

Becoming Useful - Part One by Cowkites

“Did you hear a knock?” Ryan rolled over in bed to face his girlfriend, Lana; his blonde hair a mess from sleep, his blue eyes opening and closing slowly as he adjusts to the light. Lana sat on the edge of her side of the bed, still in her underwear as she was pulling a tight green t-shirt over her head.

“I totally forgot that Cassandra asked to come over this morning. You should probably get up too. It’s already past 10.”

With a happy sigh, Ryan reached over and held onto the lace trim of Lana’s panties, causing the red underwear to drag down and reveal more of Lana’s petite frame as she stood, “Oh I’ll get up. I could use some help though.”

Lana turned and admired the muscular build of her boyfriend, taking her time to let her eyes wander down to the clear erection underneath the sheets that Ryan so obviously stroked, “As much fun as that would be, Cassandra is literally at our door. I’m going to put some bottoms on and go greet her. You should do the same.”

“You should just go like that babe. I love those panties.”

Crawling onto the bed, Lana kissed Ryan and let her hand wander down to his stiff member. Giving it a teasing squeeze, she pulled back only a moment later to stand and head to her closet. Swaying her hips as she walked, she lightly slapped her rear as she pulled her panties up and over her round cheeks, “If you like my panties so much, maybe you should try em on babe; at least then you’d be getting dressed.”

Groaning this time, Ryan pulled the covers off himself and made his way into the bathroom. Lana watched with a grin as his erect cock bounced with each step. Peeking his head out before shutting the door, he called out to Lana, “I’ll be down in a sec. I just need to uh...get dressed.”

“Need me to bring you one of my cuter pairs to wear?” Lana chuckled at Ryan’s lack of response from the bathroom.

Another knock, louder this time, sounded from down the hall. Taking time to stifle her own arousal, Lana briefly wished Ryan had taken her right then and there. She understood why he didn’t, but she was disappointed nonetheless.

Eventually she had managed to get dressed in a pair of denim short-shorts and a pair of light green flats. She barely managed to reach the door before a third knock ended. Throwing the door open with a smile Lana was greeted by her best friend Cassandra standing, not impatient

as she had assumed but smiling.

Cassandra had always been slightly taller than Lana. She had a little bit more in terms of breasts and ass. While Lana and Cassandra were both quite petite, Cassandra's ass really made up for any lack someone would find in her B-cup breasts. She had always been the more bubbly one. Looking at Cassandra now, Lana couldn't help but get the feeling that something was slightly off about her. At the very least she seemed taller.

"Hey cutie! Can I come in?"

"Y-yeah sure. Are you heading somewhere after this?"

Cassandra was dressed rather sensually. Between her short skirt and crop-top, she was showing off more skin than she typically did. Judging by how much more perky her breasts seemed than usual, Lana assumed that her friend must have been wearing a push-up bra. She was wearing heels as well, and despite looking moderate in height, Cassandra looked far taller; giving her legs the long look that men so craved from her.

"Maybe! Maybe just heading back home. I came here to spend time with my girl."

Cassandra pulled Lana in for a hug. Lana was amazed by both her smell and the height difference. Her face had never been so close to Cassandra's breasts before and as her arms wrapped around her friend, Lana accidentally found herself lightly squeezing her ass.

"Playful little girl this morning aren't you?"

"S-sorry! I'm just not used to you being in heels. I-"

"It turn you on that much?" Lana stared wide eyed as her face burned red. "I'm just joking Lana...but either way, I won't tell Ryan. Do you think he'd get jealous?" Cassandra grinned devilishly as she grabbed Lana by the hand and led her over to the couch. From her perspective behind her, Lana marveled at just how short Cassandra's skirt was. Just barely bending over caused the black lingerie she wore underneath to peek out.

"I-I dunno. I honestly think he kind of has a crush on you. I don't think he would mind all that much." Sitting down and pulling Lana into her lap, Cassandra laughed and wrapped her arms around Lana. Lana felt her face turn crimson again, surprised by the amount of physical contact Cassandra was engaging in. She usually only acted this way when she was drunk; however, Lana smelled no alcohol. The only thing filling her nostrils was the sweet smell of whatever perfume that Cassandra was wearing.

"I meant if he would be jealous of you getting to grab my ass." Lana suddenly felt herself getting aroused again. She felt terribly uncomfortable about the thought as she wasn't quite sure what about this had her so horny.

Cassandra laughed as she bounced Lana on her knee, "Alright I'll stop my teasing. Don't want you getting too flustered, cutie-pie. I actually came here to do something other than that: tell you something important that happened to me recently."

Moving to a spot next to her on the couch, Lana looked to Cassandra with intrigue in her eyes, "I thought something seemed different about you. New boyfriend?" Cassandra smiled and raised her arms into the air, exposing more of her toned stomach as she stretched, "No. Something much better! I've joined a...um...let's call it a special interests group." As her arms settled back down, one wrapped around Lana and pulled her in closer, "They've changed my life."

Lana could feel herself blushing from the continuing intimacy and confidence emanating from Cassandra. Her eyes looked between her friend to the hallway. She was almost certain the house was quiet. Ryan was still busy 'getting dressed' she imagined.

"I have to admit, I was kind of nervous at my first meeting; but once I passed the test...even now the difference is astounding..." Cassandra turned to Lana and rested her head on the couch, "And you've noticed the difference too, huh? So what do you think?"

"Well to be honest, I'm not entirely sure...but what's this about a test?"

Cassandra's eyes lit up at the memory, a grin forming at the corners of her mouth as she wondered where to start, "It seemed like a simple thing at first. Just a kiss from one of the members. I know what you're thinking...but it was my second meeting and I was feeling adventurous. Most of them were in their twenties or early thirties; honestly, a real bunch of hotties and they all seem like really kind people...well...most of the time at least, but I mean that in the best way."

Despite paying attention as best she could, Lana was beginning to already feel lost, "So the test is a kiss? I'm sorry Cassandra, I'm not sure I" Cassandra's grin eased into a smirk as she raised a finger to Lana's lips, "Easy there girl. I'm getting there. The test isn't the kiss; it's what happens after. I don't know how they do it; they refuse to explain it to anyone who isn't a senior member, but after the kiss you begin to change..."

Cassandra seemed lost in her thoughts for a moment as her eyes ran over Lana's body. Lana could practically feel the weight of her gaze; it was almost electric.

"...depending on the changes, you either pass or fail. You, my dear, are looking at a girl who passed with flying colors."

It was Lana's turn to run her vision over the entirety of her friend's body. She knew something had seemed physically different about her since first seeing her at the door, but even now it was difficult to tell.

"I think I'm still confused here...um..."

