



S4DSQU1D

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LUAN

ALL CHARACTERS ARE CONSENTING, ADULT ACTORS PLAYING A ROLE

Luan's Dreams Finally come True!!!

-SHORT ILLUSTRATED STORY-

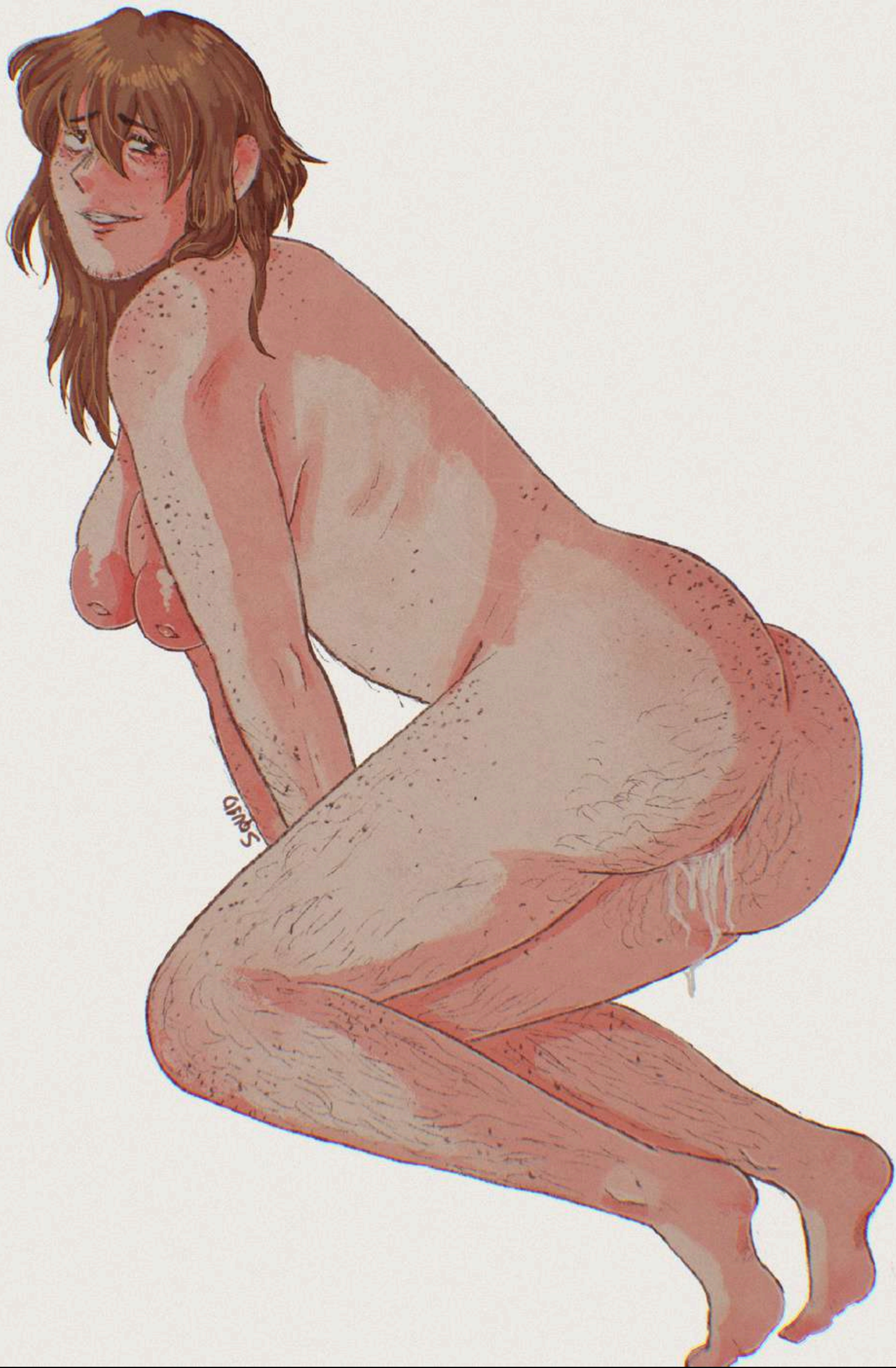
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CONTENT WARNINGS

Fictional Depictions of

noncon | Blackmail | Tmpreg | Dehumanization | Filming | Drink Spiking | Drugging



I've been living as an almost completely stealth trans guy for a few years now, to the point that no one that I regularly interact with has any idea I'm trans. They also have no idea how fucked up in the head I am.

From time to time I go against all my instincts, ignore my dysphoria and dress and act like bait. Rape bait, to be more precise. I put on the sluttiest, most revealing clothes I can find, making sure my breasts are on display, my top barely even covering my nipples. I also wear a skirt so short that if I don't sit with my legs closed, I might get kicked out of wherever I am due to indecency. No binder, no bra, not even underwear. Then I go to some seedy bar in town and get drunk. Very drunk. Completely alone, of course.

