

# Girlfriend's \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ Daughter



**What if?**

## **Preface**

This is a story that exists outside of canon for the story Girlfriend's Daughter. As I write this now that story has three books out and as I thought about the future of that story I thought "What if something else happened to create a sexual escapade that went way out of control." This is that story, that while it doesn't add more to this epic lengthed feminization story, I like to think it is a fun sexual adventure. I will start this off by giving some fast background on the story Girlfriend's Daughter so that you the reader don't have to go back and read the other books, but it will lack detail and nuance you would get from the other books themselves.

## **Chapter 1**

Bailey Andrew Smith had been coasting through life the last few years, he was enjoying much of it or at least that was what he told himself. The death of both of his parents, and in connection to that his position running a store they owned had hit him hard. He was never one to be very open with his feelings, so while his girlfriend, Amanda Best, or Mandy as he enjoyed calling her, was willing to listen, he just wasn't open to talking about it.

Bailey was a small man, standing at five foot six with a slight build. The height he had inherited from his father, but unlike the barrel chested man, Bailey was slim much like his mother. Despite his small stature he had found himself hooking up with a tall blue eyed, blonde woman that was more than a few years his senior.

Amanda was a knock out and age didn't matter to him in the slightest when he set his eyes on her. He was currently twenty five to her, a young looking thirty nine. Though at this point they had been together for a handful of years. Benign with his Mandy was akin to hitting the jackpot over in Vegas. Amanda was not just a pretty face; she held a position with Mega Corp, one of the largest companies on the planet and had worked her way up to being the head a department, with both accounts payable and receivable reporting to her at the Nevada branch. He thought they had a great relationship, and despite the age difference they were fucking constantly, her always saying how he made her feel so much younger.

Things changed when she started pushing for a promotion, Bailey was a hundred percent behind her, mostly because he wasn't working or really looking for work. His girlfriend's salary meant the extra hours weren't paying off monetarily in the present, but they thought it would in the future. Things got tight money wise and with her working so many extra hours the constant sex lost the word constant. He wouldn't even consider the word consistent or regular to be an apt description.

In one of his less than moral decisions Bailey had told Mandy how he needed money for a job placement company that offered training. He in turn used that money to hire an escort or two to keep himself satisfied. Telling himself that Mandy knew he loved her, but she also knew he needed sex and if she wasn't going to provide it, then he would find it elsewhere. It wasn't like

he was having a relationship with someone else, or so he reasoned.

A misunderstanding at Mandy's office, where one of the company's executives mistook a picture of Bailey with his longer blonde hair and braces, something he only recently had removed, as her daughter. Amanda had worked so hard for the promotion and while she didn't know the executive Derrick Connors well, she was afraid correcting him after the mix up could cause problems. Talking to her older sister, Megan, they considered using Becky, Megan's daughter for a stand in, but the plan quickly changed.

Back at home, in the apartment that Amanda and Bailey shared, the short man had been caught with a red headed escort he had used more than once by Megan when she had come by. The woman didn't care much for Bailey and had almost used his traitorous act to get him out of her sister's life. The thing was, Amanda was in a tough position seeing the scrawny man without his shirt on. She had an idea on how exactly the mix up with the picture of Bailey being a teen girl was going to become at least a temporary reality. A decision that meant his life was going to change drastically, though no one knew exactly how much till later. For him, being without a job, or really any place to go it was either do as the cruel and insane woman said or face the woman he loved about what he had done. It wasn't as big of a deal to him, but he knew Mandy wouldn't agree, doubly so when she had Megan whispering poison into her ear about him.

Amanda thought the idea was crazy, but both her older sister and her boyfriend were on board with him pretending to be her teenage daughter for a company picnic. With Bailey's stature and youthful appearance, some clothes and makeup the dolled up young man had been passing. Bailey had gone along with the insane idea only because Megan was blackmailing him, but the one day of pretending to be his girlfriend's daughter at a company picnic soon turned into a week and then into a summer as the people they needed to fool stuck around.

Bailey Andrew Smith had gone from twenty five year old man, unemployed boyfriend to Amanda Rose Best to Bailey Ann Best the eighteen year old daughter of the same woman and thanks to Megan he had gone from acting the part to acclimating to it.

One of the people and a big reason behind his disguise was Candace Ann Connors, the daughter of one of the high end executives at Mega Corp. Bailey had started off needing to keep the teen company at the picnic while they were in town and over time that relationship had transformed. The extroverted girl had adopted who she believed to be a shyer girl as a friend and over the weeks they had been together had grown close enough that she loved Bailey like a sister, insisting that they really would be once their parents got married. Candace or Candi, as she liked to be called, had wanted to make plans like in the old parent trap movies to get their parents together. While Bailey tolerated her schemes, knowing his girlfriend was just playing a part like he was. Soon the Connors would be going back home, the sooner the better far as Bailey was concerned. He could appreciate Candi, she was kind in an innocent way that made him feel like he needed to be protective of the girl. She was pretty, though he put a mental line in the sand at that thought, knowing no good would come of it. Still the eighteen year old girl had grown on Bailey, she had shown him what real friendship was like and soon considered the teen

girl who was a lot to handle not just a friend, but a best friend.

The Best family and the Connors had been on more than a few adventures, most of which Bailey was wishing Mandy, or Mommy as he was calling her now, wasn't so cozy with Derrick, the father to Candi. He had once tried talking to her about an open relationship, a conversation that happened long before he had ever put a skirt on. That conversation had not gone well, but now it was happening in a way he did not appreciate on any level. His girlfriend, the woman he loved, was sleeping with this other man, while he had to pretend to be some air headed boy crazy girl. Bailey had somehow even ended up the girlfriend to a boy and double dating with Candi. All of that was just the tip of the iceberg for how deep that horrible rabbit hole went far as Bailey was concerned.

Over the summer Candi was having something of a sexual awakening, she was more than a little naive about things in that realm, but was having great fun with the fact that her best friend, while more than a little shy at times, had the experience she lacked, or so she believed. During her first week in Nevada their families had gone to a water park and it was in one of the changing rooms that she had learned something about herself. Candi had found herself in a situation right out of something she would expect to be in some rated R movie with Bailey, her and a handsome lifeguard. Topless Bailey had given the young man a boob job, rubbing his dick between her breasts.

The young twenty something year old had no idea the breasts were fake, the life-like quality doing their job. When the lifeguard had asked for her name Candi hadn't thought about the answer really, just gave him her name. The man mistook the pretty blonde's answer, taking it as if she was saying Candi was the girl pleasing him and when he had called out her own name while Bailey played with his cock it had turned her on more than she could have imagined. That had been just one new experience for her that summer and right now she was trying to convince her friend to participate in another.

## **Chapter 2**

Bailey sat on his bed, in what was once the guest room in the apartment, but now no one would take it for anything other than a teen girl's bedroom. Both him and Candi had just finished putting each other's hair into updos. It hadn't been his idea of a good time, but hanging out with the pretty girl was a lot more fun than sitting out in the living room where Candi's father Derrick and his pretend mom were watching a foreign subtitled film. Teen girl activities were not for him, but the green eyed girl's excitement about small things was not just a wonder to him, but something contagious. Between that and her being spoiled she not only wanted to get her way, but often got it.

Today he wore a long sleeved off white blouse that showed the considerable cleavage he had grown thanks to what he believed was a reemergence of a childhood hormonal problem. He had something like this when he was young, though it never got to the point he had actually grown breasts, but at least the doctor he had gone to recently had given him something to get it under

control. The imbalance in hormones raging through his body had given him massive headaches, or migraines and thanks to the doctor those had at least stopped. Growing breasts wasn't ideal, but that was something that would go away in time now that things were fixed and for now it helped with his disguise. The real problem was multi pronged, with taking pills given to him by Candace that she gave to help her friend be more confident, that confidence coming from the pills helping her grow breasts. Then there were the pills Megan gave him that kicked off the hormone issue, him believing they were pills to help his energy levels so he could keep up with his now friend. Lastly the doctor believed he was helping a teen girl thanks to his appearance and hormonal levels thanks to the pills. So he gave Bailey something to bring down his existing testosterone levels. In all, Bailey thought he was on the right track to one day in the near future reclaim his male identity.

The blouse itself clung to his skinny frame that had lost what little toned muscle he once had thanks to the hormones running through his system and a crash diet. Paired with the blouse was a charcoal gray buttoned skirt and some white pantyhose. Candi wore a red thin strapped cami top and jean buttoned skirt that came to just above her knees, while Bailey's skirt only came to mid thigh. Anyone coming into the room would see a pair of platinum blonde green eyed girls doing one another's hair.

Finished putting her friend's hair up Candi shifted nervously on the bed where she sat on her knees. Thinking about what she wanted to do, and what she wanted Bailey to do and trying to think of a good way to bring up the topic. "Sooooo." She dragged out the word.

"Needle pulling thread?" Bailey replied with a giggle, a trait he had picked up from the blonde girl sitting next to him. The best way to fit in, to pass had been to emulate her and thanks to that and the mental conditioning from his pretend Aunt Megan the behavior no longer seemed out of place as he did it.

Reaching over Candi poked Bailey for teasing, knowing just the right place to tickle the girl she insisted was the younger sister despite them not being related. Bailey's birthday being a week before her own, or at least the birthday on the fake documents that had been procured when the lie of who Bailey was had turned into a full blown cover up. Skirming at the ticklish touch, Bailey considered giving Candi some of her own medicine, but instead just stung his tongue out at her. A tickle fight between the two just felt like it would become a tickle war and despite everything he had already been seen doing he didn't want the woman he loved coming in to see him doing such a thing when their laughter got loud enough to interrupt the movie she was watching.

"I was thinking about our boyfriends." The topic of them having boyfriend's wasn't off limits by any means, but who they were dating seemed more real for Bailey or so Candi guessed. At the end of the summer she would be going back home to California and her boyfriend Ryan would be staying put, while Bailey and her boyfriend would be staying in place. That was at least true if things stayed the same, Candi still had hope her daddy would propose before that.

"Yeah?" Bailey asked raising a thinly arched eyebrow as he adjusted how he was sitting on the

bed, his pantyhose covered legs sliding across the pinkish comforter on top of the bed they sat on.

Feeling like Bailey was giving her a mischievous look Candi playfully gave her a light shove. "Not like that!" She said before looking away, because it really was just like that.

"Like, okay!" The feminized man laughed. "Are you thinking about just Ry or you thinking about Ry and Auggy?" Bailey asked using August's nickname that Candi had dubbed the twenty one year old man with. He imagined she had an idea for a date he wouldn't be keen on or a new video for her social media accounts.

"Welllllllll." Candi drew out the word, closing her eyes and trying to keep the blush from her cheeks. "I was thinking about Ry, but like, also what you did with Auggy in the movie theater..." She opened one of her green eyes slightly as she tested the waters.

Most of the time Bailey had a smile plastered on his face, it being just one part of the motto he had to practice and record for his faux aunt every day. 'A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud.' Right now was no different. Even the mention of the movie theater blow job didn't cause it to falter at this point, though it did cause a great deal of inner turmoil that it happened and that in addition to playing the part of a girl he also knew exactly what cum tastes like.

That first date with a man had not even been the only time he had that dick in his mouth, the two of them had done a second double date right here in the apartment and they both had ended up on their knees in front of the young men who were sitting on the couch. Bailey had given August a blow job and swallowed the man's load. While Candi had freaked out and jerked Ryan's member, the cock in her hand to the side causing her summer boyfriend's cum to shoot off, landing on Bailey's cheek, in his mouth and on the green velvet dress. "Like." Bailey said shifting on the bed, the memory bubblings up to the surface of his mind. "I told you that you don't need to do that if you aren't like, comfortable."



"Yeah, but..." Candi shifted her gaze away from her friend before just blurting it out. "Couldn't you just like, do it for me?"

