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Enjoy!

The Games Girls Play 1: Doctor's Office

Nineteen-year-old Jenny Poole flipped the pages of a Cosmo in the doctor's waiting room, bored. The magazine wasn't even new enough to have any articles about sex Powers. Jenny laughed at all the tips on "How To Make Your Man Squirm In Bed," or "How to Spice Up Your Sex Life!" With her young sharp mind and her Powers, she could already do all those things to any man she wanted while drinking a Pepsi in the next room.

Jenny picked up her phone and texted her brother.

Have you turned your head and coughed yet?

About ten seconds later her phone buzzed with a response.

No. Still waiting for the doc.

Naked?

Shut up. Gown.

Don't pop a boner!

Shut UP! It's cold.

I just hope he gets here soon.

Jenny looked around at the diplomas on the walls and giggled to herself. Dr. Mary Sinha. Dr. Susan Horowitz. And Dr. Miranda Gates. *Little bro is in for quite a surprise!* Jenny had guessed there was a reason her mother had chosen this office for Brad's first full physical. And had turned a blind eye to Jenny mercilessly blue-balling her brother for the last two weeks.

And now she knew how to ease her boredom. She started texting again.

Hey. Do something for me and I'll let you cum today.

Mom says you're supposed 2
let me cum once a week anyway!
It's been 2 weeks!

Mom's not here. And I caught you stroking it last week, remember? My friend Selena does!

You put her up to that!

Maybe. But I'm willing to forget your penalty days and give you a free one. Interested?

You're lying.

No tricks. You can stroke it yourself and cum, just like Mom lets you do on Xmas.

How?

Well, you gotta do it... in the examining room!

What?!?

Jenny laughed, imagining her brother's face. She just waited.

Jenny, I can't! Someone will walk in!

They haven't yet. I'm cutting your Loops right now.

Jenny made a scissors motion with her right hand, and Brad was free to cum again, which he had only been for a few days in his life after he had discovered masturbation.

Better hurry!

I can't! They'll sense me!

Jenny craned her neck, looking through the receptionist's window at the bustling young nurses.

**They're too busy to concentrate enough. And I'll shield you.
But only for the next five minutes!**

I can't!

**You're naked, got tissues to clean up with, and no Loops on
you. Your choice, Brad!**

Jenny closed her phone then shut her eyes, imagining feathers. Light, airy feathers, tickling Brad's full balls. But just barely tickling, just enough to make them tingle and throb. She smiled, then opened her eyes to notice a middle-aged man looking up her jean skirt from across the room. Her smile dropped. *Really dude?*

Jenny and her friend Selena were nineteen, but always dressed and acted like they were sixteen when out in public. With their tacky jean skirts, hoop earrings and pony-tails, the two girls could sit and flash their panties at a subway car full of horny business men for thirty minutes, but as long as they giggled and talked loudly about their "upcoming" Junior Prom, no one would dare approach them.

They could go on a date with a college boy, heavy pet and squeeze his hard cock through his pants all during a two-hour movie, but during the car ride home, when a "legal" girl would be pressured to put out, Jenny or Selena just had to talk about how excited they were to finally get a driver's license and their date would blue-ball himself! He would get flustered, make up some reason he had couldn't take them home, and then drop them off as fast as possible! Most times, Jenny would almost be laughing too hard as his car squealed away to remember to Loop him, dragging his torment out a few more days. And when they acted so young, no one assumed they had any Powers. She planned on using the "jailbait" shield for as long as she and Selena could get away with it!

It also usually made older men somewhat shy about leering at them, unless the girls forced the issue. But not this guy. He was looking over the gap between Jenny's knees like a five course meal. *Fine*, she decided. *Let's play.*

Jenny pretended to ignore the world while she read her Cosmo. She licked her fingers to turn the page, then scratched way up on her thigh to get an itch but left her skirt riding very very high, showing off all of her young toned legs. She dangled her pink flip-flop off her pink painted toe-nails like he wasn't staring at her feet and licking his lips. And listened to him get harder in his pants.

He was fighting it a little. At least he realized he shouldn't get fully hard in a public place, with ten other people in the waiting room with them. Jenny felt his heartbeat rising as she crossed her legs a little too widely and gave him a long panty peek. *Do female doctors even use stethoscopes anymore?* she wondered. She giggled at the thought of her brother being asked to get hard by a pretty nurse to measure his pulse.

Jenny felt the man fight her with all his will, use every bit of his older wisdom to keep his penis from getting any harder. She stretched like a cat, her shirt pulling up to reveal her belly piercing, her flip-flops falling from her pointed toes, and her pink-lipsticked lips wide open, in a long, slow yawn. He was rock hard in ten seconds.

She grinned and reached into her purse, grabbing a six-inch long cylindrical tube of hand cream she kept for just this purpose. Jenny kneaded the tube softly with her fingers, going from base to tip in long, loving strokes. The man felt every second of it on his cock.

She squeezed and twisted and rubbed the cylinder with her hand hidden in her purse, and the man suddenly gripped his armrests. Jenny stopped stroking and put her hand over her mouth, suppressing a laugh. *Already? Oh, you poor premature ejaculator! I'll have to be extra careful!*

She gave him a thirty second break, then started again, stroking him as she would a nervous virgin, slowly, gently. She saw him looking around wide-eyed at the women in the room, wondering who was tormenting him. He looked at a young mom playing with her children, the receptionist, right past Jenny with two hands in her purse, to an attractive middle-aged woman. Jenny smiled and started stroking him a little faster.

As the first wet spot started showing in his crotch, the man tried to leap up from his chair. Jenny grabbed her change purse tightly, the heavy sack of quarters and dimes filling her young palm, and the man fell back into the chair as if his balls were tied to the seat. Which they sort of were.

It took all of her effort not to laugh as the panic rose in the man's face, as she stroked him closer and closer to orgasm while trapping him there by his balls. She went extremely slowly, reading the man's rising need to cum like a gas gauge. As the wet spot grew on his crotch, he picked up an issue of Cosmo himself, and tried to cover it, sweating with shame.

Jenny hadn't decided if she was going to make him cum in his pants yet or not, she would just flip a mental coin when he got there. Though it was only minutes, it must have seemed like agonizing hours to the man as she took her time building him slowly, mercilessly to a steam-roller orgasm. She giggled and took him right to the edge- and her phone buzzed. She angrily dropped the tube to see who it was.

Jenny! Quit it! I can't take it anymore!

Oh crap! she laughed. The feathers were still tickling Brad's balls! She reached out with her Powers and sensed him in the exam room, cock rock hard and soaking the gown with pre-cum, balls tight against his body and as close to cumming as the man in the waiting room. He was thrashing, hands gripping the edge of the table with white knuckles as he fought not to stroke himself. Jenny almost died of laughter, getting strange looks in the waiting room.

The doctor will be here any second! Make it go down!

She giggled as she typed.

Sorry, Brad! 'Down' isn't one of the Powers!

Well do something!

Should I ask the cute receptionist to give you a quick handy? I remember you peeking at her tits.

Jenny pretended to stretch again, popped her phone over the receptionist's window, and snapped a picture down the woman's blouse at her firm, high C-cups, then texted that to Brad.

JENNY, STOP IT!

She increased the speed of the feathers and typed:

Just rub one out! Quick!

Brad didn't text a reply, but Jenny finally heard his hand close around his twitching cock and start stroking. It was a high pitched hum her Powers had sensed coming from Brad's room for years now. She jumped from her seat and got the busty receptionist's attention.

"My brother just texted me," she said, waving her phone. "He's getting really bored in there and asked me to get him a magazine to read." The pretty late-twenties woman looked quizzically at the Cosmo Jenny was shoving at her. "He likes the quizzes," Jenny added. "Please? He's super bored. Just open the door and hand this to him. I already told him you're coming, so you don't have to knock!"

The receptionist took the magazine and headed towards Brad's door as Jenny watched, giggling. The room was cold and Brad was nervous, and Jenny sensed he wasn't getting to the edge as quickly as usual. On the other hand, he had two weeks of cum in his balls. It would be close.

A nurse entered the waiting room and called the man's name who Jenny had been teasing. Jenny turned and saw him shake his head, not wanting to get up. The nurse stamped her high heel. "Sir! The doctor is waiting!"

The man rose and every woman in the room gasped or snickered at the huge tent in his pants and the wide wet spot around it. The nurse chuckled behind her hand, and patted his shoulder motherly. "Oh, Mr. Belder, don't worry. A lot of men have that reaction right before their first prostate exam." He blushed even more than he had been. "It just means you're a little curious," the nurse added. "I'll tell Dr. Gates to take a little extra time with her lubed fingers inside you."

Jenny exploded in laughter, even before she heard a woman's voice from behind her yell, "Young man! What ARE YOU DOING!" a second before Brad would have cum explosively.

Jenny stumbled out of the waiting room, almost doubling over with laughter once she reached the hallway. She giggled all the way to the darkened parking garage, where she jumped into the back seat of her car, threw a blanket over her crotch and enjoyed two long, satisfying orgasms as she listened to Brad and the other man's cocks throb painfully hard, untouched and ashamed.

The Games Girls Play 2: For a Good Cause

Brad Poole coughed from the doorway of his older sister's bedroom, watching Jenny read the newest issue of Cosmo as she lay on her bed. She was lying on her stomach, barefoot and though her jean skirt rode halfway up to show the lower part of her ass and her pink thong to anyone walking through the hall, she didn't seem to care. She never seemed to care around Brad anymore.

Brad tried to force his eyes away from her bare, tan, perfect legs as his cock started hardening. He coughed again, louder.

She turned a page in the Cosmo without looking back. "What."

"Ummm, Jenny..."

"Yes?"

"It's the weekend... and I was wondering if...I could... you know..." Brad blushed as he stared at the smooth valley of skin leading from her inner thighs to the cusp of her panties and started getting fully hard in his pants. "Could I cum please?"

Jenny turned on one elbow to face him. "Brad," she giggled, "You KNOW that's not how you're supposed to ask me."

Brad blushed even more, but the erection in his pants was too painful! He lowered to his knees at the edge of Jenny's bed. "Please, my most exalted big sister and sunshine of my life! May I be permitted to make a disgusting boy mess?"

Jenny raised one eyebrow at him. "And?"

Brad's face was red as he leaned forward and quickly placed a kiss each of her bare feet, right on her soft soles. His cock always got painfully hard when he did so- it must have been more of Jenny's evil sex Magic that caused that!

Jenny laughed and put the magazine down, then turned to sit cross-legged on her bed facing him. "That's better," she said. She raised her hand and wiggled her fingers at him. "Do you want me to just make you cum instantly in your pants?"

Brad threw his hands over his crotch. "No! Not again!"

"Well, then get those clothes off, silly," she laughed.

Now the blush spread down from Brad's face to his neck and chest as he pulled his shirt off, then pants, and finally underwear, all while his older sister smirked at him. "Fold them neatly!" she chided, and he did, all while his cock bobbed hard in front of him. Done, he stood, nude and embarrassed in front of her.

Jenny put her hand on her chin. "You know, Mom's not here. We can actually take our time this week." She jumped off the bed and patted it. "Assume the position, little bro!"

Brad groaned and got onto the bed on his hands and knees, then lowered his face to raise his nude ass in the air.

"Not the milking position!" Jenny laughed. "The position you take when you're touching yourself at night thinking about my hot little ass."

Brad was red with shame as he flipped over onto his back and spread his legs a little. "I don't do that!" he said.

"Right," she laughed, pulling a chair over next to the bed. "Like I don't hear you doing that every few nights when you think Mom and I are asleep. Or in the shower yesterday morning." He blushed more, and she kicked her feet up onto the bed, crossing her ankles inches from his hip. She prodded him with her toes. "Go on. Start playing with yourself, boner boy."

"You... you're going to watch?" he gulped.

"Sure. I haven't had a good laugh in a while!"

Brad closed his eyes to block out his smirking sister, then grabbed his twitching, dripping cock with a sigh of pleasure. Within seconds he was stroking at full speed.

"Come on, don't rush," she said. "Go slower. Slow down, I said!" A hard flick to the nuts forced Brad's eyes open. Jenny was standing over him, fingers ready to flick again. "Slower," she repeated. "Or you can wait until next week."

Brad moaned with need and let go of his own cock. "But it's been two weeks already!"

"One week," she corrected. "Did you forget last Friday?"

"You stopped your mind strokes right when I started cumming! It didn't feel good at all!"

"But your icky stuff still dribbled out," Jenny laughed, sitting back down. "It still counts. Now go sloooooowly, for my pleasure, or I'll do that to you again. And keep your eyes open."

With shaking hands, Brad grabbed his cock again and started slow, long strokes. With every downstroke he fought not to speed up.

"That's better," she said, and then crossed her legs on the bed again. This time she angled towards his face, so her pink-painted toenails were inches from his lips and Brad could look down the entire long, tan length of her legs and almost up her skirt.

Jenny was a runner, swimmer and yoga freak, so her legs were lean and curved in just the perfect ways to make Brad's balls tighten and want to shoot all over them.

"Ewww!" she laughed. "I moisturize my legs every night, Brad. I don't need your cum to help!"

"Oh god!" Brad gasped, blushing. He scrambled to think of anything else!

"It's okay. I know what a perv you are, getting off on jacking it in front of your own sister. Real men would have gotten soft by now. But not you!" She sent a psychic hand to tickle his shaft and it responded, twitching rock hard. "Boing!" she laughed.

Brad knew he should stop, but the feel of his hand, the weight of his balls, the look of her legs- he stroked just a little faster...

Jenny smiled. "But that's okay. I want you to enjoy these days of your youth now, little brother." She tapped his nude thigh reassuringly. "Because soon you'll never be able to touch your cock again."

"WHAT?"

"Keep stroking," she ordered. When he did, she continued, with a big smile. "Every time I hear you secretly stroking it I tell Mom, you know. And half the time she hears it too. She says it's so embarrassing to be distracted at work because she can sense her son touching himself across town."

Brad gulped, but kept stroking. "And when you wake her up at night," Jenny continued, "she hates that the most." Jenny leaned forward and patted her brother's head even as he kept stroking. "That's why she wants to do a Willy-Wanker procedure on you."

"Noooo," he cried, tearing up even as he approached a shattering orgasm. "Please, don't let her!"

"Well, she says we can't yet," Jenny said. "It costs at least \$3000. Which we don't have since Dad lost his job last year."

Brad's breaths were coming in gasps. "Good."

Jenny smiled. "Which is why I offered to hold a charity car wash next weekend, so me and my friends can raise the money to get your strokies taken away from you forever!"

"NO!"

"Yes Brad! Imagine it- Selena and Stacy and me and Lisa out front on a hot day, in tiny little string bikinis laughing and splashing soap on each other as we all work to make sure you never masturbate AGAIN!"

Brad grunted and started cumming all over his stomach. "Yes, spurt little bro! You like the idea of that, don't you! Maybe Selena's top will pop off and you'll finally see her tits! Or Stacy's shaved little pussy! Or mine!"

Brad's stomach and chest were covered with his own cum now, and he finally stopped stroking, red-faced and ashamed. He started reaching for the tissue box on her bedstand. "Please, Jenny.... Don't do that..."

She snatched the box before he could reach it and skipped away, laughing. "You've already voted," she said, pointing at the lake of cum on his stomach. "You think it's the hottest idea ever!"

He started to sit up to reach the box in her hands.

"Don't you DARE get a drop of that slime on my bedspread!" Jenny ordered. "Or I'll make you lick ALL of it up!"

“But then what should I...?”

“Just hope that it dries fast,” she giggled. “I’m going to go get a Coke. Wait for all that ick to dry before you even think about getting up! Bye!”

And so Brad had to lay there for minutes as his cum hardened disgustingly on his stomach as he heard Jenny laughing downstairs in the kitchen.

Brad thought that was the worst of it, until Jenny started making signs on the living room floor Monday night.

“What do you think Brad?” she asked turning around to show the posterboard to her brother.

“Too much glitter?”

The sign was neon pink on a neon green background and read: “CAR WASH! CUTE GIRLS! CLEAN SUDS! ALL FOR A GOOD CAUSE!”

Brad stormed off to his room as Jenny laughed.

By late Tuesday night Brad was horribly horny again as he lay tossing and turning in bed, and he fought and fought the urge, but then finally gave in and slid a hand into his sweatpants and gave himself a few quick strokes.

The door to his bedroom opened a minute later, and Jenny walked in, wearing a nightshirt that barely covered her firm ass.

“Caaaaar wash, caaaaaar wash,” she sang quietly as Brad immediately dropped his cock and blushed. The tent in the sheets was impossible to miss. Jenny turned and pretended to bend over the hood of an imaginary car, washing it slowly and sexily as her nightshirt rode up to let Brad see her naked ass in the almost darkness. “Car wash for little brothers- donate all you can,” she giggled, and kept the pantomime up for another few seconds as Brad’s cock throbbed painfully, untouched. Then she winked at him and strutted away.

Wednesday night was worst of all. All evening Jenny sat in the living room and chatted on the phone or on her laptop’s Facebook, asking friends to invite other friends to the car wash. And Brad could hear her numbers climbing, because she announced each victory.

“Connie from Lowelsdale High is coming! And she’s bringing 5 friends’ cars! And Mrs. Hoon from Mom’s bridge club! She’s going to tell everyone in church!”

“Mom, this isn’t right!” Brad whined to his mother as she prepared dinner. “I promise I won’t stroke without your permission from now on! Please, tell Jenny you don’t want to do the Willy Wanker on me anymore! Tell her!”

His mother dropped the stirring spoon and held on to the stove as she laughed and laughed.

“Brad,” she finally got out between gasps, “I told her I didn’t care one way or the other, just that she’d have to raise the \$3000 herself! It’s Jenny, not me, who’s driving this whole thing!”

Jenny just stuck her tongue out when Brad confronted her, and he went to bed that night pissed off but hornier than ever. And then the feathers started. Tickling, teasing feathers all over his balls, making his young cock harder than he thought possible. And beyond.

Brad could hear her laughing in the next room. *She wants me to jack off!* He groaned, trying to fight the urge, then stripped off his sweatpants to be fully nude and flipped over to his stomach. Gripping the sheets to keep his hands busy, Brad started rubbing his cock against the cotton sheets, just to get some sensation to end the torment.

This time he didn’t know Jenny had entered the room until the sheet was ripped off him.

“I always knew you were a bed humper!” Jenny laughed.

“No!

“Oh no, don’t stop!” she laughed, pushing his butt back down with one tiny hand. It felt stronger than an industrial press. “Keep humping little bro! You’re going to need the practice after

your strokies are gone! Maybe that's the only way I'll let you cum after that!" She pushed rhythmically on his hip, grinding his cock into the cool cotton at the perfect pace.

"Jenny, please!" he begged. The feathers on his balls increased, and his sack got tighter! He was going to make a mess on the bed! Mom would be so mad, she'd punish him and, and- "Jenny! STOP! I'm gunna, gunna- NO-aaaaahh--"

The hand on his ass disappeared one second before he would have shot. Brad spun to his back and clenched, fighting the feelings- He finally exhaled and let his dripping cock twitch towards the ceiling, untouched.

"Car wash, car wash," Jenny sang, winking and leaving the room as she swayed her ass for him to stare at. "Workin' at the car wash..."

Saturday finally came, and Brad woke up naked in his own bed. He hadn't been able to wear clothes since Wednesday since Jenny would Powers tease him randomly each night and he would have just woken up with a stain on his sweatpants for her and Mom to giggle at during breakfast.

He had painful morning wood, as he did most mornings of his life, but what made his dick throb even more was the giggles coming from outside his window. Female giggles. And splashing. And car engines.

Brad forced himself not to look until he put on underwear and shorts. And did a hundred push-ups to make his cock go down. And did some of his math homework.

The noises kept filtering in through his cracked window the whole time, driving him mad with speculation. Finally around 10 o'clock he gave in and pulled the blinds open. It was worse than he thought.

Cars were lined up out his driveway and into the busy street beyond. At the corner, two hot girls in swimsuits jumped and danced and waved, shaking their signs and barely-covered asses at the passing traffic. They got a lot of honks, but cars would pull off with frightening frequency and join the line.

In his front yard, his sister Jenny was washing cars in a tiny black bikini top and jean shorts, with her friend Selena whose tits seemed poised to spill out of her top at any time, and whose jean shorts were ripped over her round ass. Their blond friend Stacy was wearing a tight t-shirt and shorts, but was soaked to the bone so the thin cloth clung to her nubile curves like a second skin.

The girls ran to the soap buckets, bent over in exaggerated fashion, and soaped each car while giggling and flirting with the male drivers or talking with the female ones.

Brad saw his sister lean her dripping wet torso into the window of a big pickup truck and snatch a stack of bills from a blushing man's hand with her teeth, then wink and kiss him thanks on the cheek before skipping away to deposit the cash in a clear glass jar. Which was already half full.

Brad moaned as his cock started to harden, just watching the scene. He slammed the window shut and tried to think. *At \$10 each car, that's 300 hundred cars. They can't do that in one day, right? No way. No way that's possible.*

Finally, hunger drove him to the kitchen around noon, where he had a ground level view of the action. The girls had now slipped off their shorts and were all in just string thongs now, the tiny, tiny strips of fabric riding deeper into their toned asses with each bounce or stretch. And they started wetting themselves down just to escape the heat, the water beading on their tanned skin just right.

Brad caught a view of one set of perfect buns while peeking under the half-raised blinds. It was tight, it was so toned, his cock just reacted to it against his will. He got fully hard, moaning as he had to readjust his pants to make room, looking at that tight, hard, practically naked-

The owner of the ass turned and ducked below the level of the blinds to look back at him. "Are you peeping on us Brad?" Jenny called inside, laughing. "Or just me!"

Brad flushed red, and scrambled upstairs, wondering how he couldn't have recognized his own sister's ass!

But the torment soon followed him. Thirty minutes later his door swung open and three teenage girls stood there in indecent bikinis, dripping water onto his carpet with their hard nipples all pointing right at him.

"We're just taking a break for lunch," Jenny told him, wiping her wet hair from her face. They were breathing hard, which made their flat stomachs clench in and out in very distracting ways. Brad tried not to look, but failed, blushing as his cock stirred.

"But don't worry," Selena laughed, wringing her long wet black hair out onto his floor and giving him a wink. "We'll start up again soon. And we're almost there!"

"One thousand, three hundred forty two dollars already!" the blond Stacy laughed, shaking the full glass jar at him. "And afternoon should be busier!"

The girls blew him kisses and winks as they turned and left, giggling at him.

"Say goodbye to your strokies, Brad!"

"Maybe we'll have enough to buy you a cute chastity belt too!"

Brad pounded the desk in frustration as they laughed down the hall.

When the girls started the wash up again after lunch, Brad went out with them. It was impossibly hard not to check out their bouncing asses or boobs as the girls wetted themselves down and started soaping again, but Brad walked past that to the cars which hadn't paid yet.

He went up to the first driver he recognized and leaned in the window. "Mr. Wescott, please don't let them wash your car!"

His science teacher gave him an embarrassed look. "Brad! Um... why not? It's for a good cause, they said--"

"Do you know what the cause is?" Brad demanded.

"No, but--"

"They're raising money to do a Procedure 501 on me! And you're helping them! By ogling girls who were in your class just last year!"

His teacher blushed more. "Oh, well... I guess my van isn't that dirty..."

Brad sighed as Mr. Wescott pulled out of line. But another car just took its place.

"Mr. Harrison! Didn't you hear what I just said! I've stayed over at Tommy's house so many times! And you're doing this to one of your son's friends?"

