

THUMP THUMP THUMP

The beat of a loud, generic song blared through the speakers of a plain, unassuming local bar, inundating the entire establishment in a deafening, energetic party atmosphere. All over the dance floor, heavily drunken people danced along to the rhythm to a song they could barely comprehend. Alcohol and cheap entrees filled out the tables on the dining room, along with the idle chatter and laughter of friends socializing. It was nothing more than your average Friday night, with the average lay man gathering to unwind from the long week. But for the slender young Miles, there was no unwinding to be done.

Half empty beer bottle in hand, the boy slumped over the dirty countertop with a sour expression. The booming music grated Miles' poor ears, his brain pulsating with a terrible headache at the mere presence of other people. He was in misery. Yet another lousy birthday had come and gone, and still he remained painfully alone. Seeing all those happy couples dancing on the dance floor was nothing more than rubbing salt in the wound.

Miles took another swig of his beer, letting the cold liquid bubble down his throat. He just didn't understand what was wrong! Miles was a slender, decently attractive young man of tanned skin. His hair was wavy and soft, his face was a bit on the androgynous side but still fairly good looking. He wasn't built like a body builder, but he also wasn't particularly hefty. And his personality was perfectly gentle and kind, nothing like those horrible douche bros that were so good at getting all the girls. In theory, Miles should have had no problems finding a suitable partner. Which just made it all the more frustrating that he hadn't.

"It's ok Miles! Don't beat yourself up about it!" Miles' friend Alec gently patted him on the back. "Why don't we try to forget about all that and enjoy ourselves a little? Maybe try and meet someone new!"

Alec's smile was genuine. It was clear that he cared deeply for his friend. But Miles wasn't having any of it. Slightly lifting his head, Miles gazed around the bar top. All he could see were douchebags trying to pick up ladies and floozie sluts eager to be taken home. In fact, he could see that chad Colton on the other side of the bar having a conversation with a beautiful lady. Colton was the quarterback of the college football team, with short blonde hair and a rugged masculine physique. Unlike the stereotype, Colton wasn't some kind of stupid jock. He was actually a pretty kind and considerate guy studying to get a biology degree. Miles hated him nonetheless. He was everything that Miles wasn't.

"Look Miles, all you gotta do is go out there and get a little bit out of your comfort zone!" Alec continued trying to cheer his buddy up. "Girls like you! You just need... A little bit of confidence!"

Miles took one final swig of his beer, planting it down on top of the bar with a loud, impactful clink. "I'm done Alec." Slamming a handful of bills next to his emptied beer bottle, the angered boy turned around and hopped out of his seat.

"Hey-! W-Where are you going?!?" Alec looked towards Miles with thick worry deeply apparent all over his face. He tried to reach out towards Miles, but the other boy didn't even turn back to look at him.

"Home." Miles grumbled back in a coarse, annoyed tone. "This was a terrible idea."

Head hanging low and hands sticking into his hoodie pockets, Miles slowly started marching out of the building without saying another word to his friend. The boy passed by inebriated patrons and excited dancers, pushing anyone who got in his way as he stormed towards the nearest exit. He didn't care if

people gave him weird looks or whispered mean things as he body-bashed his way through the crowd. All that Miles wanted now was to get home and get his mind off his woes with some video games.

As Miles reached the other side of the building and pushed open the nearest exit, the boy found himself in a damp, dimly lit alleyway. Trash littered the floor, large dumpsters lying open and about with their lids wide open. Miles' nose was filled with a terrible septic smell that was barely breathable. And even here he could still feel the muffled bass burst coming from the music inside. The atmosphere in this trashed alleyway was absolutely horrible. And yet, funnily enough, Miles felt more at home out here than in there...

"A little bit of confidence, huh?" Miles groaned to himself. Head turned down towards the ground, he kicked one of the many cans dropped about on the floor. "As if I could be more confident... As if I could be like that stupid Colton..."

"Hehehe~ He looks like the perfect vessel~"

All of a sudden, a strange feminine voice rang into Miles' ears like the wind blowing through the air. It was hiss-like in nature, like the call of a snake. However, it also had a very feminine and clearly controlling note to its intonation. Miles' ears instantly perked up, his hairs standing up on their ends. Turning left and right with a sensation of panic, the boy tried to find where such a strange and ominous voice had surged from.

"W-Who's there!" Miles called out into the blackened night, unsure of what the dark held for him.

For a few moments, there was no response. Nothing but the gentle shine of the moon and the music still thumping behind him. Miles let out a tempered sigh. Perhaps he had drunk one too many beers. He really thought he had heard a strange voice calling out to him. But then, just when he was just about ready to leave, the voice rang out again.

"So, you want to be more confident huh~?"

"They say that a person's confidence is reflected on their appearance" It taunted Miles, its soothing tone running like sweet honey. *"No wonder you lack confidence, just look at what you're wearing! Ohoho~"*

"Who are you?!?" Panic began to grow within Miles. He could hear the voice becoming louder and clearer in his mind, but no matter where he looked he saw nobody else there. "W-What do you want?!?"

"I just want to help you, Miles." The voice rang deep into Miles' subconscious like a deliciously light melody, its every word punctuated with very palpable lust. *"I can make you so much more confident and beautiful~"*

"And all I need... Is your body!!!"

In that moment, a huge looming shadow surged from the darkest corner of the alley and into the light, stepping towards Miles' entirely unafraid. Miles staggered back with both shock and fear. What floated in front of Miles looked to be some kind of ghostly apparition. A cute top, skirt, thighs and heels hovered closely together in the vague shape of a human being, almost as if they were being worn by an invisible spirit. Various pretty accessories flittered around the clothes too, combining together to make the most feminine and sluttiest outfit Miles had ever seen.

“Are you...” Miles did a double take, barely able to believe what his eyes were seeing. “Are you a floating outfit?”

“Quite correct darling~” The outfit seemed to respond directly into Miles’ mind. *“We’ve been looking a long time for a host suitable enough to make us truly shine. And now, we think we’ve finally found the perfect one~”*

With its floating, sharp fake nails, the outfit began to rapidly shred and tear off every last bit of Miles’ ugly, unassuming clothing. His hoodie was taken off in seconds, his shirt and pants turned into scraps. Even his underwear was torn off, revealing his modest, softened tanned member. As he stood entirely naked in the middle of this dark alley, Miles was left entirely at the mercy of this ghostly outfit.

“A-A-Ahh!! N-No!!!” The boy cried out to no avail, hands flying downwards to cover his private parts with embarrassment. “S-Stop!! W-W-What are you doing?!?”

“We’re making you fabulous honey!” The outfit confessed in an elated tone. *“Once you’re wearing us, you’ll have all the confidence you ever wanted~”*

Having fully exposed every last inch of Miles’ body, the clothes wasted no time in wrapping themselves around the frightened boy. First came his chest, which was covered in a lace, pink bra that tightly pushed into his soft, flat chest. His cock was then encased in a pair of soft, silky panties that wrapped around his entire crotch. Of course, Miles tried his best to pull the dreaded underwear off his body. But the undergarments felt like they were bolted into him, not moving a single inch no matter how hard Miles pulled.

Miles’ legs were then assaulted by a set of thin, dark tights that comfortably wrapped around his girthy thighs, squeezing into him just enough so that a tiny amount of pudge would slip out at each end. Meanwhile, his arms were taken over by a pair of long, pink-and-dark gray striped fingerless gloves. These instantly quelled any further resistance Miles wished to put forward, for Miles found he could not move his arms while they were encased in those soft gloves. If the gloves wanted his arms to move up, they would move up. If they wanted them to stay still, they would stay still. Not only was Miles being forced to wear these foreign clothes, but the more clothes that wrapped around him, the less control he had over his own body.

As a slutty but fashionable greyish, sleeveless top slid atop his body to cover his chest, the outfit’s cute pink wavy pink miniskirt tightly wrapped around his slender waist, short enough to reveal most of his soft legs but barely long enough to conceal his cute, tight panties. A pair of extra elevated, spink stiletto high-heels snuck right beneath Miles’ feet, lifting him into a posture and height he wasn’t used to. Despite bearing an expression of pure horror and dread, Miles looked like an absolutely dazzling and beautiful night club girl.

Things were far from over for the helpless boy however, for the outfit’s accessories still hadn’t laid claim to his body. Various rings and bracelets began to cover his arms in an array of shiny glitter and gold apt for a proper princess. Long, sharp, bright pink finger nails attached themselves to every one of Miles’ fingers, taking complete control of his every motion from this point on. As a tight choker wrapped around his neck, slightly hiding his Adam’s Apple, Miles found himself losing any sort of ability to speak.

“Ooohhhh yeah~ It feels good to be back~” The words came out of Miles’ mouth, in a much sultrier and feminine tone than usual. Except, he had not been the one to utter them...

There was little that Miles could do when he felt thick, cherry flavored pink lipstick spread onto his pert lips, which then formed into a luscious smile. Makeup gave his face a brighter, more passionate color that combined perfectly with his blush of embarrassment, while long, feminine fake eyelashes and eyebrows made Miles’ expression a lot sexier and girlish. A big, bright pink ribbon placed itself atop of Miles’ head, combing all of Miles’ messy brown hair in a beautifully smooth and silky short hairdo. Within a matter of minutes, Miles had gone from a fairly average and boring guy, an absolute bombshell femboy bitch.

Summoning a pocket mirror out of thin air, the outfit forced Miles’ to open it up and stare at himself. The boy tried his best to resist against the ghostly force of the outfit, but he simply couldn’t help but make a lot of slutty poses and blow some kisses at his reflection in the tiny mirror.

Even as he stared directly into his reflection, Miles could not believe what he was seeing. It was honestly incredible. With just a pair of cute clothes and some make up, the fairly androgynous and unassuming Miles had become the sexiest bitch he had ever seen. Miles’ cock throbbed eagerly inside its panties. Of course, he hated being put in this terrible, humiliating prison. But there was something so incredibly empowering about being this sexy, even if he was sexy in a feminine manner.

“How wonderful~ We still look as beautiful as ever~” The outfit spoke in Miles’ voice, more than ecstatic with their new look. “What did I tell you sweetie~? Didn’t I say we would be fabulous~?”

“*MMFFFFFF!!!*” Miles tried his best to retort in defiance, but neither his lips nor his voice would come out willingly.

“Oh, shush you.” The outfit snapped back in annoyance, putting away the pocket mirror in another swift motion. “You want to act all high and mighty, but we can feel your throbbing erection poking against our panties~”

Without any ability to stop himself, Miles felt his own hand dart underneath his skirt and eagerly wrap around the pulsating length of his cock. Miles’ entire body shivered in response, his gaze becoming crossed in the process. The boy didn’t want to admit it to himself, but his penis was full mast at the moment. It twitched and shuddered with desire, though it laid completely motionless as it was squeezed in place by his tight panties.

“Just look at how hard and horny you are~” The clothes moaned out in a very sultry and teasing voice, forcing Miles’ hands to slowly pump his erect cock through his underwear. “Are you really that turned on by being forced to put on women’s clothing~? Or is it the fact that you can no longer control your own body~?”

Miles’ heart thumped right through his chest harder than ever before. His legs became weak as his hands eagerly rubbed his throbbing member, but the clothes he was wearing would not let him collapse in the floor. Grunting and panting uncontrollably, Miles could feel his every mental faculty slowly deteriorating. The mean, taunting words of humiliation coming from his own mouth should have caused him shame, but they only made him more aroused. Thoughts of not having control and being feminized terrified him, yet they also brought him closer to orgasm faster than ever before.

As Miles' hands masturbated his own penis at an ever-increasing rate, Miles felt like he was reaching his limit. "What a sweet little boy~ Masturbating his panties while he's forced to wear girl's clothes~" The outfit continued to taunt him, every word causing his cock to throb harder and harder. "I bet you just want to cum and soil your panties right~"

A loud delirious moan escaped from Miles' throat. He couldn't hold back anymore! All the pleasure was overflowing in his mind. He didn't even care anymore. He had to cum! However, as soon as he felt his precum start freely oozing from the tip of his penis, Miles' hands stopped right in their place, leaving him on the edge of orgasm.

"Unfortunately for you, that's not why we're here~" The outfit giggled nefariously, drifting its hands away from Miles' needy cock while his sticky precum stained the thin cloth of his panties. "It's been a while since we had a night of fun, so we're heading back in that bar and picking up a stud~"

"N-No... N-N-Not back in t-there..." Miles pleaded inside his mind, much too dazed and aroused to mount any sort of meaningful resistance.

"Oh yes, back in there~" The clothes responded in a proud tone. "We're going to show you how these things are done~"

Turning towards the back door he'd just exited through, Miles found his body slowly stepping back to that dreaded bar he disliked so much. His manicured hands opened the large door without any problems, allowing Miles to walk back into obnoxiously loud, booze-filled hell. Then, as if to accentuate his presence, Miles' hands slammed the door shut to the establishment with so much force, it reverberated throughout the building like some sort of earthquake.

All of the music in the bar instantly went silent, causing all eyes to focus onto the incredibly large amount of noise generated by Miles. It was nothing more than that short, awkward silence between when one song ended and another one started. But to Miles, it felt like an eternity of hellish punishment. The gazes bore into Miles' body like daggers. Both men and women alike couldn't help but look upon the sexy, slutty boy in awe. Miles shuddered uncomfortably at the thought of so many people looking upon him in this state. It was so embarrassing! S-So shameful! Acquaintances and strangers were now looking at him in his most vulnerable state! But to Miles' erect, throbbing penis, there was nothing more blissful than now.

Soon enough, the next song started up and most people shifted their attention to what they had been doing prior, though Miles could still feel a good number of stares sticking onto his form like hungry hunters ready to pounce. Taking a deep breath, Miles tried his best to ignore them as his body pushed him further and further into the bar. His hips swayed from side to side seductively, his legs strutting forth with feminine, sexual pride. Somehow, Miles' panties had softened enough that his erection could push past them and bulge against his miniskirt, yet this only caused his hips to push forward with increased tenacity.

Walking through the dance floor now was an entirely different experience than it had been before. Previously, no one had even noticed Miles, and he often found himself needing to push drunken people away from his path. But this time, as soon as he walked forth people would respectfully step away and let him pass unimpeded. Men looked away from their girlfriends and examined Miles' body with interest, whilst women glared at his beautiful visage with a mixture of jealousy and lust. It was a strange

sensation. For the first time in his life, Miles felt sexy. He felt... Confident~ Even if he was in this degraded, feminine state, the mere fact he was able to arouse so much recognition and arousal send pleasurable tingles down his spine.

Once Miles had finally arrived at the bar, his body stopped dead in its tracks. The outfit began to scan the place for the perfect target to focus on, leaving Miles in a dreadful state of waiting until their combined gaze laid upon the big, muscly Colton. Unlike before, Colton was entirely by himself now, with a heavy drink in his hand and a look of apathy.

"No... N-Not him!!!" Miles pleaded to the outfit.

But his pleas fell on deaf ears. *"He's completely perfect~!"* The outfit responded back by clasping his hands and letting out a dreamy sigh.

Miles wanted to drop onto the floor and scream, but his body began eagerly strutting towards Colton as if there was nothing else he would love more. On his way there, the boy's body made sure to send flirtatious gestures at anyone he found was still staring at them, no matter which gender or how much he knew them. Miles' body even blew a kiss at the shy Alec, who was still sitting on the same bar stool where Miles had left him. Whether Alec recognized Miles in his current state the boy did not know, all he knew was that Alec certainly found the kiss exciting.

Before long, Miles had finally arrived at Colton's side, his body ready to pounce on the large sporty man like a ravenous cougar. Without even saying a single word, Miles found himself being closely pushed against Colton's firm, muscled form, his arms tenderly wrapping around the big beefy man's torso.

"Hey baby, you look like you could use some company~" Miles whispered lusciously into Colton's ear, looking up at the taller man with a look of pure, slutty desire.

Colton jolted upwards in surprise at the firm but loving hands that surrounded him, though he could not easily wrench himself away from Miles' grasp *"Thanks but I'm..."* As Colton turned down to face Miles, his head literally shook as if he was doing a double take. *"W-Wait, is that you Miles?!"*

"Oh, you know it hun~" Miles' voice was more than happy to admit it, though inside Miles felt the embarrassment melting his very soul. *"It's my birthday, so I decided to change things up a bit to spice things up. How do I look~?"*

A big, bright red blush spread onto Colton's face. For a few seconds, the man stayed remained quiet, as if he couldn't formulate a straight thought. He was totally flustered! Miles could barely believe it. The usually coolheaded and confident Colton was so entranced with Miles' beauty, he was at a lack of words. The mere thought caused Miles' cock to vigorously throb.

"You're very beautiful Miles." Colton finally responded after what seemed like an eternity, gulping loudly as his eyes nervously inspected Miles' body. It was a genuine response, Miles could clearly tell. Genuine enough at least to make Miles eagerly push his throbbing erection against Colton's body.

"T-Thanks!" The boy answered enthusiastically, heart thumping with bliss. *"I-I think you're pretty handsome too..."*

For a moment the two remained totally silent as they stood closely, merely staring into each other's eyes with expectant expressions. The music fell silent, the background fading away. It felt as if the entire

world around them had faded and only they were left standing there. Their silence was only broken as the outfit forced Miles to speak once more.

“Look Colton... I know that we’ve never seen eye to eye much...” Miles’ voice rang out in that purring, seductive tone. His hands reached up to Colton’s muscled chest, squeezing his firm pecs in a totally luscious and uninhibited manner. “But the truth is I’ve *admired* you quite a lot. What do you say we find somewhere more private and get to know each other *much* better~?”

Gulping loudly, Colton gave Miles a shaky, embarrassed nod. The big, beefy man could not say outright what it was that he wanted, but it was clear that Miles’ advances were arousing him, especially judging by the tight tent forming in his jeans. Without any further comment, Miles’ hand grabbed onto Colton and began pulling the two towards the nearest bathroom. Miles could feel his heart beating hard through his chest as he effortlessly dragged the stronger and larger Colton through the bustling bar. He had never felt so excited or elated in his life before. Despite never having thought about having sex with another man, especially not with Colton, the sheer idea that he’d been able to woo someone so thoroughly like this was so arousing, Miles did not want to deny the luscious pulsations of his cock.

The two guys slammed through the door to the bathroom like a tornado, their motions unsteady and desperate. They fumbled about until they finally reached an empty stall, which they were both more than eager to enter at the same time. Quickly locking the door behind them, Miles forcibly pushed Colton against the door of the stall. The boy happily licked his lips as he knelt down in front of the larger man, gently tugging Colton’s pants along with him until Colton’s enormous, fat, erect penis popped free from its restraints.

Miles made a loud, excited gasp. Colton’s penis was huge, at least twice as large as Miles’ own dick. Usually, Miles would feel a deep tinge of jealousy at yet another victory Colton held over him, but right this moment, the only thing he could think about was how deliciously musky and hot Colton’s dick looked. Hands tightly wrapping around Colton’s enormous, throbbing shaft, Miles began to pepper a litany of kisses along the bulbous head of Colton’s penis. His tongue tentatively licked around its edges, as if it was testing out the waters. But once that deliciously tangy taste had entered into his taste buds, the only option Miles had left was to wrap his whole mouth around the entire, delicious sausage before him.

Head slamming back in arousal, Colton gave out a loud, gruff moan as his whole body was swallowed in pleasure. He could feel Miles’ tight, supple lips wrapping lovingly around the girth of his penis, leaving a smearing trail of bright pink lipstick as he bobbed the boy bobbed his head lusciously. Miles happily swirled his tongue around the penis with desire, eager to spread his saliva over every inch of this gargantuan cock. He could barely believe he was actually sucking on another man’s member, but the arousal he felt when he slobbered over the hot dick was so amazing, he didn’t care anymore. Miles shoved Colton’s cock all the way down his throat, making sure to plant a sloppy kiss at the base of Colton’s crotch. This was wonderful, but he was only just getting started.

As Miles gently pulled his face away from Colton’s crotch, he let Colton’s penis pop from his mouth with a loud, sloppy sound. The boy gasped and panted for a few moments. He had been so focused on sucking Colton’s dick, he’d actually forgotten to breathe! Taking time to compose himself, Miles proudly admired his handiwork. Colton’s penis was covered by his saliva in its entirety. Its shaft throbbed and

twitched with desire for Miles and Miles alone. A luscious smirk came upon Miles' face. This meant they were ready for part two~

Quickly sprouting back onto his feet, Miles energetically bounced onto Colton's body. Colton gasped in surprise, but the muscular quarterback was able to easily hold Miles' body as the leaner boy wrapped his arms and feet around Colton's tone form. Miles panted with arousal as his hard penis pressed against Colton's tight abs. He could feel Colton's muscular hands gripping into his thighs and ass like the firm man that he was. Colton of course, did not need to be told what to do next. Diligently following along to Miles' lead, he pressed the bulbous head of his throbbing penis against the twitching rim of Miles' anus.

"M-Miles..." Colton gasped lustfully, his eyes grozing hazy as Miles smeared, make-up filled face stood a few inches away from his. "I-I never knew you were so..."

"Hot and sexy~?" Miles retorted coyly, snugly pressing his butt against Colton's dick further. "Well, it's not even me sadly. I'm being controlled by... W-Wait!?"

Miles' eyes shot wide open, shock filling his entire body. Why had been able to talk so freely?! Weren't the clothes in control of his body and voice?! When did he get control back of his body!? Could it be that... Could it be that he had recently regained control of his body and he hadn't even realized it...?!

"That's right Miles~" The outfit spoke deep in Miles' consciousness in an elatedly taunting voice. "These past couple of minutes, you've been in complete control~"

For a few seconds, Miles remained frozen in place. So... Did that mean... All those things he'd done with Colton... All the things he'd said... Could those be the things he actually felt!? The arousal Miles felt at this moment was real. The desire for Colton in his heart was genuine. All those sensations of excitement and pride, those hadn't been fabricated.

"Miles...? Is anything wrong?" Colton asked with concern, sensing the sudden change in demeanor from Miles. Miles looked up at the handsome, man in front of him. He was so hot and gentle and kind. Finally, Miles understood what he had been missing.

"No..." Miles smiled warmly back. "Everything is just perfect~"

Lunging towards Colton, Miles planted a deep, lovingly passionate kiss on his partner's mouth, wishing to express every last bit of his affection and appreciation. Colton wasted no time in reciprocating either, letting his tongue course into Miles' quivering mouth with excited intensity. As their tongues became locked in a heated, loving embrace, Colton finally slammed his erect cock into the depths of Miles' asshole. The duo of boys felt static pleasure course through their entire bodies, their cocks throbbing with an ecstasy that was unmatched. Yet, they did not separate from their kiss for one second, for their affection was much more important than any kind of physical sensation either could experience

The pair remained in this way for almost an hour furiously having sex with each other as if the very concept of time did not apply to them anymore. Colton's fat penis repeatedly smashed Miles' tight anus, pushing against his prostate over and over like a jackhammer overflowing with electricity. From now on, Miles knew his life was going to be wildly different. That's just what a little confidence can do~

