

Curves for a Month - Part 3

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

Our protagonist struggles with shame as he continues to whore himself out but it feels too good to stop.

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I woke up feeling soft sheets gliding against my skin as I slowly stretched. Morning light warmed me and I could feel the tickle of hair against my chin. For a moment, everything was perfect, then, consciousness and memory began to resurface and I realised I could feel more than just warmth and comfort.

There was something sticky between my legs; that distinctive mixture of my own half dried juices and cum. It was thickly coating my mound and had dripped down my legs during the night, leaving sticky patches on my inner thighs. Shame flooded me, sending a hot shiver down my spine as I remembered how I had acted the things I'd let Charlie do to me and how much I enjoyed them.

I could feel him now as well; his strong arm around my thin waist, the stubble of his chin was prickling at the back of my neck. I felt something stir between my legs and squeezed my closed eyes tighter. No, I couldn't let something as simple as the feeling of a man's jaw at the nape of my neck. No matter how nice it felt.

Something warm twitched between my legs and a small moan escaped me. It was his cock, resting near the cleft of my ass. Charlie was still asleep judging by the smoothness of his breathing but I knew more than most how common morning wood was, even after exiting puberty.

If I were a real man, I leapt out of this bed and leave the apartment without another word to hide my shame. Instead, I let my hips wiggle a little, pushing my peachy ass against his cock and feeling it respond.

'Stop.' I begged myself, *'why are you torturing yourself just stop. Be a man for God's sake!'*

But it just felt so nice, knowing my body could elicit such a response even from somebody who was asleep. I felt his cock get harder and harder, slowly rising to slip between my ass

cheeks. I thrust my hips up and down slightly, letting his cock slide between them over and over. It felt nice, really nice. God this was so embarrassing.

The temptation was there though, I could feel my own pleasure building as I wiggled my hips over and over. Maybe I could get just one more orgasm out of him without anybody else knowing. It would be my little secret.

Utterly ashamed and humiliated by my own actions I raised my legs so that his cock slipped between them and into my pussy lips. I shivered, feeling the hot length resting against me and slowly began to move my hips back and forth, letting the cock brush against my hole and clit slowly.

Gods, it just felt so good! Why couldn't I resist this? I'd taken solace in the idea that while my body was female, at least my mind would stay a man but now even that was coming into question. Last night it had felt like Charlie was fucking the masculinity right out of me; that had been embarrassing enough. Now I was doing it myself and that was even worse.

Just when I thought my shame couldn't get any stronger; Charlie's hand tightened around my middle and I felt him nuzzle into my hair. His hot breath tickled my neck and the hairs there stood on end.

"Well...mornin'" He said groggily, "Woke up ready for round two, eh?"

Oh God, he was going to make me admit it. This was so wrong; but now he was moving his hips as well, adding to the friction and my own lust. I could feel my hole burning, yearning for something to fill it. I couldn't give in though.

I struggled against my own mind; refusing to give in and let him fuck me again. If I could just do it once, maybe I could do it again in the future and stop myself from falling into the same trap. For a few small moments, I built my resolve, just a few more strokes away from saying no and getting out of bed.

But then Charlie's hand rose up, cupping my breast and massaging it a little before taking the nipple between his fingers. My pleasure suddenly doubled and a shaky moan escaped my lips. Once my mouth was open I couldn't stop the sounds; moans, tiny gasps and whimpers began to escape me as he continued to spoon and play with my body.

I was letting him use me like a sex doll and I liked it. God I liked it so much I was such a whore. How had I turned into such a slut so quickly. His cock was growing more insistent now, less rubbing between my folds and more nudging toward my hole, threatening to slip inside at any point.

I'd never fucked while spooning before, let alone as the little spoon. His strong body was holding me in place while he played with my body and I was lost; totally helpless against my own urges. My hips shifted, changing the angle subtle so that he could finally slip inside just like I swore I'd avoid only minutes ago.

Instantly my head leaned back so that his lips pressed against the back of my neck where he'd started to kiss and lick. The force brushed his teeth against me and I instantly shivered; I felt owned; God that was hot.

My hips began to rock back and forth, pushing him further into me. My resistance was gone and I wholly accepted the humiliation that mixed into my arousal as I let him fuck me.

“Ah....ahhhhh...”

This was different to last night; just as urgent and passionate but somehow more gentle. There was something inherently loving about being held like this while you were fucked. It made me feel oddly loved even though I knew this was just a one night stand continued.

The feeling was intoxicating though, I wanted more; not just of his cock and hands but his body wrapped around mine. His strong chest pressed up against my back, his muscular legs wrapped around my own. I felt so small, helpless and horny it was pushing me over the edge.

“Yes!”

I came; hard.

Charlie bit down on my neck as I did so and that feeling of ownership, of being totally taken over by another person washed over me. He was still thrusting even as my entire body had stilled and stiffened and I felt him cum in me again. Yet another wave of sticky fluid to stain my inner thighs and legs.

I shuddered as he finally pulled out and away from me. It took all my strength not to curl up in a ball of shame; awake for less than a minute and I'd fallen into the same trap as yesterday. How pathetic. But fuck me, it felt so nice; I was almost tempted to roll over and try mounting him again, maybe sucking on his cock would get him hard and I could ride him again.

My face went red with embarrassment at the thoughts and I forced myself to my feet. Immediately I regretted the decision as thick, viscous liquid began to run down my legs; all of last night's cum as well as the fresh stuff from this morning dripping down onto the floor.

“S-sorry!” I squeaked, running right for the small bathroom I’d seen in the hall and slamming the door closed.

If Charlie said anything I didn't hear it and I was glad; I couldn't face him yet. I honestly didn't feel like I could face anybody ever again. I cleaned myself up with toilet paper as best I could, flushing away the evidence. Then I realised I was standing naked in a bathroom with all my clothing outside in the bedroom and likely the hall considering how wild things had gotten last night.

I looked up at my reflection in the mirror and took in all the evidence I couldn't just flush away; the kiss bitten lips, the flushed face, the hickies. Gods. My one saving grace was also my damnation; nobody could recognise me like this. On the one hand, that meant I could do whatever I wanted and it wouldn't reflect badly on me as a man, since nobody would ever know it was really me. But on the other...I could do exactly that.

Knowing that I could act as slutty and whorish as I wanted and ‘get away with it’ was so damn tempting. But each time I gave in I could feel my resistance crumbling; my desire to do more and more depraved things, to be more dominated and submissive grew.

Even now as I ran the tip of my tongue along my lips I wondered how they would feel with an extra layer of gloss. Did men like that? Would more people look at me, *desire* me, if I wore more makeup? The worst part was that somehow, within this short span of time, I had conditioned myself.

Even as the shame flooded me I felt my body growing hot; humiliation and sex were now linked in my mind and when I felt one, I felt the other. Considering just how humiliating this whole situation was, it meant I was starting to feel near constantly horny.

And there was a hot, virile man on the other side of this door.

And I was naked and ready.

I whimpered, biting down on my lips, desperately wishing the pain would somehow distract from the burning between my legs. I had to get out of here.

After several deep breaths, I opened the bathroom door and was relieved to find the bedroom empty, the sound of a toaster being popped in the kitchen down the hall answering where Charlie was. Hurriedly I gathered my clothes, pulling them on as quickly as I could and heading right for the front door.

“Sorry I have to go!” I called, hating how hard this was.

“What? Don’t you want to stay for break-”

I slammed the door shut; if I stayed for breakfast I would end up eating more than just food. Of that I was sure.

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Being back in my own apartment felt wrong for a number of reasons. Firstly, the space just didn't feel like mine anymore. This body and my newly changing mind just didn't vibe with it anymore. It was too messy, too masculine. I wanted more light and air, flowers perhaps and most importantly, more clothes. All my clothes were so boring, they hung off my new curves unflatteringly and made me feel so ugly and unappealing.

Still, I forced myself into a pair of baggy pants and a long shirt. It had been one of my favourites once upon a time. Now I hated it. But if I had conditioned myself to like girly things so quickly, perhaps I could undo it just as fast. I forced myself to keep the mess, to wear my old clothes and even turned on the sports channel.

I'd never been a huge sports fan even as a man, not really. But I felt a burning need to prove my own masculinity, even if it was only to myself. I watched the basketball game with little enthusiasm though, I had to force my eyes to stay on the screen.

Then, at about the halftime mark I felt something shift. I started noticing the players; how their bodies moved as they raced across the court, how they were sweating...it was hot. A whistle blew and I watched as a commentator zoomed in on one young man with dark skin and a sheen of sweat coating his body.

I could see his abs and he reached his long arms up to stretch and I swallowed. Once again I could feel myself getting turned on. The commentator's words went in one ear and out the other as I shifted gears, watching the players bodies over the game itself. What would it feel like to have one of those tall, strong men hold me? More importantly, hold me down.

I shook my head, trying to focus on the game, trying in vain to be interested in the plays over the players sexy bodies but it was hopeless. I was getting more and more turned on. I could always...get off by myself. Surely masturbating would be less demeaning than letting a man fuck me?

Then again, getting myself off to a basketball game was humiliating in its own way; I would have no excuse, nobody else to blame for the lovely feeling of pleasure that formed between my legs as I rubbed circles on my clit. I shivered; no I couldn't. I had to find a different solution.

Switching the channel didn't help; it seemed like the world was conspiring against me as every channel had some form of hot man. My brain immediately imagined doing unspeakable things to me. A hot news presenter, a sexy interviewer, a delicious chef; there was no end to them.

Denying myself clearly wasn't working; I needed another way to work through these urges. Perhaps...dancing. Yes, I could go out on the town and drink away my sorrows to the beat of some rock music. Burn all my energy so that there was simply nothing left for sexy thoughts. Even as the plan formed in my mind I knew, on some level, that it was an excuse. I just wanted to justify getting dressed up and showing off my body to a room full of people.

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Of course, if I was going out dancing I needed something nice to wear. My other outfit was fine and all but...well nobody could blame me for wanting something more club appropriate, right? That's what I told myself as I thumbed through racks of dresses at a local shop; the options getting more and more skimpy as I went. The more revealing the outfit the more I wanted it.

In the end I forked over my credit card and watched the price skyrocket as I paid for a short, bright red mini dress with a halter top and keyhole window to show off my tits. It was the most expensive piece of clothing I had ever owned; and yet there was barely anything to it. I felt practically naked as I slipped into it and the matching panties I'd bought.

I talked myself out of another bra; they were too expensive after all. The fact that without one my tits could move more freely and my nipples showed prominently through the thin fabric of the dress had nothing to do with it. I didn't *like* how people stared at them. Not at all. I wasn't making excuses, I was being practical!

The more I thought about it; the better I felt about this dancing idea. Maybe I could get off on just being looked at. Still embarrassing, still whorish, but not nearly as bad as physically sleeping with me.

I smiled as I stood in line, it was freezing in just my heels and dress and my nipples hardened in the cold night air. There was no hiding them now. Everybody could see. It was the cold though; not arousal. At least mostly.

When I finally stepped into the club I breathed in the heat; clubs had such a particular smell. Normally I hated it; the mixture of body heat and alcohol, but now it was the most delicious scent in the world. All throughout the room I could see men, my eyes glanced over the women and for the first time in my life, I cared little for them. Even the ones dressed like me that normally would have me drooling. It wasn't their attention I craved.

I downed a quick shot for courage, not that I needed it. The alcohol burned down my throat and I watched as the bartender raised an eyebrow at this busty woman who could shot straight, cheap vodka without even flinching. I found myself giggling and giving him a wink before quickly turning on my heels and making my way to the dance floor.

I made sure to give my hips a little extra sway to make my butt jiggle. He was watching me walk away, I was sure. It made me wet to think about. Once again I was hit with a wave of shame for just how slutty I was acting, but that only egged me on. I wanted more.

No, I needed more.

More attention...more touches.

As I brushed against people in the thick of the dancefloor my skin prickled. It wasn't enough, but the soft touch of skin against skin almost made me moan. If only those hands could brush over other parts of my body...

The man's eyes met mine and an unspoken conversation took place. The next thing I knew, his hands were on my hips, gripping them tight as our bodies began to move in tandem. Oh yes, I could feel the outline of his bulge through his tight leather pants, it pressed against my mound and made me shiver. God, we were practically fucking right here in the middle of the dance floor where everybody could see. That was so hot.

I let my body undulate, switching from swaying side to side to thrusting forward against his bulge. I felt something inside twitch and couldn't stop a small moan escaping me. I already knew just how good it felt to have a cock inside me; I wanted it again, no matter how ashamed I was to admit it to myself.

I wrapped my arms around the tall man's neck and pulled him close; I was being a tease, leading him on like a slut. I fully intended to disappear into the crowd and find a new target but for some reason my feet wouldn't move the way I wanted them to. If anything, I was getting closer and closer to him.

He leaned in close; despite the heat of the room I could still feel his warm breath on my skin.

"You've got a pretty mouth." He whispered huskily. "Want to put it to good use."

'No!'

“God yes.”

He grabbed my hand and led me through the club; gripping my wrist tight. I could have slipped out though, it would be easy, one quick jerk and I would be free. Free to run away from this man, his delicious body and all the temptations it held. But I didn't, I wanted him, I wanted him so damn bad.

He led me outside into a small alley; it was filthy, the sort of place you saw in movies where women of the night who charged less than twenty dollars did their work. I was even worse than those cheap whores though, because I was about to do what they did for *free*. Because I knew I would; there was no point denying it anymore. I wanted to act like a slut; I loved using this new body of mine to debase myself for sexual gratification and fuck me, it felt good.

I didn't even ask the man's name before sliding down onto my knees. I could feel the cold rough ground on my bare legs as I knelt before him, face in front of his fly as he unzipped it and pulled out his cock.

It was long, longer and thicker than mine had ever been just to rub salt in the wound. As if I wasn't already feeling like less of a man. I wasn't even sure I could use that word for myself anymore; hell, I could barely use the word woman, lady was totally out of the question. The only ones that seemed fitting were slut and hoe.

Despite this, I still opened my mouth willingly, letting the cock glide along the tongue and hating how much I loved the taste. It was heady and rich, sucking and swallowing around it was wonderful. I wanted to hate it, I wanted to gag and cough and complain like all the women I had heard in the past do. Instead, I revelled in the sensation. I loved how it felt on my tongue, loved the way his tip slammed against the back of my throat; somehow without making me gag. Perhaps it was a sign that this body was built for sin.

The man's hand cradled my skull, his nails digging deep into my hair and bunching it at the top. It hurt; I loved it. He started to push back against me, full on fucking my mouth so that I couldn't stop even if I wanted to.

I swirled my tongue, bobbing my head as fast as I could as he started to groan. The sounds gave me a sick sense of satisfaction. Knowing I was pleasing him made me feel accomplished when it should have made me disgusted. After a few minutes, I started to feel his hips stutter as he got closer. I reached up with my soft fingers and gently massaged his balls, pushing him over the edge. Before I knew it, hot cum was pouring down my throat and I was swallowing without hesitation like the good girl I now was.

He continued to fuck my mouth as he came, and I drained him for every last drop until finally, he let my head go and I slipped off his cock with a pop. I could feel drool and a small amount of cum slipping down my chin and my cheeks burned; I'd never been more

disgusted with my own behaviour. Still, it didn't stop me from swiping a finger over the trail and licking it clean. I'd fallen this far, what was a few more feet down the hole?

A hand cupped my chin, forcing my head upwards toward the man who I'd just sucked off. He was grinning down at me looking triumphant; he was exactly the sort of man I had wanted to be when I went to get transformed. Now look at me.

"Thanks sweetheart." He said casually, letting my face go and walking off, heading back to the club without so much as a backwards glance to the girl he'd left on her knees in a dirty alley.

I got to my feet; my legs ached and I brushed loose grit from them. It didn't matter though, the stains remained; anybody who saw me would know exactly what I had been doing to earn those marks.

Full of shame and an odd sense of gratification, I started to walk home. Praying I had enough self control not to haul somebody off the street to fuck me on the way home.