"Do it for you?! Oh my god... I just..." Bailey's mascara covered lashes fluttered as he blinked at the girl. 'I umm...' Bailey started talking again and stopped. 'Does she think I am cock hungry or something?! I am not that type of girl... man.'

"Just, just listen." Candi said seeing Bailey cross her arms. She was a bit afraid of giving Ryan a blow job, afraid that she would hurt him by biting down or something or just not doing a good job. She had tried practicing a bit with a dildo, but not only did she feel ridiculous doing so, she started to gag almost immediately. Men were supposed to love getting blow jobs and Ry was just so good to her. Making her hate herself for not being able to do it while her best friend knew what she was doing. Heck that story she heard about Bailey putting a boy's dick in her mouth for a ride home had astounded her. With as much sexual activity that had happened around the girl she didn't question if it was true or not.

It didn't exactly sound sane to her to ask Bailey to blow her boyfriend, but the memories of listening to that lifeguard call her name while Bailey pleased him wouldn't be ignored. "So like, we both know you enjoy giving head, but you keep telling me I shouldn't feel like I have to do it and I was just thinking about that time with the lifeguard and..."

"No." Bailey shook his head hard enough that the braid in his updo started to come a little loose.

"You didn't even let me finish!" Candi crossed her own arms and puffed up her cheeks in protest as her friend looked away. She was used to getting her way, and despite this being an odd request she had picked up on the fact that despite Bailey saying no definitively, she had done so looking more than a little happy as she continued to smile. Candace thought her and Auggy were cute together, but Bailey also insisted they weren't a real couple. The way her green eyed friend had flirted with that boy at the DMV had proven to her that Bailey wasn't exactly used to being in a committed relationship or at least not ready to fully commit just yet.

"I LIKE, DON'T HAVE TO LET YOU FINISH! I'M NOT GOING TO BLO..." Bailey pressed his lipstick covered lips together, and clamped both hands over his mouth. Realizing he was getting too loud and didn't want those outside of the bedroom to hear what they were discussing.

"You're thinking about it." Candi said smugly hearing how animated Bailey was in her refusal before trailing off.

"I'm not!" Bailey his voice said in a harsh whisper before pressing his face into his hands, feeling the faux pearl bracelet slice down his arm slightly. His protest became a lie just after he said it, his mind betraying him as the memory of that date, them on their knees in front of their dates fluttering through his mind again. The echoes of the feel, the taste of Auggy practically dancing across his tongue. Bailey had done his best to get the twenty one year old man off as fast as possible, just wanting it over with and then after he had... Candi had used her date's cock like a



squirt gun... Bailey couldn't even say he hadn't already tasted Ryan's seed. That night had been like a nightmare and she wanted him to relive it.



“Liar! Come on... please, please, please, PLEASE!” Candi bounced on the bed, causing the mattress to move about enough that Bailey opened his eyes again. The bouncing girl’s breasts caused his male instincts to pay attention to her chest before he could tear his eyes away. Candace had been a good friend, and it was not always easy for him to ignore the fact that she had a tight little sexy body.

“Candi! I like can’t! What are you going to do? Walk up to Ry and say hey Ryan, forget we are like, an item for a few minutes because Bailey wants to gobble your cock?”

The absurdity of the scenario made Candi burst out into laughter, but the fact Bailey had admitted in her own way to wanting to be with her fit boyfriend made her know she had already won. “No, and like, first off you owe me.”

“Owe you? I like, owe it to you to suck your boyfriend off?”

“Noooo.” Candi shook her head. “You lost that bet so you have to do what I say for five minutes and I’m not saying you have to do this for the bet, but... you do owe me.”

Bailey’s jaw hung open for a few seconds before he snapped it closed. “I totally made good on that bet and no bet is going to have me put Ry’s cock in my mouth.” The topic was wearing on the short man, he knew what Ryan’s member looked like, really wished he didn’t. Just talking about another man’s dick made him shiver. Unfortunately for him, the action just made Candi think her friend was protesting a bit too much as she got excited about the idea.

With a scoff Candi rolled her eyes. “Well, maybe you did.” She said not remembering what she had made Bailey do for the last bet that her friend had lost. “But that isn’t how we are doing this anyhow.”

Tilting his head to the side Bailey just stared at the girl, wondering how she pictured this scenario working out. “Okay, how do you see this actually working then?” Bailey asked, trying to make it clear how crazy of an idea this was and how it would never work out. Sadly for Bailey it just made it appear like he had moved on to acceptance and was then dragged into the planning phase for an evening of sexual activity to please his best friend’s boyfriend.

### **Chapter 3**

At the hotel where Candi was staying she looked at herself in the large mirror’s that were the closet doors. She turned to the side so that her profile was facing the mirror, kicked back one of

her feet as she looked over her shoulder at her reflection. Her hair was up like how Bailey had done it for her a few days before and was wearing a black lace, practically see through negligee that she could easily see her black thong panties through. On her feet were a pair of white stiletto four inch pumps. Just seeing herself in the sexy little number brought a large smile to her face as she thought of Ryan's reaction to seeing her in it.

Clenching her muscles her body practically vibrated with how she held herself and her excitement. The last few days she could hardly think of anything other than this night, though the fact that Bailey kept bringing it up, saying how she didn't want to do this, when it was clear she did, made it hard to forget the evening's activities. She thought about her more sexually experienced and free friend and how in her own way was looking out for her, trying to give her an out. Back when the group, August, Ryan, Bailey, Leah and her went to the local water park she saw more than a few women looking at her man. It didn't bring any jealousy or anger, instead Candi only felt lucky. All of them were just gazing at the twenty one year old because he was in shape, she was the one that got to know his mind and heart. Still if another girl had dared to kiss him she might have destroyed them... at least a little.

At that same waterpark her first week in Nevada she had experienced something eye opening between Bailey, herself and a hot lifeguard. The lifeguard using her name as Bailey pleased him, it had been an event that had danced across her mind and expanded in her dreams. That same thing happening with Ryan, Bailey pleasing him in a way she couldn't do, at least not yet, brought a sexual excitement to her. Letting out a long sigh to try and calm herself she picked up her phone and held it up in the air as she smiled, tilting her head slightly before snapping a selfie. She took several more, making sure to not give away anything she was wearing she sent off a text message to her boyfriend, leading with the photo.

Candi: Mr Ryan Davis, you are going to love tonight!

Ry: I dont know what you have planned but I know that to be true when it is time with you

Candi: Sappy

Candi: I love it!! <3

Putting down her phone she shifted her shoulders up and down in a little wiggle before pulling one last thing out of the closet, a tan trench coat to cover herself up. Having such intimate bedroom attire on and only a coat to hide it from the world as she went out terrified the girl. It was almost enough for her to call the whole thing off, or it would if she hadn't been battling the feeling from the moment she came up with the plan. Putting a dress on over the negligee would have been easy, but the timing of things had to be perfect. That, and she loved the idea that both her and Bailey would be wearing the exact same thing. Ry wouldn't know, but she did and the details mattered for her little fantasy that was just about an hour away from becoming reality.

The events that allowed the scheme to come about happened quickly, thanks in part to her own efforts and dragging her reluctant little sister along. It amused her to no end that Bailey acted lazy and would just about always put up only a token resistance to things she wanted to do. If her friend really didn't want to do something she wouldn't drag her along, but she figured the girl

was much more of a follower. In this instance Candi wanted to find the perfect place for a date night for their parents so they would be away and after prodigy her faux little sister on if she knew any local places, or knew of some that she would want to be taken out to Bailey finally got with the program for the perfect date out so their parents would be away for their own... Candi's plans to work out.

Back in his apartment, Bailey sat in his room with headphones on his head as he sat on the floor in the dark. The only light coming into the room was coming in from under the door and from his phone. Tilting his head back he pressed the back of his head to the foot of his bed, thinking about the same subject as Candi, but from a very different point of view. It felt incredibly wrong to be suggesting date locations for his own girlfriend to go out with another man. Yet he had done just that, telling the teen girl about a local planetarium where her Dad could make arrangements to bring in a blanket and picnic basket. He had done just that on more than one occasion and had gotten lucky doing just that. 'Why did I tell her about that place? OMG, Do I have like, no will power?' Bailey didn't connect how his own internal monologue had changed over the summer to question.

Instead he sat there on the floor wearing black thong panties, a black mesh negligee and white four inch pumps that matched what Candi was wearing as a sort of uniform. It all complete with coordinated makeup. Already things were underway, with his pretend mother getting ready for her date with Candi's dad. The man was already here, and both believed they had the apartment to themselves before their date. This evening's dates, both the one with Amanda and the one Candi was setting up were both weighing on him enough that instead of dwelling on it he put on some headphones and listened to the playlist he had set up on his phone. A playlist that his Aunt Megan had pruned to be perfect for her niece.

Pulling his knees up to his chest and digging the stiletto heel of his shoes into the carpet he did his best to distract himself from the upcoming events. His lips moved silently as he mouthed the words to the current song playing through the headset, the Story of Us. "Oh, a simple complication. Miscommunications lead to fall out, so many things that I wish you knew, so many walls up I can't break through..."

While Candi finished getting ready for Ryan to come pick her up, and Bailey waited not so patiently for the signal to exit his room, Amanda Best and Derrick Connors spoke in her bedroom. "Are you sure you don't want to go to the planetarium? Derrick asked, his little girl having already used his card to pay for their tickets and had set up a basket with goodies. She wasn't the type to do so well at cooking, but she had made a variety of little sandwiches all with their crusts cut off. She had made peanut butter and jelly, both grade and strawberry, cucumber and cream cheese. Along with green grapes in tupperware, along with sparkling nonalcoholic grape juice with some plastic cups. The basket itself wasn't a picnic basket, but he imagined she was working with limited access or at least she couldn't have what she wanted delivered in time. "The girl's did put effort in for us to have a night out on our own." His eyes roamed over the woman he loved. She stood there in her stockinged feet, wearing the same black dress she wore to dinner and dancing that first week he was in town. A single strap on her left shoulder,

while its length went down to just below her knee the slit along her right side went up to mid thigh, allowing him to see the welt on her sexy tan stockings. He could also see the sly smile on her face like she was either up to something or knew something he didn't, while her blue eyes looked back upon him.

Without a word she was able to make him feel seen, appreciated in a way he hadn't felt since before his first wife grew ill. A big part of that was on him, his old mistakes that he had done what he could to make peace with. Now he had another chance at being the right type of man and he truly wanted to be the right man for Mandy. "What are you thinking about?"

Being asked two different questions in less than a few seconds, Amanda slid up next to the taller man, placing one hand on his chest and reaching up to run her nails through his beard. Only speaking when she saw his own smile and the joy in his eyes. A picnic at the planetarium had been something she had done once with Bailey, in what seemed like a lifetime ago. Derrick's daughter might have been the one to put things together for them for a date night, but it was clear to her whose idea it had been. It said a lot to her that Bailey had suggested it, and only shifted her thoughts more towards what she believed Bailey really wanted. Her older sister, Megan had told her how much Bailey was enjoying themselves, how regressing to a teenager had been helping him relive something he never had a chance to really experience and being a girl... that was less of an act as Bailey let on. It had sounded far fetched and a bit insane, but things like this made her believe otherwise.

She had real feelings for Derrick, feelings that surprised her and nice as that was it also felt like a poison inside her gut when she thought of Bailey. She loved him, and almost a year ago when he brought up the subject of an open relationship it had hurt her. The idea that she wasn't enough for him was depressing, it made her think of their age difference, how he didn't seem to want to get married and didn't even want to discuss having a child. Now though she was understanding more, he wasn't the most open person with his feelings. Bailey really wasn't happy, but for a very different reason, the offer for an open relationship was for her, not him. Now he... Amanda closed her eyes slowly, still touching Derrick as she shook her head, to correct herself. Even if this was all an act Amanda needed to think of Bailey as her daughter. Bailey wanted her to be happy with Derrick and that thought along with the love clearly in this man's eyes made her feel like she could just float away.

"I was thinking about how I feel about the fact that you love me." She said looking deeply into his green eyes.

"I do." Derrick confirmed, moving one hand around the beautiful blonde's waist before leaning in for a gentle kiss.

"Mmmm" Amanda made the happy sound as their lips parted. "The girls are away, we have the place to ourselves. So I thought..." She pursed her lips, looking off to the side where she could see the two of them standing together in the mirror over her dresser. "We could stay in, so I could show you how much I appreciate you and everything you do to make me feel special."

The two of them had already been intimate a few times and he had invited her to go to a wedding with him back in California. The first time they had been together had been thrilling and then after he did the most amazing thing where he wanted to talk about. Talk about what she liked, what she wanted more of, things she wanted to try... and things she didn't care for. Amanda had never been big on giving blow jobs, Bai... her last boyfriend... In the moment and with what she was planning her mind veering away from the connection, how her last boyfriend loved getting oral and how Derrick admitted as much, but also said how he would never push her to do something she wasn't comfortable with. Right now she wanted to give this wonderful man exactly what he wanted and felt a warm surge within herself, knowing what he wanted was her.

"Yeah?" Derrick said with his normal easy smile before giving his girlfriend another light kiss. "I can think of a few more things, things we can do tonight that could make you feel just how special you are to me."

Desire practically dancing in Amanda's eyes as she wrapped both hands behind the man's neck to kiss him in earnest. Their lips meeting as they turned their heads slightly and pressed their bodies into one another. Her mouth opened as her tongue slid out slightly to just touch his lips so that he knew what she wanted. His hard body pressing into her own, his facial hair while not coarse still rubbed against her own smooth face. The two stayed in one another's embrace for close to a minute. Amanda only pulled away and pushed on her man's chest when he moved them so that her rear end was pressing against her dresser. She knew if she let him, it a moment he would have sat her upon it. "Not in here, you Mr. Connors are going to get undressed and go sit on the couch." Amanda smirked, reaching over to open one of her drawers and pulling out a decorative scarf and wrapped it around his neck.

Touching his hand to the soft material draped over him, Derrick gave the blue eyed beauty a quizzical look.

"That is what you are going to use to blind fold yourself while I give you..." Amanda pressed the tip of her long nailed index finger to his chest, sliding it down for about an inch. "The attention you deserve."

Derrick Connors started to do exactly as he was told, having no idea his little girl was on the way to the same apartment with her boyfriend, where she intended to blindfold her own man and let him call out her name while Bailey did the deed.

## **Chapter 4**

"Care to share what is going on?" Ryan said as both his girlfriend and him got out of his car. She had been all sly smiles and giggles as she kept glancing at him as he drove them to the apartment complex where Bailey lived and the site of his second date with Candi. The beautiful green eyed blonde never struck him as the type to keep a secret with her pure earnestness and

if she tried it would burn her up on the inside, or so he believed.

“Okay...” Candi reached out, her fingers entwining themselves with Ryan’s before she came to a stop at the sidewalk right outside the apartment building. She had some uncontrolled giddy energy coursing through her, much like she did when she had bought a gift for someone. While she loved getting presents, seeing people’s reactions to what she gave them was always a bigger thrill. “Remember our date night here?”

A smile playing at his lips, Ryan tilted his head back slightly. A double date movie night on the couch that he would say devolved into more of a carnal activity, but the word devolved would leave out the fact that he was sure it had been planned. While Candi and Bailey wore different outfits, his wonderful girlfriend in purple the two had their dyed platinum blonde hair done up the same and even had their makeup done similarly, though done to match the color of their outfits. Both the girls had gotten on their knees to pleasure himself and his best friend August who was dating Bailey.

It was awkward, he had never been hard in the same room as another guy... at least not with it exposed. It was just a way of life for a teen or preteen boy to randomly get an erection when they were in middle school and he was sure everyone of them had the same feelings he did, shame. Back then you hoped no one would notice and despite being an adult now similar feelings came through him when his dick was out in the open in front of his friend who also had his own out. That soon faded, though did not go away as Candi’s slight hands, so soft ran over him. Her gorgeous green eyes looking up at him, her clearly just as nervous as him, though she wasn’t nearly as practiced at hiding her emotions like him. He loved the girl, so many girls he grew up around would say things like “I’m not like other girls.” Candi though, she wasn’t like anyone he had ever met.

That night she had given him a hand job, and while she didn’t use her mouth like Bailey did for August, he didn’t consider his experience any lesser. Since then they have fooled around a little, she had more than once brought up the night and asked if it was okay that she hadn’t done more. He wasn’t sure why she felt they had to do more, it wasn’t like he pressed her for it, but he also couldn’t deny his own desires. “That was a fun night.”

A healthy blush came to Candace’s cheeks as she also thought of the night and what tonight had in store for them. “Today... I mean, umm.” She took a calming breath, that didn’t so much as calm her as give her a moment to put her thoughts in order. “Tonight will be better.” She leaned in and kissed the brown haired young man on the cheek as she altered her voice to a whisper. “We have arranged it for you to get a blow job.”

The words “blow job” whispered to any man from a sexy girl who was obviously hiding something under a tan trench coat would be more than enough to get a man’s attention, but the word that also stuck out to Ryan was the word “we”. As much as he wanted what his girlfriend was offering he needed to make sure she didn’t feel she had to. He knew she was inexperienced and while he didn’t understand her sexual awakening over her summer trip, he

did know he didn't want her to be forced, or feel as if she was. "That sounds..." The last bit of the sun had only recently gone over the horizon, leaving the street lights to bring light to their small world but as Ryan looked down at her he could see enough to have a vague idea of what she was feeling. Nervousness, excitement, arousal. "That sounds wonderful, but you know you know we don't have to do anything. I would be happy just sitting at your side."

A teetering laugh escaped Candi's lips, her man's false start and reassurances told her everything she needed to know. "I want to do this for you, to you." She really did, but was also terrified she would hurt him or make him feel unwanted if she couldn't go through it when... not if she started to gag.

"And... Bailey is okay with this?" Ryan asked, imagining the two blondes sharing his dick. He wasn't sure what he would say to August, it was a betrayal of sorts, but this was also the sort of thing dreams were made of.

Wiggling slightly a smile firmly in place, Candi nodded. Knowing exactly where her bestie was at that moment and how much Bailey had blushed and acted all shy when she had brought this up to her. "She is excited to let us use her place." The eighteen year old said, giving her boyfriend's hand a squeeze. 'And I'm super sure just as excited as me for what comes next!' Candi thought, wonder dancing in her mind at the idea of Ryan calling out her name in pleasure as Bailey did her thing. She had once brought up the idea of sharing Ryan or even sharing her Auggy, but Bailey had been resistant enough, but with her agreeing to tonight, it did cross Candace's mind that the topic might not be off limits.

While the two spoke and started their way up the stairs to the second level of the apartment complex to get to their destination, inside Amanda and Derrick got ready for what they thought was a night alone.

"You just sit right there mister." Amanda gave her boyfriend a light shove with a flick of her wrist. The black dress she had been wearing now lay on the floor in the hallway, an impromptu makeout session happening along the way to the living room, her amorous man having slid the zipper down on her little black dress. Now she stood over her man in a black and red pushup bra that she hoped made her D cup breasts look more enticing, with matching panties she had recently acquired.

Letting himself fall backwards onto the couch Derrick looked up at the beautiful blonde, his clothes were back in her bedroom, leaving his semi erect member on display. The way she looked down at him with the hungry look as she lightly bit down on her bottom lip made more of his blood pump down to his manhood. "Yes ma'am." Captivated by her, he watched the blonde lean down, giving him a wonderful view of her ample chest as she ran her fingers through his chest hair. Her nails sliding across his skin as she moved her hand up to his face before being joined by her other hand.

Snapping back up Amanda pivoted to the side so that Derrick got a look at her profile and ass



ass she stuck it slightly out. Doing a strip tease had been her original idea, but put it aside. She didn't consider herself a prude by any means, but she wasn't a young woman anymore and already felt nervous enough with the light on as she teased him. "Stay." She said with some steel in her voice that she didn't often use. Circling around the couch she wrapped the scarf she had gotten earlier around her man's head to cover his eyes.

Standing behind him Amanda leaned over the couch so that both her hands reached past his shoulders and pressed her palms into his chest as she kissed his neck. It was an area that she loved having caressed and kissed and wanted Derrick to feel the same.

"Mmmm." Derrick let out the sound, no longer able to see what was going on around him with the makeshift blindfold other than being able to tell the light was still on in the room. Little bumps appeared on his skin as goosebumps formed, his lover's lips trailing up his neck before he could hear her whispering into his ear, her lips close enough that he could feel his Mandy's warm breath on his skin.

"Do you want me?" Amanda asked, she already felt his desire, knew he appreciated her on many levels and was not looking for validation. She just wanted to hear him say it.

"I do..." Derrick drew out the word, the chilled air from the apartment rolling across his naked body and feeling the warmth of his lover's body touching his own.

"Yeah? Tell me what you want." Amanda stood up straight, her nails once again sliding across his body as she did.

Feeling the sudden absence of Amanda, Derrick did as he was told. "I want you." He said in an even tone that sounded much calmer even to his own ears than he would have expected with how horny he was, how much he wanted Amanda.

Taking in a heavy breath Amanda was ready to circle back around to the front of the couch and start teasing and pleasing her man but stopped moving when she thought she heard a familiar voice coming from the hallway. The way the apartment was laid out was when you walked in the front door you could look to the left and see the kitchen, to the right was the living room where she was now. The way she had her furniture set up she had the couch acting as a separation between the dining room and the living room, so that there was a space to walk between. So where she stood now was only a few feet from the door, a spike of terror running through her when she heard Candi's voice in the apartment hallway.

"Hold on." Amanda said as she quickly opened up the closet door to pull out her brown canvas trench coat to cover herself. 'What are the girls doing back already!?' She asked herself, as she reached under the lamp shade and turned the knob so that the room plunged into darkness. Opening the front door to step out, needing to send them away. When coming out into the night air she was expecting to see the younger Connors, but instead of Bailey she found her boyfriend Ryan.

Stopping in place, Candace was shocked to see Bailey's mom coming out of the apartment. Her eyes grew wide and unsure what to say, though that didn't stop her from actually talking, just that she didn't consider what she said before she did so. "Miss Be... Amanda." Candi stumbled over their own words, them sounding wrong as she spoke. The older woman had told her she didn't need to be so formal as to call her her last name and she had been playful in the past with calling her mom, but that didn't seem to be the right course of action considering what was going on.

"Hi." Ryan said his eyes shifted between the two blondes. He had been expecting to meet up with Candi's other half, but he was not expecting to find Bailey's milf mother here as well. While the two hadn't seemed to pick up on how each other was dressed, Ryan very much had. Both wearing trench coats to cover themselves when the weather did not call for any such thing, and Miss Best's wearing stockings, he was just able to make out the welts from them as she shifted in place. 'No...no...' he told himself, not sure how to process the idea that Candi had organized a three way. It didn't make sense and was absolutely absurd, but still he couldn't help picturing it in his head. It wasn't a daydream that held up to any scrutiny and wasn't even something he had ever considered, still it had his motor running even if he wasn't even sure this was something he would even want. 'What would I even do?' He questioned himself as if it was real, while his practical mind had already begun dismissing it.

## **Chapter 5**

Music continued to play through the headset Bailey wore, while it helped him distract himself from what was coming it wasn't enough to keep the anxiety at bay. Still his lips moved with the music, the song that just started an oldie that he knew by heart by the time he was an actual teenager.

Any way you want it, that's the way you need it, any way you want it...It continued to play when he noticed the light that came in from underneath his bedroom door turned off and signaled him that it was time to get things started. Turning off the headset he removed it from his ears and tossed it onto his bed as he got to his heeled feet. 'You can do this.' He thought to himself knowing he could because had had before, even if every single time it had been horrible. 'Just like, do a good job and it will be over quickly.'

Putting one foot in front of another the feminized man didn't even think about how he rolled his hips with each step anymore. Opening the bedroom door he looked out into the dark apartment, the figure sitting on the couch easy to make out. 'Here goes...' Bailey thought to himself as he walked the short distance into the living room.

Pressing one hand to his chest he took a heavy breath, his breasts rising and falling as he took in one deep breath after another. In the dark, blind folded or not, Bailey didn't want to look at

Ryan's face as he got closer, getting down to his knees. With each passing second his stomach churned with unease till it was practically twisted into a knot. 'How did she talk me into this?'

Derrick sat on the couch, unable to see anything at all once Amanda turned off the lamp on the end table. When she told him to stay put when she opened the apartment door he felt a small amount of panic rise in his chest, he was sitting here naked after all and couldn't fathom what she was doing considering she wasn't exactly dressed for the outside world. That was when he heard the sound of high heels walking on the hardwood floor that sounded like it was coming from the hallway. Turning his head to the side to track the sound he smiled at who he believed was his girlfriend. 'Opening the door to put me on edge before running back to the room for her shoes... a little ASMR.' Unable to see what was going on he tried to justify the sounds he was hearing.

The loss of his sight made this encounter interesting as he felt her hand rest on his right thigh, her nails sliding up a few inches before she did the same on his left. "Mmm" He let out the sound as his manhood twitched, Amanda's warm hands a contrast to the cool room. The entire situation was incredibly erotic, her hands running along his hardening girth, each of them turning as they grasped him. The one at the base of his member twisting right, the other that held the tip of his cock turning left. Taking in a deep breath he let it out slowly as she pointed his dick up into the air, her tongue touching its base before sliding up. 'For someone that doesn't like doing this... God



Mandy that feels good.' Tonight was supposed to be about her giving him special treatment and right now he didn't dare speak, afraid he would be unable to risk his urge to pull his sexy woman up into his arms. 'Calm, calm, let her do her thing.'

Hearing the groan from Ryan as Bailey twisted his hands spurred him forward, opening his mouth he leaned in to touch the tip of his tongue to just above the young man's ball sack. This close Bailey could smell the musk coming from his crotch, feel the heat radiating from the hard member and then he could taste it. Bailey wasn't sure where Candi was hiding, but part of the plan was she was suppose to be close, wanting to hear her boyfriend call her name, but so far he hadn't said a word. Some girls he had been with were screamers, a few liked to dirty talk and then there was those that mostly kept silent. Not saying anything didn't mean they were bad in the sack, but they were his least favorite in bed and it seemed Ryan might be part of that group.

Making a disgusted face, not just at the taste of the cock he had licked but for even categorizing Ry as someone to take to bed. 'Focus girl, just need to get him off.' Bailey mentally winced at the thought and really needed this whole thing to be over with, it felt like it was corrupting who he was a man... a man wearing lingerie, high heels and was about to put a cock in their mouth...

Pressing his lips together Bailey blew warm air on the fleshy object in his hands, right over where had just ran his tongue before lowering the cock to point at his mouth instead of up into the air. Swallowing hard before kissing its tip, once, twice, three times before opening his mouth, sticking his tongue out to rolling it around the base of the tip. With a few flicks of his wrists he bounced the cock in hand off his stick out stretched tongue, feeling it pulse.

"Oh..." Derrick whispered, the sound easy to hear with the only other sound in the room being the light smacking of his dick on his girlfriend's tongue. Then she took the tip of his dick in her mouth, suckling on it while continuing to use her tongue. He had to repress the urge to slide his hands into her hair, but wasn't able to keep himself from slightly thrusting his hips. Then he did it again as he felt her take more of him into her mouth as she bobbed up and down on his prick. "God, Mandy!" Derrick said while groaning, his voice low and strained.

Feeling Ryan buck his hips as he took him more into his mouth, the warm cock pulsing wasn't lost on Bailey, but his reactions were secondary as he tried to focus on just doing the best he could to end things. When he finally spoke, his hoarse voice hard to understand, the feminized man would have smiled if his mouth wasn't full. 'There you go Candi, he said your name, that is what you wanted right?' He thought at least two people in the room were getting what they wanted, he sure as heck wasn't.

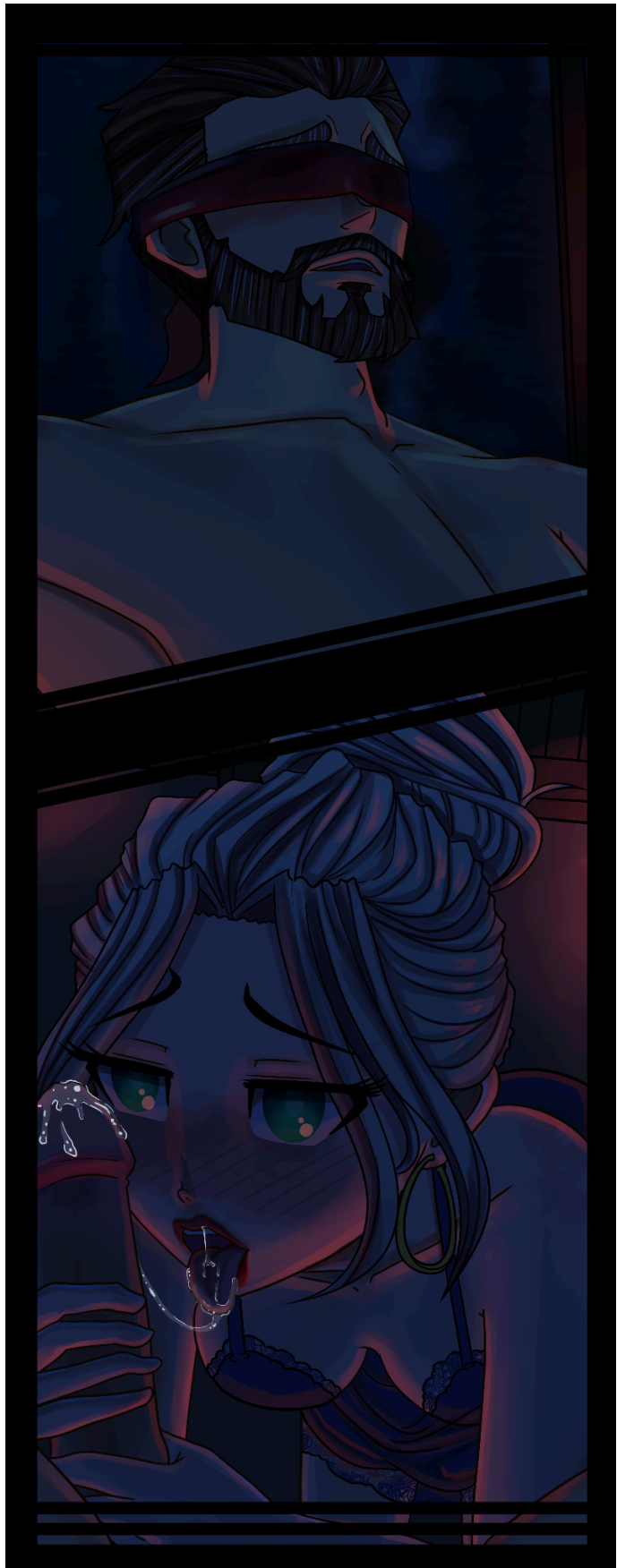
A cock in his mouth, almost to the back of his throat Bailey tasted a hint of cum, precum was a natural reaction for lubrication but it meant things were going in the right direction. 'That's right Ry, cum for me, cum for me and Candi.'

Slurp

The sound filled Bailey's ears as he pulled his mouth free from the cock, saliva trailing between it and his mouth and trailing down the corners of his mouth. Pumping one hand up and down on the member while his other cupped his balls, the action meant to buy him time to take a few breaths and not wanting to lose the momentum. The smell of sex was now in the air as he worked the member, it slick from spit and a small amount of cum. 'Come on...' He thought, not sure what would be worse, putting his lips back around it and his mouth being filled with the man's spunk or it splashing across his face.

Candi had promised her man a blow job, an activity he had been on the wrong side of one too many times, one being the number that crossed the line and yet here he was opening his mouth and trying to loosen his throat to take more of the dick in. The sounds of slurping filled the room along with groans. Ryan's voice sounded a bit off, but still familiar, not that Bailey paid too much mind. What Ry was saying was for the girl who talked him into this, he had a job to do and that girl truly owed him big for this.

Moaning himself, Bailey made the sounds of pleasure knowing what kind of effect it had on him when hearing a girl enjoy giving a blow job as much as he was getting one he made sure to over act, betting Ry despite being an attractive guy had seen more porn videos than been in situations like this. He tried not to think about how he was both physically acting and sounding like some wonton slut, he reached down, sliding one hand into his thong panties and touched the prosthetics clitoris. Immediately the vibrator wrapped around



his own hidden member came to life. Pleasure shot through him and he yanked his hand away from himself.

It was normal for a girl to touch herself while pleasing her man, but experiencing any joy from sucking on a cock was a line too far for the feminized man. Already he knew the title cocksucker fit him and didn't want the extra taint of enjoying it attached.

Hearing Amanda's vocal queues, something he knew was a show for him, but still drove him wild, Derrick let out a shuddering breath as he felt that all too familiar feeling of things tightening, his body ready to explode. Amanda's lips were wrapped around the base of his cock, her head staying put as she groaned, turning her head left, then right, pulling up only an inch before coming back down again he just couldn't contain himself any longer. "Ah, ah, Oh, Mandy! Mandy I'm going to cum!"

'YES! YES! I DID IT!' A feeling of achievement hit Bailey along with a mouth full of creamy, salty cum that partially slid down his throat, the muscles in his neck twitching to swallow. Moving his head up and down a few more times the man's seed slid down from one corner of his mouth, some of it already covering his chin. 'Did he say Mandy?' Bailey asked himself, taking a few gasping breaths as the thick cock came free from his mouth. He didn't need Ryan to say he was about to cum, the fact that the dick in his mouth grew slightly more and started to pulse told him exactly what was about to happen.

Shaking his head, his platinum blonde hair stayed put in its updo as Bailey dismissed what he thought he had heard. 'Candi, not Mandy.' Believing he was hearing things, it not making any sense why the young man would call out that name. The slimy feeling in his mouth, coating his tongue and chin disgusted him but before he could run off to the bathroom he needed to slip away and let Candi play nice with her boyfriend after the deed. He cursed himself for not having wet wipes, mouthwash and whiskey back in his room.

Using Ryan's legs to steady himself Bailey got back to his heeled feet and was ready to slink away when large hands wrapped around him and pulled him into the man's lap. "HEY!" Bailey said out loud not prepared to be yanked off his feet.

Derrick had just orgasmed under the attentions of the woman he loved, but it hadn't full deflated by the time he felt her tight little ass press against it as he pulled her to his lap. Immediately things felt off. He could dismiss her voice sounding softer, more musical, but she also felt smaller. His woman had an amazing rear end, but he wouldn't call it small like the one pressing into him right now. "Mandy?" He asked, confusion filling his mind as she wiggled in his lap, making his lower region think they were about to go for a second round.

This time Bailey was sure he heard what Ryan... no not Ryan, had just said and it made his blood run cold and his body freeze in place. When the lamp turned on next to the couch the glare from it felt like an attack with his eyes wide and used to the dark. He was not being held by a naked Ryan, but by a naked Derrick Connors who had one arm wrapped around him and the

other pulling off a makeshift blind fold now that he had turned on the light.

“BAILEY!” Derrick’s voice boomed.

## **Chapter 6**

Outside the apartment Amanda had just heard Ryan, Candi’s boyfriend greet her. Things were incredibly off and she was mentally off balance. Her daughter had left to spend time with Candi back at her hotel before they went off on a date, yet she was nowhere to be seen. It took her a few heartbeats before her mind corrected her on Bailey’s actual identity, but it didn’t particularly matter in the situation. Right now Bailey wasn’t here, instead it was just Candi with her boyfriend. The entire point of her spur of the moment antics was because the girls were supposed to be gone, making her wish she very much stuck to the plan for the evening.

“Where is Bailey?” Amanda asked, glancing at her door for a second before walking forward and touching the teen by the arm and stepping closer to the stairs. The feel of concrete on her mostly bare feet wasn’t the best feeling, but she was happy that Candi didn’t try to hold her ground or make her use any force. The last thing she needed was for Derrick to actually hear his daughter’s voice when he was sitting there on her couch naked in view of the door. It was in her best interest to keep the teen girl away from her apartment in order for Candi to not need therapy and to not ruin what she had started.

“Bailey? Umm..” Candi looked over at Ryan for help, but he wasn’t going to be of any help. All he knew was that Bailey was somewhere else while she said they could use her place. That plan wasn’t exactly working out when Bailey’s mom was standing right in front of her instead of being off on a date with her father, who she knew had left their hotel hours ago. “She is back at the hotel, ahh, she like, isn’t feeling great and wanted...” Her eyes went over to Ryan who seemed to be doing a much better job and keeping cool.

“Her jacket, well August’s jacket.” Ryan gave a shrug of his shoulders, doing his best to help his girlfriend who was looking at him with pleading eyes. He was now very lost on what was going on, he thought Candi was taking him here for a blow job and the only reason he thought it was happening here was for Bailey. He didn’t intend to shrug and really hoped the movement didn’t give away his lie.

Amanda knew the girl was keeping something from her, but she also didn’t really have time to dig into it. Using one hand to keep her jacket closed Amanda held out her other to the two, wanting them to stay where they were, far away from her front door. “That is too bad, the two of you stay here and I will get it for her and... I will give you something so you can pick her up some chicken soup.” Bailey being sick made her worry about them, but was thankful Bailey was staying put instead of wanting to come home. Candace was a sweet girl and she guessed August was either back at the hotel with Bailey, or was told to stay home. All while the young Connors spent her date night to get her friend her coat to help her feel better. Still, she and her boyfriend needed to go.

Seeing the golden haired woman turn and move back to the apartment a spike of worry hit Candi. If Bailey was still hiding in her room then her mom was about to find her in lingerie, the same lingerie she had underneath her own coat. Moving as quickly as her heeled feet would allow her the platinum blonde girl moved in front of the older woman to try and reach the door first. "It's totally okay, Bailey wasn't sure where she put it, so like it could be in a few places. You can finish getting ready or whatever and I will just pop in and get it."

"It is not a problem at all, Candi, you just wait out here and I will be right back." Amanda could feel her heart beating as she worried about what was about to happen if the teen opened the front door and cursed herself for trying to be bold and exciting.

"Like, Miss Best, Bailey asked me to get it and ahh, I also have to use the potty."

The two continued to try and convince the other to not go inside the apartment or that they needed to get inside. Amanda wanted to protect the girl, her father and herself. While Candi felt a deep need to protect Bailey, her excited thoughts for what was supposed to happen completely put to the side with her one track mind. Amanda just about done with things and wanting to cut to the quick of the matter was just about ready to tell the teen that Derrick and her were up to some adult activities, something she should have done from the start when all three of the people in the apartment's hallway heard Derrick Connor's speak in a booming voice.

"BAILEY!?"

Inside the apartment Bailey felt his heart beat so fast it felt like it might explode as he saw the bearded face of the man who had been sleeping with his girlfriend. His green eyes peered down at him with a mix of intensity and bewilderment. "EEP!" The much smaller man pushed off Derrick's chest to fall back to the floor, more of the cum dripping from Bailey's chin falling down to his only partially concealed breasts. "OH MY GOD!" Bailey said just as the front door swung open fast enough that it slammed into the wall.

Bailey's own green eyes slid from the naked man that he had just given a blow job to and over to the now open door seeing a trio of people, one more important than the rest. "Mommy?" He said looking up and across the short distance into her deep blue eyes. Between feeling out of breath, something literally pumping in and out of his mouth, touching the back of his throat a bit of air tries to escape back up. A light burp coming from Bailey's lips, causing a small cum bubble to form and pop as it did.

"Bailey!? Daddy!?" Candi said shrieking, from her angle she couldn't see his naked form, but she could tell he didn't have a shirt on and the way her friend looked, specifically was she was covered in told the complete story. She had talked Bailey into giving her boyfriend a blow job while pretending to be her and instead she had blown her father and she wasn't sure anything could ever make sense again.



“Candace... Mandy...” Derrick felt more exposed than he ever had in his life, his semi hard member going flaccid as his daughter and the woman he loved saw him sitting in front of the eighteen year old girl who had his seed all over her.

A few things suddenly happened all at once, Derrick covering his nakedness with his hands, Amanda pulling the teen girl back outside the apartment and closing the door while the two clothes were frozen. Ryan was truly lost now, Bailey was actually here and was dressed to appeal to his more primal urges. The fact that it looked like she had just given Candi’s dad a blow job, her own mother’s boyfriend didn’t make a lot of sense. So he did what he often did when he needed to work things out, he shut his mouth and listened.

The last of the group, Bailey didn’t move other than his bottom lip quivering and his stomach churning the contents of his lunch and cum, it all moving on the power of dread and disgust. His eyes listed slowly over to the man he just had sexual relations with, no idea how to explain what just happened. He couldn’t say, “Hey your daughter talked me into giving a blow job to her boyfriend in the dark while I pretended to be her because she realized she gets off on stuff like that, and I thought you were him.” That would play out even worse with the woman he was sure he just lost. “Hey, I know I’m your boyfriend, pretending to be your daughter because of a crazy scheme from Aunt... your sister, and I didn’t mean to swallow down your fake boyfriend’s cum, I was intending to do that to someone else.” Blinking slowly another burp came out and he felt like he was going to hurl, he wasn’t really looking at the man in front of him anymore, mostly through him at nothing.

“Go, go to your room.” Derrick’s voice no longer boomed, the sure smile and confidence he wore like a second skin was nowhere to be seen, all of it hidden away behind shock as his own stomach fell out. ‘Bailey... Mandy’s daughter just gave me the best blow job I have ever had.’ Not waiting for the girl to move he got up, keeping his manhood covered and moved with a quick pace down the hall to retrieve his clothes.

While outside Amanda took hold of Candi, pressing her face to her shoulder and she rocked her, the girl not saying a word. She had so much to unpack and while she was not sure how to even start to unwind the events the one thing she did know was Candace Connors was in distress. Holding her tight she looked to the twenty one year old young man. “It would be best if you left.”

Taking in a deep breath of her own she tried to at least form a quick and dirty plan of action, first she needed to get Candi okay enough to not break down after seeing her best friend having oral sex with her father. Then she could make sure the two of them were properly dressed and... Her thoughts halted when she thought of herself how little she had on under her tan trench coat. She had grabbed it because it covered herself, but the temperature was too warm out tonight to need a coat and the fact that the girl in her arms was similarly dressed. ‘What is going on?’

## **Chapter 7**

Standing there in the living room the feminized Bailey felt as if he had a gallon of emotions that were forced into a half gallon pot. Overful to the point of massive spillage, overwhelmed just wasn't a big enough word to describe his inner turmoil. Looking out at nothing, past the naked man in front of him Bailey's mind didn't run a million miles a second. He didn't jump from one thought to another or dwell on what happened now or what happened before. His mind was just so full that it all kind of compressed together in this white mental noise that left Bailey's green eyes glazed over.

Sliding his tongue around in his mouth, Bailey's jaw moved slightly as he both felt and tasted Derrick Connors cum like one might do to try and savor the taste of a good meal. In the high heel wearing man's case it was more like one might keep touching a sore tooth with your tongue, the pain there but unable to leave it alone. Touching a sore tooth like that wouldn't make the pain go away, just like it didn't change his disgust. That was when Derrick's voice bellowed out in a command.

"Go, go to your room."

The deep voice made Bailey's body jump slightly, startled back to reality, the weight of everything crashing into him like a wave. Lip quivering and eyes welling up with tears he turned to run, while his chest started to heave and the tears coming free from his eyes, running down his face. "I.. I... I didn't..." He couldn't even bring himself to bring to words what had just happened, how he didn't want to do it, let alone to Derrick. Instead Bailey fled to the guest bedroom, shoving it closed hard enough that it slammed as he leaped onto the bed and buried his face in a pillow. The hormones raging through his body he found himself, not for the first time unable to control his emotions like most younger teen girls as they went through puberty.

"Great." Derrick said to himself after making the teen girl run off in tears. With a shake of his head, hands covering his privates he made his way back into the apartment's master bedroom. He was reasonably confused and frustrated, but making someone run off crying didn't exactly make him feel like a big man. No, it just made him feel like a heel. 'Was Bailey hiding and came out when... Why is Candace here?' There were just so many facets of what transpired that he just wasn't able to wrap his head around things, so once he had some privacy and started to get his clothes off he took a few deep breaths. With both his boxers on and his pants he sat down on the edge of the large bed, waiting for his girlfriend to come in so they could figure out what was going on and how to handle this.

While inside the apartment the two went into separate rooms, outside Amanda tried to console Candi, holding her tight for almost a full minute before she stepped back but staying close enough to still keep her hands on the teen's biceps. "I am not sure what is going on here, but I bet you have an idea." Amanda said, trying to look the girl in the eye unsuccessfully as she averted her gaze. Keeping her gaze firmly on the platinum blonde she let the silence be her weapon.

Candi felt the presence of the taller woman, not just her hands. She could pull away easy

enough, Bailey's mom wasn't even gripping her. Fight or flight response had been something that ran through her, but fighting wasn't an option and now that Ryan was gone the option to flee was also off the table. She wasn't one to run from her problems, but she had just seen her father naked, not naked, naked. Candi corrected herself, the furniture had been in the way of her seeing anything other than the fact he hadn't had a shirt on and she had seen that many times. The thing was, she knew he was naked and knew her bestie had just given him a blow job and her mind did not want to put any type of light on the subject, let alone a spot like on it, like the woman touching her wanted. So, Candi's green eyes flicked up to meet her blue ones for just a heartbeat before looking away and giving her a single shoulder shrug.

"Okay." Amanda nodded, finally getting some sort of response. "We are going to go inside." She tried to have a balance of gentleness and firmness in her voice and wasn't sure she had managed it when she stepped back and Candi stayed where she was. Stretching her neck she looked up at the concrete ceiling of the apartment hallway, wishing she didn't always have to be the adult. She had so many questions and freaking out after seeing Bailey... it was just an incredible amount for her to deal with while still having to be the one to get things done. Amanda felt for the girl, she couldn't imagine walking in on her parents having sex, let alone her father with another woman, and that other woman being one of her friends. "Candi, I will make sure the coast is clear, but you have to come inside now."

With only the trench coat keeping her modesty Amanda very much felt the desire to get inside, despite the fact that no one else was around and that she had worn dresses in her time the covered less and if her hunch was right... The same could be said for the young Connors. Lucky for her the teen didn't resist her, nor was there anyone in the living room. Amanda would have told the girl to have a seat on the couch, but she didn't even want to look in her red sofa's direction. So she pulled out a chair at her small table, offering it to her. "Would you like to tell me what is going on?"

Candi shook her head at the question, her lips puckering and pushed off to the side as she made a face before putting voice to her thoughts. "I'm like, not even sure I know." Swallowing her own saliva she finally met the older woman's gaze without shifting under it. "I mean, like really."

'She knows something.' Amanda thought the confusion on the girl's face was as easy to read as the guilt. "You are an earnest young woman, I can tell you have something to tell me about what is going on tonight." Amanda paused, she had almost said girl, but considering the topic of their conversation and how teens always felt, it didn't seem like a good choice of verbiage to use. "Think on what you want to tell me, while you do so I would like you to make some tea. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes." The normally excited girl said somberly.

Amanda wanted to press her on what she was wearing, or not wearing under her coat, but felt it would be best to put on some clothes herself. Knowing if she asked now the teen girl might turn

the question around. Amanda knew she was the adult here, she didn't have to explain her actions, but one didn't truly win battles with teenagers while looking like a hypocrite. Or so she thought she had learned from her sister's mistakes with Becky. "You do that, I am going to go back in the bedroom and talk about your father, please stay out here." She glanced over to the shut door to Bailey's room. "After that I will speak with Bailey and then... We can talk before I go speak with Bailey." She felt like some diplomat, having to run from one person to the next to get the truth on what happened in some scandal. This was the real world though and she was caught up in a relationship altering event.

Stepping away from the table she walked back to her bedroom, all while emotionally turned around enough that she didn't know what way was north. Putting her hand on the center of her door Amanda closed her eyes, before bending slightly forward to do the same with her forehead while her other hand touched the doorknob. 'What am I going to do?' Thoughts and arguments went through her mind along with anger and anguish. Unsure of what she really was going to do, what she was going to say she opened her door, stepped in before gently closing the door behind her.

The brown haired man sitting on her bed in front of her didn't look like someone at peace, more like someone that was haunted, but still she couldn't help some of that anger running around in her from reaching her lips. "How dare you." She started, the man's eyes looking up to her with a start. "You let my daughter..." Amanda wasn't done talking, but referring to Bailey as such was odd, she knew the truth and yet part of her at least felt like Derrick had taken advantage of her daughter. Bailey was a grown man, her boyfriend and that tiny little fact just played havoc with her mind as it battled with how she felt.

Bailey wasn't innocent in this, but she didn't feel the same betrayal there, it didn't feel like they had cheated and that just highlighted to her how their relationship had morphed. Megan had told her about how Bailey really felt and she still couldn't really solidify that with the Bailey she knew, the Bailey who had shared a bed with her. That thought was there, at the same time she couldn't separate the girl she had been spending time with. The girlish squeals of laughter that had come from Bailey, how she had helped bake a pie with the help of her sister. Sign after sign looked clearer to her with how Bailey acted and the stories she heard. Stories from Megan, stories from Derrick that he heard from his daughter. Bailey Andrew Smith felt just as real as Bailey Ann Best and holding onto both at the same time made her feel truly uneasy. Either way it didn't change what Derrick had done, he had cheated on her and she was furious.

Reaching up Derrick pinched the bridge of his nose, closing his eyes briefly. The woman he loved was standing there, not raising her voice, but her tone was sharp enough to cut. He couldn't put himself in her position, he wasn't even fully sure what his current position was. "Mandy..."

"Don't you Mandy me." Amanda spit back, every muscle in her body tight. She didn't want to yell at him, she wanted answers and felt the strong desire to just sit and cry. Once upon a time when she was young her own mother had told her she was a cry baby. It wasn't a great thing for a

parent to tell their daughter, but she let Megan speak up for her often, to fight her battles. It was something passing that she had grown out of before her adolescence was done, but her mothers words always stuck with her. Intellectually she knew it was okay to cry, it was a healthy response. Being emotional, or even appearing to be made life difficult in the corporate world when she was trying to rise up, be a leader in the boys club at Mega Corp. So she would put it aside for now like she had done so many times before. Crying was fine, but it wasn't productive in the moment. "You let a teenager..."

Grimacing for a moment before schooling his face, Derrick stood up so that he could be on the same level as his girlfriend. "I was blindfolded." He said trying to speak in an even voice, his own remorse not able to be hidden as he spoke.

"You couldn't tell the difference between me and Bailey!" A man, her lover not being able to tell the difference between herself and another man would have hurt Amanda a great deal, but even as she said Bailey's name his male gender didn't register.

Moving his arms to gently touch the upset beautiful blonde, Derrick gave her a small but present smile. His desire to ease her burden at the forefront of his mind as his own emotions on what happened raged inside of him like a storm. "I was in the dark, blind folded." He added on to his last statement. While his voice was mostly even the same couldn't be said for his internal monologue. 'Why couldn't you tell? You should have known... I should have known.'

"You!" Amanda started to say before, her voice halting when she heard the must calmer voice than hers kept speaking.

"I. I should have known."

Almost like it was an echo Amanda mostly repeated his words, her voice filling with more anguish than rage. "You should have known."

"I should have known." Derrick repeated, feeling incredibly guilty.

"You should have..." Amanda started to say as the wave of her conflicting emotions and thoughts crashed like a wave, tears coming to her eyes as she threw herself forward into her boyfriend's arms. Pressing her face into his shoulder as she cried into him, her resolving breaking and the tears she attempted to put to the side broke her internal dam. She was so mad at him... she wanted to be so mad at him, to have someone to blame, someone else to blame. All while her thoughts went to her own actions, how she would never have done something like this before. Amanda knew that she had done nothing wrong, but things had still went wrong. She could start a sentence with just about anyone's name. Bailey-Derrick-Candace... herself should have... blank. She wasn't sure what that blank was only that there was blame to go around. Bailey wasn't supposed to be home, she was supposed to be out with Candi and Candi shouldn't have been showing up with her boyfriend and most likely dressed... she could only assume dressed for a sexual time. Despite Derrick being blindfolded she couldn't believe he

didn't know it wasn't her and through all of it Amanda knew she played her own part in the debacle.

So she cried while the man she had been verbally attacking held her in his arms and let her weep into him.

## **Chapter 8**

Laying on his twin mattress in the dark, face down in his pillow Bailey pressed it firmly to his face so that he could scream into it in an attempt to release everything that had been building up. His feet kicked in the air and slammed down into the bed as all the air left his lungs. Needing air he rolled back around to his back, the weight of the feminine assets that he shouldn't have pressing down on him. "I don't want to do this anymore..."

Sitting up on the bed, the short man did so with a light groan. His body didn't ache, he just didn't want to get up, but knew staying here in the dark would just make him fall asleep and staying in here with the light on would only invite others to come and talk with him. Shifting so his feet hung off his bed he looked down at his smooth legs and the glossy white finish on his heels before kicking them off. High heels were the epitome of feminine fashion as far as he was concerned, nothing was more feminine and little was as sexy on a girl but even with them gone he could see his painted toe nails. Lifting his feet up he wiggled his toes before sighing, a song from the Little Mermaid coming to mind that had a line about dancing and feet.

Flicking on the bedroom light Bailey moved toward's his dresser and closet, the sight of the horse figures on the dresser making him pause after only a few steps. Along the top of the dresser were things he accumulated in his short time as Bailey Ann and much of them represented his friendship with Candi. The happy blonde had gone from an annoyance, a nuisance to his life to showing him how much he didn't really understand what real friendship was. It was still wrong, he wasn't a girl, it made the friendship false, but still the best friend he ever had. Somehow she had talked him into giving her boyfriend a blow job and he had ended up giving her dad one instead.

Bailey very much wanted things to end, he would miss Candi when she went back home, but he wouldn't miss having tits and walking around in high heels with his ass shaking. Just choosing to end things himself wouldn't work... 'Aunt Megan has photos of me and like, that video of me touching myself and using a dildo while looking at the image of Chuck and OMG just so much more.'

With everything running through his head Bailey sighed, catching movement out of peripheral vision only to find his own reflection looking back at him from his vanity. "I look a mess." he said without much thought other than a piece of the mantra that often danced through his mind. 'A good girl always looks her best.' Despite how he felt the practiced smile came to his face as he

made himself presentable. His current outfit was swapped for something more comfortable, the thong was enchanted for white lace boyshorts, a simple white t-shirt bra that had a tiny pink bow between the cups and a white cami. Nothing changed with what weighed down Bailey as he changed his clothes into something more suitable, but the act of removing his makeup and putting it back on to perfect was soothing in a way he didn't understand or mentally investigate. It was something the feminized man had done repeatedly to get right and avoid being punished, but it was also something he had control of, something he could focus on.

So when he slowly opened his bedroom door, wincing at the sight of his best friend at the dinner table, he still felt much better than he had dashing off into the bedroom. With all the time he spend sobbing and making himself presentable he still found Candi sitting by herself, both hands cupped around a mug that had steam rising above it. "Umm, hi?" Bailey wiggled his fingers with the greeting, trying to test the waters.

Looking up from the table Candi gave her friend a half smile, keeping both of her hands around the warm mug. "Hi." The teen girl said in a soft unsure voice. She had been sitting at the kitchen table alone for close to twenty minutes, she had heard Bailey's mom raise her voice shortly after she had gone into the bedroom to talk to her father, but nothing since.

Now looking at her friend, changed into something she would wear around the house, while she still sat there with a trench coat to cover her lingerie, Candi felt bad. She wasn't the type to be resentful, but she had a bit of it building in her. "You're smiling." Her voice wasn't the slightest bit harsh, just even, it was just an observation.

The light in the dining area of the apartment glinted off Bailey's nails as he reached up to touch his freshly lipstick covered lips. "Sorry..." The freshly put together man could see she wasn't doing well, he didn't mean to smile... well he did but he didn't think about having to do it anymore.

Seeing the smile slip on Bailey's face, Candi shook her head, the action more directed at herself. "No, I mean. Like.. gah this is so hard!" She complained as she got out of her chair and moved to her friend who hadn't taken more than a few steps since she left her bedroom. The dinner table to her bedroom door wasn't much of a distance to cross, but Candi was willing to meet her friend half way. "You always smile and I know you aren't always happy, but you do it and... and... I wish I was that strong right now!" The eighteen year old wrapped her arms around Bailey, holding on tight like she was a liferaft and her being adrift at sea.

Without a single thought on the matter Bailey held the girl in return, while once he would have considered her soft skin pressing against his own, her chest pressing into him, now he only thought of giving his friend comfort. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to I... I..." As the girl in his arms started to cry, Candi, unable to bottle up her freak out any further, her crying made Bailey cry, so the pair stood there hugging and comforting one another.

Not terribly long later when they separated Bailey gave his friend a partial smile, even if it wasn't

a full one, it was genuine. "Oh my god, your makeup is a mess." While once it was a forced action, now he didn't even consider it as he let out a giggle.

Returning the look, Candi pointed at her own face with her index finger, positive her mascara had started to run. Then she pointed back to Bailey. "Pot."

"Hmm?" Bailey gave the girl a questioning look. He had smoked up a few times, but it wasn't really something he was much into and he knew Mommy... Mandy was way too straight laced to even have tried it, let alone tolerate it in their apartment. The fact that his friend asked if he wanted to do something like this came as a surprise.

Cocking her head to the side Candi let out a lilting laugh. "You are supposed to say kettle. You know, pot calling the kettle black, but like, it is also black."

Shifting his gaze, Bailey bit his bottom lip. "Yeah, I know that." It wasn't like he hadn't heard the saying before, but with how stressed he was and the heavens know what Candi was going through his first thought to the word pot was not about the cookware. "Do you, umm. Do you want to borrow something to wear?"

Letting the subject drop, Candi grabbed the ends of her trench coat and then looked back to the still closed bedroom door at the end of the hall. "Yeah, that would be good."

Stepping into the bedroom Candi closed the door behind her before pressing her back to it. "Can you, tell me what happened?" She asked with a great deal of hesitation in her voice, afraid of the answer. The teen didn't want to believe that Bailey saw her chance to suck someone off and just went for it, or that she saw her chance with her father and went for that. In the end her best friend still had given him a blow job. Her dad being sexually active was ew, but at the same time she was happy he found someone to be with... but that person was Bailey's mom, not Bailey.

Looking at himself in his vanity mirror a slight pout came to Bailey's lips. 'I just did this!' Flipping the switch to turn on the light bulbs surrounding the mirror he turned to look at his friend, though he didn't feel confident enough in himself to look at her for long. It was dark and, um..."

Taking off her coat and laying it on the bed, Candi slipped her heels off, them ending up resting on the floor next to Bailey's matching set. The four indistinguishable from one another, each pair of shoes being the same size, style and bought from the same location. "You what? Saw someone hard and..." The memory or the idea of what was supposed to happen flew through Candi's mind. Ryan on the couch, holding Bailey's hair in the dark with a blindfold on as he called out her name, his pleasure rising physical stimulus while her own did the same from the mental. That wasn't what happened, instead it was her dad. "Did he call out your Mom's name?"

"Ahh." Bailey looked back in the mirror feeling a need to fix his face. "No, umm, I don't think so and ahh, kind of?"



“Bailey, which is which?” The green eyed girl asked, not that the answer would be clear even if she specified. “What does that mean?”

Taking a breath and intending to let out a long exhalation, Bailey turned and the long breath out transformed into a coughing fit when he saw that the pretty blonde was pulling open some of his dresser drawers wearing only her black thong. She hadn't been wearing much to begin with, and Bailey had been wearing the exact same thing, but seeing her topless made him turn back around in an attempt to not stare. “Umm, what?” He blinked rapidly, his long lashes fluttering, what he was talking about completely forgotten.

“Bailey, I love you, but this is important, can you focus for a ...” Her own words drifting off as she picked out a cute top from the drawer.

“Yeah.” The feminine looking man said, turning away from his mostly naked friend in an attempt to not oggle her only brought him back to face himself in the mirror where he was confronted with something he felt an urge to fix. “I like, don't think he said Mommy's name, but I wasn't really listening and about his... I didn't look at his face. Ry was supposed to be blind folded and you just wanted him to feel good and I couldn't see you because it was dark.” He mentally winced, at the idea he really had just kind of seen a dick and moved to put it in his mouth.

Sliding on a pair of Bailey's shorts, Candi moved to get a bra, she really didn't feel like putting on a bra but eventually their parents were going to come out of the room and they would have to face them. Either that or she would be going back to the apartment if this ruined their relationship. “So, you like, didn't know it was our Dad?”

Unable to take his eyes off himself, like a junkie looking at their next fix, Bailey couldn't tear his eyes off his face and had to sit down at the vanity, pulling out some cleansing wipes. “What no! And your Daddy, not mine.”

Feeling a weight off her chest Candi slid the borrowed shirt on and moved up behind her friend. “Good, because when we all move in together we are not going to have any of that step daddy porn stuff going on.” She said, wrapping her arms around her from behind. What happened didn't change, but Candi had a very simple equation in her mind. ‘Do I still want Bailey in my life?’ What went down was beyond gross, she didn't want to think about the two of them together. ‘She is my little sister... just ew.’ That didn't change how she felt about the girl, so that meant she had to move on and hoped against hope that this didn't ruin her plans. Without a shadow of doubt, Candi knew her father loved Bailey's mom. The woman was smart, driven and beautiful. On top of that Amanda treated her like a full person, not a kid, asking her opinion on things and when telling her no there was an explanation, not just an expected obedience. Candi loved her Nana to death, but was positive she would always be a little girl to her.

“No, Candi, just... no.” Despite being held from behind, hugged from behind, Bailey flailed his hands in the air to brush away the pornographic thoughts that his friend brought to mind with the

step dad porn. He knew there wouldn't be any moving in together, or a marriage. 'Mommy is mine.' he thought, holding firm to the idea with mentally shaky hands before correcting himself. The image of Aunt Megan holding up a photo of the beautiful blonde woman with the name on the card reading Mommy came to mind. After so many repetitions and punishments for getting it wrong it was what came to mind when thinking of her, an issue he knew would have to be worked on, but for now it helped him not slip up in his role.

Not letting go, only hugging her friend tighter Candi looked at herself and Bailey in the mirror, both of them still needing to fix their faces. "What are we going to tell our parents?"

Bailey didn't have any answers, just the idea of the woman he loved knowing he sucked another man's cock was horrifying. Actually talking about it made him want to run for the hills. "That I'm like, running away to join the circus."

"Oh yeah? What are you going to do there? An act with horse back riding?" Candi asked let go of their embrace to reach over and get a few of the makeup wipes.

Cocking his head to the side, the partial joke allowing Bailey to not give himself an ulcer with the conversation that was looming over him like a guillotine. "I was thinking ,lion tamer." He flicked his wrist like he was cracking a whip.

"I get it, sticks and stones cause broken bones, but whips and chains excite me." Candi smirked.

"Oh my god, like no! Candi NO! And like that isn't how it goes. What happened to the innocent girl I met at the park?"

Having trouble containing her laughter the now much happier girl gave her friend a light shove. "Too much time around my little sister has corrupted me."

## **Chapter 9**

Amanda chuckled, not bothering to hide her mirth as she fixed Derrick's now messy hair and pulled down at his shirt that appeared to be a bit rumpled from being tossed on the floor.

"That bad?" Derrick asked, unsure of his exact feeling at that moment. What happened in the living room was wrong, and he was having a hard time getting it out of his head how good it felt, only increasing how wrong it really was. Or at least his mind couldn't get off the subject till his wonderful girlfriend helped the world fall away till it was just the two of them. Her being mad at him was understandable, he was mad at himself, but when he held her in his arms, Mandy crying into his shirtless chest his heart felt like it was breaking. Then something happened that seemed to come out of nowhere, she kissed his chest.

Keeping it all together was like trying to plug a hole in a boat with her hands. She kept things at

bay, but her emotions were still getting through and she just didn't have the strength to fight anymore. Pressing herself into the body of her boyfriend, that man she was venting everything on wasn't healthy, but there in his arms she felt safer. That safety allowed Amanda to stop fighting, to let her emotions run through her, for her tears to run down her face. Derrick just being there gave her comfort in a way she hadn't gotten before.

In other relationships she had found love, she had found happiness, but never had she felt as supported as she did with Derrick Connors. Never before had she felt this kind of affection that filled her. Knowing that, feeling that mixed together with the special odd blend of the evening's events she found something odd, arousal. Safe in his arms she kissed his chest, then again a little higher, then higher again when she kissed the base of his neck. She heard him say her name softly in a questioning voice, but she continued, kissing his cheek and then kissing the bearded man's lips.

One of her slender arms reached up to run through Derrick's thick brown hair, the other cupping his cheek as she gazed into his wonder green eyes that seemed to look to the heart of her and accept what he saw. Forgetting about what was beyond her bedroom and for a rare chance only thinking of what she wanted, Amanda's hand slid down from her man's beard, her long painted nails softly dragging across his bare chest till they passed his belt like. "Take your pants off."

"Mandy..." Derrick said to protest when he felt her thick lips press against his neck right at its base. A shudder ran through him as her hand caressed his dick through his pants. Instead of pushing her away his hands left her body and moved to the button on his pants.

Now getting his clothes back on made an unsuccessful attempt to unruffle shirt, his heart much lighter than it had been when he came into the room. The worry of being asked to leave, having to step out of the life of this wonderfully driven woman, now gone. It didn't mean things were fixed, just that things were on a course to be mended, or at least as mended as they could be when the eighteen year old daughter of his girlfriend gave him a blow job while he was blind folded. Derrick had no fantasy of a mother daughter pair joining him in bed, he had plenty of other fantasies, that just not one of them. "Are you ready to find out what went on tonight?" Derrick asked giving up on making himself look presentable to his own standards.

Amanda looked to her closed bedroom door, she had heard sounds in the rest of the apartment that made her think Bailey had come out of their room or Candi went in, but considering what had just happened in her room, she wasn't exactly giving it much attention. "I think we need to, but if I am being honest..." She turned to face the man, her now wearing some comfortable black yoga pants with a plain peach T-shirt instead of the very little she had on before. "I would rather not."

Giving his girlfriend an easy smile he moved to put one hand on her hip. "You know we need to."

Nodding, Amanda returned the smile. "I can see why Bailey likes being a teen, being an adult is not always easy." She said, not considering her words as she said them. Instead she the blonde

woman curled her lip, Bailey's freedom causing this issue and her utter confusion.

The odd comment had Derrick turning his head slightly to the left and forward. "Really? My Candace can't stand not being an adult and she isn't, no matter how much she thinks otherwise." He did his best to not treat her like a child and hoped he walked a good balance so that she could still enjoy her youth, with a balance of responsibility to prepare her for the world and extend to her trust. He just couldn't help looking at her and seeing his little girl.

"Well..." Amanda wished she hadn't said that, Derrick didn't think anything of the comment, other than believing Bailey wanted to be a teen and that was true enough. "We best get out there."

Walking out of her bedroom and down the hall both Derrick and Amanda found the girls sitting at the kitchen table both on the same side, facing them. Looking at them she took note that the only person who hadn't changed into something more comfortable was the man at her side. While she didn't want to do this, not sure she was ready for any answer, Amanda still pressed on. "Sorry for taking a bit, the two of us needed to work something out and be on the same page."

Glancing to her side, Candi wanted to see how much of that Bailey believed. It had been over a half hour since they had been in the room together and looking at her father she had a pretty good idea of what that same page was. She didn't want to think about the subject too much, but on a surface level it felt much more in the realm of normal.

While Bailey just accepted the apology at face value, much too worried about the fact that his girlfriend knew he gave a blow job to another man. His mind focused on his own plight in this situation, and not daring to explore other reasons why the two might have taken so long to come out. 'Can she, like, even see me as a man with the way I look and knowing I had a dick in my mouth. God she must think I am a freak...' He thought, not bothering to look up at Amanda or Derrick, even the mental mention of what happened bringing echoes of his joyful groans coming to mind.

Taking the two other seats the older pair in the room sat down, Amanda wanting to take Derrick's hand in her own. She didn't, long ago learning the hard way that she needed to at least appear to be handling things on her own. Not that those here would attack her for it or try to take some sort of advantage, but as a career woman moving up the chain of command at Mega Corp some lessons ran deep. Motioning her hand to her faux, rather guilty looking daughter she started the conversation. "Honey, how about you start us off. Can you tell us what happened tonight?"

The question being pointed at him made Bailey squirm, he had the chance to use mouthwash and brush his teeth while they waited and he had taken it. Still the feminine appearing man could swear he could still taste the other man's seed. "I am, ahh." He stumbled on his words as he spoke flawlessly in the practiced feminine voice that he now used without a thought. "I was

like, in my room in the dark and I came out and then..." Bailey cringed when he looked up to see Derrick's green eyes focused on him.

Seeing the girl struggle, Derrick jumped in to move the explanation on. "You saw me sitting on the couch and decided you wanted to be intimate with me. But why?"

Wishing he could run away to the circus or that the floor would open up so he could hide in the hole or even fall to his death, all of them better than the conversation, Bailey looked over to the woman across from him. "I did, but like." Once more Bailey felt tears welling up in his eyes, another wish crossing his mind that he wanted to be able to control his own emotions, them being all over the place just because he felt bad, or was happy or even because a commercial on tv was touching was no reason he should be crying. 'She hates me, she is going to kick me out soon as the Connors leave.'

"It isn't her fault!" Candi spoke up, she wanted to take the lead, but was also afraid to say anything and get in trouble. Her best friend, the girl she thought of as a sister, was struggling and it was all her fault. 'Can't be brave if you aren't afraid.' Candace thought to herself.

Derrick didn't know what his daughter meant by her outburst, but tried to keep his mind from going down the rabbit hole of it being her fault that Bailey had done what she had. While she spoke up he didn't find the courage to ask her what she meant. But, thankfully she continued on her own as she went on about the topic that he would rather just leave alone other than to a therapist.

Reaching to her side Candi took her friend's hand in her own, their fingers entwining. "I promised Ryan that we would." Candi felt the bravery falter as she was about to openly talk about sex, specifically sex she would be part of to her father. Not that she felt open to talking to anyone about it, other than speaking generally. "Well, a blow job, but I couldn't go through with it."

'Oh thank god!' Derrick thought, even though he knew such a statement was shortsighted when he knew the actual outcome considering he was part of it.

Licking her lips Candi pressed on. "Then Bailey... I mean like, she didn't offer, but she knows how and, and well..." She didn't want to give away personal things about Bailey, her father didn't need to know what Bailey enjoyed doing, even if he had experienced it and he really didn't need to know what she was learning about the things she liked. "Bailey, thought you were Ryan. Right?" The teen girl asked, giving her friend's hand a squeeze.

Amanda spoke up before Bailey could say a thing. "You thought Derrick was Ryan?"

To Bailey it felt like a spotlight was on him, sweat beaded on his body, his mind wrapped in terror. "I ahh, wasn't looking at his face... I was umm looking at his... I'm not gay, but like I was looking at his... Bailey bobbed his head from side to side, just wanting to die. "Like, between his

legs.” While he didn’t say the word dick or any of its synonyms Bailey still flinched like he was going to be struck, but not physical or verbal blow came. Lifting his gaze he looked into Amanda’s deep blue eyes. He didn’t see contempt, there was confusion, but no anger.

What Derrick took away from the explanation was that his daughter, his not so innocent daughter had roped Bailey into doing things with her boyfriend, together or solo. Bailey didn’t know who he was because, in her own words wasn’t gay so once she saw his dick that was all she focused on. While it painted a vivid picture, it wasn’t a good one. The picture was enough that he had to change his earlier thought of him needing therapy to work through what happened, how good it felt and how wrong it was. Changing to a need to get both girls to see a licensed professional as well. While Candace knowing her own limitations and saying no to something she wasn’t ready for was good, the fact that she then roped someone else into performing said action, even if she agreed was not healthy. Derrick knew the girl ,Bailey, had some problems and it seemed like how she might have been dealing with them was through a very physical medium.

Once again Derrick mentally muttered over how wrong it was what happened to him, even if Bailey didn’t know it was him and on some level he had some doubts. The fact she went along with the plan, a willing participant said something for her future that he felt compelled to keep her from. “I don’t think we need to press further, but that doesn’t mean we can ignore what happened.” Looking to his side he mirrored in his own fashion what she had done with her friend when he put his hand gently atop his girlfriend’s hand. “We are going to discuss this some more to figure out specifics, but in my opinion the healthiest option would be for us to find a, or a few therapists... Maybe a counselor depending on availability so that all of us can move on from this.”

## **Chapter 10**

Talks of seeing a therapist wasn’t one that would have flown with Bailey in the past, a shrink seemed like a waste of money, his own trauma’s and difficulties being something he knew he could handle. While he wasn’t introspective enough to know how poorly he had been handling them, he was at least able to admit that what he had been through would not just be a good enough reason to see a shrink, but that it was probably good enough for said shrink to write a paper or two about.

Caught cheating on his older girlfriend by her sister and then blackmailed into pretending to be her daughter because of some communication mixup. A mixup that could have been fixed, but instead he put on the baby blue skort and pretended he was some happy teen girl. Ending up having not only to stay in that role, but making friends with a teen, all while being cuckolded by his girlfriend’s bosses, bosses, bosses, boss. At the same time a childhood hormone issue flared up that gave him that man with breasts issue and while it helped his disguise, it didn’t help him hold onto his masculinity.

Little over an hour ago he had swallowed a man's cum, the same man that was sleeping with his girlfriend and when he looked in the mirror his first thought was that he needed to fix his face. Admittedly it was a mess... but he was also sure the only reason he felt compelled to do it was because of the shit Aunt Megan... the wicked witch of Nevada put him through. The woman had literally made him pretend to be a tween girl and spanked him, with a promise of putting him in diapers if he wasn't a good girl. Therapy actually sounded like a great idea to him, and maybe if it was a good therapist, like the Michael Jordan of his field, then when he went back to dressing like a man... dressing like he wanted, then he could stop thinking of makeup and the right cute outfit to wear.

In the here and now though, the Connors had left to go back to their hotel, while he had tried to get them to stay... not that he really wanted Derrick to stay over, the man was too damn nice, but now there was more between them than just a woman. Still him and Candi being around could save him for the conversation he could literally see building up in the woman he loved, the woman who had been pretending to be his mother. He had run away once, but that had blown up in his face, when he had been mistaken for a child just because... Bailey shook his head, he didn't want to think about that time. No, running wasn't going to solve anything and if he was going to be out on his rear then he needed to get it over with.

"Mommy, I know you, like." Bailey shuffled one of his feet. "Want to talk, so I think we should." Seeing the way she looked at him, not with the hate he expected. She had just caught him cheating on her, with the man she was pretending to date... really was dating. 'God, I'm pretending to be her daughter, but like that is my life and she is dating him and he is so much better than me... Sugar! I'm going to cry again.'

Hearing Bailey call her by the childlike name for a mother still tugged at her heart strings. She always wanted a baby, and would have loved to have a little girl. She doted on Becky, her niece and was proud of the relationship she had with her, but with Bailey, acting as her daughter Bailey Ann Best it has just made something inside her feel so happy, even if it was a lie.

The Bailey she knew, Bailey Andrew Smith who she dated for years didn't appear to be in the room, he was short but had lean muscle, was brash, not afraid to speak up or let her know how beautiful she was and how much he wanted her. Being with Derrick showed the flaws, the red flags that were in their relationship, but it hadn't felt like that man had been in her life in some time. The person in front of her, with their platinum blonde hair, perfectly done makeup, supple smooth skin and healthy chest didn't look like a male at all. She could only see a girl, the girl her sister had been telling her that Bailey actually wanted to be.

Her boyfriend had been ravenous with his desire for sex, and with it becoming truly clear to her that this girl, this happy girl that she can hear laugh more times in a single day than she had known her boyfriend to ever in their time together... she felt real. The girl had felt real for a long time and she had just been holding onto what she thought she believed. Bailey Ann, from her own mouth, was not gay and apparently was just as sex crazy.

"We do." She simply said, moving to stand next to Bailey, both of them barefoot and in comfortable clothing. One of the rare times she didn't see Bailey moving about in a pair of high heels. Her boyfriend spent money, too much money, on buying her some and why she enjoyed them. Enjoyed how they made her look, the truth of it seemed they were more interested in the footwear.

Swallowing hard, Bailey nodded, the short answer making him feel like he knew where things were going, even if the expression on her face didn't seem to match up. "Do you want me to leave tonight, tomorrow or like.." He shrugged his shoulders, feeling the pull of the bra straps and the shifting of his breasts. In time they would go away, but he didn't believe she would want him around now that she knew he was a cock sucker. She didn't even know of how many dick's he had held in his hand recently and could only imagine the revulsion he would see in her if he said anything. 'Maybe Aunt Megan will still give me that money so I can like, get by till I can look like myself again. Peaches I hope it doesn't take too long.'

Her blue going wide Amanda put her hand to her chest, the question feeling like an attack. "Do you want to leave?" She asked gently, speaking in a tone she might use on a skittish animal.

'OMG, What kind of question is that!?' Bailey thought, shaking his head enough that his long hair spilled about. "No, like just no."

With her ex boyfriend, a thought that was even hard to associate with the person she was looking at, if they didn't want to leave, but asked that equation anyway. That made it seem like Bailey thought she was going to kick them to the curb just because they were different. She loved Bailey, but it wasn't the same love she thought she had or at least it had changed. It felt selfish to want to have Bailey and Derrick. No, she knew it was selfish, but she also knew now how wrong she was about what they wanted in life. Bailey wanted to get back what they didn't get growing up, something no adult got to relive, yet they had that chance. Bailey had that chance and had volunteered to pretend to be a girl, it felt so crazy before, it was crazy. Still Bailey had jumped on it, a sign she should have paid a lot more attention to.

Bailey had once used an excuse of wanting to stay in character, to be treated like a misbehaving child and to be spanked. They weren't given the structure of an adolescent or even one of a teenager, Bailey's parents had treated him like an adult and she could only imagine the conservative home values that kept him from coming out as who he wanted to be, pressing that down till they had the chance to be who he, who she really was. "I have enjoyed having a pretty daughter around, Bailey Ann already has a room and a lot of clothes. She is a bit of a clothes horse and loves horses from what I understand. Would you like to stay here as my daughter?" Amanda offered, doing her best to let the person she loved that she would accept them for who they were and not who they were expected to be.

"Oh..." Bailey felt like he got hit in the gut. 'There it is, Peaches...Mommy can only... Mandy can only see me as a girl after what she saw me do. I'm like, not man enough for her any more.' The options seemed clear to him, pack his things... his only things being things a girl would want,



take them and go. Maybe he would get money for the road, maybe not. Then there was the option to stay, stay here with a roof over his head. If he stayed it would be her head, it would be him accepting that Bailey Ann Best would be real, while Bailey Andrew Smith would fade off. Not that he could even be him. The police thought he was dead, while Bailey Ann had a learners permit. "I..." He started to say, his voice failing him.

Here Bailey had someone who loved him, actively took care of him, a friend that was the best friend he had ever had. "Is being a girl that bad?" he asked out loud, the thought being said instead of being kept to himself.

Pressing her lips into a line, changing into a sad smile, Amanda put one hand on Bailey's shoulder. "No baby, it is not. You are a beautiful young woman and I accept you for who you are." Amanda's smile grew a little more, wanting to reassure her. "And I want you in my life."

Not for the first, or second or even third time that day, Bailey found his eyes tearing up. The question he asked was for himself, and he thought over what his life had become. Not just the abstract things, but events. He almost always smiled, it was what good girls did and he was a good girl happy and proud, but he thought of just how often he had been happy. How not long ago he had a scowl on his face, sure he put on a smile when wanting to charm someone or hide what he was thinking, but he hadn't been happy, he had always craved more. More sex, more video games, movies, trips, girls... and again sex.

The sight of the little plastic horses on his dresser made him genuinely happy, getting an outfit just right made him proud and he had hated himself for it. Bailey liked looking pretty, he was a he, a him and boys weren't allowed to think like he did. "Am I like, actually a girl?" He didn't think so, but he had to be a girl if he wanted to stay here, it was what she wanted. It was... what he wanted. He had been so miserable as a person, as a boy, as a man.

"You are." Amanda pulled Bailey into a tight embrace. "You are my girl."

Accepting the hug, almost all of the worry that ran through Bailey that was making him feel ill started to subside. He hugged the taller woman back, thoughts of wanting to press his face into her bosom didn't immediately come to mind, but when it did it made him wonder when that had stopped. "Are you sure I can stay?"

"Of course you can, pumpkin. You are my good girl, I love you." Holding the smaller person in her arms she rocked her body from side to side, her own feelings still confused, but now she at least had some pockets of clarity, like knowing the things she wanted and what Bailey wanted.

The embrace was welcomed, but as the woman he loved said those keywords a happy smile grew on his face as he answered. "Happy and proud." Bailey paused for only a moment. "I like promise I'm not gay though and like ahh, I think Mr. Connors is right. I would like to see a therapist."

The End

This detailed floor plan illustrates the layout of a 1000 sq. ft. apartment. The overall dimensions are 21' 10 7/8" wide by 14' 11 3/8" deep. The plan includes a living area with a sofa and coffee table, a dining area with a round table and chairs, a kitchen with a stove, sink, and refrigerator, a bathroom with a bathtub, toilet, and sink, and a bedroom with a large bed. The plan also shows a closet, a storage unit, and a balcony. Dimensions for various areas and furniture are provided, such as 7' 5 1/2" for the living area width, 12' 1/4" for the bathroom width, and 14' 11 3/8" for the bedroom length. The plan is drawn on a grid background.