
An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic
OVERLY
FAMILIAR
PART 4
ELLIOT
SILVESTRI
Green
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Publishing


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Overly Familiar Part 4

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic and Sexual Intrigue

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Overly Familiar Part 4

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic and Sexual Intrigue

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Chapter 14

Kissing my boss should have been a prescription for career suicide, especially since I was attempting to seduce a woman, something I had never done before.

Flooding the room with pheromones and dressing the role were excellent planning.

By the time I approached Sharon there was little she could do to resist me.

There was little I could do to resist myself.

The kiss was intense. It was like I had never been kissed before.

Sharon’s arms went around my waist and I lifted mine up over her shoulders. We were in her office so it was all very risky.

The risk was more than worth it.

I was hot and flushed and was lost in her soft lips and exploring tongue...and then her hands went down to my butt.

I tensed up. She felt that in my muscles.

Sharon pulled back. “You like me squeezing your ass, don't you?”

Automatically I nodded. “Yes. Wow. That was...wow.”

She gave me a little kiss. “I only have a little bit of time, but let’s make the most of it.”

Without so much as a by-your-leave, Sharon pushed off my jacket and her hands went to my waist, slipping under the hem of my blouse. She kept moving them upwards, feeling my soft skin, until her palms were cupping my breasts over my bra, the blouse pulled up almost to my neck.

She was kissing me while doing this, but suddenly pulled back and we locked eyes.

It took me a second, but I helped her yank my blouse over my head.

My bra quickly followed.

Her hands were all over my breasts, pinching the nipples as I breathed deeply.

“Gorgeous,” she declared before lowering her mouth to my ripe, hard nipples and sucking.

I went weak in the knees.

She feasted on my breasts for a minute and I wanted her to do so much more. Sharon had one hand on a breast, her mouth on the other breast, and I realized that her other hand was pulling up on my skirt.

I started to panic and pushed her away.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, confused.

For just a moment, I lost my nerve. I couldn’t just stop now. Instead I lunged forward, kissing her again, working to get my hands under her clothes.

Sharon worked with me. She was wearing a pantsuit and I pulled at the waist, trying to find the zipper or fasteners.To my surprise, Sharon helped.

She opened up her pants and shoved them down.

I was delighted to find she was wearing a pair of sexy black lace underwear. As Sharon struggled to get her pants all the way off—they were caught around her shoes which she kicked off and then dispensed with her pants—I reached for her underwear.

I ran my fingers around the scalloped elastic waistband going all the way to her back and moving them downwards. That was when I realized she wasn't wearing underwear; she was wearing a thong.

That realization moistened my panties. I couldn't stop myself now. With Sharon watching, I slowly lowered her thong off her hips.

There had been a hint under her lace panties but once I had lowered the thong, it was confirmed. Sharon spent a lot of time carefully grooming herself. Her sex wasn't bare, but she had a small line of pubic hair, dark yellow, that was trimmed short.

Her scent was strong and I inhaled it greedily.

It shouldn't have been an enticement, but it was. Feeling Sharon's eyes on me, I leaned in to her as she leaned back against the edge of her desk.

I had gone from never touching a woman to kissing one I didn't like to performing cunnilingus in the matter of a minute.

Running my tongue along the length of her nether lips was my initiation. She tasted musky and strong. It was an unexpected aphrodisiac.

Sharon moaned a little.

I licked my own lips and savored her essence. Much to my surprise, I was enjoying this more than I expected.

Adjusting our positions just a little--Sharon placing her butt on the desk edge and me kneeling before her—I calmed myself, tamping down my excitement.

She wasn’t the least bit shy about opening herself up to me. Sharon had undoubtedly done this before. I didn’t hesitate now and pressed in close to her like a familiar lover.

Giving another woman pleasure was more satisfying than I would have guessed.

A woman’s sex organ is an infinitely complex structure. I licked and sucked on her lips, getting every little bit of amrita that I could. She trembled a little when my tongue found her little pleasure bud.

I couldn’t resist. I gently sucked her clitoris into my mouth, leaving her gasping for breath and her thighs tightening around my head.

I held her in place and continued my planned choreography on her sex. I did what I liked and took my cues from her responses.

Sharon was a fully sexual woman so there was no resistance to overcome. She threw herself into making love with me as fully as any male lover I had ever had.

I felt a happy satisfaction as I continued to stimulate her up to the point of no return.

Sharon hadn’t thrown herself fully into the moment. Her office door wasn’t sound-proof. Still, she let herself fall over into orgasm.

The orgasm that I gave her.

The orgasm that I would use to control her.

It was a long, drawn-out affair. She wriggled and writhed on the edge of the desk. I was trapped between her thighs, drawing in her juices.

Finally it was over and she relaxed.

“Oh...my. I wasn’t expecting that this morning,” she said with great satisfaction. We met each other’s gazes again and she thought she was fully in control of me now.

The opposite was true.

“Sorry,” I said, wiping my lips and chin with my hand. “But I couldn’t help myself, you’re impossible to resist.”

Sharon nodded and spied her thong on the floor. She picked up the scrap of lace and started to pull it up her legs. “We need to continue this...discussion further, Ana. Tonight at my house, I think. I have a meeting in five minutes. You understand, don’t you?”

I nodded. “Yes.”

She continued to dress and I thought about my first lesbian experience. I knew it wouldn't be my last.

Only after she was fully dressed did I find my bra and blouse and started to dress.

Before she ushered me out of her office, Sharon gave me another little kiss and squeezed my butt.

I walked out with monumental confidence.

Chapter 15

“Why are we doing this?” Jack asked as we stood outside Sharon’s house. We had just rung the bell and were waiting. It seemed like it was taking forever. My knees were weak with anticipation.

And fear.

Don’t forget the fear.

This was the sort of thing that could either get me killed or wind up in prison.

I had altered Jack’s appearance just enough so he didn’t look exactly like the handsome dark-haired man that had recently had a tryst with Sharon. It wasn’t difficult; I was sure that Sharon would be looking at more than just his face. He was upset with the haircut that I gave him, but I was sure it would grow back, maybe even with his next transformation. The spell allowed me to give him a couple of temporary, but permanent looking, tattoos that would take the attention away from his face and his familiarity.

Or so I hoped.

I didn’t do much different with myself other than change into a little black dress I hardly ever wore. After doing my magical body sculpting, it fit me perfectly. I felt like a full-fledged vamp in the skin-tight outfit. I found an old pair of heels that were too high for me and I didn’t know where they had come from, but I wore them anyway. The dress only allowed for thigh high stockings without a garter belt. Those I had to magic out of an old pair of pantyhose I bought years

ago and never wore.

The collar I wore around my neck completed my outfit.

What you could easily see, at least.

I had Jack dress in another suit he magicked up from more of Grey's clothes.

We looked ready for a formal event or a night on the town.

What we were going to have was a night in bed.

When Sharon answered the door, my heart fell through the floor. I had hoped she would be dressing up like we were.

Instead the person answering the door had her hair back in a messy ponytail—her normal tight bun was gone—and she was wearing sweats. Bare feet. No makeup.

