

# Curiosities

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a **Pink Skirt Press** story

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If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

A Warning from the Author:

In addition to the adult content disclaimer mentioned before, this story contains themes and subject matter that some readers may find **offensive** or **upsetting**, including but not limited to, insulting language for the purpose of degradation/humiliation.

Reader discretion is advised.

Isaac wasn't quite sure how he ended up at a drag show.

He recalled having a conversation with his coworker, Susanne, during which she mentioned something about going to one. He thought she was talking about a drag race, you know, with cars, burning rubber, and whatnot, but she helped clear the confusion with a rather brief but enthusiastic explanation about drag queens and how much fun the shows are.

Isaac, having never been to a drag show—neither the car nor the crossdressing kind—shrugged. How she talked him into going with her to a show this weekend he couldn't quite remember. Yet, there he was, sitting awkwardly at a tiny round table in a loud, crowded bar one Saturday night.

It could be that he had shown some interest in Susanne. Sure, she was a little older than him, with dark hair and tan skin that gave her an “exotic” look when compared to his pasty complexion and blonde hair. He had only been at the company for a few months, and it had been a while since he had a good lay, and Susanne seemed like the kind of woman who would be up for a friend with benefits sort of thing.

“I'm going to get a drink,” he said, clearly not loud enough. When he gestured toward the bar, she gave him a lazy wave, seeming way more into the show than into him. In all honesty, he wasn't having a good time. The whole thing was... too much. A sensory overload that overwhelmed his introverted brain. Plus, he couldn't quite wrap his head around the whole crossdressing thing.

The fact that the performers were interacting with the crowd only made his anxiety worse and his desire for a drink stronger.

He slipped out of the too-small table just in the nick of time, as one of the performers danced down the aisle and stopped right next to where he was just sitting. Susanne was overjoyed as she stuffed bills into the queen's outfit and Isaac let out a sigh of relief as he took a seat at the surprisingly empty bar and signaled the bartender.

“You okay?”

Isaac turned to see what he thought was a woman, at first glance, a couple of stools down, looking over at him somewhat worriedly. It turned out to be one of the drag queens, though from the more subdued makeup and the lack of an extravagant outfit, she must not be performing.

Like Susanne, the queen had long black hair and tan skin. Hispanic, if Isaac guessed right. Unlike Susanne, she was dressed a bit risqué, with a tight black and gold cocktail dress and matching platform heels.

“Yeah... I think,” Isaac replied.

“First time at a drag show?” The queen smiled.

He scratched the back of his head. “What gave it away?”

“My name's Juliette,” the woman said as she slid over to sit closer but keeping one stool apart.

“Isaac.” He thumbed back at the stage. “What about you?”

“All the time. I'm actually performing later.”

“Your outfit seems...” Isaac looked her up and down, “tame... compared to the others.”

“Gotta change it up some, you know, give the guests a break from the feathers and the

rhinestones,” Juliette winked. She gestured to the stool next to Isaac. “May I?”

Isaac returned the gesture and Juliette sild next to him. He got a whiff of her perfume, and it was surprisingly pleasant. Flowery, but not overbearing.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to flirt with you,” she smiled. “I can see you’re a straight shooter, and I want the guests to be comfortable. Though I will say you are quite pleasing to the eyes.”

Juliette gestured to the bartender. “Mac, another for my friend here.”

Isaac blushed and raised his drink. “Thanks, I uh... appreciate it.” Then, after a few moments, he said, “So, if you don’t mind me asking, how long have you...”

“Been dressing?” Juliette turned back toward him and rested her elbow on the bar. “Oh, the better part of a decade. Was raised in a pretty traditional household. The fear of God was crammed into me at an early age. Wanting to be a ‘good son,’ I did what I was raised to do, and that was date pretty girls, despite my growing interest in men and wanting to be the one in pantyhose and skirts. One girl I dated saw right through my mask and, quite frankly, gave me the courage to stand up to my parents and be myself.”

Isaac sipped his drink. “I assume that didn’t go well.”

Juliette smiled. “Kicked me out of the house. Disowned me. Claudia let me stay with her. Her roommate had just moved out, so I moved in.”

Isaac frowned. “Shit, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Juliette waved. “Best thing that ever happened. Now I can live my life. Be who I truly am. Claudia freed me, allowed me to explore and discover my true self.”

