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BUSTED!

By Jeri Carey

Chapter 1

Casey Monroe often compliments Roni Stewart, his attractive live-in girlfriend. Mostly, it's her physical body. But many times it is what she wears and quite often it is her lingerie.

While they complement each other physically and sexually from the first time they met – and from the first time he saw her intimates, as they undressed to have naked full-body-contact sex – it is what Roni wears that thoroughly re-ignites Casey's feelings for her.

The clothing does not necessarily physically turn him on. Yet it is enough for him to be stimulated to, at the very least, verbally compliment her. His lover does not dismiss this as hyperbole. As far as the latter goes, the more he unthinkingly does it, the more she deliberately, notably, buys racy and or sexy items that he only gets to see, as even they sometimes lounge around at home in their underwear.

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One day Roni buys Casey his own sexy pair of panties. A translucent – not quite transparent or see-through – red pair, bikini-style, with matching color lace fringing around all three holes. Now men wear bikini style in underwear, even in nylon material, and still be considered masculine. However, the lace frill was a dead giveaway that this garment was anything but masculine.

With the both of them then sitting side-by-side on the sofa, he asks why. She simply replies, “Since you always tell me how nice and sexy I look in my undies, since I pick out your clothes sometimes, I noted you could use some new underwear...do you see where I’m going with this?”

Casey grins, “Yeah...I do. But panties?”

“Could it be so bad? Who’s gonna know besides us?” Roni queries plaintively.

“Well, I dunno. I don’t know why or how it does, but you know how it works. Suppose I get to like it? Then what?”

Her eyes sparkled at that and Casey caught it. “Aha! This is just a beginning! You do want me fully dressed up like a girl!”

“Okay, busted! But like a woman, baby. Not a girl. We’re consenting adults and I am not a female pedophile, if there even is such a thing!”

“You’re serious about this, aren’t you?”

“Once I thought about the panties, yeah. The rest kinda



snowballed as I pictured your slim figure being filled out the right places in everything else.

“Look, sweetie. I could’ve lied about this any number of ways. I’m being honest and I love you. I’m not on some trip to ultimately humiliate you. As I held the panties in my hands at the store, my mind just processed a fun evolution and I went for it. I just thought it’d be fun to see you gradually accept everything and see how hot you’d look in the end.

“If we ended up in some fake lesbian games, I wouldn’t want to taste pussy on a regular basis. But, on that note, honestly? I just thought it this second, I might wonder about the taste of pussy, just like you might for cock, if we got that far. But you caught me way before anything like that could happen, so let’s not even go there. End of story.”

After a heave of her notable bosom, Roni then says. “I can’t return intimates like panties, but it wouldn’t be the first time I’ve wasted money. Let’s not fight over this, please?” She then reaches for the panties.

“Hey! What’re you doing?” Casey exclaims, as he pulls away from her.

“I’m just –”

“You just said that you bought them for me and that you can’t return them. In any event, that makes them a gift. You also said that that you didn’t do it, being evil. Well, all that makes this mine, Miss Veronica Stewart. I won’t wear it but I love you. That means anything given in love should be accepted in love.”

Roni then gleamed. “Ooh, you make me so horny when you say things like that!”

“Mmm. You saying things like that make me want to rise to the occasion.”

“I can see that!” Roni gleefully exclaims as she notes the bulge in his pants. She then went for the zipper, asking, “Can I see more?”

With a small smile, he only slightly lifted his bottom up, as if in encouragement.

Needing no more hints, she then swiftly pulls his zipper down. Simultaneously, he unlatches the top of his pants and fluidly pulls his pants and boxers off his raised hips, as she

attempted to go for her treasure. With the speedy assist, it froze her movement, but only for a second, as her object of desire was now in full view.

Feeling playful, she bends down into his lap as her hand wraps around a slowly stiffening member. Meanwhile, Roni now fully on the sofa, with her bent over, Casey takes advantage to grope her ass through her short dress. As she begins her ministrations by kissing and licking his cock, he is soon under her skirt, his hand now at her crotch, deftly moving aside the insignificant gusset of her thong and touching her labia. By the time he is past the entry of her dampening pussy, she has wholeheartedly begun sucking his almost-firm cock.

Before too long, the blowjob has stopped, but only long enough for her mouth to be replaced by her vagina. Bouncing in his lap cowgirl-style, she strips off her minidress up and over her head while he removes his shirt likewise; neither misses a beat as they are now in a full-force fuck. With Roni braless from the start, wearing only a stringy thong and heels, she could care less that Casey has the rest of his clothes just below his knees, over his socks and shoes.

Chapter 2

"Hey, man! How's it goin', guy?"

"Hey, Carlos. Been a while, huh?"

"A bit at that, yeah. Understood, though. Still, you were never the type to hold a grudge. Figured I'd see you soon enough. Under the circumstances, I was cool. Maria said to give you time, considering."

"Yeah, but Maria only knows the half of it. That is, unless you told her..."

"Hey, look, man. You see a ring on this finger, dude? Even then, don't let anyone bullshit you. There are some things some people – absolutely no matter who – just don't share. They say they'll understand and stone-cold lie to your face when they say that. Why? Because they love you, they thought they could handle it or whatever! The tension is there regardless, wondering what else they don't know. It may take days, months, even years when they bring it up. By then, you've forgotten about what you'd done so long, it's like it never happened.

“And here’s the real fuck-up: It may just be the only thing. But y’see, here’s the thing. It’s a double standard. You can never have one. But they can and defend it to the death, while making you feel like shit, not thinking or caring how you feel. Only their anger is righteous! They got their own secrets – plural – so naturally, you just have to have more. Just because they do! That’s why some things are just better left unsaid. You get ever accused of anything, that motherfucker best have more than hearsay, y’feeling me, man?”

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Carlos Javieros’ tension was not about any specific situation. It was just the way he was about things. He and Casey have been good if not close friends for years. Just like guys would casually meet unknown women at parties and or gatherings and wind up at one-night stands or much longer, he and Casey met at one such good time and just became fast friends. They hung out occasionally, sometimes simply being each other’s wingman. The latter was how Carlos met Maria Santana and Casey eventually met Roni. Actually, it was Maria who bagged Roni for him, not really knowing her from Adam. Or in this case, Eve.

As a foursome, the socializing was a little more frequent after that. Still, while Carlos and Maria still kept separate residences, Roni moved in with Casey. Oddly enough, Carlos and Maria saw each other almost as much as if they were living together; both quite happy with this arrangement thus far.

Despite all this, Casey was well aware of their decision, and what else that he did not know about Carlos and Maria did was their business. Maybe subconsciously because this was not the first time he heard Carlos’ remark about secrets. At least the gist of it.

Casey and he had a secret, just between themselves. It was potent enough for them to distance themselves for months recently. At least Casey had. Carlos could have called himself in all this time but did not. This was not unusual. They did not run in exactly the same circle, so avoidance was easy and harmless. If they bumped into each other after a while, it could have by chance or it could have been deliberate. In this instance, on Casey’s part, it was deliberate.

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“Carlos...” Casey hesitantly began, “do you really remember last Halloween?”

It took a second to regather, but then Carlos grinned as he simply replied, "Yeah..."

"We – you and I - never talked about it after the fact. What was done was done. Like you said, I got no grudge. But looking back, I still can't believe that we even took it further moments later."

"Again, if you're worried about that, I never said a word to Maria. She even told me later that she was glad that we were still friends after the stunt I pulled. The one everyone knew about. But she didn't blame me for what I did. The way things turned out before we left my place, she said that she was surprised that someone else didn't approach me who didn't know. She was that proud and assured of her handiwork. Glad that I did it with a friend that seemed to be still a friend, even holding hands when we returned, after we left when Roni dropped the bomb. When we finally rejoined Maria and Roni, we enjoyed the rest of the party. Later, in private, she mentioned the kiss I gave you on the dance floor. But before I could say anything, she laughed it off, we had sex, and then you weren't a topic for discussion."

"Yeah, Roni even asked me later if I was okay. I told her that it was okay, the liplock. That we went outside away from everybody to make sure that everything was cool between us. I followed your sage advice and kept it simple, not needing to lie, and she never brought it up again because it would've been my old wound, not hers."

"Word, my man. Word. That's the way they play it. We should be able to, too. And nobody gets hurt."

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The incident in question was months ago, when the two couples were separately invited to a party Halloween night. Still, each couple found out that the other was going and agreed to pair up once they met there. The invitation did not specify that you had to wear a costume, but given the occasion, it was definitely implied, with a reasonable enough time to prepare if one wanted to go all-out. Upon arrival, Roni and Maria were overjoyed at being together to have fun.

Roni came dressed as a cowgirl. Along with a prerequisite yet feminized cowboy hat over fully-layered tresses. Her ruddy brunette hair looked like Dolly Parton's for the occasion; only Roni's was much longer, well past her shoulders. On her pierced lobes were long draping Indian-beaded earrings. Almost spilling her bosom out over a brown bustier,

she wore a tan bolero jacket. Below, she had on a pair of frayed denim short-shorts and thin high-heeled cowboy boots.

Maria was equally alluring. Gleaming black hair partially in a bun, between the bun and the back of her head there was perched a peineta – a large but short Spanish hair comb with very long tines – that was covered by a lacy mantilla – a veil – that only came to cover Maria's forehead in the front and over her bun to her shoulders in back. Traditionally, the mantilla could go all the way down the back and sometimes covered the arms like a shawl as it completely covered the face. Obviously, Maria chose what she considered a mini-sexy version. As brief as Maria's mantilla was, her garb as a well-dressed Mexican noblewoman was also abbreviated. Instead of gown-like to the floor, the full skirt – minus petticoats – ended above her knees; the top of her dress was purposely immodest, being expansively low-cut and what little that was not covered moved freely, obviously braless. Wearing hoop earrings large enough for small animals could leap through, upon her feet she had on mid-calf laced boots with 4" chunky heels.

Casey tried for the macho look, wearing a simple double-breasted suit. What made it unique was that it was too big for him. But the catch was that it was muscularly padded to fit perfectly. He wore lifts in his shoes to appear over 6' tall. With his hair slicked back with mousse, he had a pencil-thin mustache drawn on his upper lip, drawn on using Roni's eyeliner pencil.

Out of the usual foursome, there was four people clustered together but... "Where's Carlos?" Casey felt compelled to ask.

Maria quickly piped up, "Ahem! This is Carmelita Romero you seem to be rudely ignoring, new to my neighborhood. She understands the language very well but, so far, can only speak broken English. Because she's new, I brought her, so be nice. And don't worry about anything. She only looks like a hooker. It was the only costume I could scrape together from my things, so no cracks about that either. Just help her have a good time, and maybe, just maybe, us girls'll let you think of us as your personal harem for the night. Okay, Mr. Suave?"

Deftly maneuvered from his query, at first, Casey felt a little outnumbered. But with an unspoken nod of approval and a small shrug from Roni, Casey assessed the newcomer. For a moment, he grinned inwardly, as he recalled some items worn one time or another worn by Maria. Never once assuming that if put together, a streetwalker could use them in order to entice a customer. Maria and Roni both were beautiful women that knew it, dressing to tease. Not always, but enough. They were attractive enough to beautifully enhance rudimentary attire for work or otherwise without purposely trying, adding nothing unto-ward the garment. So from Maria's fragmented 'social wear', it really did not take much to make Carmelita to look obviously sexy.

Heavily made-up as per the 'profession', it was not gaudily done. Mostly, her eyes seemed wider with lengthy lashes and her lips were plump and shiny. Her jet-black hair was full of big waves and curls that cascaded down her back. Her blouse was a low box-cut at the top with sparse butterfly sleeves. The opening showed a long line of projected cleavage; the breasts well-pressed together by the black satin bra, partially in evidence underneath the contrasting burgundy top. Her waist was cinched with a very wide pirate's belt. This was followed by a black miniskirt that had a deep slit almost most the halfway up the skirt's length. The slit exposed the lacy elastic top of thigh-high fishnet stockings and her feet were shod in 4" ankle-strap stiletto heels. She was only a little bit taller than Casey in his lifts.

Allowed to closely peruse Carmelita, Casey was stimulated in his pants, and everybody knew it, seeing the bulge. Early on in their relationship, this upset Roni when she saw that another woman's beauty could turn him on. Casey simply explained that just because he got erections from seeing an appealing stranger that it was virtually an involuntary thing. Being in a committed relationship did not mean that he was going to fuck every female he got a stiffie for, though, he had said. Casey told Roni that his hard-ons had ruined other relationships he was in, simply because he was not trusted enough. He even said being kissed and caught was enough to be misinterpreted as being with intent. So, if she wanted out, to let him know then. He was in for the long haul, once begun. Roni did understand and stayed. Yet, on this occasion, Casey caught Maria quickly whispering in Roni's ear and saw Roni's eyes bulge. She then giggled.

Before Casey could ask what that was all about, Maria shouted, "C'mon, girls. Bathroom break! You too, Lita! Casey, grab a table and order some beers. We'll find you before they get warm!"