It's extremely dysphoric and I'm always terrified someone might recognize me, especially with so many people staring. On these days, everyone openly treats me as if I were a girl. I don't bother correcting them. It makes it easier to stay anonymous and, to be frank, although it's distressing, being misgendered kinda makes me horny. All of these are "sacrifices" I'm willing to make if that's what it takes for me to finally fulfill my greatest desire, which is to be raped by strangers.

Well, I did I say I was fucked up in the head.

Up until a few months ago, nothing had come of it. There was maybe some flirting, light kissing, ass grabbing, boob fondling, things like that, but it never went any further than sexual harassment and maybe assault. Those were still nice, but weren't what I was really after.

The more I thought about my goal, the more I fantasized about it ruining my life somehow. Ending up pregnant after such an encounter seemed like a perfect consequence, especially because of the nation-wide abortion ban. If it did happen, I'd be forced to carry to term, even if I regretted it with all my being. It was a perfect plan!

With that in mind, I stopped my HRT treatment. I'd been on it for so long that I figured a year or two off of it wouldn't interfere too much with my ability to be stealth in my day to day life. Not that it mattered that much, after all, if I really ended up getting pregnant, that would pretty much force me out of the closet. Just the thought of how miserable it would make me was enough to make me horny again. I've lost count of how many times I've masturbated to the prospect of being forced to have my life turned upside down just to give birth to some stranger's baby.

To make sure my plans had a higher chance of success, I started to track my cycle once it came back, timing my outings with my ovulation days. Surprisingly, the very first time I went out while ovulating, after months of failure, it finally happened: I saw an unknown man put something in my drink. I just couldn't believe my luck!

I watched my drink like a hawk while pretending not to, like I usually did. That day, it finally happened! From the corner of my eye, I saw someone dropping something inside my cup. I discreetly looked around quickly identifying who had spiked my drink. My heart raced when I saw that he was with a group of at least 5 other guys. This was truly my lucky day.

Barely being able to contain my excitement, I take a small sip of the tainted liquid.

It's funny to consider that we were all probably thinking something along the lines of "*Someone finally took the bait!*". I think he really didn't realize that I knew what he had done, mostly because anyone with half a brain would have thrown it away. But not me. Well, I do have an entire brain, I just chose not to use it!

After I had taken a couple of sips from my glass, one of them approached, trying to start a conversation. When I turned my head to respond, I almost lost balance. The whole room was spinning and although I was sitting down, I had to grab my stool to make sure I didn't fall off. Whatever they put in it must have been pretty strong to take effect so quickly.

The men tried to act nice and gentle by holding me in place, joking about me having had "way too many drinks", all while using the situation as an excuse to grope my ass. What a disgusting asshole. Just what I was craving.

I don't even remember what he said next, just that I was giggling uncontrollably. From excitement and also from whatever had been put in my drink, probably. Next thing I know, I blinked and I was drinking something else, with all of them around me. They kept giving me more and more alcohol and I kept laughing and going along with whatever they wanted. I would not have been able to fight it even if I wanted to.

I was so horny and wet there were juices dripping down my thighs. I only realized it when they teased me about it. I don't think I had ever smiled so wide.

Sadly for me though, after that, it's just flashes. I don't remember much, but the little I do just makes me angry that I ended up forgetting so much of it!

They kept fondling me, right in the middle of the crowded bar. No one seemed to care, not even when they pulled up my top and exposed my breasts for everyone to see. I could hear voices but I had no idea what they were saying. After a while I found myself completely topless, their hands still on me, playing roughly with my nipples, pulling as hard as they could. My vision was a bit blurry, I don't know if it was just them or if there were more people. I know we were still at the bar, though.

Regardless, being manhandled like that felt amazing, especially with how vulnerable and helpless I was. Knowing I was completely at their mercy made me shiver, in both fear and excitement. They mocked me about noises my cunt made when they invaded it with their fingers, calling me a slut and saying I was born to be a cumdump. I couldn't help but happily agree with them.

I blacked out again and this time there were some people taking pictures. I smiled and even made "V" signs, happily posing for anyone who asked. I even spread my legs to show my lack of underwear and my dripping cunt. Using my fingers, I parted my labia just so I could further expose myself.

Another blackout. I couldn't move, so my first thought was that I was tied up. There was a cock down my throat and one plowing my pussy. It was happening. It was really happening! I was finally being raped for real! By real rapists! As soon as these thoughts formed, I came. I'm pretty sure it wasn't the first orgasm I've had that night, but it was the first I actually remember. And it was the best orgasm of my life up to that point. I couldn't even look at the people who were having their way with me because the man's balls were resting against my eyes as he fucked my face.

I regained consciousness again. I was lying on a man's chest, his cock buried inside my pussy. Another, behind me, was mercilessly plowing my ass while squeezing my breasts. Despite feeling just how sore both my holes and my throat were, I couldn't help but use what little strength I still had to bounce back on those cocks.

"God, what a fucking slut."