“Your true self being?” Isaac asked.

Juliette winked, downed a shot of tequila, and smiled. “A gay transvestite and drag queen.”

Juliette called out to the bartender and offered to get Isaac another shot. Behind them, the crowd erupted in cheers as the queen’s set ended. The emcee ran on stage and started working the crowd as the next performer got ready.

Isaac raised his shot glass to Juliette before asking, “So how did you... you know... *know?*” Then he downed the tequila and coughed.

Juliette downed her own shot. “When I was in high school I found myself peeking at the other boys while we were in the showers after physical education. Thought it was just a phase, that I’d eventually develop an interest in women. Got caught peeking a few times too. Some of the boys didn’t take too kindly to it. Call me all sorts of names. I came home with bruises. Had a heck of a time coming up with excuses for it.”

Isaac frowned. “I’m so sorry.”

Juliette shrugged. “Don’t worry, pretty thing. I never looked back. Now I live my life to the fullest and am unabashedly thirsty for gorgeous men and their delicious dicks.” When she noticed his blushing face, Juliette burst out into laughter and placed a reassuring hand on his thigh. “I do apologize. Sometimes I forget that I’m not talking to my friends.”

Isaac chuckled. “More power to you, I guess.”

“Enough about me. Tell me about *you*. What do *you* think about all of... *this?*” She gestured to herself and the performers on stage. “I mean, I apologize for assuming you’re

straight. I know some guys take offense to that.”

Isaac took a long sip of his drink. “It’s okay and, yes, I would consider myself a straight male. Never had any reason to doubt otherwise.”

“Shame.” Juliette shook her head. “I’m just teasing. Go on.”

“I mean, I’m not sure what I can say. It’s... impressive, to say the least. I say that about you. You look pretty... girlish? I don’t know what the term is.”

“Passable,” Juliette said. Then she bowed. “Thank you, thank you. I try my best to look as much as the real deal as I can, while still glamming it up.”

“The ones on stage? Them I’m not sure about. The look is... not my thing.”

Juliette glanced over at the performers. “Understandable. It takes some getting used to. But it’s supposed to be gaudy and exaggerated, a caricature.”

“So, what makes you want to dress like a woman? Are you planning on transitioning?”

Juliette shrugged. “No idea where the desire came from. One day I just had a curiosity that I decided to investigate. One thing led to another and now, as for transitioning? Nope, no intention to. I love being a guy as much as I love dressing like a woman, and I love dressing like a woman.”

“But wait, are there gay guys who like crossdressers? I’m not sure it makes sense, cause I thought—”

Juliette laughed. “Bit of a mind twister, ain’t it? But here’s the thing, doesn’t matter if the guy I’m with is ‘straight’ or not. I’m the one with my lips wrapped around their cock or their manhood up deep inside me.”

Isaac raised his eyebrows and cocked his head to the side. Then, a moment later, he nodded. “Makes sense. Makes sense.” He laughed self-consciously. “Not something I thought I’d ever be discussing.”

“So, you’ve never thought about it?”

“About what?” Isaac had another sip.

“Never been curious? Wondered what it was like to be with another man?”

“Nah,” Isaac shrugged. “I mean, sure, I can appreciate a good-looking dude, but I’ve never been attracted to another one.”

“What about crossdressing?”

“Nope.”

Juliette sighed and shook her head. “Shame, really. I think you’d make a very beautiful woman.”

A round of applause signaled the end of the act.

Juliette glanced over at the stage. “That’s my cue. Tell you what...”

Isaac turned to see Juliette scribbling something. Then she handed him a napkin with her number on it.

“You ever find yourself wondering... just let me know. I’ve been told I’m quite the artist. If you want to live a little, try something new. It’s quite a thrill.” She winked and Isaac watched her leave, hips swaying as she practically floated in those high heels.

Isaac wasn’t sure if the alcohol was to blame, or if it was Juliette’s quite frankly charming and disarming demeanor, but a thought crept into his mind. It lingered there, briefly,

before he swatted it away. But it was there long enough.

*What would I look like?*

Isaac still had the napkin in his hand when Susanne found him.

“There you are! I’ve been wondering where you went. Figured you chickened out and bailed.” She followed his gaze to where Juliette was moments ago. “Did you meet someone?”