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When the trio found Casey again, they had such huge smiles, it was as if they had gang-banged their favorite celebrity who left each one supremely satisfied. At least, that was how it appeared to Casey, despite the fact that it was not any time for that to happen.

In the interim, it did not take him very long and thereafter order their drinks. And true to Maria's word, the beers were still ice-cold. Whatever happened, as she was beaming also, Carmelita – or Lita for short, as she was last referred to – as an official member of their clique, and without Carlos, he was officially definitely outnumbered. So it was unquestionably a girl thing. He knew not to bother to ask.

They were at a party. Casey concentrated then on having a good time with his ubiquitous harem, such as they were. If only it was really his harem, what with Roni and Maria on either side, that left Lita unavoidably in front of his sight.

Festivities were underway and there was even dancing. Roni was the first to coax Casey on the floor, followed by Maria. Having boyfriends, they rebuffed all other male offers with this excuse. Only Lita was apparently available, but she, too, declined all offers. Still, although animated with everyone at the table, even when she was not addressed, Lita became quiet after Casey had danced with the other women and not her. A slow song soon played and Casey got subtly kicked under the table from both sides. Casey was no idiot. He knew what it meant, even though he could argue about the underlying intimacy of the deliberately-measured tune. He asked Lita to dance and she shyly accepted.

Almost simply rocking back and forth, Casey and Lita stood in one place instead of actually dancing. He could see not too far away, both Roni and Maria grinning like Cheshire cats. It almost seemed as if they were playing matchmakers for he and Lita.

“Was Roni dumping me by setting me up with Lita?” he thought, but it sounded ridiculous in his head. Casey was thankful that he did not say it out loud.

What with the song seemingly endless, by now, Lita had laid her head on his shoulder. Realizing this, added to her beauty, the erection he had that eventually faded came back. Lita did not need to see it. With their close contact, she could feel it as it grew longer and harder. Even a faint throb.

“Cassey, joo really do like me, don you?” she smiled, inferring to the obvious sexual ‘insinuation’.

“I-I-I think you’re very nice b-b-b-but Roni is my girlfriend,” Casey stammered, “and she’s looking right at us!”

“Den if she eez, she weel unnerstan thees...”

Lita then pulled his chin to face her and gave him a deep frenching kiss. For a second, Casey felt helpless. The suck-face was so intense for him, he could feel his hard cock starting to leak precum. Now he had to draw the line here even though he wore dark pants. It was not enough to seep through just his underwear, but he was not taking any chances. The song still had not ended and Lita started walking back to the table after Casey broke the kiss.

“Don worry. I walk in fron of you, to hide eet,” she said, and Casey knew exactly she meant. Dutifully, he followed her single-file until he eased in his seat and Lita left him to seat herself.

Casey heaved a heavy sigh of relief and Maria and Roni burst out laughing.

“Would someone mind letting me in on the joke?” Casey asked. “I’m having a great time but you girls seem to be having a ball. Don’t you think we should have fun equally?”

At that, Roni leaped from her seat and gave him a quick but tonguey kiss. No sooner than she sat, Maria got up and did the same but giggled as she re-sat.

Roni then said with a big smile, “There! Happy now?”

Casey quickly caught on that they were balancing what Lita had done. But he did not mean this, and while pleasurable, his query was not answered. Not satisfied but not wanting to spoil the evening over some silly ‘girl thing’, he nevertheless did not answer his girlfriend.

Roni knew her lover well, and quickly said, “Uh, Maria? We did overdo things, and that’s mostly my fault, once you told me and proved it in the bathroom. I just couldn’t help myself and the giggling was contagious. You laughing after me only made things worse. I know you wanted to wait until after the party, but you did so good a job, I – well,” Roni sighed heavily, “tell ‘im.”

“What? What?” Casey asked, bewildered now. “Tell me what?” No one noticed Lita who head bowed so low she could lick the top of her bosom with little effort.

“Uuh...Casey?” Maria began tentatively. “Remember an argument you and Carlos had some time ago, bad enough that it came to blows and Carlos kicked your ass?”

Being friends for so long, Casey vaguely remembers a – as in one – scuffle that he and Carlos had. He does not even know what sparked it. Or whether anyone won or they mutually stopped. But it was quite a while ago and was even surprised that Maria was there. She had to be; Carlos was not a braggart. It was also apparent that she was trying to make a point, so having had this split-second thought, he listened as Maria went on.

“...Well Carlos has been here all along...” She then turned her head in Lita’s direction, as she now looked up with a nervous, crooked smile.

Casey then looked straight ahead. Just as Roni did earlier, his eyes bulged in disbelief. His brow then furrowed, before he finally said, "Car-mel-lita," deliberately stressing almost each syllable. "You. Me. Outside. Now."

At that, everyone stood. But Casey said, "We're just gonna talk. In private. No ass kicking involved. Stay here. We'll be right back."

Casey was so commanding, he then left and the girlfriends lamely sat as Carmelita aka Carlos walked close behind him.

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Finding an assured private area, Casey had his friend face him, and using a cliché Ricky Ricardo remark, he said, "Hokay, Lita. You got some 'splaining t'do!"

Carlos then said, "Well, Maria –"

"Stop!" exclaimed Casey, as he winced. "I didn't ask to speak Carlos. You fooled me once, and by heaven, even though I know the truth, I still see a woman. I want 'her' to explain. It's too disturbing otherwise."

"Lita" came back with a giggle. She noticed as Casey finished, his eyes were drawn to her impressive cleavage. What then came out of her mouth was now even more sultry. "I can handle that. The 'broken English' idea was Maria's idea after she got me to create a woman's voice, to make doubly sure you'd be fooled."

"Well, you got me there. See?" said Casey, as he boldly grabbed her hand to grasp his hard cock through his roomy pants.

"Oh my god! You're hard as a rock!" Lita unexpectedly even panted in surprise. Although she had felt him grow as they danced, this was a heady notion with her hand now virtually on it. Strangely enough, neither was bothered by Casey's action or predicament. Not to mention, Lita not taking 'her' hand away.

"What can I say?" Casey replied. "My cock appreciates beauty, as I've often had to explain in the past, having a mind of its own. Apparently even beautiful drag queens!"

"I am...not!...a drag queen!" Lita then squeezed Casey's balls, but still did not pull away.

"Ow! Okay, I deserve that," Casey gasped and Lita merely eased her grip. "But hey, we can't stay here all night. Gimme the condensed version."

"I couldn't decide on a costume. This was Maria's idea. She asked if I could sound like a girl and I did, but only almost. She then thought of the double whammy of punking you if I could pull off the voice. The end result? I didn't even recognize myself when Maria got through with me. Add that to the voice being perfect, good enough to control and keep. The ultimate proof was fooling both you and Roni. Maria simply said who I was when she whispered to her when we got here. Roni still didn't believe it until I let her go under my skirt and she felt my tucked cock between my legs. I could've dropped the voice but it was enough for the three of us being in the handicapped stall without women coming and going hearing a man's voice in the ladies room." Lita then giggled again. "It's so weird. They wouldn't blink at a private lesbian threesome but scream bloody murder if they heard a guy in the ladies room."

Casey then got a twinkle in his eye. "You got me good. So, you know, you owe me."

"Ohhh-kay," Lita said reservedly.

"You're still holding my cock."

"Oh!" Lita then let go of the clothed penis as if she had been stung.

"No, it's okay," Casey smiled. "You are a hot babe. You caused this. I can't think of a better payback than to have you get rid of it. It's best if I didn't go back inside with it."

"But -"

"I'm asking Lita, not Carlos."

Lita still did not move.

"It'll be our secret. You don't have to swallow and can swap it in my mouth if you kiss me afterwards."

Lita lifted a trimmed arched eyebrow but then she knelt down, pulling Casey's pants zipper down as well.

Chapter 3

Back in the present, Casey said, "Confession time. I know that we never really hung around a lot, so us meeting like this is no biggie."

"Hey, no prob, Case. I'm way ahead of you this time. A few times, I've wanted to call but I never forgot about us swapping cum, how you might've felt about it later...but it was your idea!" Carlos ended quickly.

"Hey, man. Let's get this straight. I swapped with Lita, not Carlos," Casey said defensively. "You want not to split hairs, fine. But Lita was all woman to me that night, and if I ever meet her again, she still will be!"

"You don't have to rationalize it with me. I'm not gay, but if I'm Lita, any guy's fair game. Any woman, for that matter." Carlos made a brief chuckle. "Huh. uh!HHI don't know why we're wired this way, but two women can enjoy each sexually without the lesbian stigma, for the most part, but two guys --"

Just then, looking Carlos' face, Casey made an observation. "Whoa, stop! I thought there was something different about you since last time. Lita's eyebrow's were very pronounced, but now your brows, while grown back, still looks, uh...uh..."

"The word you're looking for maybe is 'androgynous'?"

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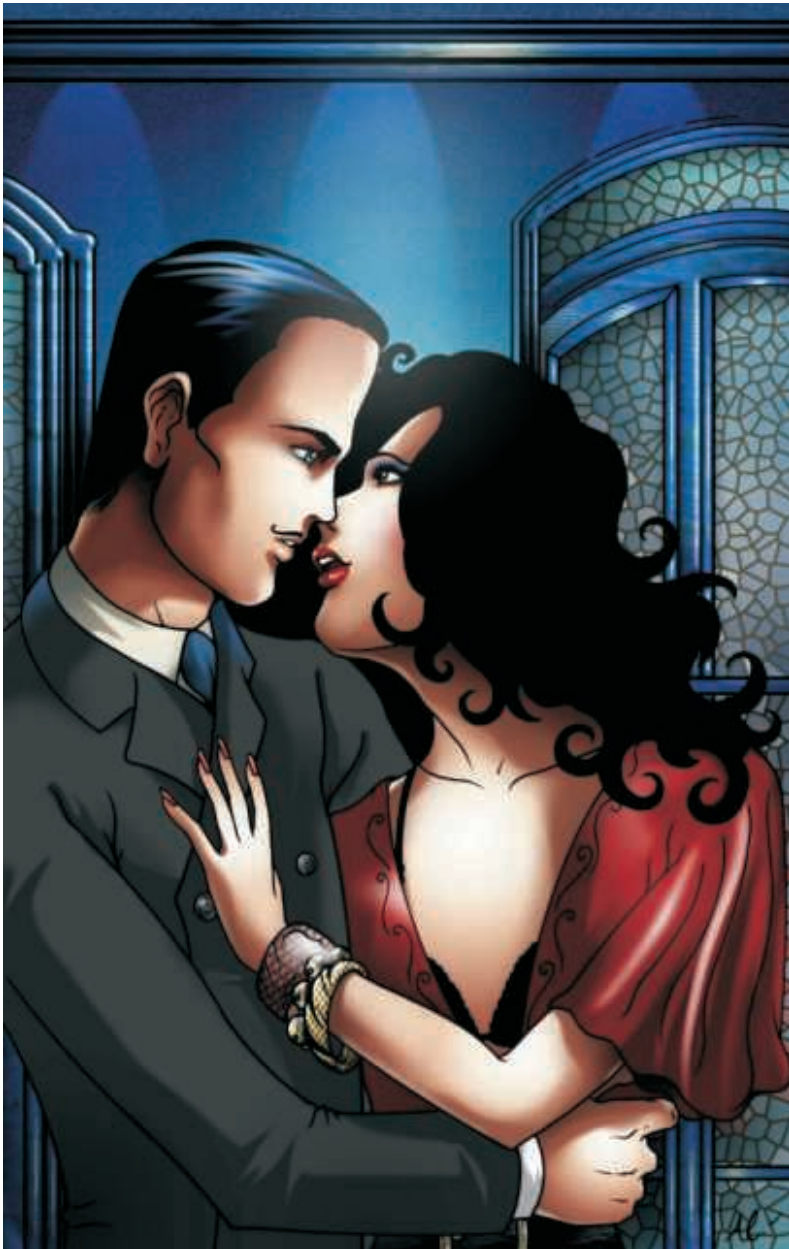
Casey had to pause a moment as several thoughts flooded his mind at once. He deliberately bumped into Carlos to ask him about one thing. But now he had several questions to be answered. He now remembered the 'swapping cum' deal Carlos just mentioned. But in retrospect, Casey had originally said it without thinking. At the time, Casey just wanted to see if Lita really would suck him off as 'proper' payment for punking him. He added

the kiss deal, making himself really involved, just so Lita would follow through, making him cum. He did not know why he said it. But having blurted it out, he let it stay.

She blew him, he came, and wrapping their arms around each other, they frenched deeply for a moment. But now Casey remembered what happened immediately after their lips parted.

Still holding each other tight, Lita said, "If you hadn't said not to, I would've swallowed, baby. That would've really made me a woman tonight."

Casey then rejoined, "Make no mistake about it, Lita. You are a woman," and with only saliva present, they kissed hard again before going back inside the party.



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Presently, Casey says, "Listen, Carlos? This meeting was planned by me and you didn't disappoint by showing up. But man, now I've got more questions than I came with. I do care if we won't ever see the people passing us. Roni can show up and interrupt if we go back to my place. Can we talk privately at yours?"

