

## **Becoming Useful - Part Two** by Cowkites

If Lana had any smarts left she might have been outraged by the sudden realization that she had been tricked. That this entire time, she and Ryan had been used as payment so that Cassandra might augment herself and become part of the elite group in charge here. Lana instead found herself dripping wet as she said her new name over and over in her mind, looking from cock to cock. She couldn't wait to do her name justice.

Ryan looked over the collared slaves in the room. Many were bimbos like Lana, and many were in various stages of sissification. Some men had retained their masculine appearance and were instead humiliated in other ways or were dressed as babies or little girls. Some women had been diapered and were drooling in the laps of their big dicked owners. Others had been put in a cage of sorts in the corner of the room and were fucking one another to their hearts' content. Women and sissies wearing cages and chastity belts underneath short skirted maid outfits walked the room offering food, drinks, and their holes to be fucked. Ryan was astounded and horribly aroused, worried that he might cum at any moment.

Eventually the three stopped in front of a few of the women. Ryan noticed that Lana looked down at her feet as they approached and found himself compelled to follow suit.

"Well if it isn't our newest member, Cassandra. Are these the two sweets you promised us? Tell me love, what are their names?"

"The blonde bimbo to my left is Cumdump and her sissy ex-boyfriend is Cockslut. Say hello girls."

"Hello mistress." Answering so quickly and in unison like that continued to push Ryan further. He could feel himself beginning to leak precum into his panties. Despite how small his cock had shrunk, it still managed to cause a small yet noticeable bump as it reached its full length in his panties.

"Looks like the poor sissy can barely contain himself. Tell me Cockslut, do you like your name? Do you want to show how well it describes you?"

The sudden attention heaped upon him by the nearby women pushed Ryan over the edge. He gasped before he could answer, stammering as his pathetic cock began to spasm in his panties, "Y-yes m-mistresssss."

Laughing at his display, the tall blonde in charge bent down to his eye level and reached forward to lift his skirt. Ryan stared at her large, DD-cup breasts and swollen cock as she gripped his penis through the fabric. Moaning like a girl, Ryan ejaculated into his panties. He could feel his cock twitching with each shot of cum hitting the fabric of his panties and dripping

down his shaft. He watched as his semen dribbled through the fabric and into the waiting hand of the headmistress as Cassandra and the rest of her friends laughed at his pathetic display.

“That’s quite the load there Cocks slut. Did me merely mentioning your use as a group fucktoy really do that to you? Tell you what slut, you get on your knees, beg and lick my hand clean and I’ll let you and that bimbo that dumped you be the stars of the show; how does that sound?”

Without a moment’s hesitation, Cassandra kicked the back of his knee putting Ryan on all fours. Looking up at the headmistress, Ryan found himself staring yet again at her cock as it stretched the fabric of her tights, “Does seeing a cock make you an idiot? Beg slut or no treat.”

“P-please mistress. Pretty please let me clean my mess. I’m begging for you to use me as you see fit.” With that the headmistress, stuffed her fingers in his mouth and called to the women next to her as Ryan dutifully cleaned his sweet tasting cum off her fingers, “Grab Cumdump and clear a space in the center of the room. These two have so gracefully begged to be public fucktoys for the evening. I think it’d be rude to deny a request from such an obedient sissy.”

Ryan watched as Lana was dragged happily toward the center of the room. Many of the well-endowed women left their collared charges and headed to what would be the night’s entertainment. Licking the last bit of his semen off his fingers, Ryan was pulled up abruptly and dragged after Lana. As he stumbled forward on his heels, Ryan could feel the number of hungry eyes on him growing rapidly. Many of the gorgeous women had already been erect before and others had grown aroused at the sight of Lana being stripped and positioned on her back on the floor. Ryan watched as Lana began to grow hot at the sight of all the cocks being pulled out around her, popping free of their skirts and thongs and growing harder by the second. Her nipples grew erect and her already wet pussy began to drip in anticipation. Her eyes wandered to Ryan and she watched as some of the dickgirls began to strip the tight clothing from his skin. Upon seeing his sticky panties, they decided to leave him in them and ridiculed his tiny cock as they pushed him to the floor next to Lana.

“Oh my god, Cassandra’s only been working on him for a week and look what he’s become!”, someone teased.

“The way he’s going he’ll probably end up looking like more of a bimbo than Cumdump.”, another woman called out.

“That tiny cock of his has already ruined those pretty panties. I heard he was ready to get fucked the moment he walked in here.”

“Let’s see how much of a Cocks slut he is.”

With that the women converged on the two. Lana lifted her ass in anticipation, practically screaming in pleasure as the first cocks entered her pussy and ass. Her eyes watered as two

massive cocks pushed their way into her mouth. Unable to do much else, Lana did her best to jerk off those others that waited their turn for a go at one of her holes. Many simply masturbated around her, knowing full well that they would have plenty of time to coat the slut in cum and get a go at her.

Ryan found himself in a similar position, only the women forcing their way into his ass and mouth had a fondness for degrading their sissies. Many laughed at his pathetic cock, making a game of comparing their massive members to his own tiny dick before beginning to jerk off above him. It wasn't long before the taste of precum began to fill his mouth, then the erotic feeling of the massive head of the blonde above him beginning to convulse and shoot its load down the back of his throat. She hadn't backed out for a second before two more cocks replaced her, eagerly face-fucking the poor sissy until semen began to drip from his mouth and nose. His ass already felt full from the amount of cum that had been forced in, each cock that followed pushing out more into the seat of his panties as they fucked him. Ryan could feel himself cumming again and again each time women 'awwed' and cooed at his pathetic display. When no more cum would come from his own cock, the women not currently plowing him decided to 'help' and jerk off on his panties. By the end of his first hour, Ryan had become so covered in their semen that he could barely feel the cold of the room. So much of their hot loads continued to coat him, that none but some in his hair had time to dry. As some grew bored with their normal play, they began to flip Ryan over, spanking him and forcing him to beg for more cock. Which he did without question.

