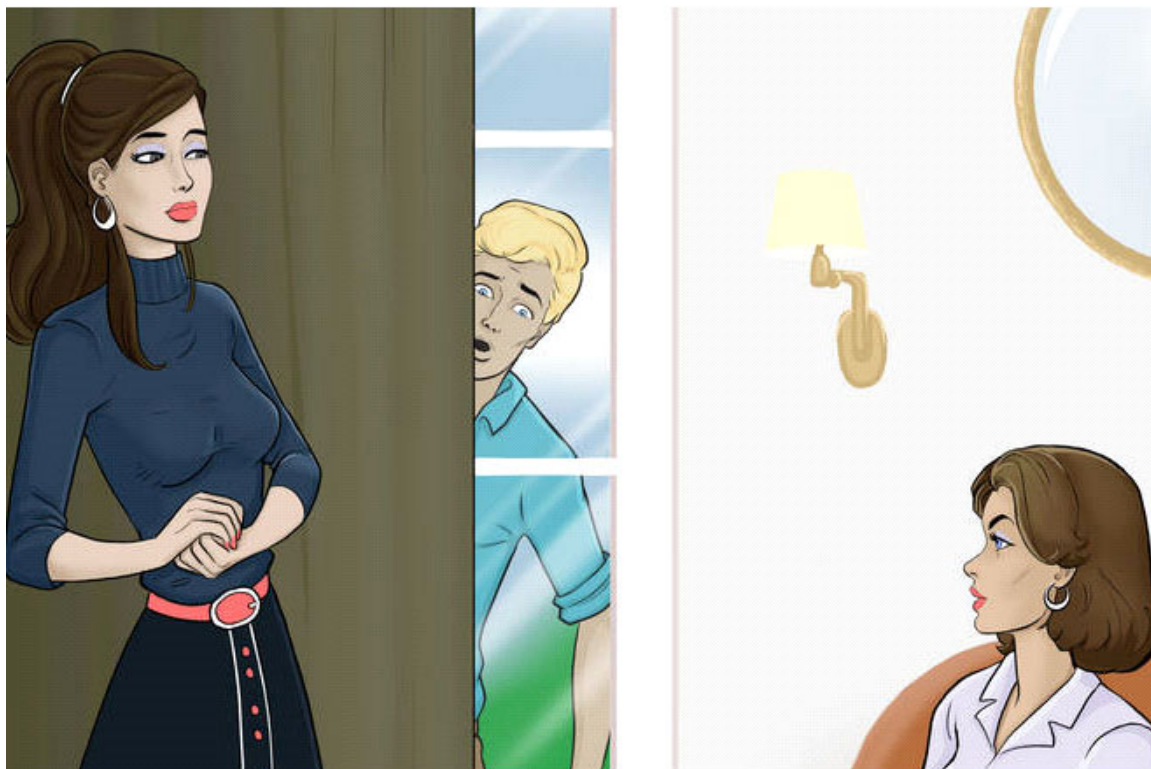


Blackmailing the Scammer



Scene 1

Sitting on a bench outside Invaders Arcade, Marcus stretched his arms over his head, letting out a long yawn. He along with his friend Greg had just spent their last dollar playing some retro arcade games. "See I told you today would be a blast, you can't tell me you didn't have fun."

Picking up his mostly empty cup Marcus drank down the rest of the cola inside as he looked over at Greg, mulling over how much he wanted to admit he was right. Greg was two inches shorter than his five foot ten and while he wasn't some bulky gym bro, he always felt bigger when he was around Greg with his small frame. "Today was fun, but do you really think a day of video games and buying me lunch is going to make up for you getting Holly Cooper to break up with me?"

They had known each other since Marcus was in second grade and Greg was in third. Somewhere in their middle school years Greg had decided he liked to play pranks. Some of them were really funny, some of them were cruel and Marcus hated any of them that involved him in any way, especially when he was the butt of the prank. Like the one that got one of the hottest girls they knew to break up with him. "I did you a favor, sure she was pretty, but she had maybe two brain cells to rub together. She had you wrapped around her finger so tightly we weren't ever able to hang out. Besides, this is our last summer before we go off to college. We need to go out and have some fun!"

Greg hadn't really intended for things to go as far as they did, but he was sure Marcus would be happier in the long run without her. If Marcus knew how irritating it was seeing him and Holly making out all the time he wouldn't fault him for the little prank that she blew way out of proportion. Though now he had to constantly hear his friend whine about missing her. "Maybe we can join a gym, add a little muscle to our bodies. If you got some tone you could probably just flirt a little with a girl and she would come running to you with your blonde hair and blue eyes."

"Girls will come running because I have blonde hair and blue eyes? That is not how it works, that would be like me saying if you took the time to wash your long dark brown hair the girls would be all over you. That just isn't how it works, but... the gym idea might not be a bad idea." Marcus tossed his cup into a trash can before turning back to his

friend catching on to something he said. "Hey I thought you were taking a year off to earn some money or something like before college?"

Smirking at his friend Greg moved his elbows up onto the top of the bench. He was already a year older than Marcus's eighteen years after being held back for skipping to many classes. Something that made him a little bitter that his childhood friend was then in the same grade as him. He really didn't want to take a year off from college, but his Mom told him they just didn't have the money anymore. It felt odd to live in a well to do area, have a mother who was a vice president at one of the world's largest companies, but not have the money to buy him a car when he graduated high school like she promised or even afford to send him off to college. "Things are changing, Marky, changing for the better!"

"Don't call me Marky, it has never been okay to call me Marky." Marcus glared at his friend, he had been using it to tease him since the first time he heard Holly call him that.

"You see." Greg continued from where he left off, ignoring Marcus's request. It was just so easy to get a rise out of him. "My mom said we are about to come into a lot of money and the first thing she is going to do is buy me the car of my dreams a nineteen seventy Chevelle SS for playing my part and have plenty of money to spare so I don't have to something not worth my time like getting a job."

"What do you mean your part?" Marcus glossed over the comment about a job not being worth his time. He had worked at a local grocery store since he was sixteen, his parents told him if he could come up with enough money for a downpayment for a car and handle his own insurance they would take care of the payments. They ended up having final say in his choice of vehicle so it wasn't some sports car, they chose a used two thousand and eighteen Toyota Camry hybrid.



Running one of his hands through his long hair Greg thought Marcus was right, he was overdue for a wash. The long hair had started as him growing his hair out for the charity locks for love, it was a good cause and girls really did love his long hair, especially so when he told them why he was growing it out. "Ya know, I don't really know. She said something about tricking my grandmother, my dad's mom. Man she is such a bitch, but mom says she has a plan where the old bat will not only add us back into the will, but give us a windfall of cash."

"You are going to scam a little old lady out of her money?" Marcus asked in a flat tone of voice.

"Don't get your panties in a twist, I told you she is a bitch. Always has been and the moment my old man passed on she broke off contact and removed us from the will."

"Yeah, it sounds like you are going to be blameless in all this. How exactly are you going to get money from her if she hasn't wanted anything to do with you?"

Greg smiled, happy his friend was seeing it his way. "I know right! I'm still my father's son, I deserve what she was going to give me. The how, though... that I don't know yet. My mom is going to fill me in on the details tonight. Why don't you swing by in a few days and I will tell you about it, you can play World Crashes 3, I have a few more characters unlocked and hey maybe if you help me out with dealing with the old bat I could throw a few bucks your way too."

"You know I never want to be part of your schemes, ever..." Marcus got to his feet, ready to go home and forget he heard his friend talking about scamming anyone.

"You say that, but you always come around." Oftentimes he had to bribe him or trick him to come along, but Marcus was a good friend. He complained about having to be a lookout, though he still did the job. Heck he didn't even rat him out on the few occasions things went wrong. "Anyhow I will see you around Marky."

Scene 2

Things went rapidly for Greg when he got home, he couldn't believe he was going along with this ridiculous plan. When his mom first said it he told her it wasn't going to happen, when she insisted he told her she could go fuck herself before he would be part of it. The slap to the face had surprised him, he never thought she would ever strike him. Not since his father died some eight years ago at least. Back then she was strict on discipline, but after it didn't seem to matter how much he acted out. She just ignored him and mostly focused on advancing herself at work. Now not only did she strike him, but she literally washed his mouth out with soup.

“Greggory Michael Abella, I have put up with you for more than long enough. I should have given you a shorter leash when I first heard you were skipping school, and because I didn’t you had to repeat your junior year. Things are different now, you are going to help me with this if you like it or not. We are in a tight spot here, son and if things don’t turn around, not only are you not going to be able to get a car or go off to college, we are going to be downsizing to a smaller home.”

Things had been tighter financially he knew, but things were bad enough to sell their house. The only house he had ever known, the last place he had seen his dad alive and happy. He didn’t want that to happen, but he wasn’t able to say much with a bar of soap in his mouth. “It isn’t your fault, I made a bad investment in what I thought would be a profitable reality project, but not only did we lose the initial money invested, but it put us in massive debt. You didn’t exactly help that with your antics. You were lucky the judge let you off with a warning after you were caught breaking into your school at night. That all wasn’t free you know, bail cost money, that lawyer cost money.” Cynthia let out a long sigh. She had kept all that in for a long time and it felt cathartic to get it out.

“Your grandmother called me up out of the blue last week asking how her granddaughter Genna was doing. It was the name she wanted your father and I to use if we had a girl.” Cynthia stopped and looked hard at her son, before turning on the faucet and removing the bar of soap from his mouth. “You can rinse your mouth out now. I tried to tell her she had a grandson not a granddaughter, but as it turns out she has gone a little soft in the head. She remembers Jackson is dead and that the two of us don’t get along, but seems she thinks you are Genna, not Greggory. I was ready to tell her I didn’t have time to argue with her about my child’s sex, but she mentioned wanting to pass on her legacy. How she wanted to reconnect with her granddaughter, put her back in the will. Here is the best part, I told her that we were struggling and how I couldn’t afford to send her granddaughter off to college or afford to buy her a car and Brandi bought it. Not only did she say she would help financially, but she was excited to help. She asked if a million would be enough... with a million dollar windfall.”

Spitting out water in the sink Grep looked at his mouth, opened his mouth to tell her he still wasn’t going to do it when he stopped. A million dollars was a lot of money. “So I just have to talk girly on the phone with her and she will give us the money?” She had already told him he would have to pretend to be Genna and dress up, but he was hoping he could get away with just talking on the phone, once or twice with her. He had done more than a few prank calls pretending to be a girl, so it wouldn’t be a big deal to tell his grandmother how much he missed her to suck up.

“Afraid not, you are going to have to live and breathe as Genna for the week so that when we throw a small party for your grandmother this weekend she will accept you as the loving granddaughter she is expecting to see.” Cynthia opened up the cabinet below

the sink, pulled out a small pink wire basket with various bottles inside. Picking up one she held it out to her son who took it without a word.

"I have to dress like this all week? This isn't fair!"

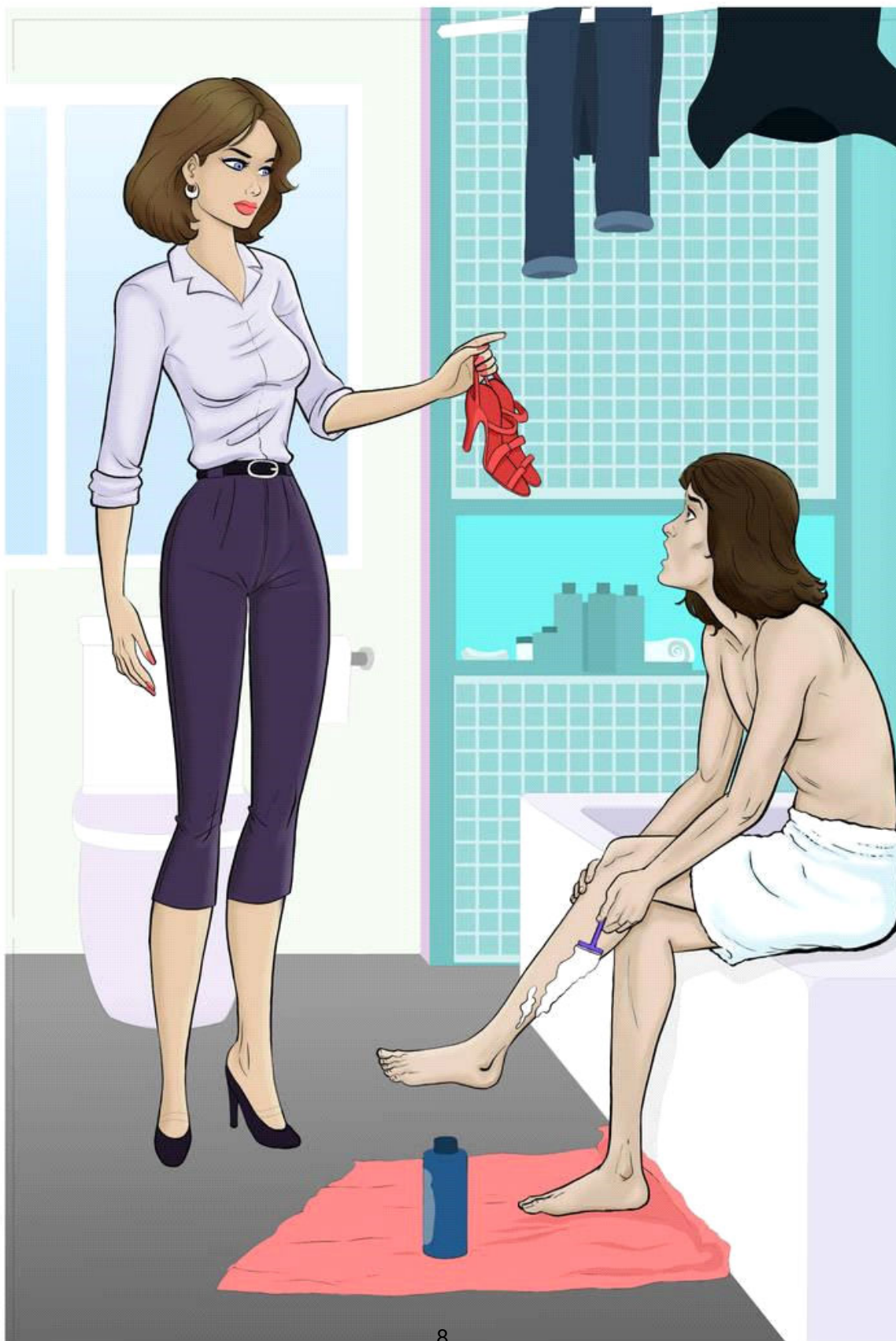
Cynthia pointed to the bottle in his hands. "Read the instructions, this will rid your body of your body hair. If you want to talk about not fair, I could bring up how your grandmother decided it was my fault your father had a heart attack. How she decided she wanted nothing to do with us because he died. That wasn't fair. You are going to be Genna till this weekend is over, you are going to stay in character so neither of us slips up. Think of this as one of your pranks and try and keep your mind on the end goal."

Looking at the bottle in his hand Greg made a disgusted face, he didn't want to do any of this. "Can't we just hire some model or actress to come and pretend to be Genna? The old bat won't know the difference." He watched as his mother put her hands on her hips and gave him a stern look. "Where exactly do you think the money to pay for someone to come here will come from? If we did do it that way how would we keep her from telling anyone? What do you think would happen if the wrong person found out?" She didn't wait for him to answer any of the questions. "We would get nothing, and then both of us would go to jail for fraud."