If she had a pint of Ben & Jerry's in her hand it would have completed the look of a woman recently broken up with her boyfriend.

"Oh! You dressed up," she said with uncertainty.

“Yes. Of course we did.” Giving her a moment to process what was happening, I gestured to Jack. “This is my boyfriend—”

“Jakob,” he said quickly, interrupting me, giving the German pronunciation of his name. “So pleased to meet you.” He grabbed her hand and kissed the back of it.

This actually charmed Sharon.

I had to stop myself from rolling my eyes and making gagging noises.

“And for you, my dear,” Jack said smoothly, moving from kissing Sharon’s hand to kissing my cheek next to my ear. “Your pheromones have worn off,” he whispered so softly and quickly I wasn’t sure what I had heard at first.

I smiled at Sharon and focused on getting my body to pump out as much of the undetectable yet still powerful airborne chemicals that would undoubtedly get Sharon in the mood, but they would work best in an enclosed space.

“Well, it’s not like we were going out on the town, right Sharon?” I asked her. “Care to invite us in so I can use the powder room?”

I could see Sharon suddenly changing her mind and rejecting us, but she stepped aside and gestured to the bathroom. I rushed in.

I didn’t need to pee but I checked myself in the mirror. Still perfect. I didn’t want to linger too long because who knew what Jack would get up to on his own. Still, I gave it a moment to let my pheromones build up. Before opening the door I remembered an old joke that the powder room in the 50s was where women went to fix their powdered makeup. From the 60s through the 80s it was where they went to snort coke.

I didn’t want to think about after that.

When I walked out, I found Jack chatting amiably with Sharon in the kitchen. She was still in her sweats but her face was neutral.

“Naturally I was surprised and delighted at Ana’s invitation. We have an open relationship, but this is new for us,” Jack was saying.

“What is?” For just a second Sharon looked confused and then my pheromones swept over her.

“Being invited by such a beautiful woman into her home for an evening of intimate entertainment.” He picked up her hand again and kissed it once more.

“Yes. Thank you so much Sharon. I hope we can pick up where we left off.”

She pulled her hand back from Jack abruptly, but then reached out for my collar.

“I see you came prepared.”

“I always do.”

She pulled me closer and we kissed.

She shoved her tongue into my mouth.

I forced myself to slow down my pheromone production.

Once that particular sheet of ice was broken, things moved quickly.

I could feel Jack just watching us as we kissed. Sharon didn’t know how to control herself. Her hands were all over me, pulling at my dress, but it was tight enough that it wasn’t going to be easily removed.

Instead I turned the tables and started undressing her. Sharon was amenable to that and it was easy enough to pull up her oversized sweatshirt and tank top she had underneath it.

Underneath that she didn’t have a bra.

Her breasts were beautiful. My hands flew to them and I gently squeezed as we

kissed again.

That’s when I realized hers had to be fake. They were too hard and too perfect. I let it go. There was no reason to make a scene about it now.

Sharon broke the kiss. “Okay, wow. It’s been a while since I’ve been in a threesome, but let’s do this.” She took a step back and shimmied out of her sweatpants, leaving her in just a pair of cotton bikini panties. “Sex is the kitchen is gross. Let’s go to the living room.”

Without another word she turned around and just expected us to follow her.

Jack and I exchanged a glance and immediately followed.

Standing in the middle of the living room, Sharon crooked her finger at me. For a woman older than me, she had a fantastic body. The way she was reeling me in with her finger said she was a woman who had done this sort of thing more than once before.

The living room was large enough to contain a sectional sofa that was an open rectangle. It made me wonder if she had it just to have group sex on.

Not hesitating, I went up to my boss and we kissed again. “Turn around,” she told me. “I want to take off your dress.”

I did as she asked and caught Jack’s eye as Sharon lowered the zipper to my dress. I felt it running down my spine. Jack grinned at me and ferally licked his lips. He was waiting for the right moment to join us.

I slipped the dress’s straps off my shoulders and shimmied enough to make it fall to the floor.

The dress didn’t allow for a bra, but it had enough of a built-in brassier to create cleavage that I now lost. I tried to turn around, but Sharon’s hands were on my hips. “Very pretty panties,” she complimented me, running her hands from my hips to my buttocks.

They were less panties more of a thong, but close enough.

Once more I tried to turn around but she held me in place and went down to her knees.

My eyes went wide when she planted a kiss first on the right cheek and then on the left. Only then did she start tugging down my underwear.

“Fuuuuck,” Jack cursed and tugged at his crotch.

“Why don’t you undress?” I suggested to him, but then lost track of what he was doing because Sharon’s tongue delved between my cheeks and I felt it suddenly exploring my anus as she bent me forward.

No one had ever done that before.

“I’m not missing a second of this,” said Jack. That brought me around enough to realize he was setting up the cell phone I had given him earlier. He was smart and quickly learned the video recording function. The real trick here was to record as much of what we were about to do as possible.

Sharon didn’t seem to notice what Jack was doing. She bent me further forward and I felt her tongue progressing forward. As nice as it was, I wanted more.

I stepped away and looked down at Sharon. She looked like the cat that just ate the cream. She licked her lips.

“I want to eat your cunt while your boyfriend fucks me,” she declared and wiggled her underwear slightly down her hips while standing up. Appearing out of nowhere, Jack was suddenly next to her and helped her remove her last piece of clothing. That left me, in my stockings, the most fully dressed of our trio. Jack was naked and sporting a full erection.

“That would be my pleasure,” he said smoothly, kissing our hostess.

I watched the two of them for a moment as I positioned myself on the sofa’s edge. “Okay, that sounds good, but after he makes you climax, I want to get kinky.”

That made Sharon laugh. “As if a threesome isn’t kinky?”

Lifting my chin I said boldly, “In my book it barely qualifies as sex.”

Sharon moved quickly to where I was spreading my legs. I noted she still had her thin line of blonde hair on her mons. She was even better at cunnilingus when performed from the front.

Her tongue teased my clitoris and a pair of fingers went up my channel. She knew exactly what she was doing. I was certain that she had done this many, many times before.

I gathered my wits as she paused for a second in her oral assault on my sex. Jack was kneeling behind her upraised buttocks, erection in hand, and found her entrance. I glanced at where he had propped up the phone and noted it seemed to be aimed in the correct direction.

In short order he was thrusting into her and she busied herself showing off her accomplished oral skills on my nether region.

I let myself go. I could feel Jack’s thrusts transmitted through her body. In no time at all I felt my climax grow and then bloom.

I was purposely loud as I orgasmed. I was loud enough to get the both of them to stop what they were doing.

“Oh...thank you,” I gushed to Sharon. “That was incredible.”

“Want to switch?” she offered generously.

I shook my head. “No. I want to get kinky.”

Jack was still inside her but hadn’t resumed moving. He looked to me for guidance.

She looked askance at me. “What does that mean?”

“Well, I did bring along a couple of things,” I said as I lifted my leg up and over her head. To speed things along I kicked off my heels but left on the stockings. I rushed back to the kitchen where I had left the handbag I had brought along and promptly returned to the living room.