The older man blushed, but set his jaw. "Now Brad, look..." He glanced over at the bouncing girls. "Do you know that every time I used to drop Tommy off for a sleepover, your sister used to... the stuff she used to wear when she..." He adjusted his pants and gave Brad a look. "You're still welcome at my house anytime, Brad. But I'm going to enjoy this. Let me roll up the window now, please."

Jenny whistled from behind Brad. "Who's next? OOOohhh, Mr. Harrison! Come on down!" She giggled and squeezed the sponge over her shoulders, making soapy water dribble all down her breasts, stomach and legs.

"Sorry, Brad. I'll try not to tip too much," he said, and drove forward, his khakis already tenting.

"Fuck!" Brad yelled, and ran to the next car, an open topped Jeep. And started blushing right away.

"Ms...Ms. Seagate," he stammered, looking at his redheaded English teacher. The normal at-the-knee business skirts and high heels she wore in school usually had Brad adjusting himself once or twice under his desk each class. So he was floored to see her in tight barely-there shorts, a t-shirt tied off to expose her flat abs, and flip-flops on her thin feet. "What are YOU doing here?"

She laughed and tossed her hair. "Well, I was just coming back from my morning hike and I saw those two enterprising young ladies on the street, advertising a charity car wash to help one of my students over come a serious disease. How could I resist?"

Brad gulped, even as the lack of the Jeep's door and her pants let him stare at miles and miles of her long, toned legs. "But, Ms. Seagate, I'm not sick. They want to--"

“Willy Wanker you?” she laughed. “I know. Addiction to masturbation is a disease too, Brad.” She looked down at his hardening cock. “And you may even pay more attention in class afterwards!”

Brad blushed and covered his crotch as Ms. Seagate continued. “It likes quite the event. I may tweet every female teacher in the district to come by today!”

“No! Please! Don’t!”

She looked at him significantly. “Well, if I’m not going to pay THEM to wash my muddy jeep, who will? There seem to be enough sponges and buckets...”

Brad only took a second to decide. “Pull over there, near the tree!”

When it became obvious what Brad was doing, the girls raised a protest. “Cheater!” Selena cried.

“We’re still going to raise enough without that one car!” Jenny taunted.

Brad blushed as he scraped caked mud of his English teacher’s wheels. “Oh, don’t listen to them Brad,” she said. “I think you’re doing a fine job. Make sure to get all of it. Oh, and... you don’t want that nice shirt to get wet, do you?”

He blushed more and took off his shirt as his teacher looked his muscles over. “Oh, you young men always have such nice shoulders. You look just like that studly boy from Twilight!”

The girls washed as Brad did, trying not to look at the girls or his smiling teacher. But there was too much female flesh around. He got hard in his pants, even as he started sweating under the hot sun.

He was on the second half of the jeep when Ms. Seagate leaned over to him. “I’ve got a hundred dollar tip here, I was going to give to your sister, Brad. For being brave enough to show so much skin for a good cause.”

“Please, don’t!”

She gave him another significant look. “Well, you’re just not being as brave, are you? Those long shorts are just too baggy to see anything interesting...”

He blushed. “Ms. Seagate!”

“Just for a second,” she giggled. “My car is shielding you from everyone anyway. And I promise that will make me not tell all the other teachers!”

He fidgeted with his wet shorts. “But...I can’t!”

She shrugged. “Okay. Put this hundred in your sister’s money jar for me, will you?”

Brad moaned. He looked around like a scared rabbit. The jeep did shield him from the group. He gulped and started undoing his pants. He slid them down in a flash, then started to pull them back up.

Ms. Seagate stepped out and trapped his shorts on the ground with her bare foot. “Un-uh. Leave them down while you wash this side!”

Brad had no choice, and blushed harder than he ever had before as he washed the jeep naked, outside, with his sexy forty-something teacher watching on. She chuckled at his bouncing hard cock. “Enjoying this, huh? I’ve got three other cars at home, you know.”

He blushed even harder as his cock twitched, she laughed. He quickly finished the side and went to pick up his shorts, which were no longer there. Brad’s heart stopped as he saw Jenny holding them in front of her.

“You want to compete with us, boner boy? Then you do it showing some serious skin like we are!” she laughed, and ran into the house with his clothes. Ms. Seagate dropped two hundred dollar bills and then drove off, waving at him. “See you Monday, Brad!”

Which left Brad exposed and erect in front of Selena and Stacy. Which had happened once or twice before in a Powers world, but never enough to make him used to it. The girls whooped and whistled at him, and Brad’s knees started shaking, but another car pulled up in front of him.

“I’ll have what the lady before me had,” a woman who lived on the next street laughed, smiling at Brad’s diamond hard cock.

“I locked the door, boner boy, so you might as well make some money today!” Jenny laughed. Trembling, Brad blushed and picked up the sponge to start washing.

The girls were relentless now, since they only had men in their line. They giggled and slapped each other's ass as they passed, or stretched and soaped themselves while they were waiting, and flirted with every driver they could. But mostly, they did it when they knew the nearby Brad was watching, and they all laughed when one trick or another got his hard cock to jump.

He stayed naked for the rest of the day, washing women's cars with a boner bouncing in front of him, getting blushes from old ladies, winks and innuendos from horny soccer moms and outright mocking from girls his own age. The worst was not being able to stroke even once, but as the girls' money jar filled up again, he figured he should get used to it.

As the traffic died down around dinner, the girls finally called it quits. The street walkers blew him kisses, got dressed and drove off, but Jenny, Selena and Stacy dried off still in their bikinis, then took both money jars up to Jenny's room. Brad picked up his money pile but then felt a psychic tug growing on his full balls.

"Come watch us count it!" Jenny laughed, and Brad had no choice but to follow.

"One thousand!" Jenny laughed, stacking bills on her bed as the other girls still giggled at the nude Brad trying to cover himself with his wad of money.

A few minutes later, she cheered again, "Two thousand!" and Brad started feeling sick to his stomach.

"Two thou one hundred.... Fifty, seventy, ninety, TWO hundred.... Fifty, seventy, ninety, THREE hundred..."

Brad thought he would hurl. The jar wasn't emptying fast enough! But there were more singles at the bottom than large bills....

"Four hundred....sixty....three," Jenny finally said. Then looked at her friends. "Is that all of it?" They nodded. "Phooey!" she said.

Brad collapsed into her chair, still clutching his bills. He had done it! They hadn't made three thousand!

Then Selena looked over at his hands. "But how much did little Brad make, I wonder?"

"No! These are mine! I worked for them! Naked!"

"I know," she laughed, coming over to him. "I'm just going to count them, honest." And Selena winked and Brad felt a hot wet mouth psychically suck his erection, just once. He gasped and she plucked the bills from his hands.

"Six hundred twenty three," she announced a minute later. "By himself! We should have naked Brad at all our car washes!"

Brad blushed, but then Jenny said, "Wait... that means that if Brad hadn't jumped in..."

"We would have made it!" Stacy pouted.

"Well, I did, thank God!" he said, snatching the stack off the table and starting off towards his room.

He got to his bed and collapsed onto it, finally letting himself relax. Well, his muscles, not his cock which stayed rock hard. He had done it! Avoided a fate worse than death!

Then his door opened and the three girls strutted in, still wearing their tiny string bikinis.

"Braaaaaad, the girls and I were thinking," Jenny giggled, running her hands through her hair to make her breasts point at him.

"That there has to be SOMETHING we could do that's worth six hundred dollars to you," Selena giggled, and started untying her bikini top from behind.

Stacy started playing with the ties on her hips. "Something..." she giggled. "Anything..."

His eyes got big. "NO! There's nothing! I don't want-"

His sister knocked Selena's hands away and untied the girls' bikini top herself, unveiling two young, high, and beautiful breasts. Then she yanked Selena's bottoms to the floor. Then she did the

same with the slender, giggling Stacy. She patted both naked girls on the ass to set them strutting toward Brad.

“Little brother, I know EXACTLY what you want,” she laughed.

Brad awoke face down on his bed, naked. But for the first morning in years, he wasn't painfully hard. And his balls actually felt...normal. Then he heard Jenny giggling from next to his bed.

“Wakey wakey sleepy head,” she laughed, reading a Cosmo. She was dressed in her Sunday best, a gossamer sundress which showed off her legs as she crossed and uncrossed them. “You must have had quite a night.” She put down the magazine and giggled. “Oh yeah. I know you did, because I was there the whole time!”

Brad groaned as his cock started to harden.

“You drove a hard bargain,” she giggled. “Two hundred dollars per orgasm? You should have paid ten times that for a threesome with two smoking hot barely legals! And for your FIRST time, too? You'll remember that forever, won't you?”

Brad was getting hard against the cool bed. He nodded.

“Tell your big sister thank you.”

“You didn't have to watch!”

“I never got on the bed,” she laughed. “I just placed my fingers on that hard spot under your balls, so I could feel you cumming and make sure the orgasm count was right. Remember, for your first one, I pressed and you started shooting so hard down Selena's throat? And again, when you were doing Stacy doggy style, I just pushed there and POP! And the third time, when they had you spread eagle? I felt all your cummies last night, little bro, just with these.” She wiggled her fingers at him.

Brad blushed as his cock was fully hard now and he felt that same rubbing at the base of his balls. It was like that was the location of his orgasm trigger! He humped the bed out of pure reflex.

“Already?” Jenny laughed. “Oh, go ahead and rub one more out. It's Sunday after all.”

Brad scrambled to his back. “THANK YOU big sister!” he said, then tried to reach his cock- and found that he couldn't. His hands couldn't even get within a foot. “WHAT DID YOU DO?”

Jenny was laughing her ass off. “Found a Powers doctor who works weekends, obviously!”

“NO!” Brad yelled, trying to reach his cock and failing. He flopped on the bed, his erection bouncing as Jenny laughed. “Why?”

Jenny bent down near his face. “They say you always remember your first time. Well, boner boy, I want you to always remember that hot threesome you had last night, remember finally sucking on Selena's breasts, remember how it felt to have two girls rolling naked all over you, remember how sweet Stacy's snatch tasted....and not be able to do A THING ABOUT IT!”

Tears dripped from his eyes as Brad tried to touch himself. Her monologue had the intended effect, as his steel hard cock was dripping and straining to shoot off his body. “NO!!! Please! Let me cum!”

“That's not how you ask...” she teased.

Brad threw himself to his knees and peppered his sister's bare feet with kisses. “Oh please Magnificent one! Let me make a disgusting spurt!”

“Hmmmmmm,” she giggled as he kept kissing and his cock kept twitching. “For this week, I decide...no! And next week too!”

“NO!”

“Oh, stop whining,” she laughed, patting his ass. “If you're a perfect, respectful little brother, and treat me properly... I'll convince Selena to suck you off again on your birthday.”

“That's two months away!”

Jenny smiled down at the naked Brad. “So just be a good little brother until then!”

Interlude: Selena's New Job

Selena smiled as her step-father knocked on her bedroom door again.

"Selena! Come on! You don't want to be late for your first day! Are you even dressed yet?"

The black-haired, large breasted nineteen-year-old looked at the closet stuffed full of stylish clothes for her to wear, then grinned and got more comfortable. She continued laying fully nude on top of her cool, white covers. Waiting.

Her step-father knocked again, shaking the door. "Selena! This is a dream summer internship! You've got to wake up! Dammit girl..."

She giggled and checked her position; she was face down, her ass pointed at the door, and if she kept one of her legs straight and pulled the other knee towards her head... *Perfect*. Then she did her best "I'm sleeping" face and waited.

She heard her step-father yell two more times. Then he cursed. And finally, she heard him gingerly try the knob. She heard her bedroom door creak open and how the middle-aged man sucked in his breath.

"Selena..."

And then she heard, loudly and clearly with her psychic sex Powers, his cock start hardening in his pants. He was getting fully hard, against his will, looking at her young, nude body.

It was all she could do not to burst out laughing.

She heard him gulp and open the door wider. He was so hard, his erection was a screaming buzz in her ears. He got even harder as he stepped forward, gently grabbed her bare ankle and shook it. "Selena!" he hissed.

"Mmmph?" she said, keeping her eyes closed and pulling her knee even higher. She knew the view she was giving him- she had shaved her pussy bald just this morning in preparation!

"Selena, please..." he begged, his throat tight. "Wake up!" He grabbed higher on her leg, on his naked nineteen-year-old step-daughter's smooth, firm calf, and shook her again. Selena smiled as she heard him keep from having an accident in his pants with the greatest of effort. That's when she finally yawned, stretching to full length on the bed, before rolling to lay on her back for a second before 'noticing' him.

"Daddy!" she gasped, throwing her right arm over her C cup tits and her left hand between her legs, barely covering her nipples and pussy. "Were you peeping on me while I slept?"

He was blushing, covering his eyes. "NO! Of course not! I just-"

"Yes you were!" she giggled, pointing at the iron hard erection in his pants. She used the hand that had been covering her lower half, letting him see her pretty pink teenage pussy in full view again. Selena made sure to let her thighs drop further open as she did.

"You have to wake up! Your job!" he blurted as he ran from the room, his painful erection bouncing in his pants before him.

Selena laughed all the way through putting on the clothes for her first office job ever.

She was still giggling as she came down the kitchen steps ten minutes later. Her crisp, 'professional' white shirt had a tough time stretching over her high firm, C-cups. Her tight 'office' skirt stopped halfway down her tanned thighs. Her three-inch heels made her curvy legs look extra long. And with her sheer black stockings, the garters just visible under her skirt- it would take very little imagination to see her as a pin-up secretary from the 50's. Sitting at the dinner table eating breakfast, her step-father apparently had a lot of imagination to spare.

"Randall!" Selena's mother scolded as her step-father grunted and got rock hard under the table. "She's your daughter!"

"I'm sorry!" he groaned, bending to try and hide it. "Sorry!"

"Oh, it's okay, mom," Selena laughed, picking a banana off the counter and a slice of toast from Randall's plate. "I totally overslept this morning, and if Daddy hadn't woken me, I'd have been late for my very first day!"

Her mother frowned, looking at her still-erect husband bending close to the table. "Randall, you know what I told you about going into her room without me..."

"Take a pill, mom," the teen laughed. "I was wearing the same old stuff I wear to bed every night. That outfit wasn't inappropriate for you to see me in, was it Daddy?"

Randall looked from his grinning daughter to his still-mad wife and gulped, hard. "No, honey. Of course not."

"Good!" the girl laughed, taking a bite of his toast. "Now I gotta run. Bye Daddy!" She made sure her step-father could see far down her cleavage as she bent forward and kissed his cheek. Still leaning over the table, Selena peeked at the rock-hard tent he was trying to hide under the table, then winked at her mom. "At least we know he doesn't need Viagra!"

And then she skipped out the door in her high heels and drove away in a beat-up Honda.

"This job will show her," Randall grunted, blushing furiously and adjusting his pants. "She can't act like she did all through high school. The Real World won't let her get away with being such a...tease!"

"Randall, that's my daughter you're talking about!" Selena's mother scolded. Then she rolled her eyes and sighed. "Now go jack off into the toilet so you don't embarrass yourself at work."

Selena and The Real World clashed from her very first minute on the job.

"It said my job started at 9:00!" she protested. "I got here exactly at 9:00!"

The muscular, bald black man in the Security Guard uniform crossed his arms. "Your *shift* starts at nine. But you have to get here earlier, to get *ready* for the building to open."

"Well how was I supposed to know that?" she whined.

"I can tell you're going to be a problem already, sweet cheeks," he laughed in his deep, low voice. "Since you don't have time for orientation, I'll give you the short version. My name is Mr. Drew, but you can call me God. I'm Head of Security, which means I'm the head of you. You are a receptionist, which means your job is to sit at that desk over there and let everyone get a good look at your legs and ass as you sign for deliveries. Maybe your titties, too, if you're looking for a raise. Chris will tell you the rest, he's the one you're replacing. Now move it."

Selena barked in protest as Mr. Drew gave her butt a squeeze to push her in the direction of the front desk, where a nervous twenty-something man sat. She spun to use her Sex Powers on the receding security guard but pulled her hand back before making any motions. Then she stomped over to the desk in a huff.

"It's a good thing you didn't cast that spell," Chris told her as she sat next to him.

"In high school I would have made his balls ache so bad he would have been crying for weeks," Selena huffed. "But here... he's my boss. I can't do that to him because it'd be illegal and stuff. right?"

"You're learning already," Chris laughed. "Mr. Drew is an asshole, but he's an asshole with a badge. Now, let me show you how to forward calls."

The next two hours passed pleasantly, and as Selena learned how to check badges and delete voicemails, she also learned what polite, kind Chris's erection sounded like. In the cramped space behind her desk, each time their hands or knees accidentally touched, her Powers sensed just a little more blood surge to his cock. Of course Selena would never fuck anyone who wasn't a muscular, tattooed bad-boy, but Chris was sort of nerd-cute, so she started pressing closer to him whenever she had a good excuse to, putting her hand on his arm or leg like it was no big deal, or letting her skirt ride just a little higher each time she crossed her stockinged legs. The buzz of his needy,

growing erection and the blush on his face as he tried to hide it kept Selena from getting bored throughout the morning.

"Well, that's it," he said around noon. "That's all you need to know for the first floor." He gulped, sneaking one last peek at her garters as he stood up, pressing against the desk. "You know, I kind of wish you had started working here earlier."

"Me too," she giggled, letting one sexy heel dangle, dangle, dangle, off her painted toes right in front of Chris' eyes. "So, where are you going?"

"The second floor," he gulped, fighting not to stare at her foot.

"What's there?"

Chris was looking away, taking deeper breaths. "Engineering. And less Mr. Drew."

That got her to lean forward. "Wait, so people on the second floor don't have to see that blowhard?"

"They see less of him, yeah. He mostly harasses the folks down here, so enjoy that."

"Take me with you, please!" she said, and they both laughed. Then Selena put one soft hand on his and he stopped laughing.

Chris gulped and shook his head. "It took me like three months to learn enough to be a receptionist on the second floor. I can't teach you in half a day. Sorry."

"Oh," she said taking her hand away. Chris looked hurt. Then Selena smiled, gave Chris just a little psychic tickle on his balls and slowly uncrossed her legs so Chris could see *almost* up to her panties. She pointed her pen at the tent suddenly springing in his pants. "Is that for me?"

"I'm sorry!" he gasped, blushing and covering his crotch. "I'll go and-"

"Take care of it in the bathroom?" she laughed. "You know that any woman with Powers can read your thoughts if you're doing that, right?"

"Damn it! Please don't tell-"

"Oh, I don't mind," she chuckled. "It's kind of cute that you got a little boner from looking at my legs."

He was fully blushing, pressing against the side of her desk to hide it. "Thanks."

She leaned forward to show her cleavage. "You, uh... want a little help with that?"

Selena sensed his hard-on practically twitch in delight at her words. *Boys are too easy*, she giggled to herself.

"What do you mean?"

She stroked her pen up and down with two fingers, psychically transmitting the feelings right to the young man's erection. "Have you guys got a supply closet around here?"

Chris practically ran her to a storage room at the back of the building, holding his jacket over his crotch, then closing the door after she entered. Racks of paper and supplies lined the wall, and there was one chair in the room.

Good enough, she giggled.

She pointed to the chair. "Sit." He sat. She toyed with his zipper, tugging it just a hair. "And just so you can't accuse me of Powers rape in the future, why don't you bring him out instead of me?"

Chris gulped, looked at the closed door behind her, then nodded and unzipped. Fishing in his boxers, as soon as his hand touched his hard cock, Selena felt a flash in her mind, letting her view his every thought. He was thinking of blow jobs.

Yeah, this will work, she laughed.

She scooted her skirt up until it was half as long, just barely covering her panties and ass now, undid two buttons on her tight shirt, revealing the top of her bra and then struck a Victoria's Secret's pose with her hands in her hair. "Well, go on," she laughed, nodding at his crotch. "Try to make it last."

Chris looked confused, his hard-on waving untouched in front of him. "But... you said other women could sense if-"

"I'm shielding you from their Powers." She licked her red shiny lips and pouted them. "Come on, don't you feel the urge for a quick wank?"

"But I thought you would use your... you know..."

"You've got to touch yourself," she laughed. "Or how else would I learn what I need to take your place on the second floor?"

His hand had been reaching towards his cock, but now froze. "What?"

"You're going to think about all the things you need to know for that second floor job while you stroke it. That way, I'll read your thoughts and learn it super fast. So I can go to the second floor while you stay here on the first floor with Mr. Drew."

"But that was my promotion..."

"You'll get another one," Selena said, then undid another button on her shirt, to let all of her firm, bra-covered breasts show. "But you'll never get another chance with a girl like me. Now come on, before I change my mind and Loop your orgasms off for a week."

Chris gulped and started stroking himself, right in front of her.

Selena laughed and struck another pose, letting Chris see her ass. "Oh!" she giggled. "So the second floor has *three* fire exits?"

Selena masturbated in her bed the next morning, something out of the ordinary. Usually her fuck buddies took care of all her needs even if she only let them cum rarely, but this time Selena's fingers rubbed her pussy long and fast, until she felt Randall's erection spring hard in sympathy.

One of the greatest things about Powers, she giggled, as the magic of her pure female masturbation forced his cock to get harder than a whole bottle of Viagra would have done. *He doesn't have to be awake, he doesn't have to be horny, other women can't sense that it's my work and he can't stop it.* She didn't even orgasm, just played her slick fingers over her tingling pussy until Randall's cock had been ready to shoot off him like a rocket for five minutes.

Job done, she showered and dressed, then skipped out of the kitchen past her parents, where her mother was scolding her step-father for being unable to control his hard-ons yet again.

Her second floor desk was much classier than the first floor one. It was designed for business, and actually had a panel in front of her legs so that men couldn't look up her skirt all day. But the second floor still had something she recognized.

"Well, sweet-cheeks, moving up in the world," Mr. Drew's deep voice laughed as she came in at 9:05. "But you still can't be on time. One more late day and I'm canning your ass. Before I spank it," he said, giving her a smug grin.

She shuddered. "You're not my boss! I'm on the second floor now! Chris authorized it!"

"Unless you somehow become the Vice President of Security, I'll always be your boss, little missy. Now make sure you wiggle your ass while getting these boys their coffee. And don't give too many blow jobs on the first day," he laughed, staring at her tits. "It will make you seem like a slut. I'll cum check on you later!"

He walked away, whistling and swinging his chain full of keys.

"Argh! I hate that guy!" Selena said under her breath. She looked up the company organization chart that Chris' memories had told her about. Vice Presidents were on the fourth floor. Only the managers on the third floor could talk to VPs. And she was on the second, with the Engineers.

She got coffee and made copies for the engineers, knowing the nerdy men were sneaking glances at the only young, hot woman on the entire floor. She even leaned over the copy machine, letting her pencil skirt ride dangerously up in the back as she thought of a plan. Feeling their lust through her Powers helped her think. She smiled and slipped a foot from her heel and scratched one stockinged calf with her toe.

Selena had made fifty extra copies and caused three embarrassing boners under engineer's desks before she had her idea.

She flirted and talked with everyone on her floor, until she saw the one whose nameplate said, "Engineering Manager".

"Really? So radio waves and light are like, totally the same type of thing?" she laughed, sitting on the edge of the manager's desk. "I never knew that!"

Harry grinned, then swallowed, looking at the nineteen-year-old calves swinging just inches from his hands. Which were starting to shake. "Yep. And microwaves too. All part of the spectrum."

"You're so smart!" Selena giggled, sliding the instep of her heel in between Harry's knees to stroke his shin. "I can see why you'll be moving to the third floor soon!"

