. I wasn't about to just roll over and let that bitch win. But it wasn't me that I was fighting for.

“You’re sure your okay?” Min tugged on one of my tattered sleeves. I pulled her into the hug.

I was fighting for them.

“Hey,” I blinked back the tears welling up in my eyes, “Whatever happens out there I want to thank you girls for everything.”

“What?” Min laughed “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I just...” Would they even remember me if everything went back to normal? Probably not. But they’d be happy. They’d be able to live their lives without Madeline’s interference. That - that was something I was ready to risk it all for.

“30 minutes!” came a voice at the door. “You ready girls?”

“Not quite!” Min called back, looking down at my tits. “Look, Miki, we love you too, but what happened to your top?”

“Oh, uh,” I looked down at the shreds. “Wardrobe malfunction?”

“You’re on the edge of tears, girl. Did Madeline do this? Do you need me to go kick her ass?”

“It’s fine.” I shook my head. “Look we’ll talk about it later, okay?”

“You’re sure?” Meiling’s eyes looked deeply into my soul.

I nodded.

“Alright, well, come on then, let’s get you changed. We don’t have much time!”

-= Chapter 12 -=

“Showtime, girls!”

I closed my eyes. I could hear the roar of the crowd even back here. It was like being near the ocean - powerful, looming, inevitable.

Their fervor had been building almost as fast as my nerves. They didn’t care why we were late, only that their anticipation had outgrown their patience. They didn’t want excuses, they wanted us.

Well. For a given value of us, at least. I looked up at the all-but-pornographic posters plastered around the greenroom. These were the girls they were here to see, these perfect, larger-than-life horny bitch idols - the us we were paid to portray.

“You ready?” Min laughed and clapped me on the back. She was shaking despite her bravado.

I thought I had been. I thought I had been prepared for anything. I wouldn’t say I was confident, but I was at least resigned to what was about to transpire. We had rushed to get me changed in time only to discover that the hour came and went despite my efforts. Technical difficulties. One of the lighting rigs. We pushed. 10 minutes. 20. Nothing quite builds tension like having to be ready to go at a moment’s notice.

But now... I took a breath and I pushed all that aside and I nodded. I was as ready as I could be.

Good thing too. If we left them any longer we’d have a riot.

It was time.

The whole month had been building up to this. All those long nights of hard work, all the suffering and the drama and the pain. All for this. Tonight, we’d finally be able to take back control of our lives.

The men around us gawked as we made our way backstage. They were still rushing around making last minute preparations. They were working hard so that tonight we would look our best. Everybody was.

Not that we needed much help. I swung my ass, heels delicately clicking on the hard tile. It was so strange to think that I had struggled with this once - that the idea of men getting hard for me would have disgusted me. I gave them a sweet smile as I passed. They were putty in my hands. Hard muscular putty.

Had it really only been a month ago that I’d been on the other side of this? It seemed like another life entirely.

One of the techs froze in our path, the deep pools of his blue eyes struggling not to stare at our bouncing chests. What a gentleman. I gave him a wink and flashed him my tits to show him just how much I appreciated all his hard work. I giggled as he darted off blushing.

Focus, Miki. Focus.

"Alright, girls." I squeezed hands as we stepped out onto the stage. It was just shy of pitch black. I could only barely make out the shadowy forms of our background dancers waiting in the back. "This is what we've been working for. Let's blow them away."

"Yeah, we got this!" Min squeezed back. "Let's show them what we're made of!"

"This is going to be so much fun!" Meiling laughed.

I stood on my mark and stared out into the void. A thousand fans stared back. I couldn't see them, but I could feel them. A hush had fallen over them - they knew we were here. The cold amphitheatre air danced across my hot flesh, a soft caress that left me shivering. The calm before the storm.

The music started. This was it.

It started soft, familiar; I'd heard it more times in the past month than I'd heard any other song in my whole life. I knew every moment of it like the beating of my own heart.

Gentle at first, the lights rose in time to the elevation of the opening melody. The curtain of darkness was cast aside, unveiling us before the hungry throng of onlookers. The cacophony of their cheers crashed over the eager silence like a tidal wave.

Blinded by the spotlight, I could scarcely make them out, but oh I could hear them. Their fervent worship. I drank it in. Love. That's what this was. They loved us with every fiber of their being.

I smiled out into the darkness. It was time to repay that love; time to show them our worth.

"Thank you all for coming!" Meiling's voice was bubbly and eager. She was just as excited as they were. No matter what happened, I had to make sure this was a concert she'd remember forever. I had to protect that smile.

And then, in front of everybody who had gathered here to watch us tonight, she pulled up her already barely-there skirt and spread her glistening pussy lips wide. Above us, the giant monitor displayed a close-up of her slick lips as she pulled apart the petals of her dripping flower. The fans went crazy.

"Everybody!" she gasped, her finger tracing around the edges of her labia. "Look how wet we are for all of you!"

Time retched to a stop. My eyes went wide.

"We've been working very hard!" cried Min, her enormous tits swinging pendulously as she bent over to display her almost-naked ass, head twisted to shoot the crowd a smouldering look over her shoulder. "So please! Watch us get fucked like the whore bitches we are!"

Behind us, the music swelled as the background dancers tore off their pants. My breath hitched as I saw what lay beneath. Cocks. They were huge. Grotesque. They hung down well past their knees. My pulse skyrocketed, my mouth watered. The vibrator in my costume's tissue-thin panties flared to life - a soft low thrum in time with the music, shooting electric bolts of knee-shaking pleasure through my traitorous clitoris.