"It's cool. Let's go!"

Upon arrival, Carlos said, "Grab yourself a brew from the fridge. Now that I'm home, I gotta take care of a few things. So, relax. I won't be long."

Actually, it was two beers and an indeterminate time amounted to TV channel surfing. Enough distraction from having to check his watch before Casey heard a voice heading his way in the living room.

“Sorry about that. I could do myself quickly enough now. But in wanting to be perfect for you, that ol’ devil mirror mesmerized me for a bit.”

Casey heard before he saw someone come into view. And it did not sound like Carlos.

“Carlos?”

“Hmph! I did this just for you, and you call me Carlos?” The “hooker makeup” no longer existed, exchanged for a more everyday cosmetic look but there was no sign of Carlos anywhere. Only Lita.

“B-B-But-! I-I-I-!” Casey stammered. Then, “Dammit! This was what I was afraid of!”

“What, Casey?” he was asked. “I’ll suck you off, if it’ll help. I know how easy you get hard-ons, baby. I’m thankful you find me attractive even though I’m trying something different. I just thought it’d be easier to talk to Lita. I can even go back and change-!”

Having come close enough to Casey for confirmed recognition, Lita then started to turn and leave but Casey grabbing her wrist, pulled her down on the sofa, next to him. Lita started to clench her hand into a fist, to pull away, but then she relaxed. This was when Casey noticed something else.

“You’re crying,” he gasped softly.

“Am not!” Lita protested, but the single tear slowly running down her cheek betrayed her.

Casey brushed it away with a thumb, and then bringing his whole hand into play, he grabbed her chin and gently kissed her. “I’m sorry. I didn’t seek out to project my problems on you, if you’re okay with yourself. I kinda figured –”

Lita then abruptly grabbed Casey by the back of his neck and kissed him. When he did not fight her, she pried his mouth open with her tongue and he followed through as she

dropped her clasped hand to her side. When they stopped kissing, Lita asked in a quiet voice, "Since you know everything, why did you kiss me?"

Casey just smiled. "I guess I let my cock finally completely take over. Don't tell Roni, though. It's the first time I ever let it happen."

Her first impulse was to go into Carlos' diatribe about secrets between lovers. But even she realized that the rant could get wearisome. Especially since Carlos just spouted it a short while ago. Instead, because of Casey's peccadillo about hard-ons and beauty, remembering how she was primping in the mirror a bit overlong as she admired herself wearing a new long and fluffy blonde wig, Lita saw the bulge in Casey's slacks. Recalling its taste and even other newfound desires, she lightly touched his lump.

"I don't even have to bribe you this time. Do I, Lita?" Lita's eyes just seemed to sparkle. So, Casey added, "Please. I won't be able to think straight until it goes down. And you're right. Maybe it would be easier talking to you than Carlos."

Lita was wearing a pink crop top and white miniskirt over bra and panties. As Casey was more fully covered and they were in assured privacy, instead of merely pulling down Casey's zipper, she completely unlatched his pants, and pulled it and his underwear down together. As his freed stiff cock went into an arc and thumped his belly, she was then removing his shoes. Casey had no idea why she wanted him naked below the waist but he saw that his cock was beginning to drool. Rationalizing that he did not want stains on his shirt, he removed the only item he still had on.

Lita seemed to be supremely happy as she spread Casey's legs apart, enough to kneel between. She started out by licking and stroking the fleshy hard appendage. Much slower and more deliberate than her very first time with Casey. Then, holding him only by her mouth, she dug both hands under his hips towards her. Casey got the hint. He then held her head and began fucking her face.

"Boy, am I in biiiiiiig trouble!" he thought to himself.

Chapter 4

"Man, I can't believe you got me to fuck your ass, Lita!"

Lita, in just bra and panties now, had her arms around Casey's neck as she sat in his naked lap, and replied, "I didn't twist your arm, my darling."

"Yeah, ya kinda did. You wouldn't let me cum!"

"Oh, let's be fair now. I not only let you cum but I swallowed it all. My crotch is a sticky mess and not once did I suggest you do clean-up for me!"

"You're really into being a woman, Lita. Twisting my words like a pro. You did do all that but kept sucking, keeping me hard enough to need to cum again. It was then either jerk myself off or fuck you as you wagged your thong butt in my face, begging me to fuck you. Bottom line: a hot hole beats a warm palm any day."

"So you're not really mad at me, Casey-poo?" Lita mock pouted.

"Well, how could I be? I still got this problem – which I think you made it worse – but, at the same time, you're the only one I could talk about it to! Talk about your rock and a hard place."

Lita nuzzled into Casey's neck, saying, "I dunno. I kinda liked your hard place inside me with your rocks bouncing against my butt," she giggled.

"I swear I will slide you on the floor, dropping you on that butt!"

"Don't you dare, baby! We're now closer than we've ever been. Please let's not stop now," she said as she then wrapped her arms around his neck, just in case. "There are now things I can share with you that I never can with Maria. She started all this, but lately, I wonder if I get too confidential with her as Lita, she'll forget about Carlos, in search of a real man. Which I was in the fucking first place!"

"Okay, okay," Casey said softly, as if to calm her. "The 'double-double standard' really does exist, just like you've said many times. The girls seem to want their cake and eat it, too...and get it! At least, that's what it seems like to me. But I love Roni too and think she loves me..."

"After all this time, you just 'think' Roni loves you?"

"I thought I 'knew'! That's why I came to you as a friend, Thinking that you and Maria were rock-solid, only to find Lita still alive, with you way far along than me, and also having doubts about your relationship!"

“Farther along than me’? You don’t mean...”

“No, no! I haven’t even started. But Roni recently came up with an idea that I just know has been percolating in the back of her mind since you came out as Lita last Halloween. This...is my problem. Okay, I admit it. You intrigued a part of me back then.

“Damn! I thought I knew you, but I could swear on a stack of Bibles I couldn’t find Carlos in Lita anywhere! You’re in my lap and I still can’t!”

“That was the whole point then, sweetie, and it certainly is now! Even I thought Lita was just going to be a one-time costume. But now I’m so much more... with no regrets!” Then Lita caught herself. “Well, maybe one. Losing Maria. But I love being Lita, too, now, and it’s a big reason why we haven’t moved in together yet. What if Maria thinks she’s created a monster and it’s why she doesn’t want to give up her place? She made me the kind of woman I am but she’ll never admit it!” Lita then started crying hard.

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Casey held Lita until she was all cried out. In the interim, he marveled her delicacy. He did not know about her road from there to here.

What she had learned in the short time prior to the party was only intensified in the successive months via her willingness to allow Maria to transform her in the first place. What Maria may or not have realized was that while Carlos may have been a man’s man, he also had some sort of foothold into the feminine mystique; knowing some women and their wiles better than they did, just so he would not be played by them. He could have used the knowledge to be a consummate player but he chose otherwise. So when Halloween came around and going as a female seemed to be the only option, he used everything he knew as Maria unwittingly gave him more, for ‘her’ to be Carmelita/Lita.

Today, in being reunited, an almost unbelievable opportunity presented itself, as Casey wanted total privacy with Carlos. Carlos then could not wait to be Lita. And as Lita came into being, she was on fire, already assuming to have an agreeable partner. Already horny to bursting a greedy second time, Casey fucked Lita’s ass doggy-style as she had requested. Baring her thong away only around her anus, she kept her illusion of femininity intact so much so, Casey never wondered how Carlos compacted his healthy-sized penis hidden as Casey humped Lita. He did not think once about how easily she accepted his

member in her puckered orifice without complaint. And it was easy to assume all of her doings in feminine affectations and genuflections.

But what about her bra-covered protruding bosom? Her thorough transforming makeup today? Lita claimed to love Maria, but what about that bisexual remark she made earlier? Or did Carlos say it? He did say that he was not gay, but there was a hint that while Lita was hetero in having male partners. Was she considered bisexual with other women? And Maria was okay with this? The operative word somehow being “was” because of Lita now being upset to tears.

And while kissing was one thing, she was prepared to give Casey her ass, ultimately offering it literally. Casey could have masturbated, or using self-control, simply let his dick calm down. He had already cum once. Now, Lita sat sticky in lap, having cum herself, there was still no feeling of masculine betrayal in her crotch. But with both of them moaning in pleasure as they fucked, she could have climaxed at any time. Yet Carlos’ cock never sprang free whenever she did.

As Lita continued to shudder in sobs, goosebumps rose. Feeling them, Casey noted how soft her skin was. He knew that Roni had a moisturizing ritual she followed religiously to maintain her soft skin. Did Lita also do this now? When did Lita start?

She even had a feminine scent about her that was not augmented by cologne or perfume. How could Casey not notice this when he was with Carlos earlier? Then there were other concerns. His own. Ignited on Halloween but then dismissed.

That is, until Roni deliberately bought him a pair of panties. Taking a page from his buddy’s book, he was surprised but artfully handled the matter. It has been several weeks since and Roni has not brought it up, even though she openly insinuated that she would like to go further in dressing him in women’s wear.

There is always talk about men loving certain toys until they tire of them. In this case, to get Casey fully clothed in her things, would she stick with him it only to tire of it, no matter which way he went with it? One “Carlos-ism” was that the same situations men are involved in or accused of apply to women, too. But you only hear about the guys; never the girls. See how insidiously clever they are?

That was Casey’s last thought, as holding Lita tight, he drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 5

Casey woke up with a start, a little disoriented. Lita was no longer in his lap and he was covered with a blanket. He also smells odors of food.

Lita then appeared, wearing a white halter-top with leg-hugging white capri pants. Also different was the absence of the blonde wig; her original black hair seemingly appearing apropos, as if it appeared to fit with who she was: a woman with a man's haircut, more aptly known on females as a feminine boy-cut. This enabled Casey to notice black teardrop earrings hanging from pierced ears. As she walked towards him, he noted the curves; not just the chest, but also sloping shoulders along with a nipped waist, and somehow pronounced due to the latter, wider hips, or vice versa. Padding towards him on bare feet, Lita even walked in a way a man never would, a tick-tock sway. At least, a straight man dressed as a man.

Casey had called it some time ago: Before even now, Lita was a woman.

She smiled broadly as she said, "You looked so peaceful, I let you sleep. Trying to re-dress you would've awakened you. Hence, the blanket."

But Casey, instead of being at ease with the explanation, was anything but. Still, because of what he presumed was going on, he knew that although he wanted to scream inside his mind as well as out of his mouth, something also kept him incredibly calm. He subconsciously knew that hysteria was not going to help. He needed answers; answers to questions that continued to pile up. As a way to get them, he decided to start simple.

"So, uh, feeling better now? All cried out?"

"Yes, sweetheart. Thanks for asking," Lita replied with a kiss to his cheek. "You must be hungry now. Come in the kitchen. I've fixed dinner."

She pulled on the blanket, and as if he forgot that she had already seen him nude, Casey swiftly came up with it, to keep covered. Then it looked as if she was going to hug his neck. But Lita had simply grabbed two ends of the cloth and knotted it around his neck, like a cape, boldly exposing almost everything in front. "Now, you look like my hero, Super-Stud!"

Dumbfounded at first, Casey let it happen, followed her into the kitchen, and sat at the table. Then he realized, "Omigod! How long have I been asleep?"

As Lita put a hot plate of food in front of him, she said "Re-lax, darling. I already called Roni and told her that we bumped into each other. I told her that we ended up at

my place and talked for so long, you got sleepy. Right away, the bright girl remembered that we hadn't seen each other since Halloween and its circumstances...that she knew about. I told her that I'd feed you and unless she needed you, I'd let you crash here tonight before kicking out tomorrow. Y'know, sounding real macho!"

With his face almost obscured with breast cleavage as she spoke, Casey uneasily affirmed, "Then it was Carlos who spoke to her, not -"

"Of course, baby." She said, pointing to her bosom, "This secret is only shared by two people, Maria and you. Unless Maria told her about me still being around, making it one of those 'girl secrets' I always tell you about that she would never share with you."

"Yeah!" Casey exclaimed. "That would fit everything!"

"Fit what, honey?"

Casey's stomach then growled loud enough for both to hear. Lita just giggled but feeling better in weeks, especially after his adventures with Lita today, Casey said, "My appetite seems to be back big time after a long time. Since we got all night, let's eat first. Everything smells delicious!"

Recalling the thick cock she saw in his lap as she gave him his food, Lita then grinned wickedly. "Everything tastes delicious, too!"

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After dinner, Lita announced, "Okay, darling. There's something you've been wanting to get off your chest ever since you deliberately 'accidentally' bumped into me earlier today. I've been a very naughty girl in playing with you. All the way up to my ultimate test. We were never bosom buddies before but, even if you didn't, I feel that we're there now. I have so much more to let you in on, but I feel that I've divulged a lot already. Insodoing, I sorta figured out why you're 'suddenly' in my neck of the woods today. Let's stay and talk here in the kitchen where they're no distractions..." At that, she paused, and after a blink downwards to her chest, she added with a grin, "Well, almost no distractions. The floor is yours."

