

John Dylena



*In the Den
of the
Cougar*

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Contents

[Title Page](#)

[In the Den of the Cougar](#)

[Afterword](#)

In the Den of the Cougar

by John Dylena

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This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

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

Enjoy.

I wasn't sure what I'd expected, but I'd had my doubts from the moment I matched with her on Tinder. She'd seemed too good to be true, and as I sat alone at a local dive bar, two-thirds of the way through my beer and an hour past our scheduled meetup time, my suspicions appeared well-founded. Another failed first date, another no-show.

If I had a nickel...

I'd have leaned back, were I not sitting on a stool at a raised table. Even if the date had turned out awkward—had there been no chemistry or anything—it still would've been nice to have a conversation with someone. Something to distract me from how shitty work had been as of late. The stress had been building, manifesting itself in the form of some wickedly painful knots in my shoulders and back.

I should check to see if my insurance would cover a two-hour full-body massage.

I took a long sip of my beer that was a few degrees below room temperature and scanned the room. It was still on the early side, but the bar was starting to fill up. We were a couple blocks removed from the main drag downtown, so it'd still be a couple more hours before the overflow made it way here. Plenty of time to drink away my work-induced misery.

"She's not coming, is she?"

I wasn't sure how I missed her; I must've been really zoned out.

I blinked and turned toward the stranger. Then I nearly had to pick my jaw up off the floor. Attempting to act nonchalant, I apologized and mumbled something about not being able to hear her.

The woman smirked. "Here for a first date? She's a no-show?"

I turned my gaze to my drink and nodded slowly. The woman was, for lack of a better term, a looker. She had golden-blond hair that flowed down past her shoulders, impeccable makeup featuring smoky eyes and lips the color of crimson. She was adorned in jewelry that looked like it had cost more than what I took home in a year. The only thing missing was a giant

diamond ring on her left hand. She wore a tight-fitting emerald dress that brought out the green of her eyes. She had to be at least twenty years my senior, but damn, did she look stunning, even if she was nearly fifty.

“Mind if I join you?” she asked, “I’m also dealing with a no-show.”

I gestured to the open seat. Despite my heart pounding and the sweat beading on my brow, this wasn’t the kind of woman I could say no to. Of the million things streaking through my brain, the one that stood out the most was: who could stand up a woman like that?

“My name’s Vivian.” She extended her hand. Gold and silver bracelets inlaid with diamonds and other gemstones rattled together. Her nails sported the same color red as her lips. I just hoped she didn’t notice my trembling, or my sweaty palms.

“Ethan,” I said.

“What are you drinking, Ethan?” Vivian turned toward the bar and waved once. I was about to comment about how she’d have to go over to there to order when I one of the bartenders practically sprinted out from behind the counter to serve her.

“Good evening, Vivian,” he said with a slight bow. “Your usual?”

“I do love your Old Fashioneds, Alexi.” She smiled and gestured toward me. “And whatever he would like.”

“H-Hefeweizen,” I stammered.

The bartender nodded and returned to the counter.

“I’ve been to many bars and clubs,” she murmured, “and in not just this city. Still, I can’t find a better one than Alexi’s.”

I nodded in agreement as I polished off what was left of my beer. I’d had an Old Fashioned maybe once or twice before at some company event that I definitely should not have been invited to. My boss needed someone to come along with him to represent our branch, and I had drawn the short straw. I couldn’t remember what was in one, but I didn’t think they were all that

difficult to make.

Vivian folded her hands on the table and leaned toward me. “Tell me about yourself, Ethan.”

I looked over at one of the TVs, pretending to be interested in whatever sporting event was happening—I had to, otherwise I’d have been staring down into Vivian’s cleavage. She knew what she was doing. She had to.

“I, uh, am a project manager for a software developer.” I scratched my head. “It’s... pretty boring stuff. Long hours, lots of stupid meetings, pretty soul-sucking.”

I frowned. Great way to introduce yourself to the super-hot cougar, you dumbass.

Vivian laughed and placed a hand on my arm. “I rarely meet anyone who truthfully loves their job. What about hobbies? What do you do for fun?”

I wanted to tell her that my job didn’t really give me that. I was too drained when I got home to do anything, and on the weekends, I just drank and slept. So I shrugged and said, “Video games, mostly. Netflix, or maybe catch a movie on the weekends. What about you?”

She smirked and brushed my question aside. “Oh, my life’s pretty dull. You could say I have quite the opposite problem—too much free time.”

The bartender returned with our drinks.

I smirked. “Sounds amazing, actually. I’m super-jealous. I’d love a life of luxury. Not having to slave away at some thankless job just to barely make ends meet. Being able to do what you want, when you want. Living your life on your own schedule.”

Vivian peered at me over the rim of her glass. I noticed a twinkle in her eye, and the way she looked at me as she lowered her drink was... intimidating? This was a woman who knew what she wanted. Was she just toying with me? Using me for a little fun? How long before she grew tired of me and moves on?

“Who was this girl you were supposed to meet here?”

I shrugged. “I don’t know, someone I matched with on Tinder. She was cute, seemed a little too good to be true, but I gave it a shot anyway. You never know. And what about you? I’m not sure how a guy could stand up someone like you.”

Vivian smirked and took a sip from her drink. I got a whiff of the bourbon. I was never much of a hard alcohol guy; I could never afford the good stuff. You didn’t exactly sip Jack Daniels in a lounge chair with a Cuban cigar.

“He’s not the first to do so. I think I may be a little intimidating.” She winked. “I was afraid I’d scare you off too when I asked to join you.”

I shrugged and took a sip of my beer. “I do admit that I was a little intimidated, but being afraid of everything gets you nowhere.”

A silence formed between us that lingered for a few moments before Vivian spoke. “Tell me, Ethan,” she said with a low, deliberate tone, and I nearly jumped out of my chair as I felt her leg rub up against mine. “This life of luxury of mine—what would you say if I offered you the chance to have it?”

My drink was halfway to my mouth. I set it down onto the table and met her gaze. “This... isn’t some sort of scam, is it? You’re not trying to lure me into some pyramid scheme?”

“No, of course not. You seem like a guy who knows what he wants, and I may have the means to give it to you.”

She downed what remained of her drink, took a pen out of her purse, and scribbled something onto one of the napkins. “Give me a call.” She slid the napkin toward me and placed her hand on my arm. “Just don’t wait too long.”

And just like that, she shouldered her purse and strode out of the bar. My eyes were drawn down to her hips, legs, and her high-heeled platform sandals. When I managed to drag my gaze back up, she was looking back at me. She winked and I turned away, face burning.

A few moments later, the bartender came by for her empty glass. I had

quickly pocketed the napkin before it had any chance of vanishing on me.

“She’s something, isn’t she?” Alexi said. “Your drinks are paid for, by the way. She’s a pretty good tipper.”

“Thanks?” I said, but the bartender was already halfway back to the counter.

I just sat there, staring at the empty seat, wondering what just had happened and what exactly Vivian was offering me. Was she trying to get me to marry her? Because I had no qualms about being some billionaire’s kept man, assuming that what she was. Or maybe she had a daughter she was trying to find someone for.

But something didn’t feel right. The same nagging sensation about the woman from Tinder came back to me. Vivian was too good to be true. There was some catch behind her offer, something obvious that I couldn’t see just yet.

I was in my office that following Monday when I made the decision to call her. I’d programmed her number into my smartphone when I got home from the bar, but hadn’t thrown away the napkin. I tossed it into one of those catch-all drawers that every kitchen in the world seems to have.

The line didn’t ring for long, and I was so nervous my voice quavered. Much to my surprise, she remembered exactly who I was and was very happy to receive my call. She gave me an address and told me to come by Saturday morning around ten o’clock. The first thing I did after that phone call was look up the address on Google Maps.

“No fucking way.” I leaned back in my chair and rubbed my head.

The address was in the hills just outside the city, where all the millionaires and billionaires lived. It was so exclusive, the Google Maps car wasn’t even allowed on the street that Vivian’s house—I assumed it was her house—was located. But the satellite view painted the picture of a sprawling estate full of trees, gardens, and a pool.

With each passing day, I grew more and more nervous. A thousand different scenarios played out in my mind. Most of them involved sex, mostly with

her, but some with a hypothetical daughter my age who was looking for a husband. Some also included me being drugged and waking up in a bathtub full of ice, missing a kidney. Or that I'd walk into some strange party, a masquerade orgy like *Eyes Wide Shut*, or something. With stupidly rich people like I assumed Vivian was, anything was possible.

That was another scenario—that she was a con-artist. Maybe her jewelry was fake and she was going to use me to break into some guy's fifth vacation home.

Multiple times, I almost called it off. I had her number ready to call and say that I'd changed my mind, but then I would think about how awesome it would be to not have to work that stupid fucking job anymore—hell, to not have to work another day in my life!

Despite cranking my air conditioning up to the max, I was sweating bullets as I drove down the multiple private roads to get to her house. I passed by gated mansions, some with armed security guards. There were Lamborghinis and Ferraris; I got passed by someone going well over the speed limit in a McLaren. I felt so out of place in my small, cheap sedan that had recently passed the 175,000 miles marker on my odometer.

Vivian's mansion didn't have an armed security guard, but it did have a massive wrought iron gate and twenty-foot cinderblock walls. I was a few minutes early, but it seemed she was expecting me, as before I even had a chance to press the "call" button on the keypad, the gate opened for me.

"Hold onto your butts," I said as I pulled forward.

It was then I realized that I probably should've told someone where I was going, in case I was never heard from again, but who would I tell? I hadn't spoken with my family in ages, and I didn't really have any close friends. Anyone from work would've just laughed and asked if I was high or drunk.

Vivian waited for me at the foot of the stairs leading up to her mega-mansion from the roundabout driveway. She wore a fitted red dress and high heels, but what surprised me the most wasn't her incredible style, but the fact that she was the one waiting for me and not some butler or manservant.

“Good morning, Ethan!” She waved as I awkwardly climbed out of my car. I glanced around, attempting to take in the sheer absurdity of this place. I also tried to find the hidden camera crew that must have been lurking somewhere, because some part of me was still waiting for the curtain to be pulled back and the truth of this to be revealed.