He blushed, not just from the praise, but from his body reacting to hers. She was so close, he could smell her light perfume! And she looked just like the teen girls the 32-year-old virgin masturbated to on the internet every night. In fact, with her black hair, her big tits, she looked *just* like a model he had seen taking a huge black cock up her ass last night. Harry loved the captions the model put with the pictures on her pay site, making fun of all the small-dicked nerds who paid \$30 a month to see pictures of real men fucking her in ways her customers never would. The model made extra effort to belittle nerds which is why Harry had bought a lifetime membership, and now this black-haired girl who he would be working with looked sort of like her and talked in that same cheerleader way-

"Mister Legnis!" Selena gasped, giggling and pointing at his raging hard-on.

He blushed and tried to hold a folder over his lap. "I'm sorry! I don't know what-"

"I do," Selena laughed. She let her heel drop to the floor and snaked her stockinged foot under the folder to press on his cock. "You were thinking of Mistress Raven again!"

His eyes got huge. "How DID you-"

"Hush," she giggled, shutting Harry up with a firm press of her sole on his crotch. He bit his lip as Selena gave him little up and down strokes with her foot under the manilla folder. "You know how women can sense with their Powers when a man touches himself thinking about her? Even from far away sometimes?" she asked in a low voice.

He nodded.

"Well, Mistress Raven, whomever she is, looks just like me, and I've been getting her spill-offs from random men for years now." Selena pinned him with a grin. "And once you decided to get hard right next to me, your thoughts leaked out, just a little. Not a lot, but enough." She pressed with her foot, and he almost came. "There's not that many ways a man would get a mental picture me with a big black cock up my ass. And so now I know your secret."

He was sweating, nervous, and about to cum. "Please! Don't tell anyone! I was going to get promoted in just a few weeks."

Selena laughed and stretched her arms above her head, letting her big breasts rise in front of him. "Yes, about that..." she laughed.

"Go over it again," Selena ordered, writing on her notepad in the passenger's seat of Harry's car. They were in an empty part of the parking garage, far from view, but Harry's heart was still racing from the chance of being caught. Because he had his pants around his knees and was masturbating for a teenage girl, while thinking of how to design products for manufacturability in the Pan-Asian market.

"So is the Long Tail good or bad?" Selena demanded. "And what does Sex Sigma mean again?"

"*Six Sigma*," he corrected. "Please, let me stop! Someone will see!"

"Keep stroking that little dick, nerd!" she said, flicking him in the nuts. Then she giggled. "Was that like what Mistress Raven would say?"

He gulped, nodding. "I almost came all over my steering wheel!"

Selena laughed, then rubbed her hands over her chest, down her silk shirt, her tight skirt, and down her silky stockings and perfect teen legs. "You know... for a real Mistress Raven experience, she would never let a nerd like you cum in her presence, would she?"

Harry's throat tightened. He shook his head.

Selena chuckled. "In fact, she'd probably take a picture of a stroking nerd like you and make you write her a letter of recommendation to the managers on the third floor... and still Loop you off for a month, wouldn't she?"

"Please, don't," he begged. He looked over the incredible teen girl sitting just a foot away in his passenger seat. "Not after all this!"

Selena giggled and snapped her picture, then showed it to him. "We'll see. It depends on how good that letter of recommendation is."

In the end, they agreed on two weeks of no orgasms for Harry, and he would have to e-mail the picture of himself to Mistress Raven and relate the entire story of how a thirty-two year old man with a Masters degree got schooled and Looped by a nineteen-year-old high school Prom Queen.

For Selena's third day of work, she got out of bed and just walked around the house nude, because her mother always went to the gym on Wednesday mornings.

Her father dropped his spoon at the breakfast table.

"Young lady! Put some clothes on!" he screamed even as his erection started. "I'll tell your-"

Selena held her palm out in front of her naked body, then squeezed. Randall doubled over from the crushing pressure to his balls.

"I was thinking Daddy," she said into the sudden silence. "That I've got a job now. A real job. So I'm going to tell Mom I'm moving out to a place of my own, so I don't have my creepy step-father leering at me all the time." She released her psychic squeeze on his nuts. "What do you think?"

"I don't-"

This time she was giving him a psychic hand-job. "Staring at my ass when I'm tanning in the backyard, stealing my panties out of the laundry, whacking off to me in the shower, I mean, a girl shouldn't have to put up with that in her own home, right?" the naked girl giggled, arching her back to make her tits look better.

"Please! Selena! Stop! Don't make me-"

"Just pay for my first month's rent and security deposit and I won't tell Mommy why you know what I look like naked."

"Ok!"

"Good!" she said, then started stroking the air in front of her with two hands. "Now get ready to make a naughty boy cummie in your pants."

"NO! Selena, I don't want to-"

"What kind of tease would I be if I always did what you wanted?" she laughed, then clucked at him. "Ohhh, you're backed up- this is going to be a messy one! How are you going to explain it when Mom does the laundry?"

So this day, Selena's father was late for work, while she arrived early to her new temporary manager's position on the third floor. Her office was small, but at least she had a door, unlike those cubicle-dwellers on the second floor. She was thinking that this wouldn't be such a bad place to spend the summer, even if the men were a little older, okay, a lot older, and thus harder to tease.

Then she saw Mr. Drew walking by, checking around. She hid in her office as he passed, but it only reminded her of her goal. One more floor.

The middle managers had a planning meeting which she attended, and impressed everyone there with her thoughts on why out-sourcing the production to China would only result in a 25% decrease in quality. It didn't seem possible that a girl so young looking would have so much technical experience.

But her other mission, finding her next rung up the ladder, hit a dead end. Most of the middle managers were older, fatter men whose sex drive had shrunk as their bellies had grown. Only one manager's cock had twitched as she slid one smooth leg across each other over and over again during the meeting.

One's all I need, I guess, she sighed to herself, and prepared to approach the balding man in his office.

She chatted and made small talk as she extended her senses, sitting on the couch in his office. He was older, kinda like her grandpa, but he happily answered all her young, innocent questions about how middle management worked and how to become a Vice President.

He was so open, in fact, that Selena almost decided not to make him masturbate while thinking for her. Almost. She barely caught the one time he tried to peek up her skirt as she crossed her legs. He was sneaky, but it was there.

She turned to look at the door. Closed. She turned back to him with a smile.

"Mister Donder."

"Yes dear?"

"Would you like to fuck me?"

He was flabbergasted, pounding on his desk. "Young lady! That is no way to speak! Get out of my office!"

"We're not going to, obviously," she laughed. "But I just wanted to know. To define our Working Relationship."

"You're my daughter's age! Absolutely not! Now please, never speak of that again," he said, red-faced as he shuffled papers on his desk.

"Well, you see, I have this plan. I need to get to the fourth floor and be made into a Vice President. And while you are teaching me a lot about the business, if we go at this pace I'll be here forever. I need you to stroke yourself while thinking of what I need to know up there, and I'm just trying to find out the best way to get you aroused."

Donder's face was as red as a buffalo's. "You are the age of my youngest daughter! There is NOTHING you could do to make me sexually interested in you! Now please, lea..."

The older man had trailed off, because Selena was undoing her skirt zipper. And slipping it down her legs. And then slipping her hand inside her panties.

She just smirked and continued playing with herself, her hips starting to shift out of their own control. "You mean... you've NEVER imagined what it would look like for one of your young daughter's friends to be waiting in your bed, alone, when you get home?" Selena laid back on the couch, her fingers still working on her pussy, her stockinged legs, garters and matching thong panties fully in his view. "You wouldn't have to DO anything, Mr. Donder. Maybe she doesn't even know you're there. All you have to do is... watch." Selena closed her eyes and masturbated as if she was alone in her bed.

After a few seconds, Selena could feel her cheeks redden, her blood rushing faster, which meant that something would soon be happening in...

"There you go, Mister Donder!" she giggled. "I was beginning to worry! But your old parts still work fine! Don't they?"

"Yes," he rasped.

With her eyes still closed, Selena bit her lip. "Play with it. Touch yourself, under your desk. I can't see. I won't even open my eyes."

"I shouldn't.... my wife..."

"Looked like me once," she said. Eyes still closed, Selena stripped off her shirt, then her bra, to lay on his couch topless, in just panties and stockings. "Your wife's tit's looked like this when she was my age. She played with herself just like I'm doing, when she was my age. Think about her if you want. Or think about your daughter's friend. I won't tell. I promise."

Selena's Powers sensed his cock start stroking. He was thinking of a young girl with curly brunette hair, giggling and splashing in an old-fashioned bikini in the pool. *Awww*, Selena thought, *he's thinking of his wife! How sweet!* Then the old-fashioned looking girl picked up a cellphone and started gabbing away in it, bending over so the mind's eye could stare at her tight ass. *Where have all the gentlemen gone?* Selena sighed.

"Because I like you, I'm going to let you think about your fantasies for another two minutes, Mister Donder. But then, we're going to talk about global supply chain integration."

Six hours later, Selena kissed the sweating man on his balding head.

"Whew! That took all day!" she laughed, her Powers sensing the impossibly heavy load built up in the older man's balls. "But I finally feel I know enough to apply for the vacant Vice President of Security's job on the fourth floor. I would have gone faster if you hadn't needed to take all those breaks to rest your cock- you should work out your PC muscles some more!"

Mr. Donder blushed, his cock still in his hand. "Please... if you could leave... I need to finish."

"You're getting shy now?" she laughed, putting her bra and shirt back on. "You've seen me orgasm three times today! I had to, to keep you hard!"

Selena put on her skirt, then looked back at him- his face was as red as Santa.

"Oh, I understand!" she laughed, coming around his desk.

"NO-"

She sat on his desk right next to him, seeing the man's cock for the first time. "You don't want to blow your load in front of a young girl who's as old as your daughter."

"No," he said, blushing.

Selena bounced on his desk, making her tits do great things. "A young girl who's barely legal. One who's barely out of high school. Cumming in front of her would make an old, respected adult like you all embarrassed, wouldn't it?"

He blushed more. His racing heart told Selena everything.

"Well, SOMEONE'S got to cum to end this session, so I guess it's going to be me! But my hand's all tired..."

His eyes got big as Selena scooted backwards, knocked his pencils and papers to the floor, and then placed one high heel on either side of his legs as he sat in his chair. "What are you-"

Their eyes met as she started sliding her skirt up and panties down.

"They say that young pussy is always the sweetest," she giggled. "You can tell me if that's true!"

"I can't!" he said, licking his lips, staring at her bare thighs and lips.

"I could be the youngest, sweetest pussy you taste before you die," she said. "And on your desk, too! You'll get hard every day you come to work, just remembering how I looked up here. What a good way to coast to retirement!"

She scooted her hips forward, spreading her toned legs, and stuck a finger in her mouth.

"Come on, Mister Donder," she pouted, making her voice sound younger as she squirmed.

"Please?"

He was sliding his hands up her smooth legs, licking his lips, and started to dive in- when Selena stopped him. "Your daughter's friend- what's her name?"

"Tiffany," he gulped, his throat suddenly dry.

Selena looked him in the eyes for a long second. "Pretend I'm her," she said, and he attacked her pussy.

Selena walked in on her step-father showering the next morning.

He gasped as she just giggled and drew the curtain back.

"No morning wood today? My outfit not doing it for you?" she giggled, pulling on her pink flannel pajamas as she watched him squirm and try to cover himself.

"Selena!" he hissed, but his cock was already rising. "Get out of here!"

"I'm trying," she laughed. "Have you arranged for my apartment yet?"

"Yes!"

"I want a good one," she said, smiling as his cock erected naturally against his will. Well, naturally plus the psychic hand job her fingers were simulating behind her back. "Hardwood floors and a fireplace," she said, twirling his tip with her Powers. "In a good neighborhood!"

"It is!"

"Good." He relaxed as her touches disappeared. It only lasted a second. "I got my pussy licked by a guy your age yesterday," she giggled. "And it was *good*."

Randall grunted as his erection got painful. "Selena, you shouldn't let just anyone-"

"It was for work, Daddy," she scolded, squeezing his balls. "But it got me thinking... maybe all older men are that good with their tongues. Because of experience, or because they can't stay as hard as they could when they were young... whatever. And I was thinking... you're an older man..."

"NO!" he said. "Selena! No!"

"Not me you perv!" Selena laughed, giving his balls another squeeze. But he was rock hard. "Mom said you used to be good at carpentry. I want you to build a chair. Well, a chair-like thing," she giggled. "Something where a woman can sit for a long time- *comfortably*- but where the seat is cut out so a man kneeling under her can lick her pussy the whole time."

She laughed as his cock got harder than she had ever remembered. "Oh, you like that idea, huh? Well, I want you to take off work until you finish it."

"I've got a big project, I can't-"

"You will," she giggled. "Or else I'll be the first one to test your new chair! I was going to have my friend Jenny be the first- you remember her, right? Long legs, tight ass, brown hair..."

Randall's cock surged.

"Dad's always remember their daughter's friends," Selena laughed. "Anyway. Work fast and she's your test subject. Work slow and it's me. And if Mom asks, you have to tell her what you're doing, but say that it's because you want her to use the chair on you for dinner every night after I've moved out."

"Selena! Please!" he begged, his dick dying. She knew that look.

"Go ahead, you can touch it," she laughed, then laughed more as he did, stroking himself right in front of his daughter. "But no cumming until it's finished," she said, throwing on enough magic Loops for a month.

As she left her nude, stroking father in the shower, she added, "And it should go without saying- add enough straps and cuffs to the chair to keep your hands tied, your legs spread, and your junk available for the woman to tease all she wants with her feet. Use your imagination, Daddy," Selena laughed, then went to work.

With Mister Donder's keycard, Selena accessed the rarefied air of the Fourth Floor. Where not even Mr. Drew could go. She looked at the plush carpets, the uniformly attractive female secretaries, the rich paintings on the walls.

Here is where I should stay, she thought.

"Hey- you! You can't stay here!" a tall, fit man in a very expensive suit said, coming towards her. "We didn't order a new secretary! You're not supposed to be here. Leave or I'll call the head of Security!"

"I was just promoted to Middle Manager," Selena said, showing her badge. "On the track to becoming a Vice President. I thought I'd just come up and see where I'm going to be soon."

"Hardly soon," the man laughed. "You don't even look college age yet. You'd need at least an MBA to become a VP, and that takes years!"

"Do YOU have an MBA?" she asked.

"Of course," he sniffed.

Selena looked the man up and down. He was fit, striking in his looks, like a rising star. *He probably has a Porsche*, she thought.

"Okay," she said, spotting the tattoo hiding on his wrist. "You'll do."

Selena basically forced the man into the executive boardroom, but once she locked the door and stripped naked, he wasn't complaining. Especially when she stripped him and started sucking his cock like an expert. The VP was no stranger to hot young girls, but usually he had to pay top dollar for one this hot, this young, and this eager. No, he didn't complain at all. Except when she stopped sucking and guided his own hand to his cock.

They spent two days in that boardroom together, the VP remembering the major lessons of his Harvard MBA course so that Selena could soak the ideas up. They stayed naked the entire time, dressing only to go to his place that night to continue, then coming back to the office the next day and doing it again.

Of course, being naked and masturbating constantly around the young, nubile girl drove the VP crazy, especially since Selena didn't let him cum once. She did let him fuck her though, bent over the boardroom table, using his hands to grab her hips and pound her like only tattooed men could. She laughed as he kept trying to break her orgasm block Loops and she kept putting them on at the last possible second, no matter how sweaty, or close to orgasm she was. Some of her best orgasms those two days were when the VP was yelling and cursing, his glorious orgasm cut off at the last possible second, his huge dick twitching denied in her as he still fucked.

She made him lick her too, between his masturbation sessions, but then realized that he could do both at once. And still transmit his MBA knowledge. So that was another half-day and twenty orgasms for her, none for him.

Finally, naked, exhausted and sweaty on the table, Selena looked up at the equally tired VP.

"There. I know as much as you do," she panted. "Now make me a Vice President like you."

He was groaning, his cock red, infinitely hard and veins bulging. His balls too, were the size of blue eggs.

"I can't," he gasped. "VP's can't make other VP's."

"What?" Selena cried.

"Only the President can. On the fifth floor. Wait! Where are you going!"

Selena dressed, threw his clothes out the fourth-floor window, then gave the man thirty Loops and a hard smack on the balls. She was still grumbling as she stalked out.

Friday, the last day of her first week, Selena didn't even bother to tease her step-father. She just texted her friend Jenny to come over and not leave until Randall showed her his new chair. And then went straight to the fifth floor.

This was heaven, with fountains, floor-to-ceiling windows, and soft classical music playing. There was no one at all on the floor, and Selena wandered around the open floor plan in wonder. Finally she saw an attractive forty-something woman in a glass desk by one of the windows.

The woman was dressed like her, in a tight mini-skirt, heels, stockings, and a blouse, and looked confident and very fit for her age. Selena looked at the woman's striking calves and realized the other woman probably spent twice as much time at the gym than Jenny did.

"Um, excuse me," Selena said, coming up to her. "I'd like to talk to the President. Can I make an appointment through you to see him?" *So I can fuck his brains out and just become a VP already*, Selena added inside her mind.

The woman sitting at a secretary's desk laughed. Her laugh was light and musical. "I'm her. How did you get to the fifth floor of this company without knowing that?"

Selena looked the woman over.

"Fine," she said. "Whatever."

Relaxing naked under the expensive sheets of the President's private bedroom on the fifth floor, Selena sighed as the older woman, Diane, started going down on her *again*.

"I can't take any more!" Selena cried. "Five orgasms is enough!"

"That's what all my VP's have said," Diane chuckled, then inserted two fingers into Selena's pussy, making the girl gasp. "But they were all men. And usually they were talking about *my* orgasms."

"I've given you like seven!"

"Ten," Diane corrected, lapping the girl's tender clitoris again. "You want to be a VP and you can't even count?"

Selena's nipples were tingling, on fire- this orgasm might be the biggest yet! "Please!" she begged. "I can't!"

"Young kids these days," Diane chuckled, pulling out a vibrator. "They've got no staying power."

So Selena had to have another orgasm, a big one that made her scream, and had to spend another half hour between Diane's lean, beautiful legs worshipping the older woman's pussy as Diane gripped the sheets and came, twice.

And then they finally talked.

"You're a sexy girl," Diane laughed, spooning the still-tingling Selena from behind, naked bodies pressed together. "But I can't believe you made it up here on just your looks alone. Tell me how you really did it."

And Selena did, explaining how she got corporate secrets from men at each stage of the company, just from making them masturbate for her.

"And they didn't even tell you anything?" Diane demanded.

"Not much," Selena shrugged. "Some talked of their own will, but mostly, I just pulled it from their minds as they jacked off."

The blood was rushing from Diane's face. "Oh my god. If you had been hired by a competitor... our long term strategies... our secret software designs... our computer passwords... All in men's minds! They're all out there, exposed! It's such a huge security hole!"

Selena was smiling. "And I'd like to plug that hole for you."

That very day, Diane called a company wide meeting in the first floor auditorium. Selena had time to wash herself, go out for the needed supplies and change clothes, but still got to the meeting 15 minutes late. And of course, Mr. Drew was at the door, smiling.

"Gotcha. Late again, sweet cheeks. That's three. And now you're out." He reached around the large box she was carrying and grabbed her ass. "After I give you your spanking."

"Get your hands off me," she said.

He tapped his badge. "Missy, I'm the Head of Security. you've got no authority over me unless you're the-"

"New Vice President of Security!" Diane boomed from the stage. "There she is! Come on up, Selena!"

The teen laughed at Mr. Drew's shocked face. "But you've only been here a week!" he gasped.

"But wait till you see the legacy I leave," she laughed, then headed to the stage.

Selena took the mike, using all of her acquired knowledge of MBA-level speaking, technical details, management buzzwords to make a very convincing speech.

The company had a problem. Any male worker who touched himself could leak company secrets, even if they were not thinking about it. A company couldn't leak its secrets and survive in today's world. Therefore, the male masturbation problem had to be solved. Forced Procedure 501's for all male employees had a low ROI, and were illegal in the state's laws. But employee dress codes were perfectly allowed. So the curved metal chastity belts she pulled from the box she held were now part of the male dress code. And as VP of Security, she would hold the keys, allowing each married worker one supervised unlocking a week in the presence of their wives.

"The schedule for unmarried workers is still being determined," Selena said, looking at the bachelor Mr. Drew with a big grin. His face had gone white as it could, and she could sense his dick shrinking in fear.

"I will take any and all suggestions on the release schedule," she continued, "in my office on the fourth floor. After all males have worn the belts for a month. And ladies, please realize this will be a... trying... month for your co-workers. So please keep the short sexy pencil skirts, tiny sundresses, high heels, low-cut blouses and accidental panty flashes as you cross your legs to a reasonable level...hmmm?"

The women throughout the crowd tittered and laughed, and some were already looking at their male co-workers like lionesses look at deer.

"So, all male employees, if you please, go out the door to your right and the nurses will start fitting you for your new, semi-permanent belts. Or go out the door to your left, where you will be processed for layoffs. But in the current job market..." Selena grinned, dangling the chastity belt off her finger as she looked at Diane, "your management team is confident you'll make the right choice."

The Games Girls Play 3: Girl Time!

"So," Selena giggled, flipping the page of her fashion magazine, "how's your little brother doing?"

The three girls were laying about Selena's bedroom, wearing as little as possible because of the summer heat.

"He's fine," Jenny said, reading crossed-legged on the floor in tiny shorts and a cropped t-shirt that exposed her flat abs.

"No, how's he *doing*," Selena laughed, making a jack-off gesture as she sat on her bed. "After his Willy Wanker?"

Jenny shrugged, laying back and stretching her long legs. Her shorts covered only from her hip bones to ass, leaving the rest of her toned legs bare and her shirt stopped above her bellybutton. "Oh, he gets painful boners every now and then," the teen laughed. "Especially in the morning. But other than that, I actually kinda forgot about it."

"Bullshit," Stacy giggled. The tiny strawberry blond was curled up on Selena's papa-san in just panties, her sundress a puddle on the floor.

"No, really," Jenny said. "With college applications then prom then graduation, I haven't thought about Brad in like weeks."

The raven-haired Selena leaned forward on the bed, her cutoff t-shirt covering the top three-quarters of her high, firm C-cups. "You've got your little brother's cock and balls completely sealed up and at your mercy," she demanded, "and you aren't doing *anything* to make him squirm?"

Jenny smirked. "Well, I *may* send him a few psychic tickles one or two nights a week as he's trying to fall sleep. Just to remind him who's the boss. Like the other day, I caught him checking out my ass when I was trying on string bikinis, just because I forgot to close my door!"

"Perv," Stacy giggled.

"Yeah! So that night I gave him like the hardest boner ever, for thirty minutes straight. I swear I could hear him whimpering all the way from my room." Jenny sighed, then her smirk turned into a frown. "But honestly, now that he can't even touch himself, there's no challenge anymore. Half the fun of even having Powers was catching him secretly jerking off and teasing him about it!"

"I don't know," Stacy giggled. The nipples on her A-cups were hard pink nubs and she was squeezing her thighs together. "Having a boy's orgasms right in the palm of your hand, and making him wait, and wait and wait..." She shivered. "I still think that's the hottest thing ever!"

Jenny shrugged. "It was, for like the first two months. But now Brad just folds if we even start having an argument. And he's already doing all my chores. And he's not always bugging me to let him touch himself like he used to. He asks me to spurt once a week like he's allowed to, and if I say no, he just goes away and sulks." Her frown got even deeper. "It's kind of boring actually."

The girls pondered this dilemma in silence for a few moments.

"Hey," Stacy said, "you know what we should do? I was reading ahead in one of my Psych books for next year and there was this Chinese scientist named Pavlov who like conditioned dogs to drool every time he like, rang a bell or something. We could spend the summer conditioning Brad like that!"

"Maybe we could only let him cum if he was sucking on our toes," Selena laughed, sticking her curvy leg out and wiggling her purple-painted toenails. "It would be *hilarious* if we could give Brad a huge foot fetish before we leave for college."