I suppressed a whimper. This... this wasn't how this was supposed to happen.

Madeline. I could feel the carnal hitch rising in my throat. I wanted to scream out the sensation coursing through me, to shiver and stomp. But I couldn't. I couldn't look away from the crowd, I couldn't let my façade fall away. The show had to go on.

I grit my teeth and I smiled. I Glared from behind a mask of innocence to that bitch in the VIP box, that bitch sitting with a remote in her hands. She laughed as her eyes locked with mine and wagged an admonishing finger. I should have known it wouldn't have been so simple.

I felt the world falling away. All the late nights of singing and dancing until our bodies broke, all the drama and heartache we had poured into our art, and now all people were going to hear was us screaming out in whorish rapture.

I clenched a fist and turned to look at the man waiting for me at the back end of the stage. He was impossibly tall and ruggedly handsome with large gentle hands that looked like they could palm even my enormous, aching breasts. In that moment though I think all that mattered was the body-breaking size of that dick. Wow. Just... wow.

Madeline had never intended for us to perform. We were here to get fucked and degraded for her amusement in front of all our fans like the disposable sex objects we were.

Shit. I wriggled. If our lives weren't on the line, I'd have found that kinda hot. My breath was shallow. Already I could smell my climbing arousal mixing in with the horny sweat of the crowd.

But there was no time for confusion or outrage. I knew what I had to do.

I took a confident step towards the steaming hunk of man-meat before me, and, just like we'd done in practice day after day, the three of us fell to our knees. His dick throbbed before me. His musk filled my lungs, setting my mouth and pussy adrool. I reached out an impatient tongue.

What had my life become?

My hips wiggled as the crotch of my panties dug in deeper against the pulsing bud of my straining clitoris. I leaned forward to give the crowd a better view, the hum of my skirt rising over my exposed ass and the little pink love-note nestled within. The crowd screamed. This is what they wanted. This was the show they had come here to see.

I drooled down the length of this mega-cock as my hand pumped - as our hands pumped. Already I was losing track of what I had come here to do. We were supposed to lift people's heart, we were supposed to show Madeline - show the world - what we were made of. Not... mmm... not this. My tongue circled around the lid of his crown, the flavor of his flesh driving me wild.

Not that - I let out an appreciative gasp as a bead of precum dollop beaded tantalizingly in front of me - not that I didn't love this. But as big of a thrill as it was being almost naked in front of all those hungry men (the only thing better would be to be fully naked, yum,) this wasn't why we were supposed to be here.

I should have known. After that photoshoot? After that handshake? Why was I expecting she'd have come up with something original. Don't cum. She had said. That had been only half the game.

I struggled to push that dick into my mouth, to have inside me, to fill me up. But it was like trying to swallow an apple whole. I could barely fit my jaw around it. Min was managing the best - she'd had the most practice - but we were all struggling.

I gargled and I swallowed - throat stretching as wide as I'd ever taken it. There was no room to roll my tongue around it, no room to play at it with my lips, all my prodigious skills and talents suddenly thrown into uncertainty. I was reduced to little more than a wet, choking hole, but dammit I was going to be the best choking hole I could be.

I rocked my weight into it, body shaking and swaying dramatically for the crowd as I rammed that meat down the hilt. Pussy juice drizzled down my legs, shivering and shuddering as the lack of breath sent sparks of pleasure through my body. I was tingling with need, the need to be touched, the need to be held, the need to be squeezed. So much of me was going unused.

I whimpered as he pulled free. Flutters of joy raced through my heart as he slapped me with his thick dick and wiped across my cheek a deluge of thick, frothing slobber. The music stopped and shifted, lights changing color to a soft pink as the next track started up. The song was happy, giggly and insipidly girly. I had found it such a chore at first, but at some point, I'd secretly come to love it.

In tandem, our hunks flipped the three of us over. We crawled, backs arching to better show off our tits. We were facing the crowd now, frantic, desperate.

They were singing along.

I arched my ass up like a dog as he grabbed my hips and pulled me into position. I could feel his slick, dripping cock looming over me as he stepped forward, his golf-ball sized testicles slapping against the quivering flesh of my plump ass. Firmly, he pulled out my delicate plug, the emptiness leaving me gaping. He slid the underside along my crack, drawing it down once, twice, showing me the length of it, the girth of it, making me squirm as he smeared my slobber into my sensitive rosebud before finally driving it in home.

Shit. My eyes bulged despite myself. It was my first time actually taking a cock up my ass. Dildos, fingers, plugs, vibes, other fun things, sure - anything we could get our hands on, really. But not a real cock. Oh god. It wasn't pain - I was too well trained for that - it was just a profound feeling of fullness: a blissful stretching. I pushed out with every muscle I had, clenching and unclenching, massaging around this massive intruder as it opened me up and aligned my insides like chakras.

He stopped as he bottomed out within me, his masculinity pulsing and throbbing in time with his heart, with each pump of blood through that meat. It was hot. So fucking hot. Like lava in the veins. A man's heat; a rush of blood and testosterone and adrenaline screaming at him to start pounding and to never stop. I knew it all too well, and now on the other end of it all I could do was squeeze and tempt him into action.

He did not disappoint.