“This is... some place you got here,” I mumbled. I once more tried not to gawk at Vivian. It was before noon on a Saturday, yet here she was, dressed to the nines and done up like she was on her way to some garden party gala next door.

She placed her hand on the small of my back. “Let me give you a tour.”

We didn’t make it very far. The massive double doors led us to a foyer bigger than my apartment. From there we moved into one of the “entertaining rooms” furnished with couches, lounge chairs, and a bar. I was admiring her liquor collection when we started making out.

It was an intense, but quick experience. She kissed me like I was her lover returning from a long trip. It swept me up like a whirlwind, and before I realized what was happening, she had pulled away. I blinked as she adjusted her hair and dress, then continued on the tour as if nothing had happened.

Her house was what I’d expected a mega-mansion to be, but at the same time, not. I didn’t see any staff. For all I knew, Vivian and I were the only people on the property. It was awkward at times, the sheer opulence on display, but Vivian didn’t seem disconnected from reality. She seemed to grasp the ridiculousness of having eight bedrooms and two kitchens, and a walk-in closet the size of my own apartment.

“That’s... a lot of shoes,” I said.

Vivian smiled at the rows of high heels. “Some I wear more than others, but I do try to wear them all.”

“This house is amazing,” I said as we stepped back into the master bedroom. I’d lost count of the number times I’d said that. I’d tried to say it differently each time, but that well had run dry too. “It’s just... I’d love a house like this.”

We walked out onto the balcony, and I just stood there and listened. No traffic, no police sirens or firetrucks. No heavy footsteps of the people living above me, or the muffled shouting of the couple next door. It was simply quiet. Tranquil. Just birds chirping, and the flow of water from the fountain below.

“You must get lonely.” It was an obvious statement—of course she got lonely in a house this big. I hadn’t seen any family photos, nothing indicating she had kids, or even a husband. Her intentions for inviting me here were as evident to me now as they should’ve been from the get-go.

Especially once I looked back at her from the balcony railing to see her walking toward her massive four-post bed, unzipping her dress.

I wasn’t a virgin. I’d had sex plenty of times, but fuck, Vivian was like no other woman I’d been with, so much so that I nearly had the same experience as when I’d first gotten laid: awkward, stiff movements and cumming way too quickly. She left me breathless, exhausted, yet she didn’t seem to break a sweat.

It was in this post-nut clarity that I asked the question I should’ve from the moment I’d stepped foot into this mansion.

“How are you able to, you know... live here?”

She smiled as she slid off the bed and picked her dress up off the floor. “My husband, of course.”

It took a moment to sink in. “Your husband?!” I scrambled off the bed in search of my boxers. I’d been waiting for a catch, and there it was. I needed to get the fuck out of here before I fell unconscious and woke up in a safari park where peasants like me were hunted for sport.

“Ethan, relax,” she said, slipping back into her high heels. “He knows. I wouldn’t dream of crossing my husband by having secret affairs without his blessing. Charles knows he can’t quite give me what I need, so he allows me to do as I wish, as long as I’m careful.”

I stood there awkwardly, my underwear in my hands. “So you do this often, then?”

Vivian looked me up and down, then smiled. “Yes and no. I do have a couple handsome young studs I call upon when the need arises—strong, muscular gentlemen who really know how to treat a lady.”

I blushed and frowned. I was far from some muscular stud. While blessed with a high metabolism that had kept me from getting obese, I was unfortunately lacking in the muscle department. I wasn’t some stickman, but I wasn’t a GQ cover model, either.

Vivian must’ve seen me blush, because she placed one hand on my shoulder and lifted my chin to meet her gaze. “But you’re different, Ethan. You’re very special, and if my instincts are correct, you’ve got the potential to do great things. Get dressed and meet me downstairs on the back patio.”

I was still standing there like a dunce, underwear in my hand, as she sauntered out of the bedroom.

I blinked and shook my head to clear it. Vivian was married, and her husband had given her permission to have as much sex as she wanted to. He must have been some old dude, like pushing eighty, or something. She had guys on speed dial to fulfill her sexual urges, which was strange, sure, but at the same time, surprisingly logical. I apparently was not qualified to be one of her “handsome studs,” but I had... some kind of potential?

I had way too many questions. Some part of me was suggesting I just get dressed and get the fuck out of there, delete Vivian’s number, forget about all we’d done, and hope I didn’t get kidnapped in the middle of the night.

But...

I got dressed and headed downstairs, somehow managing to remember the way to the back patio. Vivian sat at a small, round table under the shade of an umbrella. On the table was a serving tray with a teapot and one cup. Vivian held the other cup with both hands as she looked out into her massive backyard.

“Have a seat,” she said without turning.

I sat opposite her and also turned to look out into the backyard. She poured me a glass of tea, which I took despite the fact I only ever drank tea when I

had a cold.

For a little while, we both sat there in silence as we drank the tea, which was pretty delicious, but I shouldn't have been surprised.

Vivian eventually spoke first: "Ethan, when we first met in the bar, you told me you'd love to live a life of luxury. Is that correct?"

I nodded. "Yes, I would love that. I'm sure anyone who works long hours for a soul-sucking job would kill for a life like the one you have here."

"So you'd do just about anything to have a life like mine?"

I choked on the tea, and after a few bouts of coughing, managed to answer. "Well, sure. But you're not going to ask me to kill someone, are you?" I looked around.

Vivian laughed. "Of course not. I just wanted to know if you were serious." She glanced over at me. "Because if you are—if you're willing to do just about anything to have a life like mine—I can make that a possibility."

I squinted. "There's a catch, right? It can't be that simple."

"Of course, silly. What, did you think I was just going to write you a check for seven hundred and fifty million dollars and hand it to you on your way out?" She took another sip of her tea and smiled. "It won't be easy, but if you follow my orders and every command I give you, in a week, you'll have a life just like mine—a life of luxury where you'll never have to work ever again."

"Less than a week?" I set the cup down on the table. "Sounds too good to be true."

"It's understandable, but no one thinks they'll ever win the lottery until they do."

I looked over at her. She smiled back at me. It was a warm, comforting smile. Then she looked back out over her domain.

"If you don't want to pass up on this opportunity of a lifetime, come back

here Monday morning, seven a.m. sharp.”

I sat up. “Monday morning? What about my work? My job?”

Vivian didn’t even turn to face me. “If I recall correctly from our conversation last weekend, you’re not too fond of your job. I can’t remember the last time I had to commute to an office building—must’ve been twenty or so years ago. Of course, that was back when my bosses could get away with slapping my ass and calling me all sorts of names. I was presented this opportunity and took it. Best decision I ever made.”

She set her cup down and stood. “I’ll give you until tomorrow night to make your decision. Let me know either way. Think about it, Ethan—how much longer do you really think you’ll be at that job of yours?”

A middle-aged man dressed in all black stepped onto the patio. He bowed and turned toward me.

“Yuri will take you back to your car. It’s been washed for you.” Vivian placed a gentle hand on my cheek. “Do consider my offer, Ethan. I would love to be able to share my kind of life with you.”

Then she turned and headed back into the house.

I gazed out at the green expanse that was her backyard—at the lap pool, the fountain, the garden with flowers of every color—before walking up to the man known only as Yuri. Without a word, he led me through the house and through the double front doors, and down the stone stairs to where my car waited for me.

From the doorway, I could tell that my car had been more than just washed. It practically glistened in the afternoon sun and looked brand new. The interior had been vacuumed, the seats and dashboard scrubbed clean, the air within perfumed with a subtle lemony scent. It even had a full tank of gas!

I didn’t drive straight home—I couldn’t. I needed to go somewhere I could think. I considered going to a bar, but even this early on a Saturday, there would be a crowd. I ended up going to the movie theater and picking some mindless action film to sit through, something with lots of explosions and

gratuitous violence. A palate cleanser, so to speak.

But it didn't help. I couldn't get Vivian out of my mind.

As I dragged myself upstairs to my small apartment, I thought of her mansion and the tranquility that surrounded it. Even as I tried to fall asleep to the sound of my downstairs neighbor's music, I didn't think I could go through with it. My job sucked, sure, but maybe it would get better.

I woke up to a dozen missed calls and even more emails. Shit was apparently going down at my office. Upper management had decided to change up the timetables on us, and for some reason, I was at fault. Even though I was the only one who was ever on time, I was to blame for this shit storm.

After one too many angry phone calls from people I didn't even know worked for the company, I'd had enough.

I emailed HR, told them I was done, set an automatic response on my work email, and turned my company phone off. Around one p.m. on Sunday, after a nice, self-care lunch, I called Vivian to tell her I would be there tomorrow morning. She sounded very excited and told me not to be late.

I overcompensated and arrived a little too early. Like, thirty minutes early. This only made the situation worse, as it allowed me to sit in my car and stew in my anxiety, giving my brain the opportunity to formulate all kinds of scenarios that awaited me on the other side of the wrought iron gate. Was I going to go through some kind of speed-dating process before being handed off to some daughter of hers that may or may not exist? Perhaps it was a job interview for some fake position at her husband's—who I still didn't know anything about—company. That last one might have been nice, though—taking home some bonkers paycheck without having to actually clock in and do any work.

With a few minutes to spare, I pulled up to the gate. It opened, and Vivian waited for me at the bottom of the steps, just like on Saturday. Only this time, Yuri was next to her. She wore a gray dress and thigh-high, high-heeled boots. I had to flood my mind with non-sexy images to stop myself from getting hard right then and there. She had this sexy administrator look going with her hair pinned up in a bun, and...

Fuck.

I awkwardly climbed out of the car sporting a half-erect dick. Vivian saw it. I caught her glancing down there before her lips curled into smirk. Before I could say anything, Yuri took my keys and drove off with my car.

“You’re early. I like that. If you were late, you would’ve been punished.” She turned and started up the stairs toward the front door.

I cocked my head. Did I hear that right? Punished?

I watched my car disappear around a bend toward what I assumed would be the garage. I had to look elsewhere, otherwise my gaze would’ve been fixed on Vivian’s perfect butt. I struggled to suppress my erection, but it was difficult, given I could vividly remember what her body looked like under that well-tailored outfit.