The one behind me slapped my ass. With the way it hurt, it was obvious I had been spanked several times that night.

"It's like we won the lottery with this one, look at it. We gave it cock all night long and it still wants more."

The men sounded excited, like kids with a new birthday present. But there was also an undertone of disgust, maybe even mockery. Most importantly, one of the voices did not belong to the man below or behind me. I glanced to the side and there he was, cell phone in hand, recording everything.

At first I was startled, wondering if they had recorded the whole thing. Could I even begin to guess many different people now had videos of me being fucked on their phones? All of these men now held video evidence of me being completely exposed, and they alone had control over it. I could not have asked for a more heinous group of rapists!

I blacked out and woke up one last time. I was alone in a shitty roadside motel room. There was dry semen and god-knows-what all over my body. The whole room was trashed and completely disgusting.

The first thing I did, of course, was masturbate.

My dream had finally come true! I didn't even know how many guys had used me as a flashlight, and most of them have video and photo evidence of that, and there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. I inserted my fingers deep into my abused hole, cum mixed with my own fluids gushed out. It didn't take long for me to reach an orgasm. As I came, rubbing strangers' semen on my very hard clit, I wished for nothing more than to end up pregnant.

After I was done, I went straight to trying to find my clothes. Part of me hoped they had stolen them and that I would have to come out of this place with nothing but the bed sheets to cover my nudity. I was a bit disappointed when I found them neatly folded in a chair, but it turns out they left me something even better.

There was a letter.

They used a lot of long words and threats, but, long story short, they were blackmailing me into being their personal fuck toy. They stole my phone and, by using my fingerprints, unlocked it and changed all my passwords. Not only were they holding my phone and my accounts hostage, they also threatened to post the videos publicly in my own social media if I didn't comply. Apparently they also figured out I was a trans guy, but that didn't seem to faze them; instead, they just said they didn't care what gender I "thought" I was, that from that day onwards I was to be nothing but their cumdump.

They ordered me to meet them at a specific place the following Friday night. They promised that if I behaved, they would give back my phone, since by then, they would have had plenty of time for them to write down my contacts. In case I disobey them or try to lock them out of my accounts, I guessed.

So I went, and they kept their promise. I was passed around a bunch of different guys again and they did give me back my phone.

This "deal" has been going on for a while now. Every Friday I meet the same three guys and a variety of others. Sometimes they're in groups of 5, sometimes of 10, and it always changes. We usually start at some bar, then we end up in another shitty motel or at someone's house.

I am only released once Sunday night comes and, until then, even more men will come and go. I have lost count of how many different men have fucked me, but it's probably in the 100s. Maybe more.

While in their "care," I am constantly being groped or fucked, often both at the same time. I barely have time for sleep, and any food I eat is drenched in either cum or piss. They are as rough as they want, treat me like shit, and some are extremely transphobic.

I should dread Fridays, but I can't help but jack off in anticipation. As I said, I'm really, really, really fucked up in the head. I almost feel guilty about it...almost.

It's my own life I'm ruining anyway, why should I feel guilty? There's also the fact that, yeah, they're bad people, but at least they are raping me, someone who wants to be raped! It's good I'm going through this because I'm saving someone else from becoming their victim!!

...probably.

Eeeeh, who cares? Not me. Not anymore anyway.

However, I am a bit anxious about this Friday.

I just took a pregnancy test, and guess what? I'm finally pregnant! And there's no way I'll ever know who the other dad is!! I almost didn't want to believe it at first; I thought I was just gaining weight, but no, I really am pregnant.

Now that I think about it, I really don't want to come out, but with me being pregnant, it will be kind of impossible to remain stealth. And I can't just have an abortion! I really fucked up and trapped myself in a horrible situation. Well, it was the goal but now that it's actually happening I'm having second thoughts. Like always, my underwear is soaked and my brain is confused, maybe even in pain.

The pregnancy itself is already bad enough but that's not even the worst part or the main reason why I'm so anxious.

It's that I have to break the news to my blackmailers. I'm not sure how they'll react to something like that, to be completely honest. The rational part of my brain is screaming at me to risk my life trying to get an illegal abortion and never tell them anything, but my cunt is saying to tell them and cry about how dysphoric it makes me, just so they force me to carry it to term.

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Update with good news! I won't have to worry about coming out at all! In fact, I just quit my job and told most of my acquaintances that I would be traveling abroad for a very long time. If I didn't cut off everyone I knew, my new owners would release the videos, so I obeyed!

Upon hearing I was pregnant and my plight about needing to come out, my rapist friends decided that they would graciously allow me to be their live-in pet for as long as I wanted, so long as I behaved and served them well. Because they live in different houses, from now on, I'll spend each week in the "care" of one of them, which is just a cute way to say they do a cumdump rotation.

Well, at least I don't have to work and will only have to worry about being fucked senseless. And I won't have to come out to anyone! The only downside is that they don't even treat me like a person, but hey, you can't be too picky with your rapists.

-END-
(for now?)



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