



S4DSQU1D

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LUAN

ALL CHARACTERS ARE CONSENTING, ADULT ACTORS PLAYING A ROLE

Luan's Dreams Finally come True!!!

-SHORT ILLUSTRATED STORY-

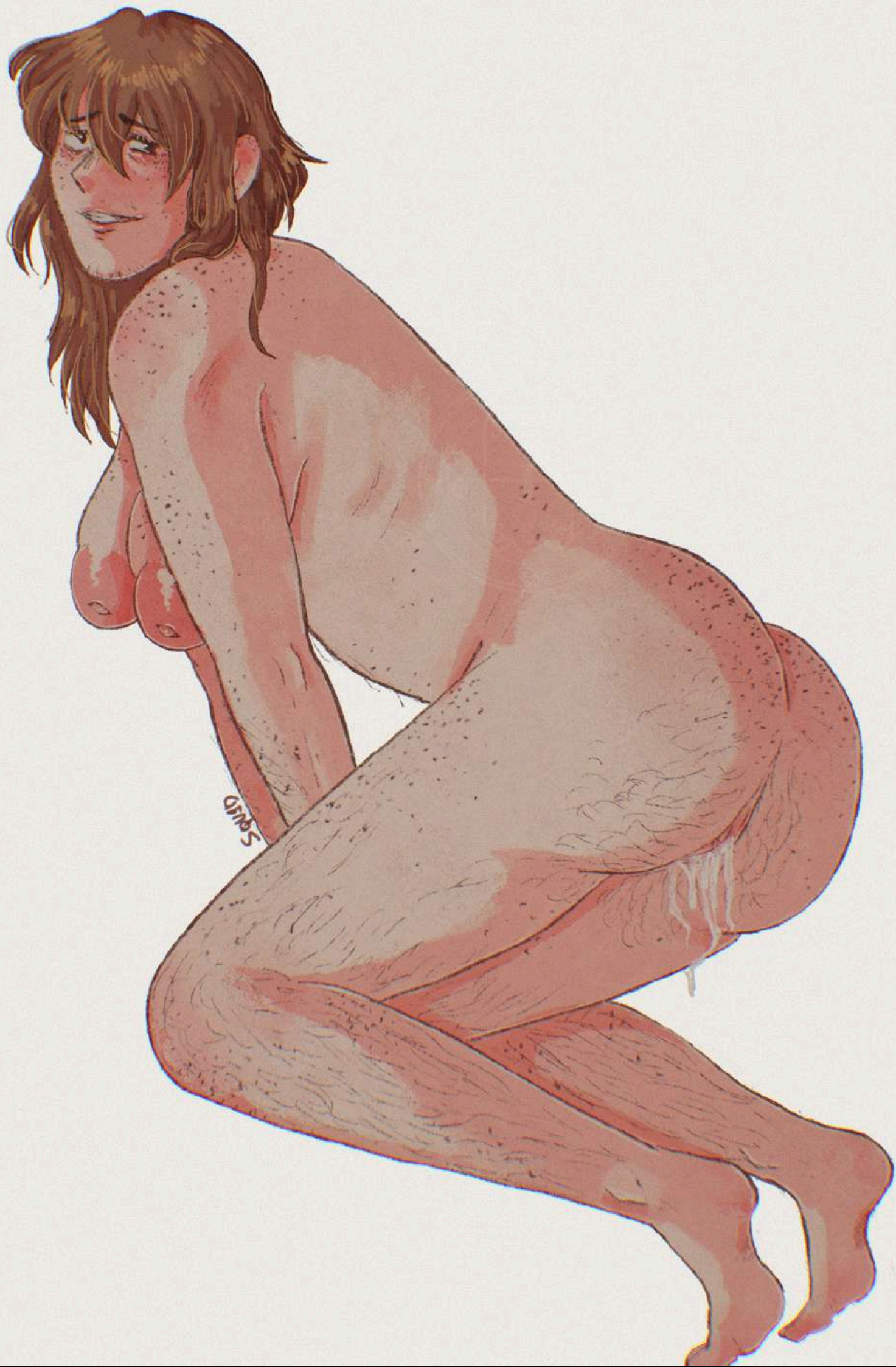
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CONTENT WARNINGS

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.