

A New You

Part 2

Patrick stared at the mirror as the reflective surface changed to a pure black screen, like that of a tv that had yet to be turned on. Even across the black surface, Patrick could see the changes that were forced upon him; the foreign curls that sat on his head, the shrunken body that he now embodied, and the lisping voice that came from his mouth every time he spoke. He knew it was him, but every time he looked into a mirror a stranger stared back at him.

“Just a few more tweaks and we will have a brand new you!” Joey, the hairdresser, said as he tapped the black surface a few times in the corner.

“Please, stop! I’m so sorry,” Patrick lisped as his thin arms struggled against the cape that kept him suctioned to the chair. Freddie, the overtly effeminate assistant, leaned over Patrick’s shoulder running his hand through Patrick’s thick curls.

“Oh honey, don’t struggle you won’t be getting out,” Freddie said placing a gentle kiss on Patrick’s smooth hairless skin. “Babe you did a great job with this curls! I am obsessed!” Freddie excitedly screeched as he grabbed handfuls of Patrick’s new hair duo. “You think I will look good with these?” Freddie asked.

“You haven’t had curls on so long Freddie! But you would look fabulous with any hair. I honestly can’t remember when you did them last,” Joey said as he tapped one final time on the black surface which caused a ripple to float across the screen as if it was a pool of water. Joey turned towards Patrick, his eyes full of mystery. His wide toothy grin brought memories of the Cheshire Cat to Patrick’s mind as he fearfully stared into the man’s dark eyes. “Ready?” Joey asked as he dragged a finger around the surface. The surface began to bubble and change as a black spiral began to form at the center, like a whirlpool of ink. The swirl began to grow until it took the entire screen.

“Just go ahead and stare into the center Patrick and all those worries will just float away,” Joey advised, rubbing his large hands around Patrick’s softened features. Patrick tried to pull away, he tried to avert his gaze, but once he glimpsed the dark spiral he knew he was trapped.

“Just stare into the center sweetheart and all those nasty hetero thoughts you have in your head will just begin to float away,” Freddie said, his voice becoming softer the longer Patrick stared into the center. Patrick’s head began to sway in a circle as he fell deeper and deeper into the spiral, his worries and fears slowly began satiated and then his vision went dark.

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“Welcome to Curl up and Dye!” Patrick announced as a broad set man entered the salon. His muscular body stretched his Navy Whites to the extreme; his beefy pectorals, wide shoulders, and huge arms looked like they would bust the seams if he turned the wrong way. “How can I help you sexy?” Patrick purred, running his hand through the bulky curls that hung over his eyes.

Help! They won't let me leave! Help me!

“Yes, I am looking for one of my friends. About my height. Probably came in here in his uniform as well. Has anyone come in looking like that?” The military man asked, his hands moving around his muscular form as he described Patrick’s old appearance. Patrick tapped his nonexistent jawline with one of his well-manicured fingers.

“Hmmmm,” Patrick said, leaning onto the counter, his low cut shirt falling open revealing his thin tan body to the man. Patrick could see the man’s eyes focus on his exposed flesh which sent shivers down his spine. “I don’t think so,” Patrick said as he fluttered his long eyelashes flirtatiously at the sailor.

“Are you sure?” The sailor asked as he too leaned on the counter. Patrick could smell the hearty cologne wafted from his body, causing his tiny cock to grow hard.

Brian, it's me! Help me! They changed me somehow! Get help!

“Well, hunks like you don’t come in here often. So I would remember if he did. But I probably wouldn’t let him leave if it was up to me,” Patrick said as he laid his soft hand on the large forearm of the military man.

“Well if cuties like you were at my job I probably wouldn’t let you leave either,” the sailor flirted. He laid his large hand on Patrick’s dainty one, giving it a gentle squeeze. “What’s your name sweetheart?”

IT'S ME! IT'S PATRICK!

Patrick’s inner voice screamed with all intensity, trying to fight against the conditioning that Joey and Freddie had done to him. It was like he was locked in a padded room watching what was unfolding in front of him on a screen in his head. He knew he was speaking, he knew who he was, but nothing seemed to translate to his body. He knew he should be in control but someone else was pulling the strings.

“My friends call me Pat,” Patrick smiled at the sailor. He laughed.

“What a coincidence, the friend I am looking for is named Patrick.” He said, oblivious to the fact that he had already found his missing friend.

“What’s your name?” Patrick cooed.

“Friends call me Austin,” the sailor said.

“Well Austin I don’t know where your friend Patrick is, but I can be your friend. I have been told I can be VERY friendly.” Patrick dragged his fingers softly up the man’s arm, giving his large bicep a gentle squeeze. Patrick’s tiny cock was now fully erect within in super skinny jeans.

No. You’re not gay. You don’t want this. You like chicks! You fuck chicks!

Even as Patrick’s inner thoughts screamed in denial, his new body reacted to the attraction it was feeling. Another voice began to grow inside of Patrick. One that urged his body to continue its homosexual acts. Patrick could feel it pressing against his subconscious, attempting to suppress him even more.

Grab his bicep again. It feels so good. So manly and large.

No, I’m not gay!

Seems like you are enjoying it though. Look at him. He’s a fucking god unlike us.

I use to be like him! I was a man once!

Shhhh, just forget. It’s so much easier to forget. Maybe he will let us take him out back.

“Well, it looks like Patrick isn’t here.” Austin said, pulling away from Patrick as he let out a sigh of dissatisfaction. “I guess I have to keep looking.”

“The visit doesn’t have to be a total loss does it?” Patrick asked, raising one of his thin eyebrows.

“Oh, it doesn’t?” Austin questioned, leaning back onto the counter.

“Well If you’re not busy I think I can get you a consultation in the back?” Patrick asked, nodding his head towards the back storeroom. “The boss is out to lunch with his boyfriend and it’s just little ole me. All alone here to watch the big bad store.” Patrick’s voice taking on the tone of a whiny child.

NO! NO! NO! NO! Get a hold of yourself! This isn’t who you are!

Oh but it is. You feel that hard cock in your pants? You love it!

Without waiting for an answer Patrick slid from behind the counter and locked the front door of the salon. Austin watched as his hips swayed from side to side seductively causing his own dick to inflate. Patrick bent over to place the “Be back in 15 minutes,” and received a whistle of appreciation from Austin as he stared at his compact buns.

“Like what you see?” Patrick asked, shaking his ass from side to side receiving another whistle of approval. Austin grabbed the hefty bulge and raised an eyebrow.

“What do you think?” Patrick reached out and grabbed Austin’s massive cock and moaned in excitement.

“Seems like you really like what you see,” Patrick said, as he grabbed the man’s hand, pulled him to the back of the salon, and into the supply closet.

This cant be happening! No! I can't do this. Please stop! Why won't you listen?

Oh, you are listening, just not listening you anymore. But don't worry. You will be gone soon enough.

What? What do you mean by gone?

Don't you feel it? Don't you feel yourself growing weaker? The old you is dying, and I am going to be the only thing left. But you do have a choice. You can join me. You can accept me, and you won't disappear.

As the two entered the well-stocked room Patrick was immediately thrown against the wall as Austin pressed his face against Patrick’s. Austin slipped his tongue into Patrick’s mouth, grabbing onto both of his hands and pinning them to the wall as he aggressively kissed him. Patrick ground his hard dick into Austin’s thick thigh moaning as his sensitive cock rubbed back and forth within his thong.

“God, you are fucking sexy!” Austin said breaking the kiss for only a moment before biting down onto Patrick’s tender skin.

“Oh god!” Patrick screamed in pleasure. His high-pitched moans of ecstasy resembling that more of a woman than the grunts of a man. Austin released Patrick’s hands and moved down his body, sliding inside of his loose blouse as he searched for Patrick’s tiny nipples. “Oh fuck!” Patrick groaned as Austin pulled and pinched his nipples.

I gotta stop this! Patrick listen to me! This isn't you! Fight! Get away!

No, go for his dick. I bet its massive, unlike our tiny cock.

Patrick’s hands grabbed onto Austin’s belt buckle and quickly undid his belt and unzipped his dress pants. Patrick grabbed onto both Austin’s pants and underwear and with one swift movement dropped both to the floor.

“Fuck me,” Patrick said in surprise at the beer can thick cock that was pointing directly at him.

“Sounds like a plan to me!” Austin grunted as he flipped Patrick around, grabbed onto his own pants, and pulled them down. “Oh, fuck baby, that ass is even better than I thought,” Austin said as he ran his fingers along the thong that was buried deep between Patrick’s cheeks. Austin fell to his knees and pushed Patrick’s cheeks against toad took a deep whiff. “God, you smell so good, babe. Makes me so hungry.” Austin nibbled along Patrick’s fatty cheeks playfully before grabbing onto the waistband of his underwear and taring it off his thin form.

“Oh, Daddy!” Patrick cried as he dick bounced free. Austin buried his face back between Patrick’s cheeks and ravenously licked and tongued his hairless hole. His hands rubbed onto Patrick’s thighs as they traveled around to the front of his body, grasping onto his rock hard dick.

“Seems like someone is enjoying themselves,” Austin teased as he rubbed his hand up and down the shaft of Patrick’s cock. Patrick pressed his face against the wall and continued to moan uncontrollably as his ass was eaten and dick was toyed with by Austin.

God, it feels so good! Don’t you love how it feels to have a real man play with your dick?

No. I hate it. Everything is disgusting.

Don’t lie. I know you are enjoying yourself. Tell the truth. How does it feel to have your little dick played with by Austin?

“You are so perfect,” Austin said as he withdrew his face from Patrick’s ass. “Ready for Daddy’s cock baby?” Patrick could feel Austin’s massive dick line up with his well-lubricated hole.

“Fuck me!” Patrick moaned pushing his ass against the cock, feeling the head of Austin’s cock pierce his virgin hole.

NO!

YES!

Patrick let out of scream of pleasure as Austin sank his full cock into Patrick’s body. The pain was excruciating, as was the pleasure. Austin leaned onto Patrick’s thin back and kissed the side of his face.

“God you’re tight,” Austin moaned, letting Patrick get accustomed to his large cock. “Ready?” Austin asked. Patrick nodded. “Fuck yeah.” Austin pulled his cock all the way from Patrick’s hole and then slammed it all the way back inside of him. Austin’s and Patrick’s moans of pleasure filled the room as did the sweaty smell of their sexual acts.

This cant be happening. This cant be happening. This cant be happening

Oh, it is honey. Just enjoy yourself. Can you feel how hard you are? The pleasure is overwhelming! I can barely feel anything else. Can you?

The old Patrick continued to fight the pleasure he could feel building in his body. With every thrust of Austin’s cock the pleasure built up behind a wall around him, but he could feel the wall begin to crack. It was becoming too much for him to hold against.

“Oh Daddy, I’m getting ready to cum!” Patrick moaned as Austin’s thrusts became ragged and staggered.

“Me too baby! Get ready for Daddy to breed you!” Austin grunted as he thrust one last time and began to unload his seed into Patrick’s new christened pussy.

Oh, fuck it feels so good! Fuck me!

Yes! Love it! Revel in the pleasure Patrick! Enjoy it! Feel Austin's cock buried in you.

The wall around the last vestiges of Patrick's old personality broke and the pleasure overwhelmed him.

"Oh, Daddy!" Patrick screamed as his body shacked and his dick dripped a small load onto the floor. Patrick squeezed his hole around Austin's massive cock attempting to pull the last drops of his precious load into his body.

MORE! Give me more!

Patrick's hole clamped tightly around Austin's cock securing it inside of him. Even after cumming Austin's dick still remained somewhat hard.

"Please Daddy, fuck me again. I need it," Patrick begged. Austin looked at the watch on his hand and then back to Patrick.

"I think I can spare another few minutes," Austin said as he pulled his cock from Patrick's hole, causing a large wave of cum to gush out. Austin flipped Patrick around, grabbed ahold of his legs, and lifted him into the air. "This time I wanna see your face when I fuck you," Austin said wickedly.

"Yes sir," Patrick moaned as Austin pushed his dick back into his hole.

Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck my pussy!

Good boy. See it's not all that bad. Wait till we get our first taste of cock.