With her hands clasped behind her back, she led me back through the house toward one of the estate’s many guestrooms. I had hoped this meant another romp, but instead she turned to me, gestured at the bathroom, and said:

“Everything you need will be in there. Shower and shave everything below your eyes, both facial and body hair.” She looked me up and down. “From our time together over the weekend, I know that you’re not all that hairy down below, thankfully, but if you wish to continue, you must be completely smooth.”

Then she gestured to the bed. “There’ll be an outfit waiting for you. Put it on and come find me when you’re done.”

Before I had a chance to reply, Vivian planted her lips on mine.

“I’ll be downstairs on the patio,” she said as she pulled away.

I heard the door close behind me. I glanced back at it, then at the door to the bathroom. Shower? Shave? I took a whiff of my shirt. I had showered last night, but if she had an outfit for me, it would make sense that I should shower again. It was probably some custom suit she’d commissioned after eyeballing me for my measurements.

Her request to shave perplexed me, though I could see why I should shave my face. I hadn't been blessed with the genes to grow a beard, but even my rich brown hair, I could only ever pull off a five o'clock shadow before it got patchy.

I looked at my arms. I wasn't overly hairy by any means, but hey, I'd shave my head too, if it meant inheriting the life Vivian's got.

I shrugged, stripped out of my clothes, and stepped into the bathroom.

When Vivian had given me the tour during my last visit, she hadn't shown me the entirety of the house. As nice as it was, it wasn't some French palace that had hundreds of years of history attached to it, so there was no need for her to show off absolutely everything.

The bathroom was unsurprisingly huge, with granite countertops, marble appliances, a free-standing clawfoot bathtub, and a waterfall shower with enough space for me to swing my arms around in. What gave me pause was the selection of products left for me in the shower nook. They were all marketed for women, even the razor. It wasn't like Vivian couldn't afford to go out and buy a suite of men's grooming stuff; in fact, she probably had some lying around for when those "handsome studs" of hers came by.

I shrugged. If I had to smell all perfumy for a little while to earn the life of a billionaire, then so be it.

It was strange drying off a hairless body, and not something I'd ever expected to experience. I tried my best to get my cock and balls smooth, but it was just a wee bit terrifying having a sharp blade that close to my jewels. Despite the unfamiliar sensation, I felt cleaner than I normally did.

With the towel wrapped around my waist, I returned to the bedroom to see what this suit she wanted me to wear looked like. I stopped halfway to the bed when my eyes found what was laid out for me.

I chuckled and looked around. This had to be some sort of a joke, right? Maybe I was on some hidden camera or reality TV show. There was no way Vivian actually expected me to put on that stuff, right?

Right?

Laid out on the bed was a black dress, bra, and panties, as well as nude pantyhose, a brunette wig, and black high heels.

I ignored the women's attire and went looking for my clothes that I'd left on the floor—folded, of course—along with my shoes. I checked every drawer, the walk-in closet, and even under the bed, but they were nowhere to be seen. The only piece of clothing I could find was a black silk robe—a ladies' one, judging by the length and cut of it—but at least it wasn't a dress or lingerie.

The robe barely covered my thighs as I snuck around Vivian's mansion. Around every corner, I expected to stumble upon some camera crew, but there was no one. I managed to make it downstairs to the back patio without being spotted by any of the staff, which so far only seemed to be Yuri.

Vivian was enjoying what I assumed was breakfast as I awkwardly jogged out onto the patio, constantly pulling down the hem of the robe.

"You're not dressed," she said as she took a sip of what looked like a mimosa. "Did something not fit right?"

I was taken aback, shocked by how oblivious she seemed to be at my current situation. "I mean, yeah. You left me women's clothes."

"And?"

I hesitated. "And I'm not a woman?" I couldn't believe I was having to state the obvious. "I thought there would be, like, a suit or something. You know, men's attire?"

Vivian took off her sunglasses and set her drink down. "Ethan, you wanted to life I have, correct?" She gestured vaguely around her. "A life of luxury and leisure, never having to work another day in your life?"

"Uh, yeah." I nodded.

"Well, that is the life of a trophy wife. Now get upstairs and get dressed."

I blinked and grabbed fistfuls of my hair, trying not to panic, but failing. "But... but this is not what I thought. I figured... I... no, I quit my job. Oh

my god, I quit my job for this! I figured it would be something else, not becoming some millionaire's wife!"

Vivian stood and placed her hands on my shoulders. "Ethan," she said in a calm, but commanding tone, "take some breaths and listen to me."

I did as she asked, and while it worked a little, I was still very much internally freaking out.

"What did you expect? That I would marry you off to some daughter of mine? They're already married off and living their own lives." She moved behind me and wrapped her arms around my waist, pulling me close against her body. "You can leave if you like; go back to your little apartment somewhere in the city, back to your overworked, unfulfilled life. What I'm offering you now is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity."

She brought her lips to my ear and whispered, hands moving down my waist to my hips and thighs, "Think about it. It wouldn't be so bad, would it? You know where I was last month? On a yacht, island-hopping around Greece for three weeks. Christmas, I went skiing in the Swiss Alps. My birthday I spent on my own private island in the South Pacific, my every whim catered to. I never have to lift a finger to cook; it's all done for me, whatever I desire. I never have to clean; my maids keep this place spotless."

Her hand disappeared under the hem of my silk robe, which felt so strangely wonderful on my hairless body. I quivered, biting my lip as she rubbed my cock.

"So what if it means having to wear dresses and high heels, and doll yourself up in makeup? Hell, I only do my own makeup because it's something I enjoy. If you want this life of mine, a life of true luxury and leisure, then go back upstairs to the guestroom and get dressed. Otherwise, leave this place and return to your sad, shitty life and never, ever try to call me again."

She released me, leaving me fully erect and so very close to cumming. I nearly fell down, my legs were so wobbly. By the time I recovered, Vivian was back in her chair, sipping her drink and reading some article on her phone.

I opened my mouth to say something, but I had drawn a complete blank.

Words failed me, and defeated, I turned back and headed back upstairs. I took my time returning to the bedroom, strolling as if I was in some museum, taking it all in.

I stood at the foot of the bed and stared down at the clothing laid out for me. I thought it would be an easy decision, that I would simply say no and just walk out the door. Any normal, rational person would, especially a guy like myself, right? But the more I thought about it, the less convinced I became, and to my surprise, I started considering Vivian's offer.

If I walked out the door, what would I go back to? I'd quit my job, so that would mean hours, days—no, weeks of job-searching, all while scraping by on what little savings I had, trying not to max out my credit cards and bury myself in debt. Meanwhile, Vivian's words echoed in my mind: island-hopping in Greece; Christmas in the Alps; her own private island getaway.

Like some starved castaway, I started salivating, not at the thought of some massive, juicy steak, but at the idea of freeing myself from stress, financial anxiety, shitty coworkers, and rejection. All I would have to do was sacrifice my masculinity. Dress up like a woman. Probably live the rest of my life as one. Would it be so bad?

Fortunately, I made it back down to the patio without breaking my ankles. As difficult as it was to walk in the high heels—which fit surprisingly well—the hardest thing was dealing with my erection.

I had never once considered crossdressing, or really anything remotely fetish-y. In fact, I was pretty vanilla. So you can imagine my surprise as halfway through pulling the lace panties up my legs, my cock decided to spring to life, and was made all the more firm as I pulled the delicate fabric over my groin and butt.

I stared down at myself, a mix of shock, disbelief, and embarrassment flowing through me. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't ignore what was building up inside of me—the alien feelings; a thrill almost. It felt... so oddly wonderful, and as I pulled the pantyhose onto my legs, transported them to another level I didn't think possible.

"Fuck," I muttered as I adjusted the pantyhose. The gentle caress of the fabric was otherworldly, especially on my hairless legs. I was enraptured,

captivated by it. I caught myself rubbing my legs together, and I couldn't stop.

Something wet dribbled out from my cock into my panties. In a moment of clarity, I knew to take my cock out of its nylon and silk encasement, and thankfully I did so in the nick of time as a few moments later, I came.

I wobbled into the bathroom and attempted to clean myself up, thankful I was able to keep most of it from spilling onto my lingerie. With the beast tamed, I was able to put on the rest of the ensemble. The bra proved tricky, and I wasn't sure why I was given one, since I didn't have breasts. The dress, unsurprisingly, fit me well—a little too well—though I wasn't a fan of its length, as the hemline was just halfway down my thighs. The wig wasn't anything special, other than the fact that the shoulder-length hair matched my own hair color.

The pumps gave me pause. They had a rather long heel on them, maybe five inches, plus a short platform on the rounded toe. They were shiny black, perfectly polished, and slipped on effortlessly. The first couple of steps were precarious, but I managed to make it to the doorway without falling. It was when I started down the hallway that my erection returned.

There was no way I could focus on walking with what was going on down there. The bulge was clear as day under the front of my dress, even through the dark fabric. Not only that, there was no way I could present myself to Vivian rocking an erection. So I did what I had to, and that was find the closest bathroom to... release some mounting pressure.

Vivian glanced back at me as I stepped out onto the patio. It wasn't like I could've snuck up on her, given how loudly the heels clicked against the cement path. Hell, she'd probably heard me coming down from the bedroom, as all the floors in this mega-mansion were either hardwood or marble.

She stood, clapped her hands once, then looked me up and down before smiling. "Oh, Ethan, I'm so glad you decided to accept. The step you've taken is not only the first one toward a wonderful new life, but the most difficult." She approached me and reached out. "Take my hand and let us begin."

With her arm wrapped around mine, she guided me through the house, supporting me as I attempted to walk in the heels and informing me of the changes that were coming to my life, starting with the fact that I would no longer go by “Ethan.” From now on, my name would be “Evelyn.”

It was a bit of a shock to my system as the weight of my choice sank in. Not only was I dressing up like a woman, but I had to take a woman’s name too? Though there was something about the name Vivian gave me, Evelyn, that sent a pleasurable chill down my spine, whether it was the way it rolled off the tongue, or its similarity to my real name.

I bit my lip, but that couldn’t stop it from quivering, nor could it stop my cock from once again hardening. Despite how snug the pantyhose was, it failed to suppress the bulge that reappeared under the front of my dress.

Vivian brought her hand down and rubbed it through the front of my dress. If I hadn’t been using her as a crutch, I would’ve crumpled right then and there.