I found the two of them still having sex in doggy position. That didn’t surprise me knowing Jack.

“I only brought two, but that should be more than enough for you and me,” I said, opening up the bag and pulling out two identical butt plugs.

They weren’t large but I liked the positive—and slightly fearful—reaction from Sharon. “Have you used this before?”

“Naturally,” I told her. “Sex is so much better with a princess plug, don’t you think? I got us a matching pair.” I didn’t give her a chance to object and opened the bottle of lube I had also brought along. I figured that Sharon had to have a bunch of her own toys, but I had plans.

She watched while I applied the lube to both plugs and then sprawled on the couch, giving her and Jack a full view of my vulva and anus.

I was rather proud of the way I easily inserted the shaped plug into my rectum. The pink jewel nestled up against my body and I smiled at her.

“Your turn,” I said. “Better pull out of her, Jakob.”

He did and she remained on her hands and knees. I added some lube to her tightly puckered entrance and pushed the second plug against her sphincter muscle.

Sharon fought it for a moment, but then the plug slid inside her.

She groaned and her body sucked up the plug, bringing the pink jewel as tightly to her body as it was to mine.

“Fuck her,” I told Jack. “Fuck her hard.” Crude language wasn’t for me, but in the moment it was the right thing to say.

He pushed his erection back into her.

I loved the distressed sound Sharon made. My hand found its way between my legs and I masturbated in time with Jack’s thrusts into her.

Sharon turned her head to look at me. I didn’t look away. I locked eyes with her and we took each other’s measure.

She climaxed first. Her cries were loud and insistent. I would be lying if I said that her reaction to Jack’s ministrations weren’t an important part of pushing me over the edge.

“Stop stop stop,” begged Sharon as Jack continued to plow her. He glanced my way and I gave him a discrete nod. He stopped.

“Everything okay?” I asked her casually, as if she had just dropped a folder of papers and was mildly upset at the prospect of picking up the mess.

She was panting heavily and sweating. She looked sexy. “I...I...I just need a break for a minute.”

I tilted my head and Jack withdrew from her, disappointment on his face.

“I want more,” I told her, moving onto the couch next to her. I opened up my legs and put my hand on Jack’s hip, moving him over toward me.

It didn’t take much to move my familiar into position. He was in a constant state of lust so he didn’t hesitate at all in pushing his erection into me while Sharon watched, a bit upset.

I groaned as Jack filled me up.

“More,” I told him as he bottomed out inside me. “Harder.”

“You two are a randy couple,” said Sharon as she watched, her hand going between her legs. It was almost as if we had switched roles, but we were in missionary to where she and Jack had been in doggy. I could see her wiggling her butt around as the plug I had placed in her settled. She could have removed it any time, but she chose not to. Interesting.

She watched with great interest as we had sex. I don’t know why she watched so intently because it was really just mediocre sex. Still, Jack was able to push me up to another orgasm. It was a nice one, enhanced by the plug in me.

“He can go forever,” Sharon said with admiration as Jack pulled his full, hard, wet erection from within me.

“Do you want to see him ejaculate?” I asked coolly.

“Of course!”

I pushed Jack away from me and glanced at the phone he had set up. Its light winked indicating it was still working. “I like to keep things kinky,” I said, going back into my bag and producing another toy.

Her eyes lit up like a little kid’s on Christmas morning. “Are those what I think they are?”

I smiled. “Depends on what you think they are,” I said. “Because these are nipple clamps.”

Her excitement was visible; her nipples became hard as I watched. “That’s what I was thinking.”

“Ever use them?”

She bobbled her head around. “Just playing...nothing intense. But maybe…”

It didn’t take any convincing at all to get her to play along.

Nipple clamps seem like fun—and they are—but getting them on can be difficult. Luckily Sharon was cooperative and eager to participate. Her nipples were large enough to easily work with but not so large that the clamps had to be opened all the way.

I used adjustable Japanese clover clamps on her. The sort where the tension could be controlled with the added benefit where if the chain connecting the clamps was pulled, it would increase the pinching pressure.

After I put the first one on, with Jack watching closely, I would have sworn that Sharon had an orgasm right then and there based on her gasping and shuddering reaction.

“Too tight?” I asked her.

Slowly she shook her head. “Noooo,” she moaned. “It’s...it’s perfect.”

I smiled trying to keep my evil nature under control, and slipped the other one on. She had the same reaction.

“Oh...fuck yes...it hurts sooo good.”

Her hands went to her breasts, but I slapped them away. “Get down on your hands and knees,” I ordered her. “Jack hasn’t had his orgasm yet.”

She was distracted by the pain in her nipples. Her eyes were glazed with lust. It was easy to move her off the couch and into the position I wanted for her.

Jack's erection hadn't abated at all. Her sex was as wet as ever. It was easy for him to slide into her again. I told him to go slow.

"Why?" he groused while Sharon made her little moaning noises.

"Because I need to help you out a little, but first…" I got up from the floor where they were having sex and grabbed the phone, doing a little hand-held recording. It wasn't exactly easy to hold the phone and grasp the base of the plug still inside of Sharon, but I managed it.

She looked at me with shock when I started pulling the plug out of her.

"What are you doing?" she demanded in her best manager voice.

I said nothing. Between Jack's erection inside her and the heavy chains of the clamps pulling down on her nipples, she wasn't able to focus for more than a few seconds.

It took a couple of good hard tugs, but eventually I got the plug out of her and set it aside. She made an unfeminine noise when it was removed. I had the lube at hand and poured some over her abused little pucker.

“Put it in her ass,” I ordered Jack.

He didn’t have to be told twice. I reached under her body to find her sodden sex. It was easy to reach her swollen clitoris. She started to protest, but quickly fell victim to too much pleasure of Jack’s large erection in her bottom and my fingers dancing on her womanhood.

I suppose it was rude to just have Jack start anal sex with her without asking, but once he was where he didn’t belong, she wasn’t complaining at all. I made sure to get plenty of video of her having the devil’s intercourse.

I made her climax once with my fingers. I could feel her pleasure being transmitted through her sex. Jack didn’t stop. He couldn’t stop at this point. I watched and recorded with great interest as he climaxed and initially ejaculated into her rectum, but then pulled out and finished over her back and buttocks.

They both shivered with pleasure for a minute while I rubbed Jack’s leavings into her skin.

“Did you like that?” I asked her.

“Oohh...yes,” she moaned and slowly slid to the floor, face down. She didn’t even ask to remove the nipple clamps.

I rolled her over. The clamps were still in place. I tugged gently on the chain connecting them which extended her nipples and elicited a soft groan from Sharon.

“No…”

“Do you want these off?” I asked her.

Sharon’s eyes were closed and she had a faintly angelic look on her face.

“No…”

“Do you want them tighter?”

“No…”

I ignored her soft moan and pulled hard on the chain, extending her nipples to their limit and lifting up her breasts as well. Her eyes snapped open and she reached for the chain while struggling to sit up.

Once again I slapped her hands away and she remained supine.

“Tell me what you want,” I said sweetly as I kept up the tension on the clamps. I

could see them digging into her soft flesh and it excited me more than I thought possible.

