

Metamorphosis

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a **Pink Skirt Press** story

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

Enjoy.

A Warning from the Author:

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

Reader discretion is advised.

For Molly

An inspiration, a guide, a friend and
fellow lover of high heels and lingerie.

She didn't slam the door shut on her way out of my apartment, but she might as well. I sat on the edge of my bed, resting my head in my hands as I struggled to figure out just what went wrong. What changed to make me unable to get hard? Connie did everything right, and by all means we should be going at it right now. But instead of a stiff cock to wrap her lips around, she gripped a limp noodle.

It wasn't the first time, nor the second, or third. But for Connie, it was the last. Try as I might, I couldn't get it up for her. As beautiful and sexy as she was, I couldn't get hard. She didn't say it as she got dressed and left my bedroom, but I knew she took it personally. As a slight to her looks and, for lack of a better word, her skills. I even told her it wasn't her, but me. But she just gave me this sad little smile, kissed me on the forehead, and said goodbye.

The worst part of it all is that Connie wasn't the only girl this happened to. It started with Erica, who I was with for close to four months before my... condition... started. Then there were a couple of one-night stands, all ending prematurely. I thought I was doomed, but then I met Connie and suddenly I had my mojo again. At least, until two weeks ago.

Jake wasn't my best friend, and while I could argue that he wasn't even that close of a friend, he was the only person I somewhat knew that I could talk to about this sort of stuff. He was my wingman back in college. Helped each other get laid, and while he's not someone I'd ask to be my best man, or a groomsman even at my hypothetical wedding, he's the only one I can talk to openly about all matters relating to sex and the art of seduction.

"I just don't get it, dude. I don't know what's wrong with me. What's keeping me from getting..." I trailed off as I glanced around. Maybe in line at a coffee shop during the morning rush wasn't the best place to talk about this.

Though it was kind of hard not to, since the woman in line in front of me was pretty damn fine to look at. She wore a pin-striped black skirt that treaded the line on whether or not it was office appropriate. Seemed stockings with black high heels that had a little platform. If she was my boss, I wouldn't mind coming to work every day.

Especially when she glanced back at me as I was on the phone with Jake. She looked me up and down and smirked before facing forward.

"Let me call you back, I'm next to order." I hung up without giving him a chance to say bye. I had more pressing issues to deal with, like watching that woman walk off toward the tables. She returned the look, even winking at me. I saw just enough of her to see that she was older. In her forties maybe. Even so, definitely still a looker.

"Sir?"

I turned back to see the barista waiting impatiently for me. I apologized and gave her my order, but as I dug out my wallet, she waved me off and thumbed over at the woman who was in line ahead of me, saying that she paid for my order.

The mystery woman was furiously typing away on her smartphone as I approached, a feat even more impressive with the dark red talons that were her fingernails. She remained seated as she glanced up and smiled.

"They told me you paid for my order?" I thumbed back toward the counter. "Wanted to say thanks?" I couldn't hide the confusion in my voice. I also couldn't help but stare down at her blouse. Her ample cleavage was in plain view for all the world to see.

The woman stood and handed me her business card. "Dr. Debbie Dakota?" I read aloud. "Sex thera..." I trailed off, letting the rest go unspoken.

"That's right, hun," she smiled. "Give me a call. I've helped lots of guys find what's... missing... so to speak." She placed her hand on my arm, and let it linger there just long enough. "I've got a knack for it, something a little... extra... that makes me especially good at solving problems such as yours."

"But I don't—"

"I look forward to hearing from you," she winked. "Satisfaction guaranteed."

I watched her walk, no, saunter off. I had no words to say, nothing to describe what just happened. Though the fact that I was half-erect in my slacks was the answer to the riddle.

"Peter? Order for Peter?"

I blinked, adjusted my pants oh so subtly, grabbed my order, and left.

I looked her up when I got home from work. What I saw... let me just say that I honestly wasn't sure what I expected. I figured that even though Dr. Dakota blatantly advertised herself as a sex therapist, that perhaps her website would still maintain that clean, professional, maybe even family-friendly look.

Her website was akin to some sort of sex worker. Risqué, suggestive photos alongside her rather

professional and surprisingly thorough biography. Her list of “services” practically overflows with innuendo and implication. In addition to dealing with male impotence—which she lists as her number one issue—Dr. Debbie Dakota also specializes in speech and behavioral therapy, guidance counseling, image consulting, and a number of other LGBT-related issues.