By the time the meeting had come to a close, Lana and Ryan both had become effectively stuck to the floor by the semen coating them. If they had not been broken in before, they were now. Many of the dickgirls had already gone home, some taking their slaves with them. Others leaving them leashed where they lay. Ryan and Lana were allowed the good fortune of being dragged from their near comatose state on the floor to a nearby room where they were gagged and restrained to the wall.

Cassandra stood next to the headmistress as they looked them both over, "When will I be able to get them back? I worked hard on turning them into the dumb sluts they are now."

"And I praised you for that Cassandra, but in all the commotion earlier tonight I didn't get a chance to get my own fun in. Your work will not be ruined by me, trust me. You'll get them back after the weekend is over. Now leave." Looking annoyed, and showing an expression of actual concern for her two pets, Cassandra turned and left in a huff, leaving her two playthings in the hands of her mysterious head mistress.

With the door closed and locked behind her, the headmistress pulled her cock free of her panties and began to stroke it slowly, "You two are absolutely the pick of the litter. If you have any hope of returning to your normal lives, I'd leave them behind. You answer to my cock now." Almost out of habit Cocksut and Cumdump opened their mouth. Together they pleased the headmistress's cock late into the night, thoughts of their bimbofication intensifying with each

load. Soon they'd forget entirely about what it was like to be their old selves and learn to embrace their new cum filled lives.

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Over the past week, Ryan had grown used to the color pink. Bed sheets, panties, dresses, lip gloss, dildos; everything he was allowed to touch, use, or have was a bright neon pink. Now that he was their bimbo sissy slut, he was becoming used to things he had never thought he'd even experience; foremost among them, being his new name: 'Cockslut'.

Ryan had been a man at one point, a wimp and sissy bitch for a brief period; but now, he was more Cockslut than Ryan in his own mind. It had become difficult to not bring Cockslut's own valleygirl-esque inflection into his thoughts; the very voice that he had been trained to beg for cock with and had spread to the rest of his speech. Which was fitting really, given how dumb Ryan had become. It seemed that with each hot load shot into his ass or mouth, Ryan lost some of his intelligence.

Already Ryan answered eagerly to Cockslut whenever a cock was stuffed inside of him. The feeling of being pinned down and used was like none other to Ryan's body and it drove him to stupidity, which his captors loved. It was so hard for Ryan to think when he was horny; the only thing that seemed prevalent in his mind was his own now perfectly feminine voice moaning and begging for sex. With Ryan horny nearly constantly, thinking had become nearly impossible. Even now, Ryan laid on his stomach in the pink bed he had been provided by the club, his miniscule cock stretched against the silken fabric of his pink frilled panties. It was so difficult for Ryan to not begin to move his now wide hips against the embarrassing princess sheets of his bed. Grinding his pathetic cock against the mattress, and stimulating his head as he perked his own ass in the air, wishing that someone would take advantage of his vulnerability and short skirt. His nipples had grown hard which was a clearly noticeable thing as bras weren't allowed unless by request of his current sexual partner. Ryan's nipples had grown large with his breasts, and much like his ass, the mockery of a schoolgirl uniform he wore could barely contain it all.

With his head nearly buried in the fluffy pillow before him, Ryan could see Lana in her own 'bed' across the room. On her back in a steel dog cage, Lana's wrists and ankles had been restrained to the bars on either side of her. Her mouth was forced open by an o-ring gag and she was stark naked save for the collar around her neck. The collar's tag read the only name Lana or Ryan could remember for her: Cumdump; not that either of them could read anymore in their stupor.

Ryan oftentimes felt jealous, of Lana's treatment and the sheer amount of cock she got on the daily basis. The headmistress had made it abundantly clear that she favored her 'little sissy Cockslut' and even went so far to revoke ownership from Cassandra; a decision Cassandra was far from happy about. What this meant for Ryan was that he had been made exclusive to the headmistress; an act she was certain would drive Ryan insane with lust. Teasing Ryan had become a favorite pastime of hers, and not a day would go by without Ryan begging for an

orgasm in her lap as his pathetic cock was milked of its load.

After his first week spent on his hands and knees pleasuring cock, Ryan had gotten used to it; he learned to crave and beg for it, and now it was almost completely forbidden to him. There hadn't been a single night in recent memory that didn't involve Ryan sucking on the headmistress' balls as she and the rest of the senior members jerked off over Lana. The women in charge of him would make games of his impossibly horny state. They would rip his frilled panties down to his knees, and rub their throbbing cocks against his asshole as he begged to be fucked. Ryan would oftentimes be allowed to kiss their cocks, but nothing more; usually finding himself being punished for trying to take their heads past his lips.

If not already distracted by his own enormous lack of intelligence, Ryan had gotten used to becoming absorbed in his own sexual fantasies and thoughts; alas, this brought him no pleasure beyond the sensitivity of his cock head against whatever he humped. Cumming without another cock to play with had become impossible for the sissy Cockslut Ryan had become.

Ryan re-positioned himself, placing one of his pillows between his legs and raising his ass in the air. His miniscule cock hardened in anticipation to something he couldn't understand and he found his now effeminate fingers clutching at the cotton of the sheets before him.

Emily waited just outside the cell door. From the one-way mirror positioned at eye-level she could see her prizes waiting for her, breathless. Becoming headmistress of their little club gave her benefits she could have never foreseen; Lana and Ryan being two of them. The club had grown by word of mouth over the last couple months under Emily's leadership, gaining new members and, with them, new slaves like the two before her. Cassandra had been cross when she took the two from her, but that only made disciplining her all the sweeter.