Casey just shook his head as he laughed inwardly. "You're not wearing any perfume, are you, Lita?"

Lita raised a brow. "No. Why do you ask?"

"Well," Casey laughed softly but outward this time. "When we met outside today, it didn't register. But when you first changed – even now – your scent, well, it's distinctly feminine. You don't havta be a gifted sniffer to recognize the difference between a clean-bodied man or woman. How do you do it while dressed in Carlos' things? I would've also noticed you getting strange glances despite what was on my mind, which, in fact, would've tipped me off to Lita still being around before you showed up as a blonde."

"First of all, the blonde deal is a new purchase. Maria doesn't even know about it yet. On a whim, I wore it just for you, today. I took it off because I want to properly restyle it. But more about that later. To answer your question about my body, um, odor is nothing. Sure, I spritz myself with different scents every now and then, but I simply store my clothes separately from Carlos' with potpourri sachets, be they in the closet or dresser drawers. The scent doesn't linger for long once nude, but if you remember when we fucked, I still had my undies on."

"Oh. Okay," Casey sighed. "That mystery's solved. But now that you mentioned that, I fucked you, Lita, and I don't feel that I cheated on her. I still love her, just like you still love Maria. How's that figure?"

"That I can't answer for certainty. For me, I pretty much have Maria's blessing, as she encourages it. But what we did, then and now, is strictly between us. I won't share you with her. Just like our 'stolen moments' some time ago, as I willingly sucked you then, I simply wanted to do it again earlier. I dared to push the envelope for a full fuck 'cause I just felt I needed it."

"Why?"

Lita just stared at Casey for a seemingly endless moment. "Because you loved me at first sight," she then said.

Casey opened his mouth to speak but nothing came out. He could not articulate any argument and all that he expelled was a rush of air, as Lita continued.

"When you called me out Halloween night, it wasn't a macho moment, as Roni and Maria thought it might. How's that for a twist? They were the ones who thought we were gonna duke it out! Instead, when we got our privacy, you pulled my hand to your hard

cock, and without thinking, I left it there. You called my attention to it and it made me jump. But then, you told me to leave it there. And I wanted to...until you called me a drag queen!"

"But I immediately apologized!"

"Only because I squeezed your balls!"

"True that, but not only. I definitely misspoke. I did see Carmelita and not Carlos in a dress. I didn't see him then nor do I see him now. Carlos has a good-sized dick. Yeah, I've peeked, as we've stood side-by-side using various urinals. Only because we were talking at the time and the eyes innocently dropped. But I see you in pants now and I'm stunned. It's like you don't have one."

"I'm not supposed to, Casey...unless you want me to."

"No, not now...if ever!"

"And that's why I love you. Because although you came looking for Carlos, you're quite comfortable with me. Without guilt, without self-recriminations. If anything, you cheated on me with Roni. But only because you knew me first. And you know what I mean by that. You're not stupid. You don't leap before you look. Tell me what you're really afraid of."

Casey then told Lita about 'his' panty gift, and what was assumed was swiftly verified by Roni herself. "I'm no trivia buff but I know smatterings about this and that, here and there. About crossdressing, it's wholly a male stigma. Women can wear anything belonging to a man, without repercussions. But the reverse, the range can go from giggles to fierce hate. Acceptance exists, but as it's in the middle of the spectrum, it's spotty at best.

"There are many reason why men crossdress: a desire to express their feminine side, a need to change your sexual identity, sexual inadequacy, or just the need to feel the silkiness and femininity of women's clothes against our body...and more. Then there's the sexual side. From simple gender issues to permanent release needs; jerking off to panties wrapped around your cock, to wearing them, to getting all decked out, uncontrolled. Just for the orgasm. Even with an understand partner or friend, if you're bad at it, they can still love you. And if you're good at it, they can hate your guts."

"Wow. Looks like you're done your homework!"

"I'm serious, Lita."

"I know you are, honey. I'm sorry. I've learned from experience what you've just read about. What you just said is just the tip of the iceberg. It's very complex. Under the umbrella of transgenderism, most people lump it all as simply being gay, and it's just not that simple. Just talking about yourself in the third person can have people thinking you're nuts. Still, despite what's between my legs, Lita is Lita and Carlos is Carlos. Carlos doesn't wear panties and Lita doesn't wear a jockstrap. Both tuck their genitals as necessary in different ways, without mixing."

Lita then sighed, but happily. "Don't you see what's happening here, baby? Carlos was invulnerable and I am not. I've been afraid of loneliness after the fact. You're TG-curious before the fact with the same fear. Am I right?"

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Casey never expected this. At best, he did expect Carlos to be a good friend who would understand with a listening ear. After all, he did dress as a woman for Halloween. Casey even got his dick sucked and they even kissed with the swapping combination of sperm and saliva. After that, he occasionally wondered that if the situation were reverse, would 'she' be as bold. Indeed, to look so good, even your friends could not tell.

Getting hooked on crossdressing, Casey never wanted to be alone on this. It did not have to happen. Either the crossdressing or the solitude. There was a possibility that he could always walk away from the former. To this point, it was only curiosity and not temptation. He almost regretted doing the research that led to the possibility of the latter happening. Still, as far back as holding hands with Lita as they rejoined Maria and Roni, it meant more to him than forgiveness at being punked. Holding Lita's hand felt right. It felt good.

Months later, Roni seemed not to forget that night, either. Those red panties given to him as a gift was like Roni reading his mind...and making it up for him. Would she really see 'her' through it? Casey also could not forget her almost uncontrollable laughter back then. Roni was not laughing at Carlos. She was laughing at Casey accepting Lita, in his ignorance. Would she be equally derisive if Casey wore the skirt?

And, in his own way, who would have thought that Carlos was fearful of the same thing? Yet not exactly. Carlos did not seem to be worried about humiliation. Even Casey would agree that Lita would be hard pressed to exposure.

Chapter 6

Two sets of high heels click on linoleum. A door is unlocked, opened, and then the heel noise is slightly muffled on thin carpet as the door is not only closed but also secured.

"I can't wait to get out of this dress!"

"You can't? Aw. After all my work, I can't play with my creation?"

"But—mmph!"

The forceful buss was broken only for need of air. "You've been turning me on almost all night, 'Carmelita'. I almost came when Roni and me saw you kiss Casey out on the floor. And especially since you and Casey came back and everything was cool between you two. You were so hot, I even got jealous when I saw you two holding hands. I never wanted you more!"

"But Maria -!"

"Uh-uh, babe. You're still dressed. Keep Lita's voice on. One party's over but this one's just getting started. Right now, with us alone behind closed doors, I am so hot for my girlfriend, I just came! Ooh shit, it's dripping down my thigh!"

Lita acquiesced with the timbre in mid-comment, and ended in surprise, "Are you shittin' me? Oh, all right."

Truth be told, Lita did not want to 'go away'. This night was memorable for her, yet not at the cost of losing Maria's interest. So Lita pretended to want to be Carlos again as soon as possible, as if this reaction was to be expected. But then, Maria did something totally unexpected.

"See?" At that, Lita's hand was taken forcibly for the second time that night to feel between someone's legs.

Without thinking, after feeling Maria's wetness, Lita almost instinctively squatted. She then lifted the hem of her girlfriend's skirt; to lick her damp thigh – both of them – and then the wet panty gusset, thin as it was, being on a thong.

"Ooh yeah, babe," Maria panted. "Eat me, eat me, eat me!" And she feebly aided the request by baring her pubes, moving the scrap of cloth over.

Fresh air did not get a chance to hit before Lita's hot breath and wet tongue was busy upon Maria. Uncounted moments later, as when the first unattended orgasm simply dampened her crotch, Lita's machinations had Maria go into convulsions when she came now, almost gagging Lita in her juices.

As Maria spasms began subsiding, her arms jerkily reached for Lita's head. From the slight pull, Lita got the hint to rise. Face to face, Maria started licking her own spattered secretions, swiftly evolving into a long french kiss.

When they broke, Maria hugged Lita tight around the neck, as she whispered loudly in Lita's ear, "You'll get your turn. I didn't forget you," she said, as she then dropped an arm and grabbed a handful of Lita's ass. "I'll take good care of you from now on, baby. I made you and I'm not letting you go, Lita. Ever!"

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The original plan for after the party had been for Maria and Lita to go to Maria's place and 'bring back' Carlos. Nothing more was insinuated but Carlos did assume that it would be too late afterwards and that he would spend



the night. Sex before sleeping was not an impossibility. The way things actually did end, sex was an assuredness. But not the way Carlos presumed.

The party had ended at a late but respectable hour. Travel to the Santana home was short. The sexual romp to exhaustion was intriguingly long. Falling asleep in Maria's bed and awakening first was not unusual for Carlos. Having to go to the bathroom was what brought it all home to roost, as he stood to pee.

He happened to look down as he went, careful to make sure that he had lifted the toilet seat, that his aim was true in going in the bowl and not all over the place. Not that he was a slob but that it was his girlfriend's place. For the duty, he made sure to handle his penis, to direct its micturation. And that was when he saw the slender extension holding his member; the long red-nailed hand of Lita.

And speaking of extensions, at that moment, from Carlos' downward-tilted head, long tresses lazily spun around his shoulders. Not relying on a wig, Maria had attached a series of hair extensions, weaving them throughout, making it appear as if every follicle inch of Lita's tresses were genuinely all her own. Between the fingernails and hair, Carlos the male seemingly disappeared and Lita returned in an eyeblink. Before the party, Maria intensely indoctrinated Carlos to accept Carmelita without mental conflict, in order to generally have fun. It only worked as well as it did due to Carlos' willingness. Yet now, it seems to have worked all too well.

Lita began to see the crotch appendage as if it were not her own. Tucked away as it was at the party, it was with a certain amount of detachment when she allowed Maria and not her to prove to Roni her true gender via genitals in the ladies room. Otherwise, Lita virtually stayed Lita all night. As Maria attacked her when they got home, it was as if they were lesbians having sex. With Lita and not Carlos was constantly being referred to, even when his cock was produced, it was constantly referred to as her clit. Lita's big clit, but Lita's clit all the same. In her sleazed lust, Maria was enjoying herself.

Lita was enjoying herself. She was in no hurry to have any masculine dominance invade her psyche this night. She had made her own moves on Casey to kiss him while on the dance floor, as if it was something natural to do with someone she cared about. And although unmasked later, she very freely chose to remain 'herself', and despite being thrown a curve to blow Casey, she did not even flinch in defiance, to readily comply.

It was seeing, feeling and tasting her first cock, finding it a pleasurable experience, that allowed for her detachment now. Presently nude having slept, Carlos' mind came to the fore, especially when he had the need to relieve himself. But with hair, nails and even faded makeup not yet undone, Lita was still able to return, recalling Maria's earlier admo-

niton. It was a repetition of earlier prompts to be 'herself' when any part of her was in prominence.

While unable to bend double to suck herself off, Lita began masturbating as if she was pleasing her ethereal male lover; softly cooing to him in encouragement. All things considered, when she came, she caught it all in her free hand. Staggering slightly from the upright orgasm, Lita used an elbow to flip the toilet seat down as she simultaneously met it and sat upon it. As if in a vacuous daze, she then gazed at the viscous fluid in her hand. To her, the only alternative was to lap it up, licking her hand clean. She was very content, because doing this only served as to reinforce her resolve to somehow blow Casey again. Between his and Carlos' the flavor was not too dissimilar, so again, she wanted more.

Chapter 7

In any talent, or skill set, focusing on the good end, there's good, better, best. As far as Maria Santana was concerned, how she thought Roni Stewart would be a good match for Casey, it was not totally random. As a dabbling – or meddling – matchmaker, she looked for a match for her lover's friend in her world of expertise, that of beauty. Maria had barely known Roni as a fellow beautician. A very good one. Perhaps, almost as good as a cosmetician; yet another level.

Your everyday beautician are a dime a dozen. Their skill is so ordinary, anyone can do what they used to do, at home, buying kits of what they need, in a supermarket. People go to salons today for rudimentary things because they trust a beautician's professionalism more than their own. Some 'professionals' add a little more than elegance and those such gifted, like Roni, can turn plain visages into dazzling images. But Maria was even a cut above her. An exceptional queen of the makeover; able to completely transform someone into something virtually unrecognizable, something positively gorgeous. Like turning Carlos Javeros into Carmelita Romero. Even able to teach an adept student like Lita into being able to do herself; as Maria was taught, she unwittingly passed it on to Lita. Still, to whom she passed the talent to must be equally proficient in learning the technique. At the top of her craft, Maria could be called an esthetician, a beautician of high order and demand. She saw Lita in Carlos as a lark but she never dreamed that Carlos saw Lita, once exposed, as well.

As true beauty knows no gender, Maria was beside herself when she found a kindred spirit in her boyfriend. Whether lesbianism was a dormant part of her personal inner makeup or not, she never questioned Carlos being able to eventually become Lita all on his own. And Maria became as sexually hot for Lita as she had been for Carlos. Carmelita Romero was more than just a pretty face in the beginning. It almost pained Maria in seeing how attractive her boyfriend became, only to have it undone a few hours later.

Knowing what the costume was to be beforehand, everything was practiced as a game. The night of the party was when Maria pulled out all the stops and she saw how well Carlos could be with all else of 'her' costume. As she had her lover practice being comfortable in his disguise and to be another persona, Maria experimented with different makeup until the final countenance that became Carmelita Romero. Everything became so surreal, she challenged Carlos to speak in a broken English accent, just to see if 'she' would mess up. Even then, so giddy with the sublime success of her creation, Maria and "Lita" was barely there before she had to tell someone; that someone being Roni, who could truly appreciate, not merely the perfection of costume, but that of an esthetician's talent.

So Maria keeping Lita in existence for more than a one-night fling, with her surprising tutor whom she had no idea she was teaching as he picked things up, for his own reason, Carlos Javeros set out to refine the whole body he had femininely perfected. Someone else might have been concerned about Carlos' ability to act – and react – as well as look completely feminine. At the very least, for now, his girlfriend was pleasantly mystified.

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Having jacked off to satisfaction, with a smile, Lita sat back on the seat, reminiscing how she got to this point from the very beginning.

Carlos never knew his mother. His father who raised him was a player, and with one woman, he played her wrong. She got pregnant. Carlos never got the details. Only that a few months after his birth, he was unceremoniously given to his father by his mother and she was never seen again. Quite possibly one of the few decent things his father did was to keep him. He did get to hit on the babysitters over the years; even nailing several of them, along with the dates got by using baby Carlos as bait.

Carlos grew up to be handsomely androgynous, for lack of a better way of putting it. He definitely favored his mother, being fair-haired of body and slim-figured. His father was very muscular and hairy. Although total physical opposites, he did love his son. As Carlos grew older, he tried to teach his son how to be a player. As long as he lived with his father, Carlos played the game. When he lost his virginity, his father was proud of him. However, away from home, maybe he innately got it from his mother, but Carlos truly took the lessons another way. To wit, how not to be played by women. Insodoing, he attempted – successfully – to get inside their head, to see what made them tick. These insights came to be what Casey Monroe would call "Carlos-isms". Those insights were what Carlos used to become Lita.

Carlos did not hate his father but he did think that he was a loser; striking out way more than he scored. This note made him want to be a winner in any way he could. On his own, Carlos had to do odd jobs, as he could not afford to go to college. Carlos eventually enrolled into a technical school as he saw electronic technology a booming industry. Indeed, the growth has been such an escalating constant, he was able to branch out on his own in an otherwise failing economy. Soon enough, he had a small yet stable business of people working for him, instead of the other way around.

One night of barhopping with his new friend/wingman, Casey Monroe, he met Maria Santana. A strong-willed person herself, she would never know that he won her over by playing her against herself. As she became a constant in his life, still, almost intuitively, she was reluctant to press for marriage, much less to simply move in with him. Maria may not have uncovered Carlos' psyche the way he did hers but her gift to the world of beauty made her a much sought-after commodity; one that she was not as willing as her well-off boyfriend to make it a joint account. Maria was a female player, and women were so much better at it than men; many times their bodies were more glib before the mouth uttered a word. For that pivotal Halloween party, Carlos was the ultimate challenge of her secular skills and it was a heady experience for both of them.

At this point of retrospection, Lita sighed heavily. She pouted at seeing the naked male body below her neck. Still, she got up and sashayed out of the bathroom; chest first, ass last. She then eased back into bed with Maria; careful not to wake her as the sun was beginning to rise. Soon, Lita – not Carlos – went to blissful sleep again.

Chapter 8

Fast forward to the present to Lita's apartment as she had listened to Casey's situation. She began to reflect on what happened during the months since Halloween. Because of this pinnacle achievement, neither Maria nor Carlos was wont to let Lita go. And without sharing this thought, as Carlos was willing to be Lita beyond one night, Maria encouraged 'her' continued presence eagerly.

As time passed, she never truly questioned how gradually yet swift enough Lita was able to do her own self. Maria only asked once how did it happen, as the self-evolution abruptly hit her then. Lita was actually gradually doing one thing as Maria was working elsewhere. Maria seemed to want Lita and not Carlos to do this or that socially. For that, Carlos had to disappear. He did so, more and more willingly, without making his girlfriend suspicious of his dwindling lack of reluctance. Soon enough, Maria knew that she was good but it was almost impossible to create Lita from Carlos that fast. Finally, giving her the rationale that it was her idea to want Lita instead of Carlos to do this or that with her, he showed her the transformation from start to finish, all by himself. Maria then simply accepted the response that his observation of her expertise made for a dare for Carlos'

to try it on his own after Maria had transformed Carlos into Lita on a few subsequent occasions; having a little extra fun on their Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's holidays.

Carlos' dare to himself was fulfilled. Fulfillment birthed repetition behind Maria's back, far more than Maria dare imagine. Carlos did not say outright the Lita existed behind closed doors in his own apartment – if only studiously being feminine sans clothing and makeup – and Maria was not given a chance to draw that conclusion. Maria noting how accomplished Lita was, she was told that if she did not want Carlos to do this, then Lita would disappear. Again, another tactic deftly used by Carlos in making it an ultimatum without stating it so. Carlos was bluffing; he knew her that well in the beginning, despite present insecurities. Carlos was hooked into becoming the beautiful Lita, now knowing that she could exist as if at will.

Maria could have simply insisted on bringing Lita to the fore herself. But wait. Lita was able to become herself, by herself? Maria could not have been more astonished and yet proud. Not to mention, turned on by the revelation! Just as Carlos had figured.

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Lita was Maria's biggest 'girl secret' she could ever have. To share it would be to spoil it. Maria created Lita. Lita 'grew up' by coming into her own. If Maria told anyone about how she actually made – and kept – Lita, there was a good possibility, in her mind, Carlos could feel mortified and never be Lita again. Then there was a worst-case scenario: word gets out that she used her talent to humiliate someone. It may not matter that it was a man or whether he deserved embarrassment or not. Maria could lose clientele. Well-paying clientele that would veer away, wary of being made fools of, due to that very skill. No, the only 'girl' Maria would share it with was Lita.

So Maria even encouraged Lita coming into her own, by taking Lita shopping for her own complete makeup and wardrobe. A tactic that Lita eventually did without Maria, with no one the wiser of her true identity. Even as Lita's bosom evolved from water balloons to stockings filled with rice, gelatin-filled balloons to ultimately silicone prosthetics; all placed expertly within a variety of bras for maximum effect, whether fully-clothed or nearly nude in skimpy undies. This was all Lita's doing. Maria had created the first balloon bosom and did not think of improving on it, much less thinking of hiding male equipment away to appear as a feminine mound. Along the way, as the art of tucking masculine genitals was perfected by Carlos, it grew to the point where he rarely untucked himself even at home; out in public preferring stalls to urinals.

Carlos noted that his pelvic area was empty and that he could easily stuff his testicles up there. With practice, they stayed there at will; he had to eventually physically dig them out to make them drop into their sac. He also discovered that his soft penis was way smaller than a blood-engorged erection. He was able to tuck this away, somewhat compacted as well, in the small space below his anus called the perineum. Using thigh muscles, he was able to keep his cock tucked without underwear. After a while, he even was able to pull the skin of his empty sac over his cock, virtually covering it; making the sac appear as vaginal labia. It was all trial-and-error and did not come without the price of discomfort. Lita was proud of her ultimate pussy – as was Maria when she saw the perfected results – and the unique uneasiness in her crotch faded. Most likely having gotten used to it as opposed to it disappearing – and the morphed new appearance – there was definitely no way Carlos was going to give up being Lita.

Maria and Lita had more ‘girl nights out’ than dates with Carlos. Maria already had Carlos trained – or so she thought – to pleasure her like a woman needed. As if tunnel-visioned, only seeing Lita between her legs, she seemed to forget that Carlos’ cunnilingus talent was the same, Maria then treated Lita how to enjoy sex as a female despite her humongous clitoris. Even giving her ‘girlfriend’ rimjobs before finger-fucking her asshole. To do this on impulse, Maria made Lita douche herself religiously, what amounted to regularly using an enema.

She called herself using psychology in wanting to try anal sex with Carlos just so she could use it as a rationale to buy a strap-on dildo so that she could fuck Lita’s pussy – Carlos’ ass – as if Maria was a man. By then, Lita Romero had a full range of feminine feelings and attitudes just as Carlos had the masculine counterpart as a man; even in sexual situations, with Maria and now Casey. All things done, by the time Carlos was reunited with Casey months later, Lita had a complete mindset all her own while fully aware of her birth gender. But as it was said, Lita was Lita and Carlos was indeed Carlos.

Lita liked women but only really had sex with Maria. Maria’s “encouragement” to have sex with others was made in jest, and Lita knew it. Maria was a notorious flirt – around or away from her bi-gendered lover but there was no bed-hopping with either sex with Maria’s blessing as Casey had assumed in misunderstanding Carlos’ remark about that. However, Lita did want a man in her life: Casey Monroe.

She wanted him ever since he held her in his arms on the dance floor. That was why she brazenly kissed him, and literally felt that the feeling was mutual when he grew in his pants thereafter. Getting the idea, she was ecstatic later that she followed through on it instead of dismissing it, only to regret it later. As he wanted her to suck him off, deeply kiss her and fuck her, discovering that he still wanted her, months later, thrilled her no end.

Only now, Casey had desires of femininity of his own. If having her man as a woman was a way to get him, then Lita was more than willing to do it!

Chapter 9

"Sit down, babe. We gotta talk," said Casey one day.

Roni had just walked in from a day's work. Spotting her boyfriend on the sofa, she saw that he looked crestfallen. Curious, she walked over to him, and he spoke. But before Roni could react, Casey pulled her down, so that she sat across his lap. Face to face then, she instinctively got worried. When someone 'wants to talk', it rarely is good. Roni then laid her head on his shoulder and dug an arm behind him to meet the other in a hug. Then Casey spoke again.

"Honey, my company has been downsized. I think you know what that means."

Roni abruptly sat up, and unlinking her arms, she slapped his chest in mock anger, "Casey Monroe! Don't you ever do that to me!"

"What?"

"Scaring me like that! I thought you were dying, or worse, breaking up with me!" she giggled in relief.

"But I won't be able to pull my weight around here for...I don't know how long. The job market sucks! I was pulling big bucks in an administrative position. I even had a secretary! But for my college degree, I was just a glorified paper-pusher!"

"Well, maybe this is a good thing. I never liked that bitch anyway. Bet they kept her fat ass!"

Casey laughed, "Maybe, maybe not. You only disliked her because she always gave you a hard time when you'd drop by."

"Always asking me if I had a fucking appointment, as many times as she's seen me. She knew who I was!"

"And I've constantly reminded her, Roni. But she wasn't jealous for me. She gave you a hard time 'cause she was jealous of you!" At that, Casey nodded his head down and kissed his lover's clothed bosom.

Roni beamed at this. Given her profession, she looked good at all times. She worked at it and her efforts always paid off. Having an envious figure also did not hurt. Casey then began slowly unbuttoning her shirt as with his other hand, he firmly grabbed her buttock and squeezed.

"Look," he then said, "I'm not gonna sit around the house all day, and I won't put everything on you..."

"Stop! Stop right there!" Roni interrupted. "I know we agreed, when we moved in together, that we'd split expenses 50-50. Doing that, we still had enough to treat ourselves and each other. Right now, I could take over everything and still have something left over. This is not a problem!"

By this time, Casey had bared just enough of opened shirt to show Roni's bra. Nuzzling the nearest breast, the nipple popped out over the rim. Casey then quickly bit it lightly before saying, "Mmm, I love you, babe."

Roni then pulled the other side of her shirt down, taking the other bra cup with it, "Then don't forget the other one!" Casey swiftly bit the other nipple and chewed it softly. "Damn," Roni whispered, as it made her shiver.

"Um," Casey then looked up at her, "you're not gonna go fem-dom on me, are you?"

Roni looked quizzical for a second. Then she smiled. "Depends."

Casey then sat up. "On what?"

Roni then grinned. "I know what you meant when you said, 'fem-dom'. You know I'm not a control freak. I know how hard it'll be to find a new job, even with a degree. Unless the market gets better overnight, it's not like you'll find a job tomorrow. But since you'll be home all day for a while..."

"You know I'll be out more than in and not goofing off in here!"

"I know, I know. I know you like you know me. It's just that you will be able to indulge me more, if only for a little while."

"Name it."

"Weeeeell, I seem to recall giving you a certain gift a while back and never saw you use..."

Casey's face went blank for a moment. Then he blanched. "You don't mean...?"

Locking eyes with him, Roni then took Casey's hand and held it in the crotch of her jeans. He could feel a coolness that abruptly got warm. She made his hand press firmer and she shuddered almost imperceptibly. Afterwards, Roni's jeans were faintly damp as she released Casey. "You've always made me hot, babe," she whispered hoarsely. "I wanna see you make me fucking sweat!" Roni then suddenly gasped as Casey pushed in on his own. To know that it actually happened, one really did not need to hear pants, panties and pussy squish together.

Chapter 10

"She bought it, Lita! She bought it! I almost came without getting hard when I steered her exactly where she wanted to go!"

"I toe ooh, gign' I?"

"Huh?"

Lita took Casey's cock out of her mouth and said, "I said, 'I told you, didn't I?' I've been telling you for years how women are, and when crunch time came, you didn't need a rehearsed script to memorize. You were natural. You were yourself. You couldn't've done it if you really weren't yourself. You played her just like she plays you. No one got hurt because everyone got what they wanted. No woman feels bad when they play. Especially when everybody wins. So neither should you. You're halfway there already, sweetheart."

"Halfway where?"

"Thinking like a woman, honey. Being a woman. Now lemme finish this so we can get to work...in more ways than one!"

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At one time or another, almost everybody manipulates everyone else. If they fail, they have not manipulated. Manipulation can be called an unsung art. Manipulation can be an outright lie or it can a statement of fact. Scam and con artists are manipulators. But so is the guy wanting to score with a girl, and he says, "If you really love me, you'll do it." Beautiful women can do it with simple body language. A "puppy dog" pout is just one tool either sex can use; the toolbox itself being almost bottomless. Manipulation is a constant. Almost everybody does it. Those who do it better, do it on purpose. Again, to do it well is the ability to do it at all. Still, it is not an absolute. You cannot do it to all the people, all the time. But if not abused, most of the time can last a lifetime.

Maria, through trial and error, did not truly see Lita until the final transformation. After the party was over, it was the juxtaposition of Lita herself and what Lita really had between her legs. Calling it harmless rationale, because Carlos owned his own business, she knew that he could delegate others in his absence. Maria suggested he do just that so that she could enjoy Lita's company continuously for the time being and not for just one night. Possibly making Carlos feeling so good about his alter ego that he would allow Maria to re-invent Lita as an everyday woman instead of an ersatz hooker for a night. Then, as it was holiday season, Maria used each occasion for Lita's reappearance. Afterwards, it became a weekend thing, to ultimately just wanting to spend some "girl time" with Lita. Carlos never had to make an excuse and when Lita was doing herself on her own, Maria was over the moon beside herself.

What she did not know was that Carlos felt the same way and was ecstatic when she gave him alibis for Lita's reappearances until he ultimately came up with his own. On the other hand, Roni was not so fortunate as she tried to convince Casey to try crossdressing at all. Still, with Casey already covertly intrigued, she was eventually successful in thinking that he had simply come around.

The more successful manipulator is one who can never be tripped. To do that, one needs to tell the truth. It may not be absolute but it still has the sound of sincerity. Those who do not trust this type are already predisposed to not trust anyone, so it is a shaming experience when they discover that everything is viable. In this situation, Casey had already begun his 'feminization' exercises with Lita, if only to get a hands-on feel for it. He liked it so much, at first it was a sexual turn-on. Lita did not mind this. Casey's erections meant more sex for her as a woman and she definitely loved tasting his cock instead of sucking Maria's plastic strap-on dildo. As it stimulated only the reality of Maria's clit that it pressed on, Lita was only left with fantasy on pretending that it was Casey. Back to Casey, in order for 'her' to get the full experience, he needed time. Herein lay 'the truth'.

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Casey's job was being downsized. Truth. The full truth was that Casey's position, specifically, was up in the air. Being in administration, it could have gone either way, depending on where you were on the food chain. He was offered a very generous 'retirement package' should he choose to take it or take his chances of being kept on. Being simply offered this made his security iffy. Choosing the latter, there was the possibility that the only pink slip he would have had could have not been worn... and no bonus. Casey choosing the former, he withheld that information from Roni but not from Lita. In turn, it was her to suggest that the timing was perfect for Casey's feminine side to bloom, as she invested it in the start of his own feminine wares. As Roni also wanted this still after all the time passed, it was evident by her response to his job loss in also seeing this as an opportunity to have optimum time to get Casey to embrace 'her' kinky feminine side, as he had time between responding to job ads. A lot of time versus going to work nine-to-five interruptus. Time to be a woman around the clock versus being a mere crossdresser catch as catch can.

Lita loving Casey, her first task was actually to secure Casey's financial future. That is, not have the rug pulled out from under him should something bad happen and he was left without resources. It did not have to happen but Casey could have been 'fem-dommed' in the worst way. So, here again, Casey took control by putting it out there – deliberately mentioning it – to see if Roni would be honest from the start, all the way to the end. Roni could have changed her mind as she saw Casey feminized and then tightened the screws, making him either regret wearing panties or selfishly perverting a fetish instead of perfecting it. Casey's safety net?

When Maria suggested for Lita to stay longer than Halloween night, she reminded Carlos that he not only had his own business, he had employees. People he could delegate responsibilities to so that, even if he was around, he did not have to carry the whole load of his company on his back. In the beginning, Carlos had more or less invited people to join his enterprise as opposed to hiring them. Still, one hard and fast rule was that no one owned the customer. They belonged to the company. The next rule was that if there was a dispute, they were free to leave; Carlos had the final say. They were all friends in the beginning, but then came strangers who were hired; skilled people who were unemployed searching for work. All this time everything was at peace and all got along. Carlos did take time off, but it was hit or miss, a day or two, with no second-in-command. It was working for a while but how would it work in the near future and beyond? A corporate structure would be needed. Carlos needed someone he could trust implicitly. Who better for the job than Lita's lover?

It was the perfect plan. Lita set the groundwork as Roni assumed that it was herself. As Lita had a big head start in feminizing Casey, Roni was merely setting Casey's femininity in stone. Meantime, Casey's job-hunting time away from home was part learning the ropes of Carlos' business from his home as he also learned how to be a woman. In the end, it was win-win for everyone. Even if Casey, Carlos' new personal assistant and second in command, decided to be officially female.

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"I dunno, Lita," Casey says after a moment. "This feels weird."

Lita withdraws again as she looks up at her lover. "What, baby?" she asks, a little worried. "You're not gonna take my candy from me, are you?"

"No, sweetie," Casey smiles as he looks down at her, using a poor falsetto. "I'm still just getting used to the makeup. And thanks for the wig. I know you bought it for yourself but, if I may be so bold, it makes the rest of my face look hot! I really can't wait now to be complete!"

"Ugh, darling! If giving you a makeover puts you in a femme state of mind this soon, we simply must work on your voice. Right now, it's positively dreadful."

At that, Casey pouted. "I'm trying," he said in his male timbre.

"Aw, please don't feel bad. Just think of me as being lucky. Between the two of us, we will succeed! On the positive side, with that 'voice' you can frustrate Roni as she thinks she's the one building her girlfriend. I'm sure Roni remembers the same short time we all had to get ready for that party. All vanity aside, I was a miracle, as far as Maria was concerned. I was even practicing behind her back even though things were easy for me. Your biggest problem really is if you give them something too smooth early on, they'll expect everything to happen like magic. Trust me on this."

"I do trust you, baby," Casey says, as he leans forward, as long blonde locks fall past his shoulders and sheathe his head. Puckering his rouged lips, he says, "Now gimme kiss."

Chapter 11

As Lita evolved, Carlos first got his beard removed permanently. This was done after Maria discovered that Lita could do her own makeover and Lita made sure that shaving was not going to be an additional task. For Casey's early days, he was told about it but to keep shaving as needed until his "other 'teacher'" got used to his feminine face. By then, a plausible excuse could be used for facial hair elimination.

One thing they both had going for them was no ethnic male stereotypical physicalities. Many men worldwide are fairly hairless. That is, from the neck to the pubes and even underarms. It is not an anomaly to be bare-chested. Just like women, their pubic hair varied from sparse to thick; thick meant for some even hairy testicle sacs while sparse meant small thatches of hair above their penis. Carlos and Casey had a fine down on their forearms and legs, despite the fact that Carlos was Latin and Casey was somewhat Nordic. Casey's hair was sort of a dirty blonde – brownish-yellow tint – and truth be told, Lita had bought the golden blonde wig in her affection for him. When she learned of Casey's curiosity to crossdressing and subsequent desire to be feminized, it gave her utmost pleasure to officially make the wig Casey's own. For now, however, he had to lead Roni into his 'purchase' of the hairpiece before bringing into his home.

Another thing Carlos and Casey had in common was that their attractiveness was indeed androgynous. That is to say, to ordinary perception, as males, they were perceived as males. Unless they did something gender contrary while in masculine wear – genuflect like woman; primp, swish, speech pattern – they were definitely viewed as males. But in women's wares, it truly did not take much for them to be seen as women. Carlos even had pouty "bee-stung" lips that were definitely an asset for Lita. Speaking of assets, Casey's rear was somewhat plump, but not that notable until it was covered by a tight skirt. Such a garment would redefine optically above it as a smaller waistline or overall feminine curvature. In this, Casey could have a smaller waist than Lita but taking nothing away from Lita all the same. Again, one would have to be looking for it in order to note it. As Roni was looking for something feminine in her boyfriend, she found what she was looking for right there.

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"Mm, yum-meee! Shake that ass!"

"Damn, Roni! You almost made me jump outta my skin!"

"Just what was on your mind that it would be so far away, babe? Keys in the locks aren't noiseless and while I didn't stomp in the apartment, I wasn't tiptoeing, either."

"Okay," Casey sighed. "I give. I guess I'm just tired from being out all day. You catching me from behind startled me is all." Casey was actually over Carlos' place, partly learning the business for when he could be hired and partly being Lita's new girlfriend. Part of the day he was learning the job while dressed as a woman.

"I had a long day too, babe. But when I finally saw you finally wearing your panties, it was like I got a huge rush. Didn't mean to scare ya." Roni then kissed him on the cheek. Afterwards, remembering Casey's ass cleavage in the near see-through underwear, she giggled as she clasped a cheek of his rear, "Did you know your big butt jiggles when you walk? That's a bonus I didn't expect when I got you these."

Casey knew this already as Lita had made a similar comment when she had him dressed, not only in full underwear, but also stockings and high heels. As for the moment, as he and Roni often walked around the house in just their underwear, because of his progress with Lita, it was high time to fumble through crossdressing with Roni. He could not have planned it any better in wearing just panties when she came home. Him being surprised was then genuine.

"Hmph! I do not have a big butt!" Casey said defensively.

"It's okay, babe. It's gonna work out perfectly as an asset – pardon the pun – when I get you all dolled up! In fact," she then ran a hand between his legs, "there's no time like the present to get started!"

"Wait a minute. Now?"

"You got other plans tonight?" asked Roni, as her hand went caressing his front. "Uh, what did you do with your cock?"

"What do you mean?" said Casey in his bad falsetto. "Girls don't have cocks."

Swiftly catching on, Roni replied, "I meant that freakish big clit of yours!"

"I knew it! You just said it! I'm a freak!"

Roni instantly panicked. She did not want Casey to back out on what she had planned for 'her'. But right here, Casey was way ahead of her, in doing something he did not know if Roni knew what to do in this case.

"No, no, Casey! No! You look beautiful in your panties, sweetie. I-I just wanted some pussy, baby. That's all," Roni said softly.

Casey then relaxed, and with a small smile, he guided her hand to the panty's gusset. There, like a poorly overpacked vagina with maxipads, was an equally poorly tucked penis between his legs. Lita's was hidden infinitely better, learned over time to appearing as if she actually had a vagina, but for now, his was necessary in its subterfuge.

"There's a gap in my pelvis where I could push my balls up into. Tucking my cock, between my legs and then putting the panties on held everything in place. It hurt like hell at first for a bit. Well, not hurt, but anyway, I got used to it as I left the panties on," Casey trembled in his scarcely-effeminate timbre.

Roni squatted to see everything and then looked up at him with a raised eyebrow.

"What?" Casey asked.

Roni then shot up to full height, grabbed Casey's head, and kissed him hard. "Oh, baby. If you only knew just how horny you just made me!" she exclaimed. Thereafter, she hurriedly began stripping her clothes off right on the spot. "Baby, take your panties off now! I really need to ride your wonderful clit!" Roni even began panting her way to nudity, as she added with a laugh, "Ooh my sweet, sweet baby! We've got so much work ahead of us...including that awful girly voice of yours!" As if she knew that Casey might take offense at this, Roni realized that he was really trying to help make her fantasy come true and in no way did she want to discourage him now that he had finally begun. "Don't you worry, babe. We're gonna make this work!"

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That night, Roni was apologizing over and over to Casey; critiquing his supposedly his newly-found feminine side, hoping to keep what ground she gained in a few hours while, at the same time, not getting Casey discouraged, to want to call everything off. Roni worked her whims between effecting his femininity and intermittent sex. Having her own plans to crossdress Casey months ago, it was not to be a drawn out hit-or-miss drawn out

deal as Carlos had done in creating Lita. At the very least, Roni already presently had, not only a matching bra to go with the panties, she had also long purchased silicone breastforms that when placed just right, Casey 'owned' a C-cup bosom. Ironically, the same cup size of Lita and that she agreed was also ideal for him.

Finally, in the wee hours of the morning, Roni declared that she was going to call into work to take the day off, in order to get proper sleep. But before they called it a night, Casey and Roni talked about a feminine name for the new counterpart. What was agreed upon was something easy, simple and yet different. Remembering when Carlos spoke in broken English at the party, that Lita repeated called him "Cassie" instead of Casey, Roni noted that Cassie was short for Cassandra, definitely a woman's name. But as Carmelita swiftly became Lita for the rest of the night after introduction, without preamble, Casey's feminine alter ego would simply be Cassie.

Chapter 12

"Come here, baby."

"You sure you wanna do this?"

"Were you sure when you decided that you wanted to kiss me? That you were willing to do more when the opportunity presented itself?"

"Oh my. Did I create a monster?"

"Oh no, my darling. We...created a woman, together. Now. Are you gonna gimme my first cock or am I gonna havta sell myself on the Vegas strip?"

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The man in this scenario is Carlos Javeros. The woman with the sexy, purring contralto is a newly-minted Cassie Monroe. Both sharing a hotel room in Las Vegas, at the moment Carlos is stroking his cock to rigidity as he admires his sexy blonde roommate in her navy blue satin bra and panties. Their first night in town of a brief three-day weekend, it was Cassie's idea for Carlos to take her virginity all at once, unlike in parts when Lita performed a blowjob and it took months before Casey fucked her 'pussy'; taking her anal cherry.

Their itinerary was simple. Two men share a room away from home. A simple celebration many miles away from their erstwhile partners. Originally, it was to be a log cabin, with all of the amenities under one roof, without inner walls.

Casey 'finally' finds a job with his occasional friend Carlos. Carlos 'needing' a right-hand man – at Maria's suggestion – so that he can have more getaway time... with Maria... as Lita. To date, Maria seemingly did not want a boyfriend anymore. She did not actually say so. She did not become a lesbian but she was very happy with her "secret shemale". "Shemale" because Lita was a "chick with a dick", despite being flat-chested. "Secret" because Carlos had to be male for work.



It would seem that Lita's feeling of losing Maria has come true, as she felt a premonition upon re-introduced to Casey, now months ago. Only one thing seems to be missing as Maria yearns for her feminized Carlos: the evident desire for a complete – 'real' – man. This despite the fact that Carlos was in full evidence – not wearing even panties – at work. Because of this, Maria could have had her man at any time, and yet, continued to prefer, so far, only one male part, the rest being Lita. Fortunately, should this happen now, it is inwardly felt that Lita having Casey – or even Cassie – in her arms, will soften the blow.

Roni was told by Casey being offered a job, after a few months unemployed, by Carlos, after the latter was 'finally told' that his unemployment money was soon to be exhausted and Carlos having this opening was serendipitous. By this time, under Roni's 'tutelage', "Cassie"

evolved. Often trying short feminine hairstyles on him at home that were easily washed out, she even advised Casey to let his hair grow and dyed it a golden blond. It was a common shade between either sex having “yellow” hair and, to Roni, was more dramatic when Cassie was ‘around’. And like Lita, Cassie gradually did her own makeup expertly, simply being truly taught by Lita the art of transforming makeover, as Lita had learned via Maria. Casey then explained to Roni that he knew nothing about Carlos’ business, even though he would handle mostly the bureaucratic end of it. Running the office and paperwork. As Cassie continued to ‘grow’, Roni even thought – to herself, for now – that maybe somehow Cassie could take the job instead of Casey.

Casey and Carlos were then dragging out their time together in private, under the cover of learning a new job. Both of their paramours being unaware that by then Casey already knew everything about the job. Casey was now basically spending time with Lita while merely honing ‘herself’ as Cassie; Roni getting all of the credit.

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Summertime rolls in and Cassie is flawless but still fumbling a little for Roni’s inexperience in transgenderizing her lover. Roni had to start from scratch because, unlike Carlos, Casey not only fought against the idea at first, it took several more weeks to give in, at least to Roni, when she gifted him panties. Seeing Lita display feminine tan lines from being outdoors with Maria – at the beach, no less – made Cassie absolutely crimson with jealousy. She wanted to out herself, too...but because it was supposed to be only hers and Roni’s closeted secret, how? Afraid of pushing him too far, too fast, Roni never shared her fantasy of Cassie taking the job Carlos had offered Casey to anyone, not even Casey.

As autumn began, in the spirit of being close friends now instead of casual acquaintances, Carlos then suggested – in front of Roni and Maria – that he and Casey spend some bonding “guy time” in a remote cabin. Maybe do things like fishing or hunting, before Casey takes over the job. After all, he will not get another vacation until he pays his dues as a working stiff for a year. This is what the guys told their respective partners and the girls were okay with it. Roni has had Casey be virtually Cassie practically 24/7 indoors, unless Casey needed to do a job interview or follow a new lead. He never needed to do either but he had to leave the apartment for a while, for appearance sake, as he then went to Carlos’ place to be with Lita and now, as Cassie with her, too. Pretending to be dejected when he returned, Casey seemed to perk up when ‘she’ became Cassie, for Roni once again.

Early on of Roni’s tutoring, this pre-planned idea by Lita had Casey buying on impulse a long-haired blonde wig with what was left of his flagging funds, in order to test and ce-

ment Roni's acceptance. Roni being unaware of his layoff bonus kept in the apartment bank of Carlos Javeros. To make this not an untruth, although it had been long given to him, Casey ultimately paid him for it. A short while later, Carlos bought Cassie some more clothes with the same money, kept at Carlos' place. To date, Cassie never bought her own clothes. They were purchased either by Roni or Lita. Cassie's belongings were also separate from Lita's, so that Maria would not find the extra clothes. Lita wanted Cassie to have her own things, not for Maria to see and suggest Lita wear them for her. It was interesting to note that Roni knew about Cassie but not Lita, even as Maria did not know about Cassie, assuming that she had Lita all to herself.

In any event, the men's "guy time" of really being close buddies now, in work and in play with their girlfriends, was a front. On the other hand, Maria never really got cozy with Roni. Because being more specially skilled, at best, Maria was guilty of professional snobbery. Roni was indifferent about their friendship, mostly because she had her close girlfriend in Cassie.

Carlos had finally announced to his employees that he was bringing someone from the outside to be his personal assistant. He did not say when or who. Only that it was a necessity for the company and that he did not choose anyone from his present staff to avoid in-fighting and to give the second-in-command due respect. As far as the guys were concerned for now, they were supposed to be in the woods out of contact. They were not even to be bothered on their cell phones. At this, exit cabin, enter Las Vegas. A whole other state away.

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They checked in adjoining rooms, a suite. Separate but together. The hotel could care less but still, Carlos wanted this extra measure. Their plan? To use either entrances of their rooms as men or women, or both.

Despite owning the blonde wig, it was left behind, if only to alleviate suspicions as to why was it brought on a 'guy trip'. Casey's hair unshorn all this time was mostly straight, covering his ears and just past his neck. Carlos' raven locks were full of waves and curls, yet as a man, he wore it tightly straight in a manly ponytail at the neck; the rest of its length fell between mid-shoulder blades. Casey learned how to do his own makeup expertly but could do little of his tresses femininely. While she did show him how to do makeup, Roni had done all the styling and undoing of them and Casey did not have Carlos' gift of 'feminine retention', simply by observing. He had to be pointedly taught, and was, by Lita. As an idea of quick change, hair that was combed back away from his forehead could be combed forward down to his eyes for a very feminine look. All Carlos

had to do was release his tail and Lita's bountiful mane exploded. Both having clothes for their alter egos at Carlos' place, had this packed as additional baggage, unknown to their paramours. However, they had planned precious little time as men.

The first day was Cassie with her boyfriend, Carlos. Sightseeing, gambling, dining, taking in a show. Cassie's body in heels was smashing, as her chest jiggled sexily along with her behind, no matter what she wore. The second day was all Lita's; her body draped all over her lover Casey. Lita was sleek in her femininity. While not as bouncy as Cassie, she was charming as a feline in her beauty. There was a certain irony here. Had Cassie had Lita's wealth of hair – that is, her blonde wig – she would have been the classic blonde bimbo. As it was, all Lita needed was the wide-eyed blank look to portray the brunette version, but she did not.

Day three had two gal-pals out on the town, Lita and Cassie; flirting with every guy they could attract. If the gentlemen – emphasis on “gentlemen” – chose to spoil the ladies, they were allowed to. Provided that the men knew up front that there were no sexual strings attached. At best, Cassie and Lita were strictly eye candy. As Cassie used the power of a woman on a man for the first time, she was positively giddy with the fact that by that night's end, the duo's trip had been reimbursed... and then some, as they sexually pleased each other, before checkout time the next day when they left as Casey and Carlos.

The last day had Cassie as confident as any other attractive, self-assured woman. Early on the first day, out in the open for the first time, she had clung to Carlos as if she was alone in the ocean and Carlos was the only life-preserver. But as Carlos exuded enough confidence for the both of them, Cassie then knew how Lita fell in love with Casey. Although Casey had worn a padded suit and lifts to look like an ideal gentleman when they first 'met', he was a true gentle man with Lita at all times. Lita then surprised Cassie that before arrival in Vegas, she had made an appointment for them both on day three to see a plastic surgeon for consultation; that should she desire, it would be all set to get breast augmentation. Lita told her that somehow, someday, she was going to get herself done. After the consultation that gave them the green light – as transgender candidates – for the definite possibility, Cassie was then planning for her own 'right moment'.

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Back to day one of their trip, treated as a woman should be treated by a man, Cassie assuredly felt the same way Lita felt at that pivotal party by that day's end, telling Carlos outright that she wanted him to make her his. Roni would not plow her pussy with a strap-on first, unlike Maria did Lita, before Casey.

When Carlos entered her suite room, Cassie could wait no longer that first night, she was all over him. Hugging, kissing and stripping first him to nudity, then herself to her lingerie. As Carlos was still stroking himself, Cassie reached out and grabbed his cock, pulling him closer to the bed where she laid. Once close enough, she leaned her head forward, and stretching her tongue out, tentatively licked the tip of his member.

“Mmm, sweet,” she purred, almost surprising herself in having the minute taste of flesh and precum.

Carlos then sat on the bed to get comfortable. Cassie then allowed him to get fully upon it as she then ambled between his legs. She then began anew as she held his rod.

Taking a testicle into her mouth, she gently sucked before doing the same to the other one. Afterwards, she made slow, languorous licks from base to stem to helmeted tip. As she gradually coated the entire cock, she marveled in its taste and even anticipated sucking on it wholly for what it would produce.

Cassie then vaguely reflected on how she had something similar in her panties, although no one could ever tell that it was equally as large when Casey was in command. Through stringent concentration over a while, Cassie learned when Lita self-taught herself. How to be sexually stimulated and even orgasm without becoming inadvertently untucked from becoming erect. Inasmuch as Casey had to get over getting emotionally charged in simply wearing distaff clothing, his flip side also learned how, once feminine, to stay feminine. It was not easy but if you really wanted it to happen, it did. (A new Carlos-ism. Or was it a Lita-ism?) Lita was proof, and by now, so was Cassie. Her panties were slowly dampening from her own precum, as her crotch almost indiscernibly throbbed. Just as Carlos at full mast also freely pulsed against her hand and tongue.

Now in full suck mode, Cassie decided to be playful. She began sucking hard on half of the dick. When she got a tight seal, she then forcibly yanked it out of her mouth with her hand, making a notable “Pop!” Carlos liked it at first but it fast became a little painful. Soon enough, as Cassie dove on his cock to where her hand was wrapped, Carlos grabbed her head with both of his hands and held it in place. This made Cassie laugh and the vibration from her muffled chuckle almost made Carlos lose it right there.

Cassie then playfully bit into Carlos’ meat. But it was more a light squeeze between her teeth than an actual nibble. Still, it was enough for him to feel a need to take over. His hands still clasping, Carlos bucked his torso, effectively face-fucking her. Once Carlos rammed Cassie’s mouth a little too hard, too fast, too deep. She immediately gagged, her breath caught short as she choked. Carlos swiftly pulled her off as Cassie then wheezed

and gasped for air. Carlos was readily apologetic and, in turn, Cassie was apologizing to him. They soon hugged and kissed in mutual consolation.

Cassie then softly pleaded with Carlos to fuck her. Using special vaginal lubricant that felt somewhat mentholated and tingly, Carlos finger-fucked Cassie as he liberally greased her sphincter. As one finger became two, a third finger was tried. By then, Cassie begged for his cock.

She made one more request: as she did not want him doggy-style, while still in stuffed bra and panties, she wanted to ride his lap, facing him, cowgirl-position. Still incredibly tucked, she simply slid over the slim thong gusset; her perineum was wet from lube and her own cum. Carlos went in easy for a first time, as Cassie put her full torso weight on his meat as it entered. There were a few grunts and heavy exhalations from her and Carlos did want to stop entering fully. At that, Cassie pushed herself on him the rest of the way, wrapped her arms tightly around his neck and kissed him, frenching his mouth fiercely. When their lips parted, Cassie said, "I love you, babe. Now bust my cunt!"

Chapter 13

"I don't know if I can do it."

"Do what, Cassie?"

"Go to work for Carlos on Monday, Roni."

"Now how's that, girl? You 'n Carlos have been thicker than thieves lately. Much closer than you've ever been. While it's true that you've been out of a job for quite a while, it's not like you're completely starting over. You'll be working for your best friend. Next to me, of course!"

Roni was trying to make things light but Cassie was not buying it. Here Cassie was in a similar outfit to hers of cami tops and short-shorts. Cassie wore prerequisite underwear to conform her figure while Roni wore nothing else. While feeling the light weight of simple wedding band earrings in pierced lobes, Cassie fiddled with a barrette that was pinning her hair back in a short feminine bob, as she explained her concern.

"Y'know, it was more than six months ago when you gave me a pair of red panties. Now, I own dozens of them!"

“So?”

“Listen to me! With this voice, I can turn on any guy I want; fool him into following this body anywhere I choose. I can charm him into doing anything I want...”

“My, aren’t we full of ourselves!” Roni said in disbelief, as she cut her off. As far as she knew, her ‘girlfriend’ had yet to leave the apartment.

Cassie knew what she was capable of because it happened on her last day in Vegas, but she would never tip that hand. “You don’t believe me, fine!” Then she withdrew into herself in silence as she pouted.

“Okay, okay! I’m sorry! Geez, you’re such a girl!”

“And that’s exactly my point!” Cassie exclaimed abruptly, making Roni jump. “I told you this would happen. I knew that somehow it was going to be a perverse turn-on, so I fought it for the longest. I was actually afraid of a piece of clothing. I told you, ‘Suppose I get to like it?’

“But no. You had plans. Plans you didn’t share up front. Expertly skirting the issue with half-truths, you had already the bra and even bust pads. Wanting to doll me up. For fun. Your fun. It was to avoid an argument then, but let’s be honest. You had already spent serious money on the silicone. You definitely would’ve tried again. I do know you, Roni, ‘cause I want to know you. Even though I specifically said ‘What if I like it?’ I asked you that simply because I...love...you.

“We both know how crossdressing works, how it affects many relationships...for the worst. Good was a possibility. Worst was a sad reality. Still, I got used to everything. No more erections simply because wearing panties got me hard. Oh, I still got hard-ons, but they were through proper stimuli: a partner or masturbation. Everything feminine simply became mine. Everything a woman can wear. I now act like a woman. I feel like a woman. And I like it!

“Maybe that’s why it took a friend like Carlos to hire me. The other job openings were uncomfortable with the effeminate man they saw, that I didn’t! I couldn’t turn it off! Would you still love me enough to be my lesbian lover?”

Roni opened her mouth to speak but then closed it. Cassie had said a mouthful. Things that Roni had not thought through entirely. But Cassie had, just as Lita had before her and told her to look for an opening to bring it up; the sooner the better once Cassie Monroe be-

came a complete entity of her own. Lita had not given Cassie progress reports about her and Maria. For now, it had been funneled into solely their transgendered time together. And even that was behind closed doors. Locally, Lita has been outdoors. Cassie has not. It had to be meticulously planned for them to be together out-of-doors.

Roni then got up, and from another room, Cassie could hear her make a call on her cell. She was on the phone none too few minutes, as if speaking softly on purpose, so as Cassie strained to hear, she could only make out indiscernible mumbling.

“What was that all that about?” asked Cassie, upon Roni’s return.

“Patience, my darling,” Roni replied. “One way or another, you’re gonna put your mind at ease, knowing everything you want to know, tonight. But know this right now: I love you, too.”

Chapter 14

A short while later, the doorbell rang. Roni went to answer it.

In a flash, Cassie reflected on how interesting it was. All these months, whether alone with Roni or Carlos, no one – not even a stranger – ever disturbed them to cause concern. Then, just as quick, she relaxed. Cassie realized that thanks to Lita’s makeover skills that she amended as Roni tried making her over and Cassie did Roni one better. When left to do herself on her own, that like Lita was nothing like Carlos, Cassie was nothing like Casey.

But then she heard Roni say upon opening the door, “Oh, hi, Maria. When I called Carlos, he said he’d be right over. I didn’t expect you. But come on in.”

There was someone behind Maria that in Roni’s surprise of expecting someone else did not note right away. As she closed the door, then she saw who it was. At that moment, Cassie also saw the fourth person in the room.

A little quicker than Roni, it was still virtually simultaneous. “Lita?!”

Perched on 4” stiletto pumps wearing a simple black blouse and gray miniskirt, a poised Lita swayed over to the sofa where Cassie sat. She sat next to her, and as she took Cassie’s now-trembling hands in hers, she gave her a quick smile and a wink, as Roni and

Maria sat on another sofa a few feet away that faced them. Between the furniture there was a plush shag carpet. Cassie quickly understood Lita's actions to speak volumes.

Lita's smile and wink had said, "Play along. You know exactly how. This is it. This is the moment we've been waiting for. Do not let them take control. You are your own person – man or woman. Never forget that!"

Taking her cue as if telepathic, Cassie then said aloud, "Lita, is it really you? It's been almost a year but your makeup is even more sophisticated from last year!"

Lita even blushed at the compliment. "I'm just glad you didn't call me 'Carlos'!" she giggled demurely.

"Yeah, 'Lita'," Roni said a little smarmy. "I would've never expected this, when I called you."

"Well, let's give credit where credit's due, people," Maria jumped in. "After all, Lita is my creation." Then she went on to relate on how she convinced 'Lita' to continue crossdressing up until now. "But I must say, Roni. You did a remarkable job on Casey..."

"Cassie," Roni corrected her.

"...Oh-kay, Cassie here." Maria's snobbery was so palpable, it was definitely noted as condescending.

Roni needed a chance to crow after that. Yet she was a little more giving. "Yes, while it was an uphill battle to start, I had a very good canvas. So good, Cassie now even prefers to be a girl. She wants to be like all of us here: an independent woman. Well, except for Carlos, who runs his business as a man."

"Well," it was Lita's turn, "as you now can see, I'm Lita after hours. Almost all hours. And this is something I've wanted to get out in the open ever since Casey came to me looking for work. Casey and Carlos have been good friends for a long time. So, given today's economy and owning my own company, I began to realize that Casey was indeed my closest friend I ever had. That wasn't saying much because I've always kept things close to my vest. I'm not proud to admit that while I'm not selfish, I wasn't all that open until Casey came along."

"Ahem!" coughed Maria, forgetting that Casey was around even before her.

"Of course, honey, you did a lot to open me up. But the truth is, I had to open the door first to let you in." So far, Lita was walking the thin line in trying to not tell a slippery lie. Now she tells an outright one, but feels perfectly safe in doing so. "As Carlos, working with Casey since he knew nothing about my job, I had to drill him constantly, to make sure that he could do the position I had in mind." She could not help it for a second. Her words flashed Las Vegas in her mind just then, and then memory of drilling Cassie literally, popped up. Swiftly containing herself, she added, "Casey fit in so well, it was all I could do not to tell him about Lita still being around. I told myself that I could be a great friend to him if he will be just as open. Just wait for the right moment. Well, here it is.

"Cassie, honey, Roni told me your dilemma. If what you see before you isn't enough to gain your trust..."

Cassie cut Lita off in a smoldering kiss that Lita readily got into. Maria and Roni's jaws dropped at the bold move. The liplock was not brief and it made Roni a little moist in the crotch. Maria's pussy started to get stimulated but she refused to let herself go; choosing to be a little miffed that her Lita was allowing this to happen. She then started to clear her throat again when the impromptu makeout broke up on its own.

Regaining her composure, Lita then announced, "Cassie, do you know that you are an answer to my prayer?"

That shocked Maria and she audibly gasped.

"Come on, Maria. Admit it! When was the last time you went out on a date with Carlos?" Lita retaliated. Then she softened the blow. "I know exactly what Cassie is going through according to what Roni told me over the phone. If you didn't happen to be at my place when she called, you would get all this secondhand. But you made me want to be myself all the time, even at work. Yes, this is really me, thanks to you. But I was born male. Hiring Cassie instead of Casey will give me the excuse I need to be myself, on my terms, all the time. Just like her. To do just that."

This time, Cassie gasped.

Facing Cassie again, Lita said, "No, Cassie, don't even think it. I would never out you for my sake. Everybody's different, even among transgenders. I can keep my two selves separate. I felt I had to, so I was able. You didn't have to, so you didn't, and now, according to Roni, you can't, baby.

“What I’m thinking is to hire you as a woman. It’s nobody’s business what your birth gender is and women get hired as execs all the time. However, hiring you will enable me to be able to out myself as transgendered. Since I just thought about the possibility since Roni’s phone call, I got some kinks yet to iron out. Especially since I’ve got an all-male crew! But at least the main deal, it’s my company. They can quit but they can’t fire me!”

That did it. This news got Maria’s juices flowing freely. She truly did prefer Lita as a shemale. Her mind then went into overdrive as to how she could take charge of this situation, just as she had from the start. Or so she thought.

Chapter 15

An intricate plan made by Lita was coming together. But it was not over yet.

Cassie and Lita hug each other happily. To anyone uninformed, it really looked as if two girlfriends had been away from each other after being out of contact for a long time. But then Maria had to spoil it.

Maria cannot get Cassie and Lita’s torrid tongue tussle out of her mind. “Why don’t you girls do a sixty-nine?” she wickedly suggests.

Taking umbrage at that, Lita says, “No. You and Roni do it first!”

Maria says to Roni, “Ain’t that just like a man for you? They still have a thing for two women ‘lezzing’ up?”

Immediately, memories of Carlos’ “double-double standard” goes off in Cassie’s head. Maria is not only forgetting their present status but has accused them of stereotypical male behavior for their own amusement, when scant seconds before, Maria wanted them to do the very same thing!

Cassie then counters, speaking to both Roni and Maria “We did this for you. We’re all virtually the same. And now the truth comes out that we were just playthings for you?” Cassie exclaims, “I don’t about you, Maria, but I thought you loved me, Roni. I did this all for you.” At that, Cassie stands up, ready to leave the room.

Roni had been giggling at Maria’s smart remark but now feels slapped by what Cassie said. Shaking it off, she grabs Maria and kisses her hard. Maria struggles until Roni lets go her chin.

Roni says, "I do love you, Cassie. I told you that. What's good for the goose is good for the gander and we're all ganders here.

"Maria, our girlfriends are right. They're our lovers. Simply women like us but with different equipment."

"I'm not eating cunt when I've got cock, chica!" Maria sharply rejoined.

"You sound like I'm your property. Your plaything instead a human being. Is that all you made me to be, a life-sized toy?" says Lita, now surmising that Maria's sixty-nine suggestion was more of a command. "If that's the case then it looks like Cassie's ready to leave and I'll be right behind her, mija!" At that, Lita bolts up on her heels.

At that, Roni implores, "Wait! Cassie, don't go! You're not a toy to me! If you go, please don't leave me behind!"

Feeling the seriousness of her lover and the error of her attempt of dominance in errant frivolity, not even having Roni to back her up, Maria breaks down and says, "I-I-I'm sorry!" She starts crying. "You are my life, Lita. I created you in the first place. I need you like a bad fix. Please don't leave me."

With a whip of her neck, Lita's voluminous mane whirls around her head, as she assuredly demands, "Prove it!"

Stymied momentarily, Maria is at a loss. Then, in desperation, she licks her lips. She remembers Roni's fierce, hurried kiss.

Maria then drops to floor and goes to Roni's brief shorts, yanking them off her legs. Then, prying them further apart, she gets hesitant at first when she notes that Roni wore no underwear; that she was now staring at Roni's already wet crotch. But now determined to prove something, she dives for Roni.

Maria begins slowly, the novice that she is at this, lapping at Roni's pussy, until she hits a feverish pitch. Roni feels really good from this and, as Maria's hands drop from her thighs, Roni holds her head in place, not letting Maria change her mind before she can cum. With her eyes blissfully shut tight, she does not notice that Maria's hands had left only to go under her own skirt to play with herself.

Hearing the slight rustle of clothing, Roni opens her eyes to see that Lita had disrobed to her underwear and by this time, Cassie had leisurely removed her shorts and that simultaneously, the two neo-women were removing their respective panties as they kissed. Roni then eases herself to the floor, to complete a sixty-nine to Maria's pussy as Cassie and Lita begin feeling each other's middle in order to untuck each other.

Cassie and Lita watch their lovers go at it as Roni rolls Maria over, to be on top. Maria's skirt was overheating her unnecessarily and Roni gasped as she got fresh air before resuming her own newfound talent of cunnilingus.

Stroking each other's cock now to rigidity, with a smile to each other, Lita and Cassie laid next to their girlfriends and formed their own sixty-nine. Maria and Lita aside their respective partners – Maria noting Lita's face next to hers sucking a real cock – they both cum simultaneously.

With cum-spattered faces, Roni and Cassie look at each other and whisper, "I love you."

Maria's tear stained head strains over to Lita's and says, "Please forgive me."

Lita just smiles and says, "Just shut up and kiss me, bitch!"

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