

Prologue

The brush up against my eyes finished the last line, and my face looked perfect. The cute image of the most incorruptible small twenty-five-year-old woman was complete. I looked perfect with cute little dimples and even a few imperfections. I smiled brightly, showcasing my perfectly white teeth to present a nice, perfectly maintained image. I loved the look, and it was my hunting look. I licked my little cherry red lips, and I looked at the white little dress I was wearing.

It was a simple little thing, with two-inch straps around my shoulders and a little white A-cup bra around my toned pectorals. My front was covered with a basic white-on-white floral print that no one would be able to see, but when you touched it, you would feel it. The skirt then poofed out with some folds to make it look even more poofy, even as it ended mid-thigh. I wore white panties in case I danced a little too hard and someone happened to catch a glimpse. It was my perfect hunting outfit, and the white little heels that strapped my perfect little feet completed the outfit.

My FPhone suddenly started to ring and I smiled as I picked it up, noticing it was from Daniel.

"Riley," Daniel said as I picked up, "Are you coming out?" he asked bluntly.

"If you are being my wing man tonight," I told him in my feminine voice.

Silence took over for a second, and he sighed. "Again? How do you pull it off every night, bro? Get a girlfriend, bro," He replied, and I chuckled.

"This and that are different things, Daniel," I told him, my voice the perfect image as I saw in the mirror, "Now come pick me up and bring me to the club, you know, the Futa club. Not going to that trash Lux place you went to last time," I sneered.

"You're a freak," he replied in good humor.

I laughed, and I quickly grabbed a wallet, which was just condoms to use for later in a little flat black pack. I put it into the pockets I had sewn on and started heading to my condo door. "Come on, Daniel, are you already here?" I asked about the sound of my heels clicking on the floor as I headed to the door.

"Yeah, I am here, I always feel weird picking up my friend, and we look like we date," he said with a sigh, and I laughed as I locked the door with a simple press of a button.

Not five minutes later, I was walking out towards my friend's car, which he quickly slammed on the pedal as soon as I sat down. He did not even wait for me to buckle up, and I glared at him.

“You did not even open the door for a perfect lady such as myself,” I chastised him, and as he reached a red light not even five seconds later, he glared.

“You are not a woman, you are a fucking crossdressing Predator,” Daniel replied.

I looked at Daniel and frowned as I looked at my best friend. He was cute himself, with brown hair that was nice and thick, also soft, which he usually put in a bennie or something. Tonight it was out and just a little messy. His outfit was just a white shirt with a flannel polo shirt over it. Then, he wore blue jeans and sneakers to make it look like he did not care. Compared to my perfect, cute image, he didn't.

Sitting back, I pulled down the mirror and looked, and everything was still perfect. I combed my long brown hair back with my fingers and let my bangs hang loose, like I just let the air blow through my hair. I looked at Daniel again and remembered that we had met over the randomist thing—futanari women —when we were in high school, and our mutual love for them.

It might be odd to become friends with someone because of your mutual attraction to something, but we were always close after that day. I smiled and he frowned as someone cut him off in traffic, and I chuckled as we were getting closer to the club. The sun was soon going to start setting, and I smiled as we pulled into the parking lot across with still a few spots left. I quickly got out and stretched my short five-foot-one legs, wishing I were a little taller. I looked up at my friend as he got out, standing at six foot three. He was a big, muscular guy, and we went to the gym together all the time.

“Riley, come on,” Daniel said, and I ran over to him and wrapped my arm through his with a light smile. He tried to shrug me off, but the bouncer at the front looked at us both as we crossed the road, and quite a few men were waiting in a line to enter. The Bouncer saw us and opened it up.

“Riley, Daniel, welcome back,” He said as we walked in, and I stopped pulling out my phone and took a picture with him. I made the six-foot-tall guy crouch, took a selfie with him, kissed his cheek, and thanked him before heading in.

“Doing it again?” Daniel asked as we entered, and I smiled as I looked inside. The club was a little dark, like normal, with the lights shining down. We arrived a little early, and they did not allow the number of men and women to change significantly. But what was here in numbers already were Futanari women.

Women were present in large numbers, and they were always arriving. I smiled as I looked around, and I couldn't help but break into a massive smile as I said, “Of course I am doing it again,” I told my best friend. “I love these women, and maybe one day, I will meet the woman of my dreams.” I finished.

“Yes, A Black haired Masochistic Futanari woman with big tits, big cock, and balls who is tight.” My friend said, and I glared at him.

“Yeah, and?” I asked in a voice sharp and dark, even while it was feminine, and he stepped back.

“Sorry, we all have our types,” He said, and I nodded.

“Good boy, now, let me know if you need me to wingwoman you, and I will do the same,” I told him and left with a big grin on my face as I moved towards the bar and separated from my friend.

Seconds later, I was smiling as I looked at her. The woman of my Dreams, and a predatory smile grew on my face before I stepped forward. Looking at the beautiful woman, I already knew I would have to be a little forceful, but she would love it.

Chapter 1

I looked at myself in the mirror and wryly smiled as I looked again, hoping things would change. I looked at the long black hair that covered a pale face. The large, fat F cup breasts were stuffed into the best black dress I had. It was a cute little cocktail dress that felt tiny but actually followed my natural S-curve. I looked at my black dress with a long V cut down the center to show off my breasts a little, showing off my ample cleavage that my friend talked me into. It sent a little thrill through me, and the natural S curve I had was there for the world to see. The dress hugged my natural hips and the big booty that I had.

I loved how I looked.

I hated how I looked.

I hated how I was convinced to come to a bar just for futanari women. Stuffing my massive missile into my panties and tucking it took almost an hour, so I would not hurt myself. I was always shy and not good around strangers, and I had no idea how I was convinced to come out to a hook-up bar. I was blushing already just thinking about being taken home to someone's house.

The one woman I had ever been with could not even take my size and ran just after I put the tip into her. She had me pull out, and she ran away. The thought of seeing her after that for weeks afterward, since we were coworkers, still sent shivers down my spine. She could not look me in the eye and kept looking at my pants like she was looking at a monster.

My friends wouldn't allow me to run away, though, and I looked at myself, pushing down the dress a little, which only reached mid-thigh. I flushed thinking about what would happen if things went wrong and I was shown to the world. My friends insisted on coming to this bar because anyone who would see that would apparently only want me more.

I shivered and just wanted someone to take me for themselves. I hated being the one to approach, and I hated being in control. I had had enough of that for my work, and my choice exhaustion was at its peak. I took deep breaths, and I knew that if I tried to run, my friends would not let me down for months and insist even harder on my stopping masterbating at home and joining them.

With another deep breath, I left the club restroom and heard the beat of the music, and I walked toward the booth. Instantly, my eyes went to this incredibly cute girl with long brown hair that draped down her shoulders and was in a cute little white dress. She was smiling as she looked around, clearly doing what everyone was looking to do. She was looking to flirt with someone.

I looked away, knowing a girl of her level would never go for me. I walked to the booth with my face flushed, and I noticed most of my friends were around, talking to men or women, depending on their preference. Only Becky was left, and she glared at me as I approached. "That was a long bathroom visit," Becky told me, "Hyping yourself up to leave?" She asked.

"Um," I flushed harder as I looked away, knowing that I really did want to leave.

"So you were trying to think of an excuse," Becky called me out, and I felt my face heat even more. "Well, for now, look alive, a cute boy and girl are coming this way, and I think the girl is looking at you," She said, much to my surprise.

I turned to see that cute girl walking with a guy that I had not seen before. Not that I expected to have met him, but she walked up to me, completely ignoring the guy, as she came up to me before I sat in the booth. "Hey, beautiful," She said, her voice soft and feminine, "You here with anyone?"

"Not right now," Becky said, and the girl looked at her as the boy moved in beside Becky and said hi to her.

"Good, would you be willing to be with me tonight?" She asked, sending shivers up and down my spine, and I looked at the cutest young woman I had ever seen, and I could only nod.

Then she leaned up and whispered in my ear, "You are so beautiful, I love that dress." I shivered, and the problem between my legs throbbed in response to her words as she whispered them. I breathed in through my nose, and I smelled her without even meaning to. My nose was filled with the scent of strawberries, and I loved it.

"T-t-thank you," I stammered out.

Then she pushed me into the booth, and she half crawled in, keeping her legs under her because she was so cutly short. She smiled at me, and the man smiled at us, "Riley, be nice to the woman," He said loud enough for me to hear, and Becky looked at him.

"Tell me," The cute woman named Riley said, making me look at her, "Would you rather me be in charge or you?" She asked her voice loud enough for my friend to hear, making me blush up to my ears.

"She would rather you be in charge," Becky said, and I turned to glare at her. Becky gave me a thumbs up, and I wanted to curse her out.

Suddenly, I felt hands on my head, and I looked into emerald-green eyes and those perfect ruby-red lips; she smiled. "So I will be in charge, tell me your name, Beautiful," Riley said, "I am Riley, as my friend just told you."

"May," I replied, feeling my face burning as I told her, and she leaned forward.

"May, such a beautiful name, May," Riley repeated, "Well, May, I am going to tell you something, will you listen?" She asked.

"Y-yes," I barely stammered out, and she pushed forward, and I felt her small breasts press against mine.

"Well, May, are you here looking for a fun time? Because you happen to be my type, and I would love to take you home and have my way with you," Riley whispered, much to my surprise, "I think you do not even want to be here and flirt around. You can barely stammer out a sentence. How about you order us a Cab, and I will take you back to my place. I will make you scream all night tonight and cum all over the place, making you my little futanari slut."

Her words made my head stutter. I could not even think about it for several moments as she whispered those words into my ear. My first instinct was to get angry as she wanted to dominate me, and I felt her hand reach down to my thigh and rub it a little. I felt my cock throb, and I wanted to groan as she pressed herself against me. "Now, tell me, May. Do you want me to be direct and tell you right here and now what I will do to you at my house? Or do you want me to leave it to your imagination?"

"Is this how flirting is supposed to be here?" I heard myself say.

"Nope, I just noticed, and it was confirmed by your friend that you would not be able to flirt," Riley said, her voice dark and feminine as she leaned forward, her strawberry scent assaulting my ability to think. "You would probably just hang around, look as others have fun, then feel bad because no one would talk to you, because you did not want to talk to anyone. You would reject

others unless they push themselves on you a little. So here I am, May,” She whispered, “I am pushing myself on you a little. You can go to the bar, order a cab, and come back to my place, where I will destroy you. Or you can stay here and ask me what I will do to you when we go back to my place.”

“I am not allowed to reject?” I heard myself ask, my head swimming in the depths of the ocean, as I felt my head was overheating and my cock throbbing.

Her hand touched my massive monster downstairs, now pressing against my dress. “With something this thick and menacing begging to be let out, would you really turn me down?” Riley asked, “A cutie like me?” She asked, and I shivered as Riley was my perfect type. “Tell me no, May.”

“What are you going to do to me?” I heard myself ask, and Riley pulled back with a victorious smile.

“I will take you home and show you,” Riley said, her smile dark, and she looked at her male friend, then at my friend Becky. “Becky, thank you, I will be taking your friend home and having fun, this is my friend Daniel, if you are into men, he will show you a pleasurable time, if not, I’m sorry bro, I am heading back with this beautiful woman,” Riley finished pointing to me and her friend waved him off as she pulled me out of the booth suddenly.

“Don’t take my car, bro,” Daniel suddenly yelled just as we departed the booth, and I found myself following Riley with my hand in hers. Her skin was soft, and she was so adorable, her hair bouncing a little as she moved with purpose toward the door, and I felt like my face was a thousand degrees. It was burning so hard, and suddenly we were outside. The air was cool, and Riley talked to the bouncer before holding up a hand, and before I knew it, I was shoved into a Taxi.

How did I get here with this cute woman?

I pressed my head against the back seat as Riley said her address, and she turned to me suddenly. “I am going to kiss you, May,” she suddenly said, and my mouth opened in surprise. I watched that small, cute face get closer and closer until her lips met mine.

Pleasure shuddered through me as she kissed me. Her soft, cute lips slowly moved against mine and kissed me before her tongue entered. Suddenly, my tongue was pinned by hers, and her cute little tongue was licking my tongue and mouth all over. Pleasure hit me as her hand suddenly started to touch my breast, and her hands moved roughly, and my head blanked. “May, I am going to make you my slut tonight,” I heard as those lips disappeared, “Tell me, May, will you be my slut?”

Those words made me shudder, and I felt like the world around me was hazy. Her Emerald eyes stared into mine, and I looked at her as she looked at me. This woman was about to take me,

and I had no idea why. The one time I was going to be with someone I loved, she ran away because I was too large, yet this woman was even smaller. Would she run away when she saw the size of my monster between my legs?

Suddenly, pain erupted through me, and I felt my lips part, "Ah~!" I heard myself moan, and I was stunned as I looked at Riley. Her hand was open, and I realized she had just slapped my breast, and I did not know why she did it.

"Answer me, May," Riley ordered, and I opened and closed my mouth, and suddenly pain erupted again as I watched her slap my breast again, sending a shockwave of pain and pleasure through my breast.

"Yes~!" I heard myself moan, and Riley smiled, and the Taxi Driver coughed.

"Ladies, I get that you want to get physical, but please, keep it at least PG-13 in the back of my cab. We are almost there," The Driver said, and I shuddered, and my face somehow felt even hotter.

"Oh, come on, we were enjoying ourselves back here!" Riley complained for me, and she turned to me, "I guess you can be my slut once we get back to my place. Now, be a good girl and let me kiss you." She closed her lips on mine again, and she kissed me.

I lost myself in those lips, and she was so gentle at times, yet rough at other times. I was zoned out into her as she played me like a fiddle, and I did not want to escape. Then, suddenly, the ride was over, and she looked at me. I paid without even looking at the price. I even tipped the taxi driver an extra twenty-five percent before getting out.

I barely even glanced at the massive premium condos before entering, and soon I was pressed against an elevator heading for the top floor. She pulled me down to her height and kissed me more as we rode up, and I was in heaven. I have no idea what country I saved in another life for this to happen to me, but I was loving it.

Then the elevator doors opened, and she was pulling me toward her door, and I walked behind her. Her brown hair was bouncing, and her poofy white skirt was bouncing with her. I could tell that she was excited as I was, and I had no idea how I got so lucky as she opened the door to one of the penthouse houses, and she turned around and smiled.

"Now, May, inside here, I can give you two options: you can be as you are right now. Shy and go with the flow, or I can offer you a second option," Riley said, stopping me at the door, much to my surprise, and I paused.

"W-w-whait is that?" I asked, stammering without meaning to, and she smiled.

“The Second option is Bondage, Pet play, and toys, where I make you my bitch for the night and make you scream till my neighbours knock on the door and call the police,” Riley said, and I shuddered at the thought of the second. “So, Option One? Or Option two, Beautiful?”

I heard myself saying, “Option two,” Before I headed inside with Riley smiling brightly.

I shuddered as I heard the door close and the lock click into place.