"He already has one of those!" Jenny laughed, raising her head to check out her own slim feet as she slid one on top of the other. "Why do you think I make him kiss these guys whenever he's asking for permission to spurt? I'm his sister and the perv *still* gets super hard- it's SO funny."

All three girls laughed, each imagining ways they could tease Jenny's brother with their bare feet in the coming week. Then Stacy sat straight up in the papa-san.

"Ohh! I know! We could like, show him all these pictures of hot, naked hunks while using our Powers on him!" the topless girl exclaimed. "And then he'd pop a boner every time he showers with the other football players! Maybe we can even make him drool whenever he sees a hard cock, just like Pavlov's dogs!"

"And force him to dress up in girly clothes," Selena laughed. "He's got a slim body for a guy- if you put a wig and short skirt on him, he might make a pretty cute chick."

Jenny waved them off. "Come on guys. I don't want to make my little brother gay."

"Who's talking about full-on gay?" Selena laughed. "I'm just talking about giving Brad a little... *itch*."

"Yeah!" Stacy agreed, bouncing up and down. "A little itch!"

Jenny shook her head. "This seems mean, even for us..."

Selena leaned over the side of the bed to look down at Jenny. "Come on, you know we won't take it too far. But just imagine Brad looking down at a pair of your panties and *dying* to try them on, even though he knows he shouldn't!"

"That's SO much more embarrassing to catch him doing!" Stacy laughed.

The thought DID make Jenny tingle, from the tips of the fingers she used to cast her psychic sex Powers, to her hard, sensitive young nipples, to that warm, secret spot right between her thighs. She smiled.

"Okay, let's do it."

The girls did a little research about conditioning and about Powers. They found a great website where sisters shared stories of feminizing their brothers.

Some little sisters, when their Powers hit, would get revenge for years of being teased by cutting off their brother's orgasms until he agreed to shave his legs and let them photograph him wearing cute panties. Their cocky older brothers were usually much nicer after that.

Older sisters usually took it much farther, Looping their younger brothers right as their sperm came in, and forcibly dressing him in panties, frilly dresses, wigs and make-up until no one could tell it wasn't a young girl. Stronger physically, stronger mentally, and with Powers at their disposal, the older sisters would force the boys to dress like a young lady until he gave in and started acting like one. Some boys took weeks, some months. Then those older sisters happily tucked their younger sibling's penises deep into panties and dressed him in ultra-feminine skirts, heels and slinky clothes all through high-school, college and even beyond, enjoying having the younger sister they always wanted.

But Jenny, Selena and Stacy agreed that wasn't the way they wanted to go. Any of them could have gotten Brad hard, frozen him in midair with Powers and replaced his boy clothes with girly ones to take a few pictures. But the real fun, all three teenagers agreed, was in making Brad *want* to become more feminine and to watch him struggle against his male ego as he did.

That unique requirement and a string of odd Google searches first led them to information about Madame Risa. Stacy found it first, on her smartphone, and she jumped forward and gave Jenny a spank right on her tight ass.

"Hey, look at this!" the blond said. "This Russian scientist invented some sort of Powers potion that slowly makes boys more and more girly. And she lives kinda close to here!"

"Another Russian, just like Pavlov?" Jenny said, taking the phone. She looked up. "She's Hungarian! Not everyone east of Germany is a Russian, you slut."

Stacey's crossed her arms over her bare breasts, blushing. "Pavlov SOUNDED Chinese, okay? Anyway, just read it what the potion does! It sounds perfect."

Selena gathered behind Jenny, reading over her shoulder. "It does. Can you buy it on-line?"

"No," Jenny said. "You have to go meet her in person at ... The Club."

"All right!" Selena whooped, jumping off the bed. She flung off her shirt and shorts, then started to look through her closet wearing just her white thong. "I've got the perfect clubbing

outfit!" she said, pulling out a pair of strappy open heels. Then she started flipping through dresses, each shorter and more revealing than the last. "Now where did it go?"

Jenny was reading ahead. "I don't think it's that type of club, Selena..."

They were both half right. The Club was in a seedier, more vacant part of downtown, but the dance music thumping through the walls was exactly what Selena had dressed for, her great tits almost spilling out her tight dress on top and her round ass peeking out the bottom every time she swirled on her black fuck-me heels.

Jenny was wearing a tied off shirt to show off her flat tummy and tight Capri pants ripped strategically over her ass and thighs, so the boys could look, but not touch, her charms. But she wore low sandals which at least looked half-way professional.

Stacy was wearing some sort of fur-lined bikini and fishnet stockings-moon boots combo that even Selena rolled her eyes about.

But what was more important right now was the muscle-bound Mexican bouncer wearing black leather, who stood with his tattooed arms crossed in front of the door. "No way," he said as they approached. "You girls don't even look eighteen, forget twenty-one. Get the hell out of here."

"But we are eighteen, all of us," Selena said, clicking up to him on her heels with a smile. "And that means we can all do a little thing with our fingers that will make ANY man get out of our way." She wiggled her fingertips at him.

The bouncer did frown, clenching his stomach as Selena's fingers did their sensual magic on his male parts, but he didn't move from the door. "Baby," he grunted, "you can squeeze my balls until they fall OFF, but I'm not letting any of you jail-baits into my club."

"Oh really?" Selena giggled, adding her other hand.

He grinned, even as the cock running down one leg of his jeans strained mightily to erect. "Really. Now quit it before I have *my* girls come out to stomp your ass." Selena went white and dropped her hands.

"Sir, please," Jenny said. "We came to meet Madame Risa. Just for a few minutes. That's all we want. Please?"

His eyes narrowed as he looked her over. Jenny could hear his arousal growing as he took in her bare stomach and peeks of legs. She gave him her best pleading smile, and he sighed. "Which one of you fools is the *closest* to being twenty-one?" he said.

The girls looked at each other, and then Jenny slowly raised her hand. The bouncer unhooked the velvet rope. "Go in. Go straight to the back for Miss Risa. Five minutes. And if I see you take one step towards the bar or even look at a drink someone set down, I'll pull down your pants in the middle of the club and give you a bare-ass spanking so hard your little teenage butt will be red for a week after- capiche?"

Jenny gulped, but gave him a smile and a salute. "Yes sir!" she giggled. "Thank you!"

The bouncer motioned inside with his head. "Go on," he said. But as she walked by, his hand flashed out and gave her a solid spank right on her ass. Jenny squealed and turned in shock, holding her stinging butt cheek.

"One to grow on, jailbait," he said with a grin and an erection, and Jenny was blushing as she stepped inside.

The inside of The Club was dark, loud and... sexual, Jenny realized, blushing harder. The sexual energies vibrated her spine just like the thumping bass did. And no one would even notice if the bouncer spanked her in the middle of this club- two college-age men were being spanked over their pants by a laughing group of cougars to her right and a hot Japanese girl Jenny's age was happily bending over a stool and flipping up her dress to let some business men redden her ass to Jenny's left.

Many other people were drunkenly making out, hands up shirts and down pants all over the club. A few people were even dancing.

Jenny felt the same tingle between her thighs that usually predicted needing to masturbate later and hurried towards the back of the club.

Madame Risa turned out to be a thin brown-haired woman in her forties with sharp eyes, a sharp smile, and movements like rolling water. "So you want a lotion, young girl? Which one?"

"Yes, a Magic potion. One to make my brother's feminine side a little stronger."

Madame Risa raised one eyebrow. "Against his will?"

Jenny blushed. There was that tingle again! "Yes."

"That is always the most fun. For hundreds of years my Gypsy foremothers were known to cast such curses. Maybe truth. Maybe story. But now, with Magic again in the world...". She handed the teen a tall plastic bottle with a grin. "It is a science. I run this club so I can channel the energies into my chemicals."

"So, do we just get him to drink this potion, and..."

"Maybe typo on website. Lotion. Lotion. If you rub it on his body, slowly he will feel a need to be more feminine. A little itch." She smiled. "But if he rubs it on himself... he changes much faster. You may have a little sister!" The sexy gypsy laughed. "But- very important!"

Jenny was nervous. The sexual energies coursing through the club were making her soak her cotton panties. And how many of her five minutes had she used? If the bouncer spanked her now- she might just cum! "Yes? What?"

"It does not work on all boys," Madame Risa warned. "They must want to change. Just a little bit, maybe hidden deep, but they must want to be sissy. He must think feminine thoughts while lotion is applied. He must think of sissy things when he touches himself at night. Else the change will not happen."

"Okay. Thank you very much! I've got to go-"

"Oh- very important!"

Jenny pressed her thighs together urgently. "What!"

"Only one rub a day. And the final rule- once you start down this path, do not feed him after midnight!"

The force of the gypsy's conviction made Jenny shake. "Why not? What will happen?"

"Late at night the metabolism slows. Any food goes straight to his thighs. No one likes a chunky sissy."

"Fine, thank you," Jenny gasped.

As she turned to leave the gypsy said, "I also have a cream which makes a person not able to wear clothes where ever the cream is rubbed. Some women use their own Magic for this on men. I find cream easier, and works on both sexes. You would like this as well?"

Jenny bit her lip and looked at the small red tube the gypsy was offering. The teenager could feel her juices sliding down her thighs now. Brad was in for a rough night, because Jenny was planning on masturbating twice to get this rush out of her system! She gulped. "Yeah. I'll take that one too."

Madame Risa smiled and added the tube to Jenny's bag. "Very good. Three hundred dollars total." As Jenny paid with trembling fingers, the gypsy laughed. "You will have much fun sissyfying your brother, this I can see. Oh, and tell your friend, if she tries to use Magic on my bouncer again, I will punch her in the cunt."

The girls made a quick plan on the cab ride back, and Jenny's part came first. She, however, came twice in her bed that night thinking of it, and smiled as she felt Brad twisting in his bed, his cock vibrating just like her dildo did. In a sudden fit of naughtiness, Jenny licked her vibrator clean between her orgasms and forced Brad's cock to feel every wet suck.

His desperate moans and his full, tight, helpless balls rumbling in her ears made her second climax come faster and so much sweeter. *Why HAVEN'T I been doing this every night*, she giggled,

then gave her vibrator and Brad's steel hard cock a lick and kiss good night before falling deep asleep.

Waking the next morning, Jenny blushed as she remembered her actions. Had she really licked her dildo and made Brad feel it? Was that anything like- ewwww- actually licking her brother's penis? She had never even touched it with skin in her life, only with Powers. And then she mostly just tickled his balls and watched him squirm. And hit his orgasm trigger directly after a few minutes, if she was being nice.

Jenny sensed Brad's morning wood spring painfully to life and she scrambled out of bed, shelving those thoughts as she recalled the plan. She picked up the phone to their Powers doctor.

Brad groaned when heard his door open. He rolled to his side and bunched the blanket around his hard, dripping cock. "Please, Jenny! No more."

"Oh relax," she giggled, skipping in wearing just a short nightshirt. "I'm sorry about last night- I just got really horny, you know?" She laughed and plopped down on Brad's bed while letting her sleepshirt ride up to show her hipbone and all of her long, toned legs. "And I'm here to help you with your problem. Flip over!"

Brad frowned and flipped onto his stomach.

"Shorts off, little brother!" she giggled.

Brad groaned and did, blushing as he bared his ass to his big sister yet again. She tossed his boxers far away, making him feel even more nude. Jenny warmed a big squeeze of pink lotion from the gypsy's bottle between her hands as she talked. "I really am sorry about last night. So I wanted to rub you down with my special lotion, the one I use when I want to feel like a pampered princess and extra super *girly*."

As she stressed the last word, Jenny pressed her two lotioned hands on Brad's spine, right above his ass. "Now, doesn't that feel the best?" she asked, then held her breath.

Brad didn't catch fire or leap away. He actually pushed into her hands a little, even as he complained, "But I don't want to feel girly."

Jenny pressed harder, above his hips, kneading the muscles lovingly. "But isn't this where it hurts, when you've been hard for *hours* with no way to get release? Isn't this right where your mean boy balls make "you ache?"

Brad gulped, still pushing back against her hands. "Yeah."

"And doesn't my rubbing make it a little better? Relieve the stress in your back from your nasty hard-on?"

He nodded, settling face down on the bed. "Yeah."

"I know it does," Jenny giggled, because the Powers doctor had told her that earlier. Among other things. "So we'll do this every morning! I'll come in and ease your aching back and we'll just talk. A little bonding time between us girls."

"I'm not a girl!" Brad said, tensing up, but then began relaxing under her touch again almost immediately.

"You'd be better off as one," Jenny giggled. Her fingers felt warm and tingly, just like they did when she was casting a spell! "When girls are horny, we don't have something sticking out in front of us for everyone to laugh at! Or to hurt our backs like your boner does." She gave his ass a loving squeeze. "And we can do something about our horniness, any time we want! In bed, in the shower, under my skirt at school..."

"Ow! Jenny!"

"Oh, are your mean balls making your back hurt again? See Brad? Sometimes I wish I could just flip a switch and make you a girl for a day. A sexy girl with long silky hair, soft skin and a nice full set of titties you could reach up and rub anytime you wanted! Wouldn't that be awesome for just one day?"

Jenny noticed that her brother wasn't saying a thing. She moved her slick lotioned hands lower, right onto Brad's nude buns. She kneaded the muscle, but also helped his cock slide up and down against the soft sheets under him.

"I said, doesn't this feel awesome?"

"Yeah," Brad gulped, mouth dry.

She kneaded deeper and longer, smiling as she heard his orgasm approaching and his heartbeat rise. "Don't worry," she giggled. "I won't let you mess the bed. I'll stop if you're close." Brad groaned but she did feel his muscles relax.

She added more lotion to her hands and kept rubbing his hard butt, forcing her little brother to hump his bed. "You know, Selena's butt is just like this," she said, using Powers to start pressing on his orgasm trigger gently at first, but then harder and harder. "Round but firm. All the basketball players love it!" Brad held his breath as he got closer... "Shave your legs and maybe they won't be able to tell the difference!"

"Jenny, quit it!" her blushing brother said, pushing her away. "Alright, I'm getting up!"

"You certainly are!" Jenny laughed, pointing at Brad's painful, dripping erection that became visible when he stood. "Like the thought of men checking out your ass, Brad?"

"No!" he said, blushing horribly. "This is your fault! You never let me cum at all and then you put that spell on me so I can't even touch myself-" Brad stopped talking because, for the first time in four months, his hand was wrapped around his own erection. He looked up in wonder. "What did you do?"

"I had your Powers doctor tell me the secret code spell to lift your Willy Wanker. Temporarily," she added, when his eyes got too big. She smiled. "I think I've been too rough on you lately. You're not tough enough to take the abuse all the other boys get. So I'm probably going to let you touch yourself twice a week until I go off to college." She shrugged. "Then, I might leave you free to do as you wish. Now, what were you saying about me being a mean sister?"

"Nothing! Thank you Jenny!"

Brad fell to his knees to try and kiss her feet, but Jenny giggled and skipped backwards, always out of his reach. She finally let his lips kiss her toes after he had crawled all the way across his room.

"Please! You're the best big sister in the world!" he cried, showering her soft arches with kisses. "May I make a disgusting boy spurt right now?"

"Maaaaaybe," Jenny giggled, turning her feet so he could kiss all sides of them, which he did. She smiled as his cock started dripping. "But only if you admit that being a girl for a day might be fun for you. I want to hear you say it."

Brad blushed and looked up. "Are you recording this?"

"No," she said, rolling her eyes. "I wouldn't embarrass you like that!" She sighed. "Look, I know it's not even scientifically possible. But just hearing you say you've thought about being a hot, flexible girl with smooth legs and nice bouncing titties, I don't know, makes me happy for some reason." She giggled and tapped Brad gently on the nose with one finger. "And happy big sisters let their little brothers cum more often!"

"Fine," Brad said. "I admit it. It might be fun being a hot girl- for one day."

Jenny bent over and giggled into his ear. "Have fun with that boner! I'm going to the mall!"

She turned and walked out of the room, but as Brad jumped onto the bed, hard cock in his hand, Jenny stepped back in, right after he had started stroking. His cheeks turned beet red as Jenny giggled and looked anywhere she pleased.

"Enjoy your one minute of pleasure, little bro! That's the other best thing about being a girl: multiple orgasms! Each one stronger and longer than any one boys have!"

She left the door open just to make him worry about their Mom catching him so he would stroke more urgently. Jenny giggled from her room, reading his thoughts for the entire thirty seconds it took Brad to explode all over his chest. The thought of being a sexy girl definitely snuck in there. She texted the girls: "Stage one: complete!"

Brad would get too suspicious if Jenny did all the conditioning, so stage two of the plan was Stacy's.

Jenny did her back and butt massage on him the next morning, making 'girl talk' about fashion as he squirmed and got hard, but then she denied Brad's cum request and really did go to the mall. A few hours later, Stacy called their house.

"Hey sexy," she giggled when Brad answered. "Your sis home? I can't get her cell."

"No, she's at the mall. I guess she's in some stupid hallway with no signal so something," Brad grumbled. Because Jenny had been right; just the one quick orgasm yesterday hadn't satisfied him. His balls were hurting him again. And hearing the musical giggles of the very petite, very flexible blond girl that had taken his virginity made his pants get very tight.

"Well that sucks," Stacy giggled. "Because I just did a bunch of ecstasy, and now I don't have any girlfriends to skip around naked in the backyard with me!" She grinned as her Powers heard him adjust his growing cock in his pants. "I'll rub up against ANYTHING when I'm on ecstasy, Brad! So I always call your sister and we laugh and rub and spoon naked in my backyard and it's so safe because there's no way I'll get pregnant from that!"

Brad had to unzip and let his cock spring free- it hurt too much!

"But I gotta rub up against SOMEONE! I'm tingling all over! Do you know any sexy girls I can call., Brad?"

"Stay where you are," he said. "You shouldn't be alone now. It's uh, not safe! I'm coming over."

"Okey-dokey," Stacy giggled, then hung up.

Brad found Stacy's door open. He locked it behind him, to be safe. "Stacy? Hello?"

"Back here sexy!"

Brad followed the voice to the private backyard and found Stacy playing in a sprinkler, wearing just a tiny pair of panties. She shook her dripping strawberry blond hair and skipped up to Brad, her bare pink nipples hard as diamonds and her panties soaked and clinging to her bare pussy like saran wrap. She stopped three feet away and smiled at him goofily.

Stacy wasn't on ecstasy right now, but had taken enough over the years to do a *great* impression.

"Stacy, I um-wow-" Brad gulped, reaching for her.

"STOP!" she giggled, loud enough to freeze him. "No boy may enter the faerie kingdom wearing clothes! So says I, the faerie queen!"

"Stacy, come on," he said, already painfully hard in his shorts. She looked so fuckable, barely a hundred pounds dripping wet and practically nude before him. "You're wearing something- why can't I?"

"Only *girls* wear panties. Do you want to wear panties, Brad?"

"No," he gulped, watching her pull the sides of her micro-panties up and down to almost show off the first pussy Brad had ever licked. Also, the only pussy he had ever licked. His mouth started watering.

"Come *on* Brad!" she begged, rubbing her hands up and down her nude thighs, ass, ribs and tits, pressing her knees together in need as she stood. "The E won't last forever!"

Brad threw off his shoes and socks, then his shirt. He looked up at her, but Stacy was biting her lip and squirming in place, pulling on her nipples watching him, so he went ahead and dropped his shorts and underwear and stood fully nude in front of her.

"Yaaaa!" she cheered, then grabbed Brad's diamond hard cock with her tiny hand and pulled him forward.

"Oh Stacy, fuck-"

"Jump through the fairy portal Brad!" she giggled, pulling him through the lawn sprinkler. "Jump!"

Her soft hand felt like magic on his erection so he did, jumping to follow her through the cold, ticklish spray.

"Again!" she laughed, giving him two strokes on his cock and then jumping through the sprinkler the other way, cock still in hand. Brad turned and followed with a one-foot hop. "Again! Again!"

It would have been the gayest thing Brad could have imagined, jumping buck naked through a little lawn sprinkler, if there hadn't been a near-nude gymnast laughing and stroking his cock after every jump. He hopped the sprinkler as much as Stacy wanted, his balls getting tighter with each stroke.

"Yeaaaa! Now you're in the fairy kingdom!" she giggled, letting go of his dick but throwing her arms around his neck. She gave him a huge kiss and started grinding her wet body against his.

Brad's erection went everywhere, pressing against her soft belly, sliding between her warm thighs and pushing against the thin cloth over her pussy. He cupped her tiny ass in one hand and lifted her, playing with her breast with his other. Stacy wrapped her legs around his and kissed him for a few more moments, then laughed and jumped off him.

"The faerie queen says- it's time for tag!" she laughed and dashed away.

Brad followed, his chase instinct kicking in. Stacy squealed and squirmed out of his grip each time he got close, her wet body slippery. Just watching her little form dance in front of him, the tendons in her slim legs showing as she skipped away, her little titties bouncing as she ran, the water clinging to her freckled shoulders and tight, tiny ass-

"Stacy please! I have to cum!"

"Catch me first!" she giggled, and Brad did, lunging and clamping down on her arm, hard.

"OW! Brad! TOO ROUGH!" Stacy slapped her bare thigh and Brad felt it in his balls.

He let go and fell to one knee, doubled over. Stacy shook a finger at him. "You have to be *gentle* in the fairy kingdom! I order it!"

"Stacy, I'm sorry..."

"It's okay! I forgive you!" She pecked him on the lips. "Now *you're* it! Run!"

His balls still ached but then Brad felt a phantom mouth sucking his cock. Well, just the tip of it. He raised up to get more of his shaft into the warm heaven and it was, for a second. Then it raised and so did he, until Brad was standing. He looked at Stacy, who was sucking her finger in her mouth.

"Faerie tag!" she giggled. "Go forward if you want more!"

It was true- with every step forward, Brad's cock slid into a warm, eager mouth for just an instant! First he jogged, then ran in circles around the yard trying to get enough sensation to cum. Stacy chased after him, laughing.

"If I tag you, it stops!" she squealed.

That really made him move. But it wasn't like running sprints at football practice. Without shoes, every pebble on the ground made him wince and pull up. Without clothes, every low scratchy branch made Brad shy away. His bouncing rock-hard erection and tightening balls made him run increasingly bow-legged, and Stacy would snap her finger every few steps to give him a bee-sting hard psychic pinch on the ass, laughing as he yelped and jumped.

Eighteen year old Brad Poole wasn't running around the backyard so much as he was *prancing*.

"There you go, fairy!" Stacy laughed at the nude boy. "Wheee!"

"Stacy, please!" he panted, just a few steps ahead of her. "I can't- phew- take any morEEEE! Please let me CUM! Ahhh!"

"Too slow!" she yelled, slapping a hard spank on Brad's ass. The hot, talented, swirling tongue around his cock evaporated instantly.

"Nooo!" he whined, stamping his feet. "Please, just a few seconds-"

The tiny girl gave Brad another two hard swats on the ass. "No whining in fairyland! Your punishment... thirty seconds of tickles!"

"NO! Stacy, I'm VERY tick-"

But her fingers were already on their way, finding the most sensitive spots on his ribs, thighs, and every now and then, around the head of his cock. Brad gasped, trying to get away, but she was too nimble. And he was afraid to roughly push her away. Brad tried to tickle back and got a few

giggles, but her skin seemed to be made of unfeeling steel. He toppled to the ground but she followed.

Macho, masculine Brad Poole was having a tickle fight, naked, under the open sun. And he was losing.

"No, stop! Pleeese! Pleeese!" he gasped, struggling to breathe.

"Say Uncle!"

"Uncle!"

"Beg for your Fairy Queen's mercy!"

