

Player 1:

Truth be told, Adrian had mostly entered the contest because his friend had and he'd already been dragged along shopping. The vividly dyed, cyan and teal mutt's usual sense of fashion wasn't exactly something much of the mall catered to. Alternative was his bread and butter for style, whether that was distressed leather, gothic designs on shirts, chains, studs, or whatever else took his fancy. Sure, there was a small outlet in the mall that won his loyalty, but for the most part? Not his scene.

Free stuff was free stuff however. If he didn't like it, he could maybe gift it to a friend, or sell it on or something. He sure as hell wasn't going to turn it down, so he'd dutifully provided measurements, filled in some absurd questionnaire they'd sent him, and wondered how long exactly he'd need to wait.

Player 2:

He'd been told to wait a month for the contest to end.

Adrian might've expected a letter or a phone call telling him he'd won, but that wasn't how he learned of his victory. Instead, he would be informed by a loud door knock and a Fly-Ex stork delivering a rather large wrapped brown cardboard box.

The stork had insisted that he call it that. "To avoid any innuendo", the practiced deliveryman said while rolling his eyes.

Regardless, eventually Adrian would be given a package delivered from the same corporation that had been running the contest, "LOL Enterprises". On the top of it were bright red stamps of "You're a Winner!" on it, as well as a small blue-green label listing a URL for the company's website, a promise of further rewards if Adrian filled out an online survey.

But the box itself almost felt... like it pulled on Adrian. Like it had it's own gravity. And inside it... a dark black collar rested on top, with a little metal tag that looked like dog bone. It was studded with metal spikes, and looked just Adrian's size. The rest of the outfit was wrapped in pale taupe paper, as if someone had set the collar on top specifically so someone would find it first.

Player 1:

"Thanks man, and sorry people apparently make the joke enough to make you say that." Had been his cheery acceptance of the package, nudging the door of his apartment shut with one foot as he carted the box off to set on his living room table. Initially because he wasn't sure what the box was, until he stared at the "Winner" stamp enough to figure out which contest it was related to. He didn't exactly enter a lot of contests.

Opening the box however had him roll his eyes. What, he was a dog, so they sent him a collar with a tag. Real original. Now yes, admittedly, he may have been wearing a collar at the time but they sure as hell couldn't have known that. They were making assumptions. Assumptions that were annoyingly accurate, maybe they'd looked up his purchase history or something?

Either way, it was at least worth unstrapping the simple band he had around his neck to try out the new one. He had to pick it up anyway, so it just sort of made sense to try it on. An odd line of logic, but one he didn't even think to examine before he'd already gotten it in his hands. Pressing the smooth material to his throat to wind around, reaching for the clasp. "If nothing else, at least it's something new to wear to a club." He mused to himself.

Player 2:

"Oooo! A new owner! This will be peachy!"

The clasp sealed itself shut almost a few moments after Adrian pressed it against his neck, a voice speaking in his mind as the canine felt his front paws jerk to either side of him, fingers bunching up into a gesture of excitement as his body pushed his arms against his chest. Gleaming metal studs fell away from the collar, as if they'd never been affixed... and scattered to the floor. Whether Adrian could see it or not, the black fabric of the collar shimmered and turned a bright pink. The tag on the front warped, the metal taking on a faint pinkish sheen with letters reading "Princess: Please Punish!" on it.

"Eeee! It's so nice to meet you, new master! We're going to have sooo much fun prancing around, and snuggling boys, and trying on new clothes, and everything!"

A voice, high pitched and girly, giggled inside Adrian's mind. In another moment, his arms released themselves so he could control them, but any attempts to move up to undo the collar around his neck turned into hugs against his body instead. It was like when he told his arms to do something, they simply did something else instead.

"I'm Posey, of the Pretty Princess Cheer Squad! What's your name, new owner?"

Player 1:

Adrian's head immediately darted around, looking for the source of the voice. It being just in his head was too weird a concept for him to even believe at first, maybe some sort of speaker? Believing wasn't much required for the sudden motion of glee he was tugged along through. It was... well odd to say the least. No tension, no feeling of his arms being pulled and posed, it was as he'd done it himself. Shakily, uncoordinated, yes, but his muscles going through the motions.

The second time that cheery, sweet voice chirped in his mind however he figured out where the noise was coming from, or not as the case may be.

