

Make Him Wear It

The Passion of Senator Jackson

Part 10



AND SO I FIND MYSELF
OFF ON MY FIRST NIGHT
WORKING AS A CALL GIRL.



IT'S HARD TO WALK ON THESE COBBLESTONES IN MY HIGH
HEELS. IT'S A GOOD THING I'VE BEEN PRACTICING.

I'M MEETING SENATOR
WILLY BANNON, ONE OF MY
BIGGEST RIVALS FROM MY
FORMER LIFE AS A MAN.



HIS EYES ROAM UP AND
DOWN MY SOFT, ROUND
BODY. I KNOW THAT
LOOK IN HIS EYES. I
USED TO GET IT WHEN I
WAS THINKING ABOUT
FUCKING A WOMAN. IT
MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL.

I HIDE MY DISGUST BEHIND A BRIGHT SMILE. HE'S PAID FOR THE GIRLFRIEND EXPERIENCE.

SENATOR JACKSON. YOU ARE LOOKING LOVELY TONIGHT.

<GIGGLE>
WHY, THANK YOU, WILLY.

TONIGHT IS ALL ABOUT HIM. MY JOB IS TO BE THE GIRL HE WANTS ME TO BE.

WHEN HE GATHERS ME IN HIS ARMS AND LUNGES IN FOR A KISS, I REALIZE IT'S GOING TO BE HARDER THAN I THOUGHT.





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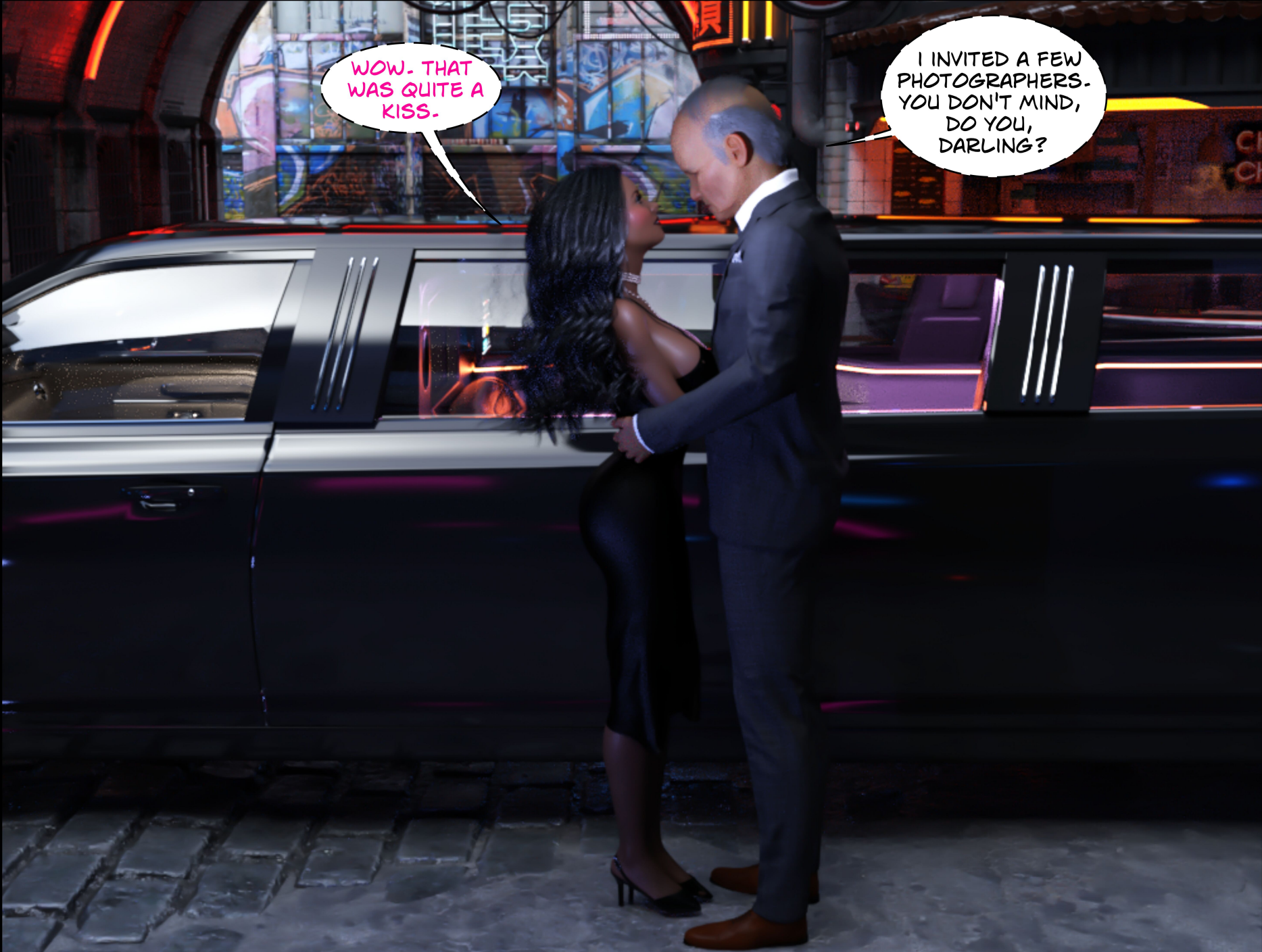
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AS HE SHOVES HIS TONGUE DOWN MY THROAT, I HEAR THE CAMERAS. I HADN'T EVEN NOTICED THE PAPARAZZI LINGERING.




OF COURSE, HE WANTS THE WHOLE WORLD TO SEE THIS, TO SHOW EVERYONE HIS DOMINANCE . I RESIST THE URGE TO RETCH AND KISS HIM BACK, PUTTING ON A SHOW FOR THE PRESS.



WOW. THAT WAS QUITE A KISS.

I INVITED A FEW PHOTOGRAPHERS. YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU, DARLING?

A man and a woman are shown in profile, facing each other in a nightclub. The man is on the right, wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. The woman is on the left, wearing a black dress and has long, dark, wavy hair. They are standing in front of a bar or counter with a glass display case containing bottles. The background is filled with colorful neon lights and graffiti. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first speech bubble, on the left, contains the text "I'M JUST HERE TO MAKE YOU HAPPY." in pink. The second speech bubble, on the right, contains the text "I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THAT. LET'S GIVE 'EM A GOOD PIC. SHOW EVERYONE THAT PRETTY SMILE, BABE." in black.

I'M JUST
HERE TO
MAKE YOU
HAPPY.

I LIKE THE
SOUNDS OF THAT.
LET'S GIVE 'EM A
GOOD PIC. SHOW
EVERYONE THAT
PRETTY SMILE,
BABE.

WE TURN TO FACE THE CAMERAS. I PLASTER A BIG, BRIGHT SMILE ON MY FACE. I'VE BEEN PRACTICING MY SMILES.



THE PICTURES WILL BE ALL OVER THE INTERNET-- IT SHOULDN'T BOTHER ME. I'VE BEEN NAKED DURING MY CAM GIRL SESSIONS, SHAKEN MY TITS AT STRIP CLUBS, BUT THAT WAS FOR STRANGERS. I KNOW WILLY, AND I HATE HIM.





SO,
ROBERT. HOW
D'YA LIKE BEING
A GIRL?

I LOVE IT.
SECRETLY, I ALWAYS
DREAMED OF BEING A
GIRL, GETTING TO
WEAR PRETTY--

A man with a receding hairline, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and striped tie, sits in the back of a limousine. He has a slightly annoyed or weary expression. To his left, the long, dark, wavy hair of a woman is visible. The limo's interior is lit with warm, recessed lights, and the ceiling is decorated with a starry pattern. The background outside the limo shows a blurred cityscape at night.

SHUT
THE FUCK
UP.

YOU CAN
DROP THE
BULLSHIT ACT,
ROB. I KNOW YOU
DIDN'T WANT ANY OF
THIS. NEMESIS TOLD
ME SHE FORCED YOU
INTO THAT BODYSUIT.
NOW, TELL ME
AGAIN HOW YOU
LIKE BEING A
BITCH.




I FUCKING HATE IT.

THAT'S BETTER.

YOU KNOW THE KIND OF MAN I AM. NOW I'M TRAPPED IN THIS BIG TITTIED WHORE'S BODY WORKING AS A CAM GIRL, A STRIPPER AND-- A DAMN PROSTITUTE. HAVING MEN STARE AT MY TITS ALL THE TIME. IT'S HELL, BUT BASED ON THAT BONER YOU SEEM TO LIKE IT, YOU PERVERT.

HE WANTS ME TO BE ANGRY, ASHAMED. I CAN BE THAT FOR HIM.

A man with a receding hairline, wearing a dark grey suit, white shirt, and dark tie, is sitting in the back of a limousine. He has a slightly uncomfortable or awkward expression. The limo interior features black leather seats. The background shows a city at night with lights. A large speech bubble on the left contains a long, rambling sentence. A smaller speech bubble on the right contains a short, direct demand.

OH, I LIKE IT VERY MUCH. I NEVER WOULD HAVE GUESSED WHAT A TURN ON IT WOULD BE TO SEE YOU ALL DOLLED UP, THAT BANGING BODY IN A TIGHT LITTLE DRESS. YOU WERE ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN AMERICA, AND NOW LOOK AT YOU. GODDAMN BUT THOSE ARE SOME FINE TITS YOU GOT YOURSELF, ROB. DAMN GOOD TITS.

SHOW ME THEM TITS OF YOURS.

I THOUGHT I WAS READY FOR THIS,
READY TO PLAY THE GIRL, BUT
BEING HUMILIATED LIKE THIS BY
MY GREATEST ENEMY? I
HESITATE, THINK ABOUT SLAPPING
HIM IN THE FACE, BUT THEN I
THINK OF MY SON, MY GRANDKIDS.



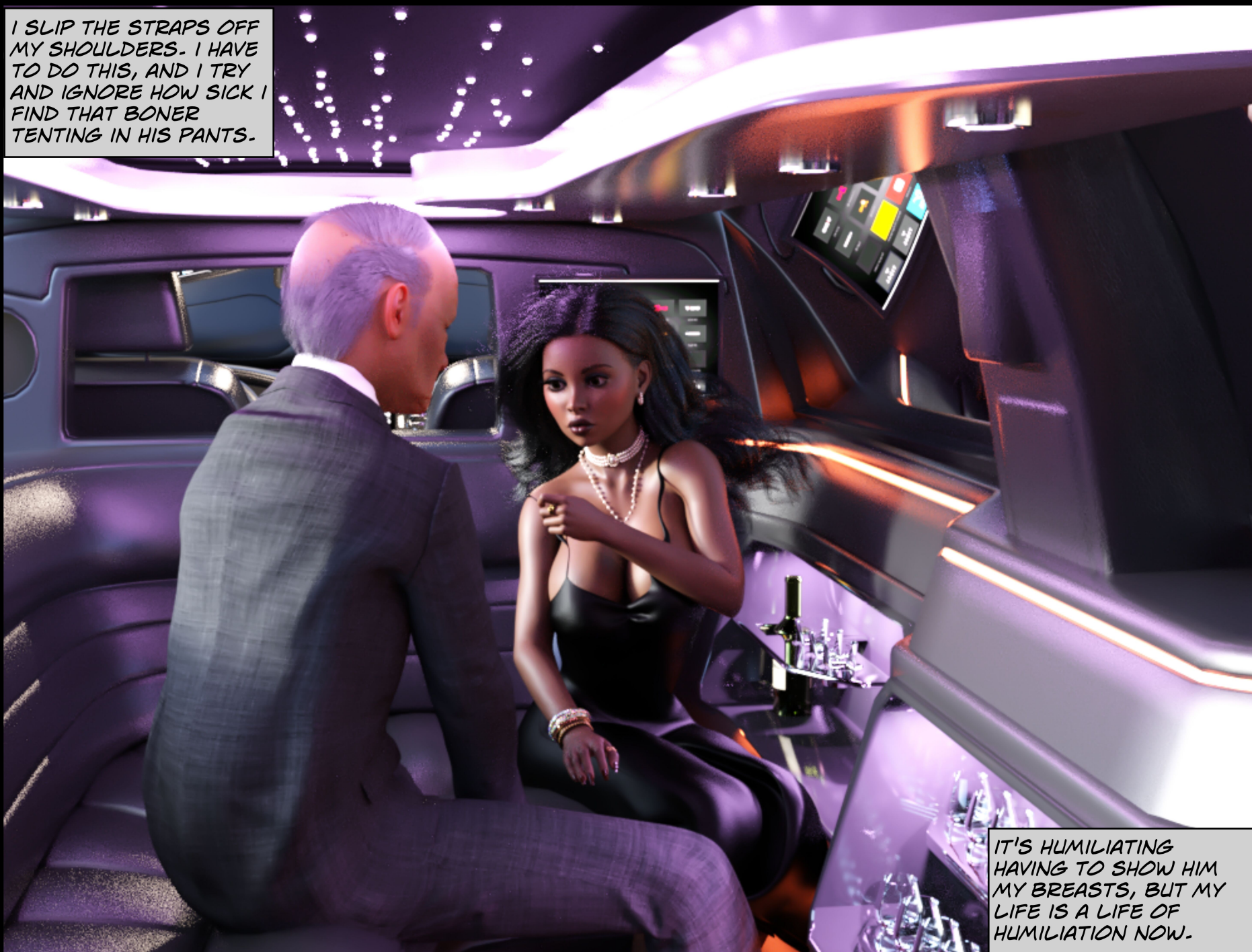


OH,
AND BY THE
WAY, SUGAR?,
WHEN WE'RE
ALONE
TOGETHER,
CALL ME
DADDY.



YES, DADDY.

I SLIP THE STRAPS OFF MY SHOULDERS. I HAVE TO DO THIS, AND I TRY AND IGNORE HOW SICK I FIND THAT BONER TENTING IN HIS PANTS.



IT'S HUMILIATING HAVING TO SHOW HIM MY BREASTS, BUT MY LIFE IS A LIFE OF HUMILIATION NOW.

A man in a grey suit is seen from the back, looking towards a woman. The woman has long black hair, is wearing a black strapless dress, a pearl necklace, and a bracelet. She is sitting in a futuristic car interior with purple and blue lighting. A tray with a bottle and glasses is visible in the foreground.

GROAN.

WHO-HOO.
LORD
A'MIGHTY.

I FEEL THE COOL AIR CARESS MY BREASTS AS THEY SWAY FREE. THIS ISN'T SO BAD, I DECIDE. IT COULD BE WORSE. AND THEN, IT GETS WORSE.



NOW PLAY WITH 'EM.

YES, DADDY.

I'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH MY TITS EVER SINCE I GOT 'EM.. I MEAN, I HAVE 'EM RIGHT THERE HANGING FROM CHEST ALL DAY. THEY-- FEEL GOOD, BUT IT'S GROSS HAVING HIM WATCH ME.

MMMMMM





UNNNH-

MY NIPPLES GET HARD, I CAN'T HELP BUT SIGH AND MOAN. THEY'RE SO SENSITIVE, AND HIS MANLY GRUNTS AS HE WATCHES-- THEY TURN ME ON AND SICKEN ME AT THE SAME TIME.



HE KEEPS GRUNTING,
GROANING IN
COUNTER-POINT TO MY
SOFT SIGHS. I'M ALL
WOMAN NOW. I CAN'T
HELP BUT FEEL ALL
WOMAN, AND THE
SMELL OF HIS MANLY
MUSK FILLS MY HEAD,
MAKES ME A LITTLE
DIZZY.



HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

GOD DAMN,
ROB.

HA!

HA!

HA!

NOW THAT YOU'RE ALL HOT AND BOTHERED, HOLD ONTO THAT FOR LATER 'CAUSE AFTER DINNER? I AM GONNA FUCK YOUR BRAINS OUT, SENATOR LEE!

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

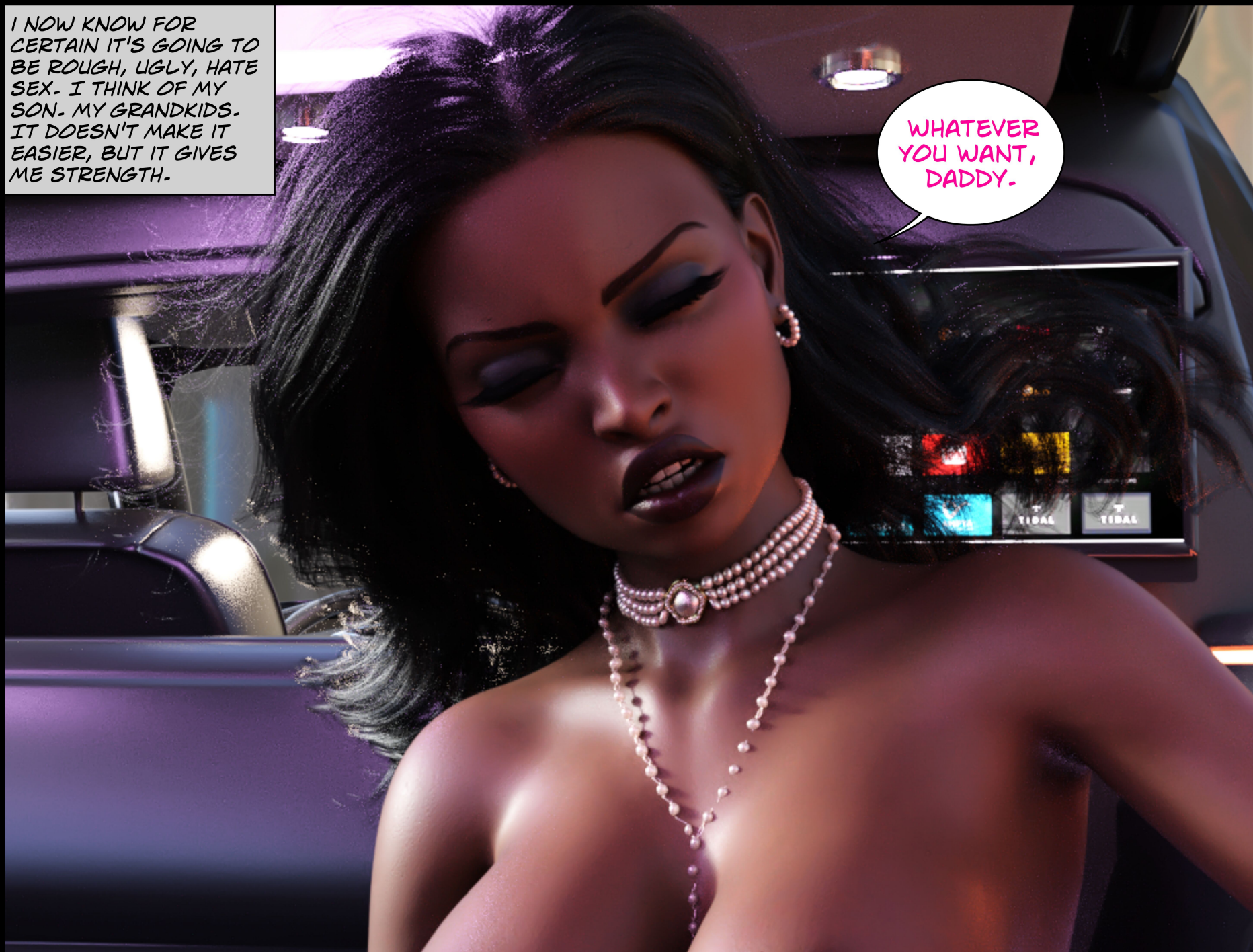
HA!

HA!



I NOW KNOW FOR CERTAIN IT'S GOING TO BE ROUGH, UGLY, HATE SEX. I THINK OF MY SON. MY GRANDKIDS. IT DOESN'T MAKE IT EASIER, BUT IT GIVES ME STRENGTH.

WHATEVER YOU WANT, DADDY.



...to be continued