“Does Evelyn like her new name?” She continued to rub at my dick.

I struggled to talk. I had forced my eyes closed and bit my lip so hard I was surprised I didn’t draw blood. Barely able to say anything, I simply nodded in return.

“That’s a good girl.” She pulled her hand away. “In addition to your new name, you must also now address me as Ms. Vivian. Or Mistress Vivian, if you prefer. Either way, you must address me properly. Understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Vivian,” I whimpered, trying so very hard not to cum.

“Excellent. We’ll work on that voice soon enough. For now, let’s make sure you look the part.” She wrapped her arm around my waist and pulled me in close. “Starting today, you’ll live here. No need to worry about your old apartment—it’ll be handled. Your rent will be paid until your lease expires, your things boxed up and put in storage for the foreseeable future. Your car will be sold off, unless you have some attachment to it.”

Ms. Vivian led me to the room where we’d first had sex. She opened the floor-to-ceiling glass doors, letting the cool air and the noon sun enter.

“Before we go any further,” she said as she paced about the bedroom, hands clasped behind her back, “I should lay down some ground rules, as well as answer any questions you may have. My husband Charles is a wonderful man, though his businesses keep him rather occupied, and oftentimes away for extended periods of time. We’ve got an agreement, if you will—a bit of freedom to do as we wish. I’ll get visits from young, strong gentlemen, and he’ll have his romps with blonde bimbos, or whatever tickles his fancy. We each have our toys and vices, and allow each other to enjoy them, so long as it’s nothing that could put us at risk.”

I scratched my neck, not used to having hair so long. “What does... your husband do?”

Ms. Vivian smiled and tapped a finger on her chin. “Let’s say he’s got his fingers in a lot of pies, but his pride and joy is biotechnology.” She leaned in close and placed her lips on mine. Then she took my hands and lifted me off the bed. “Come, Evelyn, let’s make you into a woman.”

I trembled as she took me out of the bedroom into her massive closet. She sat me down at her vanity and removed my wig, setting it aside. Then she pulled up a chair and silently transformed me.

The closest I’d ever come to wearing makeup was having my face painted at a fair when I was little. Instead of a lion or a tiger, I went with a snake. It was fun for a little while, but the novelty wore off quickly, as it was a very hot summer day. I remembered being excited, unable to sit still as they painted my face a bright green and drew in the scales with a thin black brush.

I wasn’t so much excited now as I was nervous. Ms. Vivian had positioned me away from the mirror, so I was left in a constant state of suspense. What would I look like? Passable? Or more of a caricature like a drag queen?

I squirmed, unable to suppress my growing arousal. Where had these feelings come from? Why was I so turned on by this?

I attempted a deep, centering breath, but I only got more aroused as I inhaled Ms. Vivian’s perfume.

She moved about like an artist, looking me over from different angles,

checking to make sure things were blended right or the colors were what she wanted. With each step, she explained what was happening. She used concealer to neutralize my beard shadow and dark spots, then foundation and blush, contour, eyeliner, eyeshadow, false eyelashes, and mascara. Finally she painted my lips a deep, dark red, gave me a couple spritzes of perfume, and clipped some chandelier earrings to my lobes. She mentioned piercing my ears in the near future as she glued on some acrylic nails that were painted a shade of red similar to my lipstick. Then she gave me a pearl necklace, a couple rings, and some bracelets that probably cost more than my car.

She put the wig back on me and smiled. “Oh, Evelyn, I knew you’d be perfect for this.”

She stood, spun my chair toward the mirror, and my jaw hit the floor.

I didn’t know what to say. The woman staring back at me was... it couldn’t be me, could it?

I blinked, turned my head from side to side, then up and down. The earrings reflected the light and I felt their weight. That really was me staring back. A woman. Evelyn.

Me.

There was something about the look that just felt right. Ms. Vivian could’ve made me look like some sort of porn star or club slut, covering me in dark, heavy makeup meant solely for attraction and seduction, but instead she had given me an almost classy look that somehow made me look more sophisticated. It was hard for me to describe, but she’d made me look ten or fifteen years older, yet oh-so attractive.

My cock throbbed and my body quivered as I tried to stifle a moan. Fuck, I couldn’t believe this was turning me on so much. Never in a million years had I thought I’d be getting off to being dressed up as—and made over into—not just a woman, but a mature, older woman.

“I have another gift for you, Evelyn, but before I give it to you, we must take care of your little problem.”

She took me by the hand and led me to the bed. I didn't even bother trying to hide the erection that tented my dress. She sat me down on the edge, then got down on her knees.

I didn't last very long. I had been so worked up that seconds after she wrapped her lips around my cock, I practically exploded. She handled it expertly, letting my softening cock slip out of her mouth before she disappeared back into her closet.

When she returned, she held a device in her hand. It was small, and seemingly made from clear plastic. Once I figured out what it was, my stomach dropped.

"Is that...?"

Ms. Vivian nodded. "That's correct, Evelyn—a chastity cage. If you are to become the sophisticated, mature woman I want you to be, you'll have to get control over that. For now, it seems we must lock it away."

I frowned. Was that really necessary? I supposed it did make sense that if I was trying to pass as a woman, a bulge where there shouldn't be one would give my real sex away. Hopefully it would only be a temporary measure.

I said nothing as she gently affixed the device, effectively locking away what manhood I had left. I was afraid there would be some pinching or unpleasantness to it, but apart from very minor pressure, the device was—for lack of a better word—comfortable, though I had to grimace as Ms. Vivian attached a tiny padlock to it.

"Just for now, Evelyn, I'm sure you understand."

I didn't say anything as she helped me back onto my feet. While I took stock of the device, she returned to her vanity to deposit the key. It only took a few moments for the cage to demonstrate its purpose as I felt my cock strain to get hard. I bit my lip, tasting the waxy lipstick as the clear plastic prevented any growth. With the restriction came a feeling of unfulfillment, a tease that clued me into a possibly devious intent behind the device. But I kept it to myself as Ms. Vivian pulled my panties and pantyhose back up. She even gave the cage a satisfied tap, as if to say, "good job."

I glanced down and saw that the device was working, as the front of my dress was as flat as it should be.

“Now we can begin your training,” Ms. Vivian said with a smile. “But let me first say that I’m not going to teach you how to be some young slut, dancing at clubs half-naked, willing to please just about any man who gives her attention. You are to become a dignified lady. Understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Vivian,” I said.

“Wonderful. Let’s begin.”

Her training was, to put it plainly, rigorous. We spent the entire day going over mannerisms. You know the saying about “walking a mile in someone else’s shoes”? Well, I was pretty sure I ended up walking a marathon in those black high heels, to the point that by the end of the day, I was effortlessly sauntering around the mansion in them, hips swaying, hands at my sides. Ms. Vivian was an excellent teacher, showing patience while constantly urging me to try harder each time. I thought I would forget about the chastity cage, but it proved to be a constant presence as the more feminine my movements became, the more turned on I got.

Several times I was aroused to the point where fluid dribbled from my cock, only to get absorbed by my lingerie and linger there. Each time I hoped it would provide some form of relief, but all it served to do was bump me up to another level of sexual tension I hadn’t known I could experience. Apart from the physical toll of walking in these shoes and completely altering the way I stood and sat, the chastity cage took such a mental and emotional toll that by the end of the day, I was willing to do just about anything to get it off. I felt like an addict going through withdrawals.

I realized that this had been Ms. Vivian’s plan all along when she escorted me back to my new bedroom after dinner.

“You’ve done so well for your very first day, Evelyn, almost as if you’d been a woman your whole life!” She smiled and tucked some loose hair behind my ear. “How would you like to be rewarded for exceeding my expectations?”

“Are you going to let me out of the cage?” I mumbled, body trembling.

Vivian's smile grew wider. "Perhaps, but don't you want to know what your reward is?"

I nodded, unsure of what else would serve as a reward.

"The top drawer of your nightstand." She pointed. "Bring me what's inside."

I glanced over at it. Made of a dark wood, it had but a single drawer, the knob a bright, polished brass. The clicking of my heels echoed louder than before as I grew more and more anxious with each step. What would be waiting for me?

With trembling fingers, I reached out and pulled the drawer open. My eyes widened and my jaw dropped at what waited for me.

"Bring it here, Evelyn," Ms. Vivian said behind me.

I reached down and removed the strap-on from the nightstand. A realistic, skin-colored cock about the size of my own was attached to the black straps. I couldn't take my eyes off it as I brought it to Ms. Vivian. Was this the last test? Was she going to make me suck on it? Fuck me with it? Was this what I needed to do to get released from this cage?

My cock throbbed inside its plastic prison as more fluid dribbled out. I was desperate for release. I needed to be set free.

Ms. Vivian stripped out of her dress and effortlessly stepped into the harness, as if she'd done this before countless times. Then she looked up at me and smiled.

"Your reward for such an excellent first day is getting to experience anal sex. The prostate is the male G-spot, so it's the closest you'll get to experiencing sex as a woman, at least without surgery. But if you'd like to get out of that cage, you need to show me how bad you want it." She stroked the cock and tilted her head up just enough to look down on me. "Even a mature, sophisticated woman knows how to pleasure her man."

I stared blankly at her strap-on, my heart racing. She said nothing more, just stood there, waiting. I wanted out of the cage so bad. I needed release.

I got down on my knees and wrapped my lips around the cock. It... wasn't what I had expected. For some odd reason, I had expected it to taste like the real deal, but all I got was a bland, rubber flavor. Despite all that, it still felt so very real. The shape, its texture, the fact that I was on my knees looking up at Ms. Vivian—it sent a shiver down my spine.

My cock throbbed in its cage, more fluid leaking into my already soaking wet lingerie. I wanted out so badly.

Ms. Vivian seemed to approve of my technique, though she continued to guide me in the proper etiquette, so to speak. But it was hard to focus on anything. My head swam as I breathed in her scent, arousal forcing me into an erotic haze. It was as if I was riding a drug-induced high, so much so that later, I couldn't remember how I got onto the bed, on my hands and knees as Ms. Vivian lined up behind me and slowly inserted the fake cock into my ass.

I moaned, a deep, primal sound as Ms. Vivian gripped my hips and pushed it in deeper. She took it slowly, steadily, pulling back only to nudge it farther in, until her hips pressed against my ass and the entire thing filled me.