"The fuck? What's going on here?" He complained, trying and failing repeatedly to actually fiddle with his new accessory in a way that built to a frustrated growl. After his fourth self inflicted hug he got the memo enough to try something else. Namely pulling out his phone so he could use the camera to take a look, his expression falling as he read the cheerily written instructions.

"I'm uh, I'm Adrian, and I think there's been some sort of mistake. Pretty sure this was meant for some chick, so how about I just take this off and return things?" he offered hopefully.

Player 2:

"Oh no no no, I'm a For-Boys-Only accessory!"

Princess' reply would come with Adrian leaning forward, wagging a finger of his own in thin air as if rebuking someone playfully. His other hand had his phone in it, and with his phone he could see the bright pink collar and the writing on the tag.

"It's the LOL way to show guys like you what pretty puppies you can be if you just apply yourselves!"

With a giggle, the voice in his head continued.

"Now let's get you all dressed up pretty, ok? Then we can go BOY CHASING!"

Suddenly, Adrian's phone was set down, as he felt his body moving on it's own again. His paws were stripping his clothes away, tossing them all aside in a pile. Until Adrian was naked as a newborn pup's bottom, save for his collar.

"Don't worry at all... you'll enjoy it. After all, clothes make the man!"

Posey giggled, bending Adrian's body down to unwrap the clothing inside the box with his left paw... while his right paw moved to stroke at his dick.

"Doesn't it feel just so super good to think about how pretty and cute and girly you're going to look? Wouldn't you want to feel this way forever?" Each word accompanied with stroking to his cock, as Posey puppeted Adrian's body to unveil... a pair of bright baby blue panties, with little hearts embroidered on them. On the butt was printed "Property of Big Daddies", sewn in with bright silver thread. "And you're such a good little sissy already, I bet you're gonna love wearing these out to the mall!"

Player 1:

Princess's little explanation was met with splayed ears and a look of dread from the mutt. This thing was possessed maybe? Because he couldn't think of any other reason his body would keep disobeying his own instructions to playfully admonish himself instead.

Boy chasing? Not a dammed chance. He had to get help, get out of the house, find someone to help him out. He turned to the door, ready to run, only to reach down and tug at the hem of his shirt instead. His attempts to will his legs to run forward instead translated to shimmying hips after his buttons had already been dealt with. A bend down to clutch at his falling jeans repurposed into tugging them and his socks past his ankles to step cleanly out.

At least his tucked tail proved to him she wasn't in total control, just some of him. Small comfort that was as he stared at the utterly humiliating panties. Even less as a wandering paw found its way to his sheathe to squeeze and grope, doing its best to coax him to hardness.

"I am absolutely not a 'good little sissy', and I'm sure as hell not going to wear this crap." He snarled, that fierceness undercut perhaps a little at the tiny edge of whimper that accompanied his cock first poking free, starting to firm. "So just... quit it. Quit messing with my body, and I won't have to go get some scissors for you." Threats may not be the smartest move, but he sure as hell wasn't planning on going and chasing down any 'Daddies', let alone have his hands directed to any part of them.

Player 2:

"Oh, you'll change your mind!" Posey's voice was adamant in a playful way as the panties were held up. "It feels so good and so RIGHT to be pretty, you know?" With a giggle, Posey made Adrian back up towards a big comfy chair, his knees bending and his bare butt plopping down onto it. Soon, the panties were being slid up one leg, and then another. He could feel the silk of the material rubbing against his thighs... wrapping around his crotch...

Squeezing his cock?

"Teehee! Oh hey Posey, is this our new owner?"

"Hiii Lily! Yes, this is Adrian! He's going to be our new Princess!"

"Hiiii Adrian! I'm Lily Lovebottom, the Princess Panties!" As the second, new voice in his head spoke, Adrian felt the material of the girly underwear moving on it's own, rubbing at his shaft and stroking at his balls. Teasing him to work him up to a full erection. "Doesn't it just feel SO super to be a Pretty Princess! Pretty Princesses get Pleasure-pumps, you know!" Each word was accompanied by another stroke to his cock, the soft material growing slicker as it milked precum from his body. "Ooo, you're so warm and wet, girlfriend!" As Lily teased Adrian, he could hear Posey's voice whispering in the back of his mind.

"You love being pretty. You love being girly. You're a gay little princess puppy and you can't break the addiction. You love being pretty. You love being girly..."

The words playing in the back of his mind on loop, as Adrian's body lifted itself back up, pulling out what looked like a short pink and blue skirt from the box. beneath it was a top of matching pink and blue color, with the words "Princesses" on it, and the number 69. It was clearly a cheerleader's outfit... but with how short the skirt was, a fetish outfit was the obvious intent. Adrian's arms would unbutton the clasps on one side of the skirt to wrap it around his waist, leaving the rest of his body to move according to his will... while Posey repeated those words in his head.

Player 1:

Adrian twisted his footpaws this way and that, buying another second or so before pretty panties made their way past his ankles and his ability to resist was already gone. He could sort of arch his back, pressing down into the seat to slow the silken softness sliding up his thighs. Small gestures of resistance that did little to stop them settling into place. His hand at least might have been freed from his crotch, but that magical fabric was ready to take over the task.

"I'm not a fucking pretty princess." He insisted, toes curling and uncurling at the surprisingly good feeling of those panties sliding against his length. Part hard, and sensitive to the attention, he wasn't all that difficult to coax to full size. It should probably have tented out the material, pushed it away from his body. Instead those panties seemed to grip just as snugly against his fur, even wrapped in an impossible fit around his cock. Leaving him blatantly outlined in the material, but pinned against himself with what he was pretty sure should be a little bloom of pre. He didn't know if the fact he couldn't see a dark patch was more threatening or not.

"Look, I'll wear the panties, alright? And the collar, if that's what it takes to make you happy. But I've already got other clothes. I have a whole closet full of clothes to wear, absolutely no need for any more new ones." Not quite pleading as he did his absolute best to control his own fingers. To focus on at least keeping them still or something so they couldn't be used to fasten those claps again. "They might be sad if I wore you guys instead?" He doubted that, those were just ordinary, non enchanted clothes, but hey, he had to try something.

Something like taking the seated position to sweep a leg over his table and kick that box away from himself. He'd been drawn to it in the first place, right? So maybe the further it was, the safer he'd be. Then he wouldn't have to worry about some weird ghost or something making him a pretty, gay princess puppy who just loved being girly.

Player 2:

"Hey, no fair!" Posey's voice sounded almost annoyed, as Adrian kicked the box away, sending it flying across the room, landing on its side and sending two pink diamond earrings and the top to the cheerleader ensemble to scatter along a carpeted floor. "That's mean!" Lily said out loud, before Adrian felt his body rise up onto his back paws once more. "Your clothes are like, SO boring, anyway! They don't even talk at all." Posey sighed, as Adrian felt his legs talking awkward steps that made his butt wiggle, step by step, towards the box of remaining clothing. "Not like us. It's better to be a pretty girly princess!" Lily agreed as the skirt fell away to the floor nearby.

Before both voices in his head giggled.

"In fact... I think maybe it's time to show off how pretty we are! If you've got enough energy to kick, then you've got enough energy to rock... that look!" Lily spoke as Adrian felt his arm reaching for his phone again. "Selfie!" His arm held the phone up as he felt his body contorting, wiggling his panty-clad tush for the camera, before a flash of light announced that the picture was taken. "Like, do you have Peepr or Facebark or Growlr? We could show everyone how cute

your new undies make you feel!" Another flash. Another shot. And Adrian felt his erect cock, tenting his panties, get stroked again as an image on his phone now showed of how erect he was in the girly underwear.

While Lily seemed to 'drive' bits of Adrian's body, making him pose in different stances while wearing just his panties and the collar, Posey had returned to speaking in the back of his mind.

"Never a man, always a pretty boi. You love being girly. You love being some stud's sissy. You need to be a gay little princess puppy for some handsome prince..."

Player 1:

Saved from the terror of that cheerleader outfit, Adrian allowed himself a moment of relief. Too far away for easy reach, so long as he got to control at least a little of himself, he could probably stop himself from going over there and getting trapped.

That's what he genuinely believed, right up until the first swishing, hip flaunting, sissy step towards the fallen clothes. Even the way he was moving had started to shift to better suit his outfit. Every step a little more delicate, more calculated to flaunt his body in a way that felt utterly alien to him. "I swear, the second I get control again, you two are getting shredded unless you let me go right this moment."

Of course they didn't. So long as they kept his face out of frame, there was no way to tell he wasn't thrilled to be the one snapping all those juicy selfies. His frustrated, tooth baring snarl, or burning pink with shame ears never needed to feature. His dye job was plenty distinctive to the people who knew him, showing off his body would already be identifying enough.

If those pictures got to his Peepr or Facebark he was ruined. No ammount of claiming his phone was hacked would explain away the fact he was tenting out panties, or why he was wearing them in the first place. Which meant he was going to have to think fast. "What's Growlr?" He asked, playing innocent. Obviously he didn't have any gay hookup apps on his phone, but that was by far the place it would be least awful to have things posted. "Is that, like, a social for cute bois?" He didn't even notice the slight shift to his choice of words, that was probably just trying to appeal to the voices coaxing him to flash the camera a peace sign as he spread his thighs as wide as they could get.

He was still trying to fight, trying to resist his limbs being puppetted about, and if he really strained he could slow it down. Which was exhausting, but pride wasn't going to let him give up so easily.

Player 2:

"You are a pretty sissy thing, a girly manloving trap who needs her pretty panties and princess outfits to feel happy. You love feeling pretty and witty and gay...."

Posey's words continued to echo in the back of Adrian's mind as he tried to reason with his two cloth captors. Each bit of her speaking accompanied by a stroking of his cock by Lily Lovebottom, the slick soggy panties keeping him edged to a point of building sexual frustration. Like they were trying, as a duo, to trick his brain into associating feeling girly and gay with pleasure. And by the feel of his panties, it was working.

As Adrian's body spread his thighs and thrust forward with a peace sign, the question made a happy cooo fill his brain.

"Oooooo!"

"Oooooo!"

The selfie session stopped for a moment as Adrian managed to hit a home run. His seat was flopped back into a couch as Lily began ranting. "Growlr is just the most sexy app ever! It's filled with handsome boys looking for cute boys, and muscle boys looking for hot twinkles, and studs looking to breed sissies, and-" Lily's control over Adrian's hand moved to his smartphone's app store, moving to make him download Growlr while ranting to him about the wonders of Growlr and the vast field of fertile males it had available for him. While the app was downloading, he had control over nearly his whole body save for the arm holding his phone. Lily seemed utterly distracted and Posey...

"Every moment feeling more sexy, more pretty, more boi in your pretty outfit... unable to imagine ever wanting to be manly again... you were meant to be a pretty sissy princess..."

Posey's voice he could barely hear over his throbbing boner and Lily's eager preaching.

He had the run of most of his body again. What did Adrian do?

Player 1:

Downloading and installing a fresh app should buy him a minute or so. More if there was some sort of signup process to go through, which he presumed there had to be if it was some day dating app. They'd need to pick out usernames, enter details, and he tried very hard not to consider the fact they were probably already good to go when it came to profile pictures.

Still, he had a minute, and even if he was pretty sure direct attempts at removing the collar were going to be caught and foiled, he had to do something. He just had to figure out what that was, and it wasn't going to be reaching down to just grab his cock and stroke off a quick load. He could swear that she'd slowed down, now that he was properly twitching and eager. What had been a rapid, pleasurable assault had turned to just a constant, enjoyable stroking. Good, but probably not enough to get him off, and his body was starting to insist that wasn't good enough. He couldn't just jerk off while they took control again though but gosh it was tempting to be a pretty, pantied boy keeping himself warmed up for his handsome prince.

The studs on the floor? Maybe he could poke a hole. If there was just one of them, maybe things would be easier for him. Lily was the distracted of the pair, so Lily was the one he went for. Hand sneaking down to his crotch, ignoring just how good that casual brush against his cock felt made all the better by his pretty sissy panties of course in favour of slipping a hand against the waistband. A sudden grip to try and yank them down, or maybe tear them if he was lucky. He just had to push past the weird feeling of fear that he might not get to keep his perfect panties first, that was all.

Player 2:

"Giving into the feelings of being pretty... letting your body grow more girly, each moment you love being a sissy more and more..."

"Let's see, should our username be PinkPrincess69 or <3SissyWoof<3?" The panties were distracted as they worked on a username for Adrian, yet the stroking to his needy, increasingly hot and throbbing cock didn't cease. For a moment the idea of just giving into the feelings and keeping his favorite pair of panties on for a bit longer filled Adrian's thoughts, but he kept his head clear enough to reach down and grab at his pretty sexy panties, while his other hand finished making a username for him. It looked like Lily had settled on "PupperPrincess<3".

There was a brief feeling of fear as he yanked his favorite pair of panties down to his knees, the material freeing his erection as he felt the cool air hitting his knot, sending a shiver up his spine. Lily's voice vanished from his mind, and he felt himself drop his phone... but suddenly, his other hand moved up to touch his cock. "Ooooh, good idea! Let's just milk some of those icky man-thoughts out right now, shall we? You'll feel soooo much cuter when we're done!" Posey had stepped in. Adrian felt himself licking his own paw, before the hand moved down to wrap around his cock. "Go ahead and cum for me, Addie. Cum out some of your manliness, so we don't nut in Lily like a gross pervywoof!"

And then Adrian started stroking his own shaft, with Posey whispering behind him. "Give into the girly feelings, embrace the silken submission... each drop of precum making you feel girlier and gayer... a few climaxes and you'll be a pretty princess eager to worship your studly prince..."

Each spurt of precum making it harder for him to ignore Posey's words. Harder to tell what was her voice and what was his own thoughts.

As Adrian's hand pumped on his cock faster and faster... trying to force him to cum.

Player 1:

It was hard for the puppy boi mutt not to worry about what else his new clothes might do to him. Sure, blue had been a dominant colour in the outfit he was being threatening with, but the collar made clear it didn't have to be. What if they found his dyeing supplies? He kept a decent stock, since he helped a couple friends maintain their own looks. There was pink in there. Purples. The kind of thing that were just perfect for helping a sissypuppy achieve the perfect cute look.

The thought of being made girlier was one that just wouldn't seem to go away. Glancing down couldn't help but worry. Was his waist narrower, or was that his imagination? There was still just as much muscle tone under the fluff of his fur, right? The manlier touches that stopped him being as cute as could be were still there. Had to be. He was just worrying too much.

The taste of his own pre pulled him out of his thoughts just in time to feel the warmth of his hand wrap tightly around his cock. Not quite with his own experience about how to make it feel best, but with clear enthusiasm as it pumped in place. Squeezing and stroking in a way that made his thighs tremble as he remembered just how hard Lily had been edging him.

"I'm not gaaaaay." He tried to protest, whining and panting hard. Ignoring the pleasure from his crotch was impossible, his balls felt like they were almost boiling up with unfamiliar need. Like something was draining from the rest of him into them, just waiting to be released. "I'm not a sissy puppy. I'm not a pretty, girly boi. I don't want some dumb, handsome, dreamy prince to sweep me up and take me." He didn't. He was sure of it. All he had to do was hold on.

A shame he was trembling, teetering on the edge of throwing it all away. It'd just take one little squeeze of his knot to get the puppy to be to paint himself in pleasure.

Player 2:

"Oh, that's just you being silly, princess. Every little pup dreams of being a pretty gay puppy princess someday, don't they?" Posey's logic seemed ironclad, as her tone left no room for backtalk. Smearing Adrian's precum onto his own paw, she moved his hand down to squeeze at his own knot, milking it to force him to cum out some of his masculinity. Perhaps not all of it, just enough to dye the thoughts in his mind as pink as his hair would look after a fun day at the mall fur stylist.

Each moment of squeezing and teasing came with it another moment of betrayal. Adrian's free paw went up to rub and stroke at his nipples, teasing his left one gently, trying to provoke more pleasure out of the future sissypup, milking his mind with ample lust.

Player 1:

Backtalk crumbled under the helpless moan coaxed from the canine as that squeeze tightened and rolled its grip. Pleasure rapidly spiking till the slightest thing would set him off. Like an adorable sissy boi with a cute hair trigger. He'd hoped that if he was going to lose control, at least it'd be to stroking himself off. Something sort of dignified. Instead it was the attention to his nipples that tipped him over. A tug on them finding the fur concealed bar piercing it he'd gotten at an ex's coaxing. Revealing just how sensitive they were as that tugging tease spiked his pleasure till his whole body tensed....

And then released. The first spurt hard enough to catch himself in the muzzle. No mercy given, no slowdown in the pleasure being milked from him as rope after rope of hot cum painted his chest. Far more than he usually managed, an unexpectedly big load whiting out his brain with pleasure. Leaving him utterly defenseless for a bit against the words being fed to him. Too

sensation drunk to fight them off, as they sank right in. Reminding him of the dream he'd always had. How he'd just been pretending to be a man before. Such a silly puppy for forgetting that.

Panting. Messy with cum. Still whimpering. Ready for a very special selfie, to show off the dazed, happily smiling boi.

Player 2:

There was just one last thing that needed to happen.

"Good boi!" Posey's voice overflowed with pride, as the collar lifted Adrian's arm to grab the smartphone... taking it up and putting Adrian's whole body in the frame of a selfie pic.

With a flash of light, Adrian's future was sealed.

But that would be a story for another day...