I leaned back in my chair and rubbed my forehead. I never thought to consult a therapist for this issue. I figured it was just something that would work itself out. But after another failed relationship, maybe I should see a professional about it. Then again, therapists aren’t cheap, and I doubt my barebones insurance I get from work would cover the cost of it.

But at the same time, do I want to risk another failed relationship? There was no mention of prices at all on her website, but she did emphasize that the consultation is free. “Ahh, fuck it,” I said. “Free is free. If she’s as good as she says she is, then maybe. Maybe.”

Dr. Dakota’s directions led me to a generic business park in the nice part of town. The whole area was clean and well maintained, with no signs of any vagrants that so often loiter around business parks such as these. Part of me half expected to see “Sex Therapist” or something similar on the black glass walls of the suites within the park, but instead Dr. Dakota’s clinic was expertly disguised as “DD Consulting”.

The door was locked, so I rang the doorbell. About a minute later the door swung open and I was greeted by a smiling Dr. Dakota. She was dressed similarly to when I first saw her at the coffee shop, a somewhat provocative office ensemble. She also had on these square-rimmed glasses that almost gave her a librarian look.

“Good morning, Peter.” She gestured me inside. “I apologize for the wait. I only recently moved to this location and haven’t had the time to hire an assistant.”

The waiting room was a small square space that had some chairs and a door to the bathroom. On the wall opposite the entrance was the receptionist’s desk which, apart from being fully furnished with a computer, phone, and other accessories, sat empty. On the wall behind the desk, opposite the entrance, was the only other door, secured with a keypad lock.

The door opened to a hallway that had several doors on either side, with another at the far end. They were all closed, except for the first door on the right, which Dr. Dakota led me into. While I felt like I had walked into some kind of medical doctor’s office, the room ended up being exactly what I pictured a therapist’s room to be. Dr. Dakota had me take a seat on the small love seat, while she sat in the high-backed chair that resembled something a villain would own.

“First things first,” she said, crossing her legs and grabbing a notepad and pen from the small side table. “As you asked about on the phone, the first half-hour is free. After that, I charge hourly, with the standard rate of \$250 an hour, with a three-hour minimum.”

I just about balked. “Hold up, seriously? \$250 an hour, with a three-hour minimum? That’s insane! There’s no way I’m paying that.”

Dr. Dakota simply smiled. “You’d be surprised just how many reactions I get like yours, and how many of them quickly pay once the half-hour is up. Because, you see, Peter, I know what I’m doing. I get results or you get your money back.”

Her confidence was both reassuring, and terrifying. There was also something about it that was... hot. I sighed, leaned back on the couch, and prepared myself for whatever was about to happen.

For all her supposed professionalism, Dr. Debbie Dakota pulled no punches. Starting right off the bat with questions I never expected to answer, let alone say aloud to another human being. She started off with stuff like: how long have I been sexually active, have I only been with women, have I ever considered being with another man, was I molested or raped when I was young.

“Whoa, what the fuck kind of question is that?” I straightened up.

Dr. Dakota waved me down. “It’s okay, Peter, I have to ask these kinds of questions. You’d be surprised by the long-lasting effects they would have on someone. Now, do you have any kinks or fetishes?”

“Uhh, what?”

She leaned forward. “Kinks or fetishes? Bondage or roleplay? Maybe domination or submission?”

I waved her off. “Yeah, I know what a fetish is.”

“Well?” she paused. “Do you have any? Maybe something you’ve wanted to do with a past girlfriend that she would not partake in?”

“No. Definitely not.” I folded my arms and leaned back on the couch.

Dr. Dakota raised an eyebrow. “So firm in your response,” she scribbled something down in her notes. “Interesting.”

“What is?”

“The more adamant someone denies something, the more they lie to themselves.”

“No, I don’t have any—”

“Peter, a kink or fetish isn’t always the extreme stuff. Tell me, is there an outfit you would’ve loved to see one of your ex’s in? Maybe some lingerie or a costume?”

“Costume?”

“Yes, like a sexy nurse, schoolgirl, or police officer?”

“I mean... sure,” I admitted. “I did always find women in lingerie a turn-on.”

“See? That wasn’t so hard, now was it?”

Dr. Dakota uncrossed her legs then and left them spread wide enough, and long enough, for me to see up her skirt, revealing the fact that not only was she wearing stockings, but they were being held up by garters. There was something else, but I wasn’t sure if it was just a trick of the fabric or not. She didn’t let me look long enough.

“Did your exes ever wear stockings or pantyhose?”

I could feel the blood rushing to my face. “I mean, Connie worked in an office so she wore pantyhose pretty often. Especially during the winter.”