There was something about having a cock up your ass that made it so hard to think. It's like half your brain gives over to some primal alarm at the animalistic wrongness of it. It becomes all you can think about, all you can focus on. I tried to swim through the rippling electric clouds storming through my mind, but every thrust, every buck, sent me reeling, sent my brain sloshing with horny chemicals as drool spilled out of my mouth. It was a hurricane of pleasure, battering at the frail walls of my self control.

In and out he pounded, long authoritative strokes. My eyes went half lidded, my focus fading as the pleasure built with every thrust. I stared out at the beaming crowd. Is this what they wanted to see? Their idol, getting split open? The wanton whore I had become? They loved it almost as much as I did. I gave them a half-lidded wink. That energy from the crowd? The knowledge that they'd be talking about and masturbating to this image for the rest of their lives? fuck I couldn't imagine anything hotter. I bucked back harder - my legs shaking as I rocked my body back and forth to meet his thrusts - I wanted it just as much as they did.

I squeezed the muscles in my ass harder, jacking him off with my ass as he pushed in and out. It wasn't just enough for him to be in me, for him to be ravishing me so eye-crossingly good, no. I needed to be tight against him, I needed to press in and grind away the space between us. I needed to immolate myself in the steel-hard inferno of his passion.

It was a rough fucking, hard and performatory. But we'd taken Madame's strap-on - I grit my teeth and shook my head - we could take this. Next to me, Min was trying so hard to stay in control, to maintain that cool and collected persona even as she came close to splitting herself open and bubbling out on the floor, even as her small bulging body - the globes of tits bouncing along the ground - threatened to break.

Her eyes kept drifting up to one of the boxes. Her family. I recognized them from the pictures she had shown me. Her father and her brothers, cheering on their little girl as she put on a show.

And oh what a show. We escalated our fucking to an art form, half improvisation, half rote memory. All those days fucking instead of practicing were finally proving their worth. We knew just how to move, just how to mewl to give the best-looking fuck possible. Our pornographic screams rolled out over the crowd in a chorus, amplified by the concert's sound systems

I clenched a fist, slamming it down into the ground as my body shuddered. The storm clouds in my head were shooting lightning now with each thrust. My eyes rolled lazily in my head. Galeforce winds battered me closer and closer to the jagged cliffs of pure unadulterated bliss. I had to be careful. Don't cum. Fuck. Don't cum. The task was herculean.

I had to fight it, but - mmf - it felt so good.

The music shifted again and the cock pulled out. I whimpered at the emptiness, but it gave my brain a chance to at least half-reassert itself. I took a breath, tried to settle myself, tried to focus, but there was no time. He dragged the pillar of his dick against my hungry vulva like a bow across the string of a cello. Even through my vibrating panties I was a quivering mess.

The three of us pulled up onto wobbly legs, balanced against those lumbering men. I rolled out my hips and stuck out my ass. With my heels I was just high enough to grind my pussy into his dick. My sex

pressed against its length: kissing, stroking, teasing. Teasing, yes, but I was the one getting teased. I don't know if I would have been able to handle it, not really, if he just shoved his fat dick in my cunt right there and then. If he held me down in his beefy arms, mounting me like an animal and rutting until my cunt overflowed with creamy jizz.

What was he waiting for? I don't know how any man in his right mind could resist. But this wasn't about his pleasure, was it? No, this was part of the game. This was him wearing me out, taking me higher, getting me so fucking horny that I'd cum at the snap of his fingers. He was as much a pawn in Madeline's game as I was.

Well it wasn't - my abs twitched - it wasn't going to work.

Stern hands and warm powerful arms reached around me, enveloping me, pulling me back against this man's impossibly huge chest. Somehow the entirety of me fit against it. His hands roved across my yielding flesh; not exploring, not teasing, but taking, pillaging - ravishing. They were rough and deep and hungry. His graceless domination left me weak, small and yielding as those powerful hands gripped at the edges of my top and effortlessly ripped it away. My tits bounced free, and the crowd lost their minds.

I gasped, boobs bare and horny before the world. The cold of the stage caused the great thumb-sized rubies of my nipples, already as strainingly hard as they could be, to ache and throb. They were as desperate for male attention as the rest of me.

They didn't have long to wait. A rough hand reached around and squeezed at one of my heavy tits, catching my nubs between his strong fingers and giving them a whole new reason to ache. I gasped and I ground my chest into him, even as hot as my flesh was, his was hotter.

I looked over at the other girls. Min was still struggling but Meiling was loving every second of it.

The three of us twerked lewdly against those dicks in time with the music, sopping pussies slopping against throbbing cocks, begging, pleading to be filled, to be taken, but denied. The fist of his cockhead drove the vibrator tighter and tighter against my crotch until I was seeing stars. I struggled to remain standing on wobbling legs, but felt safe knowing that if I fell it would be into his arms.

I was losing it.

Get it together, Miki. My head shook. Hold on. I forced a smile but the crowd could sense my apprehension.

The track changed again, and the cock withdrew from between my cheeks. It was a short-lived miracle. Song by song, a whole month of fucking suddenly made sense. The three of us switched from one lewd act to another, always whorish, always flawless, always we were perfect. Idols could ill-afford to be anything less.

I don't know how long it went on like that. We were being impaled once more, thick magnificent beasts deep in our asses, bent over and pounded from behind while we pressed up together, our rocking bodies crushed into each other as our tits smooshed together like a jiggly pyramid. Each thrust sent our

heaving tits pressing and rubbing and scraping, slippery sensitive nipples grinding for control. Soft cherry-sweet lips kissed at pre-cum-flavored tongues as we made out.