Isaac pocketed the napkin. “Sort of.” The silence stretched on for a few moments.

He was about to tell Susanne that he was going to leave when he heard the emcee say: “Ladies and gentlemen, please give a warm welcome to our final performer of the night: Juliette!”

“You coming back to the table or...?” Susanne thumbed behind her.

Isaac’s attention was on Juliette as she sauntered out onto the stage. “Nah, I’m going to stay here. Gotta close my tab.”

Susanne shrugged and hustled back to secure a spot at the foot of the stage.

For the first time that night, Isaac found himself enjoying the show.

Isaac read over the message again.

He’d lost count of the times he started, stopped, then deleted the text. Over and over, again and again, he attempted to reach out to Juliette, send her a text message, but each time he chickened out. Afraid of what her response would be, what road it would lead him down.

But after nearly a week and a half since he met her, he finally couldn’t take it anymore. He just had to know. The curiosity became a fascination, then an obsession. Part of him hoped she wouldn’t remember who he was. Or that the number was wrong. Anything to back out of it, to give him a reason to forget and move on.

He tossed his phone onto the couch and stood. He made it two steps before his phone buzzed. His heart raced as he read the message.

*Of course I remember you! Here’s my address, come by Saturday. 4 pm?*

“Fuck,” he muttered. He glanced down at his phone, fingers hovering above the digital keyboard. “Am I really going to do this?”

His hands visibly trembled as he typed the response. *Sounds good!*

Juliette responded instantly. *You won’t regret it! I promise it’ll be fun! Just be sure to shave off any stubble beforehand.*

The next few days felt like an eternity. Isaac could hardly focus on anything. He found himself watching makeovers on YouTube and was quite blown away by the transformations. If Juliette was half as good as some of the makeup artists he saw, there was little doubt in his mind that he wouldn’t recognize himself when she’s all done.

Juliette’s directions took him to a townhome in a nice quiet neighborhood. It made Isaac wonder what kind of money drag performers made, or if it was just a fun side gig for her. After a couple of deep, centering breaths, he summoned the courage to get out of his car and knock on the door.

“Just a minute!” Isaac heard Juliette call back. He heard the clicking of high heels on wood floors long before the door opened.

Juliette answered the door in a black silk robe that stopped above her knees. Isaac wasn't sure why he assumed Juliette would answer the door in "guy mode", but he was surprised to see her only partially dressed. Apart from the silk robe, all she had on were dark stockings and bright red high heels. Her makeup was done to perfection, in a rather seductive style reminiscent of a porn star. Her black hair flowed down past her shoulders and she gestured for him to come inside with nails painted a similar color red.

Isaac hesitated, not long, just long enough for her to notice.

"It's okay, hun. I promise I won't bite." She winked. "Thirsty?"

He forced a smile, stepped inside, and hoped she didn't notice the partial erection in his jeans. If this was the first time he'd met her, he would've never known that she was a man. It was... difficult to wrap his brain around. Ever since he met her at the show and watched her performance, he couldn't get her out of his mind. Was he attracted to her? If so, did that make him gay since she was a man? Or was he still in the clear since it was her feminine side that he was interested in?

He was so caught up in his own thoughts that he didn't hear her talking to him.

"Isaac? You alright?" She placed a hand on his shoulder. "You look a little pale. It's okay to be nervous. In fact, you can turn around and leave if you've changed your mind. I won't be upset in the slightest."

"Yeah, sorry. It's just nerves." He laughed awkwardly. He also failed to mention that it was mostly due to the fact that she was so damn hot and that she answered the door practically naked.

*Is she naked under there? Or is she wearing underwear? Panties? Boxers? Is her... thing... visible?*

"Have a drink," she said, handing him a glass. "A little something to take the edge off."

Tequila. He could smell it from here. Not his preferred liquor, but Juliette was the host.

"You're a little early. Give me a few minutes to get dressed."

Isaac nodded and took a sip. Juliette smiled and headed off as he took a seat on a couch. He caught himself watching her walk off, and whether deliberate or not, Juliette sauntered down the hallway. Her robe lifted just enough to answer one of his questions. She was, in fact, wearing underwear, a black lace thong to be exact.

"Fuck." He muttered to himself before taking a long sip of the tequila.