It was undeniably exhilarating. It was a feeling like no other, something I had never expected to be so... indescribable. My mind was enveloped, my body ablaze as Ms. Vivian revved up the tempo to slide the entire thing in and out, quickly, deliberately, vigorously fucking me. She was enjoying it just as much as I seemed to be, though I could barely make out her moans over my own pleasure-filled wails.

In a brief moment of clarity, I realized that my cock was still locked up in the cage, but I could barely think straight, barely focus on it, as what I had been waiting for had finally arrived. My body shuddered as I orgasmed, but instead of erupting, cum simply trickled out in long, limp strands. There was, at the same time, a sense of relief, yet none at all. An oxymoronic mixture of pleasure and frustration flowed through me as Ms. Vivian pulled out. I was left panting, gasping for breath, attempting to make sense of what was going on.

"You did wonderful, Evelyn." Ms. Vivian planted a kiss on my cheek. For some reason I was still on my hands and knees as she sat on the edge of the

bed in front of me. Through my blurred vision, I saw something metallic dangle from her hand. “As promised, the key to your release.”

She let it slip from her fingers before standing. “Strip and shower. Don’t worry about your clothes; you can just toss them onto the floor. There should be a wig stand in your closet, so hang it up there. There’s a variety of nighttime apparel, if you so desire; otherwise, sleep well. We start again at eight a.m.”

I wasn’t sure how much time passed before I half-slipped, half-fell off the bed, but Ms. Vivian was gone and the door to my bedroom closed.

Like many of the other bedrooms, this one had floor-to-ceiling windows, and a pair of glass French doors that led onto a balcony, though this one smaller than Ms. Vivian’s. Very little color remained in the darkening sky, with the first few stars making their appearance.

I opened the doors to let in the cool air. It felt so very nice on my sweat-soaked skin as I breathed it in deep to clear my head.

With my mind for the most part lucid, I kicked off my heels, relishing the relief for a few moments before finding the thin metallic chain and small key she’d handed me.

“Fucking hell.” I let out a massive sigh of relief as the plastic cage clattered to the floor. I left it there as I staggered into the walk-in closet.

I expected to see it full, the racks lined with a variety of clothes, the shelves stocked with all manner of shoes. But it was empty, save for a lone, featureless head for the wig. Only one of the drawers in the two massive dressers had anything in it. Like Ms. Vivian said, it was a modest selection of nighttime apparel. I really had no desire to wear any of that stuff, so after stripping, I took a long, hot shower and climbed into bed, deciding to sleep in the nude, my legs already sore.

I had hoped to wake to Ms. Vivian’s soft voice, but instead it was the blaring shrill of an alarm clock. As I rubbed the sleep from my eyes, I spotted her sitting at the edge of the bed, legs crossed, inspecting her fingernails. She had on a white dress today, hair up in a bun.

“Good morning, Evelyn. How are you feeling?”

I expected pain, that my legs would burn from the workout of walking an immeasurable number of miles in high heels, but as I straightened up and swung my legs over, I felt... nothing. No pain, no aches or soreness. In fact, I almost felt refreshed, like I had just woken up from the best sleep in my entire life.

“Pretty good, actually,” I mumbled, sleep still clinging to my mind.

“Excellent, let’s get you dressed and ready.”

I yawned as I got to my feet, completely forgetting about my painted nails. Ms. Vivian stood by the closet door, her high heels the same shade of white as her dress. When she opened it, I had to rub my eyes to make sure what I saw was real.

The closet was... fully furnished. I cocked my head, taking a few tentative steps toward it. When had this happened? While I was sleeping? It had been empty when I went to bed. This was so strange.

“Something wrong?” Ms. Vivian glanced back at me before stepping inside.

“It was...” I started.

“Empty? Yes, I am aware. You’re a surprisingly heavy sleeper, Evelyn.” Ms. Vivian fingered through the rack of dresses.

I stared dumbfounded at the assortment of clothing. The closet was nearly the size of the bedroom and had a similar vanity—albeit smaller—to Ms. Vivian’s. Dresses in a wide variety of colors, styles, and lengths hung along one wall, some floral, but most a single shade with subtle patterns. There were skirts, blouses, sweaters, and coats, and not one, but two floor-to-ceiling shelves of pumps, none with a heel shorter than four or five inches. There were some boots thrown into the mix, including a couple thigh-highs.

Ms. Vivian pulled open one of the previously empty drawers to reveal a rainbow of bras and panties, nearly all of them made from a delicate lace. There were stockings and pantyhose, though in a much more reduced color palette, with the only colors being black, white, red, and various shades of

brown or tan.

“We have a couple matters to attend to before you get dressed.” She produced a small metal box about the size of a cigarette carton and handed it to me, explaining what it was as I opened it. “It’s a prototype. I mentioned before my husband Charles works in biotechnology, which means I get access to some very interesting products.”

It looked like a Band-Aid, only it lacked the white gauze pad. Ms. Vivian removed it from the casing and showed it to me. The underside was covered in circuitry.

“It’s a voice changer.” She gently pressed it to my throat over my Adam’s apple. “Like what you see in spy films. Go ahead, say something.”

“Hello.” My voiced cracked as if I was going through puberty. But I tried again when Ms. Vivian nodded.

“This is—”

I couldn’t finish the sentence, I was so struck by what I heard. Was that my voice? No, it couldn’t be.

“This is my—”

Once more, I couldn’t finish. The voice that filled my ears was soft, delicate, and oh-so feminine. It had an almost airy tone.

Ms. Vivian smiled and looked to be stifling some laughter. She instructed me to say a few test lines, and with each one, I was more and more shocked at my new voice.

Ms. Vivian had one more present for me before I got dressed. It was much larger, bigger than a shoebox. When I saw what was inside, I had to pick my jaw off the floor. It was a pair a fake breasts, rather big ones too. They came together as one large piece, and already had adhesive applied to them.

When Ms. Vivian saw my hesitation, she reassured me that the glue wasn’t permanent. They were heavier than I had anticipated, and their weight pulled me forward. It had already been tricky enough to walk around in the

high heels before the new additions.

Despite the options available to me, Ms. Vivian once again decided on what I was to wear. She picked out a sleeveless, turtleneck maroon dress with matching red heels, as well as a black bra and panties, but instead of pantyhose, she selected a pair of tan, stay-up stockings—an interesting choice, given Ms. Vivian’s firm belief in having me become a “mature, sophisticated woman” and not some “young slut.” Then again, despite her classy demeanor and appearance, she did seem to be quite the floozy.

The dress fit nicely and the heels were comfortably snug, but the tricky part was getting the stockings up without my acrylic nails tearing them. Despite my inexperience and trembling hands, I managed to get both up my legs and adjusted without damaging the amazingly pleasant material.

I bit my lip and turned away, hoping Ms. Vivian wouldn’t notice my steadily growing erection. I flooded my mind with all sorts of non-sexy imagery, hoping to subdue my hardening cock, but I failed. The gentle hugging of the dress, the weight of my new breasts, the caress of the stockings on my hairless legs, the ways the heels made me stick my ass out—it all had my dick standing at attention.

“I see someone hasn’t gotten control yet.” Ms. Vivian slowly shook her head.

Normally I wouldn’t have had a problem with a woman as beautiful as Ms. Vivian getting down onto her knees to wrap her lips around my cock and give me a mind-blowing orgasm, but what came after was what I dreaded. I had barely made it through one day with that chastity cage on, and I doubted I’d survive another. How long before I became some horny, desperate creature begging for release?

I threw my head back and moaned as I came in her mouth, a noise that sounded so very strange, yet familiar in my new feminine voice. It only made me cum harder, as it sounded straight out of porno. Ms. Vivian was undoubtedly a pro, making me cum so quickly, though it didn’t help that the clothes and her appearance turned me on so much.

I had to look away as she attached the plastic device, once more locking it with the small brass padlock before sitting me down at the vanity. She did my makeup again, going slow to show me the techniques she used while

letting me try it on my own as well.

It was strange, almost surreal. There I was in some stranger's mega-mansion, letting her transform me into a woman, all for a life of luxury and leisure, but as I sat there watching her apply color to my lips, I began to wonder: How long would I have to keep this up? This couldn't be something I would have to do for the rest of my life, could it? I wasn't even thirty yet!

"Something wrong, Evelyn?"

I looked away. "I... I'm worried. I don't think I can do this."

"Do what, my dear? Live like me? Become the best woman you can be?"

"But I'm a guy. I... I'm not even thirty. How long do I have to do this?"

She turned me toward the mirror and placed the wig onto my scalp. "Tell me, Evelyn, what do you see? Is that a man in the mirror? Or a beautiful, mature woman?"

It was hard to deny the fact that what I saw was anything but a man. Thanks to my new voice and Ms. Vivian's expert hands, a woman looked back at me. A very beautiful woman. My cock throbbed at the affirmation. Try as I might, I found no trace of the man I was when I woke up this morning.

She took my silence as my answer and hummed a quiet tune as she clipped on earrings and gave me rings, bracelets, and a necklace before topping off the transformation with a couple spritzes of a wonderfully fragrant perfume. For a moment it made my head spin, but the dizzy, lightheaded sensation lasted for only a moment before it vanished.

"I can understand your hesitation, Evelyn. This is a lot to take in. You are starting down the path of a brand-new life, one that may be frightening at first, as any change can be, but you'll quickly discover how wonderful it is. And when you do, you'll laugh at how afraid you were, and you'll wonder why you didn't do this sooner." She extended her hand and helped me to my feet. "Come, another day of training awaits you."

Once more, Ms. Vivian had me strut about the mega-mansion a thousand

times over, working on my movements. It came a lot easier that day, though the constant bounce of my breasts only turned me on more and more. In less than an hour, I was already feeling the side-effects of the chastity cage, fluid dribbling out, soaking into my panties as I strained for release.

By noon I had the movements down, and according to Ms. Vivian, it was as if I had been doing it all my life.

As we sat on the back patio enjoying our lunch, I thought about asking her if I could be released from the cage, but then a man who wasn't Yuri approached from the house. He was an older man, his once-blonde hair having all but faded to gray. For a second, I thought it was Ms. Vivian's husband Charles, but the man wore the same attire as Yuri.

"Ah, good afternoon, Gregory," Ms. Vivian said with a smile. "How are you today?"

"Wonderful as always, Ms. Vivian," Gregory said with a slight Russian accent.

Ms. Vivian gestured to me. "This is Evelyn, my protégé. She is staying with us for the time being."

"A pleasure, Miss Evelyn," he said with a bow. But I was glancing over at Ms. Vivian, wondering what she meant by "for the time being."

Gregory turned back to Ms. Vivian. "Your one o'clock appointment is here."

Ms. Vivian clapped her hands. "Wonderful, send him in."

My heart sank. Who? What?

I turned, only to be greeted by a Greek god stepping through the doors onto the patio. The dark-haired man was maybe a year or two younger than me, but fuck, even if I hadn't been wearing makeup and woman's clothes, I'd have looked feminine next to him. He wore a gray tank top and biker shorts, muscles glistening in the afternoon sun. He wasn't necessarily a hulking bodybuilder, but the stranger was obviously in the best shape of his life.

“Ramon! It’s so good to see you again,” Ms. Vivian stood and greeted him with a hug. Then she turned and gestured to me. “This is Evelyn, a pupil of mine. Evelyn, this is Ramon.”

“A pleasure, Miss Vivian,” Ramon said, the words rolling with a lilting Spanish accent. When he looked at me, he gave me a knowing smile and nodded. “Miss Evelyn.”

I blushed, though I wasn’t sure why. It could have been that he was a very handsome dude who’d addressed me like a woman. My cock throbbed in its cage so powerfully my knees nearly buckled.

Why was I weak in the knees? Well, this guy did practically ooze testosterone and masculinity. He was a real man, unlike me.

The statement made my cock throb once more.

“Come along, Evelyn,” Ms. Vivian said.

I wasn’t sure when I’d started zoning out, but when I came back to reality, Ms. Vivian was standing at the door to the patio, waving me over. I hurried over as best I could in the heels, my breasts bouncing.

“So, what do you think?” she whispered to me as we walked down the hallway.

“What do I think about what?” I replied, knowing very well what she meant. A thought crept into my mind. Last night, Ms. Vivian had me suck on a fake cock before she’d fucked me with it, and now this flawless specimen of a man was here. Was this Ramon one of her “handsome studs” that she called upon from time to time? But the more urgent question at the forefront of mind was: was he here for her, or for me?

“Playing coy, I see,” Ms. Vivian teased. “Not to worry, my dear, sweet Evelyn. The question was rhetorical.”

Ramon waited for us in one of the many guest bedrooms, smaller than the one I currently occupied, but still bigger than any I’d ever lived in. He had taken his shirt off and had his fingers hooked into the waistband of his shorts as we entered.

Not sure what to do, I took up a position on the wall by the door. Ms. Vivian gave me a wink as she closed it, then strolled toward Ramon, who was now completely naked. I averted my eyes, but I saw enough. The man was packing. It wasn't huge, but it was definitely large.

Without hesitation, Ms. Vivian dropped to her knees and wrapped her lips around his cock. Both of them glanced over at me, and when I looked away, Ms. Vivian said, "Now, now, Evelyn, you must watch and learn. Watch my movements, my technique. Study them, memorize them."

I swallowed and looked up from the floor. My heart raced and my body trembled as I watched her suck on this guy's cock.

I'd watched my fair share of porn, plenty of it videos of women sucking on dude's dicks. It had never bothered me before, but standing there, in the same room, was different. I could smell Ramon's musk and Ms. Vivian's perfume as she practically worshiped his cock.

My breaths came in short, shallow gasps, and my mouth started to water as slurping filled my ears, along with her moans and his grunts. Fluid leaked into my panties and slid down the inside of my thigh. She let his dick slip out of her mouth, strings of saliva and precum bridging her lips to his cock.

"If you ever need to catch your breath..." She glanced over at me. "...continue to stroke it while you do. Don't let him get soft, understand? Use your tongue, tease the underside of his shaft."

I nodded, avoiding Ramon's gaze as Ms. Vivian wrapped her lips around his dick again. I caught myself licking my own lips, shocked at the craving that had wormed its way into me.

She let his cock again fall out and straightened up. "You can choose to keep going until he cums, should you desire, but I prefer he finishes in me."

I couldn't look away as she sat on the edge of the bed. Ramon reached up under her dress and pulled down her panties, the cream-colored lace thong falling to the floor as she spread her legs. Then Ramon stepped up and slid his cock in.

My entire body trembled as the sounds overwhelmed me: her lustful

screams; his grunts; their bodies smacking together; all of it more vivid, more intense than any porn I'd ever seen. Faster and faster he fucked her, thrusting so hard the entire bed rocked. I found myself wanting it—wanting to be on the receiving end of it, despite having been in Ramon's position not too long ago. I wanted to be where Ms. Vivian was, his cock buried inside me, making me squeal, moan, writhe, and beg.

More fluid leaked into my panties, then down the inside of my legs. Ramon jerked and grunted, and Ms. Vivian cried out blissfully as he pumped his seed into her. A few moments later, he stepped back, thick cock slipping out of her, the remnants of his load dripping onto the floor and oozing out of Ms. Vivian's pussy.

Ramon glanced over at me, smiled, wiped the sweat from his brow, and then ambled over to the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

Ms. Vivian let out a long, satisfied sigh as she sat up. She adjusted her dress, crossed her legs, and looked over at me. "Did you get all that?"

I blinked, mouth agape as I searched for the words to respond. But before I could mutter anything, she giggled.

"Ramon is quite something, isn't he? He works as a personal trainer at some no-name gym, and in his spare time is a wannabe influencer and Instagram fitness model. What he lacks in a following he more than makes up for in fucking. Men like him are a dime a dozen on social media. The trick is to find the right ones to call back.

She glanced down and smiled. "I see he made you a little wet too." She waved me over. "Come here. Show me."

My cheeks burned as I hesitantly stepped toward her. My face must've been as red as a tomato with how devious Ms. Vivian's smile was. She lifted the hem of my dress as her fingers inspected my panties, leaving no spot unchecked.

She leaned forward and whispered into my ear. "You want him, don't you? You want to wrap your lips around his cock, taste him, moan and beg as he fucks you. You want him to show you what a real man is like, and the joy a woman feels when she's with one."

The door to the bathroom opened. In the corner of my vision, I saw Ramon stroll back toward us, thick cock dangling in front of him. I didn't know why I wanted it—why I desired to taste it, wrap my lips around it. I'd never had these feelings before, these... curiosities. Not until I'd met Ms. Vivian. Not until she'd promised me a life like hers.

I couldn't lie; I wanted to know.

My cock throbbed in its cage, another spurt of arousal trickling down my leg as I timidly nodded.

"That's my girl," Ms. Vivian whispered. "Don't worry, he'll be gentle."

She squeezed one of my ass cheeks as she gently nudged me toward Ramon. I lowered myself onto my knees and took his cock in my hands. My head swam as I breathed in his scent. The strangely pleasant mix of body odor, sex, and cologne was like a smooth shot of whiskey, warming me up to what came next. I looked up at him and he smiled down at me as I wrapped my lips around his cock.

It was... I couldn't quite put it to words. I was pleasantly lightheaded. All thoughts and worries faded away as I went down on Ramon. The way he grunted and whispered encouragement fueled the fire within me. Some part of me felt shame, humiliation that there I was dressed head to toe like a woman, on my knees pleasuring a man, taking his thick, delicious cock in my mouth while my own was locked away. Yet the notion that I was servicing a real man, pleasing him, turned me on. My own cock begged for release as precum dribbled out.

I wanted to make him cum. A voiceless command urged me forward. I referenced movements and gestures from all the times I've been on Ramon's end. I knew what felt good. But Ms. Vivian stepped in before I could get Ramon off, before he could blow his load, fill my mouth and plaster my face with his seed.

She spoke softly, but her words were a command, and I followed them without hesitation.

I climbed onto the bed, assuming the position on my hands and knees as Ramon lined up behind me. She advised him to be gentle with me, to take it

slow since this was my first time taking a real cock.

“Are you ready, Evelyn?” she whispered into my ear. “Ready to shed what little masculinity you have left and embrace femininity? Ready to pop your cherry?”

“Yes,” I whimpered. “I’m—”

Ramon slid his cock into me, slowly, like Ms. Vivian had instructed.

I was... not ready for it. The sheer bliss that came from having another man’s cock fill me catapulted me onto another plane. If my cock hadn’t been caged, it would’ve been rock-hard. Hell, I probably would’ve cum already.

“O-Oh, fuck!” I moaned.

Ramon gripped my hips as he pushed in deeper. Then he slid back, only to plunge farther, a process he repeated until he filled me entirely, his body pressed against mine. Like a train revving up, he picked up the pace with each thrust until he was fucking me fast and hard. I couldn’t focus on anything. The world turned foggy, and I became dizzy. It was a good dizzy, but like, I couldn’t think straight. It just... felt so... good.

I came. It didn’t erupt; it just flowed out. It brought little relief—in fact, it only made me more horny and sex-crazed.

Ramon kept going. Harder. Faster. I could barely even tell where I was anymore. My brains were scrambled, body flooded with lust.

Then Ramon jerked, spasmed, and came in me. I moaned, arms going limp as my face fell onto the bed. I lost count of how many loads he shot into me, so much that as he pulled out, it flowed from my spent hole.

I could barely breathe. I nearly blacked out as I fell over onto my side, gasping for breath, and rode out the rest of that post-orgasmic high.

Ms. Vivian lay down on the bed next to me. She combed her fingers through my hair and said nothing for a little while as I came back down. It was... like nothing I’d ever experienced before. I’ve never experimented with

drugs, besides weed. I could see the similarities and why it could be addicting. My entire body felt spent, but in a good way, like after a tough workout.

“How are you feeling, Evelyn?” she said softly.

“I... don’t know how to describe it,” I said.

“Did it feel good?”

I found the strength to sit up. Ms. Vivian took the opportunity to scoot in close and wrap her arm around me in a gentle, supportive hug. It had absolutely felt good. It had even felt strangely... liberating—transformative, almost. I wasn’t sure I could go back. I wasn’t sure I could ever have normal sex again. What kind of sex would even constitute as “normal” for me now?

“Yes,” I said.

Ms. Vivian stood and offered me her hand. “Come, let’s get you cleaned up so you can enjoy the rest of your day.”

I spent that time lost in a daze as I attempted to reconcile my thoughts and feelings surrounding my rather passionate encounter with Ramon. By the time I woke the next morning, I couldn’t even remember having gone to bed.

Ms. Vivian roused me from my sleep. She sat on the edge of the bed and smiled. When my vision cleared enough to see the bedside clock, I saw that it was just past nine.

“Did I oversleep?” I mumbled. It took a few moments for me to realize my voice was still feminine. But when I reached up, I couldn’t find the patch. Just bare skin.

As if sensing my quickly rising panic, Ms. Vivian took my hand and said, “Not to worry, Evelyn. The patch did its job, so it fell off sometime in the night, as did your fake breasts.”

I sat up, the silk sheet falling down to reveal that the fake breasts were gone,

and so was my chastity cage. I had gone to bed in just the black panties.

“But my voice?”

“What about it?” Ms. Vivian stood and helped me to my feet. “Do you wish to go back? Have you changed your mind about all this?”

“No,” I confessed.

“Good, because I have a special treat for you today.” She brushed my cheek with the back of her hand. “I’m taking you to the spa.”

“The spa?” I asked as she led me back into my closet.

“That’s right. It’s an amazing place, and not one you can find online. Pick out something to wear. I won’t need to do your makeup at all today.”

I glanced back at Ms. Vivian, who beckoned me over toward the racks of clothing. As I stepped out of my panties, I noticed that the hair on my body had grown back some. It wasn’t nearly as prevalent as it had been before I’d shaved it off, but there was some noticeable fuzz.

Something else was different too, though I wasn’t sure if it was just my imagination, but my cock seemed smaller. I always had been a “grower,” rather than a “shower,” but even so, I didn’t remember it being this small when limp.

“Don’t worry about a bra, either,” Ms. Vivian chimed in. “Just pick out a dress, panties, and a pair of shoes.”

I went with green. I’d always liked the color green, though I probably should’ve gone with black or gray. I also somehow managed to get dressed without my cock getting hard. I was afraid Ms. Vivian would have to lock it up again, but as I stepped into the green lace thong and slipped into the dress, it stayed flaccid. Even as I put on my heels and wig and inspected my appearance, nothing happened. It stayed neatly tucked away in my underwear, a strangely welcome relief.

“Excellent,” Ms. Vivian said as she looked me up and down. “And I see you were able to get it under control.” She winked. I couldn’t help but blush at

the comment, though it did feel strange. I had gotten so used to the plastic cage that not wearing it felt weird.

Yuri drove us to the spa. For some reason, I'd expected Ms. Vivian to do the driving, but it seemed I'd forgotten that she was a billionaire's wife. I almost couldn't get into the car. It was a Rolls-Royce, a car worth more than I would ever make in my entire life. Ms. Vivian did get a good chuckle out of my hesitation, and at when I asked her if she ever still drove herself anywhere.

"All the time," she said. "I have an incognito car, so to speak—something far less flashy. I've driven racecars and once rode shotgun in an F-16. I've had many years to find and develop my hobbies, and you will too."

The spa was located deep within the downtown district of the city, only a few blocks away from my old apartment. Yuri took us to a parking garage for one of the countless unmarked high-rises and descended to the lowest level, where a rent-a-cop in a small booth stood guard next to a rolling garage door.

I glanced over at Ms. Vivian, confused, but she just smiled and waved it off. "Appearances aren't everything, dear Evelyn. That guard is ex-military."

After a few moments, the door rolled up and open, and Yuri pulled through. On the other end was a small parking lot with enough spaces for maybe six cars. There were none, which seemed to please Ms. Vivian. The area was well-decorated, despite being underground, and other than the metal garage door we'd just passed through, the only other entrance or exit was a pair of wide, dark wood double doors with "SPA" scrawled in neon above.

"Ms. Vivian," I said, eyes fixed on the two women who had just come out through the doors. "Do they know—"

"This is a very exclusive and elite club. The staff are paid very well to not ask questions. They know that you may still have boy parts, and are frankly quite excited to work with you."

The car rolled to a stop, and the two women approached. They wore white dresses and heels, hair pulled back into a bun. They almost looked like nurses.

“What are they—”

“It’ll all be explained inside, don’t worry.”

Yuri came around, opened the door, and helped me and Ms. Vivian out of the car. The two women greeted us jovially before escorting us inside. I had never been inside of a spa. One time I’d gotten a pedicure with an ex-girlfriend, but that was at some dime-a-dozen nail salon.

Here, there was no waiting room. It made sense that a place this exclusive wouldn’t need one, except for maybe spouses or partners. A woman with long, wavy jet-black hair stood behind the counter. Above her was a list of spa services, as well as a number of packages, but no prices.

“Good morning, Ms. Vivian.” She turned to me. “And you must be Miss Evelyn. Welcome to The Spa! We look forward to taking care of you.” She turned back to Ms. Vivian. “Everything’s been arranged as you requested. We can take her in now. And the usual for you, I assume?”

“Yes, that would be wonderful, thank you.”

The woman behind the counter talked into a radio, but I couldn’t make out what she said because I was so nervous. Ms. Vivian must’ve noticed, because she placed her hands on my shoulders and smiled.

“Don’t worry, Evelyn. This is a spa. They’re going to make you look so very pretty! You’ll get some skin and hair treatments, a massage, and get your nails done too. It’s a truly wonderful experience. You’ll want to come back in no time!”

The door to my right opened. A busty blonde woman in the same attire as the rest of them smiled at me before saying, “Miss Evelyn? Come with me, please.”

Before I could take a step toward her, a man also came out the door. His white shirt looked just tight enough to show off his impressive physique. “Good to see you again, Ms. Vivian,” he said with a grin.

Ms. Vivian placed a hand on my lower back, and the two of us walked together through the doors. We were separated almost immediately. Ms.

Vivian didn't even glance over at me, her attention completely focused on the man she was with.

The blonde woman introduced herself as Dana as she led me to the first room, where I was told to strip. Dana was very polite and reassuring, as she must've noticed how obviously nervous I was about this whole thing. I had to not only take off my clothes, but the wig as well.

"It's okay, hun," she said as she handed me a black silk robe. "You'll be well taken care of here. We have the utmost respect for our clients."

When I asked her what treatment I was getting, she smiled and gave me a rather thorough rundown. It was... a lot of words that, if I understood them right, boiled down to skin, hair, and nail treatment, which Ms. Vivian had mentioned during our car ride.

It was not as pleasant as I'd hoped, though. Some of it was pretty damn amazing, but other aspects were pretty painful too. My entire body was scrubbed to the point where my skin turned red and raw. Then Dana massaged a clear gel that covered every inch of my skin from the neck down.

And by every inch, I mean every inch. She massaged it onto my cock and balls—which thankfully stayed limp—and into the crack of my ass.

It had a surprisingly cooling effect, and smelled pleasantly herbal for what Dana informed me was a state-of-the-art hair removal product. A thicker cream was applied to my neck to prevent any facial hair growth. Then I was rinsed off with a pinkish, flower-scented substance that left my skin feeling softer and smoother than silk before she told me to lie down on a table that looked like one you'd find in a doctor's office.

Humming a pleasant tune, Dana rolled up next to me like she was about to give me a dental cleaning, but instead applied a clear gel to my chest around my nipples.

"What are you..." My eyes widened at the sight of the breast form. They were larger than the pair Ms. Vivian had me wear before—a lot larger.

"Now just hold still, darlin'," Dana said coolly. "It needs a few moments to

set.”

As much as I wanted to scramble off the table, I couldn’t. My body remained still as Dana positioned the shockingly realistic breast form on my chest. While the gel felt cool, the moment the form met my skin, it warmed up. She held it there for close to a minute before letting go. Then she wheeled over to the other side of the table and did the same thing with the other breast.

I blinked, dumbfounded as the seams disappeared right before my eyes. And just when I couldn’t be any more shocked, Dana flicked the nipples and sent waves of pleasure throughout my body.

“Are... are those... real?”

“Pretty neat, huh?” She gave them a couple test squeezes, which made me writhe and moan. “They’re made with an artificial skin that was first developed for burn victims. Sure wish these were available when I got my implants.” She hummed a tune as she wiped up the excess gel.

“Is this permanent?” I asked.

“As far as I know.” She handed me the silk robe. “The gel binds them to your skin and connects the nerve endings. Don’t know if there’s a way to separate them. You’d have to ask the company who made them.”

I sat up, and my massive new breasts pulled me forward. It was like when Ms. Vivian first had given me the fake breasts what felt like forever ago. But these were far bigger. They must have been like, D-cups, or something. DD, maybe. “Who makes them?”

“Ms. Vivian’s husband, or at least one of his biotech companies. Now come on, you’ve got an appointment with the salon.”

I still wrestled with the situation of having essentially real breasts permanently glued to my body as Dana sat me down in a salon chair. She plucked and shaped my eyebrows, polished my fingernails and toenails to a mirror finish, and then, as if the fake breasts hadn’t already prepared me for what this spa was capable of, Dana washed and massaged my scalp with a product that made my hair rapidly grow—like, down past my shoulders in

under a minute—before cutting, shaping, and styling it into a proper feminine hairdo.

I didn't see the results of the haircut until after Dana had finished with my makeup. Suffice it to say, the results were well worth whatever Ms. Vivian paid. As skillful as my benefactor was, she was an amateur compared to Dana.

"Even though you were pretty cute as a boy," Dana giggled, "I think you're far prettier now as a lady."

I didn't know what to say. I was speechless to the point where I had completely forgotten about the fact that Dana had basically given me a boob job not too long ago.

"Let's get you dressed. I'm sure Ms. Vivian is dying to see the results."

I shouldn't have been surprised at anything anymore, but the dress I had worn to the spa somehow managed to fit despite my new breasts. Either there were some tailoring wizards behind the scenes, or since I'd arrived, they'd found a new one. Which made me wonder: How long had I been here? It felt like minutes, but it may have been hours.

Ms. Vivian waited for us in the lobby. She was happily chatting, or rather flirting, with the guy I had seen her leave with earlier. When she saw me, I expected her jaw to drop. Instead the biggest, most satisfied smile split her face.