"Surely you've noticed some of the smaller changes: height, fuller breasts, perkier ass, overall energy and outlook on life. A simple kiss and I've become...so much more; still me, just more me. Wonderful isn't it?"

Lana was amazed. She couldn't believe what she was hearing but everything she had felt thus far had been confirmed. Cassandra had improved, albeit subtly, in almost every aspect of herself.

"I even feel smarter than before...not that I really care to confirm it...oh...but I haven't even told you the best part..." If Cassandra's expression had shown any sign of hunger before, she looked practically voracious now. Pulling Lana practically back into her lap, Cassandra leaned in close and grazed her nose along Lana's cheek as she brought her lips to her friend's ear. In a whisper that sent chills coursing through Lana's body, Cassandra commanded, "Stroke my thigh..."

Surprising herself, Lana did just that. Placing her delicate hand on her friend's supple skin, Lana lightly ran her fingers from Cassandra's knee to just under her skirt. Grabbing her wrist and eliciting a gasp from Lana, Cassandra tugged her friend's hand higher until she could feel Lana beginning to understand, "Not so rough, girl, it's brand new..."

Lana could feel the head of Cassandra's cock pressing against the lace of her panties and into her palm. It grew hard in her hand as her fingers lightly squeezed Cassandra's balls through the fabric and the two of them gasped in unison.

"What did I say about being gentle you naughty girl! It's really sore...and I'm so fucking horny all the time..." Lana was still in shock, too distracted by the idea of it all to even pull her hand away, "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-" Cassandra reached behind Lana and tugged at her hair, pulling her face within an inch of her own, "If you're so sorry, then give it a kiss; make it better..."

Yet again, Lana felt compelled to follow Cassandra's command. She was so aroused by all of this. Was she really going to kiss Cassandra's cock? No, the real question was when would she stop. Lana whimpered as Cassandra pinched her nipple through her shirt. She couldn't decide if she was annoyed or glad she had decided not to wear a bra. After another pinch, she quickly made up her mind as she felt her panties grow damp from the excitement.

Hiking up her skirt and revealing her thick cock barely contained by its fabric prison, Cassandra pulled the black lace lingerie down and moaned softly as her stiff member swung free, "Knees, floor, now."

Hopping off the couch and placing herself on her knees between Cassandra's legs, Lana felt as if she could barely contain herself, "You-you're bigger than Ryan...I dunno if I can take you...I-I

might gag...”

“I just told you to kiss it slut; are you begging to suck me off? You’re going to have to do better.”

Lana couldn’t believe what she was doing. On her knees, ready to cheat on her boyfriend with her best friend. Rubbing her thighs together in pleasure, practically drooling and ready to beg, to please. What was happening to her?

“P-please Cassandra. You’re so much bigger than Ryan. I need someone to get me used to real cock...I-I promise, I’ll do good. I’ll swallow and everything.”

Cassandra stroked herself and smiled hungrily, “Good girl, but I’m not even eight inches yet. It’s still growing, little slut. Your little boy toy won’t even be half my size when I’m done. I’ll get you used to real cock: my cock. Now give it a kiss, then show me how degenerate you are.”

Licking her lips, Lana leaned in and gave her friend’s engorged cock a kiss right on the tip. Looking up at Cassandra, Lana pushed her tongue forward and practically made out with the head as she began to ease her mouth around the shaft.

“Taking your time, Lana? It’s almost like you want Ryan to walk in on us. Do you want him to see you finally being satisfied?”

Lana could only moan around Cassandra’s cock in response. Feeling as if Cassandra knew exactly what she wanted, Lana reached up and grabbed Cassandra’s hand and placed it on the back of her head.

“Is the cumdump sure? I won’t take it easy on you...” Cassandra didn’t wait for an answer, even though Lana was more than ready to nod in assent. Taking both her hands and gripping Lana firmly by her hair, she pushed her cock slowly down her friend’s throat. Lana could taste Cassandra’s precum on her tongue as she forced her way further past her lips. Moaning loudly, Lana’s eyes began to twitch as Cassandra pressed her face into her groin, her lips kissing the base of her shaft before she let her go back.

With Cassandra using her mouth like a fucktoy, Lana’s hands were free to fondle her own breasts and to quell the aching lust growing stronger between her legs. If not for how out of it she was, Lana would have been amazed by how much of Cassandra’s thick cock she was able to take. Cassandra was beginning to pick up speed, practically slamming her dick into the back of Lana’s throat as her cock began to twitch and spasm.

Cassandra contained her immense pleasure as best she could as she pushed Lana down to the base of her cock one last time. She groaned underneath her breath as she began to coat Lana’s throat with her load. Lana was shaking, her fingers barely able to do much more than twitch at her clit as she orgasmed from the sheer force of pleasure coursing through her body.

After running her tongue along Cassandra's cock one last time, Lana stood back up and collapsed into the couch next to her friend. She watched, dizzy, as Cassandra calmly tucked herself back into her panties and pulled her skirt back down. Her chest still heaved from the excitement but her face showed nothing but a grin.

"You seem to take 'real cock' just fine, Lana. I'm surprised, especially considering that tiny dick you're dating."

Suddenly realizing what she had just said, Lana's eyes widened, "I was not myself just then...I don't know what came over me...R-Ryan is fine...I-I...umm..."

"You're so cute when you're flustered...anywho, not that I'm not so...distracted, I thought I'd let you know that you're invited to come to the next meeting. With me of course."

Lana still couldn't make sense of her actions let alone the implications of what an invitation to such a group meant, "Wait...what?" Her words were cut short as the sound of a door opening and closing down the hall alerted her to Ryan's imminent presence. For a moment she panicked, checking herself for anything that might be askew suddenly remembering the gravity of the act she had committed in a heat of passion not a moment ago.

Turning her gaze to the hallway, Cassandra waved as Ryan entered, taking her time to make sure he saw her look him up and down, "'Mornin' sleepy head. Hey, you mind if I borrow your girlfriend next Wednesday night?"

Between Lana's embarrassed expression and the way Cassandra's eyes ran him over, Ryan wasn't exactly sure he had just walked into, "Uh...sure. I don't think we had anything planned." Feeling slightly annoyed, Lana mumbled under her breath, "I don't need his permission." At this Cassandra turned back to Lana and lightly patted her head, "Then it's settled. I'll come pick you up at seven o'clock next week." Then leaning in and speaking in almost a whisper "Oh, but keep the special stuff we talked about a secret, okay?"

Lana found herself nodding reluctantly as she absentmindedly watched Ryan walk to the next room. For a moment she wondered what she was thinking going along with this. Then she thought about the changes Cassandra had undergone. Next week would truly be an eye-opening experience.

Ryan grunted softly, stroking his shaft slowly as he scrolled down the web page. Cassandra and Lana had gone to the mystery meeting of theirs a couple of hours ago, leaving Ryan curious as can be and terribly bored. His fingers rested at the base of his cock for a moment. A couple of femdom videos were on his screen. Clicking on one he found interesting, he settled back in his chair and returned to pleasuring himself.

Watching with intrigue, Ryan found himself a little shocked at himself as he grew incredibly aroused as a woman came on screen, a man leashed, gagged, and wearing a dress crawling on his hands and knees after her. The camera angle shifted, giving Ryan a view of the pink lace panties the man wore as the woman halted him and got down on her knees. She began to tease him.

“Does the little sissy like his pretty panties?” The man nodded and moaned as she lifted the skirt of his dress and gripped his cock through the fabric, “Show me how much you like them, sissy.” Placing his head on the floor, the ‘sissy’ raised his ass in the air and wiggled his rear.

“I know just what you want. You want me to make you feel like a girl.” Another nod from the sissy and the woman stood. She stripped down to just her panties, her C-cup breasts distracting Ryan long enough for him to be fully unaware of her monster cock until it popped out of her panties.

“This is what a real cock looks like, sissy bitch.”

Ryan felt his cock harden incredibly in his grasp. Her cock had to have been a whole six inches bigger than his own. Despite tending not to watch stuff like this, Ryan found himself unable to tear his eyes away as she positioned herself behind her sissy and rubbed her thick cock over the fabric of his panties between his cheeks. The sissy whimpered as he grinded his ass against her cock, begging unintelligibly around the o-ring gag in his mouth.

Somewhere a door opened, Ryan too distracted by the porn and his own arousal to notice at first. As Cassandra and Lana began to get closer, presumably chatting in the living room, Ryan began to realize the implication of what he was doing and what his girlfriend and her best friend might walk in on. That last thought only aroused him further.

As he turned back to the screen he saw himself moaning in the dress, his comparatively meager cock stretched against his panties as the woman teased him with her dick. He closed his eyes and imagined the scene, only now Cassandra sported the massive cock. Why did this fantasy turn him on so much? He would have to stop soon. What would they think if they found him jerking off to this?

He could hear Cassandra approaching, still speaking to Lana as she neared the bedroom. Would she ridicule him? Would she blackmail him? Ryan grew closer to climax with each thought. He had to stop, she would be just outside his door in a matter of seconds. Opening his eyes, Ryan began to tuck his cock into his boxers and pull up his pants quickly. He barely managed to get the head of his cock in as he hovered over the ‘x’ to the web browser. Ryan found himself unable to close it, he watched rapt, his tip barely concealed by his underwear with his hand still gripping the shaft.

“Show me how bad you ache for a cock in your ass.”

With that, Ryan and the sissy both ejaculated into their underwear. Ryan stifled his moans as he watched the sissy gasp around his gag and fill his panties with cum. Ryan found himself looking down at his own sticky mess and beginning to feel his embarrassment for what he did rising. With the sissy spent, the woman yanked his sticky panties down and pushed her way into his ass, spanking him as she fucked his rear.

“Aww he kind of looks like you Ryan.”

Ryan clicked his mouse and closed the tab almost as soon as the words reached his ear. He froze unable to even pull his pants up and hide his shame. Turning his head, he found himself thankful to just be staring Cassandra in the face. He could stand her ridicule or blackmail, he just couldn't deal with Lana catching him like this.

“C-Cassandra, please don't tell Lana.”

Cassandra tsked in Ryan's ear and reached down to his crotch. Ryan's body stiffened in surprise as she wiped her finger across the inside of his boxers and brought a cum covered finger to his lips.

“Tell you what: you say ‘thank you Cassandra’ and suck my finger clean, and I'll pretend I didn't just see you have an accident in your underwear while jealously watching a sissy beg for cock. How does that sound?”

Seeing no other way out, Ryan bit his lip before resigning himself to his extended humiliation, “Thank you Cassandra.” Opening his mouth slightly, Ryan leaned forward just as Cassandra began to pull the finger away, “Come on, show me how bad you want it.” Feeling his face redden even as he felt his cock stirring to attention once more, Ryan grabbed Cassandra's hand and pulled her finger into his mouth. His cum tasted bitter and left him feeling pathetic as Cassandra wiggled her finger around his tongue.

Pulling her finger free, Cassandra smirked as she turned and walked away, “I just came to use the bathroom, don't mind me *sissy*. Your secret is safe with me.”

Feeling horribly confused and sorry for himself, Ryan began to strip his pants and underwear free. Cassandra turned upon hearing him do so and wagged her finger, “You can change your pants, but you're keeping your sticky undies on.” Not having the willpower to argue, Ryan pulled his underwear and pants both back up and sat feeling disgusted by the feelings of fresh semen in his underwear.

Ryan still sat in his chair when Cassandra reentered the room. He was red faced and avoiding her gaze. She pretended not to notice his erection and instead walked back to her other project,

Lana.

Their group meeting had been just like her first, only now it was Lana's turn to undergo changes. Given Lana's behavior both last week and during the meeting, Cassandra was certain of her failure of the "test"; something that Cassandra was hoping for.

Lana was sitting on the couch where Cassandra had left her not a few minutes prior. Cassandra could already see signs of Lana's changes taking place. During their ride home, Cassandra had questioned Lana about how she felt, taking her time to word things in such a way to get a rise out of her friend. It was already becoming apparent that she was far more docile than just a week ago, and even the day before. Her posture was less proud and already some physical changes had begun to manifest. Lana's breasts looked ready to pop out of her bra; having not been an hour since her initiation and her A-cup breasts had increased nearly a cup and a half.

Taking a seat next to Lana, Cassandra found herself glad that the day had been hot. Lana had dressed appropriately for the weather. She sported a pair of denim short-shorts that had already been tight before her changes had begun; now that her butt had filled out more, the denim had practically wedged itself into her ass and her violet panties peeked out the top. She wore a loose tank-top over her now ill-fitting bra and a pair of cute wedges.

Lana had been absentmindedly playing with her hair, hardly even aware of Cassandra's presence until she placed her hand on Lana's thigh, "Hey cutie. Thinking about something?" Lana looked as if she had just realized she was awake. "H-huh? No. I um...was just..."

"You're such an airhead, you know that?"

Priming Lana had already proven easy for Cassandra. Light degradation caused a flush in her friend's cheek, sometimes a nervous giggle.

"Cassandraaa, leave me alone! You're such a meanie!" Lana was red-faced, a goofy grin trying to hide itself as she playfully slapped Cassandra's arm. Taking her wrist, Cassandra pulled her giggling friend into her. Cassandra could feel her hunger grow as Lana allowed herself to be pulled into her lap, straddling her legs and pouting, her lips looking fuller than the day before. Holding her friend's arm behind her back with one hand, Cassandra leaned forward her lips playfully pecking the exposed skin above Lana's breasts as she reached around and unhooked her bra. Lana yelped as her breasts were freed along with her arm as Cassandra pulled her tank top off over her head and her bra along with it.

"We...have...to...stop...Cassandra. Gosh...I'm so horny...I can't even think straight...I want...I want..."

Lana had leaned into her, pressing her firm nipples against Cassandra's chest and grinding against Cassandra's hardening cock, "What does the little airhead want?"

“Cassandraaa...uhh...oh...your...your cock is so big...all week, Ryan’s been so...oh...not enough...so...”

“Pathetic?”

Lana giggled at this, too breathless to do much else than hump. Cassandra let her do whatever she wanted; Lana arched her back and pressed herself hard against Cassandra’s restrained cock. Her breasts bounced with each motion, her lips quivering as she desperately tried to keep her moaning to a whisper. Cassandra massaged Lana’s breasts as she grunted in annoyance and began to tug Cassandra’s tights down.

“Such a slut Lana, aren’t you dating someone?” Lana whimpered as Cassandra grabbed both her wrists and restrained them behind her back. Leaning forward, Cassandra took one of Lana’s nipples in her mouth and lightly bit eliciting a squeal from the horny girl in her lap.

Between the sounds of Lana’s excitement and the distraction of having her dick grinded, Cassandra barely noticed the sounds of footsteps as Ryan entered the room. Cassandra turned to see him staring wide-eyed at the scene, his erection clear from the outline in his jeans. As a sign of dominance, Cassandra ran her tongue one last time over Lana’s nipple. She paused and winked at Ryan as she nibbled on it, causing Lana to arch her head back and moan.

“Looks like Ryan likes what he sees.”

Lana gasped as she opened her eyes, her mind suddenly forgetting how to function as she stared dumbfounded at her boyfriend still grinding her hips and allowing her breasts to be played with.

“R-Ryan...I...”

“Lana was a little horny. I told her to wait for you but she couldn’t help herself.”

“Cassandra!” Cassandra shushed her with a finger and turned back to Ryan, “You know what would make me hot Ryan? Watching you fuck this little slut. What do you say? I got her all nice and warmed up. She’s practically dripping.” Adjusting her mini dress, Cassandra moved Lana and pushed her onto her back onto the couch. Grabbing her shorts by the waist, Cassandra yanked them down to her knees and looked back to Ryan, “What are you waiting for? You wanna get that little cock of yours wet or what?”

Ryan’s face was beat red as he approached the couch. Cassandra took him by the hand and switched positions as she walked behind the couch. Standing over them, Cassandra grinned as they awkwardly looked at one another, “What’s the matter?” Leaning forward, Cassandra gripped Ryan by the chin and pressed her lips to his, much to Lana’s surprise. Pulling back, Cassandra licked her lips and smirked, “Forget what to do with it?”

Feeling annoyed by the sudden downgrade in equipment she was getting to play with, Lana watched with disinterest as Ryan removed his shirt and pulled his stiff member free of his jeans and sticky boxers. The smell of cum hit her nostrils and she felt a sudden surge in arousal despite her disgust at the implication of what her boyfriend must have been doing in the other room.

Pulling her panties to the side, Ryan pushed his way in and moaned as he did so. He couldn't believe the amount of sensitivity in his cock. From the corner of his eye he could see Cassandra watching his every move. Her hand moving in time with their own motions as Ryan assumed she fingered herself.

Cassandra's cock was now over a foot long when hard. Stroking it was a chore and something she'd rather have Lana or Ryan take care of; but something so devious would have to wait. She teased the two as Ryan plowed Lana. Lana looked away to Cassandra, clearly disinterested by the act as Ryan looked between Lana's breasts and Cassandra as he fantasized about them both.

Watching intently, Cassandra could see how close Ryan was already. His face was growing red, embarrassment building as he realized he'd need to slow soon or else he would blow his load barely a minute in. Cassandra wouldn't let him keep his dignity. Grabbing him fiercely by his hair Cassandra leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Show me how bad you ache for a cock in your ass."

Ryan couldn't believe what he just heard, nor could he believe that his cock was now twitching and in a matter of seconds he would be unloading into Lana not even two minutes after starting. He could see that her nipples had softened. He wondered if she had lost interest in him. Those thoughts were brief, however, as his orgasm began to take over. He could feel his cock ready to burst. With a throaty moan, Ryan felt the head of his cock spasm.

"Bad sissy!" Another whisper, and another level of pleasure added to his ecstasy as Cassandra yanked him back by his hair. Falling on his back onto the couch, Ryan shook with delight and shame as his cock sputtered and shot cum up all the way to his face. He twitched in surprise as the familiar taste of semen touched his lips. Between his spread legs he could see Lana sitting up, looking disinterested and slightly embarrassed as the rest of his load dribbled out onto his stomach.

"I-I'm sorry Lana. I can do better; let me try again. I can last longer next time." Between Cassandra's smirk and Lana's embarrassment, Ryan feelings of inadequacy grew until he was beet red in shame, "Please...?"

"It's okay Ryan...it happens. Just go get cleaned up." Cassandra still stroked herself behind the couch, biting her lip as she did so a obviously getting off on what was happening before her,

“Lana, things were different than normal; Cassandra was here. Let’s go to the bedroom and-”

“Get cleaned up Ryan. You gave yourself a facial...unless, you’d like to let it dry. I dunno Lana, maybe he likes it this way.” Feeling defeated, Ryan stood and grabbed his shirt. Too humiliated to look back, Ryan quickly walked to their bedroom and closed the door.

“I can’t believe you did that to me. Teasing me with that monster of yours, and then humiliating him while he was fucking me with that...that..tiny dick...”

“Poor guy, really he’s not much smaller than average right now...but compared to me...and who said I was teasing you? That little display of his has me so close. Why don’t you crawl over here and take care of a real cock?”

Lana didn’t need to be told twice. Cassandra watched with delight as Lana got down to her hands and knees on the floor and crawled around the couch. Starting at Cassandra’s foot, she kissed her through the supple material of her tights, rising and kissing until she had made her way to Cassandra’s balls. Taking them into her mouth, she ran her tongue along the skin as she stroked Cassandra with both hands. Her fingers lightly toyed with the head as she released the balls and began to pleasure the base of Cassandra’s shaft with her lips.

“Get it nice and wet, slut. Then turn around and put your face in the floor.”

Lana responded by putting Cassandra’s head past her lips. She briefly considered teasing it, but remembered who she was dealing with and how much she craved what she was about to receive. Cassandra grinned as Lana took more and more of her cock into her mouth. Her eyes began to water as she neared the base. Just when she thought she was done, Lana’s tongue licked her balls. Pulling herself free, she turned just as she was told, put her face to the floor and raised her ass in the air. She left her panties up, hoping that Cassandra might yank them down and when she nearly tore them doing just that, Lana moaned through her teeth.

“Don’t worry about being quiet, cumdump. He needs to hear what it’s like to really pleasure you with a cock. Now reach back and spread your ass.”

“Yesss...”

Pushing her way into Lana’s tight hole. Cassandra was astonished by just how easily she went in. For a girl who had once seemed so innocent, her ass easily stretched to fit Cassandra’s massive dick. Grabbing Lana by the back of the hair, Cassandra adjusted her stance and began to fuck Lana hard; really pounding her ass with each thrust. Cassandra marveled at just how far Lana had come since their meeting earlier today. As Lana grunted and moaned, she eagerly begged to be fucked harder, to be degraded. Cassandra laughed as she did so, wondering how such an eager slut could possibly think she had passed the test.

“How bad do you want to feel me cumming inside you slut?”

“So bad...oh god...you’re so big...it hurts...but I-I love it...fuck me...fuck your slut...”

Feeling herself to be close, Cassandra let go of Lana’s hair and instead grabbed both her wrists and pulled back. The girl gasped as she was pressed harder into the ground, her muscles aching as she felt the head of Cassandra’s cock begin to twitch inside her. The force of Cassandra ejaculating was enough to send Lana into an orgasmic shock. It felt as if with each spurt of semen inside her ass, she had lost a faculty until she was left drooling on the floor, babbling and flexing her asshole around the cock inside her.

“God you’re a good fuck.”

Cassandra pulled herself free of Lana and grinned as the girl practically collapsed. Cum dripped from her asshole as she lay on the floor looking as helpless as ever, “Maybe you can get the little boyfriend of yours to eat you asshole later. He might actually make you orgasm this time, and he’ll get a taste of a real cock’s semen.”

Lana pushed herself up with her now sore and weak arms. She breathed heavily and looked up to Cassandra with a grin on her face, “O-okay.”

“You’re coming to the next meeting by the way, as is your little boy-toy. If he doesn’t listen to you, just give me a call. It’s been fun plowing that tight little ass of yours but I’m tired. I’ll see ya next week.”

“B-but what about Ryan? You kissed him! Did you do what I think you did?”

Cassandra turned back, “I did, didn’t I? It might not have been a normal one...I was a little distracted at the time. Guess we’ll just have to see what happens, huh? Things might just get pretty interesting. Anyway, I’m gone; tell me if anything weird happens.”

“W-wait, weird? What do you-” Cassandra ignored her this time.

Left sitting in a growing puddle of semen, Lana felt her mind become clearer as Cassandra closed the door behind her. She briefly wondered if Ryan had overheard, but found herself hoping more than anything that he had.

The past week had been a trying one for Lana. Her body had been changing at an increasingly drastic rate. She had gone to the store several times during the week to buy and return clothing she had bought not days before. Nothing she bought fit her for long. Between her breasts and her ass getting bigger with each passing day, Lana had resigned herself to no longer wearing

bras and having to wear thongs so that her butt wasn't in pain from stretching the fabric. Her lips had acquired a natural pouting expression in addition to their new plump look. Worst of all were her new impulses.

Lana was aware of everything she did, the test had not changed her in that aspect; but more and more each day, she found herself desiring certain things and acting a certain way. Saying 'no' to people had become difficult and she found herself flirting with strangers more often than not. It had become a habit of hers to drop things so that she might flash others as she bent to pick it up. She wanted to wear makeup more and more; to the point of her looking like a prostitute when she walked out the door. It became more fun, more fulfilling for Lana to act as if she was dumb; she would forego larger words and used 'like' and 'totally' throughout her sentences. Lana was very much aware of how much the changes were altering her life; but the more she indulged, the better she felt.

Cassandra had kept in contact with her regularly, even taking her out to lunch one day. Lana took the chance then to question whether or not she had passed the test and when would she feel like Cassandra. It was only after she sucked and fucked Cassandra in a dressing room did it occur to her that Cassandra was purposefully keeping that a secret. Part of her told her to give up and accept the changes happening to her. That thought aroused her to no end, and so she pretended not to care.

One thing Lana couldn't overlook was Ryan. Ever since his kiss with Cassandra, he'd been acting strange. He had been avoiding her for the majority of the week and spent much of his time in the bedroom if Lana was anywhere in the house. It had become difficult for Lana to focus too much on one thing or another, and so for her Ryan's transformation was difficult to nail down.

Lana still slept in her bed with Ryan, but they hadn't had sex since Cassandra humiliated him. Looking over to her right, she could see Ryan breathing peacefully in his sleep. She wasn't sure, but she was pretty certain that he had never looked so thin. His face looked softer, his cheeks rosier, and his lips more plump and feminine. He was completely devoid of any facial hair, but she couldn't remember the last time she had heard him shave. Pulling the covers back from his frame ever so slightly, Lana looked over him. Ryan's body hair was nonexistent, his hips looked somewhat girly, and the football player physique she remembered him having had been replaced by the body of a young effeminate man. His nipples looked puffy, the area around them looking swollen. One of his feminine hands rested between his legs just below his tiny, flaccid dick. It was hairless and couldn't have been more than three inches. Just looking at it sent feelings of dissatisfaction through Lana. Looking down at her own sore breasts, she massaged them and felt herself grow wet at the thought of Cassandra finding Ryan like this.

With thoughts of his humiliation in her head, Lana quietly got out of bed and found her sex toys in her underwear drawer. Cassandra had gotten her one almost as long as her actual penis as a gift. Even a ten inch dildo felt like barely enough to satisfy her anymore. As Lana pulled the

massive member free from her drawer, a small pink buttplug rolled into view. Seeing it reminded her of something; and so, Lana grabbed it as well, along with her phone and quietly closed herself in the bathroom. The buttplug was 4-inches in length and was one of her first anal toys. Placing it next to the large dildo, Lana placed herself behind them in front of the mirror and took a picture with her phone.

Lana: [im so horny! look what I found. i call them ryan and Cassandra lol. tho 'ryan' is to big to be right and Cassandras not big enough xD]

Selecting Cassandra on her phone, Lana sent the message and began to finger herself as she waited for a reply. Lana had already begun to fuck herself with the dildo by the time her phone vibrated in response.

Cassandra: [Dumb slut. You better not be doing anything with those. The meeting is tonight and I want you and Ryan both ready to pop.]

Lana felt both arousal and anger upon reading the text. She squirmed a little while longer on the cock, but eventually felt compelled to stop, hating how easily Cassandra had her wrapped around her finger. Reading the text again she began to start fingering herself again, imagining Cassandra calling her a dumb slut to her face. Despite having grown accustomed to her new love of degradation it still irked her somewhat at her core.

knock knock

“Lana? Um-HUM...it’s uh m-me Ryan. Can I use the bathroom please?” His voice broke as he spoke, lending even more credit to Lana’s theory that Cassandra’s kiss was turning him into some kind of sissy. He had become more docile too, annoying Lana to no end that she now effectively lived with a prissy little girl that claimed to be her boyfriend. Feeling no shame or need to hide them, Lana grabbed both the toys and swung open the door.

Ryan’s face was red, and he held his legs together as if he was a child ready to piss himself. He wore one of his old button-up shirts and a pair of boxers, but on his new frame it looked like he was a teenage girl wearing her boyfriend’s clothes.

“It’s, like totally free to use now, Ryan. No need to fucking rush me.”

Pushing past him and putting her toys back in the drawer, Lana pulled out a pink lace thong and laid it on the bed. Looking over she could still see Ryan staring at her, his hands lost in the long sleeves of his shirt, his expression pained as if he looked to find something to say.

“Weren’t you just, like, begging to use the bathroom? Or would you rather, like, have an accident on yourself, like, when you try to fuck?” As soon as the words came out of her mouth, Lana had regretted it. Looking hurt, Ryan quickly turned into the bathroom and locked the door

behind him.

Leaving her underwear on the bed, Lana ran to the door to comfort him; only the doorbell rang before she could get to the door. Deciding to ignore it, Lana took a few steps further before her phone began to ring. It was Cassandra.

"Hello?" Lana's answered.

"Hey cutie. I'm at the door. Let me in, we have to get a move on."

Lana began walking to the front door, surprised that Cassandra had showed up so early, "B-but I thought the meetings were at night."

"Nah, not all the time. Today's is almost all day because of the special occasion."

Unlocking the door and opening it, Lana continued to speak into the phone even as Cassandra stood in front of her, "What's the special occasion?"

"Sweetie, I hung up. I'm right here, put the phone down and get some clothes on, you airhead."

Lana's sudden realization of her lack of clothing kept her from noticing that Cassandra had deftly ignored her question. Lana felt a sudden desire to obey Cassandra's command. She made the excuse to herself that she needed to cover her naked body; but when Cassandra spanked her ass as she turned to do as she was told, Lana knew deep down that she wanted to remain undressed.

I wouldn't mind another spanking...

"Get a move on, slut." Cassandra said, her hand raised as if to slap Lana's ass again.

"Oh! B-but also Ryan is, like, really upset! I was being a meanie this morning to him and he's in the bathroom." Lana replied, her arms pressed together and forcing her breasts out without realizing. Cassandra admired Lana's subconscious gesture, but rolled her eyes nonetheless.

"Grab your clothes and get dressed in here. I'll talk to him."

Following Lana down the hall, Cassandra watched as she grabbed some clothes from her drawers, leaving them open in the process, and quickly exited. Placing her hand on the door, Cassandra knocked and called out, "You in there, Ryan?"

After a moment's silence, a tearful Ryan answered the door, "What do you want?"

"Aww you look so precious Ryan, is this why you've got your panties all up in a knot? Cause you look like Lana's innocent little sister and not her boyfriend?" Ryan scowled at her and moved to

close the door, but Cassandra was quicker. Pushing herself through, Cassandra grabbed Ryan by the hand and pulled him into the bedroom. Yanking down his boxers and bending him over the bed, she raised her skirt and pressed her crotch firmly against Ryan's ass, "Do you feel that Ryan?"

Ryan squirmed underneath her, whimpering and unresponsive at first, but as she hardened against him he shamelessly began to turn his squirming into grinding, "Looks like you do. You like how vulnerable you are, don't you, sissy?"

"W-why do I like this so much...why are me and Lana so different?" Ryan whimpered.

"You'll learn today, sissy. Do you like it when I call you that? Sissy."

"Yessss..." Ryan raised his ass ever so slightly. He wiggled his rear, getting a good grip on Cassandra's cock and gasping as she pulled her panties down. The feeling of her exposed skin on his own sending shivers down his spine.

Pulling back, Cassandra allowed her cock to harden fully before pressing her tip firmly against Ryan's tight hole, "Beg for it sissy slut."

"Please fuck me...I need your cock so bad...!"

"Wait my little fucktoy. I think there's someone that needs to hear this."

"What do yo-wait, Cassandra please no. She already thinks I'm pathetic. Pleasssse..." Cassandra silenced Ryan with a firm slap to his ass. Cassandra then called out to Lana, who ran into the room eagerly.

Seeing her boyfriend, pinned down by Cassandra, his small erection poking out off the edge of the bed, his puffy nipples hard as can be Lana found herself terribly aroused and horribly jealous.

"Tell her what you told me sissy..." Cassandra commanded. She pulled back and placed the base of her cock on Ryan's back. She let it slide downward and drag in between his cheeks, which caused the sissified Ryan to shiver and whimper in ecstasy. "...tell her and I'll give you your treat."

Ryan couldn't believe himself as the words immediately began to spill from his lips, "Please...fuck me...I need your cock so bad..."

"What do you think Lana? Should I pound this sissy's tight little ass?"

Lana looked at Ryan, his face nearly buried from shame in the sheets, "Go ahead. As far as I'm

concerned we're just roommates. There's no way in hell that tiny little cock could satisfy me now. He's probably been jerking off in my panties every night...he could use a good fuck."

"You hear that sissy? Looks like you and Lana both have some things in common: you're dumb little sluts, you're single, and you've both begged for my dick. Don't fret, I've got a solution to all of your problems; but first, let's give you what you so nicely begged for. Lana, come here and lube the little slut with your tongue."

Lana obeyed without hesitation and got to work fingering and licking Ryan's ass. Even without stimulation to his cock, Ryan was already terribly close to cumming. He couldn't believe how much he loved, even craved things being stuffed in his ass. Lana grew more jealous as Ryan squirmed to the rhythmic movements of her tongue. She could feel Cassandra's cock graze her cheek as she loosened Ryan's asshole for her. Unable to control herself any longer, Lana turned and took the full length of Cassandra's cock down her throat. She nearly gagged around it, but she found greater pleasure in doing so.

"Alright slut, down. Bad girl. This isn't yours right now."

Ryan could hear the small annoyance in Lana's voice as she quietly apologized. He couldn't believe it, but he actually felt happy to steal Cassandra's cock away from her. He was ecstatic to be fucked in the ass like a slut while the girl who had just effectively broken up with him watched.

"Fuck me Cassandra! Make me your bitch!" Ryan said, hardly surprised at his own lack of dignity.

Cassandra slapped his ass in response, "That's the spirit! Ready your ass, cumdump; I'm making you mine."

With a single thrust, Cassandra slowly pushed the entire length of her shaft into Ryan's ass. All thirteen inches of her massive cock easily slid into Ryan's tight hole. Much like Lana, the transformation had made it easy for Ryan to take large and even multiple insertions. It still hurt somewhat, but for Ryan this only made his humiliating ass fuck all the better.

Lana watched in anger as her limp dicked ex-boyfriend moaned like a girl with each thrust of Cassandra's cock. She was the one who had degraded herself every day. She had wholeheartedly allowed herself to be used and abused and now she had to sit out while this sissy took her cock. Then it occurred to her, if she was a good little slut; if she waited patiently, then maybe she would be rewarded. Maybe she would be allowed to clean Cassandra's cock with her tongue. Lana's brain grew warm as she found her fingers slipping beneath her shorts. This was how she had to be, obedient. A good little bimbo.

Ryan felt as if each time Cassandra's cock pushed further into him, he was becoming more and

more her dumb little sissy slut. Maybe it was what he wanted and his mind was just trying to make sense of his feelings, or maybe something really had changed him. Part of him wanted the latter to be true, so that he could continue to become the pathetic sissy he so craved to be.

“After this we’re going to play dressup, Ryan. Doesn’t that sound fun? You’ll get to pick out your pretty panties and everything! Just pick something that covers your butt pretty well; my cum will be dripping out your ass for the rest of the day.”

Lana watched as precum dripped from Ryan’s cock. It amused her to note that this was the longest he had lasted all week.

Looks like it will be anal for Ryan from now on.

Ryan could feel himself get close to climax. He could feel Cassandra’s cock. Every vein, every inch of it. As soon as he felt Cassandra’s head begin to spasm, he knew he was close to cumming. Cassandra’s cock punishing his tight ass had made him realize that nothing in this world would get him off more than a large cock in his ass filling him up with semen.

As soon as he felt the first of her cum shooting into him, Ryan’s whole body began to shake. Her ejaculate was already dripping freely from his ass as she continued to thrust into him. He moaned, sounding far girlier than he ever remembered. His own cock couldn’t compare to Cassandra’s as it shot its meager load onto the sheets and floor in erratic spurts as Ryan begged to be fucked harder.

“Lana, your pussy is good, but Ryan’s got you beat in the anal department. Looks like I’ll have to keep you both around for quite some time, huh?” With that Cassandra pulled her cock loose, leaving Ryan to fall to knees on the floor, still shaking and moaning from his orgasm.

“Now help get the sissy dressed, and plug him so he doesn’t ruin his panties.”

Feeling glad to prove herself useful, Lana grinned and quickly ran to pick out something nice and embarrassing for Ryan to wear. With Cassandra’s cum beginning to run down the back of his now feminine thighs, Ryan felt himself become more clear headed. His cheeks growing redder with each passing second, as he suddenly realized where he stood in his relationship: Lana’s sissy ex-boyfriend and Cassandra’s personal fucktoy.

Holding aloft a pair of pink lace panties, matching bra, and a pink butt plug, Lana walked back to Ryan and grabbed him underneath his stomach, hoisting him back to being bent over the bed. Foregoing lube, Lana pressed ‘Ryan’ the butt plug into Ryan the sissy’s still sore and sensitive ass. He hissed in a mixture of pleasure and pain tensing his ass as the plug was fully inserted. Lana marveled at the amount of cum displaced by the toy, feeling slightly jealous that the sissy got such a large load for his first ass fuck.

“Clean yourself off and put these on. Cassandra wants that plug to stay in, understand?”

His face burning crimson, Ryan nodded meekly and took the clothing offered to him, “Personally, I’d let you go just wearing that, but I don’t think Cassandra would like that. Just go try those on and try not to cum in them, okay? I’ll bring you more clothes when you have those on.”

Walking into the bathroom, Ryan took a look at himself. He looked even girlier now than he had not an hour ago. His hair had grown a staggering amount over the course of the last week, and had grown to the point of touching his shoulders. His nipples couldn’t be called puffy any longer; he had breasts and, by the looks of it, he’d easily fit well into any of Lana’s old bras. His cock had remained the same size, although it looked smaller in the cold of the room. Holding the prissy panties aloft, Ryan sighed as he wondered if he’d really let them take away the last of his dignity willingly.

Finding himself strangely compelled to obey, Ryan stepped into the silken fabric. He could feel himself becoming aroused again as he pulled them to his waist. Turning in the mirror, Ryan admired his growing bubble butt and the faint impression of the butt plug pressing against the panties. Next came the matching bra, the frills of which made his cock twitch upon seeing them fitted to his small breasts. Rubbing his boobs through the bra, Ryan marveled at the sensitivity of his nipples. He had to catch himself from getting too into it, he had already been told not to ruin the panties and he was already feeling close.

With a quick knock, Lana opened the door and walked in. Placing the clothing on the counter, she took her time in looking Ryan over, “You don’t look anything like your old self. If I saw you, like, on the street in these, I’d assume you were totally some college freshman girl. You like that don’t you? Now put those on, Cassandra is getting, like, really imp-impaytent...impai...she’s, like, mad.”

Ryan found himself watching Lana’s ass jiggle as she left the room. She had changed a whole lot too. He had become too meek and too scared of his own changes to question it, and now they were both helpless to whatever was altering them. Ryan knew far too well that he was starting to like what was happening to him. As much as he tried to fight and ignore the feelings, the thought of looking as slutty and growing as stupid as Lana had become made his cock twitch in his panties.

Looking at what Lana left him, Ryan picked up the top. Holding the white cloth aloft, Ryan watched as the crop top unfolded itself. He pulled it over his head, and cringed as he realized that not only would his stomach be exposed, but his bra could easily be seen through the sheer fabric.

Next came the bright pink miniskirt. It was tight against his skin, any movement causing the skirt to shift and display his pantied rear. His cock stretched strained in his frilly panties at the thought.

Finally dressed, Ryan looked himself over, he couldn't believe he was actually considering going out like this. He didn't really have a choice anymore, and he looked girly enough. He wondered if he was more concerned if people would know it was him or if they'd just think him some random slut. Ryan's thoughts were then interrupted by another quick knock, followed by the door opening. This time Lana and Cassandra both entered.

"Lana has some heels for you sissy. I'm sure you'll love them. After that, I'll be doing your makeup and then we really need to go."

"M-makeup? A-are you sure I ha-"

Cassandra silenced him with a firm slap to his nearly exposed ass, "You want to be my pretty sissy slut don't you? We're going to doll you up, so put your heels on and hold still."

Desperately trying to force his stiff cock back down, Ryan meekly stepped into the pink heels placed before him. They were far taller than he was comfortable with; at least four inches, and they caused him to wobble as he placed himself next to Cassandra in the mirror, "You'll get used to them, Lana's are even taller and she walks like a pro; then again she is a huge fucking bimbo slut."

Lana giggled as she began to apply makeup to her own face, "Thank you, Cassandra."

Holding Ryan firmly by the chin, Cassandra positioned him how she wanted and then began her work heavily coating his face with foundation and applying blush, lipstick, eyeliner, and mascara gratuitously. By the time she was finished, Lana had already done the same to herself, looking every bit the bimbo Cassandra claimed her to be. Looking in the mirror, Ryan felt as if he looked like a sex doll; almost absentmindedly he opened his mouth to form an 'o' and was astounded by how much he did.

"What sissy? Pretending you have a cock stuffing you right now? Come on, I've already spent enough time spoiling you two. We need to go before we're late. Hold hands and follow me down to the car."

Grinning like an idiot, Lana took Ryan by the hand and led him along behind the speed walking Cassandra. Stumbling a lot at first, Ryan felt his legs becoming weak and exhausted by the time they reached Cassandra's car. Sitting in the back with Lana he found himself glad that no one had seen them during their brief public excursion. But for just how long would that last?

Stepping out of the car, Ryan found himself compelled to obey Cassandra's earlier orders as

run to the other side of the car to hold Lana's hand. Together they walked behind Cassandra through the small but packed parking lot and into a plain looking, unmarked building. Ryan was too distracted by the fluttering of his heart to realize that he had already mastered his heels and swayed his hips almost as sexily as Lana without even thinking about it. Already his breasts and ass had begun to grow, easily filling out his bra and panties to the point of beginning to overflow. His lips had grown fuller much like Lana's and he had unknowingly adopted a more feminine and vulnerable stance.

As they approached the front, a tall brunette woman stood at the door. Nodding to Cassandra, she opened the door but motioned for them to stop, "Afternoon, Cassandra. These the toys you promised? The sissy looks especially good. You must hold quite the influence over him."

Cassandra smirked as she slapped Ryan's rear, knocking him off balance and causing him to fall into the stranger's arms, "Of course Hannah, the sissy is plenty obedient to me. Give him a feel and see just how good a job I've done." Ryan gasped in embarrassment and pleasure as Hannah's hands fondled his breasts and lightly patted his rear. Turning him around, she lifted the front of his skirt and laughed as she cupped his tiny bulge, "I don't think I've seen a sissy with such a tiny dick." Spinning him around, Hannah pushed him back to Cassandra lightly by the ass and grabbed Lana next, "And this one, by god, Cassandra you really went all out with her. There's no way in hell you can pretend she's anything else but a dumb slut."

"She's still improving too. As is little Ryan here. I wouldn't be surprised if Ryan ended up looking like Lana does now."

Ryan and Lana both found themselves aroused at the casual conversation discussing them like objects. Neither spoke for fear of being rude or disobedient, not realizing just how deep into their training they were. Their almost constant arousal kept them nearly helpless and aching for the degrading treatment they were receiving.

"Well you best get these two inside before the higher ups punish you for being late." Waving goodbye, Cassandra positioned Ryan and Lana in front as she ushered them inside. Ryan and Lana's nipples hardened almost immediately as they walked down the cold empty hallway. The clacking of their heels echoed loudly as they approached the far off double doors, the faint sound of people growing louder as they approached.

Lana remembered her first meeting. It had seemed all so different than what she was experiencing now. A few beautiful women chatting and laughing, Cassandra eventually mentioning her, and then a kiss from a gorgeous redhead. Cassandra was taken elsewhere for a few minutes as she was granted full membership, and she sat nervously awaiting her friend's return. When Cassandra returned they left. Nothing had been simpler. Now Lana was returning practically enslaved along with her sissy ex-boyfriend. Had everything before just been a front? Lana didn't think about it for too long. Thinking was becoming difficult for her and she was finding that she liked it that way. Ryan too, had stopped thinking, deciding that it would be easier

to accept what was about to happen to him if he just let it happen.

As they reached the door, Cassandra stopped them and opened her purse. From within she pulled out two matching pink leather collars, "It's time we stopped pretending this is anything different than what it is. Both of you, on your knees for your mistress." Cassandra watched as Lana gladly dropped to all fours and Ryan burned red with embarrassment as he unsteadily followed suit. Holding the first collar in front of Lana, Cassandra showed her the metal tag on the front, "This is your new name precious. Tell me what it says."

"C...Ku...ku..." Lana stammered for a moment, her face growing crimson for the first time in nearly a week, "What's the matter slut? Are you so dumb you can't read? Are you that much of a stupid bimbo?" Ryan couldn't believe what he was hearing. Had Cassandra really changed them that much?

"I-I can't read it Cassandra, like, um...I don't know what it says...I'm sorry..." Lana muttered, her eyes downcast.

Cassandra grabbed her firmly by the chin, "You'll call me mistress from now on bimbo, do you understand?" Speaking through pouting lips, Lana responded, "Y-yes mistress."

"Good. Let's see, can my little sissy still read? Why don't you be mistress's good little girl and tell the bimbo what her new name is." Looking from Lana's face to the collar, Ryan felt himself grow aroused at the thought of being his mistress's 'good girl'.

"Her new name is 'Cumdump' mistress."

"Thank you sissy," Cassandra then placed the collar around Lana's neck and locked it in place, "What is your name slut?"

"Cumdump, mistress."

Cassandra smiled and patted Lana on the head before motioning for her to stand back up. Turning her attention to Ryan next, she held aloft an identical collar in front of him, "And what is your name sissy?"

Between the plug in his ass and having Lana watching him as he degraded himself in front of Cassandra, Ryan had already begun to grow close to orgasm. He couldn't believe how much his body and mind had betrayed him; how much he had grown to like the humiliation heaped upon him, "My name is Cocksut mistress." Ryan shivered as he was collared, the sound of the lock sealing his fate to wearing his new name for all to see making his knees weak as he stood at Cassandra's command.

"Now that you two know your place, let's go in. Shall we?" Opening the door for them,

Cassandra pushed the two inside, slapping their asses as they stumbled past.

The room was large and, for the most part, full of women. Looking around as he followed Cassandra, Ryan began to see lots of women similar to her. Most were tall, toned, and gorgeous. Some flaunted their thick cocks, keeping them nearly erect and obvious in tight shorts or yoga pants. It was clear that these women were in charge. Everyone else was wearing a collar. Despite the fact that those that were collared outnumbered the dominant dick-girls, they all remained docile, allowed themselves to be humiliated almost constantly, or performed some menial task or another. It took the two of them some time to realize that, given the collars around their necks, they were to join the ranks of helpless individuals.