Unlike the previous club headmistresses, Emily took pride in her slutty nature. Just because she lorded over people didn't mean she couldn't enjoy the carnal pleasures and lust like the rest. Just seeing her pets in their cell made her hard. She could feel her massive foot-long cock stretching the silken fabric of her black lace panties as it grew to its full size. Looking down she could see it becoming terribly apparent underneath her tight red mini-skirt. Pressing herself against the cool metal of the cell door, Emily grinned at the sight of her sissy humping his pillow. Hormones exuded from both the sub and the dom during the transformation process; Emily and Ryan were both outliers in this aspect.

From the moment Ryan stepped into the club building he had become overwhelmed with hormonal influence. It was a process that rendered many of their slaves practically helpless, docile, and malleable. For Emily, her weekend alone with Ryan and Lana had almost left her helpless herself. She had become so enthralled with fucking them, that she could barely think to do anything else. Emily had wondered if anyone else had felt similarly but kept both the thought and Ryan to herself to avoid complication. Lana, while intoxicating in her own right, had proven

to be a fan favorite of the club without any negative side effects. As such, Emily kept them imprisoned together; to see how the differences in their treatment might drive them wild.

“Headmistress?”

Emily turned her head slightly, keeping her raging erection hidden against the cool metal of the door. Cassandra stood before her, her eyes downcast.

“Yes, bitch?”

Cassandra flinched at Emily’s sharp tone, an act that seemed more manufactured than instinctual; Emily knew to keep her eye on Cassandra even after her public humiliation. Cassandra hadn’t taken Emily’s acquiring of her slaves too well; going so far as to try and dominate Emily in front of several of the senior members. It had been a quick engagement. First words, then a physical struggle. Cassandra had a strength and flexibility about her, but Emily was headmistress for a reason. In a matter of moments Cassandra had been pinned, stripped, and collared to a nearby wall. She had been used for the rest of the day, before Emily had allowed her to come crawl to her and apologize.

“The meeting is starting. The other girls are excited to see Lana and Ryan aga-”

Cassandra wore next to nothing save a thong and a lace choker; an additional punishment heaped upon her by her headmistress. Turning her body to face Cassandra directly, Emily grabbed her by the nipple and pinched. The nearly naked girl hissed in pain and, although trying her best to hide it, a degree of pleasure.

“When you speak to me you use the word headmistress in every sentence, understand? And their names are Cocks slut and Cumdump. Or are you too thick to remember that? Maybe I need to give you a new name too? Maybe then you’ll remember.”

Emily watched Cassandra bite her lip, her eyes darting down and then away as she mumbled her apology. Easing up on her nipple, Emily cupped the breast in her palm. Running her thumb over Cassandra’s stiff nipple she found herself remembering her own arousal, “Cassandra, there’s something you need to attend to before I’ll let you run back to the rest of the girls...”

Showing neither affection nor annoyance, Cassandra dropped to her knees and pressed her face to Emily’s crotch. She pressed her bright red lips to the fabric as she tugged it down with hands. Emily watched in delight as Cassandra’s long pink nails dragged along the lace of her panties, pulling it down and freeing Emily’s throbbing cock from its silken prison. With both her hands occupied with Emily’s balls and lower shaft, Cassandra brought her lips to the swollen head and ran her tongue along the tip.

Despite Cassandra’s recent disdain for her headmistress, merely tasting the dominant woman’s

precum, hardened her thoughts to anything other than sex. She could feel her thong move to the side as her cock stiffened and swung free of the flimsy fabric. Bringing her lips around Emily's cock head, Cassandra began to bob; her eyes raising to finally meet Emily's in a small but required act of degradation. Thoughts of Ryan and Lana exited her mind as she focused on the bittersweet taste of her headmistress's shaft.

Cassandra's eyes began to fog over, acquiring a glazed look to them that alerted Emily to her lesser's almost trance like state. Turning her head back to her pets, Emily calmly looked back in at Ryan fitfully humping and staring at Lana from his bed. With her hand wrapped firmly in the hairs of Cassandra's head, Emily occasionally thrust into the horny girl. Only the sounds of Emily's wet cock and Cassandra's moans sounded in the room.

Feeling something wet on her foot, Emily looked down to see cum dripping from Cassandra's cock to the ground around her toes. Feeling hardly closer than before, Emily released Cassandra from her crotch and allowed her to fall to the side, as she returned to her inspection of her prizes.

"Tell the other girls that they'll have their other playmate."

Cassandra, wiped her hand across her mouth; confusion apparent on her face. "Just Lana?" Emily smiled as she turned back to Cassandra. Leaning down that she might smell the excitement drying on Cassandra's stomach, "No, just you." Cassandra made to stand, a look of annoyance clear on her face.

"Stay down, you know they prefer their treats to come crawling in; you always did." Her anger palpable, Cassandra turned on her knees and crawled back down the hallway from whence she came. Emily took a moment to admire her backside as she did; one of the few features Cassandra sported that still excited Emily amidst her sea of sexual partners.

Pressing himself further into the bed, Ryan positioned his cock into a crease in the pillowcase. The stimulation to his head was unbearable without any release; any release that only another cock stuffing him could provide. He continued to grind, watching Lana's legs twitch in her fitful sleep. Clamps affixed to her nipples moved ever so slightly, in time to her breathing. The bottom of the cage was damp around her crotch and ass, the sound of moist flesh on plastic sounding with each movement of her hips.

Other than the sounds of Lana sleeping in her cage and Ryan's petulant moans over his pillow, the room was quiet. A quiet that was quickly dispelled as the locking mechanism on the door began to bang. In a quick series of loud metallic clicks, the door swung open and in walked their headmistress.

"Girls, you're being moved on account of good behavior. Cockslut, sweetheart, wait on your knees by the door while I free your bimbo ex from her restraints."

Ryan found himself just as aroused at the prospect of waiting obediently on his knees by the door as he did anything else that had happened over the course of the past few days. Maybe if he proved obedient and depraved enough, they might just let him get fucked senseless like Lana. He watched from across the room as Lana was pulled free of her cage, the restraints on her wrists and ankles having been released from the cage and reattached to her; Lana was reduced to wobbling behind Emily with each step, her arms bound behind her, still drooling around her gag as her feet desperately tried to keep balance with the little room the restraints allowed.

With a snap of Emily's fingers, Lana positioned herself directly next to Ryan and fell to her knees. Her tongue traced the metal of the gag as she stared helplessly at the bulge in Emily's skirt, an act that Ryan too had fallen into.

Emily smiled as she turned back to the closet behind her, never had she had such obedient and willing slaves. It pleased her to see one fucked senseless almost constantly and another deprived both equally so desperate for her cock. Opening the double doors, she pulled out a matching ring-gag and restraints for Ryan; she figured she could let him have a little fun.

Emily watched Ryan's tiny penis bob up and down in uncontained excitement as she approached with the gag. She marveled at just how feminine the sissy had become. Having only seen pictures of his old masculine form, Emily felt all the more aroused to see just how far her obedient pet had lowered themselves. Positioning the gag in the willing slut's mouth, she could see the old Ryan's features and grew terribly turned on at just how minuscule it was in comparison to the overall femininity.

Any self-respecting man Emily had ever met would never want to be caught dead even wearing the things Ryan sported now. With his plump, pink lips; rosy cheeks; curvy frame; and airhead attitude, no one would ever mistake Ryan for a real man again. That was what turned on Emily most; that and how despite all this, Ryan was looking at her cock as if it might grant him a wish.

She teased him as she restrained his wrists and ankles, 'accidentally' positioning herself so that her cock might stretch against her panties and push itself against the bare skin of his lower back. Emily could feel Ryan shiver with delight as she placed her hands on his back and lowered him to his hands and knees.

Ever so slightly, she gripped Ryan by the hips and pressed her cock up against Ryan's asshole. Despite the fabric of their panties and skirts between them, with one thrust Ryan's upper body lowered to the floor as he gasped. Grabbing his nub of a cock, Emily could feel the cum still pumping from the twitching member seconds after she had thrust and applied the restraints to his ankles.

"Someone had some pent up energy!" Gripping Ryan's cock even harder, Emily bent over her effeminate prey, "Do be sure to save some for later..."

Standing abruptly, finding herself in little need of effort to keep herself so elegant on her heels, Emily tugged ever so slightly on her pets' leashes pulling them forward and leading them at a crawl out of their cell.

Despite the heels, Emily's steps did not sound when she walked as the floors were just soft enough to damage the knees of the many sex-slaves that traversed the building on their hands and knees. Looking behind her, Emily could see her pets quicken their pace to keep up with her own long strides. Lana looked pleased to serve as she always did. Ryan still looked lost in his last orgasm.

Turning back to the corridor before her, Emily took a sharp left and headed toward the large open room where the club held their events and gatherings. Even though nothing was planned for today, the sounds of rough love making could be heard. Many of the club members took to using the space for their own fun and games throughout the week; oftentimes teasing slaves of their own or those for free use by the club.

Emily took a brief moment to question who she would imagine more surprised by what they might see when she entered the room: Cassandra or Ryan.

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Cassandra gasped, an act that she was surprised to find was only half forced. Ever since Emily had commandeered her pets and punished her for being rightfully upset, she had gotten used to acting like the many dumb sluts that swarmed the club's event room on weekends; however, she had never had to act like one for so long.

"M-Mistress, would it be too much to ask to pleasure your cock? It looks in desperate need of service..."

The tall redhead in front of her was one of the newer members of the club, a girl both younger and naturally bustier than Cassandra had been initially; a fact Cassandra couldn't help but notice. Having been one of the many women present for the girl's initiation, it was far more humiliating for Cassandra to be on her knees pretending to be a submissive slut to her now.

"Awww...is that why they have you all dolled up like this, slut? Couldn't handle the monster between your legs so you wanted to get back to where you belong?"

For the past week Cassandra had been something between a laughing stock and a curiosity among the members of their club, getting passed around more often than some of the sissies. She was used to the treatment she received at this point.

"Yes, Mistress. I missed being on my knees so much..." The redhead's cock was much like

every cock in the club: obnoxiously large. Many of the initiation's failures quickly adapted as they adjusted to their new lifestyle, but Cassandra didn't have that luxury. Gripping the redhead's cock through her skinny jeans, Cassandra teased it through the tight denim. Kissing and biting lightly at her dominant's member, Cassandra did her best to hide her intent: getting her to climax, without resorting to getting facefucked. This act had yet to go in Cassandra's favor.

"Michelle! Is that a new slut? Where'd a sissy get a dick like that!"

The redhead, Michelle, grinned from ear to ear and grabbed Cassandra by the chin to turn her as well, "Old slut, freeuse, and all dickgirl. Where you been, Lisa? This bitch has been getting pounded all week."

A blonde, taller than Michelle, approached, "Cassandra?! Wow...you must have pissed off Emily something fierce. Hey Michelle, you mind if I put my bag down and take this one with you?"

Cassandra struggled to hold in her annoyed grumbling as the two small talked. Cassandra flinched as Lisa slapped and gripped her ass. With her head practically buried in Michelle's crotch, her ass being fondled, and the perfect posture she maintained as she sat patiently on all fours, Cassandra was beginning to feel like more and more the bitch everyone kept calling her.

"So, I'm assuming you've got her face reserved? You don't mind if I stuff her ass nice and tight do you?"

Michelle lowered her jeans slightly, her purple and blue striped panties peeking out from underneath the denim and the smell of precum began to fill Cassandra's nostrils. She grimaced as her own nipples began to harden as her cock slipped free of her flimsy thong and lightly touched her stomach as it stiffened.

"Oh, I'd be delighted if you did. Looks like the little slut is too. Maybe we should cage her before she gets too excited?"

Cassandra felt herself hold her breath as more and more of Michelle's panties revealed themselves. Soon she was face to face with an over footlong cock stretching the cotton fabric of the panties that barely contained them. In a voiceless answer, Cassandra was grabbed around the stomach and tossed onto one of many nearby beds; in an effort, she realized, for their comfort rather than her own.

"I'm too fucking horny Michelle. Let the little cunt have some fun, she'll probably be punished more than enough later for something. Besides, look how hungry this bimbo is for my dick! Tell her!"

The sound of flesh on flesh was heard only moments before Lisa's cock was pressed firmly

against Cassandra's spread asshole. Cassandra shivered despite herself, wanting to answer with the bare minimum and instead practically whimpered out a lust filled, "Yesssss M-M-Mistress!"

Lisa's cock was big; Cassandra didn't need to see it to know that. Even as just the tip pressed into her, she knew she'd have to start enjoying the pain of having her ass destroyed over and over again by her overzealous peers. Michelle still remained content stretching against the blue and purple stripes of her panties, taking her time enjoying the various expressions of pleasure washing over Cassandra's face.

The sheets of the bed were silken and already slick with Cassandra's sweat and precum. It took a great amount of effort to remain in a comfortable position as Lisa continued to slowly push her member further into Cassandra's ass. Eventually, at the height of Cassandra's gasping, just as it seemed her eyes would roll into the back of her head, and all thirteen inches of Lisa's cock was snugly fit inside of Cassandra's rear, Cassandra felt Lisa's hips press against her ass.

"God she's tight...Michelle quit teasing the bitch and let's spitroast her; she looks ready doesn't she?"

Cassandra was too preoccupied by the intense amount of pain and pleasure emanating from her lower region to wonder just how she must have looked to Michelle. Her cock already stood ready to ejaculate at a moment's notice, a slightly embarrassing fact that Cassandra did her best to ignore.

For Michelle, nothing was more enjoyable than teasing a slut. There was no doubt in her mind that some part of Cassandra didn't want what was about to happen, but she knew that part was slowly being taken over by the part that was waiting, willing, and erect on the bed before her. Slowly she placed her thumbs underneath the lace waistband of her panties and pulled them down ever so slowly, keeping a close watch on Cassandra's expression; she looked like a bitch in heat. Michelle took pleasure in feeling her panties slide down her plump cheeks and finally freeing her cock as it bounced up and out.

Lisa too found herself enthralled watching Michelle. The girl had a habit of taking her time, making her a favorite among the other members for group sex acts; though she ate up time, Michelle certainly put on a show. Her panties around her knees, Michelle pulled herself back a bit much to Cassandra's annoyance; using her cock like bait, she lured the humiliated dickgirl forward just enough for Lisa's dick to begin to be pulled out of her. Taking Michelle's hint, Lisa grabbed Cassandra about the waist and pulled her back in, eliciting a moan from Cassandra's lips. Lisa continued to thrust in and out slowly at first, taking delight in seeing Cassandra's legs shake from the pleasure.

With her body swaying from her increasingly quickening pounding from behind, Cassandra found difficulty in taking Michelle's cock in her mouth.

“What’s the matter slut? Don’t you want it bad enough?” Cassandra nodded profusely, grunting her approval in between the wet sounds of her fucking, “Tell you what, you give it a proper kiss, and I’ll fix your little problem.”

Cassandra nearly fell forward as her entire body quaked. The feeling of Lisa’s cock dragging inside her almost too much to bear. She eyed the massive cock before her as it wagged from left to right, mocking her and her entire predicament. Cassandra hated how badly she wanted it.

Eventually, sloppily, Cassandra was able to plant her lips on the tip of Michelle’s eager cock. She barely had time to register in her brain that her mouth needed to be opened wider before Michelle had her long hair wrapped in her grip with her cock so far down her throat that Cassandra’s nose was pressed firmly up against Michelle’s taunt stomach.

“No more worries bimbo, we’ve got it from here.”

“Yeah, you just enjoy being useful for once in your life!”

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The sounds of the club event room were the same as always: wet, primal, full of laughter. Emily moved quickly between many scenes and group acts with her eyes firmly set on one particular bed. She could see it, in the distance. It looked as if Cassandra had found herself some use as a fucktoy to two of the club’s newer girls: Lisa and Michelle. They had joined the club together and were tight, going so far as to promise willing obedience to the other should either of them have failed the initiation. Though it was not common for the club members to engage in acts with one another without a slave present, Emily would not be surprised if these two did it regularly.

Lana and Ryan followed behind Emily obediently, far more use to their past weeks of training than their entire lives’ worth of common sense. They were having more difficulty not wanting to offer themselves to the various women around them, than they were struggling with thoughts of escape.

Emily was looking forward to what would happen next, thrilled to see that, as she approached, Cassandra was too enthralled with her cock pleasuring to notice that Emily stood right within her vision.

“Lisa, Michelle would you girls be so kind as to step back for a moment, I have need of the fucktoy you two have pinned between you.”

“Yes headmistress!” They answered in unison. Emily was pleased to have so many members that understood the chain of command. Unlike the unfortunate dickgirl getting spitroasted before her, most of her members understood that they were dominant to all but their superiors. If she

wanted to, Emily would need only snap her fingers and they would be on their knees before her; an act she would rarely ever ask of them, but one that needed to be made clear.

Ryan watched in awe as the two members standing tall above him, pulled their almost impossibly large cocks free of Cassandra with an audibly wet 'pop'. Seeing the enormous cocks before him reminded him of his own tiny dick tucked between his legs. The subsequent humiliating thoughts filled him with lust.

"Enjoying yourself, slut? I was taking the girls here for a walk to their new home and I figured I'd stop by."

Cassandra was slumped over on the bed, her ass and mouth both dripping body fluids. Her breaths were ragged and her face was red from equal parts exertion and anger. Handing off Ryan and Lana to Michelle, Emily flipped Cassandra onto her back with a heeled foot and snapped her fingers to Lisa, "Go get me a cock cage and riding crop for her. I'm beginning to believe she gets off on disrespecting me."

Though their eyes never met and Cassandra remained silent, Emily knew better than to assume this meant obedience from the feisty girl, "Cockslut, sweetheart, show your mistress that pretty little clit of yours."

As Ryan sat up on his knees, his feminine fingers lifted the hem of his tight plaid miniskirt and pulled down the frilly panties underneath. In front of the girl he had crushed on, his ex girlfriend, and multiple other women, Ryan gladly revealed his miniscule penis. It barely reached two inches hard and was hairless; even though he had grown used to displaying it, the feelings of humiliation never left him, especially next to such well endowed women who had all satisfied his ex girlfriend in ways he never could.

Cassandra hissed in pain as she felt Emily pinch at the skin of her cock, in an attempt to turn her flaccid enough for the cage. She wanted to fight it, finding being caged a beyond embarrassing experience in this club, but decided that the consequences of her not complying would no doubt be worse on her. Cassandra could only look as high as Emily's smirk as she felt the cage close around her cock, ensuring her continued obedience to the bombshell tyrant.

"Now that you're nice and stretched out down there, all nice and comfy in your cage, and in your favorite position: on your back; you're ready for what I have in store...Cockslut, how'd you like to pretend to be a man again?" Emily was the only one whose eyes didn't widen at the question. Ryan gurgled behind the ring gag, drool having already collected on both his chin and the cheap white fabric of the blouse he wore. Emily was truly pleased with the sissy Ryan had become. As he sat on his knees before her, she could feel herself becoming aroused at just looking at him. Ryan's breasts practically popped out of the flimsy top he was wearing, the drool coating it turning it somewhat translucent and granting anyone the ability to see his swollen and perky nipples underneath. His plump lips looked so fuckable Emily found herself almost wanting to

rescind her previous thought, and just exert her dominance through throatfucking her sissy bimbo.

In addition to her sissy, Lana was also one of her favorite fucktoys; made all the better by her relationship, or lack of one, with Ryan. Despite all the hormones, lack of intelligence, and constant fucking Lana received, Emily would oftentimes see the bimbofied woman looking Ryan's way whenever someone began to tease him. While Ryan was only allowed to be Ryan in such a way that he might still feel all the humiliation heaped upon him, Lana had been intended to be a brainless fucktoy; she had proved somewhat resilient if left alone away from club members for too long. Cassandra had seen this, but had used Lana's friendship and crush on her to keep her in line; Emily lacked this, but found herself growing all the more aroused at the thought of her more 'awake' pets. It was this clarity that Emily saw now in Lana's eyes as she watched her ex-boyfriend, now sissy, crawl with his frilly panties around his knees over to their once mutual friend.

Emily positioned Ryan just in front of Cassandra's ass and pulled him up to stand. She found herself having to keep her hands from wandering too much as she aligned his hips. Even in her cage, Cassandra's cock dwarfed Ryan's pathetic member; an observation that everyone watching took notice of. Grabbing Cassandra's legs, Emily practically laughed aloud as she placed them on Ryan's shoulders. The ridiculous idea that Ryan would ever be caught in a position like this again almost being too much for her.

"You look so good like this Cassandra; this position really suits you. Now why don't you beg your limp dick sissy boyfriend to fuck you."

Cassandra's face was scarlet as she heard Emily's newest command. Her lips quivered as she fought internally over what to do, but eventually she succumbed: "Pretty please, Cockslut, stick your itty bitty dick inside me."

Leaning into Ryan, Emily nibbled on his ear as she slipped her hands underneath his blouse and began to fondle his sensitive nipples, "Doesn't that just make you quiver, slut? Go ahead, give the bitch her treat." Emily could see Lana from the corner of her eye as she helped guide Ryan's little dick to the cusp of Cassandra's asshole; even Emily knew not to leave a bitch in heat for so long, "Michelle, Lisa go use Cumdump for your entertainment, we're a little busy here."

"Yes headmistress."

With everyone now seemingly occupied, Emily turned her eyes back to the events going on before her. Fully cupping Ryan's massive breasts, Emily pressed her own tits against his back as she pressed her crotch into his ass. Looking over him, with Cassandra's legs now going over her own shoulders as well, Emily pressed Ryan ever so slightly forward. Cassandra's subsequent lip bite nearly put her over the edge. Freeing one hand from Ryan's chest, Emily

gripped Ryan's shaft with her thumb and forefinger and circled Cassandra's asshole with it; eliciting sharp intakes of breath from the helpless dickgirl before her with each full rotation. Helpless to his arousal in her grip, Ryan's feminine moans began to pick up behind his gag, coming off as intelligible gibberish as drool continued to drip from his full pink lips and cum spurted from the tip of his 'clit'. Emily was pleased with Cassandra's involuntary quivers as Ryan's load coated the bottom of her ass, "I wonder if the bitch can bark? Does she want her cock? Does she? Bark bitch. Bark for it."

Using Emily's shoulders, Cassandra pulled herself forward into Ryan's cock with her legs in an attempt to circumvent the humiliation Emily heaped upon her; however, even when fully erect, Ryan's penis could barely muster anything close to something hard enough to just push easily into. Cassandra would have to obey if she wanted even this pathetic amount of cock.

"W-wuff, wuff..."

Emily felt herself go flush with arousal. There was nothing like seeing such a well endowed dickgirl being used like this, "You don't think you're a big bitch do you? Begging for this little sissy's cock like you've been? Why don't we try again? This time you'll beg with a cute little lisp while Lisa pulls down my panties and lubes my cock with her mouth. Isn't that right Lisa?"

Cassandra's face burned even brighter red as Lisa untangled herself from the threeway occurring on the floor behind Emily, "Yes headmistress."

"P-pwease..."

Emily found herself biting her lip in anticipation as her panties were tugged down to her ankles. She stuck her ass out to give more room between her cock and Ryan's ass, and found herself fighting a moan as the head of her cock was taken past a pair of plump lips.

"P-wease headmistress..."

The lips around Emily's cock soon reached the base of her shaft, retreating with a wet pop before repeating the action faster and faster again. Emily could feel her legs shaking atop her heels as she massaged Ryan's breast and continued to tease Cassandra's asshole.

"Can I pwetty pwease have my cock fwee?"

This brought a pause to Emily's fingers, as she looked down at Cassandra's clearly engorged cock in its cage, "And why should I let you cum?"

Keeping her eyes downcast, Cassandra continued to lisp out her reply, "Cause I wike what's happening and I want to humiwiate myself for you headmistress..." Emily was too horny to really think, and instead removed her other hand from Ryan's boobs to grip Lisa by the hair,

“The key is on the table on my keyring, slut, free Cassandra and start eating out my ass.” Only it was Lana who crawled from Emily’s feet to the table nearby. Emily cursed under her breath as she turned back to see Michelle with her eyes nearly crossed as Lisa rammed her from behind. She should have known they’d be too busy fondling themselves to be bothered to serve properly.

Even with her restraints, Lana managed to eventually make it to Cassandra’s side and free her cock. Emily watched it lighten in color as the blood in it flowed freely as it stiffened to its over a foot length. Looking down at the plump ass of her sissy, Emily watched her own cock in ecstasy as she pulled back then pressed the tip firmly into him. Every inch she moved further in was absolute pleasure, causing her to lose her grip slightly on Ryan as she struggled to keep balance on her high heels. She could hear more moans coming from Ryan as she pressed herself further forward; more ejaculate began to drip down to his and Emily’s feet coating his panties as his own legs shook with hers.

As much as her purposeful denial of Ryan’s orgasms had caused pent up energy for the sissy, so too had it left Emily almost completely helpless to her sexual whims now that she was inside of him. With each involuntary spasm of pleasure from Ryan, Emily felt it coursing through her own body. Somehow, Ryan ended up falling forward and found himself bent over the bed. Not caring where Cassandra or Lana had gone, or that the the dickgirls behind her had grown quiet in their lust, Emily followed Ryan and began to fuck him in earnest as his gurgled in delight laying in his own semen.

“When I’m done with you...we’ll have some more fun with Cassandra...how’d you like to collar her? A slave owning a slave...I bet she’d love that...oh god...I’m so close...I-” Emily’s words caught in her throat just as the o-ring gag wrapped in place.

Too shocked to do much else than pause mid thrust, Emily found herself being pulled off of Ryan and gripped by her hair as she was dragged onto the bed. Weak and stupid from her lust, Emily could do little to ward off her attacker as they secured her to the bed posts from behind.

“Aaaaalllppppp! Asss appannn?”

It wasn’t until Cassandra reentered her vision leading an unrestrained, but still collared, Lana that Emily began to put together the pieces.

“Some of the girls were beginning to think you were acting a little immature and horny for a woman supposedly in charge of a place like this,” Cassandra leaned over her, and Emily hated herself for wanting to rub her face in her perky tits, “I’ll give you a chance. Poor, spent Cocksut’s going to pretend to fuck you and if you cum...you’ll become not only the club’s plaything, but freeuse for slaves too. If you can last it out, then I’ll let give you the best orgasm of your life and become your utterly helpless and docile plaything. Sound good?”

“Uuuuugaaaa,” Emily could already feel herself beginning to drool. Michelle and Lisa had put a hold on their love making to watch as had the majority of the other club members and slaves in the event room. They could just look at Emily’s hardened nipples and willingly spread legs, to know just how fucked she was.

Cassandra took pleasure in stimulating Ryan for the show. She took her time stripping and pleasing the willing sissy much to Emily’s chagrin. Emily’s cock bounced up and down against her stomach and Ryan’s shirt was ripped free of his body, his obnoxiously large tits jiggling with each movement on his or Cassandra’s part.

“Tell me, sissy, how does this cock feel inside you?”

Emily watched as Ryan’s eyes widened, the eyeliner on his face beginning to run as his eyes grew wet, “Uhhhhhhh”.

“Does it feel better than hers?” Cassandra thrust again and Ryan fell forward atop Emily, nodding furiously as his ass was torn open by the massive cock thrusting into him. Emily bit her lip as Cassandra positioned the sissy between them, the drool on her tits from Ryan becoming increasingly problematic to her rising libido in addition to his tiny cock trying to find her asshole.

“You like being a little sissy fucktoy, don’t you? Such a good little bitch. Don’t worry sweetie, you were never a man.”

Emily’s body worked against her as Ryan’s cock managed to press ever so slightly inside her only moments before he gasped and shot his load in her ass. She could feel her back arch in time to his orgasm, she could feel the pleasure emanating from her cock and nipples, and she could hear the distinct sound of her own moans being practically screamed from around the humiliating gag she had been fitted with. Worst of all, she could hear the laughter of the woman and even the slaves around her as her as Ryan’s face and her tits became covered in her own semen. She had lost Cassandra’s challenge, and with it her freedom.

As Ryan’s cock slipped out, Cassandra’s replaced it. Emily resigned herself to the further humiliation and did not struggle as her head was pulled back with a yank to her hair and her mouth was stuffed with a nearby cock. She could hear the ridicule as a collar was fitted securely around her throat and she found herself far more aroused than she had ever been as Cassandra fucked her silly.

“This is how you fuck a dumb slut, sissy. Go pleasure someone with Cumdump while I finish breaking in this bitch...”

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“You’ve been such a naughty girl Emily. What ever am I to do with you?” Cassandra stood with

her hands on her hips, braless and wearing a tight fitting bright red mini-skirt and black crop top. As it came to no surprise to any of the senior members of the club, Cassandra had gone much the way of Emily and the woman before her over the course of the past few days. Hormones, lust, power all of it went to their heads and pushed out everything else. While Cassandra refrained from committing certain sex acts for fear of appearing weak, she had become little more than a glorified bimbo much like the woman before her.

Emily was restrained before her, on her knees with her legs spread and doing her best to remain still on the 5inch heels she had been forced to wear; one of the few things she had been allowed to wear. Her cock stood erect and dripping with precum as she was almost always on the verge of orgasming. She was chained to the wall via the collar around her neck and gagged as she almost always was. Like Cumdump and Cockslut, who were leashed and on their knees on either side of Cassandra, Emily was one of many of Cassandra's 'trophies' that she fucked regularly.

Unlike the club leaders before her, Cassandra had also taken to inviting many of the well endowed male slaves into her chambers. She claimed to be using them exclusively to humiliate her pets, but many knew that she herself partook in their cocks many times. Even now, she eyed those men in her chambers now. The one to her left throatfucking Ryan, while the one to her right had taken Lana over to the bed for his own use.

Ryan had only just started pleasuring the cock before him, feeling his mind torn between feeding his urge to pleasure cock and feeling utterly humiliated by having real men pleasure not only his ex-girlfriend, but himself. The shame he felt only further fueled his arousal, and soon his little nub of a cock found its way out of his hot pink g-string and was on display for the man gripping his long blonde hair.

"Slave, take Cockslut to the bed. Your fellow cock has almost finished with the bimbo and the sissy has special needs to be fulfilled." The man in charge of him pulled Ryan to his feet and took the leash from Cassandra. Ryan giggled stupidly as his ass was slapped and he was pushed forward to his waiting ex-girlfriend.

Lana was on her back as she almost always was, the look of satisfaction on her face was plain and the man that had fucked her stood back with a used condom still hanging from his half-erect penis.

"Put the condom on and fuck me Cockslut...if you can even get that little thing excited near a pussy anymore that is..." Ryan found himself thankful for the hard cock pressed against his back, at least now he could actually keep it up while he did as commanded.

Getting back down to his knees, Ryan removed the condom from nine inch long cock before him with his lips and spat it into his hand before cleaning the cock with his mouth. After standing, Ryan held the condom around his cock, having to pinch it just to hold it in place as he bent over

and spread his legs for the man behind him. As the cock pushed its way deep into his ass, Ryan found himself unable to hold his tongue as he moaned aloud. Once the dick was snug inside him, Ryan looked down at his own pathetic cock trying its best to fill out the comparatively massive condom around it and then asked permission, "May this little sissy still her cock inside you?"

Although a slave herself, Lana had been fortunate enough to receive special treatment from Cassandra and was now officially one rung higher on the ladder than Ryan; meaning that Ryan had one more person to be utterly obedient too.

"You can certainly try. Let's hope that real man behind you can actually keep that nub of yours up long enough."

Ryan felt his face turn red in embarrassment, an act that was lost on Lana as Ryan hardly looked anything like his old self anymore. With his overly feminized features, thick ass, massive tits, and puny cock, Ryan looked more like a girl with an unfortunately large clit. To Lana, allowing Ryan to fuck her like this was purely because she had been commanded to; if she had her way, Ryan would sit in the corner and beg to lick the cum from their bodies after. Seeing that condom around his dick was comical to her and that made it somewhat bearable.

Crawling onto the bed, Ryan pushed his cock as far as it would go inside of Lana's pussy. For a moment he just sat there, allowing the thrusting of the man behind him to do his work for him; both arousing him and stimulating Lana's clit with the gyration. Lana just wished the man fucking Ryan would pull out and pleasure her; Ryan would no doubt whimper and cum as always from just being so close to another cock.

"Are you in yet? Maybe you should ask for some poi-"

Lana didn't get a chance to finish her humiliating sentence to Ryan. Gripped from behind fiercely by the hair, the cock that was previously pleasuring her pussy was now ramming itself down her throat. Ryan found himself embarrassingly jealous of Lana and humiliated as his own partner picked up speed inside him. Lana's body finally began to respond to his movements, only Ryan's movements weren't his own, and he had already gotten close to orgasm from watching the cock in front of her.

Even with his cock as far as he could get it inside her, Ryan wasn't fucking her at all. Ryan was just getting fucked on top of her while she sucked off some slave. As degrading as all this was, Ryan knew he preferred this to whatever they had before.

"Th-thank you sir!"

Lana mustered as much as a laugh as she could around the cock fucking her throat. She knew from Ryan's convulsing, whimpering, and the phrase that Cassandra had trained him to say,

that Ryan had just come into the condom; however, they weren't nearly finished. With Ryan's cock spent, Lana wrapped her legs around his frame and pulled him further on top of her. Taking the hint, the cock in Ryan's ass, quickly pulled out and pushed itself into Lana's leaving the girl moaning. Ryan's hole was left dripping with precum and despite the humiliation of merely lying between two people fucking, his nipples still stood firmly erect.

From the corner of his eye, Ryan could see that Cassandra had freed Emily and was fucking her ass wholeheartedly from behind; the two looking absolutely enthralled by one another. Underneath him, Lana began to quiver; the first of many orgasms for her in the span of seconds as cum began to spurt out from the sides of her mouth. Ryan could feel the dampness of semen on his thighs as well.

Across the room, Cassandra grew more vocal with each thrust and soon the room was filled with the sounds of lustful moans. It was a sound Ryan would get used to, much like his new body and his new position in life; although leadership of the club may change, and Ryan may be passed around like a prize from one cock to the next, he would never stray too far from the floor.