"Well look at you." She approached and began scrutinizing me. "Dana, you never fail to impress. What do you think, Evelyn? Do you like the new you?"

Before I could say anything, Ms. Vivian reached out and fondled my breasts. I squirmed under her touch, trying not to let my knees buckle.

"Wonderful. Simply wonderful. So very real. Better than real, I think. Don't you agree, Evelyn?" She chuckled as I let out a little moan. Then she combed her fingers through my hair and inspected the individual strands. "Such amazing technology, but unfortunately too damn expensive for the general public. Come now, let's go home. Don't forget to thank Dana."

Having recovered from the sudden groping. I turned around and found Dana waiting patiently. I awkwardly thanked her and hoped it sounded genuine. Had I known I'd receive a boob job, would I have gone through with it? Definitely not if it was actual surgery, but this? This was practically science fiction. I was surprised they'd let me walk out of there with my cock and balls, as diminutive as they may have become.

A thought crept into my head as I followed Ms. Vivian out of the spa and back to the car: Was I the first person she'd done this to? Were there other guys she'd transformed into women? Or was I her first?

"Are we still on schedule?" Ms. Vivian asked Yuri.

"Yes, ma'am. We'll arrive just in time."

"In time for what?" I asked.

Ms. Vivian smiled. "Why, afternoon tea with the ladies."

"The ladies," as Ms. Vivian described to me on the way back to the mansion, were as close to a regular group of friends as she could get, being a billionaire's wife. They met quasi-regularly, usually for tea or lunch, and spent most of their time catching up and gossiping. Not all could make it, depending on whether they were on vacation or some trip with their husbands, and attendance was invitation-only. It seemed it was a rather big deal that I would be there today, as Ms. Vivian wasn't the ranking member of the group.

"Do they... know?" I asked as we climbed up the stairs toward the mansion's front doors where Gregory stood, head bowed.

Ms. Vivian glanced at me and smiled. "Of course, dear. There are no secrets in this group."

I gulped and followed Ms. Vivian, not realizing I had fallen behind. Not just that, but I had no issues catching up to her in the high heels. In fact, it was just as easy to walk in them as it was walking around barefoot, but even so, a misstep would still obliterate my ankles.

There were about ten women sitting at the large round table set up on the

back patio, each both identical to, and vastly different from, Ms. Vivian. They all wore dresses or skirts, except for one who dared defy the rest of the group with a pantsuit. They were all about her age too, though some were older, and there was one other woman who looked to be as old as I was. She had long, wavy red hair and bright emerald eyes.

Their chatter came to a deafening silence as we walked out onto the patio, and when they all turned to look at me, I just about fainted.

I'd always been a bit of an introvert, and if Ms. Vivian hadn't hooked my arm with hers, I would've made a break for the inside of the mansion to find some dark corner to hide in until the other women left.

Especially when after being introduced one of the first questions I got was, "So it's true that you use to be a boy?"

My cheeks burned red-hot as I managed the faintest of nods. This brought a mix of shock, laughter, and awws. Then they asked—no, demanded—that I prove it to them. With a nod from Ms. Vivian, I lifted my dress just high enough for them to see my panties.

"So it's true!"

"Look at how adorable it is."

"It's so small!"

"Does it even work anymore?"

"I wouldn't have been able to tell!"

The rest of the luncheon went by in a blur. I tried to answer what questions I could, but for the most part, I was tongue-tied. Once they all got their initial impressions out of the way about my seemingly diminutive package and vanishing masculinity, their tone shifted to one of congratulations and support, saying that I had made the right choice and that my life was about to get so much better. It relaxed me some, until one of them asked if I was excited to meet Lawrence.

I played coy and said something along the lines of "sure" or "of course,"

and thankfully the conversation moved on from there. It wasn't until they had all left and it was just me and Ms. Vivian on the back patio that I was able to get an answer as to who Lawrence was.

Ms. Vivian said nothing for a few moments, instead filling the silence between us with the clinking of ice as she swirled her glass. It was her third pouring of the cocktail, but if she was drunk, she didn't show it.

She looked at me sidelong before turning her gaze back in front of her. "Lawrence is my husband's best friend and longtime business partner. They're returning from their trip tomorrow night. It was supposed to be a surprise, but it seems I forgot these women can't keep a secret." She took another sip before continuing. "The rest of the day is yours. Do as you wish."

I didn't sleep well. Despite my body being rather tired, my brain was running on what felt like cocaine and twenty shots of espresso. There was also the matter of my new additions, and try as I might, I couldn't get hard.

The next morning after getting dressed, Ms. Vivian had me do my own makeup. It was a long and tedious process, but she assured me I'd have plenty of opportunity to practice, or that I could hire someone to do it for me. She suggested the former, but mentioned having a makeup artist come by later to spruce me up for Charles' and Lawrence's return. I had a growing suspicion about Lawrence that wasn't confirmed until Ms. Vivian took me shopping after breakfast.

I had assumed our destination would be some high-end department store, or maybe even a jewelry store. With Ms. Vivian's budget, she could probably have decked me out in diamonds without batting an eye. Instead, Yuri pulled the car up to a bridal store.

I blinked and stared at Ms. Vivian. "What are we doing here?"

She giggled. "Funny, had I known you were a bimbo, I'd given you bigger breasts and bleached your hair."

I climbed out of the car. "Seriously. What are we doing here?"

Ms. Vivian smiled. "Isn't it obvious? Or did you forget about the 'wife' part

of being a billionaire's wife?"

"Then Lawrence is..." I trailed off, realization dawning on me.

"Your future husband." Ms. Vivian hooked her arm around mine and led me toward the bridal store. "Let's find you a wedding dress."

"But..."

"But what, Evelyn? Did you think you'd get have all of this just like that? Practically gifted to you on a silver, diamond-rimmed platter?"

I frowned. "I thought... I thought I was going to live and stay with you."

Ms. Vivian placed a gentle hand on my cheek. "Don't you worry, my dear. We'll be seeing each other plenty, I promise. Now let's find that perfect dress."

I shouldn't have been surprised. It had been the elephant in the room, the obvious thing that for some strange reason, I couldn't spot, even when it was right in front of my face. Of course I would get married off to some other rich old guy. How else would I get to live the life Ms. Vivian had?

I nodded, and with a kind smile, Ms. Vivian led me inside.

Trying on wedding dresses was, for lack of a better term, an experience, just another to add to the list of things I never ever thought I'd experience firsthand. The attendant, a pretty woman with brown hair pulled back into a ponytail, assisted Ms. Vivian with the dresses. Whether she knew about the existence of my... package... I couldn't tell. She was professional, and probably working very hard to secure a rather large tip from Ms. Vivian.

I was afraid they'd choose something ridiculous with lots of ruffles, bulges, bows, and whatnot, but in the end, they settled on a rather simple, yet provocative dress. The long sleeves were made of white lace, and the dress itself hugged my curves where the hem ended in an asymmetrical slash. They picked out a veil, and to my surprise, we left the store with me still wearing it.

"Are they..." I asked as we got back into the car.

“That’s right. Charles and Lawrence should be home by now.”

“What does he... What does Lawrence look like?” I asked, my stomach twisted into knots.

“Far better than you’re imagining, I’m sure. In fact, I almost married him instead of Charles.”

“What happened to—”

“Cancer. Caught it too late, and even with all the money in the world, they couldn’t save her. It happened around twelve years ago, if I remember right. I strongly suggest you avoid the topic.”

We rode in silence the rest of the way. The butterflies in my stomach evolved into a raging storm of nerves and doubt as the car rolled up to the house. Charles and Lawrence were indeed waiting for us. The two men sat next to each other in lounge chairs as they sipped on what I could only guess was very, very expensive whiskey. Both men were silver foxes. I had feared that the man who would be my husband to be some slimy, Jabba the Hutt as those wealthy businessmen tended to be.

Charles kind of reminded me of a younger Ian McKellen, whereas Lawrence... Well, I couldn’t help but blush at the fact that he looked like Pierce Brosnan.

“Well, would you look at that?” Lawrence said as he approached me. “Give me a twirl, would ya?”

I did as he instructed, and for the first time in my life, I felt attracted to another man. It was strange—even when I was sucking on Ramon’s dick and he fucked me silly, I hadn’t been attracted to him. Sure, he had one hell of a body, but there wasn’t any romance; I just saw him a tool for pleasure, nothing more.

Yet here I was, blushing and giggling like a schoolgirl talking to her crush. I didn’t know what came over me. Could it be that I had finally accepted my fate? That I was finally okay with being some billionaire’s trophy wife?

Lawrence produced one hell of a diamond ring, which he slipped onto my

left hand. It fit my finger perfectly, and was heavy enough that I had to actively work to keep my hand raised. Before I had a chance to say anything, he planted his lips on mine and my body relaxed. Was this what it was like to be kissed passionately? My head swam and my mind emptied of all thoughts. All but one.

I need him. I need Lawrence to make me his. I want him so bad.

As if reading my mind, he quite literally swept me off my feet. "I've never been one for ceremony," he said with a grin. "How about it, Evelyn? How would you like to be my wife?"

"I do," I said.

Then he smiled and carried me off to the nearest bedroom.

Charles took a long sip of his whiskey as Vivian sat on his lap. "You know, I had my doubts. I didn't think you'd actually pull it off. Lawrence is going to be a very happy man."

The moans were just barely audible.

Vivian took the glass out of his hands and had a sip of her own. "Creating the fake dating profile was the easy part. The difficult task was finding the right pace. Too quickly and he would've rejected it, too slow and you leave room for doubt and suspicion. Plus the pheromones were quite helpful, and the chastity cage filled his brain with so much lust that it made it all the easier to go further and further."

Somewhere a door opened, and a few moments later, Lawrence returned to the lounge. He was naked, thick cock hanging semi-hard between his legs, cum still dripping as he walked up and poured himself another glass.

"Fine work, Vivian. Fine work."

Then he walked away, and a few moments later, the moans began again, louder this time.

Charles slid his hand up Vivian's dress. "I think it's time you got your reward."

The End?

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading *Champion of the Goddess*, Book Two of *The Tainted Forest*. I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena