# The Guest

## By ChelseyR

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Nov 2010

*Is this in the job description?*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/crossdressing/the-guest.aspx

"Do you want to keep your job or not?" She asked me. These were desperate times, I was up to my eyeballs in debt and bills, and the job at hotel was all I had. She had threatened to get me fired. I thought back to the beginning of this, wondering how I had got here.

*Slightly earlier*

"The lady in room 404 just called to say she had some kind of trouble with her wardrobe door, you better get to it," Sam from reception told me. He was a stuck up twat, but being the concierge most of my orders came directly from him, and I had to put up with his bullshit everyday.

I headed to the elevator and made the journey to the fourth floor, asking myself over and over how I couldn't find another job. Not that I was allowed much thinking time; the ping of the elevator saw fit to tell me to get on with it. I knocked on the door of room 404 and there was no answer. I knocked again as was company policy, and where there was no answer swiped my master keycard to open the door.

There was noone in the room, and I could see the luxury sliding wardrobe doors looked like they had been stuck slightly open, revealing a closet full of the designer dresses of a rich guest. I crouched down and stuck my head inside to see if I could un-jam the doors at the sliding mechanism. It looked as though it were perfectly in order.

"What are you doing?" A woman's voice questioned me from behind.

"Oh, I got a call that your wardrobe was broken..." I said, startled; she had appeared from nowhere.

"It most certainly is not," she replied, and slid the door to demonstrated.

The door to the room opened, and Sam from reception appeared. I thought this was his break? Perhaps he was coming to say there was a misunderstanding.

"What's going here? Clarkson!" He shouted at me.

"I-I..." I stammered, before being interrupted by the woman.

"This gentleman broke into my room and started sniffing around in my closet! He must be some kind of pervert!" She shouted.

"Terribly sorry madam," Sam smiled. "We've suspected among the staff that he's a sissy for some time. Such a smoothly shaven face..." He smirked. "We will of course terminate his employment, unless we can come to some sort of agreement..."

What was going on!? Sam sent me up here!

"Well if that's what he wants, who are we to deny him?" She asked. "Perhaps we can get you all dolled up for a little and drop any consequences. I am, after all, the guest here."

I stared at her blankly. What!?

"Do you want to keep your job or not?" She asked me. These were desperate times, I was up to my eyeballs in debt and bills, and the job at hotel was all I had. She had threatened to get me fired. I felt sick to my stomach as I agreed to serve her whim.

"Good girl," Sam smiled as she got to work on me.

The woman reached into the desk and brought out several clip on hair extensions, holding them up to my head. She found the blonde that matched my own hair and started to fix them to my hair, extending it down to my nipples. She then rifled through her wardrobe, looking for an outfit. She pulled out a sparkling, pink ballet tutu, with a section of darker pink sequins creating a triangle between the two straps and the centre of the skirt. My mouth dropped. It was beautiful... but what did that matter, it was for a woman!? She then turned it to show a hole on the panties bit, purposefully built into the garment.

"Strip." She said. She was loving having this power over me. I couldn't refuse, or I would lose my job. I stripped down to my pants, and looked at her, appealing for her to give me mercy rather than make me strip in front of Sam, who looked on smugly. She pointed to the floor, and I dropped my pants.

"Ooh, not much to hide!" She and Sam laughed as I felt my cheeks burn a deep shade of red. She showed me a black, latex bodysuit, with a built in corset, which was seemingly underwear. I stepped into it, resigned, and she forced my penis down between my legs, as it was so determinedly trying to get hard. It was the feel of the sexy material against my body. She laced the top up incredibly tight, it felt like my waist made it to 20", I could hardly breathe.

"What's this?" Sam asked, and I turned to look at him dreading what he might have. He had nothing however, I realised it was a trick when the woman slammed to realistic breast forms into the cups of my bra, as I felt the adhesive harden and they stuck to my chest.

"You can't do this!" I protested, and she slapped me.

"Shut up bitch!" I did as I was told.

Next she had me step into some white ballet tights, which as I looked down I saw made my legs look sleek and feminine. She told me to step into the leotard and tutu, while she tied the long, silk ribbons on the matching pink ballet slippers. I felt so feminine. She caught me trying to sneak a peak in the floor mirror and forced me around quickly.

"Not until we're done!" She told me.

She started applying heavy makeup to me, foundation first, then thick eyeliner, and several coats of different mascaras. She finished it off by plumping my lips and then allowed me to look in the mirror.

I looked every bit like a woman, the transformation was incredible. My hair was long, straight and gorgeous, my eyes were sexy and smokey, my lips had become big and luscious. As for the outfit, it was stunning. The tutu stood out stiffly, and I looked the genuine part of some prima ballerina. I was still so embarrassed, less because of the woman who did this to me than because of Sam. He was my colleague, and a man. With him in the room I felt vulnerable.

He grabbed me at my waist and the woman took a few surprise pictures on her mobile phone while the pair laughed. I was going to protest, but Sam silenced my words by kissing me. A long, deep kiss, with his arms around me and slowly sliding onto my bum. He then pushed me down by my shoulders, his huge, pulsating cock in my face.

"Suck me off beautiful," he said. It was an order. I guess that was why I took his huge dick in mouth and started sucking up and down. It was weird, but when he started making noises I realised how happy I was to feel I was pleasing him. He grabbed my ass and lifted it a bit, so I got on all fours, really feeling like his bitch now. While I was sucking him I felt something very cold on my ass, through

the whole in the leotard- and a hole in my other girly clothes too?! I tried to speak, but Sam pulled my head onto his cock more, and I couldn't resist carrying on sucking.

I felt the thick, long strap on enter me from behind and gasped, but Sam kept my head at its job, exploding a load of thick salty cum in my mouth, but not stopping, so I had to swallow it. Like a real slut. The dildo was stretching my arsehole, the pain just eclipsed by the immense pleasure. It consumed my whole body, it was fantastic. The humiliation turned into a massive turn-on. I was constantly aware that a cock filled every whole I had, I was completely being used. When it occurred me that even if I tried, I couldn't easily get out of the sexy ballet outfit as it was such a tight leotard, and even if I could there was no way I could unlace myself from the corset unless the guest delaced me herself. I had completely relinquished control.

They soon swapped places, and the woman was thrusting her unforgiving, plastic dildo into my mouth and nearly causing me to the choke, while Sam's warm, rock-hard cock penetrated me from behind, using me to get his satisfaction. Towards the end he started pumping harder and harder, beautifully burning my arsehole until he unleashed a cascade of sperm deep inside of me. I was panting so hard, completely out of breath, and just fell to the floor when they were done with me. I had been fucked like a woman. No, fucked like a bitch. And I fucking loved it.

I fell asleep, my heavy mascara laden lashes making the job easy, and dreamed of Sam. It was strange, but he held me, and kissed me, and protected me. A bump woke me up and I recognised in a blur that I was in a car. A limo? Was it just a dream?

The handsome, middle-aged man sat on the leather seat with my head in his lap, ran his hand up my legs, caressing the white tights. I looked around for my clothes, which were nowhere to be seen and he said "Hush now princess. Just wait 'til we get home, we have lots of fun ahead of us." A huge weight dropped in my stomach. I was nervous, panicked, but extremely excited and turned on. What followed when we pulled up outside a grand London townhouse is another story altogether...