I shivered and squirmed as a pair of tongues teased open my plump dicksucking lips. The mingling of their scents, the gentleness of their soft sapphic caresses - it wasn't fair! Resisting the urge to cum as I was pounded hard and fast and unyielding was one thing, but this softness, this tender closeness, it cut right past what little resistance remained.

The heat of the stage lights mixed with my own passion as I teetered on the edge. This bliss - I wanted it so bad. I was light-headed, rocking on a tiny boat set adrift in a rocky, stormy sea of desires. I bit my lip to cut the begging edge from my whimpered moans.

The girls must have sensed my urgency. You don't spend every night licking a girl senseless and not learn her every intricacy, her every need. They pulled back, breaking the kiss. I whimpered just as hard for the loss.

Meiling smiled at me then turned to look out at the crowd. Even as she burbled out in ecstasy, even as we were put on display like some kind of market, she could pull herself together just enough to grin at us. She was having the time of her life.

It was... fuck. It was infectious. I laughed.

I'd been struggling so hard to win that I forgot all the other reasons we were here.

I smiled back, our emotion feeding off each other between slurping, sensuous kisses.

Of course I was enjoying this. Why shouldn't I be enjoying this? Was this not what we were good at? Did we not love this? Were we not proud of the way we fucked? This was what everyone was here to see.

I dove back into it with renewed vigor. Madeline thought this would be a trial? She thought she could humiliate me? She thought I'd lose control? Well I'd show her. I was going to be the best damn slut these people had ever seen. I was going to put on a show that these men would be masturbating to for the rest of their lives.

Fucking was the core of who I was! Pleasure was the air breathed. A month I'd spent bathing in it, swimming through the thick sea of sensation. She thought she could drown me in it now? I gripped my ass tighter around that good dick. He let out a low grunt. Now I had his attention.

I held back my own gasp, pressing down my pleasure, letting it wash over me but not wash me away. I thought back to all the sexual bliss this past month had brought. This? This was nothing.

I winked up at Madeline as more hunks came out onto stage, enough for each of us to have our hands full. I grabbed their cocks and started licking, and stroking, in time to the rhythmic thump of the stud drilling into my ass.

Sure, none of this was what I had wanted, what we had suffered all those late nights for, but that didn't reduce its significance. That didn't change its meaning to these girls and to these people. I wasn't going to back down.

Madeline glared back down at me. She had wanted to see me suffer, to see me humiliated and struggling. Sorry to disappoint. But then her sneer turned into a knowing little smile - like she'd seen this coming three moves previous. My blood ran cold as pointed that big remote at her phone and then at me. She fired.

I screamed.

Like crashing thunder, every nerve in my body was alive with fire - an explosion of electric sensation pounding into me with each thrust, burying my brain in an avalanche of rapture. Fuck. fuck fuck fuck. I twitched and I spasmed and I jerked. Meiling and Min turned to look at me, and it took everything I had to stop crying out long enough to gasp for breath.

Every inch of my body was screaming. It was like my every already-hypersensitive nerve had been jacked to 11. I could feel the stitches and tears in the fabric of my clothing. I could feel the heat of this man's breath, I could feel the blood surging and coursing and pulsing in every vein of his dick. And above all I could feel the aching need of my empty pussy - the hurricane of my desire had overflowed into a full blown tempest.

"Oh..." I gasped. "Fuck."

Madeline smiled.

I could feel the every thrust of the cock up my ass like a knife carving directly into my soul. New heights of pleasure burbled past, sensation blanking my brain, rewriting everything I had been. The sea of pleasure I'd been so comfortable with just moments before were now but the placid shallows of the vast oceans of this new hellish rapture.

Addicting, driving. I pushed back harder, I fucked harder, body giving over to autopilot, higher brain function shutting down completely.

And then somehow I was at the front of the stage, the hung behind me joined by what could have been his twin, just as throbbingly muscular and well hung, his equal in every way. He smelled of aftershave and cologne, but most importantly like the musky dick that was waving hypnotically in front of my face. My mouth watered.

I was so dumbstruck from the anal pounding that I didn't even realize what he wanted until it slapped me across the face. The other girls had figured it out and already gone to town, lips kissing and sucking, hands stroking across the prodigious girth of their own studs. It was as though my agency, my drive, had all vanished in the face of this bliss. I was their toy to be used.

I blew him a kiss before blowing something else entirely.

I was on my knees, hands full of dick, taking as much cock as I was able, feeling the veins and the blood like I was reading brail - memorizing every word. Each brush of skin across my lips was as good as the most vigorous pounding of my pussy. I spasmed and choking and fucking and pounding the yearning casm of my throat. I needed to be filled. More. I needed my every hole filled. More! Why were they not fucking me more!?

I spasmed as he slid and bucked within me, my body's ripples echoing and amplifying the pleasure I was receiving and returning it full force to the cocks spit roasting me. They see-sawed back and forth in time with the music. It was a song about independence and finding your place in life. I didn't even register the irony as I screamed my euphoria out around that impossibly thick meat.

The fans in the front row got an extra little treat as my sweat and slobber splashed onto them. Fists were pumping, kingblades beating. My heart twisted. Why weren't they up on stage, fucking me blind? Why didn't they have their cocks out? Big, fat hard cocks churning with sticky, horny cum. That's what I wanted them pumping, that's what I wanted them beating. I wanted the handshake all over. I wanted all those men showing me just how much they loved me.

The boat of my self-control rocked roughly in the torrent of my pleasure, waves hitting harder and faster as the music escalated. The superstorm of my passion grew with each beat, each thrust and jab.

Don't cum. Fuck. The thought barely registered. How could it? It was so anathemic to my being. You might as well ask me not to breathe, not to think, not love.

I fucked harder, screams of delight echoing out around cock, each wave bouncing me up higher and causing me to crash all the harder back down. The music was pounding now, building to a crescendo.

They grunted and gasped as I pulsed around them, alternating between swallowing with my throat and squeezing with my ass, waving, rolling and wringing, driving myself into them to get every ounce of pleasure from them. I needed it harder, I needed them to fuck me more. Couldn't they see that? Who could resist a slut like me?

The song hit it's peak as I drove us all to the edge.

The churning of their balls - that familiar twitch - was all the warning I would get. Jizz splurged through them like a fire-hose, spraying their seed inside me, the heady delicious potency of hot cum flooding my mouth like the ambrosia it was. Load after thick sticky load shooting into my throat, perfectly synchronized with the thick gooey ropes slurring so deep and so good into my ass. Yes! Fill me up! I screamed and I shook and there, at the mountain's peak, I fell over the edge and into the frothing sea of my own desire boiled over.

I came.

I shuddered and I shook and I fell screaming, body losing all sense of time or place or meaning in the face of the nuclear explosion of pleasure wiping away my every thought and feeling.

I came and I came again. And again. And again. And again. I started cumming and I didn't ever stop. My body was a beyond my control, I couldn't comprehend what I was doing, what was happening - all I knew was one screaming climax after another. I was fucking and being fucked and cumming like the hyper-orgasmic bitch whole that I had become. Song after song, man after man, cock after cock, all strung together in a blur through one eternal orgasm. One primal cry.

I panted, struggling for breath. The cheers filled in the ringing of my ears as time started up once more.

"You've lost."

Madeline.

"Oh Mikio." she put a tender hand on my cheek. "You should have run when you had the chance."

I tried to blink my vision back into functionality, but my brain was still helplessly spraying sparks. I pouted. What was happening? Why had the fucking stopped?

She stood tall before me, strong and imposing and oh-so fuckable in my old, manly body as she stood backlit between me and the crowd. She wagged the remote at me admonishingly. Her dick was long and hard and so much bigger than I remembered. I couldn't suppress a goofy grin - that cock put all the rest to shame.

I chewed on my soft lips. Aftershocks of orgasm were still sending shivers of scintillating sensation through my body. I looked over at Min and Meiling. They were in the same situation, barely standing, thick cum leaking from their holes. Fuck. I wanted to run over and lick it all out of Meiling's huge juicy butt, but no... No. I had to focus.

"You're-" I swallowed. "You're right. I lost."

It was hard to speak. Hard to orient myself.

"And now," she grinned as she took in the three of us, fucked into senselessness. Defeated. "The real fun begins."

"No! Please." I whimpered. "You- you can have me. Just... just change them back. They don't deserve to suffer."

"Aw, what's the matter, Miki?" her voice was thick and lurid. She was savoring the moment. "You don't like them as slutty perverts? Afraid they're going to steal all the attention? Would you rather I turn them back into innocent little flowers? Maybe let them see everything that's happened? Everything they've done? How do you think they're going to feel about that? Hmm?"

She held out the remote and pointed it at the two of them. A vision of the two screaming in horror flashed before my eyes, at the perversion their lives had become, at the corrupted, warped pornographic bodies being displayed before a crowd of their fans. It was more than humiliation - it was abject horror.

"Wait!"

Madeline laughed.

"Oh Miki. Don't you get it? When this is over It's going to get a whole lot worse. I'm going to do unspeakable things to them. I'll drip such filth into their brains that it'll soak into every crack of their brains, pervade every aspect of their life. I'll have them begging for that humiliation."

"No!" I somehow managed to find the strength to resist. "You can't!"

"Oh?" She took a step towards me. Her eyes scanned my body, drinking me in and daring me to do something about it, daring my weak, girly form to fight back. "Give me one good reason."

"Because." I took a submissive half-step forward, dainty, delicate, demure. "It's me you want, isn't it? Wasn't that what you said? You wanted to see me be a whining, moaning slut?" I leant low to give her a better view of my swinging, jizz-dripped tits, a hand snaked sensuously down my body before spreading my swollen labia invitingly.

"You see?" She laughed. "You really are nothing more than a creature of your desires." She grabbed her cock as it swayed in the air between us. "Is this what you want Miki?"

"Please." I begged.

"Good girl." Her lips curled.

She advanced firmly, the girth of her dick pressing against my pussy like a fist. A fresh shiver took me as she pressed her mass against the live wire of my newly hypersensitive clit. She pressed in forward, my cunt stretching around that massive girth. A sense of deja-vu washed over me. This thing - this ridiculous monster dick - was every bit as big as that dildo at the photoshoot.

Somehow, despite everything, this was the first time I'd had a real cock inside my pussy. Oh god. It was... Fuck. It was everything I had dreamed it could be. It was hot and it was hard and it stretched me to my limits. My eyes rolled over into the back of my head and babble spilled from my lips as my brain melted into a pool of endorphins. I couldn't move, couldn't react, all higher functions shutting back down as she pressed further in, pushing me down deeper and deeper onto her dick like she was rolling on a condom.

"This is just the beginning, Mik Mik." She bottomed out, the tip of her cock stopping just shy of my cervix. She filled me up completely, stretching me exactly to my limit. We were two long-lost puzzle pieces, we were a perfect fit. Tears ran down my face. For the first time in my life I was complete. "I'm going to subject the three of you to the most depraved things I can think of. And trust me, I can be most creative."

I mewled incoherently.

"You won't remember it any other way, of course. You'll be just another dumb whore in the idol industry. You were right though, Mikio. It did have to be you. But now?" She grunted as she began thrusting. "Now you're mine for me to do with as I please. For me to use and abuse and discard," - her fucking grew rougher, - "just like you treated me!"

I shook my head with all the defiance I could muster, but my body wasn't my own, not anymore.

"Say it." She withdrew the oaken log of her cock, holding it so that the head throbbed impatiently at the entrance to my cave. I gasped in surprise. "Say you're mine."

"N-never."

“Say it, and all this-” she thrust forward one tantalizing inch - “will be yours.”

My eyes scanned the stage, my brain desperately looking for a solution, but all it could focus on was that miracle dick threatening to not split me in two. Meiling and Min, the cheering of the crowd, the idea of a life where I didn't have this thing inside me... it all seemed so distant, so unimportant.

“I- 'm sorry.” My eyes closed as I turned from the girls back to Madeline.

“What was that?”

“I-I said shut up and fuck me!”

“Good girl!” She laughed as she slammed into me, stars exploding through my body as every pulse of blood that thrummed through her veins stretched me all the wider. “You know I've been saving this for you? You have no idea how long I've been waiting for this.”

All of the erotic thrills I had endured had nothing on this. Those were flash in the pan, loads of masturbation and fucking for show. Even the orgasms just now had been performative - those hung studs fucking to the beat. This... this was primal and raw and real.

I succumbed to her frenzied pace, to her grunts and her groans, to her strong muscular arms doing with me as they would. This was a man's fucking. Using me, abusing me. She didn't care about my pleasure, except to tease me with her power and her authority. She wanted me gasping and screaming and squirming and - fuck me - I wouldn't have it any other way. Ancient instincts screamed at me to breed and spawn and fuck and rut this perfect beautiful cock forever and ever and ever. God help me, I could feel myself falling in love.

Her body slammed into my raging clit every time she bottomed out, air forced from my lungs in stilted rapturous screaming. The build was fast and hot and I humped back, legs wrapping around her back and pulling her closer, hips pressing into hips, bodies intertwined. It was fucking in its purest form.

Higher and hotter and faster, I was cumming with every stroke and still it built, still she could fuck me harder. “More!” I screamed “More!” she indulged. My body shook, my eyes rolled up into the back of my head. My tongue lolled loosely from my mouth, drool and juice pooling under me like the happy little fuck-beast I was.

Her grunting intensified alongside her pace, muscles flexing, tensing. There was no patience, no holding back, no worrying about how fast the inferno-hot blaze of my pussy was bringing her to her own climax. She didn't need to. My pleasure was secondary, even as every thrust sent me tumbling in the blinding light of sheer bliss.

Her dick pulsed and her balls tightened, she came fast and she came hard, a staccato of stabbing thrusts as she erupted a geyser of semen directly into my cervix, flooding my ripe, animalistic uterus with her potent yummy cum. My legs gripped tighter, pulling her as deep as I was able. Oh god, I'd never felt so full. I wanted to stay in that moment forever and never let go. I wanted to overflow with her hot sticky babies.

She pulled out. My hands reached down to catch the dripping cum as it drooled down my leg a waterfall, to rub it back into my quivering pussy. Even just touching it - smelling it - sent my skin atingle with pleasure.

“Good... slut.” she laughed between heavy breaths.

She stumbled back then pointed the remote at her dick and pressed a button. In the blink of an eye it had changed - replaced by one of the other monsters on stage. I could see the rapidly deflating thing it had been pounding ineffectively at Meiling’s ass. This new cock was smaller, sure, but oh-so-twitchingly ready to go.

“Now, round 2, bitch.”

I don’t know if the whimper that fell from my lips was in delight or horror. I don’t think she cared. How long could she go? Chain after chain of cocks - a parade of sex that never needed to end. Oh god, I wanted it so badly. I wanted to feel every dick here inside me.

Her cum squelched as this new dick drove headlong into me, filling me up once more. She spun me around on it, forcing me to face the screaming crowd as she lifted me up with her dick, holding me in the air by the thighs. It was a power move. She had absolute control. I wouldn’t have it any other way.

My pleasure somehow climbed higher and higher as again she laid in to me, hot and hard and unyielding. I lost all sense of where I ended and where she began. I was her toy, her fucksleeve, her jizz dump, and I loved every second of it. There was no going back. How could I ever be a man again after this? After I’d fulfilled so wholly my every slutty female purpose, after I’d cemented my slutty girly soul?

Song after song, orgasm after orgasm, a thousand humiliating positions. She came again and again, swapping out her dick each time, filing me up each time with something new and virile. I leaked with every thrust, a frothy mix of hot potent baby batter running down my body - a promise of my life to come.

And then I hit my peak.

Time and space opened up before me as the stars in my eyes exploded into galaxies. Every neuron in my brain was rewritten to make room for it. No, my brain wasn’t nearly big enough - my soul, my reality, every fibre of my metaphorical being, changed forever. How could I have ever wanted anything besides this?

The ship of my control had long sunk in the frothing ocean of pleasure and that ocean had flooded the world, and now that world was spiraling into the screaming infinite void of my orgasm.

Time had no meaning. How could it in the face of such pleasure? There was only an endless series of climaxes playing through me like the harp of the cosmos. Now, forever. There was only fucking. I had become one with the universe.

“You know what?” She pulled out, cum splashing on my tits. Sweat-slick and panting, she stumbled back. “I think I rather enjoy being a man.” She looked over at the other girls, still putting on a show for the fans. “What’s say we get your little friends in on this, hmm?”

"You..." I could barely register the words as they came out of my mouth in gasping screams. "You keep your hands off of them."

"Oh Miki." she laughed and waggled the remote in front. "What are you going to do to stop me?"

I don't know how I managed it. I don't know where I found the strength to pull myself away from that nirvana, but all of those late nights of dancing and fucking had given me a reserve of energy - of willpower - that surprised even me. I moved without even thinking.

I lunged.

She had the advantage on strength and weight, but my heavy tits counted for something. She stumbled back, but she didn't fall. The crowd gasped and the security team started to rush onto the stage. This was not a part of the show. She grabbed me by the wrist and twisted. I tried to resist, tried to struggle, but I couldn't get the upper hand.

"Oh, you dumb bitch." The mirth was gone from her voice. "Do you have any idea how much harder you've just made this for yourself?"

"You want to be a man so bad?" I spat - one last scrap of defiance. "Enjoy!"

My high-heeled foot slammed down hard into her heavy, cum-filled balls. She keeled over and fell back as I pushed myself out of her grip. The remote flew out of her hand. I dove for it, but her grip was still pulling me back. Somehow, she pushed through the pain to dive for it as well, but I shoved my whole weight into her, pushing her off balance. She tumbled off the stage and into the shocked crowd.

I still remember every detail of that moment perfectly. Time stopped as the remote slammed to the ground, as it broke in half with a sickening crack, taking all of my hope with it.

A silent explosion erupted out from it like a hurricane of intangible wind, washing outwards into the crowd. Wherever the wind touched, features shifted and moved, a tidal wave of strangeness that left behind a jumbled mess.

Heads were on the wrong bodies, and bodies lay mismatched and swapped around. In front of me, a pair in the front row that had come as a couple had swapped sexes, behind them a tall guy looming over from the second row was now struggling to see the stage - his delicate feminine legs still not giving him height despite the heels he wore. A petite woman in the front now bore all the musculature of one of our hunky stagehands.

In the balconies, I saw a trio of giggling girls - one now had a beard and hairy arms, the other had a shortcut military haircut and a broad masculine chest, and the last was completely bald. They all sported raging erections poking out from under their skirts.

Oh god, they - they were the lucky ones. They were still recognizable. Some had been reduced to a scrambled pile of the features of strangers, mismatched limbs and eyes and sexual characteristics. Many of them bore a sudden look of confusion - I shuddered to think what it was doing to their minds.

I looked up too where Min's family was sat. Tits burst at the seams from the boulder-like tits her father and brothers now sported. Somehow they made even Min's exaggerated monsters look subtle, shown off as they were in the outfits that had a moment ago been displayed on us in the poster next to them.

My heart froze. What the hell had I unleashed?

I expected screaming.

I expected panic.

Instead they all gawked with baited breath.

They were as oblivious to their own condition as they were to mine.

I fell back, horrified. I looked down at my body, terrified of what I might see, but my breasts still heaved, and my tingling pussy was still dripping with cum. Meiling and Min and all the dancers seemed to have survived unscathed as well. It had traveled outward from the stage, leaving us all mercifully whole.

Madeline rose up from the crowd. Her head - what had once been my head - now on the body of some rotund grotesquery of a man.

"Do you have any idea what you've done!?" Her voice was a furious scream. She was done playing around. She struggled to climb up onto the stage, rushing over to retrieve her shattered remote. Her body was weak and heavy and she seemed horrified of what she had become.

"Madeline I-" I stumbled back.

"No!" she fell to her knees before the electronic wreckage, scooping it into her hands as she pressed feebly at the surviving buttons.

"Madeline! It's over."

"No! It can't end like this!" her breath was ragged and terrified. "You..." she turned to me. "You'll pay for this!"

She leapt to her feet and charged towards me, her corpulent girth like a charging rhino's even as tears streamed down her face. I stumbled back, trying to get out of her way, but it was no use.

She leapt, thick hands moments from my neck when the security guards tackled her to the ground. She screamed in impotent protest.

The crowd held their breath as she was dragged away, shards of the remote still in her hand.

That was the last time I ever saw her.

I turned shakily to look at the other girls. Whatever power Madeline had possessed was gone, but it's results still lingered. The three of us were still sluts. I was still a girl. My heart pounded. How... how were we going to live like this? What were we going to do?

“Come on, everybody!” Meiling cheered, both to us and to the crowd. “It’s time for the finale!”

We rallied.

Still sluts, yes, but now at least we were in control of our own destinies.

What were we going to do?

I licked my lips.

We were going to give them the best damn show they’d ever seen.

-= Epilogue =-

“Hello everybody!” the announcer crowed. “Welcome back! As promised on the top of the show we are here with my favorite band - the Love Hearts Trio! That’s right, they’re here to tell us all about their upcoming mystery-romance!”