“I want you to fuck me again,” she gasped. “I want both of you to fuck me again. At the same time. I want you to eat me out. I want him to cum in me.” She looked up at me with over-eager eyes.

I smiled down at her, but didn’t release the tension. I pulled a little harder and she bit her lip while arching her back to relieve the pressure.

That angered me.

So I handed the phone to Jack and slapped her across the face.

Hard.

The look of shock she gave me was priceless.

After a second welts rose on her cheek, my fingers had left an impression on her.

“What the fuck?!” she protested but made no other action to free herself.

She was now my sexual thrall, even if she didn’t realize it herself.

“Tell me what you really want,” I demanded of her.

For a moment Sharon opened and closed her mouth, trying to get the words out. I waited patiently while Jack kept the phone on us.

Her mouth closed and she seemed determined not to give anything to me.

“Well,” I prompted sharply. I was still putting out my pheromones. They worked to ramp up her already out of control sexual lust and to pull her completely under my control.

“I want you to piss on me!” she blurted out.

I laughed at her. Jack sniggered.

“You’re a pervert,” I told her.

Sharon looked away. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize to me. What will you do when I urinate on you?”

Right away she realized that I hadn’t told her no.

“Um...I want to jill off. I want to cum that way.”

“You’ve done this before?” I asked.

She shook her head. “No. Never...I never had the courage.”

I left her wondering for a moment how she had managed to work up the courage to admit this perversion. She hadn’t worked up the courage. I had pushed her to bare her soul.

“Okay,” I agreed without further discussion. “I’ll pee on your face and you’ll play with yourself until you climax.” I didn’t suggest it. I made it a flat-out demand.

Sharon didn’t object. She seemed surprised I had agreed with her wish. “What?”

I didn’t answer her question. “Let’s do it right here, right now.” I let go of her nipple clamps and moved so that I was on my knees over her body, her face under the apex of my legs.

She looked up at me with alarm, looking more to my sex than to my eyes. “But...you’ll make a mess!” She flopped her head right and left. The living room

had a hardwood floor, but there were a couple of throw rugs to break it up. She was right about the mess it would make, but I wasn't going to let that change my mind.

"So? You have people who can clean up. You can buy new furniture and rugs." I adjusted my stance. "It's now or never."

I loved the frightened look on her face. It made me feel powerful. I could sense Jack following the action with the phone, recording everything. I wondered if she was aware of what he was doing.

"Okay," she relented.

I sensed more than saw her move both her hands to her crotch. I smiled and closed my eyes, focusing on my body for a moment.

Never before had I done anything like this, but that didn't mean I was going to chicken out.

I could feel my full bladder. I never had a shy bladder in the locker room at school, but this was different. It took some concentration and relaxation on my part, but once I started, I couldn't stop.

The warm urine sprayed out out of my body. I looked down just long enough to make sure I was getting it on her face. I was. My aim was true.

As I peed on my boss, she frigged herself furiously. I could see her upper arms move and I heard the wet stickiness of her fingers buried in her sex.

I tilted my hips so that my urine stream wouldn’t drown Sharon. She might have actually liked that way to die. The pale yellow liquid covered her face and then I moved it down to her neck and upper chest.

The puddle I was making grew to the point of reaching my knees and soaking into Sharon’s hair.

It was going well, until I realized my bladder was almost empty. Sharon’s fingers weren’t stopping, but I wanted her to climax while being peed on.

She realized that I was running dry and moaned in frustration. She wanted to climax while being peed on.

There was an easy solution to that. When my stream ended, I stood up.

“Pee on her, Jack,” I said, taking the phone from him.

He looked confused for a moment, but then took his penis in hand and aimed it at Sharon, still laying on the floor, now in a puddle of urine. Her hands didn’t stop playing with herself. There was a pause of a few seconds before Jack let loose his urine as well.

Taking a hint from me, he ran his stream up and down her body from neck to crotch, covering her well.

This pleased Sharon, which I understood from her more vigorous motions and moaning.

Her climax was disturbing.

She rolled to her side and quivered in pleasure.

I was vaguely sickened.

“Humans are disgusting animals,” Jack declared.

“I’ll have to agree with you on that,” I said.

“Cats at least have an area they agree upon to use to relieve themselves.”

“So do humans, but humans have weird sexual kinks.” I glared down at Sharon who was still quivering from her orgasm.

A burst of inspiration struck me. “You’re a worthless slut, aren’t you?” I asked Sharon.

To my surprise, Sharon nodded. “I’m a dirty, worthless slut.” She was facing away from me so I couldn’t see her expression, but I could well imagine it.

“Get up, get on your knees,” I ordered her. I wanted to see how far I could push this.

She did exactly as I asked and I grabbed the chain connecting her nipple clamps. By some miracle neither one had pulled loose while we were abusing her. I didn’t have any bondage equipment in my bag, but I was certain Sharon had something hidden away.

“Where do you keep your sex toys?” I asked her. “Do you have rope or cuffs?”

She nodded in resignation. “Upstairs in my bedroom closet. There’s a box in the back left corner.”

“Wait here. Don’t move.” I glanced at Jack. “Both of you.”

It would have been better if I could have cleaned up a bit, but it was Sharon’s place and she could pay for the cleaning. So I walked upstairs with pee on my knees and feet. I found the box in her closet and opened it.

Just the sheer amount of toys and equipment floored me. I knew she had a good little horde, judging only from the size of the box which was a fancy wooden storage box the size of an industrial microwave oven. I saw dildos, vibrators, restraints, rope, and more stuff of leather and rubber than I could identify. It took me a moment to find a decent pair of cuffs that would work for what I was planning. I also picked up a wood and leather paddle with “SLUT” carved out of it.

Back downstairs I found Jack and Sharon just as I had left them. Jack staring at her breasts, Sharon staring at the floor.

I wondered how much she loved this.

She didn’t resist at all when I pulled her hands behind her back and connected them with the leather cuffs. I almost wished I had found a pair of metal handcuffs, but there was no going back now.

“Start recording again,” I told Jack and firmly tugged on her nipple chain. “On your feet.”

Sharon struggled up and I led her to the kitchen. There I found some washrags and a roll of paper towels. It was fun being the dominant bitch. I brought her back to the mess we had made of the living room. The stink of urine made my nose wrinkle in disgust.

“Clean up this mess you made,” I ordered her.

The only way Sharon could remove all the pee from the floor was to scoot around on her butt, hands cuffed behind her—she had a foot-long chain connecting them—with a wad of paper towels. It took her the entire roll and many trips back and forth between the living room and kitchen to clean it to my satisfaction.

All the while I made myself at home, sitting on the couch, watching her, sipping wine. She had a nice little bar in the corner of the living room with a dozen bottles of liquor and at twice that of wine. I picked one at random, hoping it was an expensive one, and consumed a glass while she worked.

Naturally I didn't offer any to Sharon. Or Jack.

When she was done, Sharon had tears in her eyes. Her butt was red and sore from sliding around on the hardwood floor. "My tits…" she said plaintively as she knelt in front of me.

I tilted my head to the side. "What about them?"

"They hurt…" She looked pointedly at the clamps, still in place. They looked sore. The parts of her nipples on the far side of the clamps were turning purple.

"I can fix that," I said and, without giving her a chance to protest, I first tugged hard on the chain which made her whimper. I then grabbed both clamps and released them.

“Fuuuck!” she screamed out. If her hands hadn’t been restrained she would have grabbed her soft flesh, but as it was, all she could do was wiggle around in frustration.

I dropped the clamps and chain, reached out to Sharon, and cupped her abused flesh. “Did you enjoy that?”

Sharon shook her head angrily. “Noooo,” she moaned. “It hurts. Not a good hurt.”

Finding myself enjoying this role, I leaned in and kissed her lightly on the lips. “You look awful. You smell awful. You aren’t sexy. You need a shower.”

“Please…” she begged.

I liked how she begged.

I nodded once to Jack, he took my meaning and turned off the phone, stopping the recording. “Let’s go to the shower.”

I was impressed with her bathroom. It was huge. More than she deserved. At that moment I wanted her to have to suffer and live in a squalid hovel. Instead, we both got into her giant-sized shower. The bathroom had a separate tub for a bath. The bathroom’s square footage was nearly equal to my entire apartment.

I exaggerate, but not by much.

The water was warm and wet and welcome. I adjusted the water to the exact temperature I loved. When I turned around Sharon was right there in front of me, her blonde hair a shade darker in the water, her breasts covered in goosebumps and her nipples erect. I had inadvertently sprayed her with cold water before finding the right temperature. I realized then, with the both of us naked, that we were almost exactly the same height. Was that natural or was that because of my magical adjustments?

It didn’t matter.

She was right there, and still eager.

I couldn’t resist. I leaned in and kissed her.

Sharon kissed back.

My hands went to her hips and waist, pulling her close. I wanted her arms around me, but that wasn’t possible. They were still chained behind her back.

Our breasts pressed up against one another and I delighted in the sensation.

After I broke our kiss, Sharon looked at me saucily and said, “You know, I could

do a lot more if you freed my hands.”

“Soon,” I promised. “But first you need to be cleaned up.”

Truth be told, the water was almost enough to wash away all the urine, but I still found some body wash in the shower and covered Sharon with it. I especially liked soaping up her breasts. I never would have imagined that, but there was no reason not to enjoy it.

She didn’t protest when my bubbly fingers slid over her vulva. She actually sighed a bit.

“Don’t stop now,” she panted when I pulled my hand away.

I laughed and turned her around.

She hadn’t been paying close attention to me before we got into the shower. The water was spraying on her now and she was facing the wall. It was easy enough to reach around the glass wall that separated the shower area from the rest of the bathroom, pick up the paddle, and slap her smartly on the butt.

Sharon yelped in surprise and tried to turn around. I held her in place and watched. As if like a miracle her skin turned red where I had smacked her. The letters SLUT clearly stood out in white contrast. I laughed at her. “You really are a slut.”

Looking over her shoulder at me, Sharon gave me a wan smile. “Thank you.”

I couldn’t resist. Still facing her away from me, I reached down between her legs and slid my fingers along her slippery lips. It was easy to insert a finger up inside her and she moaned in response, leaning forward to press her chest and shoulder against the shower wall—and prevent herself from falling on her face—bending far enough forward to give me full access to her sex.

Taking full advantage of the situation I knelt down and pressed my thumb into her anus. She resisted for just a second before I got the first knuckle in. From there it was easy to stuff a few fingers into her tunnel and tease her clitoris with my pinky.

I should have been a musician; my fingers were dexterous enough.

In that position I made her climax one more time, leaving her weeping with joy.

“Too much,” she moaned to the wall. “Too much.”

Pulling my hand free of her orifices, I washed off my fingers. Only then did I allow her to step out of the shower with me.

I put one foot up on a shelf just inside the shower and turned my bottom towards Sharon, bending over at the waist.

“Take it out of me,” I told her. “It’s time.”

Sharon seemed nervous, but knelt down behind me and I felt her fingers between my buttocks. It took some doing, but she started tugging on the base and I relaxed, letting my body expel the toy. I groaned as I did so.

“Thank you,” I said, turning around and looking down at her. Reaching down I pulled her to her feet. She left the plug on the floor.

Showing her more courtesy than she deserved, I toweled her off, and myself, before I found the key to her restraints and released her wrists.

“Thank you,” she said, suddenly wrapping her arms against me and kissing me. I was taken by surprise and wondered what she was planning. In a minor panic I felt my connection to Jack. He was still downstairs, having found the controls to her television, he was watching some nature show. Tigers stalking their prey.

It could have been worse.

Sharon wasn’t planning anything nefarious for me. Her embrace included another kiss and her hands roaming all over my body. I sort of liked that.

“I have some after shower lotion,” she said, reaching into her basket of supplies. It was more of an oil than a lotion but that didn’t matter. In short order we were

both covered with the slick oil.

I felt sexy.

So did she because Sharon took my hand and pulled me to her bedroom.

I had honestly never expected to have sex with my boss, but it was turning out well. I had all the video I needed and Sharon was an excellent and willing lover. I had also discovered that sex with a woman wasn't something I had ever wanted, but I enjoyed it more than I ever would have expected.

In her bed, Sharon pushed me onto my back and went right between my legs. Her tongue was terribly talented and I lost myself in the moment.

You're being terribly distracting, came Jack's voice in my head.

I'm having sex!

I know. I'm trying to watch a tiger kill a goat.

Annoyed, I blocked our connection as much as possible and focused on Sharon's tongue. She was doing everything I loved and in short order she pushed me over the edge into orgasmic bliss.

“More,” I moaned softly. “I want more.”

She worked her way up my body. I loved the slickness of her skin on mine. Her lips sought out mine and we kissed. I tasted myself on her tongue and was thrilled by the flavor.

There was a noise at the doorway and I glanced aside to see that Jack, still naked, was watching us. His penis was growing and he moved his hand slowly along his shaft.

I felt Sharon’s hand down between my legs and I opened them up for her to explore me further, but I couldn’t just let her do what she wanted. I put my hand between her thighs and found her sex, still wet with our earlier play or maybe it was just the water from the shower and the bath oil.

Face to face, we kissed and kissed some more. Our fingers danced nimbly on each other’s sex. I was breathing faster and faster and I was going to have another orgasm.

Sharon’s free hand played with my nipple and I spasmodically rubbed at her clitoris. I tried holding back as long as I could; I was right on the edge and I wanted it to last as long as possible.

Then her hand was on my face. I kissed her fingers and then we were both on the edge. She was shaking and I was shaking and that glorious feeling of sexual relief washed though me and her at the same time.

Her hand was clutching at my face and neck and then I felt her pull away.

She pulled away my collar.

There was a flash of light that made her scream out in surprise.

Jack yowled in alarm, bounding from the doorway to the bed, scratching at Sharon.

She screamed again, this time because Jack’s claws drew blood.

I pulled away from her, cursing. I won’t repeat the words here.

“What the fuck is that?!” she demanded. “How did a fucking cat get in here!”

I wanted the orgasm she had given me to be perfect, but Jack’s antics and her screaming were ungodly annoyances.

The night’s fun was over.

“What the fuck!?” Sharon demanded.

Not knowing what else to do, I reached out to her face. “Sleep.”

It took a second for the spell to take effect, but then her eyes closed and she slumped backward.

I glared at Jack. “Did you have to freak out like that?”

He turned his back to me, raised his tail, and showed me his cat butthole.

And he thinks humans are disgusting.

Chapter 16

After turning Jack back to his human form, we settled Sharon into her bed, gathered our toys, and left her place. All in all it was a successful evening, or so I thought.

The real work started when we arrived home. I took the video file from the cell phone and watched through it. The raw footage was decent, not great, but it would take a lot of editing.

I didn't want to do it, but I didn't have a whole heck of a lot of choice. It wasn't like Jack had the necessary skills. I asked Grey if he was willing, but he flatly said no.

"I'm a get away driver, that's it. The last thing I want to do is watch straight porn. Even for money."

It wasn't that difficult. Just time consuming. Luckily I had time. I took some time off from my job at DDCO, Inc.

I called in sick. It was the middle of the day when Sharon called to check on me.

"Are you truly sick?" she asked without so much as a hello when I answered my phone.

“Exhaustion,” I said. I wasn’t sure where our relationship stood. It was impossible to control her with pheromones while talking on the phone. But maybe there were some lingering effects from last night...and maybe she had changed her attitude towards me after our intense tryst.

“Well, I was there last night and I’m not exhausted.” She paused and let that sink in. “In fact, I had the best night’s sleep I’ve had in forever.” She paused again. “It must have been the sex. It was very good with you.”

The small compliment made my heart sing, but I remained focused. She didn’t know her good night’s sleep was from a spell that I had cast on her. “Well, you fell asleep early and I had to do some picking up and travel home.”

Her next words were spoken like the boss she had always been. “You know, of course, that everything last night was just play acting. I’m not like that in real life. Only when it comes to sex.”

“Of course,” I readily agreed.

“That being said, I think we should schedule more time together in the future.”

“Certainly. I just need a day of rest. And so does Jack.”

“Hmm. Jack. He has a lovely cock. I want him again too.”

“I can arrange that.”

“I have scratches,” she suddenly complained. “Did you let a cat into my house? Things are a little blurry.”

“A cat?” I laughed gaily. “Of course not. We did get a little wild. I might have scratched you by accident. I apologize.”

“Hmm. Well, rest up. I’ll email you for our next appointment.”

There wasn’t going to be any next appointment if I had my way.

I didn’t have to heavily edit the video, but there were necessary cuts to remove as much evidence of me and Jack as possible. When I couldn’t edit around our faces, I outright blurred them from existence. It wasn’t elegant, but it worked. Then I had to chop the video up into ten minute clips, mostly because the websites I wanted to post the video to wouldn’t take anything longer.

It didn’t matter. It still worked. It was clear that in the video Sharon was a pervert, but then who isn’t when it comes right down to it? The most disgusting people are those who only want to have sex in the missionary position for the purposes of procreation.

I didn’t dare put Sharon’s actual name on the video. That would be too obvious. Karen the Kinksteress made her internet debut at 11:38 pm that night. I couldn’t just wait for her to be discovered but I couldn’t force the issue either.

It took me a little bit of time to find the email addresses that I needed. I couldn’t just hyper-target the Romans. I had to be slightly more subtle than that.

I was metaphorically throwing Jack under the bus, but he was my familiar. I could use him as I saw fit.

As it was, I had to wait a couple of days. The many videos of Karen the Kinksteress started off slow, but eventually gained a small following. Still, no one would know it was Sharon starring in her own brand of porn without a little help.

I was the little help.

I worked from home for a couple of days, but Sharon demanded a face to face meeting at the office and I couldn't say no. I couldn’t be that obvious.

The moment I walked into her office, I started pumping out pheromones as fast as I could. I wasn’t entirely sure that was a good idea, but I had to be as subtle as possible.

She was dressed in typical female corporate garb, but with a twist. Black jacket. Black skirt. White silk blouse. I could see the outlines of her bra under the

blouse. The skirt was too short. She was wearing stockings and high heels. When she stood up, she shed her jacket and I could clearly see the outlines of her nipples through both her bra and blouse.

Out of habit I had closed the door behind me. Sharon stepped around her desk and moved to the door, locking it.

I raised my eyebrows, but before I could say anything, she rushed up to me and kissed me with the ferocity of a woman who hadn't seen her lover in a year.

The kiss was nice. Insistent. Sexy and forbidden. I liked her body pressed against mine, but I kept myself focused because I knew what I had in store for her.

She had other plans for me.

"I've missed you," she admitted to me. "I shouldn't say that, but I have. I want to fuck you again."

"Me too," I lied. I was fine with having sex with her, but I wasn't looking forward to it.

"Right here. Right now," she insisted and pushed down on my shoulders.

Curious, I went down on my knees and looked up at her.

“I have a treat for you,” she said and pulled up her skirt.

She wasn’t wearing any panties. That didn’t surprise me. She was wearing an old-fashioned garter belt; that did surprise me. They were sexy. She put her hands on top of my head and drew me closer.

“Please…”

Sharon didn’t exactly beg, but it was obvious she was desperate for some intimate contact.

I relented and pressed my face into her sex. She leaned back against the wall and spread her legs, giving me full access.

It was raw and dirty and I loved it more than I would ever admit.

At first she just made little mewling sounds, but in short order she was moaning and on the brink of full pleasure. I wrapped my arms around her thighs, holding her in place while my tongue danced on her clitoris. When I sucked hard and drew her into my mouth, she trembled and climaxed hard.

I eagerly swallowed the copious amount of amrita she produced. It was a goddess’s drink.

It took her a few heavy breaths to get ahold of herself.

“I hope I wasn’t too loud,” she said with a wicked smile.

“I’m sure no one heard you.” I had no idea if that was the truth or not. What I did know was that my sex was quavering in anticipation. I was more than willing to play on the Sapphic side of the street for a little longer. I kissed her mons and inhaled her scent.

When I did that she awkwardly pushed her skirt back down.

“I have panties in my desk. I need to put them on,” she said as she moved away from me and back to her desk. She shoved a tissue box across the desk to me as she opened a drawer and took out a pair of underwear. “I’d like to see you again tomorrow night. Perhaps you’d like to bring along Jack?”

I blinked at her. I was being dismissed.

I was angry, but I just nodded. “Sure. Sounds lovely.”

I left her office. I was determined to push things now.

Chapter 17

As it turned out, I didn’t need to push anything. The emails I had sent out anonymously were all cast on hopes and dreams. But only one needed to land.

It did.

Robert was a good pervert. He shared my anonymous link with a few more people in the company and, as these things do, it quickly snowballed. I could see the jump in the view count on the website I was using.

It was only hours after I had gone down on Sharon in her office, maybe six at night. I had removed Jack’s collar from my neck and he was running around outside in cat form, looking for pussies to take advantage of. That’s when the emails and texts started streaming in.

The first few were just short comments and links to my websites. Then the rumors started flying.

When the calls came to my phone, I knew that Sharon was doomed.

I took the one from Robert.

“Did you get my emails?” he asked breathlessly. A good American company loves rumors more than a typical middle school, especially when it comes to the sexual activity of the popular kids. Especially, especially when the sexual

activity was completely illicit.

“Yes. I don’t really appreciate links to porn sites.”

“Did you watch any of them?”

“No.”

I didn’t feel bad about lying.

“Why not? It’s fucking Sharon.”

I paused for an appropriate amount of time.

“What?”

“It’s Sharon doing the most perverted things. Well, some perverted things. The stories are flying around. I can’t believe you haven’t watched any of them yet! The website is sure to take them down soon. Privacy and DCMA and all that. It’s obviously a frame job, but it’s definitely her.”

“Okay. Wow. I mean...hold on...let me turn on my laptop.”

Instead of just pretending to go to the websites, I actually went through the motions, Robert chattering all the while about what freak Sharon was.

She was...but I had helped.

“Oh...wow,” I finally declared. “Is that really her?”

“That’s what everyone is saying! Jordie says it’s definitely her because she’s been to Sharon’s house before and that’s where this was filmed. Kinky stuff. Did you get to see her being pissed on and loving it?”

“I’m sorry, but what?”

“It’s a good hour into the videos. Both the guy and the woman she fucked piss on her.”

“Okay…”

“She’s going to lose her job. You mark my words.”

“Does anyone know who the couple she’s with is in the video?” I asked, ignoring Robert’s last comment.

“No one seems to know. A few people have been guessing that they’re Chris and Tina Roman; there have always been rumors about her fucking the CEO and her husband.”

“Was it?”

“Probably not. Body type is all wrong. Their identities were hidden pretty good.”

“So...who then?”

I could hear his shrug over the phone. “Doesn’t matter.”

That was good enough for me. My editing was good enough.

“Are you still watching it?” Robert asked me.

“Uh...the video’s running.”

“Do you have any idea who they are?”

“None.”

“His face is blurred, but the guy’s body sort of reminds me of Jack.”

“Jack’s fairly generic when it comes to bodies.”

“But you’re a witch.”

“So?” I tugged on that tenuous connection I had with Robert. That was good enough.

“So nothing, I guess,” he said, losing interest. “Wanna bet that Sharon's out of a job by tomorrow afternoon?”

Robert was wrong. Sharon was out of a job at nine a.m. the next morning. An email memo was sent out to the entire company saying she had resigned under unfortunate circumstances and that we were not to discuss the matter.

All of my text messages and emails for the next day only discussed what a pervert Sharon was. I felt a little bit bad, because I had caused her firing, but she was an unrelenting bitch.

I felt a thrill of triumph knowing that I was the one who had caused her to lose her job.

But I couldn’t tell anyone.

I took great pleasure in laying back on my bed, naked, legs spread, with Jack between them, happily licking away at my sex.

I noted that his tongue was rougher than the average man’s. Not quite as rough as a cat’s tongue, but in his human form, it was rough enough to cause me extra pleasure. Jack wasn’t all that great at cunnilingus, but his rough tongue was making up for it. He was going to push me over into the land of bliss in just a few more lashings of his tongue.

And then my damn phone buzzed with a call.

“Ignore it,” I told myself.

Jack kept licking away.

My phone stopped buzzing and the call went to voicemail.

I focused on my clitoris and the approaching storm.

And then my damn phone went off again.

“Argh!” I screamed in frustration and grabbed it, not even glancing at the caller ID before I answered. “This better be important!” I shouted into it “I’m in the middle of something!”

“Anastacia Writemyer?” a woman’s voice asked.

“Yes!”

“This is Christina Roman. I’m calling to see if you are interested in a new position with the company. As I’m sure you’ve heard, Sharon Kaliji is no longer with us.”

“Oh.”

She took that to mean yes and launched into a description of my new duties. I bit my lip to prevent myself from screaming out the pleasure of the orgasm that Jack had given me.

END

Preview

Tiresias 4: Noelle

I woke up next to Michelle’s warm soft body. I drew closer to her, feeling her full breasts with my hand as she slowly came awake. I didn’t hesitate at all to let my hand wander down her body, over her smooth stomach, to explore her crotch.

Michael’s cock was gone. All that was there was her slit and her entrance and her clit.

She let me do as I wished to her.

We kissed. Her lips were so soft and inviting.

Even though I now wanted it, waking up next to a woman after falling asleep next to a man was still strange.

That didn’t stop me from having sex with Michelle.

I rolled on top of her and kissed her with every ounce of my soul. She kissed back. She encouraged me when I started moving down her body. I paused at her breasts, sucking the nipples into my mouth to just feel them harden under my tongue. I loved the way she gasped when I pinched them just the way she liked.

But her tits were only a distraction. I kept moving down her body. I wanted her pussy.

I laved my tongue over the sparse blonde curls until I found the top of her slit. Her musky scent filled my nostrils and while I wasn't exactly inflamed with desire, I wanted her more because of it.

There's nothing unnatural about oral sex or even two women having sex. Maybe what was unnatural was me having sex with a person who could switch back and forth between man and woman.

I didn't care. I was in love with Michael and I was in love with Michelle. To me they were just two sides of the same person.

I loved being able to make a woman cum. I loved licking and sucking Michelle's clit. I loved putting my fingers inside her. It made me wish I had a cock to put inside her. For the moment, I settled for using fingers and tongue to penetrate her.

Michelle didn't complain.

When I made her cum with a cry so loud I was certain that Creepy Richard at the security desk heard her, I knew that everything I had done was right.

"What's gotten into you this morning?" Michelle asked me after she pulled me up from between her legs and kissed me. I knew she could taste her pussy on my

lips. That was nothing for Michelle. I knew she'd eaten plenty of pussy in her life, not just as Michael but as Michelle as well.

"I'm just horny," I replied breezily, happy that I was in bed with my lover where I belonged.

"I think it's more than that…"

I kissed her again, feeling her soft breasts against mine. I loved that feeling. "It's just that I'm in bed with my lover and I'm in love with her and nothing more could make me happy."

Michelle gave me an inscrutable look. "You know you're treading on dangerous ground, don't you?"

I lifted my chin and kissed her forehead. "I do and I don't care. Do you want to make love or have breakfast or go out on the town so everyone can see me with you?"

"Why not all three?" she asked, flipping me over on my back. Her hand went between my legs and found my pussy. It was easy for her to do that because she was much stronger than me.

I sighed. "Oh...please…"

“Please what?”

She had already begun her descent down my body. Her teeth bit at my nipples which were still sore from the clamps of last night. I inhaled sharply.

“Please make me cum.”

Michelle laughed and licked at my belly button. “Giving a girl like you orgasms is too easy.”

She went on to prove it.

Her tongue was everywhere. As were her fingers. And her lips. And the whole of her mouth. It was all too much to take.

While she didn't exactly leave me as a puddle, I certainly left a puddle on the bed when she was done with me.

“Ready to get up and have breakfast?” Michelle asked me with an incorrigible grin on her face.

“I’m too exhausted. I need sleep,” I mumbled. I didn’t really need sleep. I just needed to rest and let the adrenaline burn off.

“I’m going to shower,” she said, levering herself off the bed. “Then I’m going to get dressed and make some breakfast. You can join me or…”

I laid in the bed and listened to Michelle shower. I wondered what it would have been like to join her, but I wasn’t ready for more sex just yet.

After she came back into the bedroom to dress, I managed to haul myself vertical. I noted she went to a different, smaller dresser than I had seen Michael use before. From these drawers she pulled out female appropriate clothing.

It made me wonder what it was like having to own two sets of clothing. Michelle and Michael’s bodies were roughly the same size and shape, but clothing was such a marker and indicator that while lots of stuff was unisex, the really important stuff wasn’t.

I watched her slide on a pair of black satin panties that screamed more “ready for sex” than “a day out shopping”. She didn’t notice my staring, not until she pulled out a matching bra and put it on. I was impressed with the skill with which she managed that. I still had trouble with my bra on more days than not. Not that I wore a bra every day and my tits certainly didn’t need it, but still...I felt a touch of jealousy at how skilled she was at putting it on.

Maybe Michelle was a hell of a lot more than I gave her credit for.

Turning around she noticed me watching her. I smiled.

“Get showered and get dressed or you aren’t getting breakfast.”

I managed to haul myself out of bed and stumble to the bathroom, but not before imagining what Michael’s cock would look like under her pretty panties.

By the time I managed to finish showering, dressing, sneaking a peak at Michelle’s other clothing (all of which was the wrong size for me, which completely destroyed my fantasy of doubling my wardrobe by having a lesbian lover), and stumbling out to the kitchen, Michelle had created a wonderful breakfast for us.

It was like we were avoiding the big issue. Which we were. We talked about everything of no consequence. We ate. We pretended we were best friends having a pleasant day together.

Best friends who apparently liked to fuck.

“You need prettier clothing if you’re going to be seen in public with me on the regular,” Michelle said, deciding that we were going shopping.

For me.

I was excited.

It was a date.

Of sorts.

She took my hand as we traveled down the elevator. I couldn’t help myself. I kissed her in the elevator.

We kissed way more than we should have.

Naturally Creepy Richard was there at the security desk when the elevator doors opened. I knew he recognized me. I wondered if he could tell that Michelle was sometimes Michael. Did he know everything about Michael? Did he care? Probably not, he was just a creep.

We walked out of the elevator, hand-in-hand, I could feel Creepy Richard’s eyes on us.

I sort of liked it.

The shopping trip was hardly noteworthy...other than Michelle spent way too much money on me on stuff I might only wear once, if I was lucky. A few dresses, some nice business-like suits, some more casual stuff just because, and appropriate—and inappropriate—lingerie.

We stopped at my place after our epic outing, mostly to drop off everything she had bought for me. We had planned for a date out that night, dinner and drinks in public, but then she hit me with a question that I hadn't considered.

"Do you want to pick up a man tonight as well?"

I was in the middle of putting on one of the nice outfits she had bought me. Not exactly a cocktail dress, but close. A date dress.

"Uh...why?"

"Do you want me as Michelle or Michael tomorrow morning? It'll be Sunday, so we'll have another day before I need to go back into the office as Michael."

It hit me just then that if I stayed with Michael and Michelle, I'd have to plan my life around their changes. And if I didn't want to just have Michelle as my lover, we'd have to have at least one other man in our relationship to switch Michelle back to Michael. I could take care of the switch from Michael to Michelle.

A life like that...it wasn't what I had planned for myself but it didn't upset or worry me. It intrigued me.

"I want to wake up next to Michelle," I told her. "We'll find someone tomorrow to change you back to Michael."

“Is this what you want?” she asked me flatly. “You want to share me with someone else? You want me to change back and forth between Michelle and Michael all the time?”

“I’m in love with you,” I told her. “I don’t care if you are Michael or Michelle. I love you both because you’re the same person.”

She glared at me, her eyes hard focused on me. I wanted to wither under her glare but I managed to hold my ground.

“You don’t know what you’re getting into,” she said to me.

I lifted my chin. “No one ever does, do they?”

We left my place and went back to hers. She dressed up in a very nice outfit and made me wait in the living room while she did it. That was a good idea because I knew I would have been tempted to put my hands all over her while she was changing her clothes.

“Are we really doing this?” I asked her as we headed out for the night on the town, as limited as we were planning.

“Yes, we really are.”

It turns out that two women out on the town isn’t nearly the secret lesbian relationship that I thought it would be.

We got approached by every man in the bar and then in the restaurant. All of them Michelle shot down but we pretended we were still on the hunt. It was an amusing game that I had never really played in the past. I’d received plenty of passes when I was out on the town, but never with the intention of turning everyone down.

As the night progressed, Michelle and I got more and more affectionate with each other holding hands, caressing each other's arms and shoulders, kissing. We would have full on made out with each other if we had looser inhibitions about behavior in public.

Even so, our waiter gave us an intense leer every time he passed by. I didn’t blame him.

Eventually I got tired of the game we were playing because it was pointless. “I want to go back to your place and fuck your brains out,” I told Michelle.

That was all she needed to hear.

We went back to her place. Creepy Richard wasn’t at the desk. Some stranger was. Michelle nodded to him with a familiarity that put me at ease.

I wasn’t expecting it when she suddenly attacked me with her mouth, kissing me ferociously, as we waited for the elevator. When the doors opened, she moved us into the elevator, never stopping her oral assault on me. I spared the security guard a glance.

He was goggling at us like he had won the porn lottery.

Little did he know.

The moment the elevator doors closed, Michelle started pulling at my dress, trying to get it off me.

“What are you doing?” I panted but didn’t exactly stop her. If anything, I encouraged her to take off my clothes, even knowing that there were cameras inside the tiny moving compartment. “He’s probably watching us.”

“He certainly is,” she agreed as my dress came down over my hips. Another tug and it was a puddle around my feet. I was standing there in a bra and panties and Michelle’s hand inside my panties cupping one ass cheek. It was wrong and thrilling and I didn’t want her to stop doing it. “But he isn’t Creepy Richard so I’m happy to put on a show.”

If anyone was putting on a show, it was me, but that was fine. Maybe if I had a better body I could have been a porn actress. Another lifetime perhaps.

When we arrived at her floor, Michelle snagged my dress from the floor and

ushered me out of the elevator. I walked with a confidence I didn’t have any right to, but I knew there was no risk to what we were doing.

I led the way with Michelle right on my ass, almost literally.

And then the older couple on the opposite side of the building’s floor decided that was a good time to come out of their apartment. I wondered how late it was as I froze and stared at their elegant evening wear. Why were we getting back that early and why were these old fuddy-duddies out so late?

The old man had a shocked expression on his face but then gave me a welcoming smile. The wife wasn’t as thrilled as he was. Her face went sour for a second, but then she relented. Maybe she realized that back in her day she did some pretty tawdry things as well.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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