

# Assisting Sampson

**For Kaylik**  
**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Kaylie gets a job in a strip club not realising that her job will be to transform into a male performer's thong.*

Kaylie had come to Las Vegas with big dreams; she was going to start small, as an entertainment in one of the five star hotels. Then slowly, she would work her way up until one day, some rich executive in the audience saw her and made her a star. Her name would be in lights, her face on billboards and then all those bitches back home would eat humble pie for saying she could never make it. Things had not quite gone to plan though of course. Turns out, competition was fierce even for back up dancers at the smaller hotels. Kaylie had assumed her natural beauty; her large blue eyes and double D chest would make her stand out; here though, they were the norm. She was no longer the most beautiful in any room, sometimes she even blended in, much to her horror. After months of rejections she was low on money and self esteem. There was no way she was going back to her little cowpoke town with her tail between her legs though. It had been this desperation that brought her to The Thrill Den.

A somewhat upmarket strip club notable for catering to both sexes. Strippers were both male and female and the clientele were at least a step above the sleazy strip regulars. She had dressed in her most revealing performing outfit and been delighted when she was accepted to an assistant position. As an assistant, she would just need to aid one of the performers, not even be centre stage. Normally being second string to anybody would leave a sour taste in her mouth but in this case she was willing to let it be. Better she wasn't front and centre, lest somebody recognise her when she finally did make it big. This was a temporary affair, she was sure. Something to help pay for her rent while she kept applying for proper, more respectable jobs. Still, it wasn't as if she was going to slack off. Kaylie never did anything in halves.

She had not been told what to wear for her first shift; she could only assume they would give her a uniform or outfit when she married but just to be safe, she put on her pink and black dancing outfit. It supported her breasts without a bra and showed off the cleft in her peachy ass perfectly. Simple, yet effective; hell maybe they would even let her perform in it. Not that she would be performing tonight; surely they would want her to practise before getting up on stage. Likely she was going to be a gopher; demeaning but at least it would pay her bills.

She stepped into the backroom and found a number of men and women all in various states of undress, preparing for the shift. A tall, thin man with greasy hair saw her and smiled, holding out his arms.

“Kaylie, perfect timing.”

John had been the man to hire her and by all accounts, gave off creep vibes; but he hadn't done anything overt yet so she decided to grit her teeth and bare it.

“Thank you again for the opportunity.” She smiled sweetly, “I'm so excited to get started!”

“Wonderful, I've decided to pair you with Sampson here.” He waved an arm over to a muscular blonde man sitting by one of the mirrors carefully applying oil to his skin to give it a sheen.

“Oh, a man?” The words slipped out before she could stop them, she had just assumed she would be working with the female strippers.

“Yes, his last partner...we had to let her go.” John tutted, “She became a little...obsessed with dear Sampson, didn't want anybody else to touch him. Bad for business of course.”

“Of course.”

Kaylie could see that Sampson was attractive, of course he was, it was basically a requirement in this line of work. The man was tanned and blonde with slightly shaggy hair and bright blue eyes. He must have lived at the gym because his muscles bulged and moved at the slightest provocation; though perhaps that was the oil making them so well defined. All in all, Kaylie could see how a girl could fall fast and hard for somebody who looked like that; even if it wasn't really her thing.

John whittled and waved Sampson over and Kaylie felt her heart flutter as the man stood and strode over. He was a full foot taller than her and built like a house; even if he wasn't her type she couldn't help but wonder what it must feel like to be held by such an adonis. Sampson looked her up and down and smiled.

“Oh yeah, she’ll be perfect.” His voice was deep and sensual, Kaylie could see how easily that other girl was wrapped around his finger.

“Wonderful, why don’t you take her to one of the changing rooms and get ready, you’re on soon.”

A small squeak escaped her lips as Sampson took her hand firmly in his own and led her to the back of the room where a number of private areas were curtained off. He pulled back one such curtain and led her into one of the small cubicles only for Kaylie to realise something was missing.

“Where is the costume?” She asked innocently, the cubicle looked much like the changing rooms at a clothing shop, three walls, a mirror and a curtain door. There were no clothes hanging from hooks for her to put on.

“You are the costume.”

She blinked.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“Did John not explain that you are to be my assistant?” Sampson chuckled, “That means I get to wear you for my shows.”

“Wha-what?” Kaylie gaped, “How would you even do that? Why?”

“It’s how John secures the best performers in the business.” Sampson shrugged, fiddling with the gem on his pinky ring, “He makes sure we *really* enjoy our jobs.”

Kaylie opened her mouth to argue about how insane this all sounded but before she could, Sampson held up his hand and she flinched, expecting a slap but instead what she received was a bright flash of light. For a moment it dazzled her but then it seemed to...solidify? Strange tendrils that looked like thread reached out from the gem, coiling and weaving through the air like snakes in an almost hypnotic pattern. Kaylie found herself stunned to silence, frozen in place as they would around her for a few seconds before all of a sudden stabbing into her skin. She gave an indignant squeak as she felt those threads of light flow

into her body, melting into her blood and spreading a strange, warm relaxing feeling as they went. Her eyes fluttered as she became lightheaded and her legs went weak at the knees.

“Relax, it’ll feel good, trust me.”

He wasn’t lying, it did feel good. Relaxation and a low, constant pleasurable sensation washed over her whole body strong enough that Kaylie’s knees gave out and her eyes fluttered closed. She tried to open them again but found she couldn’t. INstead she could only focus on the strange feeling of her body shrinking; her limbs becoming soft and flat as they took an entirely new shape and texture. Her vision returned and she realised, embarrassingly, that she had fallen to the floor. Those tendrils of light now gone but she swore she could still feel them inside her, buzzing and keeping that wonderful relaxing sensation alive.

She tried to stand but found she couldn't feel her legs, or arms for that matter. Frantically she looked around, finding her vision moved in strange ways, able to look in 360 degrees if she so willed it. Her body was gone, shrunk down into some other new shape that she was powerless to move until Sampson reached down and carefully looped a finger underneath her sensitive fabric folds.

“Perfect, a little small but no matter, I like my thongs tight.”

Thong!?

Kaylie swivelled her vision to the mirror and saw to her horror that Sampson was holding a golden, almost glittering, thong between his fingers. That tiny swath of golden fabric was her! The horror faded though as Sampson began to unzip his pants with his free hand, a wry smile on his face; he knew she was watching. He stripped down and despite her best efforts Kaylie felt herself getting aroused watching as that thick member was revealed to her. The threads of light had already gotten her to a place of low arousal on their own, being alone, with an adonis of a man like Sampson, knowing that soon she could be cupping that thick cock was too much for her to fight.

She couldn’t help but eagerly anticipate it as he stepped into her leg holes, pulling her form slowly up those thick thighs toward her member. The hair on his legs tickled her thin inner lining and a moment later the thin sting that passed for her back slipped perfectly into the cleft of his taut ass. The heat of his cheeks immediately warmed her and she found she could smell and taste his skin and the oil spread there. It made his skin so smooth, she wanted to shiver. Sampson pulled her forward, positioning his cock in the most appealing

position before letting her go snap against it. He was right, she was a little small. Her fabric was stretched so tight over that cock Kaylie swore she could feel every inch of it filling her. It was a good thing she couldn't get wet in this form or she would be positively soaked. The musk of his hair and skin permeated her material and she had no choice but to drink it in. The scent and flavour made her almost dizzy.

Then he started to move and oh...Kaylie's mind overloaded. The sensation of his firm ass cheeks rubbing against her, smoothing thanks to the oil was...indescribable. With each step her fabric, which was already stretched thin, was pulled and shifted to the point that she felt like she was becoming a second skin. It was strangely addictive, feeling herself be filled and touched in such a way, she wanted more, the pleasure was so great and yet, she knew there would be no release for her at the end.

"Ready for the show, Kaylie?" Sampson teased.

It was only then Kaylie realised she could feel the thrum of bass and the chatter of a crowd. She looked forward to find the curtain to the main stage before her and a second later, the white light of stage lights. The music was pumping, the crowd cheering, an indistinct black blur thanks to the lights shining in her vision. They were the last thing on her mind though as Sampson began to dance. He thrust his hips forward, showing off his bulge for all to see and Kaylie to feel.

Everything faded into the background; there was nothing but the feeling of being stretched so tightly Kaylie worried she might rip. With every thrust and move she felt herself pushed to the limit; it was exhilarating and so damn hot. She had never known a pleasure like this; it was similar to being fucked hard and fast but somehow even deeper than that. At one point Sampson grabbed a pole and squashed her against it. She could feel her glitter rubbing off, mixing with the oil and sweat on his skin, the latter of which she eagerly soaked up. She knew instinctively that she would cum, hard, when Sampson turned her back. It would be glorious; this whole performance was one long tease. Fuck being a star, this was the best job in the world and all she wanted was more.

The crowd was chanting now and to her horror, a hand grabbed at her waistband. A moment later Sampson was peeling her down his legs, dangling her from his fingers indifferently as the crowd of women went wild. He was still dancing, but now Kaylie could only watch from a distance as his member grew hard. She ached with jealousy as he threw her across the room, into the waiting hands of some groupie. She didn't care, all she cared about was waiting for the song to end so that Sampson could collect her and they could get ready for their next show.