Dr. Dakota nodded, scribbled some notes, and said, “Did you ever have sex while she was wearing them? Ever feel the fabric against your skin?”

“Uh, maybe? I don’t remember.” I shifted in my seat. There was something about that question that stirred something inside me. Why would she ask such a thing?

“Tell me, Peter, and be truthful with me: have you ever worn pantyhose or stockings? Ever tried on your ex’s panties?”

I stood up. “What? Of course not! Why the fuck would I do such a thing?! What kind of fucking question was that?”

Dr. Dakota didn’t seem the least bit phased by my outburst. In fact, she smiled and glanced down at my waist. “It seems your body says otherwise.”

I felt it then. I didn’t need to look down to realize that I was partially erect. I quickly sat back down, pressed my legs together, and placed my hands on my lap to hide the evidence.

“There’s no need to be ashamed, Peter.” Dr. Dakota stood, set her notepad aside, and did something I very much did not expect: she unzipped her skirt and tossed it away. She was, in fact, wearing a garter belt to hold her stockings up. But that wasn’t what my eyes were glued to. It was the bulge in her lace panties.

Before I could say anything, she took a step toward me. “Lingerie is a wonderful thing. Stockings and pantyhose especially. The fabric is so light and delicate, yet it conforms to every curve of your legs, caressing them and creating this undeniable allure to them. Tell me, Peter, would you want to try on a pair of panties? Maybe slip into some stockings or feel the gentle caress of pantyhose?”

My mind raced. A million questions flowed through me. I couldn’t think straight, couldn’t focus. There was so much to process, so many things to try to comprehend. In the midst of it all was the blaring truth that I was rock hard in my jeans. Try as I might to think about something else, something innocent and not sexy, I couldn’t ignore the glaring strain on the denim fabric as my cock tried its damndest to tear itself free. I hadn’t been this hard in so long. Not even when I was able to have sex with Connie. Or Erica before her.

The fact that Dr. Debbie Dakota was somehow a man beneath all the curves and lingerie was just an entirely different thing that I had little to no brainpower to spare to comprehend.

But before I could do anything, or say anything, an alarm rang from Dr. Dakota’s phone.

“Half hour is up.” She bent down to pick up her skirt and took her dear sweet time zipping it up before reaching over to silence the alarm. “Please follow me to the exit so we can—”

“Wait,” I said. “You said it’s a money-back guarantee, right? If I’m not satisfied?”

Dr. Dakota nodded. “100%”

I opened my mouth, in complete shock and disbelief at what I was about to say. “I’ll do it. I’ll... book a three-hour session.”

Dr. Dakota smiled. “I’ll be right back.”

After swiping my card, because I definitely do not walk around with close to a grand of cash in my pocket, Dr. Dakota had me fill out and sign, date, and initial a book’s worth of waivers. As if reading my mind, she said not to worry, and that the clock on our three-hour session didn’t start on this was all done and set aside. Though, again, she mentioned how much faster it would be if she had her assistant.

Once that was all done, she sat back down in her chair and I on the couch. She watched me for a few minutes, silently studying me as she jotted down more notes on her pad before she finally spoke once more. “So,

Peter, how did it feel?"

"How did what feel?"

"The thought of wearing lingerie? Or were you too distracted to notice my... extra something?"

I blinked. I honestly couldn't believe I forgot about that. But Dr. Dakota continued before I had a chance to say anything.

"I bet you're wondering how I could be a man. How could you not? You saw what I'm packing down there, and while I'm sure we'll discuss that later, I know you have questions of your own. But that topic is for another time and place. The question I now have for you is, if I gave you the chance to slip into some stockings, panties, or pantyhose, would you take me up on the offer?"

I opened my mouth to speak. I wanted to say no, or rather hell no. But I couldn't. Something flowed through me and I couldn't help but fidget in my seat as I tried not to think about it, to picture it. To get the image of not just myself in stockings and panties out of my head, but that of me in full-blown women's attire. Where did this all come from? I've never thought about it before. I've never looked at Connie in her pantyhose and wanted to try them on myself. To feel that delicate fabric against my—oh fuck.

I squirmed and bit on my lip as my cock throbbed. It was rock hard again. I... I couldn't believe it. I'm getting turned on by this? This is what's making my dick erect? I looked up at Dr. Dakota, who watched me with keen eyes.

"The world isn't black and white, and neither is human sexuality. There's nothing to be ashamed of either. Under my roof, you don't have to worry about what society and culture deem as taboo, inappropriate, weird, or strange. There's no judgment here. You can admit to me now that you jerk off dressed in a fursuit and I would only ask how you came up with the money for one. You see, I've been there. I've been in your shoes. Trapped in a false prison of my own making." Her eyes focused on my groin and she spoke softly. "Show me what's going on down there."

I bit my lip and looked away as I withdrew my hands, showing Dr. Dakota my raging erection.

"Think about it this way," she flipped the page over on her notepad and drew a box. "This box contains your sexual experience so far. Which I can guess, is limited to the occasional blowjob from one of your exes and regular old sex, am I right?"

I nodded.

She drew a much bigger square, with the initial square a small part of the top corner. "When you look at it this way, it's easy to understand how your sexual tastes have grown stale and bland, no longer providing you or your partner with satisfaction. For some, that's perfectly fine, and they're happy staying in their tiny little corner. But that's not you, correct?"

I nodded.

"What you're feeling right now," she pointed to the area outside the original small square, "is just you stepping out of your comfort zone and discovering something new and exciting." She put the notepad and pen away. "So, tell me, Peter, would you like to know what it feels like to wear lingerie?"

Fuck. I was at a complete and utter loss. I didn't know what to do. What to say. I had voices in my head telling me different things; to stay, to leave, to run, to hide. I looked down at my groin, at my throbbing cock trying so hard to escape my jeans. I couldn't deny what I felt.

There was something tantalizing about it. The forbidden taboo that lured you in. But after months of frustration, failed dates, rejection, and outright disappointment, I decided maybe the doctor was right, that... she... knew these things better than I could, and what would be the harm? Maybe I try it on and it does nothing for me. I can change back, try something else, and maybe have a laugh about it later.

But what if I'm wrong? What if it works? What then?

I didn't let myself go down that train of thought. Instead, all I did was nod.

"Wonderful," Dr. Dakota smiled and extended her hand. "Follow me."

I almost didn't step into the next room she guided me to. I got one glance through the doorway and backed out. What I saw was some sort of changing room. Several rolling racks of clothes, a vanity, and some wigs. There were a lot more wigs than I saw, but I didn't get a chance to take in the room completely before I backed up and turned around, pressing my back against the wall of the hallway.

"Something wrong, Peter?" Dr. Dakota leaned against the doorway, her arms crossed.

"There's... a lot of women's clothes in that room."

She smiled. "I don't only deal with men, you know. Come, don't be afraid. You've come so far already." She extended her hand and, after a moment's hesitation, I took it.

There was plenty more to the room that I hadn't seen. Like, for example, the tall bookshelf full of high

heels.

“Some of my more regular clients are those dealing with gender dysphoria, or those who have already transitioned and need help defining their look or style. I’ve helped women free themselves from the oppressive conservative lifestyles their families forced upon them.” She pointed to the chair by the vanity. “Strip and set your clothes on the table there while I find something for you.”

“But... I didn’t agree to a full outfit or anything.”

Dr. Dakota winked. “Oh, I know. Don’t worry.”

With trembling fingers, I took off my shirt, removed my shoes, and slipped out of my jeans, remaining in only my boxers. Now free of the firm denim, my cock was allowed to fully harden, tenting my boxers.

“Those too,” she said, waving a finger at my underwear.

I tried to delay as best I could. “So you’re... are you still a man?”

Dr. Dakota stopped searching through the drawer and glanced over at me. “If you’re wondering if, underneath the makeup, the nylons and these fake breasts of mine lies the heart of a red-blooded, meat-eating American man, then sure.”

“Wait, those are fake?”

Dr. Dakota winked and smiled. “Oh, you’d be surprised how real they can make them. But yes, at the end of the day, I still consider myself a man. As much as I love looking and dressing like this, sauntering around in high heels and seducing silly boys, sometimes it’s nice to just walk around in my original male self. Just to blend in with the crowd, become a nobody. In truth, I don’t consider myself male or female. Like I said earlier, human sexuality isn’t black and white, and there are far more than fifty shades of gray that lie between. Now, take those boxers off too.”

I swallowed and stepped out of my underwear. I don’t know why I felt so timid, so nervous. It’s not like I’ve never been naked in front of a woman before. Maybe it’s the fact that Dr. Dakota isn’t an ordinary woman. She’s not really a man either. The fact that she can look so damn good, so damn convincing. It blows my mind.

“Now, don’t worry, we’ll start off simple and plain. Nothing more.”

She held up a pair of black satin panties and showed me the front and back. There was nothing special about them, no-frills, no bows or ribbons, just a plain pair of black women’s underwear.

I held the garment in my hands, my fingers rubbing the delicate fabric between them. Not the first time I’ve held a pair of lady’s underwear before, but not as I’m about to put them on. I swallowed hard and took several deep, centering breaths before stepping into them. As I pulled them up over my cock, it twitched. I grunted as I fought hard to keep myself from cumming right then and there.

“How does it feel?” When I opened my eyes, Dr. Dakota stood close by, her eyes looking me up and down. “Exotic? Strange, maybe?”

I couldn’t put into words what this all felt like, so I just nodded.

“Excellent. Now these.”

She handed me the stockings and guided me through putting them on, making sure to be very careful not to rip or tear the delicate fabric. The lace tops had a lining to them that helped them stay up on my thighs. I tried not to look down because I could feel what was going on down there.

“Okay Peter, I want some honest truth from you. Does this feel good?”

I couldn’t lie. I couldn’t fib or make up some excuse. It felt good. It felt so strangely wonderful. The thrill from the taboo, from the fact that I was going against society, against the traditional values my parents hammered into my head as I grew up.

I nodded, still afraid of putting it to words. Of saying it out loud.

“Good,” Dr. Dakota said. “Because I would know if you’re lying to me. Your body is telling me everything I need to know. The only question is, is your mind on the same page. Open your eyes, Peter. Look down at your groin. What do you see?”

I glanced down only briefly before looking away, my face burning with embarrassment. My cock was so stiff, so hard. Not only that, but it was wet. Precum had oozed out of the tip into the fabric.

“There’s nothing wrong Peter. There’s no shame in finding it so deliciously wonderful to wear the clothing of another gender.” She started walking, moving behind me as she continued. “To feel the soft silk against your body. The gentle caress of nylons on your legs. It feels wonderful now, but the delicate fabric against hairless legs is something else entirely.”

When Dr. Dakota came back into view, she had discarded her skirt and undone her blouse. I couldn’t help but stare down at the bulge in her panties.

“What’s on your mind, Peter? What else are you curious about? You’ve told me how your exes would give

you the occasional blowjob, but did you ever wonder what it was like to be the one giving? To have a cock in your mouth and hear the moans and groans of your partner as you please them?"

She stepped up close and placed her hand on my arm. Her scent flooded my nostrils. The mix of perfume and her natural aroma. My mouth watered. Is she right? Have I just been in denial this whole time? I never once thought about it.

"Remember Peter, there's no judgment. Don't be afraid of what you may feel. I am only your guide, I am not forcing you to do anything you don't want to do."

She's right. I don't have to do anything. But at the same time, I haven't felt this... turned on in ages. If she touched my cock, I... I would probably cum instantly. What about her cock? I mean, she's not really a dude, so it wouldn't be gay, would it? She's a lady. She looks like one, acts like one, talks like one. Not like I'd be going down on Jake or something.

As if reading my mind, Dr. Dakota said: "would you like to give mine a taste?"

My whole body trembled. I could barely stand. I closed my eyes as I tried not to picture it. Me on my knees, lips wrapped around her dick.

Her finger brushed the tip of my cock and I just about came. I had to steady myself on the vanity to keep from falling down.

"Well, Peter? Would you like to? Again, you don't have to do anything you don't want to. I'm only helping you to explore this newly discovered, uncharted territory."

"Y-Yes," I muttered, somehow finally finding the strength to speak.

"Would you like to dress up some more? Perhaps a dress and some shoes? A wig, perhaps?"

I wasn't quite sure what to make of this whole situation. I figured that maybe once I see myself in the full get-up I can say "cool, you fixed it" and just go home? But what if I like it too much? What if she takes me further, deeper, into realms unknown? I'm not sure I could ignore this going forward. I feel that whatever happens next, will forever change me.

I nodded. "Yes, please."

Dr. Dakota smiled, took me by the hand, and guided me over to the racks of clothing. I silently watched as she searched through the wide variety of clothing she had on display; countless costumes and outfits in all sizes, colors, and levels of appropriate. What she ended up choosing for me, was a gray pleated miniskirt, and a pink satin blouse.

For shoes, she found a pair of matching pink heels which, to my surprise, fit almost perfectly. They were difficult to walk in, but Dr. Dakota mentioned something about how it gets easier with practice.

The wig she picked out was a short brown bob. The brown matched my own hair color, and I'm just glad I didn't have any facial hair because I'm sure she would've made me shave. When I saw my reflection, I didn't know what to say. I mean, I didn't have any makeup on or anything, but even so, with the clothing and the wig, I barely recognized myself.

I glanced over at the door out of the room. Some part of me still screamed to run. To escape. To leave this place and never look back. But I couldn't. I haven't felt this... aroused in so long. I couldn't get hard when Connie stood naked and crawled on the bed toward me and wrapped her lips around my cock, but here I am now, dressed in women's clothes, rock hard.

Dr. Dakota stood behind me and put her hands on my shoulders as we both looked at each other's reflections. "Would you like me to do your makeup? Help bring out that woman inside you?"

I nodded. I just hope that I can make it through the process. I don't know much more I can take before I jizz myself.

Much to my dismay, Dr. Dakota faced me away from the mirror as she applied my makeup. "A pretty girl such as yourself needs a pretty name. How about Penelope?"

"A pretty girl?"

Dr. Dakota nodded. "I don't see a boy sitting in the chair in front of me. Do you think, dressed like that, that you're still a boy?" Before I could answer, she continued. "Could it be that maybe the reason you couldn't get hard anymore is because you no longer found women attractive?"

I didn't answer. I tried to wrap my head around the question as Dr. Dakota took a small brush to my eyelids. It wasn't something I even dared to consider. But the more I thought about it, the more it made sense. In addition to no longer being able to get it up for Erica, or Connie, or any of the other women I tried to sleep it, I found it more and more difficult to jerk off. To find material that would get me going. When I was able to get off, more times than not I felt nothing afterward. No satisfaction, no fulfillment. Just... sore.

"Well, Penelope?" Hearing the name again triggered something inside me. I squirmed as more precum

dribbled out of my cock into my panties. When I opened my eyes, Dr. Dakota pulled the lid off a tube of lipstick, twisting it to reveal the bright pink color within. "There's nothing wrong with a pretty girl like yourself admitting that she likes boys."

I writhed in my chair as she painted my lips. What is happening to me? Where did this all come from? Why am I thinking these things? I've never once found a guy sexually attractive, but now I can't get them out of my head.

"You have such wonderfully thick lips, perfect for sucking cock," Dr. Dakota said. "Would you like to suck mine, Penelope?"

The words escaped my now painted lips before I could corral them. "Yes, please."

"That's a good sissy." She put the lid back on the tube and stepped back. "You see, Penelope, you may try to be a girl but, like me, you're still a boy under those clothes. A boy, pretending to be a girl. A sissy. That's what you are, right? A sissy?"

Once more, my body acted on its own, the words escaping. "Yes, I am."

Dr. Dakota smiled and took my hands in hers. "What we've just had here, Penelope, is a major breakthrough. You're exploring and discovering so much of yourself right now. It's such a wonderful thing to see and witness. Always makes me smile when I can help my clients break through the walls they built around themselves. But before we go any further, I want to establish what's called a safe word."

I nodded, and she continued.

"This safe word would be for you to say when I cross the line. What I said earlier about you being a sissy was just me testing the waters. Now that I know I can continue, I want to make sure you continue to feel safe, and at any point I do or say something that you absolutely do not want to continue, you say the safe word. I can provide one for you, if you cannot come up with something."

I considered her words for a moment, and the implications of what she meant by going further, before I said the first thing that came out of my mouth. "Peanut butter."

"Wonderful choice, Penelope. Easy to say and difficult to confuse with anything else. Let me state out loud for the two of us that 'peanut butter' is my client's safe word and I will abide by it." She helped me to my feet. "Now, my pretty sissy, I know how badly you want to taste my cock, but that is a prize you have to earn."

She turned me toward the mirror and I had to pick my jaw up off the floor. I... I didn't recognize myself. I barely saw any traces of the man I was when I stepped through this door. All I could see was Penelope, with her thick, glossy pink lips, dark eye shadow, and flawless face.

"Now, repeat after me, and do so in your best girl voice, because Penelope isn't a boy, isn't she?"

I shook my head.

"That's right. Penelope is a sissy. A boy trying to be a girl. And from what I've gathered so far, Penelope is eager to taste some cock."

I bit my lip and tasted the lipstick. It was thick, like chapstick. I gripped the hem of my skirt, trying to hide my throbbing cock. Why did this have to feel so amazing? I can't stop myself. I can't hold back. I want more. I need more.

"Say: my name is Penelope and I am a sissy. And I want you to look at your reflection as you do."

I looked away from Dr. Dakota and focused on my reflection. At the girl staring back at me and in my best attempt at a female voice, I said: "My name is Penelope and I am a sissy."

Dr. Dakota paced behind me as she continued to give me phrases to say, each one taking it further and further.

"I am not a boy, I am not a girl. I am a sissy. I used to be a boy, but now I am a sissy. I am a cocksucking sissy. I don't like girls, I like boys. My name is Penelope and I am a cocksucking sissy. I want to suck cock and get fucked."

Then Dr. Dakota said something that made me pause. This was already so very strange. So dangerously thrilling. Each phrase she had me say turned me on more and more, to the point where I was leaking more precum with each statement. But that final remark, I knew that if I said it out loud, there would be no turning back. No coming back from this.

My safe word crept up the back of my throat, but I couldn't go through with it. I wanted to keep going, even if it meant saying something I never in my life thought I would say aloud. I was hooked on whatever drug this was. I wanted more. I opened my mouth and repeated what Dr. Dakota instructed me to.

"My name is Penelope, and I am a cocksucking sissy faggot."

My knees buckled as I orgasmed right then and there. Cum flowed forth, the dam broken. I caught myself on the vanity as cum dripped down the side of my leg and onto the floor. My head swam, my vision blurred. I can't

remember ever having felt this way. I tried as best I could to stem the flow, but my body wouldn't have it.

"Did it feel good to say that, sissy? Feel good to admit it out loud what you are?" Dr. Dakota tucked some of my hair behind my ear as she moved in next to me. "It's liberating, isn't it? That freedom, the chains unshackled, the bonds broken. Able to be who you want to be."

"Y-Yes," my voice trembled as I attempted to use my feminine voice.

She slid her hand under my skirt. "You've found your true self. You're not Peter, some silly boy, aren't you?"

I shook my head.

"What are you?"

"I am Penelope, a cocksucking sissy faggot."

She reached around, pulled down my panties, and gripped my cock, gently stroking it. "Sissy's like you don't have a cock. Only boys have cocks. You have a clitty. A pathetic little girl cock. Ain't that right, Penelope?"

"Y-yes!" More cum oozed out of my cock—out of my clitty. Oh, fuck, it felt so good. So wonderful! How could I have been so dumb? So oblivious to the truth?

"You want to suck my cock, don't you sissy slut?"

"Yes, please!"

"Well, too bad. Admitting what you are is just the first step. It's time to walk like the sissy faggot that you claim to be. But first, let's get you into some new panties. Something a little more fitting."

Off came the plain black, now soaking wet, panties. Dr. Dakota tossed them aside and wandered off back behind the racks of clothing to the double-wide dresser. She was only there for a few moments, and when she returned, she held up in front of her a pink lace thong.

With my heels still on, I managed to step into the skimpy underwear. As I pulled them up over my butt, Dr. Dakota gave me a playful smack on my ass. With that taken care of, she led me out of the wardrobe room and back into the hallway. She had me walk down and back the stretch so many times I lost count. First, just to get me used to the heels. Then, to start swishing my hips back and forth as I strode. Finally, to do so with bent arms and limp wrists.

All while repeating the mantra: "My name is Penelope Wigglebottom. I am not a boy. I am a sissy cocksucker."

Eventually, after what felt like hours, she gave me the sign of approval. "Well, Penelope, I think you've earned your reward. Time to christen you as the sissy bitch that you are."

"Thank you, Dr. Dakota," I replied as feminine I could. I have been waiting so long for this moment. I honestly couldn't believe how blind I've been to my desires. Like, I feel like the weight of the world has been lifted from my shoulders and I can finally soar.

She led me to another room, walking behind me to make sure I had mastered my "sissy strut" as she called it. This room was far different from the rest. Filled with black leather furniture, the kind of which I've never seen before, I could only guess that this is what the inside of a BDSM dungeon looked like.

Dr. Dakota had me get on my knees right next to one of the full-length mirrors so that her bulge was practically eye level. She looked down at me and smiled. "Well, sissy? What are you waiting for? Show me what you've got."

With trembling hands I reached up and pulled down her panties, letting her big, thick cock fall out. Its heady aroma filled my nostrils, grabbing hold of me and reeling me in. I can't believe it. I can't believe this is happening to me. I'm... about to suck a cock. Am I really going to go through with this? Is this something I really want to do?

The safe word lingered on the back of my throat yet again, but my body trembled. My clitty throbbed. Precum trickled out into my thong. I swallowed the words and wrapped my lips around Dr. Dakota's wonderful cock.

I was in heaven. I moaned as I slid up and down on her shaft, savoring it. Is this what it was like? No wonder some women are addicted to it. I may become addicted to it! Oh, what am I thinking, of course I want more. I am a total sissy cocksucker after all.

I looked up at Dr. Dakota. She smiled down at me as she gently pushed her hips forward, forcing her cock deeper down my throat. "I'll have to get you on a training regime so that you can easily deepthroat going forward. If that's what you want, that is."