"I don't want to go to jail!" Greg thought about the one night he had to spend in a cell when he got caught breaking into his school. He was just going to go and hang a few banners and fill the principal's office with glitter. The police called it breaking and entering, valadlisim, resisting arrest. It was the worst night of his life, with a huge drunk man that would move to sit next to him every single time he moved to another part of the bench. "And you will not be, instead you will throw yourself into this role and be my darling daughter Genna. Now tell me, for a million dollars, can you be Genna?"

"Yes, I can be Genna." he said in a defeated voice.

"Great, after you use the nair, you can shower, use the shampoo here in the basket, this conditioner." She stopped and looked at her son's long hair. "Best wash and condition twice dear. Then use this lotion on your body. Once you are done with all of that I am going to pull up a video on your computer on how to tuck yourself away, watch it. Do it and put on the clothes that I'm about to lay out on the bed."



Becoming hairless from below his eyes was horrible, the stuff burned and without his hair he felt more vulnerable. The location was a pain, but he did have to admit it felt good, good enough that he was happy his mother wasn't in the bathroom to watch him because he got a little hard. Greg watched the video twice, but as he stood in his room he couldn't bring himself to do it. He was startled when a single knock came to his door before it opened.

"MOM!" Greg yelled as she walked in while he was completely naked. "You can't just come in here!" He said picking up the towel to cover himself.

"I have seen you naked before, and plenty of men. You do not have anything I haven't seen before. You seemed to be taking too long so I came to help." Greg was ready to tell her to get out of his room when she yanked the towel away. He completely froze when she reached down and touched his dick. "Here we go, little push up... and like that your testicles are back inside of you. Then we pull this little guy back... close your legs sweetie. Good just like that."

He was completely speechless as she started getting him dressed, a pair of pink cotton panties with a little bow. The panties felt nothing like his boxers, they were much softer and could have been considered much nicer if it wasn't for the rear of the panties exposing his ass cheeks. "With you nice and flat thong panties look good on you Genna. Next your bra."

She held up the piece of fabric between two fingers, handing it to him. Greg shook his head, he didn't want to put on the pink bra, or any bra. "I have something to help fill them out once we get it on. It is going to take some getting used to wearing this and going from flat chested to being a C cup."

No matter how much he complained his mother kept going, he was soon wearing a panty girdle to make his already small waist seem smaller, a light blue dress that wrapped around him and tied off and some white heeled shoes with a two inch heel.

"We still have a lot to do, like your hair, make up, your nails and all of that is before we start getting you trained to walk properly in heels. By the time your grandmother is here you will be a pro strutting around in some five inch slingbacks."

"Mom, no, please no.. I don't want this and I really don't want to wear five inch heels. I already feel like I'm going to fall over in the ones you have me in now."

Much of his bluster and attitude had already faded from him by the simple act of putting him in a dress, Cynthia thought. "If you can remember that you are Genna and not Gregory and are a good girl for me, then I will let you wear some more sensible shoes,

if not, then I promise I will take you over my knee and spank you till you beg me to wear five inch pumps. You understand me?"

Swallowing hard, Greg nodded his head. One million dollars, one million dollars. I'm doing this because we can keep our home and get one million dollars. Greg repeated to himself over and over again as his mother led him by the hand into her bedroom and to sit in front of her makeup table.

Scene 3

Moving across the living room Greg was feeling more steady in the heels than he did the day before. It was so odd to be wearing clothes that felt so light on his body, yet feel so confined in them. The bra straps dug into his shoulder, the current girdle he wore was like this super tight skirt that had tabs coming down that he had to attach to seamed stockings, that his mother made sure he kept straight. Unlike the first time she dressed him up he was also wearing a corset that looked more like it was made for bedroom play then wearing under clothes like he was now. What he did know was that the thing kept his back straight, making it difficult to do much of anything. His mother just told him to breathe from the top of the chest and that he would get used to it. The green pleated skirt wasn't bad, it actually felt great when he moved with the softer lining underneath. The stockings were a pain in the ass, but they too felt nice on his smooth skin, not that he would admit this to his mother or anyone ever. The biggest pain was the pair of black four inch pointed toe heels he was wearing. They had a large buckle and strap around his ankle and he had been instructed to not try and take them off.

"Genna, if you take these off one more time before I tell you too I swear I will find a pair of six inch pumps and padlock them on your feet, you will even have to sleep with them on if you don't behave yourself, young lady!" The threat was one thing, and one he believed she would carry out, his mother seemed deadly serious about them needing this to come through. The young lady and missy talk were truly getting to him though. He had agreed to this foolishness, the stakes were real for him too if this didn't go through, and he really wanted that money. Still though, she could at least acknowledge he was her son. "Your shoes are just sooo cute! I just love that dress on you." Greg said to no one as he walked around the room. He didn't have to just practice walking, moving, sitting and looking happy all the time, but he needed to practice sounding like a girl named Genna too.

"Your walk is much better than yesterday Genna. I guess spending a day with your thighs taped together taught you something about walking like a proper lady." That was another thing he had to be. She wanted him to not only pretend to be Genna, but be a proper lady. She had him brushing his hair out a hundred times every night, practicing makeup and doing his nails. He couldn't believe it when she moved his computer desk out of his room and into the garage to make room for a vanity of his own. If that wasn't

bad enough she added a little paint to his room, the white walls were fine and normal for any room, but when she added a bubblegum pink glossy paint around the room where the walls met the ceiling it changed everything.

“What if your grandmother wants to come see your room? I think we might be able to find a poster of a shirtless fireman or something like that at a box store. That might be enough, but maybe a stuffed animal or two. What is your favorite animal, Genna?” When she had asked the question it bothered him because any answer he gave would just end up as a stuffed animal. Him not answering ended up getting him more than a few stuffed animals and her deciding his favorite animal was a giraffe.

All of that was before, now he had seemed to get some control over this bizarre training week. Like she was saying his walk was better, well girlier, but he still had a long way to go on his voice or so she said. “Mom, if I’m doing better can I just sit down for a bit?”

“Hmm, you may sit. So long as you sit like a proper lady.” Sitting with his leg crossed, one leg over the other was not the most comfortable way to sit, but it was a lot easier when his member was tucked back. “Here, take this magazine and read to me out loud about last year’s winter fashion. The magazine is a little old, but it will do plenty to keep you in the right frame of mind and practice your voice.

Outside Marcus had been walking up to the house to see what was going on with his friend, and hopefully he had seen reason. Movement caught his eye through the main window in front of the house, the curtains were drawn, but with the gap he thought he saw a young woman walking around. Instead of going to the front door he moved closer to the window and heard the voice of Mrs. Abella and Greg and then the voice of a girl. Peeking in the window through the gap in the curtains he couldn’t believe what he was seeing. A pretty dark haired girl was sitting prettily on the sofa reading from a magazine, but as she read out loud he heard the voice of his friend every so often. Each time he did the girl earned a chiding from Mrs. Abella. “Genna this is exactly what I keep telling you that you have to keep talking like this so you don’t mess up. What would happen if your grandmother heard such an ugly male voice coming from such a pretty girl?”

“Holy shit...” Marcus whispered to himself as he pulled out his cell phone and took a few photos. Gregory The Terror was dolled up like a girl and while he knew he was coming over here to find out and try to talk him out of his plan, it still took his mind a few seconds to figure out why. He never would have thought Greg would do something like this for one of his pranks, but this wasn’t exactly a prank. He wanted to hear this from the source and thought how good it would be to catch it all recorded.



Moving up to the front door Marcus knocked three times and waited. When Mrs. Abella answered the door he gave a friendly smile to the older woman. She was a beautiful woman, he and many schoolmates would agree she was a milf. Not something Greg liked anyone saying around him. "Hey I just came by to talk with Greg."

It wasn't lost on him that she closed the door just a little at the mention of her son's name. "He went out of town till next week, something about a job or a concert. He is always leaving with little notice, you know how he is."

He could imagine she was being protective of her son, of course if she was dressing him up as a girl to scam his grandmother it sounded more like using than protecting. "Maybe you could just tell him I'm here. He told me about the little scam you plan on running. If she is his grandmother couldn't you just ask her for a loan instead of trying to steal it from her?"

Cynthia's face darkened as she looked at the eighteen year old boy in front of her. Her son spoke too freely, even if this was his best friend. He had gotten in trouble almost as much as her son, sure he claimed it was Gregory's fault, but she doubted everything could be put on his shoulders alone. "Listen here Marcus, I put up with you and your influence on my son enough, but I will not have you sticking your nose in family business. I don't know what tall tale my son told you but throwing a party for my mother in law is not a scam. Now I suggest you head home, unless you want me to make a few phone calls and make life a little worse for you."

The pure venom that dripped from her words caused Marcus to take a step back. He knew she was a powerful woman and wasn't going to call her bluff. In this neighborhood the police always arrived in less than five minutes and if he could get the police to listen to the recording he was making things would be fine, but considering who she was... the police might arrest and then ask questions later. "Got it, I'm umm... gonna head out then" He said, holding up his hands at chest level as he took a few more steps backwards, before turning around and walking away from his friend's house. "Threaten me, will you! If you or Greg think you are going to get out of this scott free, you have another thing coming..."

As he walked back to his house Marcus looked at the photos he had of his friend dressed up as a girl. He didn't take a good look before, but now he was really surprised at how pretty the girl in the image was. With the way she was sitting he could make out the top of stockings, the girl wasn't just pretty, she was sexy.

"Who was at the door, mom?" Greg asked coming out of his feminized bedroom that he hid in when he heard someone at the door.

"Nothing you need to worry about Genna, mommy took care of it." Put a little fear of god into the boy and he went running. She should have taken a more serious hand in raising her son before, she just didn't have it in her to keep such a tight grip after Jackson passed. A mistake of the past, she was going to get everything taken care of. Gregory was going to act the part of the perfect daughter, Brandi would give them the money they needed to get them out of the hole she had gotten them in and then she could mostly go back to ignoring her. Maybe she would have Genna give her a call every now and then to stay in touch so that she stayed in the will. Gregory wouldn't like that, but if she threatened him with a monthly visit instead of a phone call he would comply.

Scene 4

Standing on the back patio, Greg moved his hand to tuck his long dark hair behind his ear. The movement caused the pair of thin gold bracelets to slide down from his wrist. The feeling was unusual, but the rest of his outfit wasn't exactly normal for him. He had on light pink thong panties, a matching pushup C cup bra that was stuffed. Over it a chocolate brown dress, that if he was being generous would say came halfway down his silky smooth legs, that allowed him to feel every bit of the breeze that went by. He stood perched atop wedged heels, his mother had said he was both bad and good this week so he got to wear wedges. Though the pair he wore were little over five inches at the back end. Over the course of the week he had gotten a little more used to looking like this, with bracelets on his wrists, a few rings on his fingers, and earrings. The eight of the dangling pair now kept him from forgetting they were there.

The best piece of news he had gotten was that he didn't have to wear a corset today or a panty girdle. Over the course of the week, unless he was in the shower he had worn one or the others, even in sleeping he wasn't free of the restrictive garments. His mother insisted it would help, and resisting only made it so he had to wear a pair of heels to bed for a few nights in a row. Not having to wear a corset felt like an odd thing to be happy about when he didn't know the name for the garment before a week ago, but here he was with a new perspective and happy he only needed it for this one day.

"Genna I just love seeing that smile, you have blossomed into a beautiful young woman, I bet you are popular with the boys.." He waved his hand in the air, keeping that stupid smile on his face. "Oh stop, I'm not ."



"You remind me of me when I was younger, I just wish Jackson was here to see the young woman his daughter grew into. I'm so sorry we lost contact after he passed, he was such a good man and I always hated how your mother pushed him. He was never the workaholic, that is Cynthia and I still think he pushed him to an early grave."

"Grandma, Mom isn't so bad..." The older woman cut him off. "Yes, yes. She isn't so bad, she meant well. It is obvious you have a special bond with her, that is a mother's due to have a bond with her daughter. I just wish I was able to see past myself so I could have spent time with you. We missed out on so much, going dress shopping, going out for tea. If I just reached out sooner I could have seen how pretty you looked in your gown for prom."

Greg almost gagged in his mouth thinking about wearing a prom dress for the old bat to take photos. This one day in the backyard was enough, it would take him weeks to grow his eyebrows back and then he had to go and turn his room back to the way it was. His mom had even badly hidden a playgirl magazine under his mattress, sticking out just a little. Saying that way his grandmother knew her granddaughter was of the proper mindset. Last thing they needed was her to think her granddaughter was a lesbian. While it was fine for someone to be attracted to the same gender, the point of this was to get on her good side. Not confront the old woman's prejudices. "I truly wish we could have met like this sooner." That way this could already be over with, he added mentally.

"Sit down dear, I want to hear all about you. The things you like, the things you love. I want you to tell me about your highschool experience, kids always want to leave school, but I hope you enjoyed it while you could. "

Smoothing the skirt as he sat, Greg crossed his leg easily over the other. His mannerisms drilled into him like it was a job over the last week to make things look natural. "What can I say grandma, I'm just your typical girl. I love kittens, high heels, makeup, cute dresses and of course boys." The story of the type of girl Genna was had already been planned out by his mother, he was a boy. So to pretend to be a girl he was going to be the most girly girl possible and it made him sick. "School, school was really hard, grandma. I almost didn't pass. Did you know not only do you have to pass classes, but they make you take a really big test you have to pass too?"

That was the other thing that his mom told him, how people in life ask less questions to those they think are dim witted. She had this new hire at her office that was more interested in looking good for men than trying to rub two brain cells together. She could barely be trusted to do file work, but no one asked her to do anything harder because they knew it wouldn't happen. That was what his mom wanted his grandma Brandi to think when she thought of her granddaughter. Too stupid to ask any complicated questions. "I did get my diploma but mom said she was super worried for a while. Even

the math tutor she got me said he was happy to take the money, but he didn't like wasting his time. He was so mean."

"The good lord makes some men mean, you just make sure when you marry you know your man's temperament when he is sober and drunk."

"I'm not getting married anytime soon grandma. I want to go off to college first!"

"With how you did in school are you sure college is right for you honey?" That was the double edge of the stupid bimbo mentality. He was hoping she didn't pick up on it. The old bat was supposed to be in mental decline, but other than thinking she had a granddaughter she seemed sharp as ever. "I would love to go to college! Go off on my own, learn to be independent. Mom said you went off on your own states away from your parents, just like mom did. Besides I can take courses on fashion, I'm, like, sooo good at picking out an outfit. Can you just imagine getting paid to pick out clothes for someone? Though I can't get excited, Mom said we might not be able to afford for me to go anywhere but community college. Gross and like I would have to take the bus because we can't afford to get me a car."

This was his real goal, to talk about something he knew she would want to support and work it so she gave the money so he could get a car and afford to get out of this town for school. His mom promised him it would happen with the money she gave, but if he pushed a little he hoped to get more out of her. She had the money and he wanted it.

"That is a lot to unpack sweetheart, I remember when I used to talk quickly like that with my girlfriends. You should have invited a few of your girlfriends, I would have loved to meet them."

"Oh no grandma, this party is just for you so we can get to know one another. Maybe next time!" Stop changing the topic, old lady and tell me what I want to hear!

"That would be nice. You can tell a lot about someone by who they choose to spend their time with. Something I imagine you will learn when you go off to college."

"If that ever happens." Greg said automatically, the response fit the situation perfectly, but he wouldn't have said it if he was thinking about what Genna would have said. She was supposed to be polite.

"Well, the first thing I want to do is give you this." Brandi pulled out an envelope from her purse, handing it over. On the way here she had her driver stop at a local spa. She got that for her granddaughter and a bottle of wine for her daughter in law Cynthia. She just detested showing up to someone's house without something to hand them. Listening to Genna turned her stomach with what she heard. It seemed like she wasn't the brightest

girl, but if she was struggling like that in school her mother should have noticed sooner and got better tutors or enrolled her in private school where she could get the attention she deserved.

The woman was supposedly the vice president of acquisitions for one of the world's largest companies, but if she didn't have the foresight to even save for college for her only child she was a disgrace to motherhood. She wasn't born to money, but married into it, but it was her who grew it on the stock market. Her Jackson told her all about how Cynthia worked a full time job while attending some Ivy league school, she had forgotten what one long ago and didn't care to ask. Then worked her way up from a secretary at MegaCorp to where she was now, it sounded all well in good, but the second her Jackson wasn't around it seemed like she pissed her money away. Cynthia had even complained how they were close to losing their house, she was a disaster.

Opening the envelope Greg pulled out the card reading it aloud. "Time has passed quicker than I would have liked. I have missed seeing my Jackson's little princess grow up to be a young woman. Please take this and know I missed you and love you." Inside the card was a certificate for New U spa, complete princess package. "Aww Grandma, you shouldn't have." I wish you didn't! Cash! Cash would have been a good gift! With that same plastered smile on his face Greg leaned forward in his chair to give the old woman a hug he really didn't mean.

"The second thing I wanted is to let you know that it doesn't matter what your mother said. I promise you that you will go to college, I will make sure of it." If her mother wasn't going to take care of her, then she would.

"Grandma, you don't need to do that. This card, with what you say in it would have been enough, but a spa package and you offering to pay for my college is just way too much!" Greg said while wondering how much he could resell this certificate for or if he could get a refund in cash.

"It is the least I can do for you Genna, as I was saying before. I have been absent too long in your life, and will make sure you get everything Jackson would have wanted. Your mother has left you wanting in life and I'm going to rectify that. I just wish I could have taken you in as my ward years ago, but that is my failing."

Greg didn't know what she was talking about with being a ward, but it sure sounded like she was also going to pay for a car, in addition to paying for college. She already didn't like his mom, so maybe if he played his cards right he could get the money directly from her and then get it from his mom. He had to pretend to be a stupid girl for the day, both of them deserved to be taken advantage of.

Scene 5

Coming up to the house Marcus was able to see a few balloons over the side of the tall wooden fence, indicating the party was going to be in the backyard. He had a hard time making up his mind if he should leave his friend alone with his scam. Or tell Greg's grandmother what was going on. It didn't matter if she was mean, no one deserved to be taken advantage of just because their mind was in decline.

The deciding factor of what to do came to him as he saw on his computer looking at the images he caught of his friend dressed up like a girl. The male friend that he had known since they were little looked so much like a pretty girl. Looking at the photos told him that if they had grown up together with Greg looking like this with those smooth stocking covered legs and perched on heels he would have done everything he could to have made that pretty girl his girlfriend. A grin came to his face, as he thought of exactly what he was going to do. Greg caused him to lose his girlfriend, he had always been making him the butt of his pranks and if he wanted to scam an old lady out of her money by pretending to be a girl, then there would be consequences.

Clicking the latch to the fence Marcus opened the door and stepped into his friend's backyard. Like the rest of the houses on the block they had a large property. This was sectioned off to have a patio, a small pool that had a gentle slope instead of stairs and a lush green area around it. Standing on the patio was an elderly looking Filipino woman, and what appeared to be a beautiful young woman.

Marcus was aware she was actually Greg in disguise, but if he hadn't known there was a good chance his friend could have fooled him into thinking he was some long lost sister or cousin. It didn't look like either had heard him coming into the backyard, so he moved quickly up to the patio. He saw Greg's grandmother, her name came to him, Brandi saw him first. When her eyes looked in his direction the feminized Greg started to turn his head. Marcus could make out the girl's eyes now that she was close. Eyeliner, eyeshadow, long mascara covered lashes making her eyes appear beautiful. Moving up behind Marcus wrapped both hands around his friend's waist, pressed in close kissing his cheek.

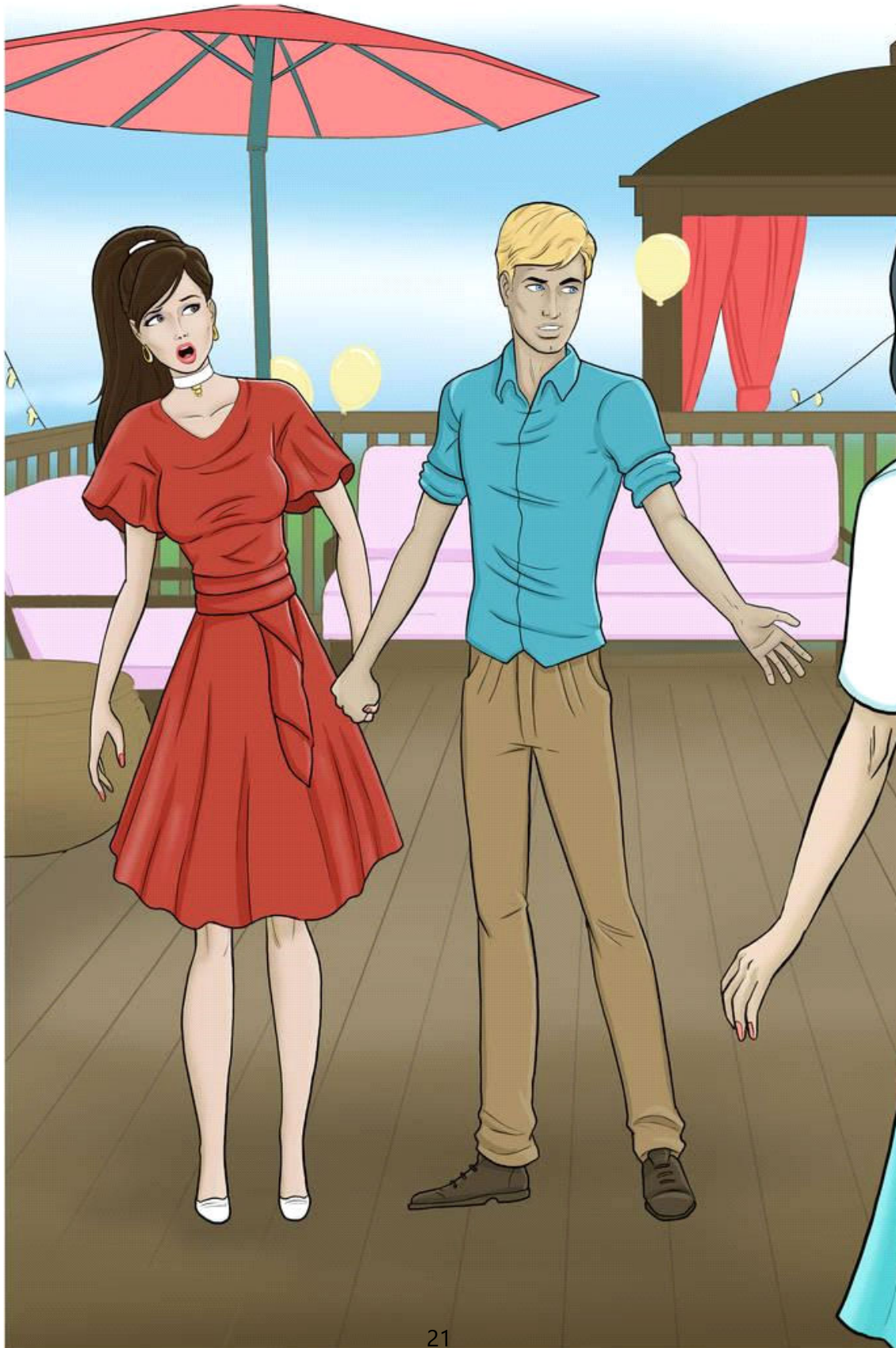
"Marcus!" Greg cried out, surprised but still able to maintain the girly voice he had to talk in all week. Not only was he shocked his friend was here, he was horrified he saw him looking like this. Then he felt the embrace from behind and the kiss on his cheek, it made him furious and confused. A blush came to his face from both embarrassment and his anger at what his friend just did, he was going to ruin everything.

"Genna dear, who is this?"

Greg heard his grandmother ask while his friend whispered in his ear. "Play along, keep smiling or else." Then he felt another kiss on his earlobe by his dangling earrings.

"Hey there, I'm Marcus." Greg was about three inches taller than Marcus in the tall heels, but the extra height did nothing for making him feel more secure. With what he just said and how he was dressed he felt more vulnerable than he ever had.

"I'm Genna's boyfriend. You must be her grandmother, Mrs. Abella" Marcus let go of his friend who seemed to be scared stiff with how he hadn't moved an inch. "I have heard a little bit about you, Genna has been downright giddy about you coming today. Is it okay if I give you a hug?" Genna, what a pretty name, Marcus thought.



Brandi was surprised, Genna hadn't mentioned a boyfriend or anyone joining them today. Though it was nice to see this boy had manners. "Of course you may, and please call me Brandi." After giving her granddaughter's boyfriend a hug she turned back to the girl. "I thought it was just going to be us today? Well us and your mother. You also failed to mention a boyfriend when talking about your friends."

"That is my fault, I apologize, Brandi. With how excited Genna was I really wanted to be here for her, but I wasn't able to trade shifts at my job to get off. So I told her I wasn't going to make it, but at the last minute my boss allowed me to work an earlier shift. Also to be fair we aren't just boyfriend and girlfriend, we are each other's best friend. "

"Oh really? Well I am glad you could make it, why don't we have a seat. I would love to hear how the two of you met." Brandi sat back down in her chair, taking the time to glance at the doors going into the house. Cynthia was supposed to be bringing out refreshments, but seemed to be taking her time.

"It isn't much of a story really." Marcus took his friend's hand who seemed to be stunned into silence. His hands seemed to be smoother, with the ring, long painted nails they looked so feminine. "The two of us have known each other since we were in second grade, got into a little mischief together, but as we got older it was more of me doing my best to keep your granddaughter from getting in trouble. She was one heck of a tomboy, always climbing trees and instead of boys picking on her it was more of the opposite. We were friends, best friends and that grew to love. It is a blessing to know your best friend loves you, right Genna?" Marcus gave his disguised friend's hand a small squeeze.

"Yeah, yeah it is just amazing to be in love." Greg was looking to his side, his long hair hiding his face from his grandmother as he stared daggers at Marcus. He was going to tear him a new one for this!

Maneuvering the tray the best she could, Cynthia worked the door handle with her elbow, pushing down and gently pressing her shoulder to the door so she could step out with her hands full. She was about to move over to the table and put down the tray that held three glasses, a pitcher of lemonade and oatmeal cookies she had baked that morning using her mother in laws recipe, but instead she stopped right after stepping out as she saw Gregory's friend Marcus sitting at the table, next to her son. She had told the boy to be gone or there would be consequences, but there he was holding hands, fingers intertwined with Genna. "Mom, my boyfriend Marcus was able to get an earlier shift at work so he could make it. Isn't that wonderful?"

"There you are Cynthia, I thought you may have gotten lost in the kitchen, unfamiliar places can get confusing sometimes I know." The woman had hardly ever made a meal for her Jackson, and that meant she was the same for Genna. A poor wife and mother indeed.

"Marcus, always a pleasure to see you. I thought we talked about this being a family affair." She didn't know what he was up to, but whatever it was he needed to be gone.

"Cynthia, don't be so rude! The boy simply wanted to be here for his girlfriend when she met her grandmother after so many years apart. They were just telling me how much they were in love and he has done his best to keep your daughter out of trouble."

"I will just be right back then, it seems like we need another glass. Marcus, do you think you could join me in the kitchen for a moment?" She stared down at the teen, daring him to defy her.

"It is one glass Cynthia, I think you can manage on your own, unless he knows where they are better than you." Marcus could clearly see Brandi did not like Greg's mom at all and the way his mom was looking at him wasn't so pleasant.

"I tell you what, why don't you have a seat. It is my fault for dropping by without calling first, I know where the glasses are. I will be back in a jiff." Marcus stood up giving a kiss to his fake girlfriend's cheek before rushing off inside. Brandi watched the strapping young man head off in a hurry so not to bother anyone, it made her smile.

"He is a nice young man, I approve of him Genna, not that you needed my approval to love him. Not hard on the eyes either, I have to make sure I get a few photos of the two of you before I leave today."

Scene 6

Leaning back in her chair Brandi had a constant smile on her face seeing her granddaughter so happy holding hands with her boyfriend. The two of them seemed good together, young love didn't always last, but theirs started with friendship for a foundation. She figured one of three things would happen with the two. College would separate them, Cynthia would get involved and bungle things like she tended to do or they would last. "I have truly enjoyed spending time with you Genna, but if you want to go off and do something with your boyfriend Marcus here, I would understand."

"Heavens no, Genna has been talking non-stop about spending time with you. The two of us have all the time in the world to be together. Heck, her mom once threatened to spray us down with the hose so that I would go home." Marcus said, leaving out the part that the two had been playing in the backyard and were covered in mud at the time.

Seeing the expression on his grandmother's face, Greg's eyes widened thinking how she must have taken the comment. "Marcus..." Greg said in a harsh whisper.

Brandi laughed a little at Genna's embarrassment. "It's okay dear, I am well aware of what happens between a young couple in love like the two of you. Just make sure you use protection, and you need to think of both of your futures." The last thing she wanted was for Genna to have to make a decision between college, a career and taking care of a baby.

"We are very careful ma'am."

"Marcus!" Greg said louder this time, earning another round of laughter from his grandmother. Marcus just leaned over and gave his friend a kiss on the cheek. He still couldn't believe how much of a babe Greg made. The way he looked dressed up he would have to be gay to not want to be with the lovely young woman he sat next to. His mind was at odds with itself, one part said he can't be attracted to Genna because it was Greg, a boy. The other kept telling him to look at her, that is a girl and a pretty one. It didn't matter what was between her legs, just kiss her!

"If I know Genna, and I like to think I do. I know after you leave here she will be looking forward to the next time you can come around. She used to talk about a country club or something her father was part of and how she always wanted to go there and rub elbows. Is that the right phrase, Genna?" Marcus paused, but instead of a reply he only found his friend staring at him in the eye. More than likely trying to figure out what he was doing and wanting him to stop. "That and she always wanted to go on a yacht cruise for a vacation."

"Genna, honey, I would love to take you to the yacht club, I could even introduce you to a few of your father's old friends. I bet they would just love to meet you. And Marcus, I believe I told you to call me Brandi."

"The two of you have fun, just try not to introduce her to any eligible bachelors, don't think I could keep up with them. Genna you would love that, wouldn't you, spending more time with your grandmother."

"Genna dear, a yacht and a cruise ship are different things, but I would love to take you out on my yacht. I don't think I have been out on it for a few years, I would need to have it restocked and ask someone to be a captain. That does sound like fun, and Marcus don't be silly. I would break Genna's heart if I tried to set her up with another boy. Though I reserve the right to change my mind if I don't think you can take care of her. What do you plan to major in for college?" Brandi looked briefly away from Marcus to her granddaughter, wondering more if it was less of a problem with education and more of the fact she was ditzy, but she would love her even if she didn't inherit Jackson's intelligence. It just meant she needed to make sure she was taken care of. Thinking a yacht and a cruise ship were the same thing, poor girl.

"Well ma'am, I mean Brandi. I plan to be a computer programmer. I took a basic computer certificate course called the A plus, for just a foot in the door to understand things before I go to work on a computer science degree. My father said I need to learn some of the older languages because a lot of big companies built everything on top of them and hardly anyone knows them anymore. That and I need to know some of the new ones so I can stay competitive in the field."

"Smart man, and it sounds like you have a good head on your shoulders." She didn't know exactly what he was talking about, but she knew there was money to be made in that field.

"I know what a cruise ship is." Greg said when there was a break in the conversation. His mother drilled into him how Brandi hated being interrupted. He needed to try and get control of this situation before Marcus ruined things more.

"She has been wanting to go on a cruise for a while, and I promised to take us on one, but I don't make much so saving for it is a little slow. She of course knows what a cruise ship is, I am terribly sorry my love. I didn't mean to make anyone think that." Brandi still had her doubts, a good man was always there to cover and she was pretty sure that was exactly what he was doing.

"I have not been on a cruise in ages, have you ever been on a cruise Genna?" She was already sure she knew the answer. Cynthia was a workaholic and she doubted the woman used any of her vacation time for anything more fun than getting a root canal. Taking her granddaughter out on a cruise, getting away from her horrible mother, would do the girl some good.

"Umm no, can't say I have." Greg looked over at his friend, feeling the squeeze of his hand as he smiled. This is what Marcus was after, he was trying to butter the old hag up so she would pay for them to go off on a cruise together. The two of them out on their own, in international waters with money to spend and plenty of babes. "I have always wanted to go on one though, but I'm not allowed to have a job. We will be soooo happy when we finally save for our first cruise won't we honey?" Greg said now finally understanding his friend's angle. The old bat had more than enough money if that was all he wanted.

"Marcus you keep saving, but I'm betting the two of you will get to go on your first cruise much sooner than you think."

"Grandma, are you saying you're going to pay for me to go on a cruise!?" Greg felt himself getting really excited. His mom really was right, all he had to do was act like the perfect granddaughter and the woman's wallet would open right up.

"I didn't SAY that." She gave a playful wink to Genna and Marcus. "But if I were to do something like that I would imagine you wouldn't want to go alone." Greg looked back to his partner in crime, biting his bottom lip, tasting his lipstick.

"Of course not, I would get lonely by myself." Greg imagined him and Marcus swimming out in the shallows while fish swam around them in the clear ocean with blonde girls with large chests hanging off their arms.

"Making plans for the future always makes me happy, and it warms my heart knowing I get to do it with you Genna." She didn't want to be a third wheel on the cruise, but she would book a few excursions they could go do off on their own. She never had gone on that Alaskan cruise, and doing it with her granddaughter while she still had the energy sounded wonderful.

"Me too Grandma, making plans with you has made me like sooo happy." Greg wasn't sure where the bubbly talk came from, but that is what came to mind when he thought of a girl talking when she was excited.

"It is getting close to when I have to go honey. How about I get a photo of the two of you, maybe over there on that swing before I go?"

Greg looked over his shoulder at the old rope swing that hung from a tall tree in his backyard. It had a long worn board for a seat. "Yeah, that would be fun!" He wasn't excited about pictures being taken, but he was excited about her leaving so he could get out of all the girly clothes.

Sliding his hands on the rear of his dress so it didn't slide up as he sat on the swing, Greg shifted a little to be at the center of the board and was careful to keep his legs together. Marcus walked behind his disguised friend, putting his hands on the both ropes while he leaned in close. "Remember to smile Genna, want to keep Brandi thinking we are in love." He whispered. Tilting his head back and to the side to look at his friend he was going to tell him how they were going to have a long and hard talk after this, but was not prepared for Marcus, the person he had known since second grade to kiss him.

The kiss felt wonderful to Marcus, feeling Genna's soft lips, tasting her lipstick and smelling her perfume. Giving in to kiss her his mind had finished the battle over the attraction he felt. It didn't matter who this was before, because right now it was Genna, a beautiful girl he was kissing.

Quickly as he could Greg pulled his face away, staring daggers at him. "That was so cute and romantic. Genna kiss him again like that for a photo." Brandi said, holding up her phone and deleting the blurred pictures she just took. "And try to hold the pose, my

hands aren't as steady as they once were."



“Grandma, you don’t want a pic like that. Don’t you just want one of me alone or maybe the two of us?” Greg was doing everything he could to keep his composure while he wondered why Marcus would do something like that.

“Genna, Marcus can take some photos of the two of us after, but I do not need you telling me what I want. Do you understand me young lady?” She had to be stern with the girl, it was clear she got too much of her mother in her if she thought she knew what others wanted. She was going to get plenty of pictures of Genna smiling, but seeing her in love. Genna herself would love to have those photos a few years from now.

“Don’t try anything funny.” Greg whispered to Marcus as he tilted his head back again to receive a kiss he didn’t want for a photo that would leave proof it happened.

“Nothing funny about the two of us in love and showing it to the world Genna.” Marcus said, teasing his friend as he leaned in to kiss his feminized man, and this time holding it. He couldn’t help himself, he couldn’t leave his lips still as he pressed his to this beautiful girl’s lips. Greg had ruined his relationship with Holly, he was trying to scam money out of this nice old lady... his own grandmother. He didn’t have a full plan when he came into the backyard, but now kissing Genna. He knew exactly what he wanted as payback for all these years being the butt of Greg’s pranks.

Scene 7

“Have a wonderful day Brandi, it was a pleasure to see you again! Cynthia waved her hand a few more times in the air as she watched the driver help her mother in law into the back seat of her car. Closing the door she flipped the lock and turned to look at her disguised son behind her and his friend.

Soon as the door closed Greg pulled his hand away from Marcus, before moving to sit on the couch. The smile slipped from his face, and just for a second he mentally debated what was more sore his face from constantly having to smile all week because that is what a pretty girl does (or so his mother kept saying) or his feet from having to wear heels. Slipping his feet from the incredibly high shoes he began to rub them, feeling instant relief from the tension from wearing the shoes he would have found sexy if they weren’t on himself.

“Now that she is gone we can drop the act and you...” Cynthia pointed at Marcus who still had the smug smile on his face that he had worn all day. “You young man are going to tell me what you think you were doing here. I told you if you interfered there would be hell to pay.”

“Relax Mom, I asked him before if he wanted to help out, but he was being a stick in the

mud. Though Marky went a little too far with the act... and you could have told me what you were going to do man. That could have gone bad if I didn't play along. And that line, play along or else. Of course I was going to play along, you didn't leave me much of a choice man."

Looking over at her son who was sitting with his legs crossed like she had taught him as he rubbed one of his feet. "I told you not to call me Marky." Marcus glowered at his way too pretty friend.

Greg smirked, batting his mascara covered eyes. "Aww is that anyway to talk to your girlfriend." He said before starting to laugh hard enough that he felt the need to hold his sides. Having to wear makeup, dresses, a really uncomfortable corset and heels was horrible, but at least he still could have a good laugh at his friend. Though the corset did make laughing more difficult. The way his mom was standing told him she wasn't nearly as amused.

"Marcus, tell me exactly what you are doing here and what you are trying to get. If you ruin this for us so help me I will use what power I have to ruin your life. You were warned before and if you don't think I can do anything to you just imagine if I made a few phone calls and suddenly not one, but both of your parents lost their jobs." She wasn't sure she could get either of them fired, but Mega Corp had a lot of reach and she had made a lot of contacts over the years. This little welp had the potential to ruin everything. She needed the money to get herself out of the hole she was in financially.

Everyone around her level at Mega Corp had a financial background check run every year, to make sure no one with real influence was open to bribery and blackmail. No one had ever been fired, but she had seen more than a few people voluntarily leave the company when the house market crashed years ago, and she wasn't going to be one of them. She wasn't going to lose everything she had built because of one mistake, when it could all be rectified by taking advantage of a bitter old woman that had blamed her for her husband's death. Jackson would never approve of what she was doing now, dressing their son like a young woman or using his mother's failing mental state to their advantage, but if he had taken better care of himself, then he would still be here and none of this would be happening.

"Mom, listen. I already told you he is just trying to help... Well that and he scored us a vacation on a cruise line. How cool is that?! The two of us off on the ocean with babes in bikinis all around us. Man I wish I thought of that first, but wow, yeah. That is going to be so awesome!"

Glancing over to his friend, he could still only see Genna. She uncrossed her legs and then recrossed them the other way to rub her other foot, while she looked over at her mom with the biggest smile on her face. He knew it was Greg and not Genna, but it was

hard to reconcile what he knew with what he saw and heard. He had a hard time thinking of that person as Greg, he wasn't attracted to Greg. Greg was the person that deserved to be taken down a peg or two and so did his mother, but he had never stopped to consider what she could do to his parents. At most he thought how she could get him for trespassing before, but with the grandmother around and the story there was no way that could have happened. He was feeling suddenly unsure this was going to work. Would she call his bluff when he threatened to expose her? If she did, was he really willing to call the police on his friend and her. Greg had been a poor friend, but he still enjoyed hanging out with him.

If he did this his friend would go to jail, or at least they would go to court. That would stop them from getting anything from Brandi, but it would be him ruining two peoples lives. "Genna, he is capable of answering for himself." Cynthia said, ignoring her son as she bore her eyes into the blonde haired young man in front of her.

"Are you going to answer me or should I just start making some phone calls?" She said, snapping her fingers to get the boy's attention. His smug grin had faded when she made her threat and knew now was the time to push. "Tell you what, if you apologize for sticking your nose in family business and then run along home. Promise to not mention this ever again, we can call it even. No lasting harm done, and it sounds like you will even get a cruise out of this. How does that sound?" A little stick with the apology, and little carrot with the cruise, the boy was going to fall over himself to keep things from spilling over to his parents, she thought.

Marcus blinked at Greg's mom a few times, annoyed at her snapping at him like he was an animal. She was acting like she had all the cards, sure she could get his parents fired, but would that even hold up if she was going to court or jail for fraud? She wanted him to apologize when it was them that was trying to steal. Marcus shook his head slowly, a grimace forming on his face as he looked at Cynthia. "No." He said in a firmer voice than he really felt.

"I am being more than fair with you young man." Cynthia said, taking a step closer to Marcus and poking her long nailed index finger into his chest. He was still about an inch taller than her, even in her three inch heels, but she had torn down much bigger men than him back in her office.

"I said no... I'm not going to do that. In fact not only will I not be apologizing. The two of you are going to do what I say or else I will give Grandma Brandi a call about how she actually has a grandson, not a granddaughter."

"Hey Marky, that isn't cool man. My Mom wasn't really going to do anything to your parents. Right Mom?" It had been a long time since his mom was hard on him and controlling, this last week she made up for all the years of letting him do what he wanted

with the walking lessons, talking lessons, how to move his hands, to always smile and so much more, but everyone was going to get what they wanted. She just needed to chill out.

“She sounded serious to me, Genna.” Marcus didn’t look away from the older woman as he talked to his friend. Cynthia staring the young man in the eye, knowing prolonged eye contact made people feel uncomfortable.

“Brandi knows she has a granddaughter, the two of them spent the morning talking in her room and then she saw the two of you acting like a couple this afternoon. Somehow I doubt she is going to believe you, especially if I let her know the two of you had a bad breakup.” Cynthia smiled wickedly at the boy, knowing she had him where she wanted him.

Moving his tongue around in his mouth Marcus felt like he needed a drink with how dry his mouth was. He wasn’t good at this, if he was good at standing up for himself Greg wouldn’t have been able to push him around for so many years. “What about the police? Fraud is a crime last time I checked.”

It was Cynthia that broke eye contact first as she stepped back, feeling like the word police was a physical slap to the face. “You wouldn’t dare.”

Marcus still wasn’t sure if he really had it in him to make that call, but he needed her to believe that he did. Instead of saying anything he just raised his eyebrow as he looked at her, not trusting his voice.

“The cops? Marky you are supposed to be the sane one, stop talking nonsense. Mom, you are only provoking him. Can we all just please stop all of this?” Greg stopped rubbing his sore feet, slipping them back into his heels to stand up. Greg has been told more than once over the course of the week to not walk in the house barefoot, and didn’t even consider that he put the heels back on to just step a few feet. He was about to walk between them, but stopped when he saw the glare his mom gave him.

“Genna sit back down and stop talking.” Cynthia said in a harsh voice, suddenly very worried. “Marcus, what do you want or should I say how much?” She didn’t want to dance around the matter, just cut right to the heart of it. If this was about morals he wouldn’t have inserted himself into the party today and that left only money. He wanted a piece of the pie, but wanted to do it while acting like he was morally superior.

“I wanted to date Holly.”

“Who is Holly?” She asked, giving a glare to her son to stop him from talking. Over this last week she had washed his mouth out with soap a dozen times, used her hairbrush

on his rear almost as many and used the threat of both many more times. She had gotten into the habit of calling him Genna, something easy to do when he looked the way he did. She didn't get enjoyment out of punishing him, but it was nice to have a well behaved child again.

"Holly, was my girlfriend until Greg played a prank that caused her to break up with me. Holly was the type of girl that enjoyed going down on her boyfriend, and Greg couldn't help himself or because he was jealous of the time I was spending with her... Well, I lost Holly because of Greg, so Genna can take her place as my girlfriend."

Greg's eyes widened in surprise and horror at what he had just heard. "The fuck?"

"You are doing this because you want a blow job?" Cynthia threw her head back and laughed, some of the anger leaving her. He was just a horny teenager, sick that he would want her son to do that. Genna was definitely pretty enough to garner attention, but Marcus had to have been hard up to think of his friend that way with how long they had known each other. Though it would make sense if Marcus was in the closet about being gay.

"No, I just want a girlfriend." Marcus felt his member twitch a little in his boxers thinking about Genna on her knees in front of him like Holly once had. Genna was beautiful and spending time with her would be a lot better than with Greg and it would have the added bonus of taking his old friend down a pep.

"Here let me show you something." Cynthia moved over to her purse, fully ignoring the young man's rebuttal and pulled out her work phone and moving to some photos she had saved. "See her?"

On the phone was a top heavy redheaded woman in a long black pencil skirt, tiny red belt, a tight white blouse that looked like if she moved the wrong way was going to bust a button. She was fixing the tie of an older large man, while she had one of her feet that were perched in six inch patent red heels popped back. She was a sexy woman, the image looked like she was about to kiss the man with her glossy red lips before going down on him. It looked like an image from some porno he hadn't seen. "That is my Jodie Applegate, my new secretary. I could easily find a reason for her to come over. She is the type of bimbo that would probably start sucking your dick before you introduce yourself to her if you had your dick out already. How about I give her a ring and the two of you can get acquainted and I would imagine it wouldn't be hard to convince her to come around from time to time."

Shifting in his seat to look at the phone Greg saw the sexy woman his mom was talking about. He had heard her talking to people about the bimbo she hired to distract clients, but this was the first time he had seen a picture of her. "Can.. can I get to know her too?"

He asked, forgetting completely about what his friend had just said as he thought about that sexy creature crawling between his legs, his imagination going wild at the idea of her lips around his manhood. He immediately felt his dick start to come to life, but had nowhere to go tucked between his legs, secured in the soft panties.



Marcus couldn't help, but lick his lips looking at the woman as he thought about the offer. He wanted to say yes, but doing so would put her in the position of power again. Greg and her would continue to think they could just get away with whatever they wanted. The offer was more than tempting, but he had to refuse. "That girl, Jodie. She is hot, like wow."

"I will give her a call for you then, the impression I get from her is she could suck a golf ball through a garden hose." Men are always thinking with their dicks, she thought with a smile.

"No, I will be dating Genna, I don't want you to call your secretary. Or... you could call this whole scam of yours off." Marcus tightened one of his hands into a fist as he tried to keep himself focused on the goal, even while his stomach felt like it was moving around like a tiny boat in rough seas. If he was thinking with his groin instead of his head he would have jumped at the chance to spend time with that twenty something sexy woman.

"Oh no I'm not!" Greg cried out, baffled by what he had just heard. Wondering what the fuck his friend was playing at. Was he actually trying to get more money and play a prank on him at the same time?

"Genna we are talking about you, not to you. If you can't keep your mouth shut you will get a bar of soap in your mouth and be sent to your room."

"But that isn't even..." His voice trailed off as the vivid memory of burping up a soap bubble as he laid in bed the other night came to mind.

"Look, don't be ridiculous. You can't throw around threats and then demand my son give you a blow job. If this is because you are gay and think this would be okay because he is wearing a dress, then I have news for you."

"Cynthia, can I call you Cynthia?" She had offered to buy him off, with an offer he really wasn't sure he should have turned down, but her doing that told him she did believe he would go through with calling the police. "I can demand whatever I want, but I didn't say anything about Genna blowing me. You are a very attractive woman and keeping talking about blow jobs. If I told you to get on your knees and blow me right here while Genna watched, then you would have to do it. If I said I was going to sit on the couch while you and Genna worshiped my cock, then that is what you would do, but that isn't what I'm saying. Genna and I are going to be dating, that is what I'm saying. Or... again you can stop everything."

Marcus wasn't sure where any of this was coming from, but pushed on. "Your daughter,

Genna is going to be my loving and adoring girlfriend so long as you are going ahead with your little scheme.”

Greg’s jaw just hung open as he sat and listened to his friend. He had never heard Marcus act so in command before. Sure he put up some resistance when he pushed him to do things, but he never acted like this and considering what he wanted it made him feel very nervous.

Clenching her jaw Cynthia looked at the young man over again, she had misjudged him in the worst way. She had judged him in a way that made herself and her son vulnerable. Greg had been put through a lot with how she was manipulating him, but she was easily able to justify it as they were both getting things they wanted out of the deal. Taking a few deep breaths Cynthia walked over to her kitchen table to put down her phone and give her a second to think.

This was bad, but mostly for her son. Brandi was fully on board with them being a couple and if Marcus got what he wanted, she would still get what she was after. Having her son act like a prostitute wasn’t ideal, but with the money she could afford to send him to therapy. “What if I offered myself, and I don’t just mean giving you a blow job.” She was older and had lost a few steps, but she still had enough curves that she saw men paying her attention. Heck if he slept with her instead maybe she would find his youthful vigor exciting in the bedroom. It would be a win, win situation that way and save her boy.

“If you want to be involved you can teach Genna how to be good in bed. Think of it as a mother daughter bonding experience.” The woman had nothing but sex on the mind, and considering how embarrassed he was when his parents wanted to talk about the bird and the bees, he could only imagine the humiliation Greg would go through if she told him how to please a man.

“Okay.” Cynthia said in a flat voice, not enjoying being rejected so out of hand. “Thanks to your meddlings, Greg will have to stay as Genna till after going to the yacht club. After that Genna won’t need to be around anymore. So the act will be over so will whatever this is that you want to get your rocks off.”

“If she is good enough by then.” Marcus moved his stance so he could see both Cynthia and Genna at the same time. Genna looked confused and worried, her eyes wide somehow made her look even more attractive to him.

“What do you mean good enough? What, you want Genna to be better than your floozy ex-girlfriend at giving head?” Cynthia said, narrowing her eyes.

“You know what... sure.” Marcus said giving up on telling her he wasn’t trying to have sex with her fake daughter. “Here is how this is going to work. Genna is going to act like

a love crazed girlfriend, always trying to touch me. When we are apart she will be texting me, sending me selfies, making sure I know how much she loves me. All of that can end soon as she is just as good, or better than Holly at giving blow jobs. I mean using just her mouth to get me off in less than five minutes. As soon as she can do that... she is free to live her life. I would imagine with some help from you she could be good enough to end this before the cruise Brandi is going to send us on. Otherwise Genna and I will be spending a lot of time in our cabin together."

She was only really hearing what she wanted to hear, and making Greg panic about what he thought was going to happen could very well just be icing on the cake.

"No, stop it. I have heard enough! Mom why are you even entertaining this shit!? Marcus if you think this joke is funny, then you are way wrong man. Just tell us how much you want, my grandmother is loaded. Just say a number." Greg said, waving his arms in the air like he was trying to chop the idea itself of this conversation away.

"Money isn't what I am after. Either I'm getting a girlfriend again, or you can call the scam off." It seemed like good leverage to get them to stop what they were doing to the nice old lady, but if they didn't then at least Greg wouldn't be getting away free like when he got picked up by the police for his prank.

"I told you what would happen if you didn't stay quite Genna." Cynthia crossed her arms. It didn't matter so much now, the negotiations were wrapping up. Not that she had won any ground, something that was going to bother her much more as time went on she was sure.

"Soap in my mouth would be a thousand times better than what he wants me to do. You are sick and mental if you think I am going to be telling you I love you and sending you selfies, let alone going down on you." It felt like his head was spinning, Greg couldn't fathom Marcus's angle here.

"Would you mind if I talked in private for a moment?" She needed to somehow convince her son, who she had dressed up like a girl, that it was in both of their best interests for him to date and give multiple blow jobs to his best friend, and if she didn't not only would they not be getting the money, but they could both end up in jail.

"Sure go ahead, I will just go get myself a drink in the kitchen." Soon as he was out of sight of the two Marcus let out a long breath and drooped his shoulders. He felt worn out from that conversation and couldn't believe how it went. Taking his time to fill up a glass of water from the fridge he drank it down in a few gulps before walking back into the living room. Seeing Cynthia sitting on the couch with a scowl as she spoke to Genna in a soft enough voice that he couldn't hear. Though considering the disgusted face on the young "girl's" face, it was clear how it was going.

“So do you have an answer for me?” Marcus didn’t dare smile, he thought he was going to get his way, but what he was demanding really was weird. So if they came back with a no, he would try and settle for that redheaded girl blowing him. At least if she really wanted to, he wasn’t going to make some girl that was innocent go down on him if she didn’t want to. He didn’t really think he could call the police, and if they weren’t going to stop what they were doing, then he needed Cynthia to think he was bought off or she might make good on her threat about his parents.

“I ahh, I will be your girlfriend.” Greg said feeling defeated. His life suddenly felt like it was completely out of his control. His mom had explained to him if they didn’t go along with what Marcus wanted that they both could end up in prison and that if anyone even heard a rumor that he dressed up like a girl to commit fraud, then he could end up servicing much more than one person and for a lot longer of a time.

Scene 8

Looking into the mirror Greg slid the tube of lipstick across his lips before pressing them together. Capping the lipstick he inspected his work, if anything looked overdone, underdone or the seemingly hundred other things he could do wrong when putting on makeup, then his mother would make him start from scratch. Seeing a few strands of hair out of place Greg took the thick brush and started to run in through his silky hair. The entire time just gazing at himself, still unable to believe how much his life changed over this past week.

After Marcus had left his mother went through with her promise to wash his mouth out for speaking when she told him not to. It didn’t matter that he tried to stand his ground, she pulled him by his ear to the bathroom for the punishment. When he tried to physically resist, she simply had to ask him if he wanted the brush. That was all it took for the fight to leave him. He wasn’t even sure when he had become this pathetic.

Once a master of his own destiny, doing whatever he wanted and now he willingly let his mouth wash his mouth with soap with just the threat of a spanking. To get money from his crazy grandma he had been dressing up as a girl, living in a room that no longer felt like his own and answering to the name Genna. His best friend was now blackmailing him to be his girlfriend and worse he wanted blow jobs. He wanted to rant, to break things and he really wanted the taste of soap to be out of his mouth. Greg remembered his mom coming into his room and sitting on the bed next to him after he had sat brooding.

“I know things seem bad now, but give it a little time and things will be better than they were before. Just imagine you going off to college on your own, driving that car you have been asking me for.”

"Nineteen seventy Chevelle SS..." The thought of the car didn't even seem enough anymore.

"Yeah one of those, how much does something like that go for?" Cynthia scooted closer, putting her arm around her feminized son's shoulder.

"I dunno, maybe eighty grand, not like it matters anymore. My life is over..."

Hearing the cost made Cynthia wince, unless her mother in law gave them massive windfall getting a vehicle like that wasn't going to happen, but she couldn't tell her son that. Not if she wanted him to play along. She didn't like the idea of her son acting gay, but it was needed for everything to work out. "Aww baby, your life isn't over. Just think of all the girls you can show your new car off too." She said now running her fingers through his long hair.

"I know you don't want to do this, but we do not have much of a choice. I always knew your friend was bad news, if only I took a firmer hand with you years ago none of this would have ever happened." She let out a sigh, knowing this next part needed to be done.

"You won't want to hear this, but we have to face reality. Marcus made very specific guidelines for how long you will have to keep this up and I'm betting you will want to give Marcus as few blow jobs as possible."

"None, I don't want to give him anything. I want to go back to wearing sneakers and not having to brush my hair a hundred times a day." Greg crossed his arms and pulled in on himself.

"Genna, you know that isn't an option. You have three options, do nothing at all and the police will be coming for both of us. You can do as your boyfriend says, but not practice and see how long he keeps this up. Option three is you practice so that you have to do what he wants for the least amount of time possible. So your decision mostly comes down to going to jail and being treated like like a sissy, while being passed around. Giving Marcus a lot of bad blow jobs till you learn what he likes or learning to do it well so that you can give the least number of blow jobs."

"Option three..."

Saying that to her caused a few things to happen, she had ordered not one, but two dildos. One with a suction cup at the end that she put in the bathroom and the other to keep in his nightstand. Most teenagers feel uncomfortable having the talk about sex with their parents, Greg was happy he never had to sit through that, but now he had something worse. His mom was teaching him how to give a blow job. She gave advice,

demonstrations and supervised him, making sure to sit down at least once a day to practice taking the penis shaped object into his mouth. Each time he wanted to die, doing it was bad enough, but his own mother acted like this was no big deal. Saying every girl gives a blow job or two and he just needed to get in the right frame of mind. She would even text him when at work asking for a photo as proof that he was doing what she asked. He thought how no man should be standing in the shower his lips around a fake dick, but he had to admit it was paying off.



When he started he gagged almost right away, now he could take most of them in his mouth. Something he was not proud of, though his mom seemed to be. She had asked him how big Marcus was and when he didn't know she said how he needed to find out, just in case they needed to get him, well she said her, larger dildos. The week full of that torture wasn't even complete. Everyday he spoke on the phone for at least a few minutes with Marcus. Never about how he wanted to punch him in throat, or how he kept thinking about biting down the second he actually put his dick anywhere near his face. No instead he told him about his days, how Grandma had kept coming around, despite not mentioning she would be stopping by. Something that made his mom even more paranoid and doubled down on how Genna needed to be perfect.

Greg loathed using the certificate his grandma gave him, they thinned out his eyebrows, plumped his lips, along with so many other things. It wasn't all bad, some of the pampering was nice, but considering how he was immersed in femininity, it was horrible. Greg let out a sigh, wishing that trip and others hadn't happened, but hearing the ringtone for Marcus on his now white and pink phone he reached over to answer it.

"Afternoon baby, I hope you are having a good day. I'm on my lunch break and was thinking about you. Loved the selfie you sent me of you laying in bed this morning." Greg's smile slipped a little, his mom had been insistent he always smile and always meant always to her.

"Aww, I'm super glad you liked it. I woke up thinking of my handsome man." He felt like gagging, but the last time he broke character over the phone Marcus had texted his mom about tightening his corset and she had not only complied, but put him on something close to a vitamin, water and celery diet.

"I can't talk long, but I wanted to tell you how much I'm looking forward to our date later tonight. We are going to have a lot of fun, and then we get to go with your Grandma to the yacht club tomorrow. I'm so lucky to get to spend two days in a row with you."

Greg didn't feel lucky, it felt more like he was living a nightmare. "Umm Marcus, can we talk, I mean like talk, talk." When Marcus didn't answer right away Greg was afraid at what he might do. He was used to being the one commanding, but with how his mom was making him act... he felt so small.

"So long as it isn't about our deal, then sure, but make it quick I really don't have long."

Pursing his lips together Greg looked back towards the mirror to look at himself, specifically at his chest. "As you know, yesterday Grandma took me dress shopping."

"Yeah, you said you got a pretty new dress for our date that you couldn't wait for me to

see you in.” Greb bit his bottom lip for a second, he didn’t want anyone to see him in any dress.

“Well when I was changing Grandma noticed I had falsies in my bra...” Even saying my bra made him feel dirty. He had a drawer full of them in different types now and he hated every single one of them.

“Wait, did she figure out you're a boy!?” Marcus couldn’t see it, but Greg shook his head to the question.

“No, but it is kind of worse... she blamed my mom for not feeding me right, for not noticing my problem and getting me the help I needed. She acted really sad and I just kind of umm... played along that I was ashamed. Now she is talking about knowing a doctor that helped one of her friend’s granddaughter in the chest department and how she will make sure I have the self confidence I should. Marcus, I think she is talking about getting me breast implants! We have to end this!”

“What does your mom say?” Greg’s shoulders drooped.

“That the old bat can think what she wants, and that nothing is ending till we get paid, and not to worry about something that isn’t going to happen.” It had been a week already and the only money they had seen from her was in the form of gifts, like a makeup kit, dresses and a few pairs of shoes she just knew her granddaughter would like. His mom said she was working things out and he didn’t need to worry about it, but he was very much worrying about it.

“Well sounds like your scam isn’t going so well. If only someone warned you not to do it... You could just tell her who you really are, and if she doesn’t press charges for fraud you wont have to worry about anything. Anyhow I gotta get a bite to eat before I head back in. Again, looking forward to our date tonight. Love you Genna.”

“Love you too Marky.” Greg responded automatically.

When the phone call ended Greg placed his white and pink phone down at his vanity. He wished someone loved him. His mom had ignored him after his dad passed and now she was using him. Sure he was going to get something out of it, but it didn’t change what was happening. Marcus didn’t love him, they weren’t really boyfriend and girlfriend, not that he would want that either. Then there was grandma, who seemed to truly care for him, when he wasn’t afraid of being found out or hating what he was having to do it was nice, but it was all a lie. The last memory he really had of feeling loved was when his dad took him to a baseball game. That day he got his first taste of beer and his dad let him wear his lucky baseball cap. It was one of the few things his mom let him keep on the wall.

Standing up he walked over to it, pulling the hat from its peg and running his fingers across the stitching. Greg knew he still had plenty of time before he had to get ready for tonight, so he adjusted his hair into a ponytail and put on the hat so that it stuck out from the back. He wished his dad was still here now, if he was, life would be better. None of this would be happening, he would still be living as a boy, instead of a ditzzy bubbly girl.

Scene 9

Sitting at his vanity, Greg slowly pulled one curler at a time from his hair while his phone sat in front of him in speakerphone mode as he talked to his grandma. His mom had texted him earlier in the day saying how he needed to have his hair curled for his first real date. He really didn't want to remove his father's baseball cap, but he knew there would be hell to pay if his mom didn't see his hair all curled like she had taught him.

"Are you excited for your date tonight sweetheart?" Greg rolled his eyes, excited was not the word he would use. Terrified, nervous, angry, those were better words.

"Oh absolutely, but..." Holding one of the curlers in his hand Greg looked over at the black dress hanging on the back of his bedroom door. He had been allowed to get something more conservative, at least compared to what he would like to see a girl in on a date. The collar wouldn't show the breasts of any girl wearing it, not like he had any, the sleeves would stop just below his elbow and the skirt would come down almost to his knees. Still he was going to wear it, a little black dress that cost over two hundred dollars on a date with a boy, specifically his best friend. His grandma had gone all out to make sure her granddaughter looked her best. It made Greg shiver at how much money she had spent. Over two hundred dollars for a dress, seven hundred and fifty for some red leather stiletto five and a half inch pointed toe heels just because it had some name brand of Louboutin, almost a thousand dollars was spent, and that was before she bought jewelry. It was insane and no amount of him saying he didn't need it persuaded her to stop. She just kept saying how she had so much time to make up for.

"It sounds like you might be a little nervous. I know this is the first time your boyfriend has taken you someplace nice, but there is no reason to be nervous. You will look spectacular in the clothes we picked out, you just make sure to send plenty of photos of the two of you. If I didn't have a prior engagement I would be there to see you off." There was that word again, boyfriend. He hated hearing it in any context related to him. Greg hated having photos to document this humiliation, already he had sent at least two selfies to Marcus everyday this week and now the old bat wanted more proof of this twisted endeavor.

"You know me grandma, I never shy away from the camera!" Acting like the cheerful daughter and granddaughter was tiring, especially when his mother was so insistent he stay in character so they didn't mess up.

“Wonderful dear, I will let you get ready then. Have fun and I can’t wait to see you and Marcus tomorrow. Love you Genna.”

“Love you too Grandma.” Greg ended the call, then slowly closed his eyes, feeling the weight of the mascara on his lashes. If only this was a dream, a nightmare he could wake up from. The promise of money leading him to dress up like a girl, get blow job lessons from his mom and then to turn around and use what he knew on his best friend. Without opening his eyes Greg pinched the skin on his left hand, the small sharp pain didn’t make the world dissolve, it was all terribly real. Opening his eyes again Greg let out a drawn out sigh. He still had half his hair up in rollers, once those were out he would have to brush his hair out and then ramp up his makeup for a nighttime look. “Being a girl is exhausting.” He told himself while looking in the mirror, like the image of the pretty young woman was going to respond.

Before Marcus arrived Greg, as Genna was standing in the living room as his mother paced around him, checking him out like he was a piece of art about to go up for auction. Without asking or saying a word Cynthia pulled up her son’s dress making sure he was wearing the garter belt correctly.



"Hey! Don't do that!" Greg said pulling the black dress down as a blush came to his cheeks, he had been dressing like this for little over a week now and there always seemed to be a time he felt humiliated enough to cause him to blush.

"Just making sure you are wearing the garter belt correctly Genna, the last thing you want is to have it on wrong, otherwise going to the bathroom would be a much larger hassle." Greg, no Genna looked gorgeous, her child was about to get more looks from girls than he ever had before, though that could be said about men, though in a different way. "You look beautiful dear, you did a wonderful job with your outfit, hair and your makeup. I love that you even painted your nails to match your shoes."

"I would hope I look good considering the old woman spent more money on what I'm wearing today than most people pay for rent." Moving his right hand up to his ear, Greg felt the wide gold cuff bracelet slide down his wrist as he touched the dangling gold earrings with diamonds and garnets.

"Look at the bright side honey, you can always give away the jewelry as gifts to a future girlfriend." Cynthia said with a smile as she took in the earrings dangling from her feminized son's ears. Thinking about how much those alone must have cost.

Greg looked down at his legs, dark thanks to the twenty denier dark stockings, his feet ending in a pair of five and half inch stiletto heeled red pointed toe shoes. He would say it was a miracle he could walk in them, but he had felt the pain from the hard work in order to learn the lessons his mother taught him. "Maybe my next girlfriend will have the same size shoe as me too." He said thinking about offloading as many of the girly shoes from his closet as he could.

"Hoping to share shoes with her?"

"Yeah... wait no. Umm no so I can give her my stupid ever growing heel collection." Cynthia didn't laugh out loud at her flustered child, but it was a near thing. She was going to tease Genna some more about sharing a closet when she heard a car pull up in the driveway.

"Here Genna take your purse, it has everything you will need. Now go run along to your room, I will call you when it is time to come out."

Greg took the offered little red clutch purse, but looked at his mother confused. "But he is right there, the sooner we leave the sooner this is over."

"If that little terror is going to treat you like his girlfriend, then he can learn some patience while his girlfriend gets ready like every other man. Now get to your room, quickly now

Genna.” Greg minced off to his room, opening his purse to see what she crammed into the small container. There was his red lipstick, lip gloss, a pair of twenty dollar bills, two tampons, three of the rainbow flavored condoms and a travel size container of mouthwash. “Just what every girl needs to be ready for her first date.”

Waiting in his room Greg started to grow impatient as one minute turned into five and no one had called him or knocked on his door. Standing around in the incredibly high shoes seemed like a bad idea, so he sat down, smoothing his skirt out and crossing his legs to wait longer. The five minutes turned to ten and then fifteen before he had enough waiting. Standing up in a huff he opened and was ready to see what was taking so long when he heard his mothers voice.

“I think I just heard her door open, I told you she would be out when she was ready. You can never rush a girl.” Greg scowled, but took a moment to center himself, he didn’t need his mother pulling him to the side and reminding him how a girl should always be smiling. He had been smiling so much that his cheeks didn’t even bother him anymore and it was becoming much more of a default expression for him, despite how he actually felt. Putting one high heeled foot in front of the other he came out into the living room. He expected his friend or ex-friend to be smirking at him, but instead found Marcus dressed in a black pair of slacks and jacket, with a red shirt and black tie and a look on his face like he had just watched a Hollywood starlet cross his path.

“Wow.. your... wow!” For just a split second Greg found himself appreciating the statement or lack of one. He had spent a long time getting his hair to have just the perfect wavy curls, getting the making to look just right. Even if he didn’t want to put in that kind of effort for a date he didn’t want to be on, it was nice to have his efforts so obviously noticed.

“Just wow?” Greg lightly touched his own cheek, feeling the warmth from a light blush that he really wished he could control.

“Umm yeah, I mean no. Genna you are breathtaking!” Marcus didn’t see any sign of his old friend, just a gorgeous girl. Stepping forward he wrapped one hand around her and went in for a kiss when she held her hand up, touching her fingertips to his lips.

“You are going to ruin my makeup, and Grandma would like some pictures of us.” Marcus didn’t let go of the girl, just looked at her for half a second smiling.

“Can’t disappoint Grandma Brandi.” He said with a wicked smile, knowing all of this revolved around Greg’s Grandmother.

The two stood posing and smiling as they had photos taken, Greg was the only one not happy about the results. Marcus was thrilled to have a girl so beautiful at his side,

regardless of how it happened. While Cynthia had to admit the two made a cute couple. She had gotten used to seeing Genna around and she was much easier to deal with than Greg. It was awkward for her to be showing her child how to use a dildo to please a man, but it was also a fantastic change of pace to have Genna help with the dishes or vacuuming the house while she was gone. Something she was never able to get Greg to do. Though even if she was enjoying having a daughter around she was not a fan of Marcus. "Well you two have fun tonight and I do love how you dressed to match."

Marcus smiled, giving a light kiss to his date's cheek. "She was excited about her heels when she got them and sent me a photo, so I dressed to match." He said knowing it was more of him telling Greg to send him updates on all the girly things his grandmother was buying him. He knew the shopping trip had to be torture, but he wanted her money. She was giving it to him, just not the way he would like he was sure.

"Did she now?" The idea Greg was showing off the shoes he was going to wear on the date surprised her. For a second it made her wonder if he was one of those boys that liked dressing in girls clothes, it would explain why he took to it so easily. But considering how much she had to cajole and force him to accept the situation they were trapped in she let the notion go. "Well the two of you have fun tonight and don't do anything I wouldn't do Genna." She gave her feminized son a playful wink knowing exactly what was going to happen. She needed Genna to play along so she could get a hold of Brandi's money. She would make it up to Greg later, but for now Genna needed to do her part.

Heading out the door the two walked over to the car in the driveway. Instead of Marcus's beat up old car there was a black BMW coupe. Greg stood there staring at the car as Marcus opened the passenger side door for him. "What happened to your car?"

"It's at home, Dad let me borrow his car for the night. I told him where we were going and might have shown him a photo or two of my pretty date." Greg's eyes went wide as he shook his head, causing his hair and earrings to sway.

"No... no... you didn't." Marcus leaned in, kissing Genna on the cheek once again.

"Relax, he only saw the same thing I see when I look at you. A beautiful young woman I am lucky to have as my girlfriend. Now climb on in." He punctuated his statement with giving Genna a light pat on the ass that had Greg feeling like he was about to pop out of his heels as he hopped slightly from surprise.

"Listen Marky... Marcus. Do we really have to do all this? The girlfriend boyfriend thing, how long have we known each other?"

Placing one hand on Genna's left hip and the other gently touching her cheek Marcus

moved much closer so that his face was only a few inches from hers. "Genna, I actually don't mind it when you call me Marky and as to how long we have known each other. I can honestly say I haven't known Genna Abella for nearly as long as I would like to. If you want though we can skip dinner and dancing and just head back inside. We could just spend time in the car right out here, or drive around." Marcus looked his date in the eye as he spoke softly to her, tempted to press his mouth to her shiny red lips and taste her.

"Ahh... dancing sounds nice!" Greg said freely after glancing down at his best friend's crotch. He wasn't sure if he saw his friend's dick move or get hard or anything like that, but his mind told him that it was. He was able to read between the lines of watching a movie or sitting in the car and wanted out of that much more than eating dinner somewhere nice and dancing. Marcus was often pliable, this confident thing was new. Greg thought that if he played the part of the love sick girl, he could push Marcus and control him like he used to. Give him a little of what he wants and then steer him down the path he wanted. He really hoped that worked otherwise he was going to be tasting one of the flavored condoms, this time wrapped around a real dick instead of one of the fakes his mother bought for him. Thinking about them made Greg extremely happy Marcus didn't use the bathroom in the hallway, otherwise he might have seen one of them stuck to the wall in the shower.

"So ahh, dinner and dancing." Greg said wanting to be free from the light embrace, but needing to play his part.

"You are so beautiful Genna." Marcus said, before giving in to his urges and kissing his new girlfriend. Sliding the tip of his tongue into her mouth, brushing it against her tongue as he tightened his grip on her.

Scene 10

Doing what he could to focus on the now instead of what was to come, Greg sat with his legs pressed together and his hands folded in his lap as he sat waiting for the car ride to be over. Sitting there he could feel the pull of the straps on his bra and stockings, both things constantly reminding him of how he looked. The cool air from the vehicle's air condition ran across his nylon covered legs. Without the stockings he might have been cold, but the feeling of the air blowing across his hairless legs was just another feeling he wished he never had to experience.

Shifting his gaze over to Marcus, Greg took his friend again. The clothes he was wearing didn't look wrinkled, in fact they looked like they had just gotten back from being dry cleaned and pressed. His hair was brushed back, and Greg was sure he smelled aftershave when they had been close. Marcus was torturing him, yet he looked happier than he had seen him in a while. "Marcus, is tonight going to be enough? I mean..." Greg looked away from the young man driving the car and down at his lap, looking at the

long glossy nails on his fingers, too afraid to mention what acts were to be performed.

Giving a sideways glance to the beautiful girl next to him, Marcus reached over and took her hand in his own, happy Genna didn't try to pull away. "My love, you look so gorgeous tonight that it makes me look forward to a thousand more dates at your side, but the truth is tonight might be our last date." While he was paying attention to the road he could see from the corner of his eye that Genna had looked up from her lap and back to him. "You are my loving girlfriend right?"

Greg felt the light squeeze to his hand that accompanied the question. He was to be playing the role of a love sick girlfriend, so only a positive answer would suffice. "Of course I do."

"Would you mind telling me, you can use your nickname for me. I like hearing it from you Genna." Being called Marky was a way that Greg poked at him, teasing him, but coming from the soft sultry voice of Genna he imagined if she moved her red lips near his ear and said just the nickname he would get goose bumps.

"You are being silly, you know I love you Marky." It is just words, it is just words, you are just saying what you have to in order to get by, Greg told himself.

"Then what you do, or more specifically how you do will determine if you continue to be by my side. Let's put a pin in this conversation, we are here." Marcus said, taking his hand back from his feminized friend as he pulled into the driveway and up to the valet parking. He had no real intention of making Genna give him a blowjob, but over the course of the week he couldn't get the idea of her doing it out of his mind.

The valet opened the car door for Greg and offered his hand to help him out of the vehicle. Being treated as the fairer sex felt odd, not odd like having his feet arched in the expensive high heels, odd in a good way. No opens doors or even really holds them for a guy, it was like others were inviting him in, instead of tolerating his presence. The cost for that treatment was too high, but he could at least acknowledge one of the benefits that came from looking the way he did.

As they walked inside Greg felt his friend's hand on the small of his back, guiding him like he wasn't capable of following the waiter on his own. He couldn't pull away, that isn't what Genna would do, so instead as they were shown the table he leaned his shoulder lightly into his companion before leaning up and giving him a peck on his cheek, leaving a red imprint of his lips behind. "Oh look what I did." Greg licked the pad of his thumb and wiped away the lipstick mark before taking his seat that the waiter was holding out for him.

Sitting down himself Marcus lightly touched his cheek where Genna had rubbed off her

lipstick. He watched her remove a compact from her purse to check her makeup and repair her lipstick. It was one of the most feminine acts he thought a girl could do and he enjoyed watching her do it. This entire evening so far she had been smiling, even as she tried to get out of the deal, she still smiled. His friend was always a good con man, but considering how effortless it looked for Greg to be Genna he wondered how much his friend was enjoying the role.

"Marcus, this place is really expensive! You work at a grocery store, you can't afford this place!" The menu showed that if he wanted wine pairing with your meal it would cost an extra fifty dollars, that wasn't including the price of the wine. It was just the cost for them to choose the wine to go with a meal. Greg had been to places like this numerous times, not recently with money being tight and definitely not on a date.

Reaching across the table Marcus put his hand atop his friends, running his thumb across her index finger. "Relax, I can afford this for tonight. I can't always take you out to places like this, but when I can I will. You deserve to be treated like a princess."

Skipping over the lovey dovey answer, Greg wanted to know how his friend that made around twelve dollars an hour could suddenly have the cash for a place like this. He always complained about how his parents wouldn't give him any money, how he had to pay for his own car and insurance and now suddenly could drop... Greg looked over the pricing on the menu again, drop two hundred dollars for them to eat here before tipping. "How though?"

"How? Well taking you to places like this, maybe taking you out to buy a dress. Massaging your feet after walking around in those sexy heels for me and doing my best for you to know how much I appreciate you being in my life."

"Aww, that is sweet of you to say Marky, but I meant how are you affording this. We can't exactly dine and dash, I can't run in these shoes." A foot massage would really feel wonderful, Greg added mentally.

"A few ways actually. I pulled money from my savings account, it was going to be for school books for the upcoming semester... Oh oh Genna I forgot to tell you. I signed up for classes at the community college for the upcoming year. I figure it will be cheaper this way and I can transfer to a bigger school after I earn my two year degree." Greg could see his friend light up talking about college, but they had talked about going out of state for years to get away from their parents' control.

"What happened to going out of state? Now wait, we are getting off topic." That was big news and he couldn't believe Marcus would take money out of his college fund for a date just because community college was cheaper. Marcus was supposed to be the responsible one.

"Yeah, well I actually took the money out for the down payment for our cruise. If you recall Brandi said she would pay for the cruise if I could come up with the down payment. Turns out she just wanted to see me come up with the money, she didn't actually want any of it. She told me to use the money to celebrate with you, because she was purchasing the tickets for an Alaskan Cruise. Tomorrow when we are with her we get to pick out the excursions we want to go on. Isn't that great news!?"

"The cruise? Alaska!?" They were supposed to be going to the islands, fun in the sun with girls, not some frigid place with bears and moose.

"Just imagine us cuddled up in a blanket together looking up at the stars and seeing the aurora borealis."

"Wait, you plan to go on the cruise as a couple?" Greg tried to mentally hit the brakes, this was a chance to cut loose and pick up girls, he couldn't expect all of this to be still going on when the cruise happened.

"Well the cruise is in two weeks, we will fly out to Seattle and then board from there. It will be romantic and I couldn't be happier sharing it with you Genna. Though there is a downside."

"Oh, just one one?" Greg gave a nervous laugh.

"Brandi will be coming along, though she isn't going to get a room next to ours, she wants us to have our privacy. We will see her for some meals and on some of the excursions, honestly spending time with your Grandma is a tiny price to pay for a free vacation." Having someone that looked and acted like Genna at his side for a cruise sounded fun, but when he pulled the money out of his account he was thinking it would be as friends again, till Brandi said she was coming along.

Greg blinked a few times, feeling the weight of his mascara covered lashes. It wouldn't matter if this girlfriend, boyfriend thing was over or not, if she was coming along he would still have to be Genna and there would be no hope of scoring with some hot chicks. "Well that is a lot of news for one day. I hope your week wasn't full of events like that. Not sure how much more good news I can take."

"Well there is a bit more, not sure if I should tell you or not. I think Brandi wanted to talk about some of it tomorrow." Marcus knew some of the other things Brandi was talking about wouldn't go over well with his friend, but she seemed to be more thinking out loud than saying that it was going to happen.

"Tell me." Greg said, looking Marcus in the eye, wanting to hear what other horrible

news he had to tell him before dinner.

"I may have accepted an offer she gave me, it was just too good to pass up. When I told her I was staying local because I was paying for college myself, she well... She went on about how nice it was to hear about a responsible young man." Marcus smiled, remembering the compliment. In reality his parents had put away a good amount of money for his college education, but if he didn't spend it all on school he could spend it however he wanted.

"You are responsible sweetheart, but what else?" Greg tried to sound sweet when he was actually feeling annoyed at how Marcus was dragging this out and how he seemed to be having conversations with his Grandma without him around.

"Oh yeah, yeah, umm hold on." Marcus said as the waiter came up to the table.

The waiter was a young man older than them, maybe mid twenties. "Could I get you started on something to drink this evening?"

"Sadly we are too young to have wine, but I'm going to have a coke tonight and Genna would like some ice water with lemon please." The smile didn't falter on Greg's face, it was mostly a constant after his mother followed through on her threats to rinse his mouth out with soap if he didn't keep smiling like a pretty young girl should. At first it literally pained his cheeks, but now it was just his default facial expression. So the smile stayed as he stared daggers at his friend, he wanted a coke or maybe a rootbeer, not ice water with lemon.

"I will get those right away." The waiter turned to leave when he halted as Marcus called him back. "Actually we are ready to order, though I would appreciate it if you could slow walk it to our table. We would like some more time to chat and to spend some time on the dance floor." Marcus said glancing over to the open ballroom area, the live orchestra was taking a break, but still music was played over the speakers.

"I am going to have the braised lamb, it looks so good and my lovely date is going to have the Saffron, potatoes and green bean salad." Greg did not want a salad, he had been practically starved all week. He was not a fan of being ordered for or the fact that Marcus ordered a salad that cost more than the lamb thanks to the saffron. It was not what he would have ordered, even if the idea of eating potatoes already had his mouth watering a little.

"Marky, that is way too expensive." Greg said after the waiter had left the table.

"Genna it is fine, I can afford it and besides you can make it up to me later if you like." He said with a wink knowing the if you like portion wouldn't apply. "In fact you can make

it up to me a little right now.”

To Marcus it looked like Genna’s large beautiful eyes grew several times. He could tell she was freaking out, her gaze went to the table, her fingers touching the white tablecloth that only went a few inches below the table’s rim. “I like how you think, but I meant it was time for us to have our first dance.”

Rising from the table Marcus stepped over to Genna and held out his hand, giving her something to brace herself against as she stood up in her heels. With them on she went from five foot eight to just over six foot one, making her about three inches taller than him. He wasn’t a ladies man by any means, but he had heard how girls don’t like wearing heels that will make them taller than their date. He was extremely happy Genna didn’t subscribe to that way of thinking, she looked incredible in her heels.

Still holding Genna’s hand he made his way out to the center of the dance floor, only one other couple, an elderly pair, was out swaying to the music. Moving one hand to Genna’s hip and keeping one in her hand Marcus started to dance. He didn’t really know what he was doing, but he did know he was enjoying the fact that Genna had to look away and blushed as he looked at her smiling. I wish he would stop looking at me like that, it freaks me out! Greg thought to himself as he averted his eyes. While Marcus thought more about how Greg was enjoying being Genna.

“So...” Greg said to break the silence as he swayed to the soft music, to try and make things feel less awkward. “Can you continue what you were saying?”

“I think you just enjoy listening to the sound of my voice as much as I enjoy listening to yours.” Marcus said flirting with his date. “Where did I leave off?”

That annoyance from before raised its ugly head again inside of Greg, he was sure Marcus was aware of where he left off. “You were saying how my Grandmother complimented you on being responsible.”



"Aww yes, Brandi was saying how nice it was that such a level headed young man was in the life of her granddaughter. " He gave a smirk and a little wink to Genna before he continued.

"She offered me two things, saying how it wasn't right for someone like me to not have the college experience of being out on my own and how it spoke well of me to be working hard even at a low end job, but it also reflected badly back on her that her granddaughter was dating someone that worked at a grocery store."

"Compliment with an insult, that sounds like something both her and my mother would say. Looks like it worked out great for you, can't get a girlfriend so you blackmail me." Greg said before glancing down at his feet to make sure he didn't step on Marcus's toes for the third time as they moved.

"I don't think it came from a place of malice, she is a nice woman." Marcus ignored the barb the best he could, though the mental disconnect of saying can't get a girlfriend, and ignoring the fact he wasn't dating Holly right now because of Genna's actions was tough to swallow down.

"You don't know her like I do. She will smile at you as she chops off your legs saying how it will benefit you to be shorter."

"Genna that isn't nice to say, Brandi has been nothing but sweet and caring towards you and I. In fact she offered to get me a paid internship where one of her friends owns a piece of a company. It isn't some cushy executive job or make it so I can afford a BMW, but it will be a lot better than where I am now, and... she also offered to let me stay in her pool house."

"Her pool house? You do know she isn't talking about some shed, her pool house is a two bedroom house that happens to be next to her pool. You can't accept that offer, what are you going to do when..."

"Hold on there Genna, I have already accepted the offer. She made it sound like a package deal and while she may also be doing this to keep you closer. If we break up and talk about how we left it on good terms or even if it was something you did. Then I doubt she would kick me out, I mean you are going to get what, Millions? Or even inherit her mansion when she is gone. The least you can do is let me have a nice place to stay and a decent job. Right?"

Greg hadn't really considered much of the inheritance portain of the scheme, just the money for college, money for the car he wanted. He was sure his mother thought of all that, but for the first time he could imagine walking into her massive cold home and

asking a butler to go get him a beer while he picked from a few sexy maids to spend his time with. He doubted she had any sexy maids working the property now, but he could change that when he got control of her fortune. "Yeah, yeah, oh you can keep your decent job and little pool house. The future is mine." Greg said with a genuine smile that showed his teeth that had been whitened at the salon.

"It will be ours, my love." Marcus said, correcting her and wanting to lay it on extra thick after that last barb.

"Oh, of course my love, it will be ours." Greg didn't let what he said ruin the moment. He swayed in Marcus's arms thinking about starting a car collection when the old lady passed on.

"Ours." Marcus said again, more softly this time more for himself as he thought of what he didn't tell Genna. How Brandi was thinking about having Genna and her mom move into her mansion so that its halls would be full of laughter and love again and in return she would solve her daughter in laws financial troubles. Marcus didn't know if that would really happen, but if it did then Genna would be around a lot longer than anyone thought.

Scene 11

Sitting in the car Greg felt his stomach tying itself in knots and somehow also doing summersaults. The saffron, potatoes and green bean salad had actually been delicious, not nearly as good as the braised lamb Marcus had. It felt so good to eat real meat with the crash diet he had been on, though it was embarrassing, annoying, aggravating... Greg's mind ran through a few adjectives as he thought of how Marcus gave him some of his food, but only if the jerk fed it to him. Greg felt full, blessedly full after a week of starving, but with how his stomach was acting he wasn't sure if he was going to throw up or not.

When they got back to his place Greg knew what he was going to have to do. He was going to have to give a blow job... and he was going to do it to someone he had known since second grade. He didn't have to, Marcus wasn't going to tie him up and force himself on him physically, but the threat of exposing what him and his mother had done and going to prison was its own type of bondage. He had to get his nerves under control so his stomach would settle down, the way it was now Greg was worried he could throw up on Marcus at the worst possible time.

"You are quiet, are you okay my love?" Marcus was nervous about what was to come, but he did his best to keep it out of his voice. Genna looked so incredibly hot, it was hard for him to not just make out with her when they were on the dance floor, holding each other so close. He was blackmailing his friend into posing, no not even posing he corrected himself. He was blackmailing his life long friend into dressing up as a girl and being his girlfriend, a girlfriend that thought she was going to be giving him a blowjob

very soon. If it wasn't for how natural Genna acted he would be positive Greg would hate all of this, but he caught little things like her smiling right after they kissed, or a small shudder going through her body as he caressed her leg. Sure Genna had to act the part of a loving girlfriend, but surely he wouldn't smile after a kiss if he didn't like it would he? And if Genna actually enjoyed kissing him, maybe she would actually like to do more, but just needed the push or the excuse that she had no choice.

"Just enjoying the memory of us dancing and letting my tummy digest, while I look forward to the rest of my night."

Marcus was thinking about how he would definitely let his friend off the hook if he asked again, and toying with the idea of stopping this on his own. He really wanted to see Genna down on her knees, looking up at him as she sucked on his cock, but he also knew it wasn't right, but she did also say how she was looking forward to it. He kept turning the idea over in his mind, when he saw a car on the side of the road that had been pulled over by a police officer. The flashing lights brought back the memory of when Greg broke into the school and he was left as the lookout. The cops had come and he ended up in handcuffs, while Greg got away. It was Greg's idea, Greg's scheme, but the blame fell on him. If his father hadn't been friend's with a few of the officers from his poker nights he would have been brought before a judge. He would have a criminal record, he was eighteen already, an adult in the law. Greg would have ruined his future, all because he wanted to play a prank and now he and his mother were scheming to take advantage of a nice old lady.

Looking over at the pretty passenger, Marcus felt his resolve harden. He had always thought of himself as a good man, but that had only gotten him walked on. Greg had always been taking advantage of him, hell he wouldn't have put it past Greg to have gotten him and Holly separated on purpose just so they could spend more time together. Sure of himself once more Marcus nodded slightly, Genna and him were about to spend some time being very close.

Pulling into the driveway Marcus was quick to move over to the passenger side door to open it for his date, who looked to be in no real hurry. Holding out his hand he helped the girl from the car, catching a glimpse of her stocking tops as she got out. Taking her in his arms Marcus pressed his lips to hers, gently pushing her back to the car. The kiss was unexpected, Greg felt his back hit the car while Marcus pressed against him, kissing him passionately. As another man's tongue pressed and ran itself across his own Greg felt a few things, his mind and body almost arguing if this was exciting or disgusting. It felt good, it felt good enough that Greg could feel his tucked away manhood twitch, but he wasn't gay. Kissing another man was wrong and he wanted it to stop.

Marcus felt Genna push him back, he could resist and hold his ground, but he let himself be pushed back so she could catch her breath. "Worried we will be seen?"

Greg hadn't been, but now that he brought it up he was terrified someone on the block had seen them, or was about to see them. "Yes, we should go inside."

"Never argue with a lady who knows what she wants." Marcus said laughing as he followed Genna up to her front door and into the dark house. "Your Mom already in bed? It isn't late."

Shaking his head, Greg turned on a lamp in the living room. "No, she went out for drinks with some guy."

"Sounds like both the ladies of the house are getting lucky with their dates tonight." Marcus said as he motioned towards the couch. Looking over at the living room couch Greg swallowed hard before shaking his head. He wasn't going to do something out here, doing this was bad enough without his mother walking in on him blowing someone.

"My room." Greg said as he walking past his friend to head towards his bedroom. He was only a few steps ahead when he felt a light smack to his ass. Turning his head Greg couldn't help himself when he scowled at the blonde man.

"Sorry, couldn't help myself, you have a great ass and I love how you move." Greg didn't respond, just moved on ahead trying to quicken his pace, something not particularly easy in the tall red heels. Sitting down on the edge of his bed, Greg opened a nightstand drawer to pull out a box of condoms. No sooner had he put it down when he felt himself being pushed down onto the bed as his friend climbed on top of him and started kissing him once again. "Eeek!" He let out the noise just before lips descended down on his own.

The kissing moved from his lips to his neck and Greg was sure his eyes crossed as lightning jolted through his body from the kiss. He wanted to push on Marcus, to make him roll off of him, but he couldn't. This was it, he had to be the loving girlfriend or this just wouldn't stop, it would just keep going. Another kiss to the base of his neck sent shivers through his body, it felt good, it very really good. Closing his eyes Greg tried to focus on that feeling, trying to forget he was a man... he was wearing a dress, stockings. He could feel Marcus's hand running up one of those stocking covered legs. He needed to think like he was Genna, if he was Genna then this would all be okay. Genna was a girl, this was Genna's boyfriend, it was Genna that had been using dildos all week to practice for tonight. Greg tried to change his mindset and lie to himself, but there was only one really important truth. He had to play his part and do the best job he could or this would keep happening.

Marcus felt his date's legs wrap around him, hold him closer as he nibbled on her neck. "Mmmm" She wiggled under him, letting out a little moan. Hearing that drove him wild,

he continued to kiss her neck, never staying in the same spot for long before moving back to his lips. His tongue touched them so she knew to open her mouth so they could go back to making out like the horny teenagers they were. Feeling himself getting more and more excited as they continued to show each other affection there on the bed he pulled back. Bracing himself with his arms over her, smiling down at Genna. The lip gloss she had on was gone, but her lipstick had to have been kiss proof they still looked perfect. "God you are so hot, I want you."

Giving her one last kiss, Marcus climbed off of Genna. Tossing his jacket to the floor and removing his pants. They were both breathing heavily, Greg more so than he would have thought. That warm hand running over his stocking covered leg felt good, the kisses to his neck felt amazing, he tried to stay focused on those feelings, but when he saw the thick veiny dick sticking out from the boxers everything fell away. He was bigger than the dildo, not by a lot, but still Marcus was packing a cock bigger than what he had been practicing on.

The world seemed to move in slow motion as he froze up, he couldn't do this, this was insane. The word insane repeated a few times, almost echoing in his mind as he felt himself being moved from the bed and down to his knees in front of it, while his friend sat down right in front of him. Greg's eyes were wide as he looked at the hard cock right in front of his face, for a few seconds he just looked, unsure what to do next.

"Kiss it." Marcus said, almost like he knew Greg wasn't sure where to start. Slowly the feminized man leaned a little closer to do as he was told, to do what his own mother had trained him to do, but stopped short. Looking back to the nightstand he reached over for the box of flavored condoms, to have that thin layer of protection. His hand didn't make it, as Greg's wrapped around his wrist and brought it over to his manhood, helping his date wrap her fingers around the base. "No need for those, you wont get pregnant from a blow job."

Looking up into Marcus's blue eyes Greg felt afraid as he felt the thick cock his fingers were wrapped around. His mother had him practice with and without the condoms he much preferred with, but that option seemed to be taken from him. Still holding the member in one hand Greg kissed the tip, once, twice before opening his mouth and licking it just under the base of the cock. The taste of another man's flesh entered his mouth and it took all of his effort to keep his composure. "That's it Genna, that is all for you, that is what you do to me."

The words were mostly background sounds as Greg focused on his task, he needed to do a good enough job to get him off quickly. He needed to do just as good of a job blowing Marcus as Holly or better for this to end. Taking just the tip into his mouth again he flicked his tongue from left to right under the base while starting to gently suck. With his other hand Greg cupped the balls in front of him, squeezing one finger lightly at a

time, before running the tips of his long tails across its surface. Looking up he could see Marcus breathing heavier, with an expression that could only be described as bliss.

You're doing it Genna, you're doing it! He told himself, staying with the female name to try and save his own ego. Keeping the dick where it was he turned his head to the left and then to the right to change the stimulation before taking more and then more of it into his mouth with each bob of his head, and letting out a moan like this was the best thing ever. He knew from watching porn how much it turned him on when a girl sounded really into it and if he didn't already know it for himself his mother had let him know.

"Mmmmm, MMmmm, MMMM!" Greg started to pick up the pace, closing his eyes as she felt Marcus's hand slide into his long hair that he had spent so long getting to look just right as he gripped the back of his head. "God... god that feels good. God Genna that feels good!"

Greg could feel the fleshy thing in his mouth grow harder. If Marcus hadn't been vocal about his efforts, this would have told him everything he needed to know, he was getting closer to coming. He really wanted to pull free from the dick, not just because it had no right to ever be there, but because his jaw was starting to hurt. The hand on the back of his head pulled him further onto the thick member, further than he wanted to go. He could feel the thing pressing to the back of his throat and when he went to pull back the hand held him in place for a good five seconds.

That would have been more than enough for Greg to take the cock out of his mouth, but he could taste something salty and sticky in his mouth. He had to keep going, he needed this to be the first and only time. His eyes closed and trying to ignore the scent of the man's groin, the taste of it, the taste of the cum Greg pushed himself to keep going, but he had to take a second or two to catch his breath and ease the tension in his jaw. The dick slid free from his mouth as he took one deep breath after another, sliding his hands over the cock. Both of his hands gripping it he turned each, one clockwise, the other counter clockwise to keep Marcus stimulated. The last thing he needed was for him to lose his progress and have to do this all over again.

"Mmm can you cum for me baby." He wanted to sound sexy, but he could easily hear the torment in his voice that he felt. Greg could see the cock in his hands was slick from saliva and the precum as his jaw trembled as he opened his mouth to take it in again.



"Yeah, baby that's it, oh god, oh god." Marcus said between breaths, Genna's warm wet mouth wrapped around his dick, her tongue caressing it like she was worshipping at his feet. He felt the tightening in his body and the rush of pleasure as he orgasmed, his dick filling his girlfriend's mouth with his cum. He wasn't thinking about it, but as the rush came over him he held her there on him, thrusting his hips a few times on instinct before letting go and letting her free.

The taste was awful and with the dick stuck in his mouth he had no real choice but to swallow, causing his stomach to reenact its previous performance in the car. It was gone from his mouth, but he could still taste it, he could still taste everything. He wanted to get up and rush to the bathroom, but his hands were shaking and was pretty sure his legs would be too if he tried to move at that moment.

"Wow that was good, Genna you are amazing! Come sit up here with me." Marcus said patting the bed next to him. When Genna didn't move, not so much as to look at him he stood up and bent down picking her up before sitting back down on the bed with her in his lap. He could see some of his cum on her dress, it had dripped from her mouth and down to the dark fabric and now that he saw that he realized what was left on his dick might also be leaving its mark on the skirt of her outfit. He would have to pay for dry cleaning, the dress looked so great on her he would hate to have it ruined.

"Bathroom." Greg said weakly, not trying to get out of Marcus's grip. He felt the man hold him tighter instead of helping him to his feet.

"Just sit here with me for a little bit Genna, a little cuddling after something like that is good for a couple."

"I did a good job?" Greg gave Marcus a weak smile, hoping this nightmare was going to be over. It wasn't lost on him how bad it felt to be asking a guy if he did a good job giving head.

"Genna you were amazing, like wow you are a natural at that. I can't believe that was your first time giving a blow job." A sense of pride and shame came over Greg, he had worked hard to be good, but being good at sucking dick wasn't something he ever wanted to be. "But... you still have a bit to learn. You have to be careful with your teeth for one, but don't worry. Practice makes perfect."

The pride he felt washed away by the flood of disbelief and dread. "You... you said I was amazing. What do you mean practice makes perfect? We are done right? This is over?" Marcus rocked his friend in his arms.

"You were amazing and I am going to look forward to doing this with you again Genna,

but one week of practice wasn't enough for you to be as good at this as Holly."

Squeezing his eyes closed tight Greg felt like he was going to cry, he hated Marcus. He hated the taste of his seed, he hated that he was holding onto him for support when he felt so weak and defeated. He had worked so hard, practicing with a dildo with his own mom, practicing in the mornings in the shower, practicing in the evenings. Watching videos for tips and it still wasn't enough... no it had to be! This couldn't keep happening, Marcus said he was better than great, he said amazing. "If, if... if I was amazing it should be enough right?"

"Sorry Genna, no. We had an agreement, you just weren't good enough. Maybe next time." Next time... next time... Greg opened his eyes and shifted to try and look his friend in the face. "Can we try again? Now I mean?" He didn't want to put his dick back in his mouth again, but doing it again in the same night would be better than dragging this out to another day. Another day meant more time in dresses and heels, his feet and calves ached, he did not want to wear them ever again, or any of this girly stuff again.

"You really want this to be our only date huh?" Marcus continued when he saw the pretty girl nod her head. "Well there is something else we could do that would make me consider this being the end of things, but you won't do it. So we can just plan for the future, okay?"

"No..." Greg pulled himself free of his grip, getting to his heeled feet. He felt a little unsteady on his feet, so he put one hand on the wall for balance. "What is it? Do you want me to ask the old bat for something for you? I will do that easy, that is better than..." Greg felt a shiver run through his body as he looked down at Marcus's lap, his dick while not hard was still free of his boxers. "Doing that again, but I can try again, tonight, now if we need."

Marcus shook his head a little, Genna still looked incredible despite her frantic words. "No, Genna I told you that I don't want anything from your Grandmother. I am happy to take what she has offered me, but I'm not going to manipulate her. Here is the thing though, what if you try again tonight and you still don't get me off fast enough. I can go longer my second time, not that I will try and hold back, but I just don't want you to be upset that you aren't good at sucking dick, because you are."

"I'm a good cock sucker, but just not good enough so I have to keep doing it? That is so fucked up Marcus and you know it. Fine, what do you want to do?"

"Honestly, I want to bend you over and fuck you. I have been mesmerized by your backside all night."

"Fuck you Marky, that isn't going to happen!" Greg was feeling more steady now that his

anger and adrenaline had returned. Bending over slightly he got in the blonde man's face, poking him in the chest with one long nailed finger. "Not not, not ever!" Marcus could smell the cum on her breath, but he didn't care. She was so close, so he just leaned forward and gave her a quick peck to the lips.

"That is fine, just because I want to have sex with you doesn't mean you have to." Greg had jerked back and took a few steps away after the kiss. Giving Marcus enough room to stand up. "I had a wonderful time with you tonight Genna, I will pick you up tomorrow so we can go to the yacht club with your Grandmother."

"No wait... you can't go!" Fuck, fuck, fuck, FUUUUUUCK! Greg twisted his foot, grinding the ball of his heeled foot into the carpet. He had just given a blow job, he would have to give another, probably tomorrow and if that wasn't good enough then the day after that and the day after that. If he did another now Marcus would more than likely last longer than the first time. "Okay..."

"Okay what?" Marcus said as he picked up his pants from the floor.

"We can have sex..." Greg said in a small voice, averting his eyes.

"You want to have sex with me?" Marcus said with a big smile on his face.

"NO! But I want this over with."

"Oh, well I'm not going to have sex with a girl who doesn't want to."

Greg glared at him, he had just gotten a blow job from someone who definitely didn't want to give one. "I want to have sex with you." Greg said in a whisper.

"I'm sorry Genna, I didn't hear you. What was that?"

"I said I want you to fuck me!" Greg yelled it this time, his words full of anger. Quickly he put one hand over his mouth, not meaning for it to come out that harsh or loud.

"Well as I said, never argue with a girl who knows what she wants." Marcus tossed his pants back to the ground and took a few steps closer to Genna. "Get me hard again love, and then you can have what you want."

Wrapping his fingers around the dick, Greg started to tug and massage it. It was much like he had done hundreds of times on himself, almost like it at least. Within a minute he had Marcus hard once again. He wasn't sure how to start something like this, mostly because he had never considered or wanted anything like this, but Marcus moved behind him, wrapping one arm around the waist as he started to kiss his neck once

more.

Greg felt the kisses like he did before, but this time he had a dick pressing into him from behind and a hand sliding the skirt of his dress up to caress his ass. "You won't be needing these." Marcus said, pulling down the red lace panties."

Stepping out of his underwear Greg's tuck came undone, his dick touching the front of his skirt as he was half marched, half pushed in front of his vanity. "Hands on the desk and bend over." Marcus whispered as he gently moved Genna to where he wanted her to be. He wanted to take her from behind there so he could see her face at the same time and so she could see him.

Licking his hand Marcus slid his saliva on his shaft making sure it was lubricated before he moved into position and pressing the tip of his dick on Genna's anus. One hand on his member, the other gave her butt a little squeeze before moving up over her back and to her shoulder before pushing in. "AWWW!" Greg felt the cock press just into him and already he hated it. It felt like it was stretching him, the thing felt bigger than when it was in his mouth somehow.

Marcus pressed in just a little bit more before thrusting slowly in and out, never enough for the tip of his dick to come free of Genna's ass, but he didn't want to push himself into her all at once. She was a virgin and he wanted her to enjoy this as much as he was. "Jesus..!" he heard her say, unaware how tightly she was gripping the vanity.

"Baby, tell me you love me." Marcus whispered.

"I awww, I awww I love you."

"Use my name, tell me you love me and my cock." Marcus said, now starting to get a rhythm.

"I... I love you Marcus, I love your cock."

"Yeah you do, god you feel so tight. Tell me louder, tell me how you want me to fuck you harder. Tell me like you mean it. Tell me how you love this." Marcus's voice still whispers.

In the throws of passion neither of the two heard the car pull up in the driveway, or the front door as Cynthia came into the house. Her date was okay, but she cut it off early, her mind constantly coming back to what her child had to do tonight.

"GOD MARKY THAT FEELS SO GOOOOD! FUCK ME HARDER, HARDER!" The yelling caught Cynthia off guard, she quickly moved to the bedroom, the door slightly

ajar and peaked inside. She was astonished to see Genna bent over, her hands gripping her vanity, looking in the mirror as Marcus fucked her from behind. She stood there for longer than she should have, seeing Marcus slap Genna's ass and her cry out like she was loving every second of it. Quickly she moved away and into her own bedroom. Having to come to terms at what she just saw, her child... her baby boy dressed up like a girl for a date, that she was prepared for, but not seeing Greg as Genna being fucked and loving every second of it. That wasn't part of the arrangement, and suddenly she wondered how much of this forced girlfriend thing was really forced and how much was planned.

It hurt, it felt like Marcus was trying to split him in two on a pike, but at some point a little bit of pleasure crept in and then a little more and a little more. The pleasure was unreal, there was no reason why it should feel good, he wasn't gay, but he couldn't deny what he felt or the fact that his own dick was hard and dripping. His own cries, following Marks direction seemingly doing the job to turn himself on too. The pain didn't necessarily subside, just the feeling of pleasure started to overtake it and before Greg could come to terms with it he had cum on his vanity, covering the hairbrush sitting there with his own seed.

He had just cum, cum from being fucked by another male and still Marcus kept going and going. It felt like he was being fucked forever, the pain and pleasure washing over his body before he felt Marcus grow still and while it was an unfamiier feeling he knew he had just felt his old friend cum inside of him.



Marcus thrust his hips just a few more times after he had some, standing there inside of Genna. Taking the time to appreciate the sight he saw, she looked just as spent as he felt. Pulling free he stepped back pulling her with him and over to the bed. Moving her so they could spoon and he could hold her. She didn't try to fight him or resist in any way, she hadn't even said anything since her last cry of pleasure. He had never done anal before, and was incredibly happy Genna enjoyed it as much as he did. Greg was a shit friend, a shit person, but Genna... Greg should have always been Genna.

Laying there in bed with Marcus, Greg didn't move. He felt a bit hollow and very confused at what had just happened. He didn't like men, looking at Marcus didn't excite him or turn him on. Yet he had just orgasmed from having sex with him, it didn't make sense. He didn't have the emotional capacity to be angry, he just laid there being cuddled, embraced. Greg knew he should want to push him away, run away or punch him, but instead he felt safe there. He felt so tired... and soon closed his eyes, falling asleep with multiple spots on his dress covered in cum that would soon stain, his friend's cum seeping from his butt and heels still on his feet as he drifted off. Unaware that Marcus had decided that this was not over, he had only said he would consider it after all.

