

EX

REVENGE IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

HUSBAND

MAGAZINE

SLUT!

MAKE HIM A
GROUPIE!

OBSSESSED WITH
ROCK STARS!

EXHIBITIONIST

TAKES OFF HIS TOP AT EVERY
CONCERT! AND SOMETIMES
MORE!

PARTY GIRL!

LIVES TO GET WASTED!

SEX!

ONLY GOAL IN LIFE:
SLEEP WITH
MORE ROCK STARS
THAN **ANY GIRL**
IN HISTORY.

TALENTED!

THE THINGS
HE CAN DO
WITH THAT MOUTH!

BIG BOOTY!

AND HE KNOWS HOW TO
USE IT!!

NYMPHO!

HAS THREE THINGS
ON HIS MIND: MEN,
MEN AND MEN!

COMPELLED TO SLEEP
WITH EVERY MUSICIAN!

BONUS: TOTAL
DEGRADATION. HE
EVEN SLEEPS
WITH **ROADIES**.

COLLECTS MICK
JAGGER'S **UNDERWEAR**.

SUBMISSIVE!

LOVES TO BE DEGRADED!



MEET PRIME VENGEANCE, THE FORMER ROCK STAR WHO SPILLS THE BEANS ON HIS NEW LIFE AS A SEX STARVED GROUPIE WHO WORSHIPS THE GUYS IN HIS OLD BAND.

“Late again, and high,” Danny said as the rocker known as Prime Vengeance came boozily into the green room, a giggling girl on each arm. “You missed sound check.”

“Who gives a shit?” Prime said, giving girl one a kiss, then girl two. “Sluts, begone.”

The girls pouted and left, blowing Prime kisses.

“Man, you need to get your shit together,” Danny said. The other members of the band sat, watching, not wanting to get into it.

“Or what?” Prime said, getting into Danny’s face. “What the fuck are you gonna do?” He poked Danny in the chest. “I am the band. I am Vengeance. Don’t you ever fucking forget it.”

“Man,” Danny said, turning away.

“That’s right. Walk away, mother fucker and be glad I let you linger in my fucking glory.”

Danny was straining not to take a swing at Prime. Danny felt he never got the credit he deserved. He was the heart and soul of Vengeance, he told himself. Prime was just the face.

Chapter Two

The sold-out crowd at Chicago’s Soldier Field hushed as the lights went down as the members of the band, all but the lead singer, Prime Vengeance, came onto the stage and grabbed their instruments.

The bassist, Ghoul, laid down a steady, heartbeat rhythm as the lights now cut completely off, leaving the band in darkness. The audience clapped, but the applause was restrained, waiting, anticipating a grand

entrance. Franki Dire, the drummer, joined in, kicking the bass drum in unison with the guitar, the sound echoing around the arena. The crowd began to stomp and clap as one, chanting, “Vengeance... Vengeance... Vengeance...”

The band made them wait. Danny Darkness, the rhythm guitarist, slammed his pick across the strings of his Fender, a noise like thunder howling over the thumping beat, and then the lead guitarist, Symptom, began to etch jagged, lightning strikes of screaming, heavy metal rage. The crowd howled right back—stomping, clapping, shouting, desperate for release.

“Vengeance... Vengeance... Vengeance...”

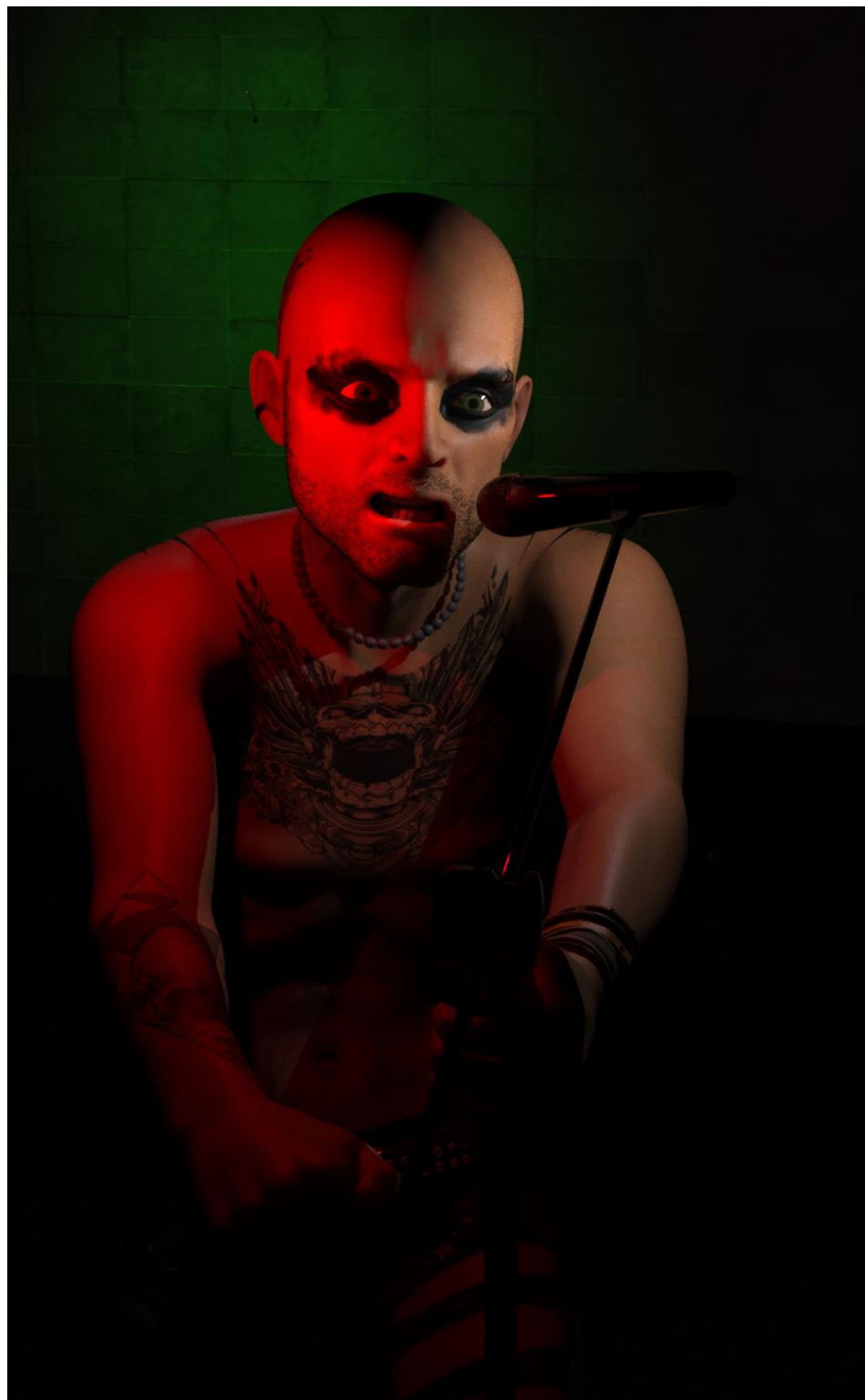
Smoke rolled forward from the back of the stage and five spotlights, lurid green, began to move frantically around the stage, like the eyes of a victim.

A woman’s terrified scream, like from a 1950s B movie. Strobe lights flashed to the right of the stage as what looked like a headless corpse staggered forward, staccato flashes, as it fell to the ground, vanishing into the fog, followed by more B movie SFX: a deep, demonic laughter.

“Vengeance... Ven—” The shouting became a scream, a wall of white noise as Prime Vengeance strutted onto the stage, holding a severed head up high in the air like a trophy. The stage lights came up and Prime tossed the prosthetic head into the air. He full body flexed, his bare chest glistening, veins bulging, the stage lights glinting off his smooth, shaved head. The band jumped into a fearsome riff- the relentless barrage that was “Love Killer.”

Vengeance stormed the mic at the center of the stage and howled the opening lines:

I'm a love killer and if you live to tell
A night in heaven, a life in hell...



250 miles away in Toledo, give or take, images of the concert floated in the air, revealed by a magic portal that rose from a scrying stone. Three women watched, shaking their heads in disgusted amusement. “Truer words were never spoken,” Dani said, bouncing her baby on her knee.

“I can’t believe I fell for him,” Georgia said.

“What were you, 18?” Heather took a sip of vodka.

“I had just turned 18. His ‘assistant’ even checked my ID before she let me backstage.”

“Me, too,” Dani said.

“I was probably too old for him,” Heather said. “An old, decrepit woman of 19, but I looked 16, so he considered me fuckable.”

“Creep,” they all said, glaring at the image of “Prime Vengeance” as he screeched, thrusting his hips forward like he was fucking an invisible groupie.

“If you doubt me just ask the ladies

They’re in the asylum; I drive ‘em crazy.”

“You know,” Heather said, “ya think he’s just singing bullshit, but once you meet him it’s like every word is actually true.”

The women all nodded. Prime Vengeance had achieved many rare accomplishments in his 29 years of life. His band had sold over 11 million records, counting downloads. He’d made the cover of Metal Magazine, and even appeared in no less than 8 movies. He’d also managed to marry three times, each one ending in a bitter divorce and leaving behind three

very bitter women who had all, indeed, been driven insane by his temper tantrums and drug-fueled rages. He also had five children who would probably never meet their father, since he always claimed he was too busy “conquering the world” to actually be a dad for his children.

Prime had been born Mortimer Milkweed, the son of a dentist and an LPN, and once he’d hit it big, he’d built a huge, palatial mansion in the suburbs of Toledo because, he told the papers, he never wanted to lose touch with his roots. Dani, Heather and Georgia, his ex-wives who’d dubbed themselves “Victims of Vengeance,” knew the real reason: in addition to being a self-absorbed asshole, Mortimer needed to rub his success in everyone’s faces.

“We gonna do this?” Dani said.

“I wonder if it will really work?” Georgia said.

“Let’s find out.”

Prime howled the chorus:

Love Killer I’m a love killer

I kill love cause I’m a...

The crowd shouted along

LOVE KILLER

Symptom tore into his guitar solo. Freed of the need to sing, Prime ran to the edge of the stage, pretending he was getting a blow job while all the girls crowding the front of the stage screamed. High on both a cocktail of drugs— he didn’t even know what he’d taken, as well as the thrill of the

performance, Prime didn't even notice the tingling in his chest, the aching of his nipples. He was checking out the girls, trying to decide if he wanted to tell his procurement specialist, Zani, to grab one of them and bring her backstage as his hard, flat chest began to soften, his nipples widening, little bumps appearing.

"Shit, it is real," Dani said, spitting up her drink as a pair of pointy little A cups swelled on Prime's chest, jiggling as he strutted along the front of the stage. Prime didn't notice— yet. He was too high, but some of the girls in the audience looked confused.

Prime turned to face the audience, throwing his arms behind his head as he gyrated his hips as if he were fucking every girl in the audience. The timing couldn't have been more perfect as his A cups swelled and rounded, blossoming into firm B and then C cups with fat, plump nipples, swaying, thrust out...

The audience murmured, people looking at each other, Are you seeing what I'm seeing? Was this some part of the act? What was not in doubt was that Prime Vengeance now had a pair of tits— really good tits. He had better tits than most of the girls in the audience.

Prime still had not noticed the change, and was still deep in his macho posturing, thinking himself an alpha god, as those magnificent C cups seemed to tremble and then plump once more, heavy, round gravity defying D cups jutting out proudly from his chest, his nipples now hard little eraser heads, pointing up and out.

Dani, Heather, and Georgia all laughed. "Oh, my God, he's got an incredible rack."



“How can he not notice?”

“He’s so fucking high.”

“He’s going to shit himself when he does.”

Little Mort, the baby Dani had been bouncing on her knee, seeing the swaying mammaries, pointed and made a hungry, cooing sound. “That’s right,” Dani said, bouncing him, laughing. “Daddy has tits!”

“Let’s clear those tats,” Georgia said. “Let everyone see those glorious jugs!”

The other ex-wives nodded, and a shimmering light seemed to flash over Prime, his tats wiped away to reveal soft, smooth, glowing skin.

As the guitar solo was winding down, Prime did his trademark move, pounding his fist on his chest like a caveman, only now, “Ow!” It really hurt, and instead of feeling his fists pound against rock hard muscle, he felt them squish into soft, bouncy flesh. It was enough to cut through the druggy haze, and Prime looked down to see a pair of big, gorgeous breasts swaying on his chest.

“The fuck?” He said, eyes going wide in shock as he wrapped his arms around his boobs like an embarrassed female. The audience still had no idea what was going on, though it certainly seemed a little off brand for Prime to not only have tits, but to be cowering now, arms wrapped across his breasts, looking like a bashful schoolgirl. Wasn’t he supposed to be macho?



His ex-wives were rolling, clutching their bellies with laughter. The look on his face, shock, humiliation, was priceless.

Prime was frozen, stunned. The solo ended and he missed his cue. He had his back to the band, so they didn't know what was happening. It wasn't the first time he'd gotten caught up in playing to the audience or had been too stoned to remember a song. They shared aggravated glances—the fucking prima donna— and just kept grooving.

Years of performing had instilled in Prime an all-powerful habit: the show must go on. His ex-wives had enhanced this feeling, wanting to make sure

his new assets got a full viewing that night. High, confused, thinking maybe this was all just a bad trip, he did what he'd always done and got back to performing. When he turned and headed back to the microphone, the jaw of every single member of his band dropped open in shock as they took in Prime's massive, swaying breasts.

"What the fuck?" Franki said, sticks flashing, not missing a beat.

Prime shrugged like, who the fuck knows, his breasts rising and bouncing as he grabbed the mic and started to sing.

Zani, his assistant and procurer, watched it all from the side of the stage, along with a pack of chuckling stagehands. Prime was an epic asshole. Everyone who knew him hated him, and it was sweet justice for a lot of them to see what had happened to him. The audience, meanwhile, had phones out capturing pics and vidoes.

Zani freaked. Shit. This would be all over social media. She ran back to her office and grabbed her shawl. She brought one to every show. It was always so damn cold backstage. A pretty, pink floral pattern, it wasn't ideal, but it was better than having Prime flash his tits all night. Running back, she rushed out on stage and draped it over Prime's shoulders "Cover up," she shouted into his ear.

"Yeah, yeah," Prime said, "thanks." He didn't even take a good look at the shawl, just pulling it on to cover his bouncing boobs.



“Did we make *that* happen?” Georgia asked as she watched Prime pulling the pretty, feminine silk shawl down over his shoulders and breasts.

“No, but I wish we had!” Dani said, snickering.

“Let’s just change him right now!” Heather said, getting excited. “Turn him into a woman in front of everyone! Take all his clothes away and make him perform naked!”

Georgia shook her head. “You know what Tatiana said. Slow and steady. Enjoy the journey, because once he reaches his destination? Well, the big fun is over.”

“Fine,” Heather said. “But maybe we can make another change or two tonight? We’re here all together anyway?”

“What do you have in mind?”

“Oh, maybe a little role-reversal would be fun.”

Vengeance plowed through their usual shit– the hits, fan favorites, some stuff from the new record. Prime was off, though, distracted by the weight of his new tits, the way they thrust out in front of him, kept swaying and bouncing, the chills he got as his nipples rubbed against the slick silk shawl. When the band tore into the opening riff of one of their biggest hits towards the end of the show, Prime looked back, eyes full of fear, and shook his head, no.

Danny grinned and shook his head yes.

Prime wanted to die right there, to fucking ditch the show, but he felt like he had no choice as he sang the opening lines of their biggest hit:

I like the ladies you know I do

Long legs a big booty, too

I like everything but let me tell you this

Most of all....” He pulled his shawl closed, trying to hide his breasts, and slouched

“...I love tits!”

“That’s not fun,” ex-wife Heather said. “Let’s give him some stripper tendencies.” The other girls laughed and nodded.

As the band moved toward the chorus, Prime felt a sudden need, desire, to throw off the shawl, to shake his tits in front of the whole audience. *What the fuck is wrong with me?* He thought. *No way. No fucking way.* His hands trembled, but he ached with a terrible new desire. He had an incredible rack. He needed everyone to know it, and screaming at himself, he threw the shawl off and held his arms out to the sides, shaking his shoulders back and forth, his breasts heaving from side to side as he sang:

I love tits

Love how they bounce

Tits

Love em in my mouth



Now he grabbed his breasts and squeezed them together, held them toward the audience.

Tits

Send me round the world

Tits

On every girl

The ex-wives were dying.

Zani, his assistant, put her head in her hands. What the hell was she supposed to do now? What the hell was Prime doing? How was it even possible he had, what were those actual breasts?

The concert ended. Prime, gasping with relief, stormed off the stage.

“Nice tits!” One of the roadies yelled.

“Fuck off,” Prime said, shoving past Zani, who’d tried to grab his arm. She followed dutifully behind, but when they got to Prime’s dressing room, he pushed her back.

“We need to talk about damage control,” Zani said, unable to stop herself from glancing down at his round, perfectly shaped breasts, his big, fat nipples.

“Fuck off.” He slammed the door, went right to the mirror. The sight of a pair of epic breasts thrusting from his chest sent his mind reeling. He reached up and cupped them, feeling his hands on his own soft breasts, feeling the weight of them. “Why the fuck do I have tits?” He asked. Then, instantly, “how do I get rid of them?”

Freaking out, panicked, humiliated, he looked over at the table in front of the couch, as usual smothered in bottles of Jack Daniels— gifts from his fans. He grabbed a bottle, twisted off the cap and lifted it to his mouth, his arm bruising against the side of his breast, reminding him of his new burdens, even as he guzzled, the angry, hot liquid burning as it poured down his throat, bringing an instant sense of relief.

There was a knock on the door. Giggles.

‘It’s Girl One.’

“And Girl Two.”

Prime glanced in the mirror, saw his new profile. Fuck, the only thing that calmed his mind better than booze and drugs was fucking, he thought. And he was always super horny after a concert.

He opened the door. “Not a fucking word about– these.”

The girls, however, had also been changed by the ex-wives. “Why not?” Girl One said, walking right up to Prime, nuzzling against him as she fondled his right breast.

“Oh!” Prime said, shocked as new, female pleasure shot right down to the root of his dick and he started getting hard.

“You’re sexy as hell,” Girl Two said, nuzzling against his other side, playing with his left breasts, running her fingers along the curve of his under breast.

“Okay. Wow,” Prime said, gasping at how good it felt, how much he suddenly needed and wanted these women to play with his tits. They pushed him back and down onto the couch.

“We’re going to show you a good time,” Girl One said, and then she took Prime’s hard, aching nipple into her hot, wet mouth and began to suck.

“Holy shit,” Prime said, throwing his head back. “Oh, fuck.” The pleasure was madding, impossible, irresistible.

Girl Two grabbed his left breasts, her hand tight around his aureole, and squeezed, and then she wrapped her lips around his other nipple and began to suck. As they worked, their long, silky hair draped across his breasts, tingling, pleasuring...

“Unh! Oh!” Prime sighed, reaching down, grabbing his hard member.



“He loves having tits,” Georgia sang to the tune of “Tits,” loving the sight of Prime getting off, looking like any slutty girl driven mad by having someone suck on his tits.

“Big and Bouncy,” Heather added.

“Tits on every *girl*,” Dani finished. They all started laughing, giggling, enjoying the thought that Prime Vengeance would be a girl soon, with a body to match that rack.

They could see him grabbing his dick, squeezing. “Enjoy that feeling, sweetie,” Dani whispered. “Because you won’t have your precious rod for much longer.”

Even lost in a haze of feminine ecstasy as the girls sucked on and played with his breasts, Prime could hear the crowd chanting, “Encore... encore... encore...”

“No fucking way am I going back out there like this,” he said.

The girls both stopped sucking and looked up at him. “Why not?” Girl One said.

“You have nothing to be ashamed of,” Girl Two said, tracing one of her long nails around the perimeter of his nipple.

“I don’t?” Prime said, though they were speaking to that new side of himself. He’d always been an exhibitionist. That wasn’t new. Now, though, he wanted to exhibit his breasts, even as the thought humiliated him.

“I have an idea,” Girl One said, gently tugging on his nipple, giving it a squeeze. She whispered to Girl Two, and they giggled, nodded.

“What?” Prime said.

Zani knocked on the door. “Prime, I totally understand if you don’t want to go back out there, but the band keeps asking...”

The door swung open. Prime stood there in a ripped, crop top, a bra clearly visible under his shirt. “I like to keep ‘em waiting, you know that.” Prime said, one hand at the small of his back, countering the weight of his boobs. His top strained against his curves, the word SLUT stretched out across his chest.

“You’re going out there in that?” Zani said.

Prime slipped a thumb under his bra strap and pulled it up. “I have nothing to be ashamed of,” he said with a haughty, arrogant air, then pushed past Zani and made his way to the stage.

Behind Prime, Girl One and Girl Two watched, hands over their giggling mouths.



Chapter Three

Prime woke the next day with a massive hangover. He was shocked when he sat up and felt his chest sway, felt the weight of his new assets tugging on his collar bone. “Shit,” he said, looking down at the swelling of his bare, rounded chest, putting a hand gingerly to his breast, cupping it. Fragmented memories of the night before came back to him. The concert. The girls in his dressing room playing with his boobs. “That was real?”

“I’m afraid so,” Zani said from the living room area. Prime had his own bus, while the rest of the band shared one. He had a bed in the back but had fallen asleep with the door open.

“Where’s my weed?” Prime said standing, stretching, trying to get used to the new weight. He walked out to the living room area, bare breast swaying like it was the most ordinary thing in the world. “It’s so weird how they stick out,” he said. “It’s like they’re three feet ahead of me.” He laughed at the thought and plopped down at the table across from Zani, his breasts bouncing. “Jesus, these things never stop moving.”

Zani pushed a bag of weed, a pipe and a lighter toward Prime. “Good news. I’ve already found a doctor and scheduled breast reduction surgery. You can get it done during the break between Denver and Des Moines.”

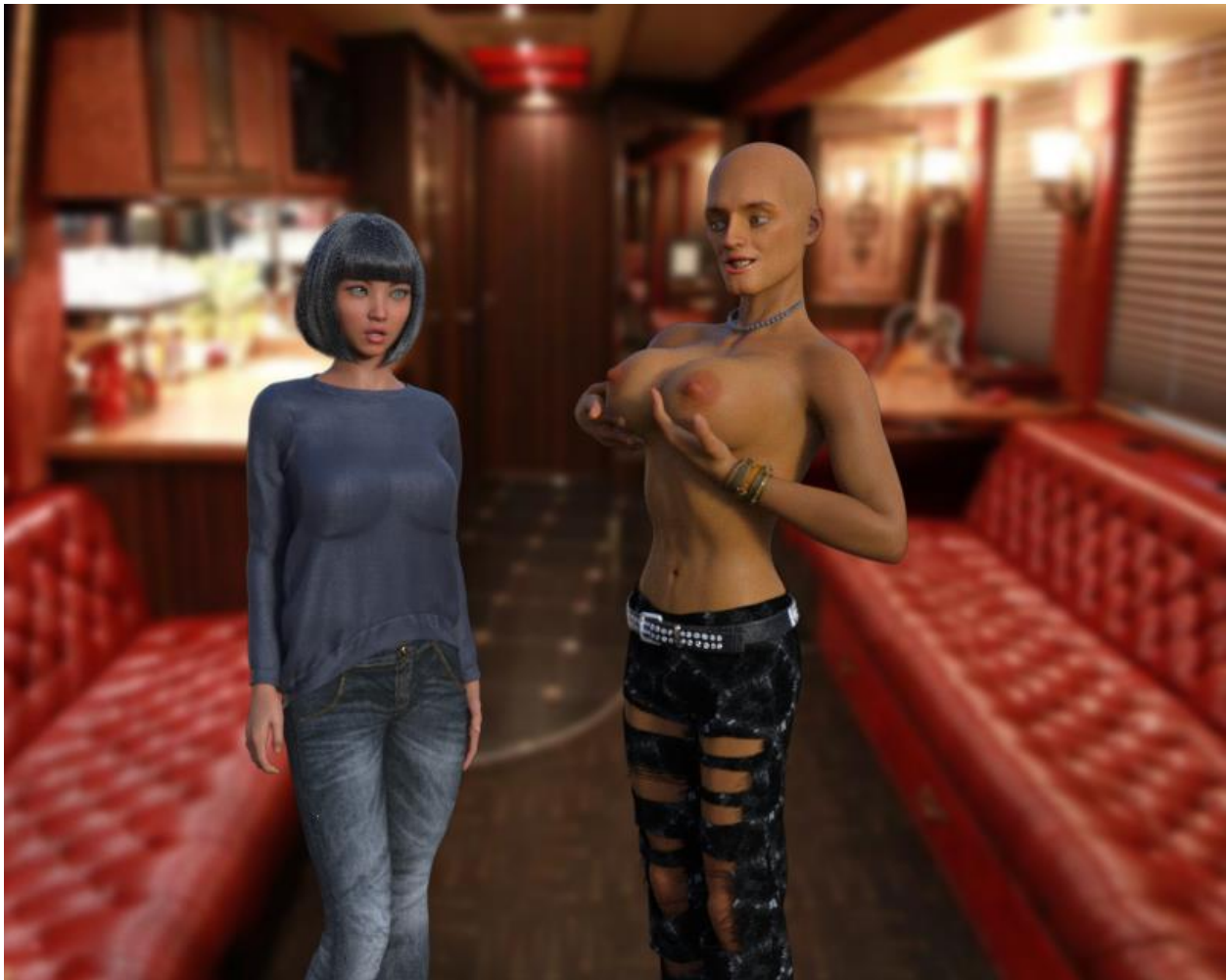
“Breast reduction?” Prime said, packing his pipe. “Reverse boob job?”

“Yes. It’s all set—”

“Why would I want to do that?” Prime said, surprising himself as he realized he wanted his breasts, even needed them to feel complete, to be happy.

“Why? I mean, I just assumed you would want a, er, flat chest?” Zani looked at Prime like he had three heads. *It’s gotta be the drugs*, she thought.

“Negative on that,” Prime said, cupping his breasts, lifting them toward Zani. “Look at these. They’re perfect, and man, are they fun. You wouldn’t believe the things the girls showed me last night. Tits are the shits. Why didn’t you tell me? I might have gotten a pair sooner.”



“You want to keep those?” Zani said. “Have you thought about your fans? What they might think?”

Prime took a toke from his pipe, held it, blew the smoke in the air. He looked at his hands, frowned. “The fans...” he said, looking down at his left

breast. “Kiki? What will the fans think? Hmmm. Kiki says she doesn’t give a shit. Becka?” He then said, tilting his ear toward his right breast. “Becka says she doesn’t give a fuck, either.”

“You named your boobs Kiki and Becka?”

“Girl 1 and Girl 2 did,” Prime said, smiling and nodding as he cupped and squeezed his boobs. “They’re so sensitive. Wow! How do you keep from playing with yourself all the time?”

“About that whole thing with fan reaction to, um, Kiki and Becka? I can tell you. It’s all over social media, and the feedback is generally trending negative.”

Prime didn’t hear her at all. He was staring at his nails, suddenly horrified. He’d always been a nail biter, and his fingernails were ragged and gross. He felt deeply ashamed, self-conscious, insecure. Women would judge him if they saw these— gross— fingernails. And all his biggest fans were females. “The fans!” Prime shouted. “What would the fans think if they saw these nails?” He held his hands toward Zani. “I need a manicure. Make it happen.”

“Um, okay, but about your breasts...”

Prime got up with a sigh, took another toke from the pipe and shook his head. “I can’t believe I’m saying this either, Zanster, but I love my tits. I’m keeping them. What I need is for you to do is arrange a manicure. Now, if you will excuse me, I’m going to go and play with these new jugs of mine. Maybe I’ll even make a video of me feeling myself up. You know, for the fans.”

Grabbing a bottle of Jack, trailing sweet, blue smoke behind him, he was about to close the door to his room and have some fun with his puppies when another thought crossed his mind. “I need some bras,” he said,

gesturing down at his puppies. "I mean, obviously." He closed the door to his room.

Zani stared at the door. Bras? Manicures? Shit. What the fuck was going on? She sighed and got online, looking for a nail salon at their next stop. She'd been Prime's assistant long enough to know he wanted what he wanted, and her job was to make sure he got what he wanted. Even if it made no sense to her. The bras were going to be a bigger problem. She was pretty sure he was a D cup, but she had no idea what band size to order, nor what sorts of bras this new tit-proud Prime even wanted. Well, she'd just have to figure something out.

As the tour approached Milwaukee, she heard the shower turn on in Prime's room. A little later, she heard him moaning and panting. "Tits are fucking awesome!" He yelled in what sounded like a climactic moment.

She looked down at her own small, firm breasts. "Why aren't you that much fun?" She asked.

While Prime was enjoying his mammaries, the other four members of the band were nursing their own hangovers, gathered around a table on their bus, smoking weed, drinking booze. The room smelled of sex, sweat and narcotics. They were rock stars, albeit aging rock stars, and their lives were still all about sex, drugs and rock and roll.

"That girl last night," Ghoul was saying while tokeing away on a blunt, a dreamy look in his eyes. "I've been with some wild ones, but she was the freakiest of all. She wanted me to do her with my toes."

Symptom choked and spat out the rum he'd been drinking. "Toes?" He laughed.

"Yeah. I guess I can add that to my list. Foot fetish. It was actually fucking epic. Thank God for groupies."

"I'll drink to that," Franki said.

"Me, too," Danny said as they all three raised a glass.

Symptom raised a glass as well. "Hell, yeah."

"To groupies!" They all shouted, glasses clinking.

Unlike Prime, who tended to get emotionally involved with the girls who followed him around, telling him he loved them, marrying them, breaking their hearts, for the rest of the band sex with groupies was a fun and mutually enjoyable transaction. The girls loved to fuck rock stars, and they were rock stars who loved to fuck girls.

"Mine was hot but pretty tame," Symptom said. "We just straight fucked, missionary style, then she asked me to sign her tits."

At the mention of tits, the room grew quiet as they looked at each other sheepishly. Danny decided to be the one who broke the ice. "It was kinda weird seeing Prime with his big ass tits last night."

"Kinda weird? It was totally freaky. How can a guy just pop out a pair of knockers?" Symptom said.

"And he was shaking 'em like a whore or something," Danny said.

"Was he wearing a bra for the encore?" Franki asked.

"It looked that way to me," Ghoul said. "Is it weird I actually got a chubby?"

"Yeah, that is weird," Symptom said, though he'd actually found himself a little turned on by the sight of what were, he believed, the most perfect tits he'd ever seen.

“It’s not going over well with the fans,” Danny said. “A lot of negative shit online.”

“Not surprising,” Symptom said. “I mean, we’re a fucking metal band. He needs to strap those puppies down. Someone needs to talk to him.”

At that last phrase, they all looked at Danny.

“Fuck,” he said as Symptom patted him on the back.

“Thanks for volunteering.”

As the tour pulled into the parking lot of Milwaukee’s Radisson Inn, Prime came out of his bedroom with a towel wrapped around his waist, droplets of water clinging to the soft swell of his breasts. “Help me put this on,” he said, holding the lacy red bra he’d gotten from Girl 2 toward Zani.

Zani took the bra and looked it over. It was a push up bra, not that he needed it, but it would make his new assets even more— visible. “Okay,” she said. “I was thinking maybe you wear something less— “ she’d been about to say feminine, but decided he might freak— “dynamic? I borrowed a hoodie from one of the roadies,” she said, picking up the big, over-sized hoodie. “It’ll help hide your, um, puppies, so if anyone takes a picture—”

“I don’t want to hide my girls,” Prime said, once again shocked at the suggestion. He made a cupping gesture under his breasts. “Look at my tits and tell me these aren’t the most perfect pair of jugs you’ve ever seen.”

The magic of his ex-wives had taken full hold. Prime didn’t question why he had breasts anymore, or why he wasn’t dying from shame. He had incredible tits, and he wanted the world to see them.

“Are you feeling okay?” Zani asked. “You’re acting just a little different?”

“I see what’s happening here,” Prime said, a big, cocky smile on his face as he spread his arms and reached toward Zani. “You’re jealous, and I can’t blame you, but come in here.” He pulled Zani in and squeezed, his

breasts pressing against her chin as they smooshed against her body. The thought of a man with such huge boobs freaked her out, and she squirmed uncomfortably at the feeling of those mysterious new mammaries pressing against her. She gasped with relief when the awkward hug ended.

“You have nothing to be ashamed of,” Prime said, giving one of her boobs a quick squeeze. “Sure, you’re a little on the small side, but your tits are fine. Now, bra me.”

“Why do you want to wear a bra?” Zani said as she circled behind him.

“I need the support,” Prime said, the thought coming to him unbidden. There was a knock on the door. “It’s open,” Prime said.

Danny started up the steps, freezing at the sight of Prime slipping his arms through bra straps, then waiting while his assistant, Zani, hooked him into the lacy bra, which immediately pushed his breasts together, giving him a soft, shadowy valley of cleavage.

“What’s up?” Prime said as he adjusted his tits in the cups and then the bra straps. Wearing a bra felt perfectly natural to him now.

“Hey, bro,” Danny said, trying not to stare at Prime’s tits. They really were incredible. Fuck. “So, um, the band were talking...”

“Make it quick,” Prime said as he pulled his SLUT t-shirt on over his head, then tugged it down over his tits.

“So, you know, we were thinking that in the interest of the band’s image, maybe you would tape those things down or strap ‘em down or hide them somehow.” He glanced at Zani, hoping for support. She was still standing behind Prime and just shook her head— No.

“That’s just like you pussies,” Prime said, looking in the mirror, throwing his shoulders back, putting his hands on his hips, admiring the swell of his new profile.



“Dude, it’s fucking weird for a guy to have tits,” Danny said, both mystified and *not* mystified. That Prime was an arrogant prick came as no surprise. That he now seemed as arrogant about his tits as he had once been about his cock was incomprehensible.

“Rock and roll has always been about rebellion,” Prime said. “What could be a more righteous slap in the face to the establishment than a guy with tits like a stripper who has no shame at all about it?”

“Okay,” Danny said, confused and actually kind of impressed with the argument. “That does kind of make sense, but we’re a metal band, dude.”

“We are a metal band,” Prime said, throwing his nose in the air, “and I have tits of steel.” Prime shoved his way past Danny and headed toward the door. “Now excuse me. I’m getting my nails done.”

Dani and Georgia were watching, laughing. Heather had to take one of her kids to the doctor, but was planning to be there later for that night’s show and their next big changes. “It’s so perfect that he’s applying all his old, macho, rebel without a cause bullshit to his tits,” Georgia said.

“He still thinks he’s a badass.” Dani said. “Oh! Speaking of ass, look what I found for him.” She grabbed her phone and showed Georgia a picture of Soomer Ray from an article entitled 14 of the most Bodacious Butts on Instagram. “Well?”

“Talk about Prime,” Georgia said, biting her lip. “I can’t wait to see him in a thong!”

Prime strutted into the salon with all the cocky arrogance he’d ever had. The girl at the desk didn’t recognize him. She wasn’t into metal, but she was a little taken aback at the sight of what was clearly a man with a huge rack, wearing a crop top that said, SLUT. He looked old to her young eyes, too old and too male to be wearing a crop top.

Prime leaned against the counter and gave her the once over. She was cute in that fresh scrubbed, midwestern way and looked like she was probably 18 or 19. “What’s your name, doll?” Prime asked, leaning on the counter, turning to the side so she could get a good look at his bust.

“Macy,” she said, taking a step back as he ogled her.

“You’re hot as hell,” Prime said. “My band, Vengeance, is in town doing a show. I could get you backstage passes. Give you a tour of the dressing rooms.” He shrugged to give his tits a little bounce, raised an eyebrow.

Macy looked at the man’s full, round chest, the bra strap across his shoulder. Is this old freak actually coming onto me? “Um, well, the thing is—

“Can I help you?” An older woman said, rushing to the front and stepping between Angie and the customer, who was clearly hitting on her in a most inappropriate way. “I’m Agnes White, the *owner*.”

Cock blocked, Prime thought. The woman looked like she had to be thirty. Old bag. “Yeah,” he said. “I have an appointment. I’m here to get my nails done.” He held his hands out to her so she could see his ragged shame.

The woman raised an eyebrow. Business was business. “Come on back. What were you looking for? A manicure?”

Prime showed her a picture on his phone, a woman’s hands with long, square tipped nails painted a hot red with golden appliques. “I want them to look just like this,” he said.

“Are you sure? That’s, um, a, er, bold choice for a— man?”

“Yeah?” Prime said, slipping a thumb under his bra strap and adjusting it. “Well, I’m a rockstar.”

While Agnes worked on Prime’s nails, he talked non-stop, telling her stories from the road. Meanwhile, the other girls had looked him up on the Internet and become excited when they realized he was famous, even though none of them had heard of him. The first hits had all been from the Chicago concert, detailing his blossoming in front of the whole crowd. His miraculous breasts were setting the Internet on fire, with articles getting hits in the millions.

“Well?” Agnes said when she’d finished with Prime’s nails.



Prime held up his hands, turning them slightly side to side, enjoying the way the light danced across the glossy crimson polish, flashed from the gold appliques. “They’re so pretty,” he gasped. He wanted this, needed this, the craving for perfect nails coming from someplace deep within him he didn’t understand, and now he had them. He felt a sense of relief, pride, confidence. He didn’t need to worry about women looking down on him now for his disgusting nails. “You’re a miracle worker,” he said, then regressed to his true self. Sort of. “There isn’t a bitch alive who can give me shit about my nails now.”

“Thanks,” Agnes said, wincing at his crude language, but pleased he was pleased.

“Excuse me?” Macy said. “Can we get a selfie?”

Prime smiled. “Of course,” he said, getting up, letting the two girls crowd against him. He made sure to hold up his hands so everyone could see how amazing his nails looked now. As soon as the pic was done, Prime said, “how about those backstage passes?”

“She’s only 17,” Agnes said.

“Bummer,” Prime said, nevertheless giving Macy the once over. “Come see us next year,” he said. “I’ll show you around.”

Macy giggled, but it was more from embarrassment. She just wanted the pic because he was famous. She wasn’t into him at all.

Ugh, Agnes thought. She’d actually started to like him, but now she could see he was a disgusting pig.

On his way home from the salon, Georgia, who’d been watching as she did the dishes, planted an idea in Prime confused little head, and he asked the diver to make a stop at the nearest mall.

“My fans,” he said. “Are gonna love this.”

Chapter Four

Prime wandered into the green room, high as always, late as always, Girl 1 and Girl 2 clinging to him. They were hardcore groupies and followed him to every city.

Danny didn't even bother to say anything. The rest of the band just stared at him, still in his bra though he switched the SLUT top out for a tight t-shirt that read Bitch.

"Girls? If you wouldn't mind?" he said. The girls pouted and left.

As soon as the girls left, Prime held out his hands. "Well?" He said.

The guys stared at his long, glistening nails. No one knew what to say.

Prime sighed dramatically. Men, he thought. They just don't appreciate the effort I make.

The ex-wives watched, giggling as their disgusting former husband showed off his pretty nails and then got all in a huff when none of the men complimented him. It was just an appetizer, though, for the feast they had planned.

Zani was stressed, had taken a Zoloft to try and calm herself. After the tit show in Chicago, and with the Internet going crazy, they'd gotten a dozen request for credentials from the media, which was not at all normal for an aging rock band like Vengeance. The local networks, the college paper, radio stations and even Rolling Stone were all going to be there, every single one of them obsessed with Prime's bust, which he had insisted to the point of screaming at her he would not hide. It was a huge mistake, she felt. Career suicide.

Little did she know, by the end of the evening, his tits would be old news.

The show had sold out, a mixture of hard-core Vengeance fans and curiosity seekers who'd bought the last few hundred unsold tickets. Most of the fans were solidly in the Prime's tits are kinda weird camp, but there was a small but passionate group that pretty much didn't give a shit: their only goal was to get wasted.

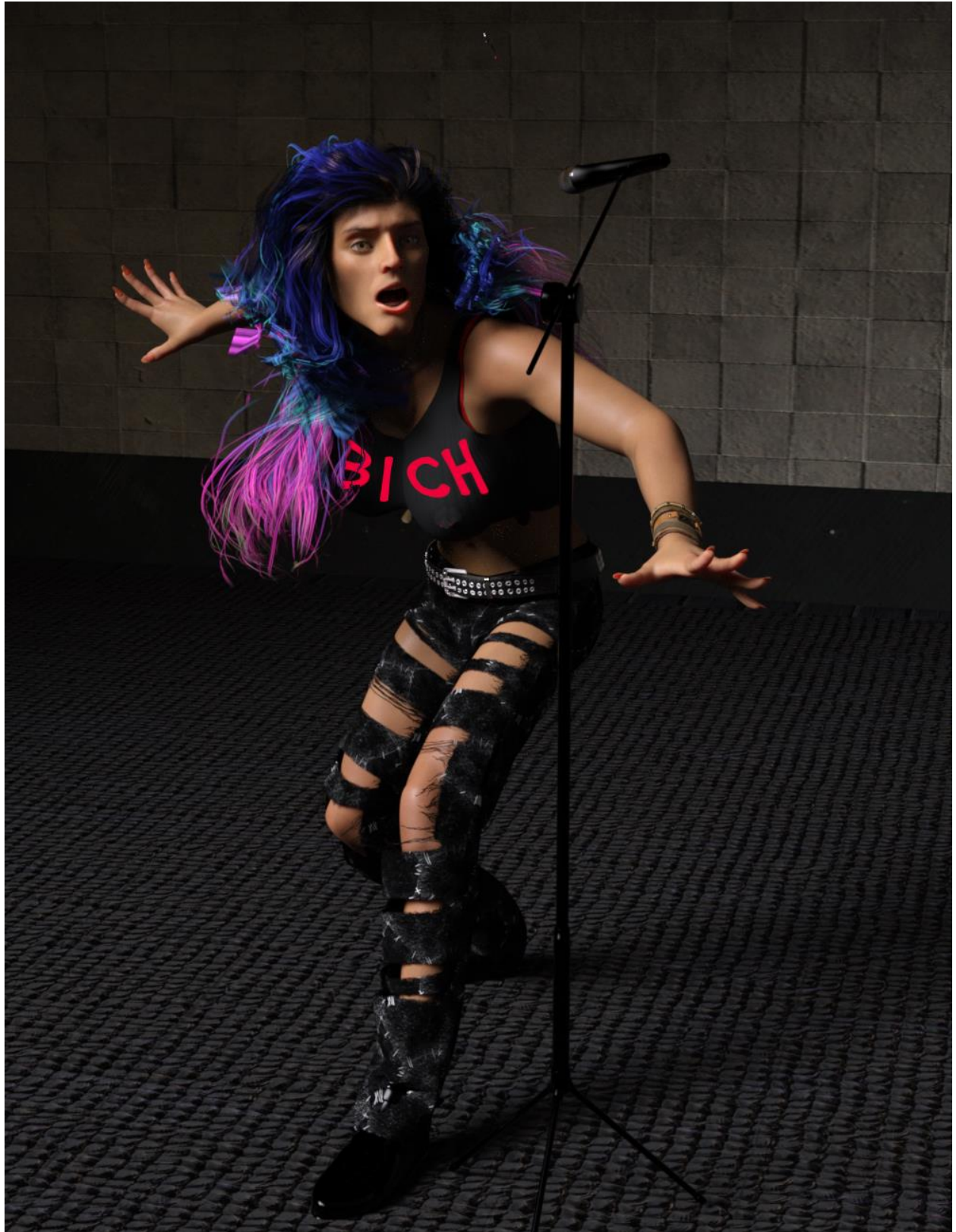
The concert started as always with the lights down, the slow buildup and Prime's big entrance but this time in addition to the severed head in one hand, he also held a leopard print bra in the other. After tossing the head in the air, he ran to the edge of the stage and hurled the bra into the audience, where it was caught by a shocked and amused young woman.

Prime ripped into "Love Killer" as his ex-wives ate popcorn. "Georgia?" Dani said. "You got first dibs."

As Prime grabbed the microphone with both hands, he suddenly couldn't see as hair flopped into his eyes. Hair? Prime thought as he brushed his hair from his eyes in a thoroughly feminine gesture, even as he felt it growing, trailing down his back, pooling over his shoulders.

The audience actually applauded as thick, wavy hair flowed down over his shoulders, curling at the tops of his breasts. A lot of them had come hoping there would be some new, amazing special effects happening, and, of course, they all wanted pictures for their social media. Girl 1 leaned into Girl 2. "I love it," she said.

Girl 2 smiled. "He looks cute."



As soon as the song ended, Prime grabbed his long hair and looked at

it, shocked, even appalled. It was purple and blue, like some kind of droopy, loopy groupie would have. It made him feel less like himself. He'd been shaving his head since he'd been 17.

The show went on, as it must, and soon Prime, with a little prodding from Georgia, was working his hair, tossing it, sending it flying dramatically around his head as he sang, burying his hands in it and thrusting his breasts toward the audience, licking his lips.

"Well done," Dani said, high-fiving Georgia.

"I do try."

"My turn."

One of the truly gross and repulsive things about Vengeance, the ex-wives all come to believe as they'd gotten older, was that the band had a song objectifying just about every part of a woman's body, and they'd had so much fun giving Prime a boob job as he sang "Tits" they decided to keep with the theme.

The band played the same set every night, and when Franki Dire started riffing on the cymbals, the machine gun jangles filling the stadium, Dani clapped. The song was called "Dominate."

"Dominate... I love to dominate..." Prime sang, shaking his head side to side, throwing his hair in the air.

Some girls lift weights.

Are they even straight?

Muscular girls look overweight

Skinny little girls I do value

They are so damn easy to—

Dominate! I love to to to to —dominate!

As Prime sang, it looked like the microphone was getting taller, rising away from his mouth. What the hell? He grabbed the mic and pulled it back down, freezing for a minute, missing his line as he stared at his tiny wrist, lithe little forearm. “What the?”

The audience clapped again and shouted, once more thinking this must be part of the show. It looked like Prime’s body was being whittled away right in front of them as he grew not only shorter, but smaller, his shoulders narrowing, his waist, his arms shrinking until he looked like a little boy, or rather, with his tits, which only seemed bigger on his now lithe frame, and that long hair, he looked more like a girl?

“He’s so cute!” Heather said, laughing.

“He couldn’t dominate a kitten now,” Dani said, clapping, amused at the sight of the petite, busty little boy they’d made of big, bad Prime. He was still singing about dominating, but now a curvy little sprite, he seemed utterly ridiculous.

“Oh, he won’t be interested in dominating anyone anymore,” Dani said.

“You didn’t?” Georgia said.

Dani nodded. “Our wonderful ex is now a sweet little sub.”



Not even sure what had happened other than that he was short and seemed to have pipe cleaners for arms, Prime tried to look himself over, but it was hard to see his body past his breasts. The audience was cheering, shouting, clapping. The band started into the next song, and Prime's mouth dropped open. He'd noticed the pattern of how his changes seemed to echo their songs, and he did not want to risk it happening with the next one.

He turned and walked tentatively back to Danny Darkness, tilting his head back to look up at the man who was now a foot taller than him, and so much bigger. Danny looked Prime up and down and smiled, a shark's hungry, predatory smile. He stepped away from his mic. "What?"

Prime had never felt so— nervous, and he found himself playing with his hair as he rose up onto his tippy toes so he could get closer to the big, tall man's ear. "Um, maybe we should skip this next one?" He said. "Would that be okay?" The cringing, subservient tone he used made Prime sick to his stomach. *Why am I asking this asshole for permission?*

Danny laughed. He loved seeing Prime like this, so small now, so insecure. "Honey," he said. "Get back downstage and sing."

'Okay?' Prime said, infuriated not only that Danny would talk to him like that, but disgusted as he just took it, turning back upstage and scurrying back to the microphone, dreading what he thought might happen next when the band performed "A.S.S."

When I was a young man my pops took me aside

He said son, here's a secret, and you know I do not lie

If you ever get the chance do not take a pass
There ain't nothing better than a girl with big, fat ass

Just as he'd feared, Prime felt his ass swell, straining against his torn jeans, that also seemed to be shrinking, rising up his skinny legs.

I say A— the crowd, shouted A along with him
I say S—
I say S
Ohhhhh Daddy, I confess
I do love a big, fat ass

Danny, who'd also been picking up the song-related pattern of Prime's changes, couldn't help but laugh, a discordant clang coming from his guitar as he watched Prime's butt swell into a big, plump, heart shaped invitation even as his hips flared out, rounded beneath his slender waist, rising dramatically from the curve at the small of his back.

Symptom started laughing as well, butchering the guitar solo, and then the laughter spread to Ghoul and Franki, the whole band losing the rhythm, falling into a ragged and discordant symphony of disaster, sounding like the worst garage band ever.

Prime heard the laughter, and dropped his head, covering his face with his hands. He now wore a pair of hot, pink shorts shorts, and his ass felt huge, like someone had strapped a pillow to his butt. He wanted to die. Everyone was laughing at him! Those second-rate losers were laughing at him?



The ex-wives were rolling. Dani tossed a handful of popcorn into her

mouth and kicked her feet in the air. Georgia screamed like a teeny bopper at a Beatles concert. Heather just shook her head. "I'm jealous," she said, looking at Prime with his banging stripper booty.

"I'm not done," Georgia said. "Watch."

The song was a disaster, and the crowd was growing restless, annoyed and confused as the band members laughed, Symptom actually falling down onto the stage, flailing wildly and pointlessly at his guitar, gasping for breath, laughing like he hadn't laughed in years.

Prime had an inspiration, but he shook his head as the thought began to consume. "No, no, no," he whispered. "I can't. It's too humiliating."

"You can and you will," Georgia said, narrowing her eyes, bending her ex to her will.

I have to save the show, Prime thought. The band is gone, and it's up to me, as usual, to carry them. Yes. He had to do whatever it took. Taking a deep breath, breasts heaving, he looked up at the audience and plastered a big, bright smile on his face, then yanked off his shirt and went full stripper, strutting toward the front of the stage in just his bra, pinwheeling his shirt over his head and then hurling it into the audience.

He turned and gave them all a nice view of his new ass, bending forward, presenting, then shaking his ass as he looked back over his shoulder at the audience with a big, flirty smile on his face.

The audience roared, and Prime perked up. It was working? He danced, not even sure where the moves were coming from, all sexy and flirty. Somewhere in the back of the auditorium the chant started. "Take. It. Off."



Prime heard and made a shocked look, putting his hand over his mouth

and shrugging his shoulders as if to say, *Me?*

The band had started to rally, get their laughter under control. They saw Prime strutting, prancing, and even knowing who he was, being amused by it, at the same time they all thought he was one fine ass little bitch. They weren't even sure if he was a man anymore the way those little shorts hugged his crotch.

Danny Darkness started to vamp on the lead chords of one of their oldest songs, "Stripper." The rest of the band joined in, and soon they were back to laying down tight, thundering grooves, the music sounding like a dirty, guitar driven version of an old-school cathouse number, all sultry and swinging like Prime's hips.

The old Prime was in that little body, ashamed of what he was doing, shocked, confused, but he couldn't stop himself as he pulled the bottom of his bra up, teasing the audience, letting them get a glimpse of his under breasts, then pulling it back down.

Take. It. Off. The chant spread through the room, growing louder, louder, threatening to drown out the band. Prime, dancing, shaking his ass, slipped one bra strap off his shoulder.

The crowd roared.

He slipped the other bra strap off his shoulder.

The roar grew louder.

Prime turned, once again leaning forward, arching his back like he wanted the whole audience to just climb right on and fuck him from behind. He reached back and unclasped his bra, then turned, holding the now loose garment against his chest with one hand while he waved his other slender little arm over his head, tossing his hair.

Take. It. Off. Take. It. Off.



Finally, having driven the audience near madness, Prime tossed his bra onto the face of a guy who was right up at the lip of the stage and started shaking his bare tits as the audience went wild.

The rest of the show was a blur for Prime. He just kept singing, dancing, and when the encore was over, he ran from the stage in tears, slammed his dressing room door and—froze.

“Girls?” He said, surprised.

Girl 1 and Girl 2 smiled. “Oh, honey buns,” Girl 1 said. “Why the tears?”

“He’s a very emotional girl,” Girl 2 said.

“Come on in, cutie,” Girl 1 said. “We have something that will make you feel better. A surprise.”

Girl 2, who'd been hiding something behind her back, now showed the "surprise" to Prime.

"Oh, my God," Prime said, putting his hand to his chest as he stared at what she'd shown him. "Oh. My. God."

Chapter Five

“You didn’t?” Georgia said.

“I did,” Heather said, then had a moment of doubt. “Is it too much?”

Georgia shook her head. “No. It’s perfect. It’s like you read my mind.”

Prime starred, clenching his ass cheeks, as Girl 2 held a harness and strap on in the air, the phallus slowly turning. He felt like he’d ever seen a dick before, and he hadn’t, not with the eyes of a horny young woman, and as he lovingly caressed it with his eyes— the curve, the veins, the swell of the tip, he felt thirsty.

What the fuck is wrong with me? Prime thought as he stared, as he felt a terrible longing to bend over, to have that treasure inside him. I don’t like fucking cock! He wanted to tell the girls to take their kinky toys and get the fuck out, but instead he found himself take a step forward, reach out and grab that cock in his little hand, squeeze, his knees going weak. “What are you going to do with this?” He asked, looking up at the girls, who were, to his shock, a head taller than him now.

“What am I going to do with my sausage?” Girl 2 asked, winking at Girl 1. The ex-wives had changed them, made them get off on the idea of feminizing and dominating Prime.

“It’s beautiful,” Prime heard himself whisper, feeling more and more like he was having some kind of out of body experience, like he’d lost control of himself, like someone else was running the show leaving him only to watch in disgust and horror.

Girl 2 took Prime’s chin in her hand and tilted his head back, while Girl 1 pressed up against him, cupping his ass with one hand, playing with his

long hair with the other. “Would you like me to fuck you with my big, fat, rock hard sausage?” Girl 2 asked.

Prime blushed and licked his lips. He needed her to fuck him, needed her inside him. Still, he thought, *do not give into this. You will never be able to come back from it.*

“Well?” Girl 2 said.

“Yes. Yes. Please?”

“No!” Girl 2 said, slapping him across the face.

“Bitch!” Girl 1 said, shoving him, sending him falling backwards to land on his plump ass, his hair falling in his face. Girl 1 and Girl 2 now stood over him, legs wide, hands on their hips. Prime, face stinging from the smack, looked up at them and his eyes were wet with excitement, a smile on his face. They were dominating him, and he loved it.

“You don’t even make yourself pretty for me, and you think I’m going to fuck you?” Girl 2 screamed, kicking him on the leg.

“No fucking makeup? No jewelry?” Girl 2 said, shaking her head. “Do you think we’re just some common sluts?”

Yeah, Prime thought. That’s exactly what you are, but no. That wasn’t right anymore, was it? Besides, he needed them to fuck him in the worst way. “I’m sorry...” he said, hating the pleading neediness in his voice. “I’m sorry.”

“Sorry what?” Girl 1 said.

“Sorry,” Prime knew. They didn’t even have to tell him, and as much as he struggled to stop himself, he knew he would say it, and he did in a sultry, sex-hungry whisper, “Mistress.” How had this happened? How had these groupies turned the tables? Why was he letting them treat him like he was some cheap whore?

The answer terrified him. He wasn't just letting them. He wanted to be degraded, humiliated. He loved it, had even gotten a sexual charge out of calling Girl 1 'mistress,' or showing her his submissiveness.

"Kiss my foot," Girl 1 commanded.

"Yes, mistress." Prime got onto his knees and then bent over, touching his lips to Girl 1's foot, kissing it once, then looking up at her, like a dog begging for approval.

"Keep kissing until I tell you to stop."

"Yes, mistress," Prime gasped, diving back down, his whole body trembling with excitement.

The girls laughed. The ex-wives laughed. Inside, Prime steamed.

The three ex-wives were going nuts, laughing, high fiving, all of them a little drunk and getting a little turned on watching Sub-Prime perform. They looked at each other. "The hell with it," Heather said. "Let's really fuck him up, bad."

"Yeah, yeah," Dani agreed. "Let's do it together."

They formed a circle, held hands and began to make more changes:

"Prime Vengeance is a gross name and makes no sense for a slutty little airhead, don't you agree?" Mistress 1 said.

"Excellent point," Mistress 2 said, making a fist and putting it under her chin. "We should give her a new name."

“Hmnnnnnnn,” they said in unison, thinking, though they were really waiting, without realizing it, for the ex-wives to make up their minds.

The ex-wives were spit balling.

Bambi! Brandi! Honey! Gigi! Candy! Misty! Peach! Trixie! Maybel! Princess!”

“Wait!” Heather shouted. “Wait! That last one.”

“Princess?” Georgia said, scrunching up her face. :”Nah.”

“No, the other last one. Fifi?”

“It’s funny but—”

“No, it gave me an idea. How do you like the idea that out annoying, stupid and asshole ex spends the rest of his life being called—”

“Chanel,” Mistress 1 and 2 declared as the spell hit. “Chanel Bottom. How do you like your new name, Chanel?”

“Mmmmmfffssssss,” Prime tried to answer, but it was hard as he was still kissing Mistress 1’s foot as he had been commanded to do.

“Oh, Jesus,” Mistress 1 said. “Stop kissing my foot, and answer me!”

Prime looked up at her, eyes wide. There was, of course, no way in hell he would let these girls call him Chanel. Once more, though, he betrayed himself. “I’m whatever you want me to be,” he whispered. “I only want to please you.”

Mistress 1 and 2 shook their heads. “Pathetic.”

The word made Prime ache with pleasure.

“That voice won’t do,” Mistress 1 said.

“Not at all,” Mistress 2 agreed. “Make your voice higher.”

“Like this?” Prime said, raising his voice.

“Speak through your nose.”

“Buzzer!”

As much as Prime thought he was choosing to speak in a higher, more feminine pitch, the Ex-Wives were changing his voice. "Is this better?" Prime said, speaking through his nose in a higher pitch.

"Higher!" The Mistresses commanded.

"How about this?" Prime said, shocked as the voice that came out of his mouth sounded like a little girl.

"Good. You will always talk like that from now on. Always. Even when we are not around. Understood?"

As if, Prime thought, but he said, "Yes, Mistress," his voice breathy, soft, impossibly feminine.

"And now, we're going to make you pretty," Mistress 2 said, holding out a tube of lipstick.

At the sight of it, Prime gasped with pleasure and desire as a new need filled him, a love of makeup, an all-consuming hunger to wear it.

"You want to be pretty, right?" Mistress 1 said.

Prime nodded and spoke his new truth. "I need to be pretty."

Prime sat, hands in his lap, as the girls did his makeup. The ex-wives worked right along with him, reworking his face, giving him a sexy, slutty, woman's face. His lipstick did not only make his lips look bigger; they were bigger, plumper, pillowy, his eyes big and bright, his nose reduced to a delicate little ski slope, even as the foundation applied to his chin erased his facial hair and gave him a pretty little chin.

When the girls let him look at himself, his wet lips fell open, and his eyes went wide as he plucked at his long, thick hair. "I look like a woman," he gasped, stunned, horrified, pleased and excited. As much as his own mind was now a cauldron of confused and conflicting emotions, his feelings, he

knew, really weren't important. He turned and faced the girls, tossing his hair. "Do I please you?" He begged, desperate for their approval.

The Mistress grinned at their victim like a couple of rabid wolves, and they answered in unison by saying, "Bend over, bitch."



"Good call on leaving the kids home for this one," Georgia said as she and other ex-wives watched Prime on his hands and knees, his breasts swaying and bouncing. Mistress 2 rode him from behind, pounding him hard while he ate out Mistress 1.

Dani framed the image floating above the scrying stone with her hands, like a director. "Just like that," Dani said. "I didn't even know it until now, but I always wanted to see Prime just like that."

“I like it, too,” Georgia said. “We should give Tatiana a tip. This was so worth it. And we’re not even done, yet.”

Chapter 6

Prime did not sleep well, his mind racing, haunted with the images of his first night as a sub. He couldn’t get comfortable, couldn’t find a position to sleep in this new shape of his, finally settling on his side, his breasts hugged between his arms like a pillow, the curve of his new hip high in the air. He woke to the feeling of his aching ass, his aching jaw, spitting a hair out of a mouth that tasted like stale— mistress.

What the fuck has happened to me? He wondered, plucking at a strand of his long hair. In his head, he heard his new voice, the voice he’d “found” the night before, a soft, little girl’s voice. He reached down to scratch his balls, and found they were gone, as was his cock. His hand felt only a soft mound, sensitive lips. He slipped one finger between them, inside his vagina, and arched his back, moaning with pleasure.

He probably should have been horrified, shocked, angry, but he didn’t have the energy to care. Instead he gave his tits a good squeeze and rolled out of bed. He needed a drink. Weed. That hadn’t changed.

Zani was in the living room area shot-gunning resumes when the bedroom door slid open and what looked like a young woman came stumbling woozily out, her breasts swaying. Zani knew it was Prime, though he was unrecognizable, with makeup smeared on his pretty, feminine face, and that dynamite figure. He wore the same slutty outfit from the night before. Hunh, she thought as she registered that he had a vagina now. Well, it made sense given the rest of him.



“Where’s my weed?” Prime said, freezing, putting a hand to his throat.

He'd spoken in that same little girl voice from the night before. He cleared his throat. "Weed..." Once again, he sounded like a woman. He'd thought he had a choice, that he'd just faked the voice for his mistresses, but now he realized he had to talk like this now, that he now had the voice of a little girl. "What the hell?" He said, thinking "Love Killer" and the rest of the band's songs would sound pretty fucked up sung with his new tinker bell voice.

Zani just pushed his bag of weed across the table, the pipe, the lighter. The voice matched the face. It all worked together. She noticed Prime moved like a woman now, his walk feminine, the way he sat, crossed his legs and tossed his hair back. He lit up and took a long drag. Even the way he wrapped his plush lips around the pipe was sensual, slutty. Blowing the sweet, blue smoke into the air, he got a sudden, alarmed look on his pretty face. "This doesn't bother you, does it?" He asked, batting his long, curly lashes.

For the first time all morning, Zani was shocked at a change in Prime, and she sat back, stunned. He'd never once in the whole time she'd worked for him ever shown the least interest in what bothered her. 'It's fine,' she said, covering Prime's soft little hand with her own, responding to his femininity. "I like the contact high."

"Oh, good," Prime said, taking another toke. "Do you think maybe I should see a doctor?" He asked. "About this?" He gestured at his curvaceous body with his crimson talons.

Zani, remembering how he'd reacted when she'd suggested a boob job, shrugged. "Does it bother you?"

Prime looked up at the ceiling and frowned as he thought about her question. Then, he giggled and did a cute little shoulder shrug. “Not really. I like it!”

Zani didn’t know what to say, so she decided to just treat him as the woman he’d become. “You’re gorgeous,” she said.

Prime tilted his head to the side and hooked his hair behind his ear. “Thanks!”

“I do have one little bit of business, Prime.”

Prime? The word— hurt— Prime’s ears. He smiled apologetically and said, “I prefer to be called—” No. Wait. That was just for the mistresses. He couldn’t ever tell anyone that name.

“Yeah?” Zani said.

“My name is—” Once more, Prime stopped, struggling. His name was Chanel. It wasn’t— No. That wasn’t right. He was Chanel? He sighed, and threw a slender arm across his eyes. It was just too hard to fight! “Call me Chanel,” he said.

“Chanel?” Zani said, struggling not to laugh.

“Chanel,” Prime said, now with growing confidence. It was his name, and he was proud of it. Why wouldn’t he be?

“Okay, Chanel,” Zani said. “The band has called a meeting in an hour. They want to talk to you.”

“An hour?” Prime gasped, suddenly terrified. “But my makeup is a mess!” He got up and scurried back to his room. He would just have to manage. It would be rude to keep the band waiting.

Prime managed to get himself put together, a testament to his newly acquired feminine skills. The fact he showed up to the meeting five minutes early was almost as startling to the guys as the vision of womanhood that



presented herself to them. They'd all seen the changes to his body, but

when he climbed daintily into their tour boss, dressed like a slut in high heels, a purse slung over his shoulder, his face bright and pretty, heavy with makeup. They all sat back, stunned.

“Prime?” Danny said, shocked at the transformation.

“Um, I prefer to be called Chanel? If it’s not too much trouble?” Prime sat down, knees together. He ran his long nails through his hair as he looked at this room full of— men. He’d never noticed how fucking hot the guys in the band were, especially Danny. More, they were all rock stars! Omigod, he just loved rock stars, forgetting he was one— or had been one. He knew what was coming. “You all look so handsome!” He squeaked as he shook his shoulders, rubbing his tits across Danny’s chest from across the room, giving him the glad eye. He couldn’t help himself

What the fuck? Danny thought. Is Prime actually coming onto me? He almost felt sorry for the bastard. Almost. Though, it might be fun to fuck him silly now that he was a little bitch.

“Okay, *Chanel*,” Danny said with contempt. “Let me get right to it. No beating around the bush.”

“You can beat around my bush anytime,” Prime cooed, playing with his hair.

The band all looked at each other.

“Okay,” Danny continued, a little thrown off by Prime's slutty display. “We took a vote, and you’re out of the band. Nothing personal, it’s just—”

“Sob.” Prime’s lower lip trembled as his eyes filled with tears, mascara running down his cheeks.

‘Oh, come off it,” Danny said, annoyed. He’d dreamed of kicking Prim out of the band for years, and it pissed him off the prick wasn’t throwing one of his tantrums, but was just sitting there, crying? Crying?

The other men, as much as they were all callous rockers, were all still moved by a pretty, young woman's tears. "Dude," Symptom said, patting Prime on the knee. "It's going to be okay."

"Yeah," Franki said. "You'll still get your royalties..."

"I will?" Prime said through his tears, covering Symptom's hand with his own, giving it a squeeze, thinking, his hands are so big! I bet he has a huge backhoe in those pants!

"It's not like we don't like you," Ghoul lied, though he was starting to kind of want to bang this sexy new version of Prime. "It's just you're not a good fit for the band like—" he made an hourglass shape with his hands.

"I understand," Prime said, his old self fusing with the new. "I'm too beautiful, sexy, stunning. I'd get all the attention, and with me blowing up on social media I'd be bigger than the band. I guess, to be honest, I am bigger than the band. I'm the most famous slut in the world."

"You see?" Danny spat. "What an arrogant bitch!"

Prime's mouth fell open and he stared hungrily at Danny. Such a badass, and Prime didn't understand why, he didn't need to understand why, but when Danny talked to him like that? Called him a bitch? Oh! He felt himself getting wet, thirsty.

Prime wiped his tears, took a deep breath, and smiled. "Well, Daniel, boys, if you don't mind, I'm going to go now?"

"Sure," Danny said. "Don't let the door hit you on your big, fat ass on the way out."

Omigod, Prime thought. He wanted to just jump Danny right then and there, but instead he walked toward the door, letting his hips swing, and then he paused, looked over his shoulder directly at Danny and said, "Call me anytime, big guy."

As soon as the door closed, the other guys started razzing Danny. “Prime’s got the hots for you! Oh, man. The look on your face! Come on, you know you want that ass!”

“Fuck all of you,” Danny said, disturbed by Prime’s act, and how much it had turned him on.

The guys settled down, smoked some weed, had a few drinks. Symptom’s phone buzzed, he looked, and then trying to be very nonchalant, he stretched and said, “I gotta run an errand. Catch you all later.”

“Dude?” Franki said, as they all knew exactly what was going on. “Seriously?”

Busted, Symptom just grinned and grabbed his dick.. “Did you see the lips on that bitch?”

Five minutes later he had his pants down to his ankles, while Prime Vengeance knelt before him, licking his lips as he stared at Symptom’s impressive and rock hard manhood.

“It’s so true,” Prime whispered, “what they say about men with big hands” and then he went down on Symptom. It was Prime’s first rock star, and he couldn’t have been prouder of himself.

Chapter Seven

Prime was touching up his lipstick when Wendy and Isla got back. They were the girls formally known as Mistress 1 and 2. He'd finally learned their names. "It's the last night of the tour," Wendy teased, giving him a kiss on his small, round shoulder. "Your last chance to score with Danny for the foreseeable future."

Prime dug his hands into his hair, fluffing it out. "I want him so bad," he whispered, his voice going hoarse. "He's number one on my list." Once Prime had fallen in with the groupies, he'd made a list of all the performers he wanted to fuck. None of them compared to Danny. "That bulge in his pants haunts my dreams! Unh!"

"You are such a slut!" Isla said, throwing herself onto the bed.

"You're a slut!" Prime shot back.

They all three laughed. They were sluts, and they were proud of it.

Maybe the guys had all been full of shit when they'd kicked him out of the band, just trying to make themselves feel better by telling him everything was going to be fine, but it had been so true. Prime had loads of money, and he was still earning royalties, so he'd just done what any slutty groupie with a shit ton of money would do; he'd bought his old tour bus and followed the band around from city to city, partying, getting high, worshipping them and, most of all, trying to have sex with each and every member of the band as many times as possible.

Naturally, he'd fallen in with the girls formerly known as Girl 1 and Girl 2. The new Prime was so submissive he could barely function in the real world on his own, and he needed stronger, more assertive women to protect him, make his decisions for him. Wendy and Isla had been happy to

oblige, latching onto their adorable little Chanel and enjoying a life of endless drugs and non-stop partying. Plus, well, the things that steamy little bitch could do with her tongue!

The girls spent the early evening getting high. Prime's bus had been bedazzled and painted pink, with the word Sluteria on the side, and it was always a magnet for other groupies and hard corps fans who dropped by to hang and partake of the truly excellent drugs Chanel always had, set out on trays like appetizers. Chanel was known for always having the best shit. High but not too high, pleasantly and perfectly in the zone, they headed to the concert, making their way through the parking lot scene.

Another night. Another sold out show. Vans, cars, buses and tents crowded the asphalt around Essentiulus Arena. The air swam with the sweet, earthy smell of weed. Spotlights roamed the sky, and the local radio station had set up a booth, blasting "I love Tits" into the cool, fall air. Prime shook his tits to the beat, giggling. People recognized him. "Chanel!" Fans shouted out, flashing the devil's horns. Prime just giggled and waved. Not only did the old school fans recognize the formerly bad ass singer in his new form, but his social media was blowing up, with over a million followers on his account superslutgirl, where he documented his groupie's life of debauchery for the whole world to see.

As part of his separation agreement, Prime had gotten All-Access passes to every Vengeance concert. He and his besties clicked their way through the parking lot, and right past the line of people waiting for the doors to open. Prime had his nose in the air, his tits out, and he was working it, letting his hips sway. People stared, waved, shouted, and most of all drank in his banging ass bod. When they got to the door, the security

guy, Max, looked Prime up and down. “Looking damn fine tonight, Little Miss Bottom.”

“Thanks, stud,” Prime said, giving the man’s bulging bicep a squeeze. Prime loved a man with big arms and, yes, he and Max had done the nasty more than a few times. Prime couldn’t score with the band at every show, and a girl had needs, though he drew the line at sleeping with roadies. They were all so gross.

The whole concert, Prime stared adoringly up at Danny, who’d taken over as lead singer. He was so tall! Macho. Even the way he stood was aggressive and domineering. The fact that Danny hated and despised him only made Prime hotter, and as the show went on her grew more and more desperate. He had to have Danny!

When the band came back out for their encore, Prime leaned in with his girls and, giggling, said, “I’m going in.”

“Go get ‘em, Chanel!” His friends said, grinning.

The show over, an exhausted Danny made his way backstage. It had been a long tour, and so much had happened. The added stress of being lead singer and front man had been more draining than he’d expected. He opened his dressing room door and walked in, not totally surprised to see his old enemy Prime waiting for him dressed in nothing but a pair of panties.

Prime smiled and shook his breasts. “You were so fucking awesome tonight!” He squealed.

Danny looked at the hot little piece of ass Prime had become and sighed. “Fine,” he said with a bored, off hand tone. “You can give me a blow job.”

“Omigod! Yes!” Prime gasped, rushing over, dropping to his knees and unzipping Danny’s pants. He yanked down Danny’s pants and underwear, freeing Danny’s cock, which popped up, already hard. Prime’s eyes went glassy with desire and he moaned.

Danny’s cock. He’d been wanting to see it for so long, and it had been worth the wait. It was the prettiest thing he’d ever seen. “I just want to worship it,” Prime whispered. “I want to worship your big, salty cock.”

‘Yeah, yeah. Just get it over with,’ Danny said like he was about to get a tooth pulled. Danny’s contempt, his arrogance, drove Prime wild. He’d never been so hot, so wet, and he eagerly slipped Danny into his mouth and went to work.

Danny put his hand on the back of Prime’s head and closed his eyes. “The guys were not lying,” he said. “You really are a great little cocksucker, Prime.”

Despite his bored and disinterested posturing, Danny was actually loving every minute of it. Knowing it was the eternal asshole Prime down there on his knees, slobbering all over Danny’s cock? It was the ultimate revenge and proof of his triumph over the cunt. “You’re nothing but another desperate little bitch now, Chanel. Just another groupie. This is the greatest moment in your life, isn’t it? Having the dick of a rock God in your mouth?”

Chanel, the new Prime, had she been able to answer, would have assured Danny that he was right. She was giving a blow job to Danny Darkness! It was her greatest achievement, the best day of her life and one she would remember forever. He couldn’t wait to tell all the other groupies he’d gone down on Danny and, just as importantly in terms of his scorecard, had now done every single member of the band— at least once.



The old Prime, though, still there, repressed deep into Chanel's mind,

but aware of everything, feeling everything. He raged and screamed, just an impotent shadow, trapped in the body and the life of a slut, going down on the man he hated most in all the world. I am Prime Vengeance! He raged. This motherfucker isn't fit to shine my shoes!

He felt Danny spasm, and then hot, oily jizz fired into his mouth. It tasted a little like pineapple. Chanel swallowed eagerly, thrilled to have Danny seed inside her. It was too much, and Prime finally broke, weeping and collapsing inside her mind, defeated and destroyed,