That was all five years ago. Its amazing how much things change - how quickly a person can adapt.

The three of us sat now in front of the camera, Min’s tits sat hoisted up on the table. We were promoting our big role in an upcoming movie alongside Mia Michaelson. It wasn’t our first time on the talkshow circuit, but that didn’t make it any less important.

Hell, this one was easy. We were riding high after running into Melody backstage - she’d finally made the transition to TV like she had always wanted. She was showing off pictures of her kids.

Somehow the interview had turned to talk about the old concert, and how it had been that huge break for us. We laughed. They asked us if we still remembered the old choreo - if we’d want to demonstrate. Mmm... of course.

That old familiar music started to play. I giggled as we skipped over to the steel-jawed grips standing just off-stage. We’d been teasing these boys before we had gone to camera, so I was glad I was going to get to see more of them. Right on cue, the three of us fell to our knees and crawled over to their cocks, hips wiggling, pussies dripping nostalgically.

One of the hosts laughed. She was talking about how popular our dance moves had become, how there had been a time when everybody was doing them. I giggled around the cock in my mouth as she unzipped her cohost’s pants and started to dance along.

I had never been able to undo any of the changes Madeline had made, never been able to find out the source of her power or how to fix it. I never heard from Madeline again, though I’d be lying if I said I hadn’t looked. I liked to think that wherever she was, she eventually overcame her darkness, that she finally got the chance to escape her past once and for all, and that she took advantage of it.

We had never forgiven each other, but we still had each other's hearts. In a way wasn’t that what she wanted?

So yes, still a girl. And yes, still a slut, - oh god was I ever, - even if nobody seemed to mind it, but I was a slut now on my own terms. I had become the author of my own story.

I pulled off the cock with a dramatic pop and stuck my tongue out so everybody could see it swirl around and flick at his sensitive corona. I was smiling. I’d forgotten how fun this could be. I joined Min and Meiling in a chorus of well-practiced moans.

With Madeline gone, her life - my old life - had fallen into the hands of the fan whos body she had ended up with. He didn’t even realize. He thought he had always been me. He wasn’t me, of course - he was a complete pushover - but his heart was in the right place. With a bit of nudging on my part, the company was able to recover, even if the scars from Madeline’s time there still ached.

And, hey, there were some advantages to having a boss that was a big fan of our work. Without Madeline looming large over our destinies, we were able to enact some agency over our careers. The concert had been a huge success, and between our new boss' eagerness to help and my own understanding of the industry, we were able to give the Love Hearts Trio the opportunities we needed to earn a place at the top.

Now, you couldn't go anywhere without hearing our songs. It was all so overwhelming.

Not that - mmm - not that I wasn't used to being overwhelmed. I gasped as the grip's cock plunged into the well-trained depths of my ass from behind. My back, arched, dug into the ground, mashing my exposed tits against the cold ground. My eyes rolled up into the back of my head as that deliciously familiar wash of pure horny sensation rocked through me in time to this stud's eager hips. Fuck, this never got old.

I think a part of me felt I owed it to the girls. I don't think I ever got over the fact that I had let them down - that I'd never been able to turn them back. They were still nymphomaniacal porno-parodies of idol sluts and not a day went by that I wasn't reminded it was my fault.

That's why I was going to do everything I could to make it up to them. We were in this together. So I was going to be there when Min visited her fucked up family, I was going to be there laughing on stage next to Meiling even when this was the sort of show we put on. I'd be there even when they didn't know how bad things were.

And then, on those cold nights when I woke up in a hot sweat, they were there for me too. They were there when the darkness rose anew in my heart. They were there when all the madness of my life was too much.

These girls were the world to me. Putting them on top was the least I could do.

I swirled my tongue around Meiling's as we pressed into Min's mouth. She had a weak spot on the underside of her tongue that always left her melting and the two of us were competing to see who could get to it first.

Somehow, our lives had become strangely normal. Oh, we were still turbo-horny bitches, and yeah, we looked and acted the part, but now we were proper idols. No more blowjob handshakes, no more live-sex concerts. All that had been this one surreal moment early in our careers.

The merch from that period had been... weird.

Sometimes I find myself missing it, but there would always be occasions - like right now, for instance - when it would all come flooding back.

And you know what? Somehow, in the end, I was happier as an idol than I'd ever been as a man.

I held hands with the girls as we bounced on those great big dicks. We were together through thick and through thin - though preferably thick and veiny.

The song rushed headlong towards the climax and so did I, bouncing, thrusting, digging in and squeezing. Our three hands clutched so tight, tongues gone from licking and kissing to lolling in the rapidly building freight train of pleasure. I locked eyes with the camera, the sheer fuckability on my face a testament to years of experience. My heart pounded, body somehow flushing all the harder at the thought of all those fans at home seeing me cum my brains out for them.

With a grunt and one final litany of deep thrusts, the cock in my ass surged and unloaded inside of me, filling me with that potent boiling cum that I loved so much, his passion and lust loud and clear even over the roar of my own orgasm. I screamed and I mewled and I bucked, body-quaking tremors of rapture sending me shaking, back arching, tits swaying.

With my last coherent thought, I flashed the camera the double peace signs as it zoomed in on my trademark ahgao, tongue lolling and eyes rolling - showing all the world how much I wanted big meaty cock pounding my slutty celebrity ass.

The song ended. I had never been happier.

God, I loved being an idol.

The End.