I nodded. Yes, please, give me more. I want more.

"Sissy loves the cock in her mouth, doesn't she?"

I nodded again. Moaning. I let it fall out of my mouth to lick every surface of it, to taste the precum that

dripped out of her tip.

“Does sissy want to experience true bliss? Does she want me to fuck what little masculinity is left out of her?”

“Yes, please! Please, Dr. Dakota!”

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me. Please make me a true sissy!”

She nodded. “On your feet.”

I stood and she wheeled over a strange A-frame-shaped piece of furniture. Only when she positioned it in front of the mirror did I realize what it was. She instructed me to climb on it, positioning me on my hands and knees with my face inches from the mirror.

Through the reflection I watched her squeeze and ample amount of clear lube onto her hand, making sure I can see her coating her thick, firm dick. Was it really that big? It seemed so small when it was nestled in her panties. Will that even fit in me?

Then she lined up behind me and slid her cock into me. What happened next was beyond anything I could ever imagine.

She started slowly, checking on me to make sure I wasn't in any pain. Once she was able to fully insert herself into me, she sped up. I... couldn't put into words what it felt. I can remember my exes moaning back when I could get it up for them. But now. Now I was the one moaning as Dr. Dakota fucked me silly.

“Oh, fuck!” I cried out.

“Feels good, doesn't it, Penelope?”

“Yes! Yes!”

She smacked my ass. “Tell me what you are!”

“I... I am a sissy. A sissy cocksucker!”

“What is your name?”

“Penelope!”

“Does Penelope like girls?”

“N-no! Penelope is a sissy faggot who likes boys!” Fuck I'm getting so close. So close to cumming. Almost there.

“That's right. Penelope is a sissy who likes big husky men. She wants their cocks, doesn't she?”

“Yes! Oh, fuck, yes!”

“She doesn't want to be with girls anymore, does she?”

“No! I want men. Big, strong, handsome men.”

“Is Penelope a sissy gay boy?”

“Oh, fuck, yes! Oh fuck I'm such a cocksucking faggot!”

She smacked my ass again. “Again!”

She had me repeat it again and again until I finally came. Cum practically exploded out of my clitty, whatever remained of my masculinity, of the man I was when I walked through these doors with it. Dr. Dakota kept fucking me. Kept pounding my boipussy until she came. And when she did. I was Peter no more. Gone was the straight guy who just wanted to fix his dick so he could keep having sex with women. Now, I'm just Penelope. The gay sissy faggot who loves cock and dressing slutty.

When Dr. Dakota finally did pull out of me, she walked up beside me, rubbed my head, and whispered into my ear. “Welcome, Penelope. It's good to have you here.”

“Thank you, Dr. Dakota,” I whimpered back.

Jonathan stood next to his car as he looked at the business card in his hand and at the business park he found himself in. The directions led him here, to this exact spot. On the black glass window were the words “DD Consulting.” He shrugged, summing it up to wanting to stay inconspicuous, and tried the door.

He stepped into a small waiting room where he was greeted by a woman behind the desk. She had brown hair cut in a bob style and wore a hot pink satin blouse as she typed on the keyboard with similar pink nails. Jonathan couldn't help but notice how flat-chested she was, but he's known some women who unfortunately weren't given the big honking titties that he likes.

“Hi there, you must be Jonathan,” the receptionist said, extending her hand, wrist limp. “My name is Penelope. I'll let Dr. Dakota know you're here.”

The End?

So who is LEXI LINORRE and what is PINK SKIRT PRESS?

Well, simply put, I wanted to expand my “brand” so to speak. I want to keep writing and publishing stories under “John Dylena”, but every so often I come up with an idea that I have to ultimately set aside and not explore because it would be different from what I normally publish.

Stories that contain elements a bit more *niche*, that I feel a majority of my readers would not find themselves enjoying.

Eventually I found that I could not keep ignoring these more particular tales, and that’s where LEXI LINORRE comes in.

Under this pen name, I can write and publish the stories that may not be as popular, but still available in case any of my regular readers are interested.

The last thing I want to do is publish one of these *niche* stories under “John Dylena” only to catch an unsuspecting reader off-guard with the more taboo content it contains. This way, I can differentiate my regular tales from my exotic ones.

But what about PINK SKIRT PRESS?

Well, with the creation of a secondary pen name, and my transition to Sasha on social media, I figured why not come up with a (fictional) publishing company to keep everything organized under one roof. That way I can keep publishing as John and Lexi, while still tweeting my bimbo brain off as Sasha.

Thank you again for your continued support.

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena