

The Punishment Room

For Dustin Chen

By TheSPiralledEye

Charlotte was writhing beneath him, her lipstick smudged from the rough kisses he'd planted on her mere minutes ago. Despite being such a prolific whore she was still tight and Chris groaned feeling her tighten around him in her third orgasm since they started.

"Oh! Yes, more!"

The sounds went straight to his cock and his ego. Chris had been visiting the girls on 51st street for over a year but Charlotte was his favourite; she liked things rough and didn't mind being knocked around a bit. Plus she loved him, he always had her cumming within moments of touching her; at this point Chris was pretty sure she'd see him for free if her pimp allowed it. He was getting close himself now, balls tightening in anticipation for what was about to come. Soft hands reached up to hold his face, forcing him to meet Charlotte's wide, lust filled eyes.

"L-look at me when you cum." She begged, he was helpless against that sultry voice.

It was hard, his natural instinct was to squeeze his eyes closed but he did it, for her. Her eyes were the most vibrant green he had ever seen; actually they looked almost unnatural. As his cock pulsed and he was pushed over the edge he felt as though he were falling, diving down into deep pools of green that surrounded him on all sides. His head felt light and his body went from pulsing with pleasure to strangely numb. That green was all he could see for a few moments before his eyelids fluttered closed and then snapped open once again.

Only the vision was blurry and wrong. He could feel scratchy, cheap sheets against his back and a strange heavy weight against his chest that made his pecs sore. He blinked to clear his vision just as that weight shifted to reveal...his face?"

"Wha-?"

His throat was sore and the voice that came out of it was completely wrong. It sounded just like Charlotte. Chris gapped at his own face grinning down at him before all that numbness finally filtered away and he became aware of a strange sensation between his legs. There

was something inside him; something thick and wonderful and yet simultaneously, not nearly fulfilling enough.

“Well, shoes on the other foot now, isn't it?” His old body teased, bucking forward slightly and forcing all the air from his lungs in shock.

“C-charlotte?” Chris whispered, “Is that you?”

“In the flesh, darling.”

Never in his life had an affectation sounded so much like an insult.

“How, why am I...Are you still inside me?!”

He was sure of it now, he could feel the soft cock resting against his inner walls and couldn't help but shiver as Charlotte pulled out, leaving him feeling empty and unfulfilled.

“You have no idea.” She sneered, “How long I have been wanting to do this. Ugh, it's about time somebody took you down a peg.”

Chris scrambled to sit up, feeling his breasts sag against his chest as he did so. Bewildered, he looked down at the heavy tits, nipples still pink and soft. From this angle they looked even bigger than normal; this was...this was so wrong. His whole body felt wrong; his ass too heavy, his arms so thin, not to mention the tangle of blonde hair falling down to brush the small of his back. He could feel the smudged lipstick, sticky and hot against his cheek. How on Earth had she done this? More importantly, why?

“What have you done?” He croaked, “Why would you do this, aren't we friends?”

Charlotte laughed, actually threw back her head and cackled cruelty.

“Oh my God, did you actually believe that?” She wiped a tear of laughter from her eye, “Darling, you know I get paid to show you a good time, right? Did you really think you of all people could make me cum?”

“You...faked everything?”

Disappointment crashed into him, all this time he'd thought himself some sexual savant but it had all been an act? Humiliation washed over him in a wave as Charlotte continued to tease.

"You're awful in bed, truly awful, we used to compare notes and laugh." She said, "You can't even tell a fake orgasm from a real one. Oh my God your face each time you left, so arrogant, you really thought you were the bees knees didn't you?"

Chris's face burned; was it not enough she had swapped him into her body, she had to strip away what little masculine pride he had left? Rage boiled beneath his skin, how dare she? How dare this common whore look down on *him*. His new, delicate hands formed a fist so hard his nails dug into his palm. Before he knew it it was flying towards his own smug face only to be caught easily. His arm now a limp noodle in comparison to his former bulk.

"You always were a nasty piece of work." Charlotte glared, "You think we really get off on that sort of thing, don't you?"

"You're a whore." He responded, as if that was enough explanation.

"If that's what you think then, I hope you enjoy it."

Ice formed around his heart as she threw his hand back, getting off the bed and grabbing his clothes.

"Wh-you're not going to switch us back?!" He cried. "You've had your fun, whatever, turn me back!"

"Nope." Charlotte shrugged, "I'm sick of this life, maybe now that I'm a straight white guy people will actually listen to me."

"I am ordering you to turn us back!" He screeched, standing up and hating how distracting it was to feel his ass bounce with the movement.

"Or what?" She smiled sweetly, "It's very rude to yell at paying customers, Charlotte."

He began to swear, yelling every threat in the book, anything he could think of. This woman was trash, the lowest of the low and she dared to force him to be a whore. If she really thought he would just lay down and take it, she had another thing coming. Unlike her, he was

able to control his own lust. He was not some helpless, hormonal woman no matter what body he was in!

“When I tell your pimp-”

“Zack?” She asked, doing up her final button, “I think he’ll be very upset that one of his best prostitutes is causing a scene, he’ll probably send you to the punishment room.”

“Is that supposed to scare me?” He crossed his arms over his chest only to wince as they crushed against the breasts that were normally not there. “I may be in this body but I am not a slut, unlike you.”

“Not yet.”

She moved almost faster than she spoke, suddenly right in front of him, hands clutching his head so that he was pinned in place. His eyes widened in fear; Chris had never know just how scary he could look with such a thunderous look of rage on his face. His eyes were brown and cold, they drilled into him like ice and as they did, he felt something else pass through them, some unspeakable, indescribable energy.

Then the hands were gone and he snapped out of whatever trance he’d been in.

“There, now you can be exactly the sort of woman you thought I was.”

Chris felt dizzy, almost drunk.

“What do you mean?” He asked, stumbling a little in an effort to follow her out of the room, “What did you do to me?!”

“Nothing you don’t deserve.”

She gave him one final hard look before heading down to the front room where Zack, the pimp, was waiting. Chris watched, still naked and filled with dread as Charlotte slammed half his usual payment on the table.

“She was rubbish tonight.” She lied, “Just laid there and then, when I was finally done, no thanks to her, she started screaming at me for being a bad lay. You must have heard the racket.”

Chris' jaw dropped; she'd set him up and he'd fallen for it. Zack fixed him with a hard stare.

"Char-oh my God, put some clothing on slut for God's sake. What if somebody walks in you can't be giving them shows for free."

Chris looked down at himself, suddenly very aware of all his new curves and he shivered as cold air brushed across his bare pussy. It was shaved, without even hair to protect it from the elements. He opened his mouth to tell Zack the truth but instead what came out was.

"Sorry sir."

"Don't worry," Zack assured Charlotte in his former body, "I'll teach her a lesson."

Those words should have sent fear thrumming through him but instead Chris felt a stab of arousal. To be punished by Zack, who was so hot and-wait, what? What was he thinking? What the hell was wrong with him?

"I know you will." Charlotte nodded before meeting his eyes one final time, "It's about time she learned to act like a proper lady of the night."

His heart was pounding in his chest so hard he could feel his tit moving ever so slightly, his pulse racing even faster as Zack stood and walked over to him. He was calling for one of the other girls to take his place at the front desk but Chris could barely understand the words, all of a sudden he was feeling hot and flustered, arousal slowly swirling in his gut. No! He wasn't attracted to guys, but for some reason he couldn't control his body, especially as Zack took firm hold of his chin and forced him to meet his gaze.

"You've been naughty, Charlotte." Zack's baritone sent a shiver down his spine, "I think you need to go to the punishment room."

He wanted to scream but whatever spell the real Charlotte had put him under was making him weak, he felt compelled to follow Zack down the corridor, feeling his wet folds rub against each other with every step. Zack took him to the very back of the house before fishing a key out of his shirt and unlocking the door. It swung open to reveal a room containing what appeared to be a dentists chair, only instead of a light overtop there were

straps to tie somebody down; the wall was covered in every toy imaginable, somehow which Chris had never seen.

He'd never liked submission, he was a man's man, so looking at all those toys, the whips, the chains, the ball gags; they should not have excited him but they did. He walked in willingly, allowing Zack to close and lock the door with a heavy thunk. He felt trapped, aroused and terrified of both of those facts simultaneously.

"In the chair."

The order made him whimper; he could not resist, he sat down in the chair, chest heaving from deep, slightly panicked breaths.

"I-I don't want..." He whimpered, but he did. He wanted it very much, though what 'it' was he wasn't quite sure.

"Then get up." Zack said, slowly tightening the straps around his wrists and ankles.

He had plenty of time to get up, plenty of opportunities to say no but Chris couldn't ring himself to do it. Each time another leather band tightened around his extremities he felt a bolt of pleasure pass through him. It felt so good, he was helpless to fight it. By the time his legs and arms were secured his new pussy was leaking juices onto the smooth leather of the chair.

"Now, you know the rules. No sounds." Zack grinned, picking a dildo off the wall and slowly approaching.

Chris writhed a little, both in fear and anticipation; he didn't want that giant thing shoved inside him, but he did! The memory of that soft cock brushing against his walls made him wonder what it would be like to feel something hard really fill him up. He battled with himself right up until he felt that hard silicone tip press against his hole, all fight left him, replaced with lust as it slowly pushed inside. He bit down on his lip in a desperate attempt not to moan; his inner walls were so wet and sensitive, he could feel every tiny ridge on the dildo pressing against them. He almost made it, but then, when it was finally fully sheathed inside him Zack flicked a switch and the toy began to vibrate.

Chris wailed; a breathy, pornographic sound only for it to turn to a whimper as Zack withdrew the toy, taking it's delicious sensations with it.

“Bad girl.” He scolded, taking one of Chris’s nipples between his fingers and pinching hard enough to make him squeak. “Breaking the rules already.”

“Ah, I’m sorry, it’s just...oh that’s s-so nice.”

He was rolling the nipple between his thumb and forefinger now, alternating the pressure so that the pain mixed with the pleasure.

“You really are such a slut.” He scoffed, releasing the nipple only to move the other other one.

Chris writhed, pressing his chest as high into the air as the restraints would allow, desperate for more of that wonderful touch.

“You’re still making noises.” Zack scolded.

“I can’t ah- I can’t help it oh, ah...ah!!”

He let go and Chris mourned the loss, he needed to be touched, he needed more! He’d never felt so desperately horny in all his life.

“Looks like we’ll need to gag you until you can learn to be a good girl.”

Oh yes! Yes, he wanted to be bound and gagged! He was such a bad girl, he deserved to be punished. Chris was so turned on he couldn’t even question the thoughts right now. Zack walked away and returned with a ball gag, black straps with a red ball, almost stereotypical in appearance; Chris opened his mouth and accepted it willingly. Running his tongue across the cool plastic ball while Zack secured it.

“Now, where were we?” He mused, “Oh yes.”

The dildo returned, almost buzzing. He held it against Chris’s throbbing clit and he gave a cry, muffled by the ball gag. It felt as though his pussy were on fire; he never knew such a tiny bundle of nerves was capable of such intense feeling. He bucked his hips as much as he could trying to get more. His insides began to tense as the pleasure built; he started to feel light headed as the intensity rose and rose-

Only for Zack to stop. Leaving him on the edge, so close to toppling over but with no way to do so. With his legs spread he wasn't even able to press them together; just one more touch, that was all he'd needed and now he was stuck, gasping for air.

“Ah, ah, you've not earned an orgasm yet I don't think.” A hand slapped the side of Chris's ass and he whimpered. It felt so good.

After almost a full minute of deprivation, Zack started again, this time setting the vibration lower so that it was a constant tease. Never quite strong enough to bring him to orgasm. He was lost in a sea of sensation, teased so close to the edge yet never going over it. Just as it became too much and his body began to tighten, Zack stopped again. Chris tried to beg, to plead for mercy but the gag stopped him. Zack passed the vibrating dildo over his tits, pressing them together and sliding the fake cock between them like a tit job. Chris's whole body was on fire, every touch, no matter the location sent shivers of pleasure through him, even as Zack pinched his nipples hard enough to hurt.

“One more touch I think, then you'll have learned your lesson.”

He disappeared from view, a swathe of black fabric appearing in his vision for a moment before the blindfold was secured over his eyes. Zack was in darkness, unable to do anything but feel. He heard Zack take something new off the wall but no matter how he tossed and turned his head, there was no way to see what it was. His vision gone his sense of touch was increasing so that when he felt something pressing against his hole again he almost came right there.

The new dildo was thicker, it stretched him so much it almost hurt, he felt full to bursting and yet it just keep coming; filling him so deeply he could barely move his hips. There was a mechanical whir and it began to recede, pulling almost fully out before slamming back inside him with such force Chris' whole body moved. Then again. And Again. Gradually picking up speed until whatever machine the dildo was attached to was well and truly fucking him. Chris could do nothing but moan behind his gag, each time orgasm approached those hands would return, pinching down hard enough on his sensitive nipples that the pain kept the orgasm at bay.

It was torture, it was heaven. Over and over again the orgasm built only to be held back. He was a whimpering mess, he'd do anything to be able to cum.

“Have we learned our lesson, Charlotte?” Zack whispered. Chris could feel his hot breath on the shell of his ear as he nodded vigorously.

“You’ll be a good girl from now on? You’ll give all the men who come here a good time?” Zack asked, again Chris nodded as much as he could while pleading behind his gag.

“That’s my girl. You can cum now”

His touch turned soft, brushing over his nipples gently now as finally the orgasm began to build once more. Chris felt his insides tighten, the pleasure built until finally it all crashed down over him. Pure ecstasy flowed through his veins and he was vaguely aware of a muffled scream that must have been coming from him. He didn't care though. All he cared about was how good this felt.

Somewhere deep inside he was worried; would this be his life now? Being a good whore in the punishment room forever? Would he ever get his real life back? Another orgasm rocked over him and the thoughts were pushed back, only to return later, when he was finally spent.