"Please- Stacy!" Brad squealed. Stacy's fingers were finding every ticklish spot on him- he couldn't inhale- his face was turning blue. "Mercy! Mercy!"

"Say you'll never be as strong as me!"

"No!"

One set of her fingernails switched from tickling his ribs to tickling his huge tight blue balls, which was just as electrifying. Brad lay on his back, thrashing, as Stacy knelt between his legs and tickled the helpless boy where ever she pleased. "Say it!"

"Aahhhhh-eeee! No!" he cried, his voice going high. He was going to pass out and cum at the exact same moment-

"Stacy?" an older female voice called from the house. "Are you okay back there?"

The teen threw herself forward to slap both hands over Brad's mouth. The trunk of a large oak tree shielded them from the house, but only if they stayed where they were. Pressing her naked, wet body onto his, Stacy replied, "Yeah Mom! I'm just having a tickle fight with a girlfriend!"

"I guessed that," the older voice said. "I could hear you two girls squealing all the way from the driveway!" Stacy suppressed a giggle as Brad blushed. "Who's your little friend?"

Stacy gave him a look and Brad blushed even more. Coughing and then tightening his throat, Brad answered in a high, girlish falsetto. "My name's Brandi, Ma'am!"

"Well, nice to meet you Brandi. Don't let Stacy be too rough on you- I've seen girls leave with red marks ALL over their bodies after tickle fights with Stacy!"

"No Ma'am!" Brad said in his girl voice, as Stacy was turning red with suppressed giggles. "I won't!"

Stacy's mother picked her groceries up again and stopped just before going inside. "Girls? Are you sure it's just the two of you back there? I can sense a um... very 'excited' boy in that direction."

Brad's eyes got huge as he looked down at his twitching cock rubbing against the tight vise of Stacy's thighs. If her mother took just a few steps to either side of the oak tree...

"Oh, it's probably Wesley from next door," Stacy said. "We're in just our panties back here, Mom, and you know how he likes to peep! The perv!" She gave Brad a strong look and a quick squeeze to the balls.

"Yeah!" he agreed in his high voice, blushing deep red. "Boys are pervs!"

The mother chuckled. "Yes they are. I'll give Wesley's mother a call right now so he gets a good spanking. You girls need anything else?"

"No Ma'am!" they answered in unison. Stacy and Brad heard the backyard door close and they finally relaxed. But Stacy kept lying on top of him, almost nude.

"You do such a good girl voice!" she giggled into his ear.

He coughed to deepen it. "Shut u-"

"Shhh! She could have the windows open!"

Brad whispered in his girl voice, his fingers pulling at the tiny shred of panties around her waist. "Stacy, let me cum, please! I need it *so* badly!"

"Oh, she'd definitely sense that," the tiny blond said, then snuggled into his arms, rubbing her skin along his like a cat settling in for a long nap. She made sure to press the warm, wet, barely guarded entry to her pussy against his cockhead multiple times. "Let's just snuggle for now, 'Brandi'! The E will wear off in a few minutes."

So Brad had to endure holding the near-naked girl in his arms, feeling her tiny ass and smooth back as his cock throbbed between her legs, untouched. His balls ached and every now and then

Stacy would giggle and psychically tickle them with her fingers as she rubbed her tits against his chest and nibbled his neck.

After she finally 'came down', Stacy got Brad's clothes so he could hop the back fence. Then she lay in the warm sun with her senses wide open. She giggled as she felt Brad drive his blue balls to what he thought was a safe distance away, and then pull over and whip out his desperate cock right in his car.

Jenny's orgasm block held firm, but Stacy watched Brad fight to not fantasize about prancing and skipping around naked in the backyard with her as he masturbated- and lose. His fantasy was almost as girlish as what they had really done. She found her phone and texted the girls while she giggled: "Stage Two- complete!"

Jenny denied his cum request the next morning, and the next. But she kept applying the lotion as thick as ever, now doing two coats from his shoulders all the way to his feet each morning. Halfway through the first coat, Brad would always start sporting a huge hard-on as Jenny chattered away about clothes or boys. He still didn't join the 'girl talk', but she loved how embarrassed he would get, unable to stop getting harder as she talked about which football players had the cutest ass.

That's when Jenny called Selena to start Stage Three.

Because, of all the girls, Selena dressed the most femme, especially after starting her summer internship. She came over to Jenny's house right from work, dressed in her usual cute half-jacket, white blouse and tight pencil skirt. And she couldn't forget the garter belt, sheer black stockings and open stiletto heels.

The girls made sure Brad was within earshot when Selena collapsed into a chair in the kitchen and said, "I swear, Jenny, if I could find a man to rub my feet after wearing these heels all day, I would blow him! And don't get me started on the laundry?"

"What about the laundry?" Jenny asked innocently, almost feeling her brother eavesdropping from the next room.

"I've got so many thongs and panties and bras and stockings to wash every week- it's too much!" Selena said, loudly and clearly. "I'm not kidding- I don't care if he takes me to dinner or not. I'll totally give oral sex to a guy if he just offers to do my laundry for me on a date!"

"Well, good luck with that," Jenny giggled. "All the maids in this neighborhood are old Mexican ladies."

Then the girls started chatting about other things as they ate chocolate chip cookies and milk, knowing the hook had been set. They could hear Brad getting half hard thinking about it in the next room.

After an hour and a few cookies, Selena made noises like she was going to leave. She held her briefcase in one hand and her heels in the other, walking to the door in her stockinged feet. "Really, Jenny, my feet are killing me! Just a quick rub before I drive home?"

"Maybe later," Jenny laughed, and then conveniently disappeared to her room. Selena made a loud huff as she sat on the foyer chair and started putting on her heels. And just like magic, Brad showed up.

"Hey Selena."

"Hey sexy," she sighed, strapping her shoes on.

"So, uh...you going home?"

"Yeah."

"Hey, I wasn't doing anything right now... do you need me to help you with anything?"

Selena laughed. "I do have three loads of laundry stacked up. But it's all girly things- you wouldn't even know what to do with them."

Brad shrugged. "I could learn."

"I don't kno-ahhh!" she started, then winced when her heels pinched her. Brad was on his knees in an instant, rubbing her silky sole and arch with his hands.

"Here, let me!"

"Oh, Brad..." she purred, smiling and leaning back in the chair. She extended her leg so he could get a better grip on her foot. And so he could peek up her skirt a little. "How did you know?"

His cock was half-hard as Selena drove him to her apartment in her new convertible sportscar.

"Quit peeking at my garter belt, Brad!" she laughed. "I know it shows every time I switch gears!"

"Sorry!" he gulped, trying to look away from how her curvy, feminine legs looked in stockings as they worked the pedals and her skirt rode higher and higher. "Sorry!" He looked out his window. "So, ah, what kind of car is this?"

"Audi A6. My summer job gave it to me."

"What kind of job do you have?!?"

"I'm the Vice President of Security."

His eyes bugged out. "What? How?"

"Long story," she laughed. "But they say always dress for the job you want, so I did!"

This tricked Brad's eyes into checking out her skirt again, which she had pulled even higher up her thighs when Brad hadn't been looking. He got many, many flashes of her stocking tips, garters and even a hint of her panties for the rest of the drive, and Selena smiled as his cock just got harder and harder.

Selena dropped her briefcase inside her door and flopped onto the couch. "Laundry's in the bedroom. Washing machine's in the kitchen," she said, turning on the TV.

Brad stood, confused. "But..."

"Thanks SO much for doing the laundry, Brad. It's been SO long since I've had a night to just lay back and kick up my feet." Which she did onto the coffee table, giving Brad another great view of all of her teen legs in their sexy sheer stockings.

"No problem," the boy gulped, and started towards her bedroom. He came out a minute later, a huge jumble of mis-matched clothes in his arms and looked down at the ten settings on the washing machine. "So... do I just throw them all in at once or..."

"Oh my god," Selena sighed. "Have you never done Jenny's laundry before?"

"I just put her jeans and t-shirts in with mine. This stuff is so..."

"Elegant," she finished. "Feminine. Classy. And most of all, EXPENSIVE." She got up from the couch and came over to Brad. "First of all, these jackets are dry clean only," she said, taking off the half-jacket she wore and pointing at the two more Brad held. "Hang them in my closet. They're haute-couture."

"Oh, okay."

"Haute-couture means *high fashion*, so if you tear them you'll have to hold nude car washes for the rest of the summer to pay them off!"

"Fine, fine," Brad said, blushing as he remembered the hot Saturday where all the neighborhood women and half his female classmates had seen him nude and hard.

"Next, separate my silk shirts from the pile," she said as he returned. "Notice how the buttons are on the other side compared to yours? That's because proper ladies used to have servants to dress them. Made it easier for the servant to take it off. Oh, don't forget this shirt, Brad," she said, pulling on the one she wore with a grin.

Brad gulped. "Um... okay..." he said, standing up and starting to unbutton Selena's shirt with nervous fingers.

"See? Isn't that easy to take off?" Selena asked as her bra came into view, smiling because Brad was starting to painfully tent his pants again. He nodded, red-faced. "Toss all the shirts in. Hot. Gentle cycle."

Brad did, and Selena said, "Now, prepare for your next load. Skirts. Just like this one!" She wiggled her hips and Brad couldn't look away from how the tight pencil skirt clung to her ass until she laughed, "Come on! Separate them from the pile!"

"I always wear skirts to work instead of pants," she said as Brad dug through the pile. "Know why?"

"No." And when Brad looked up, she was sitting on her couch.

"Because with the right skirt, I can pull the hem down and be innocent and demure when I want, or I can make the hem ride up so EVERY man in the office wants me." She demonstrated as Brad watched, crossing her legs demurely, and then in a way that made his erection clench. "I can control how horny you are, by just how I cross my legs!" Selena giggled. "You can't do any of that with your bulky boy clothes, can you?" He shook his head, fully erect in his pants. Selena laughed and stood up. "Don't forget THIS skirt, Brad."

Brad gulped as he walked over to the shirtless girl and looked at her curvy hips. "Umm, there's no buttons or..."

"The zipper's in the back, silly!" She turned to present her round ass and Brad's fingers shook even more as he unzipped her skirt and she stepped out of it, to stand before him in just her bra, panties, garters and stockings. "Put those aside," she giggled. "The best parts of doing my laundry are still coming up!"

Brad's hard-on ached whenever he moved or bent now, as his tight shorts gave it no room. Selena crossed her ankles and posed in her underwear for him, making his pain worse. "Up next: stockings! Separate them from the pile!"

"You mean these pantyhose things?"

"Pantyhose are what women like your mother wear, to make their legs look smooth and young again," she said, tossing her hair. "Stockings are what *I* wear, because just a little bit of lace high up on my thigh makes every man into a nervous boner boy again. Just like you in the car, remember?"

"That wasn't- ow!" Brad had to adjust the iron bar in his pants. If the pile of soft girly underwear he was sorting through didn't make it throb, the young woman standing over him wearing just them did.

"I can hear your little boner popping in your pants," she laughed, and Brad blushed even more. "Do you like how silky those stockings feel in your hands? American soldiers in World War II used to give them as gifts to French women to try and get laid, you know. Or maybe they just stroked the stockings in the trenches and jacked off."

"I got them," Brad grumbled, collecting the stockings all together. "Now what?"

"Those you have to hand wash. Run a little bath for them in the sink, a dash of soap, and scrub scrub scrub! I'll be watching TV," she giggled.

Brad grunted and started towards the sink but then she stood with one foot up on her coffee table and said, "Don't forget about THESE stockings, Brad."

Brad thought he might cum in his shorts. His fingers touched her thigh- her actual, warm, soft thigh, as he fumbled with the catches on her garters. "Slowly or they'll tear," she giggled as he finally got the clasps undone. "Girly clothes are so much more delicate than boy clothes. But they feel sexier, don't you think?" Brad nodded as he slowly dragged the silk down her baby-smooth leg and off her little feet. "Now the other leg," she laughed.

Brad had a spot of pre-cum on his shorts now, which only got larger as he went to the sink and started hand washing the silk stockings. Selena relaxed on the couch in just her bra and thong, and each time he saw her move or stretch, Brad had to press his erection up against the counter, just to feel something against it.

The washer stopped and Selena had Brad put the shirts, skirts and stockings into the dryer, then turned to him with a big smile. "And now the best part!"

"Panties?" he gulped.

"Panties!" she agreed. "The ultimate symbol of womanhood. Comfy, form fitting, and teeny tiny to make the boys drool. Make sure you separate the v-cuts from the thongs and the g-strings."

"Which ones are the...?"

"I'll help you," she laughed.

So Selena got on her knees next to him and helped the blushing, erect boy sort her most delicacies into three piles, explaining when a girl would wear each kind to avoid panty lines, and how the cotton ones felt versus the silk. She did the same with her large cupped bras, and when they both stood up, Brad's heart was racing.

"Brad..." she giggled, pulling at the little clothes she still wore, "don't forget THESE." She held her arms up, inviting him to remove her bra.

Brad jumped at the chance to see her high, firm breasts again but he couldn't undo her bra no matter what he tried. "Your sister could have this off in two seconds, with one hand," Selena teased. She leaned close to whisper in his ear, pressing her bra-covered tits against his chest. "And she has!"

Brad bent over and held his cock through his pants. "Ow! Selena!"

"What? Is doing a girl's laundry too HARD for you?" she laughed at the bent over boy.

"No! Here, let me do your panties..."

She slapped his hand away from her thong. "Too bad! You wasted too much time on the bra! Practice some before you try again!"

Selena loaded her used bras and panties into the wash, then slipped a sleep shirt on her body and took her bra and panties off under the shirt, out of Brad's sight. "I LOVE that trick!" she laughed, pulling her panties down her legs and tossing them into the washer. "You boys always look SO disappointed!"

They folded the shirts and skirts while she watched TV and Brad watched the sleepshirt cling to the teen girl's curves. Finally, Selena looked at the empty laundry basket and sighed with satisfaction. "I can fold the panties on my own- I wouldn't want your pants to get tight again! Thanks again for your help! Are you okay taking a cab home?"

Brad didn't move towards the exit. "But...but... don't you want to give me a little something for helping?"

Selena smirked, then leaned over on the couch in her sleepshirt to kiss him on the cheek. "There you go. Anything else?"

Brad's throat was dry, his voice weak. "How about a... blow job?"

"Oh! Is that what you were thinking about all night?" she laughed. "Is that why you popped all those boners while you were hand washing my stockings?"

The boy blushed. "I guess."

"Is that the *only* reason?"

"Yes!"

She winked at the blushing boy. "Sure it is. Tell you what. Go take a shower to clean off those boy bits and I'll give you that blow job." Selena laughed as Brad practically ran to the bathroom. "Use lots of soap down there!"

He had started the shower and jumped in before he realized the problem. "Selena! Which one's the soap?" There wasn't a bar of anything soap-like in the shower, just a huge collection of colored bottles.

"Green bottle!" she yelled back through the door.

"Which green bottle!"

Brad didn't hear the answer and his cock was already hardening imagining her lips around it, so Brad grabbed one at random and lathered himself up with the strongly peach-smelling liquid.

He ran out of her bathroom with a pink towel wrapped around his waist, which Selena stripped him of immediately.

"Modesty now, mister blow-job-for-laundry?" she laughed, pulling the towel from his grip so he stood nude before her. She sat on the edge of her bed and crossed her nude legs sexily. "Come here, boner boy, and get your reward!"

Brad walked over, trying to hide his straining erection behind his hands, which Selena knocked away before grabbing him with hers. She licked her lips just once to wet them and then Brad was having his cock sucked.

"Ohhhh, Jeeesus!" he said, holding her shoulders.

Selena pulled off his cock with a pop. "Been a while, huh?" she giggled, licking up and down the sides. "Since the car wash? That's the last time I sucked you. I was supposed to suck you on your birthday..." She deep throated him to his balls and Brad's knees almost buckled. She pulled off again. "But Jenny told me you'd been a bad little brother, so no presents for you!"

"Please! Don't stop!"

"Oh, I won't stop," she laughed, sucking his head for a second. "I love love love sucking cock Brad, and you've been a good little boy tonight! Haven't you?" She patted his balls, expecting a response.

"Yes! I have!"

"Helping me with my laundry just like a good maid should," she laughed, then started licking his sides again. "No, I won't stop until..." But then Selena did stop, sniffing his shaft closely.

"No! Keep licking!" he begged. "Please!"

"Brad? Did you use the *small* green bottle in the shower?" she asked, sniffing again. "You did!"

"Whatever- keep licking, please!" Selena was laughing, still holding his cock. "What?"

"I can't," she laughed, letting go of his erection. "That's my body scented soap- you smell too much like a girl! I can't suck on that!" She was pushing him away, laughing.

"No! Please!"

"No, I can't get into it with all that girly smell," Selena said, then patted the bed. "Plan B. Hand job."

Brad was beyond caring and jumped onto her soft feather bed. He almost didn't notice Selena pull a pink plastic bottle from her briefcase. But he did notice the pink lotion that came out of it.

"Is that..."

"What?" she asked, warming the gypsy's lotion between her hands. "Jenny's letting me borrow this. Says it will make me feel *extra* girly."

"Okay but- OH FUCK!" Selena had just wrapped her lotioned hands around his shaft and Brad was already going out of his mind. "Selena! That feels FUCKING AWESOME! What are you doing?!?!"

"It's just the same motion I use on every one," she said, shrugging. "Nothing special."

"No- IT'S AWESOME! Keep going!"

"Okay," she laughed, because Brad was thrashing and moaning on the bed like it was his first time ever. She straddled his legs with hers and started moving her slick hands faster. "Did you like getting to touch all my girly clothes while you helped me wash them, Brad?"

"Yes! Whatever! Please please please- for god's sake- DON'T STOP!"

"God, you're so horny today, you perv. Did touching and folding all my girly clothes make you this-"

Brad came like a gunshot.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" he yelled as his orgasm hit. Not in sharp spurts as male orgasms did, but in one long, toe-curling plateau. Even Selena was shocked as the cock in her hand pumped cum in one long hard stream, unlike every other man she had jacked off. She kept stroking to give him a good long cum, rubbing the pink lotion all over his cockhead and balls, and that only made Brad lose his mind more. Selena swore she felt him getting harder, like he could have had a second orgasm right after the first.

She let go before they found out if that was true and both teens lay there, trying to catch their breath.

"Well," Selena laughed after a second. "I guess you're not going home after that! Clean up that lake of cum and you can sleep on my couch."

Brad could barely talk. "Wha...did you do? That was the best...ever. Did you use Powers or summthing?"

Selena was mopping up the cum from the almost passed out boy. "No, nothing! My hands were too busy for Powers. All I did was use the girly lotion your sister gave me. I'm glad you liked it. Here, put these shorts on so you don't drip boy slime all over my couch."

She slid the pink soffee shorts with "CHEER" printed across the butt up the exhausted boy's legs, but Brad was already drifting asleep with a huge smile on his face.

Stage Three was complete.

In the morning, Brad woke up with a boner in the cheer shorts and got a red face soon afterwards, when Selena showed him all the pictures she had snapped of him sleeping face down on her couch with the 'CHEER' plainly visible across his ass.

Selena had Brad help her dress for work, because now he knew where everything went in her closet, and took the opportunity to quiz him on what she had taught him about girl's clothes the night before. Since he didn't get a perfect score, she didn't stroke him off with the lotion again, even though he begged and begged her.

She dropped Brad off at home and he collapsed into his bed, only getting up hours later to pee. But staggering to the bathroom half-asleep, he found a shelf sticking three feet out of the wall above the toilet at shoulder level. Five potted plants rested on the shelf, soaking up the mid-morning sun.

He tried to duck under or around it, but shelf was always just where his shoulders and head should go if he was peeing. By now he was fully awake.

"Mom!" he yelled through the door. "What's up with this shelf in the bathroom?!"

"I don't know, dear. Jenny put it up last night."

He stormed into her room without knocking. "What's up with that stupid shelf above the toilet?"

Jenny was on her bed in bra and panties, painting her toe-nails baby blue. "Brad! You're supposed to knock! You just made me mess up my second coat!"

"I gotta pee! So get rid of that shelf!"

Jenny laughed and went back to painting her toe nails. "I'm doing a science experiment over the summer. Just sit to pee."

"I don't WANT to sit to pee for a few months!"

"Wah. I've only had to do it for nineteen years."

"I don't WANT TO!" he cried, kicking her bed. Bottles of nail polish went everywhere, the open one spilling on her foot. Brad's face went white. "Oh...shit... I'm sorry-"

"You brat!" Jenny yelled, jumping to her feet. She grabbed him by the ear. "Now you're going to get it!"

"No, please, please!"

With her Powers augmented strength, Jenny threw Brad face-down over her bed, and ripped his shirt off. Literally ripped it in half, the stitches tearing free in her hand. She did the same to his sweatpants, leaving the boy nude and bent over her bed. Still in the rush of anger, Jenny reared back and gave his ass a solid open handed spank. Then another, and another. Brad cried out in a high, musical voice.

Like a girl.

Jenny froze in mid-swing. "Holy shit!"

"Please! I'll be good! I'm sorry!" Brad whined, kicking his feet as tears started forming in his eyes.

"God, you sound just like Stacy!" Jenny laughed. That familiar, warm tingle started between her legs again. She started spanking him harder.

"No I don't!" her brother whined.

In a lilting, girly voice.

Her tingles grew to a raging need. Jenny didn't care what Brad would think, she was going to masturbate herself twice in her room, just minutes after she had finished spanking him. She didn't care if his cock would sense she was doing it, she was going to do it anyway. But first she had a cute little ass to redden.

After she had spanked Brad silly and forced the nude, crying boy to sit and pee at the toilet as she watched, Jenny locked the door to her room, stripped fully nude and vibrated herself to two incredible climaxes. She could sense her brother lying face down on his own bed next door, his burning face as red as his burning butt, and his erection painfully vibrating in sympathy to her energetic, eager masturbation. He could have touched himself but didn't, afraid of his sister's wrath.

Jenny arched her back, enjoying her second orgasm, and wondered how her summer could get any better as the nude, crying Brad bit his pillow and wondered how his could get any worse.

Later that night, Jenny giggled to Selena and Stacy on a three way call: "It's working! I can tell Brad is changing!"

"So now what?" Selena asked.

"We turn it up," Jenny said. "We turn it *way* up!"

And they *did* turn up the pressure on Brad.

Jenny started making her morning massages longer, rubbing the gypsy's pink cream into more of the nude boy's skin: his hands, his feet, his neck, and even up his inner thighs. This always made the embarrassed boy's erection start to grow, and that's when Jenny would really start in with the girl talk.

And she was tired of talking to herself.

"So. That new running back on the football team, Derrick? He's a transfer from Central, isn't he?" she asked, rubbing the lotion between his legs almost up to the edge of his full, aching balls, but not quite.

"I don't know," Brad grumbled, squirming on the bed.

"God, you're wiggly today!" she laughed, fully able to sense the torment in his balls. She rubbed the lotion on the tight skin all around his nuts as Brad bit his lip. "Anyway, I've seen Derrick in cutoffs. He's pretty muscular, right?"

Brad was getting fully hard due to her fingers. "I guess."

"Have you seen him in the shower? Does it... carry on down?" she asked, smiling.

"I don't know!" he cried, blushing and trying to get up. She pressed him back down easily with one Powers-assisted hand.

"Sit down, I'm just joking with you," she laughed, and then put extra cream on her hands and slapped it on Brad's ass. She rubbed the cream in slowly, deeply. "Although... if you tell me what he looks like... down there... I'll tell you what some senior girls look like in the shower."

Brad's cock was iron hard against the bed. "No! That's gay!"

"Oh, don't be such a pill. And I was going to let you cum tonight! But now you lost the chance, because you yelled at me."

Jenny started lotioning his lower legs, smiling to herself as her Powers sensed the desperate, aching rumbles coming from her brother's balls. And from watching the struggle on his face.

Finally, Brad gulped. "He's pretty big."

Jenny smiled. "Long? Or thick?"

Brad's entire face was red. "Both, I guess."

"Thicker than a coke can?"

Brad squirmed more and was silent until Jenny reached just one finger up between his legs and lightly tickled his full balls. "Yes! He is!"

Jenny squirted more lotion on her hands and started slowly rubbing Brad's butt again, her fingers reached closer and closer to his desperate balls. "Mmmmm, I bet Derrick has a nice hard butt! Now, tell me about his abs..."

Within two days, Brad was spilling details on all the football studs, how they looked in the shower, who might have girlfriends, ranking who had the cutest hair with her, as Jenny did her best not to break out laughing.

That's when Stacy called Brad to be her cuddle buddy again, when he was walking almost bow-legged with the need to empty his balls. Brad drove to Stacy's place and got nude for the giggling, topless teen again, but this time she made a face.

"Ick! You *still* haven't gotten rid of all that hair down there?" she asked, pointing at his crotch.

"What? I keep it trimmed. It's not that bad!" He blushed as he erected just from being naked in front of a hot girl.

"No. The faerie queen commands that all fairies be clean and smooth!" And she grabbed Brad by his straining cock again.

"Stacy! Jesus! Ooooooh-" he gasped as she pulled him into the house and upstairs with just her tiny hand around his erection. The slide of her cool skin on his shaft felt so good and her thong split her tiny ass so perfectly, he was going to cry. "Please! What are we going to do?"

"Sit," she commanded, pointing inside the bathroom tub. He did. She started a hot stream and picked up her pink disposable razor. "Lay!"

"But what-"

Stacy slipped off her thong and Brad shut up. She jumped in with him, but facing the other way, and Brad was hypnotized staring at her completely shaved, impossibly cute pussy until she dropped it on his chest, trapping him on his back in the tub. Then he felt the silky shaving foam being applied to his entire crotch and the shaving begin.

"Stacy! What are you doing!" Her back wasn't that wide, but it was wide enough to hide what she was doing as she sat reverse cowgirl on him. "Leave **SOME** hair down there!"

"Do you want a little heart or a little shamrock shaved above your boner?" she giggled, making quick strokes with the razor. "Cause that's all you have enough left for!"

Brad groaned. Which would be less embarrassing if it didn't grow back in time for gym class at school? As he tried to think, he felt her slick fingers pulling his erection out of the way and the razor going all over his crotch in quick, precise strokes.

"Too late!" she laughed. "All gone! Smooth as a baby!"

"Come on!" he whined. "STACY! Why did you-"

"You yell too much, fairy," the tiny teen giggled, then walked her knees back and dropped her pussy onto his mouth.

Brad had licked a girl's pussy, Stacy's pussy, exactly once in his life. He had thought about it at least 1000 times. Reflex took over.

"That's right, keep yourself busy," Stacy giggled as she applied foam to the boy's hairy legs. Brad was in heaven, sucking and tasting and licking, but by the time he looked up, one of his legs was shaved entirely bald.

"Stacy!"

"Want me to stop?" the girl giggled, twirling the razor. "It would look weirder if they don't match, I think."

He groaned. "Fine."

"Good boy," she said, settling her pussy over his mouth again. His tongue wasn't moving skillfully enough to bring her to orgasm, but it was enough to give her pleasant tingles as she worked. She took her time and gave his crotch and balls a second pass against the grain.

"There we go!" she laughed, lifting up from him again. "NOW you're a good cuddle buddy!"

Brad cried out. He was absolutely hairless below his belly button!

"Go on, touch them," Stacy giggled. "I know you want to."

And when he did, he whimpered. His legs felt, soft, smooth, and strong- just like Stacy's. His erection twitched from the new feelings and tingles went up his spine.

"Whoops! Forgot your armpits," she said, spinning around on him. Brad was too tired to fight and let the giggling teen shave his underarms bare like she had his legs. Now he was hairless below his neck!

Then Stacy threw away the razor and splashed some hot water on their bodies, before laying on top of Brad and squirming all over him. She kissed his lips, rubbed her tits in his face and even squirted some liquid soap between their nude, wet, hairless bodies to make the sliding slick and effortless. Brad felt like his entire body was being licked by a hot wet tongue.

"Stacy! Please! Let me cum!" he begged. "I can't take it!"

"Boys don't cum in faerie land," she giggled, pulling on his earlobe with her teeth. "Only us girls do!"

"Please!" His cockhead was bumping against the opening to her pussy, slick with soap. Just one good push and-

"Stacy?" her mother called through the door. "Are you in there with someone?"

"It's just me and Brandi again, Mom! We're shaving our legs!"

She gave Brad a significant look and he answered in his high, falsetto, girl's voice again. "Yeah Mrs. Richards! It's just us girls!"

"Well, I can sense a boy's *excitement* in that direction again. And this time it's much stronger!"

Brad bit his lip. A lake of pre-cum covered his stomach and his straining cock was just a few strokes from exploding! And his clothes were somewhere in the backyard-

"Oh, it's just Wesley from next door again," Stacy said. "We've got the blinds open. I guess he's getting off watching two cute girls shave our legs!"

On the other side of the door, her mother stamped her foot. "That's it! I'm going over there, right now, and demanding that his mother put Wesley in a chastity belt 24/7! I don't care if he is fourteen! He can stay in that belt until he gets to college!"

The two teens heard Stacy's mom stamp off downstairs and the front door slam. Stacy was dying in laughter.

"Wesley just barely figured out how to masturbate!" she said. "He's only done it like two times! And if his mom really belts him non-stop for the next four years....ohhh...". The tiny blond shuddered, then scooted her pussy up to his face. "Lick me again, Brad!"

This time Stacy really ground herself down on him and came quickly, crying out in a sharp squeal and pulling on his hair as she did.

"Thank you," she giggled, coming down, then kissed his wet face. "Why don't you touch your new legs and think about me for a few days?" She reached back and made two magic Loops around Brad's cock, sealing his orgasm away for at least two days.

"Stacy!"

"You better get your clothes from the backyard and get out of here before my mom comes back," she giggled. "If she figures out that you're Brandi, you and Wesley may be trading chastity belt stories in college!"

She laughed as Brad scrambled away.

Jenny picked up the plan the very next morning, as she applied the lotion to his back. "Brad, why are you holding the blanket up near your wais- oh my god!" she laughed, pulling away the cover Brad had been clutching. "Did you shave your legs?!?"

He was red as a stop sign, and tried to cover his hairless ass with his hands. "No! Stacy made me!"

"Yeah. Ninety-pound ditzzy Stacy 'made' my brother shave his legs," Jenny laughed, pushing his hands away and feeling his smooth butt. "You're such a little perv! It does make the lotion easier to apply though," she giggled, squirting his butt with the cream and sliding her hands over his cheeks and down the back of his smooth thighs. "Gawd, these feel so soft and sexy, just like Selena's legs!"

"Shut up!" he cried, starting to get up. Jenny pushed him back down.

"Oh, you'll get used to it. Male swimmers do it all the time. And besides, I bet if some hottie told you she likes the way they feel, you'd keep them shaved for the whole summer!"

Brad was blushing. "No I wouldn't!"

"We'll see," Jenny giggled, and used her Powers to give his balls the slightest little tickle, so that the blushing boy was grunting, painfully hard and dripping as she applied a second and third coat of the gypsy's lotion to his newly shaved legs.

Later, as Brad was leaving to play basketball with his friends, Jenny caught him as he was putting on his shoes.

"Hey, Brad, have you seen my cute ankle socks? The ones with the power-blue tips?"

The boy looked down at his feet. "Oh, damn it! Sorry, I'll take them off-"

"No, don't bother," she laughed. "I must have put them in the wrong laundry pile. Go on and wear them today."

"But they're girl socks!"

"They look just like boy socks when you're wearing shoes. It won't matter. You've probably done it by accident fifty times already."

"Fine," Brad grunted, putting tennis shoes on over them.

Jenny smiled as she heard her brother fighting the beginnings of an erection as he walked out the door.

Selena called his cell a few hours later. "You up for another round of laundry? Same payment as last time?"

Brad couldn't agree fast enough.

When Selena squealed up in her sports car after work, Brad was already waiting at her apartment door. "My, what service!" she laughed. "Let's go!"

She showed him the full laundry baskets again. "You remember all the stuff I taught you last time? About girl's clothes?"

"Of course!"

She gave him a look. "And you're not going to try and wear my stockings while I'm not looking, right?"

"No!" he spat back.

"Cause I hear you're wearing girl's socks and shaving your legs now."

He started blushing. "Shut up about that!"

She shrugged. "A lot of boys dress up as girls, Brad. Just to see what it feels like. And I figure, as long as you don't stretch my stockings out too much..."

"I'm NOT going to!"

"Kay then," she giggled, then slapped his ass. "Get to work!"

Selena got to relax more this time, since Brad was getting better at handling women's laundry.

"You're getting good at this!" she teased a few hours later. "Maybe I should get you a cute little French Maid's uniform to wear? So you really look the part!"

"Shut up!" he said, putting the last load in the dryer.

"Come on- it might be hot! Silky stockings and garters just like I wear, a tiny, frilly skirt and a little thong...a soft blouse. All that soft sexiness sliding all over your skin..."

"Stop doing that!" he cried, looking down at the suddenly hardening cock in his shorts.

Selena held her hands up. "Not me! But I appreciate the thought!" She looked at his shaved legs and held her chin. "You know... come here for a second!"

She led him into her bedroom and pulled out one of her garters and stockings he had just cleaned. And a dinner dress. "I've always wondered what these look like on someone else's legs. Try them on?"

Brad recoiled. "No!"

"Come on, I just want to see what they look like from a distance."

"No," he said, but Selena smiled as she felt his resolve getting softer. And his cock getting harder.

"Fine. You don't have to wear them. Just take your shorts and socks off and hold the dress against you so I can see."

"Selena..."

"Just for a second!"

Brad sighed and took off Jenny's cute socks, then dropped his own shorts. Selena handed him the cocktail dress with a big smile and he took it. Brad stood in front of the mirror and held the dress under his chin. "Happy?"

"Hold it higher! It's designed to show off your legs!" Brad moved it up. "And don't stand there like a cow!" she said. "Get up on your tip-toes, like if I were wearing really high heels!"

Brad rolled his eyes and did, but then when he looked back at the mirror his breath stopped in his throat.

Shaved, his athletic calves really stood out on his legs. He pressed the dress against him with one hand, and it fell against him just right. The way his lean legs looked under the shining fabric, as he stood high on his tiptoes- he gulped. It was sexy.

Selena had to suppress her giggles. Brad was turning side to side looking at himself in the mirror, mesmerized. Finally she had to snicker and Brad blushed and pulled the dress away from him.

"There! Happy?"

"Are you?" Selena laughed, pointing at the incredibly hard erection straining his boxers.

"Stop teasing me!" he whined, tossing the dress away. "I'm going home!"

"Without your reward? I was just going to give it to you!"

He didn't move towards the door, but Selena sensed his cock reach for the sky.

"Yeah, I thought so," she laughed. "Get on the bed sexy!" she said, slapping his ass. Brad did.

"Nude!" she laughed, and he whipped off his shirt and boxers.

"Get your extra special girly lotion," she giggled, rolling up the sleeves of her work shirt. Brad blushed and did, rolling to pull it from the drawer of her nightstand. He held the pink bottle out to her. Selena shook her head. "Nope. You're giving me a solo show tonight, sweetie!"

"But-"

"That lotion's expensive! I don't have to let you use it! I just remembered how happy it made you last time."

Brad swallowed, blushed, then put a squirt into each of his hands.

"Don't start yet," she said, then went over to the laundry basket. "Are these all my pretty panties that you washed and folded today?" He nodded. Selena picked the basket of panties up and held it over Brad on the bed. "Would you like to jack off into one of them tonight?"

The nude boy's entire face and chest flushed red. "No," he whispered.

"You mean, after sorting and washing and folding them all night, you *don't* want to wrap one of my tiny cotton panties around your cock as you cum? I promise I won't tell anyone, not even your sister!"

Selena grinned watching Brad squirm on the bed, his hard, dripping cock desperate to be touched, and his eyes absolutely glued to the basket of her panties. "Maybe..."

"Okay. Which one?" Selena laughed, pulling them out as she described them. "The striped thong? Or the cotton bikini briefs? How about this red g-string? No?" And then, Selena pulled out the girliest panties she had. "How about my little flower printed panties with the lace and bows on it? They're the first ones I ever masturbated in!"

Brad bit his lip, blushing fully. "Yes," he whispered.

"What's that?" she teased, dangling the prized underwear over him. "Stacy says you do a really good girl's voice. Ask me in your girl voice, louder, to jack off with my panties."

Brad just blushed even harder. But then slid his shaved legs against each other, and shivers of pleasure ran up his spine and between his thighs. "No!"

"Oh, you're such a pussy! This is why you don't have a girlfriend- you can't ever do anything fun!"

He could barely think straight, but Brad tightened his throat and chirped. "Please, Selena?"

"Oh, that *is* a good girl's voice!" she laughed. "Please what?"

He couldn't even look at her! Selena giggled and blew with her lips, using her Powers to make Brad feel the maddening sensation all along his cock. "Please let me jack off in your panties!" he squealed.

"Which ones? Answer in your cutest girl's voice!"

"The one with bows and laces and flowers on it!"

"This one?" she teased, dangling it right above his chest. "You want this one?"

"Yes! Please!" he squealed in a teenage girl's voice.

She dropped the floral undies into his hand. "NOW you can start stroking."

He did, rubbing the impossibly soft cotton panties and the gypsy's lotion over his cock from root to tip.

His balls pulled up right away. "Oh FUCK-"

Selena smiled down at him. "Feel good?"

Brad was sweating already. "Better than.... ANYTHING...EVER!"

"Answer me in your girl's voice or I won't let you cum tonight!"

"It feels great, Selena!" he chirped. Brad didn't notice that the girl's voice came much so easier now than it had before.

"You like playing with panties?"

"Yes Selena!" he squealed.

"They're so much sexier than men's underwear, right? So many more colors and styles... and they fit so much nicer, don't they?"

"Yes!" he gasped, right before she tipped the basket over, covering his head and chest with her panties.

Brad came in one, long, toe-curling contraction. "UNNNNNNNNNHHH-"

Selena gasped; it was more than she had ever seen a boy shoot before. Especially in just one spurt! The cum blasted all over his chest and soaked her girly underthings as the stream just kept flowing. By the time Brad was done shooting, all of her underwear had been touched by the hot, sticky cum.

"Well, I guess I'm going commando tomorrow!" she laughed. "And you'll have some more laundry to do in the morning!"

But Brad was already falling asleep, smiling as he rolled in a pile of panties covered with his own cum.

"Seriously, this is getting crazy," Jenny said on the phone with the girls. "It's been a week since Stacy shaved his body and it's still hairless- I think he shaved again!"

"Or it didn't grow back," Stacy giggled. "Some girls are just lucky that way."

"And yesterday, during the morning massage," Jenny added, "I squeezed his love handles and joked how he might be getting a little chunky. And now he won't eat any carbs! He's worse than a cheerleader before Prom!"

"He's sure dropping pounds like one," Selena laughed. "I wish I could lose weight like he's doing around his thighs."

"Well, my conditioner is disappearing even faster than that," Jenny said. "I think he's using it to treat his hair in the shower!"

"He uses mine every time he showers here," Selena said. "I had to buy a whole new bottle."

"Ohhhh, so THAT's why his hair is getting so silky and shiny!" Stacy laughed. "I asked him to grow it out, but I never thought it would grow this fast! I might braid it next time he comes over!"

The tingles started again between Jenny's thighs and she clamped them together. "He's got to see something's happening to him," she said. "He's got to realize by now, right?"

"He's not complaining to me," Stacy giggled. "Except when I make him do his girl voice for a long time- but he's getting so good at it!"

"And he's still doing all my laundry, cooking and cleaning," Selena laughed. "Even though I pinch his ass and tell him what a good housewife he's becoming! The other day he couldn't open a jar while making dinner and he got SO embarrassed when I had to open it for him."

"And he's getting better at prancing around my backyard naked," Stacy said. "He actually kinda runs like a girl now, if you look at him from behind."

"Oh my god, I have to see that!" Selena squealed.

"Yeah, he turns his wrists down and takes these cute short steps with his feet. It's so girly! But his boner stays harder than ever!"

"Okay, good," Jenny said. "I don't want there to be any side effects of the lotion. You know, to his male bits."

"His balls still work just fine," Selena chuckled. "Last time he came, he shot so hard he almost got it on his own face! Almost like he was trying to!"

The girls squealed in laughter, imagining it.

"But he's definitely getting shorter," Stacy said. "His chin used to be at my eye level, but now his nose is! And his ass is definitely turning into a cute little heart shape!"

Jenny squeezed her legs tighter. Brad and her vibrator were in for a long night tonight! But still, she said, "Okay, guys, I think we should call this off. We've gone far enough."

Selena laughed. "Jenny! We can't stop now! We're so close to the finish line!"

"And what's the finish line?"

"Catching him trying on a pair of our panties!" Selena replied. "Bursting through a door to catch him red handed with one of our thongs up his ass!"

"Ohhhh, I'd love that!" Stacy giggled. "We'll catch him, and then force him to wear panties under his clothes every day until school starts again! Or we'll tell all his friends!"

Jenny was soaking *her* panties right now, picturing that scene. "Okay," she said, rubbing her thighs together. "But I don't want this to go on for much longer. How do we get him there faster?"

"It's related to sex for him," Selena said. "The hornier he is, the more he's likely to do it."

"Okay, I'll put Brad's Willy Wanker back on," Jenny said. "And we all have to turn up the heat on him. But no cumming! Not one drop leaves my brother's balls until they're cupped in lacy pink panties, agreed?"

"Agreed!" her friends giggled.

"And what else?" Jenny asked. "Brad's still a little pouty sometimes. If I just order him to wear my panties, he won't do it just to spite me."

"That's why we're going to do the opposite," Selena said. "We're going to put Brad around all the panties, thongs and lacy g-strings we can find. And then order him NOT to wear them!"

"Ohhhhh!" Stacy giggled. "Inverse psychology! I love it!"

Brad couldn't understand what was going on.

Jenny had cut off his orgasms completely, not letting him cum all this week or the one before! And she had turned his Willy Wanker back on, so he couldn't even touch himself as she masturbated right next door every night. She had two or three orgasms every night, as his dick got so hard that it almost pulled him up out of the bed! And during the day, she walked around the house in just a tied off shirt and panties all the time, blaming the heat. He tried not to stare at how perfectly the tiny panties showed off his sister's tight, teen ass, but he couldn't!

He begged her to cum, kissed her feet just like she wanted, but she kept saying no, even though he was being as nice to her as he could.

He wasn't complaining about having to sit to pee in the house anymore. Even though he accidentally did it at the gym once and his friends laughed at him.

He didn't bitch when she accidentally left her socks mixed with his. Her little blue-tipped ones did fit a little better than his loose boy socks, and he started wearing them every time he played basketball.

He was even trying to make stupid girl conversations with her each morning during the massages, because she seemed to like that. Yesterday, they had discussed purses for thirty minutes.

Brad didn't know why, but talking about movies or boys or fashion as Jenny kept rubbing that strawberry-smelling lotion on his back made his entire groin tingle with warm pleasure and made his buttohole ache to be filled with something, ANYTHING. He felt the ache for hours afterwards each day, like something was missing back there.

Brad even thought about asking his mother to milk him like she used to, face down on the kitchen table. Just to get one or two of her fingers probing his butt. Maybe she would use three! No! he thought, when he found himself getting painfully excited by the idea. Boys shouldn't want things stuck up their butts!

Then why did he see Jenny's purple vibrator laying on her bed one day and wonder what it would feel like? Why did thinking about it inside of him make him SO hard?

And Brad wished Jenny would stop teasing him about shaving his legs. He didn't KNOW why the hair hadn't grown back, okay? It just hadn't!

The hair on his head, however, was a different story- now it reached passed his shoulders in long, curly waves. But he just couldn't bring himself to cut it- it was just SO pretty! Sometimes he would stand in front of the bathroom mirror and just comb it until it shimmered, watching the light shine off it. Why was he doing that? It was so gay!

He noticed his chest was getting softer, rounder, so he tried to do a push ups each night. He used to be able to do thirty without stopping- now his arms got tired after just fifteen! How could that be?

His shirts felt so baggy and rough compared to the pretty ones he washed for Selena. And one day he had accidentally pulled Jenny's khaki shorts from the laundry, and they hugged his ass perfectly! He took them off right away, but how the hell could he have fit into shorts made for his sister's tight ass!

And he was seeing panties *everywhere*. Jenny's sexy cotton ones, hugging her tight ass as she pranced around the house all day, or laying all over the living room when she forgot to finish folding them.

Or Stacy's cute childish ones during the backyard tea parties she invited him to every few days. Or Selena's expensive silky ones, which he was up to his elbows in as he did her laundry once a week. They looked so sexy, so comfortable...

Selena had stopped letting him cum for doing her laundry- she would just Loop and suck on him for as long as he could stand it. It felt mind-blowing, but he HAD to cum! And she kept saying no, just like Jenny!

Why was Jenny being so mean? And why did thinking of her panties or her purple vibrator make him so incredibly hard or his buttohole feel so painfully empty?

What the hell was happening to him?

"Thanks you guys for coming to my SLUMBER PARTY!" Jenny squealed, opening the door and giving Selena and Stacy a big hug.

"Hanging around *in our panties all night*, talking about boys, why wouldn't I come?" Selena asked, hugging back. She looked up the stairs. "Oh, hey there, Brad! Are you going to be one of the girls tonight?"

"Whatever," he snorted, his voice cracking a little even as he said that. He blushed and ran into the kitchen.

"That's happening more and more," Jenny whispered to the girls. "Especially if he tries to yell! It's like reverse puberty!"

The girls laughed and then ran upstairs to change. Each girl stripped nude then slipped a thin, tight t-shirt over their firm teen tits and pulled a tiny pair of panties up their smooth, tanned legs. And nothing else.

Jenny loved how Brad's eyes bugged out when the three girls bounced back into the kitchen and started making cookies while he was still finishing his dinner. She giggled and pretended to ignore him like the other two, but Jenny could see her brother start to squirm behind the dinner table. It was like he didn't know where to look.

Their flat stomachs bared by their too short t-shirts? Their soft, sexy pedicured feet and painted toenails? Their tight, lean legs as they *reached* up on tiptoes to get that cookie sheet? Their hard nipples, clearly poking through their thin shirts? Or their butts, as they bent over to open the oven time and again, not caring that their panties were riding into the crack of their perfect, tanned teenage asses which were pointing right at Brad.

He must have tried to look at it all because Jenny's sensed her brother's erection screaming like a rocket engine behind her. She bent over again, bending extra low to open the oven door while tilting her ass up just so, and laughed as the rocket sounded like it would explode.

And then Selena was bending over next to her and whispering in her ear. "And he can't even *touch* it!"

"Damn it Selena- you're going to make me wet!" Jenny whispered back, crossing her ankles so her brother wouldn't see the moist spot starting on at front of her panties.

Suddenly Brad bolted from the room, blushing and covering his crotch. Jenny and Selena stood up confused and looked at Stacy.

"I just asked if he could clip my tag," the tiny girl giggled, holding scissors and showing them the tiny square of paper hanging off the back of her pink thong right before it disappeared into her ass.

The three girls laughed and went to Jenny's room to change again.

"I wonder if he'll notice the difference," Stacy said, slipping her pink thong off and putting on lacy green ones.

"Oh, he knows the difference," Selena laughed, changing her panties as well. "I've made him memorize twenty different styles while he does my laundry. He can tell them apart by feel! And he folds them so pretty!"

"Brad can fold laundry that well?" Jenny asked, stepping out of her simple white cotton panties and pulling a black lace bikini up her long legs. "I've been leaving my panties all over the house for days- he hasn't been able to stop seeing them. Why the heck isn't he doing my laundry too?"

"The real question is," Selena said while looking in the mirror to make sure her thong was pulled as high into her ass as it would go, "why hasn't Brad been doing ALL of ours?"

Brad got an eyeful all night. The girls made sure to laugh and giggle and lounge around where he could see, not once telling him to stop staring at their panties. They read magazines, chased each other around the house, had tickle fights in the living room, and just lay on the floor watching TV, so that Brad sitting on the couch could have an unrestricted view of their butts.

Not only did Brad get views of the three girls, but got good looks at the panties themselves. Mostly the ones splitting their asses or barely concealing their pussies, but also of their discarded ones. They had left their panties strewn all over Jenny's room, and he saw just piles of them through the half-open door, every time he passed her room. And he passed it a lot.

One time late into the night, Brad looked around. The girls were all downstairs. Jenny's door was wide open and the panties covered the floor. A glowing invitation for a panty raid...

Downstairs, all three girls stared up at the ceiling, listening to his footsteps eagerly.

"Do you think he'll do it?" Selena asked, and Jenny just shushed her.

Brad's footsteps crept towards Jenny's room, then stopped. The girls grinned, all hearing his cock erect.

They heard the ceiling creak, as if the boy was shifting side to side in the hallway, weighing his options, torn. And then the footsteps and his erection ran to his room.

Jenny stamped her foot. "Damn it!"

"He's not going to do it while we're all here," Stacy replied.

"Fine," Jenny sighed. "Plan B."

Jenny yelled from the bottom of the steps. "Brad! Hey! We're going to go rent a movie. We should be back in thirty minutes!"

From his room, he yelled back. "Whatever."

"Don't go in my room you perv!" Jenny called. "I'll know if you did!"

"Fine! I won't!" Brad yelled, his voice angry. But it cracked as he said it.

"Don't worry Brad, puberty starts later for some than others!" Selena teased.

"Maybe you'll grow hair down there soon too!" Jenny laughed from the steps.

"Just go already!" he cried, and his voice cracked right in the middle of the sentence, so the last part came out pitched like a little boy's. Or a teenage girl's. The girls fell into fits of laughter and went out the front door.

"Don't touch our panties perv! I'll know if you did!" Jenny laughed, closing the door.

Brad paced his room. He shouldn't. He knew that. But they were RIGHT there. He waited five more agonizing minutes, then gulped and snuck out of his room...

"Oh, he just got harder!" Stacy giggled, as the girls sat in Jenny's car three blocks away. They had been listening to Brad struggle with his urges for fifteen minutes and laughing.

"He did," Selena laughed, straining to listen with her Powers as well. "But if he can't touch himself, what ever is he going to do with our panties?"

"What ever indeed," Jenny laughed, starting her car.

Brad stood naked in front of his mirror, looking at the tiny pink pair of Stacy's panties on the ground. His heart was beating like a jack-rabbit. He shouldn't do this! But his cock was SO hard! He was dripping pre-cum. Just for a second...

He stepped his feet into the panties and pulled them up to his ankles. A shiver ran up his spine and his entire crotch tingled. Here we go...

Brad slid the soft panties up his legs, and it felt like the first time he had slid his cock around his hand years ago. So good! His balls started to contract!

He pulled the panties up, up, up until the band girdled his hips and the patch cupped his balls. He looked in the mirror, at his straining erection poking out the top of the panties. No, that's not right...

Brad turned to put his ass to the mirror, stood on tiptoes to make his legs long again, and adjusted the bands around his hips. Oh god.... His knees got weak. His shaved ass, so tight and firm, the little thong fit it perfectly... His legs, so soft and touchable... He was about to cum, just from seeing it. It wasn't wrong! This was ri-

The sound of the front door flying open made Brad rip the panties down his legs. He threw them into his closet as he heard the footsteps pounding up the stairs and dove under his covers, naked.

"Hey Brad!" Jenny yelled, throwing his door open. "We got 'Shakespeare in Love'! Wanna watch?" she laughed, looking around his room.

"No! Go away!" he cried, his voice cracking again.

Selena and Stacy burst into the room as well. "Aww, did we catch you doing something naughty?" Selena laughed, making a jack-off motion.

Brad was beet red. "NO!"

"Then you're not nude under there, little brother?" Jenny asked. "Or maybe you're just one little piece of clothing short of nude-" she laughed, ripping his covers away.

But all they saw underneath was Brad. "There! See!" he cried, blushing and tearing up as the three girls giggled at his naked body and red, dripping cock. They laughed as he tried to cover it with his hands and couldn't, because of the Willy Wanker spell. His full, painful balls bounced as he squirmed.

"Nothing *else* to confess, little brother?" Jenny laughed, tickling the air in front of her with her fingers and making his balls feel like fifty feathers were teasing them.

"NO!" Brad yelled, in a high-pitched girly voice. "Just leave me alone!" And then he started bawling.

"Aww, baby brother, don't do that," Jenny said, first smiling as she sat and petted his hair, but then starting to frown. "No, seriously, come on. You're making me sad."

"I'm so horny all the time and I just want to be left alone and you keep teasing me and you won't let me cum!" Brad wailed in a tone that would make any teenage princess proud. "You're all teasing me about jacking off AND I CAN'T EVEN TOUCH IT!"

Tears were streaming down his face like a river. Jenny tried to stop them with a tissue but there were too many. "Stop crying," she said. "Stop crying! Stop it! Fine. Fine!" She closed her eyes for a second. "There! I've just suspended your Willy Wanker again. You can touch yourself again. Happy?"

He was sniffing now. "Really?"

"Yes. Oh my gawd," Jenny said, rolling her eyes. "You're being such a drama queen right now. Fine, we'll leave you alone for the rest of the night." She motioned Selena and Stacy out the door. "Sheesh."

The girls watched the movie downstairs. They heard an erection from Brad's room, a very strong one, but didn't sense him doing any stroking, which both they and Brad knew would make his erotic thoughts instantly visible to them. And as promised, they left him alone.

Later, preparing to go to sleep in Jenny's room, the girls all stripped to just their panties and climbed into her queen sized bed.

"Maybe he didn't even steal a pair of panties," Stacy said, putting her hair up in pigtails and then snuggling into Jenny's nearly naked body.

"Whatever," Jenny said, throwing her arm around to cup Stacy's tiny ass. "He's being such a whiner about it. I'm so done dealing with him for now."

Selena snuggled into Jenny's other side, pressing her firm tits into Jenny's back. "We'll give it a week and we'll try again. We can't hold a panty slumber party every night or he'll get suspicious."

"And I'd run out of panties!" Stacy giggled, then deftly slipped her fingers under Jenny's cotton ones. "Jenny! Wow! How do you get so smooth down here?"

"I shave against the grain," the taller girl laughed. "Now get your fingers out of my panties, you brat. You're getting me wet!"

"Ooo, maybe I'll tease you all night!" the blond giggled.

"No, that's MY job," Selena said, pulling Jenny's panties down from the back.

"Guys! Quit it," Jenny laughed as her thong slid down her thighs and approached her knees.

"We're not sixteen anymore! We can't keep doing this sort of stuff every sleepov-oh!

Mmmmmmm...."

Selena's fingers had just found Jenny's nipples. "You want top or bottom, Stacy?" she asked, playing with Jenny's erecting nipples to keep her quiet.

"Bottom for her but definitely top for you!" the blond giggled as she slipped Jenny's panties past her ankles, then started rubbing the baby smooth pussy again.

"Guys! No! Come onhhhh...please..." Jenny moaned, biting her lip and pressing her bald pussy harder against her best friend's active fingers.

Selena laughed. "Deal, Stacy."

And so the girls were spent, deep in sleep from their previous activities as Brad got up at 2 AM and slowly crept into his closet, his cock getting harder and harder...

Stacy was the first to wake, her face buried deep in Selena's tits. She sighed and sucked on each pink nipple until the black-haired girl stirred, then hopped out of bed looking for her panties.

"Tease," Selena laughed, stretching and pointing her hard nipples to the ceiling.

"Slut," Stacy replied, putting on her pair from last night. Then she started gathering up the panties she had strewn about Jenny's room. And counting them.

Selena paid Stacy's tease forward by sliding her fingers in between Jenny's long legs, rubbing their junction softly but insistently, faster and faster until the tall brunette woke up with a gasp, her damp pussy just seconds from cumming. And then Selena rolled out of bed, laughing.

"God, don't do that!" Jenny whined, starting to play with herself urgently. "You know I can't stop when I'm...so....CLOSE!" The teen threw her head back and came as her friends watched and smiled.

"I loved waking you up that way at summer camp," Selena told the blushing girl. "Especially when that studly camp counselor was walking by our window..."

"Hey guys," Stacy interrupted. She sat in a pile of her own panties, confused. "Guys. I brought ten panties with me. But now I've only got nine."

"You sure?" Selena asked, slipping her own striped thong on. "Count the one you're wearing, Einstein."

"I did! I counted twice."

The girls looked at each other, and then sensed Brad stroking in his room. The girls leapt to their feet and raced down the hall, throwing on shirts or panties as they ran.

Brad woke up feeling....weird. His chest felt a lot heavier, and his nipples tingled like he had never felt before. He coughed and it sounded high pitched, delicate. And his soft legs felt so erotic rubbing against each other. Almost... dainty.

And he was SO hard. He pulled the covers down to look at Stacy's tiny panties still around his waist, the pink cotton cupping his still full balls and his intense hard-on sticking out the top. The view just got him harder- his waist seemed made for these panties! And his legs, his tiny feet... he couldn't help it... he snuck a hand into the panties and started to touch himself. And then his door flew open.

Jenny's jaw dropped. She knew she was looking at her younger brother. But his face was softer than before, his eyes bigger, his lips fuller. And his hair was longer, his shape a perfect hourglass, and his breasts were... B-cups?

"Holy fuck! Brad!" she said. "You're a girl!"

"With a cock," Selena smirked.

"And you're playing with it!" Stacy squealed, pointing at the hand down his panties.

"NO! Get out of here!" Brad cried, trying to pull his covers over him.

"Oh no you don't!" Jenny said, diving forward. "I wanna see!"

Jenny was 5'-7", a lacrosse and track star at school, and went to the gym 3 times a week in the summer. Brad was... in the body of a 110 lb. girl. Jenny easily pinned his wrists above his head with one hand and ripped the blankets off him with the other.

Selena jumped forward to grab one of Brad's kicking ankles and Stacy pinned the other. And then they couldn't stop laughing.

"Oh my god- look at his breasts!" Jenny squealed. "They're almost as big as mine!"

"And they bounce so naturally!" Stacy laughed, tickling Brad's foot to make him writhe and shake his tits.

Selena was rubbing Brad's thighs and calves. "And he's so smooth and fuckable! He'd be the perfect little cheerleader slut if it wasn't for his...". She broke into giggles, watching Brad's four inch, diamond hard cock wave at the ceiling as Stacy kept tickling him. "...little clitty!"

Jenny forced herself to look and instantly felt those tingles between her thighs again. "Brad! Is your cock shorter than it was yesterday morning?"

By now the boy was blushing from head to toe, and crying. He struggled, which only made his tits, cock and balls bounce more for the laughing girls. "What did you do to me? WHAT!?!"

Jenny laughed. "Did you wear Stacy's little panties all night?"

His face got even redder. "No!"

She started tickling his smooth, hairless armpit with her nails. "Brad....."

He gasped, bucking nude on the bed, tits bouncing. "Yes!"

"And did you stroke yourself while thinking about how good you looked in them?"

She tickled even harder until her brother finally answered, red-faced. "Yes!"

Jenny looked up at the girls, realizing. "I took off his Willy Wanker, but not his orgasm block! He must have been touching himself for hours!"

Still stroking the boy's slim, sexy calf, Selena nodded at the nightstand. "And look what he was using."

Jenny turned, then yelled when she saw the gypsy's pink lotion bottle. "Brad! Did you steal that out of my room!"

The crying, humiliated boy could barely answer. "What did you do to me?!?"

Jenny was soaking her panties. "Brad, you did this to yourself!" she laughed. She looked at the girls. "First things first- we have to get him out of here before my mom wakes up!"

"We can't go to my place," Stacy said. "I've got a mom too."

"Well, I live alone," Selena said, and then the girls were moving.

With Jenny holding Brad's wrists and Selena holding down his ankles, the girls rolled Brad up in his own blanket so tightly he could barely kick or squirm. Then they hustled the whining, squirming bundle out the door. Selena started her sports car, Jenny and Stacy jumped into the back seat with the wrapped up Brad across their laps. And then Selena peeled out.

He cried out in his high-pitched girl's voice. "Let me go!"

"Hush," Jenny laughed, spanking his ass through the blanket. "If you want, we'll let you go on the side of the highway, with nothing but those little panties to cover you!"

"NO!"

Jenny reached her fingers into the blanket burrito and found one of his new, sensitive nipples. Then she twisted it.

"OW!"

"Hush, I said! Or we'll leave you by the side of the road! I mean it! You want everyone to see what you've become?" She tensed her fingers around his nipple again, and the boy swallowed the protest in his throat. "Good boy," Jenny laughed. "Or whatever you are now."

The girls rushed Brad into Selena's apartment still trapped in his blanket. Any witnesses who happened to be around focused on looking at the teenagers' bare legs and tight asses in their tiny panties rather than the squirming, struggling bundle they carried.

They dumped Brad onto Selena's carpet, the blanket falling away to reveal his firm, young tits again.

"What did you DO to me!" he cried, looking down at them in shock.

"Well, we started by putting a magic gypsy lotion on you," Jenny laughed, still amazed by the change. "And asking you to do girlier and girlier things."

"Which you hardly protested to, I might add," Selena said.

Brad was touching his new body in shock. The tight, toned thighs, tiny feet, long hair.... He had gone limp from fear during the ride, but as he cupped his breasts, he started getting hard again! "Why?" he cried, hugging himself in a tight ball as tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Oh, just to tease you a little," Jenny said. "But you made it worse by stealing Stacy's panties and the lotion. The gypsy said the change would happen faster if you touched yourself with it!"

Selena put her hand over her mouth. "Oh! She did?"

Jenny turned to her friend with her hands on her hips. "Selena...."

"I *may* have been letting Brad stroke himself with the lotion after he did my laundry," the big breasted teen giggled, looking down at the floor and turning one toe behind her. "Forgive me?"

"Oh my gawd!" Stacy squealed, playing with Brad's soft, shining hair. "What if it's permanent now?"

Jenny squeezed her thighs together- they were soaked! "Um, Selena, could I borrow some of your sweatpants?" she coughed, making sure Brad couldn't see. "And then I'll call our Powers doctor."

The Doctor had heard of one or two such cases before, but she didn't know if the change was final without knowing what the gypsy had put in the lotion. She did warn Jenny against using any Powers on Brad in his current state, including turning his WW back on, lest she tip some balance in the fluctuating Brad and trap him as he was. Or make him change even more.

And the Madame Risa's phone just went straight to voicemail.

"Okay," Jenny sighed, coming back into the living room, where Selena was giving the sniffing boy a glass of OJ and Stacy had secretly started braiding his hair behind his back. "It looks like we'll have to wait for the answer. We're stuck here for a bit."

Selena stretched, her half-grapefruit breasts straining her thin shirt. "Well, then I'm going to get dressed. Some of my stuff may fit you, Jen. And Stacy left a bag of her stuff here last sleepover."

"And what about me?" Brad demanded, holding his hands over his half hardening cock. The panties just felt too good on him!

"Don't worry Brad, I've got enough extra panties to fit you!" Stacy laughed, almost done with one braid.

"But I don't *want* to wear panties!" he whined.

Selena laughed. "It's so CUTE how he stamps his little feet when he does that!"

"But I don't *want* to be cute!" he whined.

"Awwwwwww!" all three girls said at once, like they were looking at a tiny puppy.

Jenny ran a hand through her brother's silky, flowing hair. "You know.... if we brushed it just right....gave him a few bangs..."

Stacy looked at his face. "And plucked his eyebrows..."

Selena laughed. "And I've got tons of cute clothes for him to wear..."

Brad jumped up, backing away. "No! NO!"

The girls pounced. To hell with their previous plan. They were going to play dress-up with their new toy.

Because they couldn't use Powers, the girls overpowered Brad the old fashioned way, then used Selena's stockings to tie his ankles together and to tie his wrists behind his back. Then they sat him down at Selena's makeup station and Stacy went to work on his eyebrows.

She sat down on his lap, still wearing just her panties and a cut-off t-shirt as she straddled his thighs. She plucked them until they were thin arches, telling him the whole time "how much sexier" he was becoming. The girls didn't let him see the mirror as Stacy worked, and Jenny held his face still as Stacy put cherry lip gloss on his full lips, to "make them super soft and kissable!" She even added some blush and eyeliner, and when Stacy finally stepped back, the girls couldn't believe it.

Brad was blushing, completely naked, and harder than ever before. "What does it look like!" he demanded. Jenny was just shaking her head, looking at her former brother's face. "What!" he cried.

His sister just smiled.

"Now it's MY turn!" Selena laughed, walking forward with her nail painting brush.

"No!" Brad screamed, struggling to free his tied up feet. Jenny laughed and moved forward too.

With Jenny holding her brother's ankles still, Selena painted his toenails fire-engine red, the brightest red she had. She took her time, being extra precise with the brush on Brad's new, tiny toes.

"You say he had a foot fetish before, Jenny?" Selena laughed. "Wait 'till he sees these!"

"No!" Brad gasped, trying to see what was happening. "Please! No more..." But his erection was flowing pre-cum, dying for someone to touch it.

After his toes, the girls untied his hands from behind his back, only to tie them forward to the arms of his chair. And then Selena sat on his lap and started painting his fingernails.

"We're going to make you so fucking sexy, Brad! You'll be the belle of the ball wherever you go! Guys won't leave you alone!" she laughed.

"Please! No!" he begged, starting to cry.

"Oh, quit fighting it. We know how you really feel," Selena laughed, grinding her soft, warm ass back against his dripping four inch erection. "Just for that, I'm putting on a second coat and sealer!"

And she did, making sure all of Brad's nails would stay fuck-me red for a month. He couldn't stop looking at them when she finally got up. His little feminine hands, thin fingers... his cock throbbed.

Selena turned to the taller girl. "So what next, Jenny?"

Jenny was looking at her tied up, naked sibling. At his feminine curves, his face and hair, and at how horribly, horribly embarrassed he was.

She smiled. "Well, we can't stop before the finish line, can we?"

The girls slipped panties up Brad's legs, a little white thong with flowers printed on it. They got one of Stacy's bras and tucked his tender breasts into it. Selena's flared tennis skirt fell just above his knees and hid the bulge of his tucked down penis. And one of her silk shirts worked well with the sleeves rolled up. Stacy gave him a sassy ponytail and cute bangs, touched up his lip gloss and added a puff of perfume, all without letting him see himself in a mirror. Then there was one last touch.

"Come on Brad," Jenny laughed, on her knees in front of him. "Slip on in." She held up one of Selena's old heels, an open two-inch sandal the girl had last worn when she was fifteen.

"No," he sniffled, holding himself. "I don't want to!"

"Come on," she coaxed, picking up his little foot with its sexy painted toenails and moving the heel forward. "In you go... there! It fits perfectly!"

"Just like Cinderella!" Stacy laughed, clapping.

"See, the belle of the ball," Selena said, finally turning around her full length mirror.

Brad was letting Jenny slip his other foot into its heel when he looked up and gasped.

The girl looking back from the mirror was cute! Almost...hot! She had a tiny, tight body, brown hair that shone like a movie star's and a clean, cute face. Her tits were big enough to catch his attention in a bikini, and she had a tight, firm ass that definitely would have made him look twice. And she moved exactly when he did.

"Oh god," Brad gulped, starting to get hard again. He couldn't help it- he twirled to check out his ass in the loose skirt, arched his back and stood a little more on tiptoe like he had seen his sister do in front of mirrors to make his legs..."Oh god!"

"You're cute as a button!" Stacy giggled.

"Cute enough to eat," Selena agreed, pinching his ass.

Brad blushed and angrily turned to his sister. "Okay! That's enough! Now get me some real clothes and tell me how to change back!"

Jenny was on the bed, doubled over in giggles. "Real clothes?!? Brad, we're going to the mall today to get you a whole new wardrobe! You're TOO adorable!"

"Change me back!" he demanded, stamping his pretty little feet and putting his hands on his hips.

"Awwwwwww!" the girls squealed together.

The girls dressed but then Brad wouldn't leave the apartment. Since bundling him in the blanket would have mussed his hair and makeup, Jenny reached out and pinched his nipples, both at once this time. She twisted harder when Brad resisted, and soon they were leading a sniffing, cute-as-a-button 'girl' out the door.

He pouted all the way to the mega-mall, and Jenny had to twist his nipples again to get him out of the car.

"Get used to that," Selena laughed. "They'll be as sensitive as your balls soon. And we're going to use them the same way!"

"I don't want to get used to it!" he cried, looking around the parking lot like a nervous rabbit. "What if someone sees me?!?!"

"If you act like the cute teeny bopper you look like, no one will care," Jenny said. "But if you act enough like a boy, people may start looking closer...and if someone who knows you looks hard enough..." She smiled. "You can still kind of see your old face, Brad. Maybe we'll just tell folks you like dressing up like this!"

"No!" he cried.

"Then be a good girl," Jenny said, smiling. "Walk in those heels like Selena does. Giggle at everything like Stacy does. And if you don't get hard and tent your panties, no one will know! Now come on!"

And then she pulled him by the hand into public.

The mall was crowded as normal on Saturdays during summer break. Brad's heart was racing as he looked around for people who might recognize him. Jenny kept having to remind him to walk like Selena did in her heels: "Slink, don't stomp!" And she smiled when he finally started doing it subconsciously, taking smaller steps and swaying his hips to fit in.

Every ten minutes or so Stacy would sneak behind Brad and flip up his skirt from behind, making him shriek like a girl and blush as men got a peek at his cute pantied ass before he could pull the skirt down. Some of the men whistled, and that only made Brad blush more.

The girls made him try on jewelry, buying him bangles, a broken heart necklace, and then they noticed that the pearl studs came with FREE ear piercings. Brad was crying, shaking his head, but the girls held him down in the piercing chair as Jenny explained that her 'sixteen-year old sister' was just very afraid of needles. The shopwoman shrugged because Jenny was over eighteen and Brad's guardian, and with two quick snaps, pierced his ears.

Brad was still sniffing, tenderly feeling the pearl studs in his still tingling ears as the girls dragged him out of the jewelry store.

"Oh, stop being such a baby," Jenny laughed. "They'll close up again if you just don't wear the studs for a few days. But if you're going to pass for a girl, you'd look weirder WITHOUT them."

"I don't want to pass!" he whined.

"You *want* to be found out? Cause I can make an announcement on the mall speakers-"

"No!" he shrieked, and the girls giggled as they pulled him into American Eagle.

He got nervous as they pulled him past the men's clothes and deep into the heart of the girls' section. And more nervous as he saw the clothes they were picking out.

Jenny turned away from the skinny jeans or button up dress shirts. "Hmm, he doesn't have the bod to pull off what I or Selena wear..." She picked up a short jean skirt. "We'll have to dress him preppy teeny-bopper like Stacy does."

"There is a resemblance," Selena laughed, holding a pink striped up against shirt against Stacy's chest and then Brad's.

Stacy's eyes got big. "Do you think it's because he chose my panties? Like if he had chosen Sel's then he would have looked like her?"

Jenny shrugged. "Maybe. After Brad changes back, maybe we'll have him try on Selena's panties for Christmas break!"

"No!" he whined. "I hate being a dumb girl! I'm never doing this again!"

Jenny frowned. She slowly put down the jean skirt she had been holding. And picked up a much, much shorter tennis skirt. "Fine," she said. "In that case, I guess we need to have all our fun now. Try this on."

Brad's eyes got large. The white, ruffled skirt was maybe five inches long from top to bottom. He started blushing just looking at it. "Jenny!"

She took a deep breath. "Hey BRAD! Why are YOU dressed up in GIRL'S-"

"Okay! Fine!" he hissed, blushing and grabbing the skirt. "Shut up!"

"This too," Selena said, handing him a thin mid-riff-baring pink t-shirt. It felt as substantial as cotton candy in his hands.

Blushing deeply and already fighting another boner, Brad let himself be led to the women's changing area.

He spent a long time in the private stall. The clothes all fit, but they just made him look so... so...*Fuckable*, he realized, gulping.

The skirt exposed ALL of his slim, sexy baby-smooth legs to the world. The cut-off shirt stopped inches above his waist so his thong was visible in the back and his cute belly-button in the front. And it hugged his chest tightly, highlighting what he had up there. With the heels on his tiny, painted feet, his shiny hair and make-up, the teen girl looking back at him from the mirror was... a wet dream.

And he could make her do anything he wanted.

Brad gulped, turning and posing to the mirror, watching that hot girl do things. That ass was so tight, her legs so slim, and if he bent over at all, her panties... oh GOD! He was getting hard again!

"Brad!" Jenny laughed from outside the door. "Come out already! Or I'll get a salesgirl to open the door!"

He had to pinch his thigh to make his boner go down, and even then it was just dormant. He opened the door only an inch. "I can't! It feels like I'm not wearing *anything*!"

"Welcome to being a girl," Jenny laughed, pushing the door open and dragging him out.

"Wow, that skirt is really short," Stacy giggled, looking him over.

"Yeah, it can't even cover the bottom and top of his ass at the same time," Selena said, pulling the few inches of cloth up and down on his waist. "It's practically indecent." Then she ripped the tag off it. "He'll wear it out!"

Brad covered his ass as the girls laughed. "No!" he begged. "Please!"

Jenny stepped up and ripped the tag off the flimsy pink shirt too, a shirt his bra totally showed through. "And the top. Come on, 'sis'! Let's pay and keep going!"

The girls paid, since Brad didn't have a wallet or ID. Brad blushed and fidgeted with his skirt in line, finally deciding it was better to let the top of his butt show than the bottom.

Now he noticed many, many more guys looking at him as they passed. And how all their eyes dropped right to his ass as he walked. Then the girls started dragging him towards Victoria's Secret.

"No!" he gasped at the entrance, pulling back against their hands.

"Every growing girl needs a few good bras," Jenny laughed, and pulled Brad into the worst store yet.

The tiny loose skirt would only hide his bulge if he wasn't hard at all. And now there were panties and bras and posters of naked barefoot supermodels everywhere! He hopped from tiny foot to foot, squeezing his fingernails into his palms to fight his urge to pop a boner.

"Jenny..." he begged. "please... hurry!"

The girls just laughed and called the bra fitter over.

Then they laughed more as the cute 25-year old woman took him to a private room and took his shirt and bra off for him. Brad was blushing, covering himself as she measured, and when she ran her smooth, cool hands all over his breasts, he couldn't help it- he moaned. His nipples were as sensitive as the tip of his cock!

The girls giggled as the cute woman cupped his breasts time and again, trying on different styles, running her fingers over his nipples. And then they burst into laughs when she squeezed his breasts and commented, "My, you're lucky! These are so perky!"

Brad was dying, squeezing his thighs together, biting his lip and blushing red as he tried not to moan or pop a boner. He was so focused on not getting hard that he didn't notice the types of bras the giggling girls were handing to the fitter.

"There you go, young lady," she finally said. "The perfect miracle bra for your size- now you look at least a cup bigger!"

Brad gasped. Now the girl in the mirror had C-cups on her tiny frame! She looked like a porn star! He felt his panties stretching.

"Just the thing for us smaller chested girls," the woman said. "Look, it's the same kind I wear!" And when she leaned forward and pulled down her collar to let Brad see her cleavage, the girls died laughing.

"Yes, I'll take it!" he squealed, closing his eyes. He couldn't look, or else he'd tent his panties!

The girls clapped and let newly bra-ed Brad out of the store, and now he was stretching his t-shirt like Selena did.

They took him to a shoe store, getting higher, sexier heeled sandals, and flip-flops, and pink tennis shoes with hearts on them, promising that he'd wear them all this week. And then they all got pedicures, with Brad blushing the whole time.

After another hour, Brad put his little foot down. "I'm tired! And hungry! And my feet hurt from walking all over in these dumb heels!"

"You'll get used to that," Jenny laughed. "We'll make you practice in heels three hours a day. But fine, I guess that's enough for today." She looked at the girls. "Soup? Salad?"

"And Breadsticks!" the girls answered, and so Brad was introduced to the female tradition of Olive Garden after a day of shopping.

He felt so naked, sitting at the table in the scraps of clothes that teen girls normally wore everyday! And why was the waiter smiling and refilling his glass so much?

"Someone's got a crush on you," Stacy giggled as the waiter left again.

"What?" Brad said, blushing. "No he doesn't!"

"He's totally making eyes at you," Selena laughed. "I would too. Look what you're wearing!"

Jenny nodded at the bar. "And those two guys have been checking you out too, little bro.

Maybe because you still don't know how to cross your legs without flashing your panties at them!"

Brad blushed even more, crossing his legs tighter and hissing, "You put me in these clothes! I can't help it!"

"Sure you can't," Jenny laughed. "Oops! Here comes the waiter again! Hike that skirt up a little, Brad- let's see if we can get a free dessert!"

The girls teased Brad about his 'boyfriend' all the way back to Selena's place, and he stormed inside in a huff.

"He really is a cutie," Selena laughed, watching him go. "Are you sure you don't want him like this forever?"

Jenny laughed. "No, I guess not. Although I wouldn't be upset if this lasted for a few weeks. Oh, shit!" she gasped, pulling out her phone.

"What?"

Jenny looked up at her. "It's Madame Risa calling back!"

Jenny found her brother balled up under Selena's covers. "Okay Brad, I've got good news and bad news."

He didn't come out from under the covers. "What."

"The gypsy says this is just temporary. As long as I don't massage you with the pink cream anymore, you'll turn back to normal in 3 to 4 weeks."

He peeked his eyes out over the covers. "And what's the bad news?"

She smiled. "She says you won't see any improvement for a while. You'll turn back into a boy just like you turned into a girl: a tiny change, a tiny change and then poof! One morning you'll be a full boy again."

Brad's jaw dropped. "That means..."

"We should have brought you more clothes- you'll be living with Selena for a while!"

Brad thought it couldn't get any worse, as Jenny and Stacy said their goodbyes and prepared to leave him at Selena's for the night. As soon as Selena closed the front door on the girls, she turned to Brad, waving her cell camera at him with a wicked smile.

"You know Brad, we should really document the change-back process. For science."

Brad blushed. "Please, Selena, no..."

"And I've always wanted to be fashion photographer!"

And so the tradition of Brad's nightly fashion shoots began. Selena started by just taking frontal pictures of him in the girly clothing he had worn that day, but quickly got bored with that. Within days she was having Brad do extra hair and make-up preparation for the pictures, and dressing him up in her nylons and highest heels, or elegant evening dresses and having the embarrassed boy pose all around her apartment.

She wouldn't stop each night until she got a really good shot, and so her collection of pictures of Brad smiling and appearing to be just the happiest sexy young lady in the world grew and grew. He noticed her suggested poses were getting sexier and sexier, but Brad was afraid to object, since he had no other place to live.

Soon she was posing him topless, hands over his breasts, or looking back at the camera with red, pouty lips in the shower, as the water ran down his naked back and butt. Selena always posed him so his cock couldn't be seen, so Brad looked for all intents and purposes like a girl.

He knew he would die of embarrassment if any of his friends saw those pictures, but he also got very, very hard looking at the ones Selena left laying around when she was at work. And since he never wanted to leave the apartment, he was alone with those pictures a lot...

And alone with his body. He lay on Selena's couch each day, thinking how his toes were so fucking cute, painted like that... his breasts so soft, his nipples so sensitive...his legs so smooth and sexy... Maybe he'd run his hands over them just one more time...

"God, this is taking FOREVER," Selena complained, calling Jenny and Stacy on her lunch break. "I mean, I love having Brad do my laundry and cook for me, but I need my space again! It's been two weeks!"

"I can't keep telling Mom he's at some sleep away camp," Jenny said. "She's going to start asking questions soon. Are you sure he hasn't changed at all?"

Selena giggled, thinking of all the pictures. "Not that I've seen. And I've been, um, very thorough in documenting it."

"Yeah, last time I took him out he looked more girly than ever," Stacy giggled. "He does a better job with his make-up than I do!"

"Oh god. He's not coming to like it, is he?" Jenny asked.

"Nope!" Stacy laughed. "Last time I dressed him up in just a sundress, with nothing underneath, and he whined the whole time about how naked he felt!"

"I remember that," Selena laughed. "You practically had to drag him out the door!"

"I had to keep dragging him, all the way to our church ice cream social," Stacy giggled. "And guess who was there? The cute waiter from Olive Garden! He asked Brad to dance!"

Jenny squeezed her thighs together. "Brad didn't!"

"Brad did!" Stacy replied. "The waiter asked him like three times and Brad blushed each time and made up some excuse. Then I whispered that I'd rip his dress off right there if he didn't accept the next time. And as soon as they got on the dance floor, a slow song played, and the waiter held him close! It was SO adorable!"

"They didn't, like kiss or anything, right?" Jenny asked.

Stacy giggled. "Well... the waiter was whispering in Brad's ear and rubbing his arm the whole song... Brad was blushing SO hard! And at the end I saw him put his hand on Brad's butt and pull him closer!"

"Ugh that's barely first base," Selena sighed. "I'll never get him married and out of my house at this rate."

"Alright, that's enough," Jenny said, even though her pussy was tingling. "Selena, we're all coming over to your place tonight. I want to see what's taking so long for him to change back, and if I have to, we're taking him to Madame Risa tonight!"

The girls burst into Selena's apartment.

"Brad!" Jenny yelled. "Come out and let me see you!"

There was no response from the bedroom.

"I'll get him," Selena laughed. "Time to pinch those nipples again..." She went into the bedroom, then came out ten seconds later. "Um, Jenny... he's not here."

Jenny checked the bathroom, the storage room and the deck in seconds. Then she checked the second closet where Brad had been storing his female clothes.

"Oh my god," Jenny said, looking at the empty closet. Even the sexy heels and sandals they had bought him were gone. "What does this mean?" She turned to Selena.

Selena was coming out of her bedroom holding a pink plastic bottle. "Um, Jenny... I think I've got bad news for you."

"What!"

"This bottle is like totally empty. And the tissues next to the bed smell like strawberries."

"Selena! I told you to hide that bottle!"

"I did," the big breasted girl laughed. "In the drawer where I keep my vibrator. Which is also missing."

"This isn't FUNNY!" Jenny yelled. "He could be totally a girl now! And he's run away!"

"How far could he really go?" Stacy asked. "He can't drive and doesn't have an ID. And he can't walk far in heels."

"Yeah, he totally raided my emergency-shoe-sale cash," Selena said, looking in another drawer.

"That's enough for a cab and a bus ticket."

The girls called all the cab companies. Finally they found one that remembered picking up a cute-as-a-button girl going from that address and to the bus station.

Selena drove them to the bus station, testing the engine of her sports car. Jenny got out even before the car had fully stopped and ran to the desk. She was describing Brad the best she could to the confused ticket seller when Selena pulled out a picture. Of Brad smiling and blowing kisses to the camera with lipsticked lips, wearing just a teddy and fishnet stockings.

"Yeah, NOW I remember this chick," the guy behind the counter said, staring at the picture.

"She looked just as good today. Is she your sister or something?"

"Something," Jenny said, then demanded, "Where did she buy a ticket to?"

"That I don't remember," the guy said. "But I do remember she spent a lot of time looking at that bulletin board over there before she bought her ticket. I um..." He glanced at the picture again. "She doesn't have a boyfriend, does she?"

Jenny psychically smacked the guy in the nuts as she ran over to the bulletin board, starting to read the fifty fliers posted there.

Stacy and Selena joined her, then started shaking their heads.

"Um, Jenny..." Stacy said. "I think we're in trouble..."

All the fliers on the board advertised summer youth sleep away camps. At least thirty were for girls only. Cheerleading camps. Gymnastic camps. Science camps. Leadership retreats. Some were two hours away. Some were two states away. And the bus lines ran to all of them.

Jenny's shoulders sunk. "We're never going to find him."

The two female campers wearing tiny, tiny cheer shorts and cut-off shirts were tickling each other as they walked from the dining hall to their cabin.

"Quit it, Missy!" the short brunette one laughed, trying to get the other's girls fingers out of her waistband. "I'm VERY ticklish!"

"I know, Brandi!" the blond laughed, sneaking her hand even further into the giggling girl's bottoms. "That's WHY I'm doing it!" She pushed further, feeling the soft cotton panties and shaved pussy Brandi had, then tickled even more.

"Quit it!" Brandi giggled. "I mean it!" She skipped away, slapping her friend's hand away as they reached the cabin.

Missy smiled and paused with her hand on the door to their cabin. "Now, you promise? We'll paint our toenails together and then go take a quick shower? You know I hate walking to the showers alone after dark."

Brandi rolled her eyes. "Yeah, I know. I'll protect you, Missy."

"And then we'll cuddle?"

Brandi looked the sexy blond over, with her perfect legs, tiny feet, and cute heart-shaped ass. "Maybe. We'll see."

Missy smiled and opened the cabin door, where Jenny and Selena were waiting with a blanket. "Oh NO!"

"Oh yes!" Jenny laughed. "Come here, 'Missy'!" The two girls tackled the smaller, petite blond.

"What's going on!" Brandi yelled as the two girls bundled the other struggling girl into the blanket, tightly wrapping her up.

Jenny looked up from where she was holding Brad's wrists together. "FBI. We're taking this girl into custody."

"What did she do?" Brandi asked.

Jenny laughed as Stacy came out of the cabin too, putting duct tape around Brad's ankles as he kicked. "She's a repeat sexual offender. But nothing serious- she's just going to get a caning and be sent back to juvi."

"Oh," the brunette said, holding herself and stepping away a little. "That makes sense."

"Why do you say that?" Jenny asked, helping to put duct tape over Brad's mouth.

"Missy was, like, the horniest camper here," the little brunette laughed. "We could hear her vibrator going off every night!"

"Oh really?" Jenny laughed, looked down at the wrapped up, duct-taped face of Brad, who was now also blushing. "I wonder what *she* did with it!"

"Just rubbed it outside her panties, really," Brandi said. "I could see from my bunk. I always wondered why she never put it in. Some of the girls asked her when we were shaving yesterday."

"Shaving?" Stacy laughed. "How often did Missy do that?"

"Oh, every day," Brandi said. "And she would always ask our help to get the little hairs in between her asscheeks. She would always bend over and spread her cheeks wide so we could get them all."

"Really?" Selena laughed, and now Brad/Missy's face was beet red. "And did Missy have a strict beauty regimen?"

"Oh, she was one of the highest maintenance girls here!" Brandi laughed. "I've never seen someone who fussed with their make-up and lipstick and hair more. Especially when there's nothing but girls at the camp!"

Jenny relaxed, and patted Brad's head. "That's good. Missy needs to stay away from boys."

"I know," Brandi said. "We set her up with one of the cute counselors from the next camp and I've never SEEN someone go to second base that quickly!"

"REALLY?" all the girls laughed, and Brad started crying as they carried him away.

Jenny ripped the duct tape off his mouth two miles away from the camp. He was lying face down across her lap in the back of Selena's car again, wrists duct taped together. They had taken off the blanket in the parking lot.

"Second base on the first date?" she laughed at her blushing brother. "Did I raise you to be a slut?"

Brad was full-on crying on her lap. "Please! Please don't tell anyone!"

"Why did you dye your pretty hair?" Stacy asked, pulling at his blond locks. And then she pointed at the name written inside the waistband of her tiny cheerleading shorts. "And why 'Missy'? You already had a girl name!"

"There already was another Brandi at camp!" Brad pleaded. "But please! You can't tell any- OW!"

Jenny had pulled his cheer shorts down and given him a hard spank right on his tiny, tanned ass. "THAT'S for making us search for you at a volleyball camp! And this is for the science camp!"

They had searched twenty five other camps in all. When she was done spanking her brother, Brad's ass was blazing red. Selena looked back as she was driving. "Jenny, look at that tan! Someone's been nude sunbathing!"

Jenny pulled his panties to the side. "He has! What a little exhibitionist! Brad, are you fully a girl now?"

When he didn't answer, she started slipping her hand between his legs to check. "Yes!" he blurted. "I look just like a girl! I masturbated more and more with the cream and one day I woke up and my penis was gone!"

"Is your pussy cute like mine?" Stacy asked.

Brad blushed even more. "Brandi said it was the cutest one she had ever seen."

"Awwwww!"

While his shorts were still down around his ankles, a truck of two guys drive past the car window, then slowed down for a closer look.

"You've got an audience!" Jenny laughed, pointing the horny driver out, and Brad thought he would die.

Jenny rolled down her window. "Hey! Want to take a picture? She's an exhibitionist! She gets off on this!"

"Jenny! No!" Brad squealed.

But the truck's passenger did, leaning over to take a picture of Brad tied up, his spanked, pantied ass facing them.

"How about a souvenir?" Jenny laughed, starting to pull down his panties.

"NO!"

Jenny slipped the white thong with printed flowers down his smooth legs, off his ankles, and flung it through the window to the eager driver. "But you have to promise: you're going to jack off thinking about my little sister EVERY DAY!" she yelled.

"Yes ma'am!" the driver exclaimed, and he and his passenger started laughing to themselves.

Jenny pulled Brad's shorts up and he pouted in rage the whole way home.

Brad's mother was disappointed in her son, but "If that was how he wanted to live, she would accept him." Brad couldn't convince her that it had all been Jenny's idea, and he fell asleep in his own bed, wearing a cute female nightshirt, in tears.

And he woke up with a steel belt around his waist.

"What! What is this?" he cried, pulling at it.

Jenny was sitting next to his bed, looking killer in a tiny black bikini. "It's a *female* chastity belt, Brad! You didn't have the parts for the male ones to fit anymore!"

He sat up in shock, trying to pull it off. The metal and rubber band was super-tight around his slim female waist, and a metal oval around his pussy and clit prevented him from touching any of his female parts. "WHY?"

"I got Brandi's number at camp," Jenny laughed. "She said you masturbated every morning and night!"

"But I was a girl!" he cried. "I get to cum!"

"Not if you ever want to be a boy again, Madame Risa says. I told her about what you looked like now, and what you've been doing, and she says you're so advanced, you have to stop masturbating." Jenny laughed. "Every time you do, you get farther away from being a boy. Something about reinforcing your female essence. She says it should only take six months to change back if you don't cum."

"SIX MONTHS!" he cried. He was already getting horny! His nipples were tingling. His clit....

Jenny laughed as Brad moaned and squeezed his thighs together.

"Isn't there any way to speed that up? I'll miss the first half of senior year!"

Jenny stood up and opened his blinds, stretching her long body in the tiny bikini. "Mom says you're going to go to school anyway, since you like dressing like a girl so much," she laughed, looking at the shocked boy. "What do you think your yearbook picture is going to say? Brad? Or Brandi?"

"There's got to be a way to speed it up!"

She smiled. "Well..."

"Tell me!"

"Just like orgasming as girl adds female essence to you... you can add male essence to your body by..." She had to stop because she was laughing too hard "...making boys cum!"

"NO!"

"And not just handies, little brother! Their male essence has to end up...um... INSIDE you!"

"NOOO!" he yelled, in his high, sexy girl's voice.

Jenny could barely breathe. "Your choice, Brad! Risa says it will take two weeks off your chastity belt time every time you make a boy cum inside you."

Jenny couldn't stop giggling. "And just so you wouldn't get pregnant, Mom and I bought you a special belt. One that left your 'backdoor' open?"

Brad turned around in horror before the mirror, and she was telling the truth. The chastity belt split into two parts- to allow access to his tight, tiny butt!

He turned to Jenny. "I CAN'T" But already, the tingles around his buttocks were starting...

She was smiling a mile wide. "Like I said. Your choice, Brad." She looked out the window. "Oh, your guests are here!"

"What guests?"

"Because I'm such a good sister, I invited Derrick and some of his studly football buddies over for a pool party. I'll be wearing this number to get them all hot and horny, but you'll be the one that finishes them off, wearing nothing but that little belt you have on now!"

"Like hell I will," Brad said, then tried to put a shirt on. The cloth burned his arms. "OW! What did you do?"

She pulled out a little red tube, the other tube the gypsy had given her. "Just a little cream to keep you showing skin ALL day. Now come on, our guests are waiting!"

He stamped his foot. "No!"

"Okay. But you've got enough studs down there to cut your belt time from six months to three. If I were you, I'd WANT to cum before November. But that's just me!" She laughed and skipped off down the hall.

Brad paced his room. He wouldn't do THAT. He *couldn't* do THAT! But as he looked out the window, watching Jenny tease four football players in just her tiny bikini, he found himself getting hornier. Girl horniness was just as bad as boy horniness! And then the football players started taking off their shirts.

Brad felt his pussy start getting wet. Their shoulders were so wide... so muscular... he would feel so tiny in their arms... NO! But his buttocks started aching for something inside it... six months was so long... He moaned, squeezing his thighs together and rubbing his smooth, tight butt.

And he wondered how long he could possibly hold out.

THE END

About the Author

P.F. Dee is the pen name of an ambitious young lady who forced her three brothers into a clothed-female, nude-male lifestyle while she was still just in high school. First, she inflamed her single Mother's fears of males growing up lewd and disrespectful of women's bodies. Next, she combined near-nude bikini teases by her hottest friends with well-hidden video cameras to compile a deep bank of evidence on the boys' behavior. Then she gave her brothers one chance to be her nude slaves, voluntarily. They scoffed, her mother was shown the tapes, and the very next day the shocked males were banned from wearing clothes at home for a month.

Despite the males' protests, P.F.'s friends were allowed over to help 'enforce' the rule, and soon, sending boys running from the room with embarrassing, growing boners became the household sport. But the girls started thinking bigger. A few more brazen teases and 'accidental' door openings (engineered by P.F.) led to their appalled mother banning the males from masturbating that month as well, "unless they wanted to stay naked forever!"

Two years later, her brothers are still nude around the house and forbidden any sexual relief except for nocturnal emissions. The new house sport is seeing how many wet dreams each boy can be teased to in a month, and the girls gleefully report each 'success' with detailed descriptions and hidden-camera videos to the humiliated boy's Facebook page for the amusement of every girl at his school. Now, whether she is icing down her brothers' balls to remove unauthorized erections or preparing to paddle their backsides to punish attempts at masturbation, P.F. always lovingly reminds her brothers that, had they submitted to her voluntarily, their humiliation would have been private and probably temporary.

P.F. Dee wrote this book to "inspire girls everywhere to believe in their innate Power, trust in their friends, and to tease and strip their siblings until all brothers are as obedient, embarrassed, and naked as mine!"



Discover other hot Femdom titles by P.F. Dee at: <http://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/PFD>