Juliette returned a few minutes later, announced by the clicking of her high heels. She had changed out of the robe and into a red dress that accented her curves, with some ample cleavage that Isaac was quite positive wasn't there before, when she wore the silk robe. All in all, she looked stunning, convincing, without a shadow of a doubt.

It only served to make his partial erection just a little bit harder.

"Tell me what's on your mind," she said casually. "We don't have to start right away. I want you to be ready, doing this of your own free will, and not feeling pressured into anything."

"I mean," Isaac faltered, his mouth surprisingly dry. He took another sip. "I am pretty nervous. A bit afraid too."

"Afraid of what?" She relaxed her pose, moving away from Isaac as if to give him some room to breathe.

"I... don't know." He looked down at the ground. "I can't find the right words."

"You're afraid that you might enjoy it?"

He looked up from the ground.

She nodded and continued. "It's challenging everything you know. Something you thought about yourself all your life. You don't need to be afraid. Trust me, Isaac. There are a ton of 'straight' crossdressers. Guys with wives... girlfriends... who just want to dress up and look pretty." She looked over at him. "But don't be afraid of what you'll see behind the curtain. Who knows, you could just hate it. And guess what? At least you can say you gave it a shot."

Isaac nodded. Her words bore weight and they rang true. *What's the saying? You only live once?*

"There is something I would like to ask of you, though," she said. He looked over to see her leaning toward him. She shot a glance down at his crotch. "May I take care of that? It looks so very delicious."

Isaac couldn't remember the last blowjob he'd received. At least a year ago, maybe two. The dating scene hadn't been going well for him, and work had kept him too busy. Any spare time he had was devoted to just relaxing or sleeping.

He nodded and, in the blink of an eye, Juliette was down on the ground, kneeling between his legs. Her fingers delicately, expertly unzipped his jeans and his cock went fully erect almost instantly. It was quite far and away the best blowjob he'd ever received. And whether it was because it had been so long or that Juliette was quite the expert, or some combination of both, he didn't last very long once her red lips had wrapped themselves around his dick.

She didn't waste a drop. She milked him for every last ounce of cum, leaving him feeling so relaxed he could just disappear into the cushions of her couch.

"Feeling better?" she asked, gently putting his cock back into his pants.

"Yeah..." he muttered, staring off into space.

Juliette stood and extended a hand. "Come on, let's put some makeup on you."

She led him down the hallway into a spare bedroom that had been converted into what Juliette dubbed her "office". What it was, was basically a giant wardrobe. She had a couple racks of clothing, a variety of outfits in all manner of colors. There was a shelf of dummy heads to hold all manner of wigs, from the modest to the extravagant. A wide vanity overflowing with makeup, including a camera setup. Rows of shoes, a double-wide dresser, and a backdrop for photography.

"This is quite the setup." Isaac stood in the doorway, his feet refusing to budge. Juliette took his hand and gently pulled him inside.

"Thanks. I do makeovers on the regular." Juliette approached the vanity. "Take off your shirt and take a seat." She removed the white gown spread atop the chair and gestured to take a seat.

"So someone will come to just get a makeover from you?" Isaac took his shirt off and, while trying to figure out what to do with it, Juliette took it from him and hung it up on one of the clothing racks.

"Well, yeah, but they pay me. Usually, they'll bring an outfit or two and I'll take pictures

afterward.” She winked. “Don’t worry, I’m not going to charge you.”

Isaac, who was halfway to sitting on the chair, let out a sigh of relief. “It honestly never crossed my mind. I feel terrible.”

Juliette wrapped the apron around him and winked at him through the reflection in the mirror before getting her phone out. “This is something I like to do with my clients. A little before and after.”

Isaac frowned. “You’re not going to post this online, are you?”

“Only if you’re okay with it. Now, say your name, and oh! Say something like—only if you want to—like ‘I’m a straight guy’ or something like that. Again, whatever you’re comfortable with. My clients always love the before and after’s I do for them.”

Isaac went to speak, and while it did seem a rather suggestive thing to say, he didn’t really see the harm in it. So he looked up at Juliette’s camera and said: “My name’s Isaac and I’m a straight guy.”

“Love it,” Juliette smiled. She took a couple of pictures of his face from different angles, prompting him to different facial expressions, before putting her phone away and standing behind him.

They looked at each other in the reflection in the mirror and Isaac felt like he was at some private barbershop and Juliette was about to ask how he wanted his hair.

Instead, she asked him, “Let’s come up with a name. I’m thinking Isabella.”

“Isabella?”

Juliette continued to examine his face. “Yeah, like Isaac... Isabella. Or Isabelle. Irena? Or would you prefer something more exotic, like Skye or Roxy? Layla? Barbie? Since you’ve got the blonde blue-eyed thing going.”

“Let’s just stick with Isabella,” Isaac said. “Nothing too crazy.”

“As you wish.” She moved in front of him. “Do you have any requests? Any looks you want to try out?”

Isaac shook his head. “Whatever you think would look good. I just don’t want the drag queen look... no offense.”

Juliette laughed. “None taken. I prefer normal looks anyway.”

She took one last good look at him before diving in. It was, for lack of a better word, a flurry of feminization. Juliette was constantly going back and forth between Isaac and her vanity, digging through all the drawers, and testing out a wide variety of products to make sure she got the colors right.

She narrated the process, letting him know what she was putting on and why. Concealer to hide his beard shadow. Foundation, blush, and contour before moving onto the eyes. In between tidbits about the makeup, she would ask him questions. If he was a virgin, his sexual history, who was his first kiss was, etc.

It was very relaxing. As awkward as the questions were, the whole experience actually put him at ease.

As she brushed on a sparkly, smoky eyeshadow, Juliette asked, rather casually, whether he was interested in trying on any of the outfits.

Isaac was already in a state of disbelief at how different he looked in the mirror, and that

was with just the foundation, blush, and contour. It was as if Juliette had restructured his face, softening it, and giving it a more feminine shape. After applying the eyeshadow and gluing on the second voluminous false eyelash, he looked surprisingly feminine.

That was when she turned him away from the mirror.

“Well?” she asked, thumbing behind her at the racks of clothes. “Would you like to try anything on? It’s all clean and washed, I promise. We can do something more conservative, less revealing.”

Isaac shrugged. “Maybe? I’m still not sure I like this.”

Except that was a lie. Truthfully, he was quite mesmerized by the makeover and was bummed when she turned him away from the mirror. He was quite thankful for the apron, as it hid his growing erection – his second of the afternoon. Part of him did want to just jump out of the seat and run for the hills, but another part of him, a bigger, deeper, more unfamiliar part . . . well, it wanted to go just a little bit further.

*You only live once, right?*

Juliette stepped away from the chair and disappeared behind the clothing racks. “No peeking!” she shouted, as if knowing full well he wanted to see what he looked like.

This begged the question: if he let her, how far would she go with this? How far would she take him?

*And how far would he let her?*

A moment later, Juliette reappeared with a dress in hand. It was black, with long sleeves and a high neck. It looked like it would go down to his ankles. It almost looked... *puritan*.

“Too moderate, I think.” Juliette took another look. “Don’t want you looking like a nun.”

She went back into the racks and came back with a gray skirt and cream-colored blouse. It had an almost business look to it, like something Susanne would wear.

“This is nice, right?” Juliette showed off the garments to Isaac. “Blouse is long-sleeved, and you can button it all the way up to the collar. The skirt will go just below the knee, so it’s not something scandalous.”

Isaac couldn’t say the words, so he just nodded. Juliette smiled a big smile and hung the clothes up before returning to the makeover.

“The lips are my favorite part. That’s why I do them last,” Juliette said as she dug through the basket of lipstick, searching for the right color. “You’ve got such wonderful lips,” she said as she meticulously applied the hot pink lipstick. “So thick and plump. Perfect lips for lipstick . . . among other things.”

She finished the sentence with a wink, and Isaac couldn’t help but squirm. He knew exactly what she was implying, and the worst part of it was that it only turned him on further. His cock was nearly fully erect, and the moment Juliette removed that apron, she’d see just how turned on he was.

After painting his lips, she topped them off with a coat of lip gloss. Now he *really* wanted to see how he looked. Because, with the smoky eyeshadow, the false eyelashes, and the hot pink lipstick, he probably looks like a porn star.

Juliette took a couple of steps back and squinted. She looked at him from different angles before wandering over to the wig shelf. She glanced back over at him once more before

grabbing the short blonde wig. She said the style was called a “bob”, and while, at first, Isaac would’ve preferred a much longer wig, the second she put it on him and turned him back toward the mirror, he couldn’t help but agree with her choice.

“I... I can’t...” Isaac stared, dumbfounded. His assumptions were right. He didn’t recognize himself. Juliette wasn’t joking when she called herself an artist.

“How does it look, *Isabella*?” she asked.

If he wasn’t already rock hard under the apron, hearing Juliette call him by a girl’s name would’ve done the trick. As to why it turned him on so, he couldn’t answer. It eluded him, like why he decided to come and get a makeover, or even go to the drag show, to begin with.

What else was a complete mystery was why he asked if Juliette could pick him out a different outfit. There was... a thrill. Something primordial, enticing. Some deep dark corner of his psyche urging him further, to have fun, let loose, throw caution to the wind.

Juliette smiled. “I was hoping you’d say that, *Isabella*. Perhaps something more suited to your look?”

She winked, smiled, and sauntered back over to the clothing rack.

Isaac shuddered. He had no idea what Juliette was going to choose.

“What’s your shoe size?” she asked. “And no peeking. Eyes down on your apron or just keep them closed.”

Isaac listened to Juliette’s heels as she seemingly moved all over the room. He wanted so badly to see what she was assembling. Would it be something really ridiculous? With lots of bows, lace, and frills? Or something super slutty? Would he even be able to wear it?

“So, here’s what I can do,” Juliette said from somewhere behind him. “I can blindfold you and dress you up that way, or I can trust you to keep your eyes closed. Before you answer, I have one other question for you: are you willing to put on a full outfit? And I mean, *everything*.”

Isaac bit his lip. He tasted the lipstick and gloss. It had an almost strawberry taste. It was hard to ignore the cues his body was sending him. Even if it sounded wrong, something he wasn’t supposed to do. He was a normal, straight guy, after all. Why would he agree to such a thing?

*You only live once.*

“Okay, sure.” He could barely utter the words. It was like they were being held back, chained inside his throat. “I’ll do it.”

“Okay, keep your eyes closed then,” Juliette said as she removed the apron. “Wow. Enjoying yourself, are we?”

How he had forgotten about his raging erection, he didn’t know. Even with the pain from the constricting fabric of his jeans.

Juliette took him by the hand and led him into what he assumed was the bathroom to this converted bedroom. Once inside, she had him open his eyes, then strip out of all his clothes. Isaac hesitated at first, but then he remembered that Juliette gave him a blowjob earlier. She’d seen what mattered. Still, it felt weird getting completely naked in front of her.

“Well, that’s a relief,” she said, looking him up and down. “Don’t have to slather you up in hair remover. You should see the wolf-men I’ve given makeovers to. Had to cover their legs in like six layers of tights to hide the hair. Now, close your eyes, and let’s get you dressed.”

Isaac took Juliette's hand and she led him back into the main room. With his eyes closed, he couldn't really tell what she was having him wear, though some things were far more obvious than others. Like the lace panties, stockings, a skirt of some sort, and a very short top. It was only when she had him sit down, eyes still closed, that he could tell just how short the skirt was. While seated, she slipped on a pair of high heels and then helped him back onto his feet.

"Take your time, get your balance," she said as he wobbled around. "Don't want you to wreck an ankle your first time in heels."

Try as he might to focus on not toppling over, it was very difficult to do when all Isaac could think about was the fact that he was not only still sporting a full erection but was that he was now also doing so wearing women's clothes.

"We'll have to do something about that," Juliette said. Isaac knew full well what she was referring to. "Are you ready, Isabella?"

Isaac nodded.

"Go ahead and open your eyes."

When he did, he just about fell over.

The outfit that Juliette had picked out for him was, for lack of a better term, risqué. It was pretty far from the more "conservative" outfit that they had originally decided upon, and Isaac was starting to regret his decision.

To start, Juliette gave him a white, long-sleeved crop top, the bottom of which barely made it to his midriff. It sported a deep V-neck that would've shown off plenty of cleavage, if he had any. Right now it rested flat upon his chest, but the sleeves covered the little arm hair he did possess. The piece that bothered him the most was the skirt. If it could even be called that. The little piece of fabric was hot pink and frilled and stopped just before it made it midway down his thighs.

Even shorter, thanks to the erection lifting the hem up.

Stockings were bright, snow-white, with lace stay-up tops. The heels were another thing altogether. Hot pink, with a heel longer than his dick, platforms, and a thin ankle strap. Stripper heels. How he, let alone anyone, will be able to walk in them was the great mystery of the afternoon.

The entire ensemble looked a bit . . . well, uncanny. Everything pointed to him being some sort of slutty woman, except for the flat chest, zero curves, and the cock making a tent of the skirt. A term crept into his mind, something that he remembered hearing tossed around as an insult back in elementary school: *sissy*. That's what he looked like. Some sort of femboy. A sissy.

"Are you going to give me," he gestured awkwardly to his chest, "boobs?"

"Perhaps, but now comes the training."

"Training? What training?"

"Voice training for one," Juliette smirked. "You can't sound like a boy when you're not dressed like one, Isabella."

Isaac bit his lip. There's that name again. Hearing it made him feel... warm inside. And it also made his cock twitch.

“Let’s begin, shall we, Isabella?”

Isaac hesitated and blushed, but after a moment or two, he nodded.

Juliette started with “the walk”, showing Isaac not only how to walk in the ridiculous footwear, but how to stroll. She had him sway his hips and walk with his elbows pressed against his waist, arms extended outward, and limp-wristed. It was... a bit much, almost too much. He protested at first, but Juliette convinced him to at least give it a go and after a couple of laps around the wardrobe, Isaac found it rather... enjoyable. There was a thrill, like he knew he was doing something wrong, but did it anyway since he knew he wouldn’t be caught.

It wasn’t what he expected. The way Juliette instructed him to walk and pose, coupled with the voice she had him use, an airy, breathy voice that even included a slight lisp. Combined with the lack of breasts, it was as if she wasn’t training him to be a passable woman, but something else entirely.

“You’re doing such a great job, Isabella. You’re a natural sissy, as if meant to be.” Juliette clapped her hands together.

“A sissy?” he said, blushing.

“Why, of course, dear. Just look at yourself.” Juliette circled him. “Do you refute this? You cannot tell me that you’re not enjoying it.”

She came up behind him, pressed up against his back, and placed her hands on his hips, slowly moving toward his crotch as she whispered into his ear.

“It feels wonderful, doesn’t it? Walking around limp-wristed, talking with the lisp, you love it, don’t you, Isabella?”

Her hand reached under Isaac’s skirt and gently rubbed his cock through the lacy panties. “You cannot deny what your body is telling me, telling you. Are you not a sissy? Dressed like this, walking like this? Next, you’ll say you don’t want to wrap your lips around a thick, juicy cock.”

She pressed her hips firm against his backside and Isaac could feel Juliette’s bulge. “It’s okay to admit you want to suck cock, sissy. It’s totally fine to admit that you’re really just some gay sissy. A faggot like myself. Go ahead, say it.”

“I...” Isaac’s lips trembled and his body quivered. Juliette stroked his cock as her own grew firm against his back.

“I’m a sissy cocksucking faggot,” Juliette said. “Say it, and I’ll reward you.”

Isaac gulped. “I’m... a sissy cocksucking faggot.”

“That wasn’t so hard, now was it, Isabella?” Juliette released him and positioned herself in front of him. “Feels good to say it out loud, to admit it to the world.”

Isaac nodded.

Juliette stepped forward and kissed him. It wasn’t a light peck or some playful smooch, she wrapped her arms around him and pulled him in tight as they kissed passionately, ravenously, as if a pair of lovers reunited after months apart. After what felt like an eternity, Juliette pulled away and motioned downward.

“Your reward, sissy.”

Isaac got down on his knees and, with trembling fingers, found Juliette’s cock under the hem of her skirt and the black lace panties. It stiffened instantly. Overwhelmed with lust,

overcome with curiosity, he wrapped his lips around a cock.

Not just a cock, but his first cock.

And not just that, but her cock.

At first, it was just a kiss, but soon he found his lips opening wide, sucking the head of her cock inside his mouth. It tasted different than he expected, a little salty, but clean. Her head was kind of soft, spongy almost, but with what felt like a core of steel. Isaac pushed his head forward and as his tongue explored the shape and texture of her shaft, he took more of it inside his mouth.

“Oh fuck,” Juliette moaned as she placed her hands on the back of Isaac’s head. “You’re so good at this, sissy. You sure you’ve never sucked another cock before?”

Isaac mumbled a reply, but Juliette was having none of it.

“So it was all a rouse then? You’ve been a sissy faggot all along? How many cocks have you sucked, sissy? Probably more than me, and I love it.”

He’d taken as much of her in his mouth as he was comfortable with, just enough to feel full, not enough to trigger his gag reflex, but she wasn’t settling for that. Her fingers clutched his head and she pushed him down further, slowly but firmly, until he was able to take the whole thing.

It triggered something inside him. He didn’t need her hands anymore, didn’t need her help. He bobbed up and down, her cock sliding in and out, in and out, in and out of his mouth. It tasted... so strangely wonderful. Then, as quickly as it began, Juliette pulled her cock out of his mouth.

He followed it, his mouth open wide, and she laughed.

“Shit, sissy, you were almost too good there. Can’t let you get me off that easily. I still need to reward you.”

“Reward?” He looked up at her, dumbfounded.

“Of course, sissy. Don’t you want to get fucked like a girl?” She walked over and grabbed the makeup chair and pulled it over toward him. “Bend over.”

Isaac did as commanded, without an utterance of protest. He should have been scared. He should have been running. This was not what he came here for, but maybe it was what he came here to find. He placed his hands on the back of the chair and bent over as Juliette positioned herself behind him.

“Stick that ass out like you want it, sissy. Show me how badly you want to be fucked.”

Not a moment after sticking his ass out did Juliette lift Isaac’s skirt and pull down his panties.

“You want my cock inside you?” He wanted to feel her, but it sounded like she was doing something wet. “Tell me.”

“I... I want your cock.”

“I’m not convinced.” She rubbed her cock against his ass. It was warm and slick and hard . . . and he wanted it “Try again, faggot.”

Isaac swallowed and looked back at Juliette. “Please, I want your cock, fuck me so, so hard.”

“That’s more like it,” Juliette smiled. Then she slid her cock into him. It hurt, less than

he expected but more than he would have liked . . . until it didn't anymore. She started slow, barely inserting it at all, before pulling back and pushing ahead, going a little bit deeper each time. He thought she was just going to thrust it all in there at once but, thankfully, she took it easy on him.

At least, that was, until she had inserted her whole length into him.

"Feels good, doesn't it? You like having a cock in you, don't you sissy?"

It felt... so good. So wonderful, so amazing. He'd never felt so full, so intimately connected to another human being. There was a cock inside of him, a woman inside of him, making him feel like a woman. "Oh yes!" Isaac moaned.

"I thought so. You were a sissy faggot all along, weren't you?" she said as she thrust her cock into him so hard that he nearly fell forward.

"Yes, yes!"

Juliette reached around and took a hold of his cock, stroking him as fiercely as she was pounding his ass. It... made it so hard to think, to focus. Isaac was swimming in lust, passion, stimulation. His vision blurred and he just barely noticed the camera that Juliette held out in front of them.

"Go ahead, introduce yourself, Isabella," Juliette said as she continued to fuck and stroke him.

In the best feminine voice she could, Isabella looked up at the camera and said: "My name's Isabella."

"And what are you?"

"I'm a cocksucking, sissy faggot!"

Right on cue, Juliette came. Isabella's eyes went wide as she felt her erupt inside her, filling her with her hot, sticky cum. It brought her to the brink of orgasm and cum shot out of her cock, spraying the chair, oozing all over Juliette's hand and down her legs. Her knees buckled and she nearly collapsed as the pleasure washed over her like a tidal wave, sweeping her up into erotic bliss.

Through the fog that clouded her mind, Isabella could hear Juliette say to the camera: "Another straight guy, another converted sissy faggot." She turned the camera to Isabella. "Ain't that right?"

Isabella nodded and smiled, too happy, too satiated, too agreeable to . . . well, disagree.

Juliette put away the camera, gave Isabella a playful smack on the ass, and said, "Time to introduce you to the girls, I think they'll love you."

## **AFTERWORD**

Thank you for reading *Curiosities*, I hope you enjoyed it!

If you want to read more like this, check out *Metamorphosis*, also by Lexi Linorre and John Dylena.

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena