

I giggled. "No Ryan. Sorry I can't do that." I dismissed the suggestion easily. Earrings? Not a chance.

"Mmmm...is that right?" He kissed me again, deeply. I whimpered into his mouth and pressed into him.

He didn't push it further at that moment, and we settled into a pool lounger. I cuddled up against him, content. Soon after, Princess came out and settled in, cuddling up on the other side of Ryan.

She locked eyes with me. "Told you that you'd do great, baby." She winked.

I blushed, burying my face in Ryan's chest.

Listening to Ryan chuckle, I closed my eyes, choosing not to respond and relaxing into him instead. The cool air against my skin together with the heat radiating from Ryan felt incredible. I felt so calm, my mind going blank.

I wasn't sure if I dozed off, but I came to when I felt my hand being pulled down. Without opening my eyes, I realized Princess was pulling my hand down...under the hem of Ryan's trunks.

My heart began beating faster. I didn't mind though. My hand closed around Ryan's shaft and I began gently massaging him as Princess focused on his balls.

I tipped my head up, my eyes still closed, and found Ryan's lips waiting for me. I moaned into him, stroking him faster.

Princess slowed my hand down then interlocked her fingers with mine. Together we were able to encompass his entire girth - something I couldn't do with one hand alone.

As one, we pleased Ryan smoothly, excitedly. I sucked on his tongue, whimpering as he gripped my ass hard. The calm and smooth romance and intimacy was incredible. I wasn't performing. I wasn't pretending. I wasn't nervous.

This felt natural. This felt right.

Ryan pulled his mouth off mine and I moved to kissing his neck.



“Princess.” Ryan said. “What do you think of Janie getting her ears pierced?”

I kept kissing his neck, stroking his increasingly hard cock.

“Oooo...I love that idea.”

“Don’t you think she’d look good?”

“Absolutely. I could take her to a good place for it.”

Their words sunk in. I kept sucking on Ryan’s neck as he ran a finger along my ear, making me shiver.

“Janie?” Ryan asked me.

I tried to avoid answering, moving to kissing down his chest, wanting to meet my hands at his incredible manhood.

“No. Come here baby.” Ryan said. “You’ve already been fed. It’s Princess’s turn.”

Princess giggled and I felt her moving down his body. She pulled off my hand and replaced it with her mouth, pulling down Ryan’s shorts and taking him deep. I moaned at the sight, jealous.

Ryan turned up my chin so I looked up at him, my hand still resting on his abs, itching to join Princess.

He continued to run a finger along my ear, then he squeezed my earlobe, making me gasp.

“Will you do it, Janie? For Daddy?”

I looked between his eyes, to his lips again. Was it even possible to resist this perfect man? Under his gaze, my resolve melted away. “Okay...” I almost called him Daddy like I knew he wanted me to. But something held me back. Some shred of dignity remaining from before I’d licked Ryan’s cock like a lollipop.

But I did agree. I’d do it for him. And I was rewarded by Ryan pulling me up so I straddled his chest and kissed me hard, his hands squeezing my ass as Princess sucked him off right below it.



We continued kissing and sucking like that until finally, Ryan exploded into Princesses mouth. She choked and pulled her mouth off his cock, allowing a few hot jets to land on my back. I trembled as I climaxed on top of Ryan in my little blue bathing suit, which still covered all of me even hard. It was at least my 4th of the day.

Ryan told Princess to clean me off with her tongue, and told me I could lick off some of my own mess that had gotten on Ryan’s shoulders and chest. We each obeyed happily.

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I picked up Princess the next day. I worried what Caroline would think of all this. Would she still be supportive of something so...permanent? I wore a tight black shirt and grey yoga pants Ryan had given me. On a whim, I sent him a pic of my outfit. “Thanks for the clothes!” I texted under the pic.

As we drove to the jewelry store, he replied. “Fuck yeah. You look hot, babe. Send me a pic once you’ve got some bling on that beautiful ear.”

I smiled, texting him back. “Okay” with a kiss emoji. I stared at the kiss emoji for a second before putting my phone in my pocket.

We entered the store. I felt exposed yet oddly exhilarated. The cool air conditioning raised goosebumps on my bare back.

Soft classical music played in the background, creating a soothing atmosphere. Princess confidently approached the counter, her high heels clicking on the polished floor.

"We're here for an ear piercing," she told the attendant, placing a hand on my lower back. I felt a flutter in my stomach at her touch.

The attendant, an attractive woman in her thirties with sleek blonde hair and impeccable makeup, smiled warmly at us. "Of course! Right this way."

She led us to a small, private room in the back of the store. A comfortable-looking chair sat in the center. Various piercing tools and jewelry options were neatly arranged on nearby shelves.

"I'm Melissa," the technician introduced herself. "Which of you lovely ladies will be getting pierced today?"

Princess gently nudged me forward. "This cutie right here," she said with a grin.

Melissa's eyes roamed over me appraisingly, lingering on my exposed back and the way my yoga pants hugged my curves. "Wonderful," she said, her voice warm and enthusiastic. "Have a seat, girl!" Though Ryan and Princess had been addressing me as a girl for days, this was the first time a stranger had done so. I knew it should have repelled me. But...well it made me feel good. Really good.

I smiled at her as I settled into the chair. But then my heart began to race. The reality of what I was about to do hit me full force. Princess must have sensed my nervousness because she took my hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

"Now," Melissa said, pulling on a pair of latex gloves, "let's choose your starter earrings. We have a lovely selection of studs."

She presented a tray of gleaming options - delicate pearls, sparkling cubic zirconia, and simple silver balls. My eyes were drawn to a pair of small, silver studs.

"Those," I said softly, pointing.

"Excellent choice," Melissa smiled. "They'll look beautiful on you." After setting up for a few minutes, she approached with the piercing gun, and I instinctively tensed. God...what was I doing? Was this insane? It kinda felt insane!

Tensing more, I almost stood up. But then Princess's hands were on my shoulders, holding me down. "You're going to look so sexy, Janie." She whispered.

Sexy...

"Deep breath," Melissa added soothingly. "This will be quick."

She lined up the gun with my earlobe. I inhaled sharply as there was a loud click, followed by a sharp pinch. I whimpered, feeling my eyes tear up. It hurt!

Princess leaned in close, her breath warm against my ear. "Ryan is going to love this," she whispered. "He'll think you look so hot with pierced ears. His little Janie."

A shiver ran down my spine at her words, but I still cringed as Melissa brought the gun to my other ear. Again Princess put her hands on my shoulders, preventing me from wimping out.

Click. Pinch.

Ten minutes later, after Melissa had put in the studs and I'd calmed down, Princess took a picture for Ryan. I smiled, and happily sent it to him a few minutes later.



I stood in front of the mirror after showering that night, transfixed at the sight of my newly pierced ears. I couldn't keep my mind from running wild. The earrings did look beautiful. I looked beautiful. Ryan was so right.

But could I look more beautiful for him? No...I shouldn't...

I turned and opened Caroline's make-up drawer, my heart beating face. Before I could change my mind, I began applying Caroline's makeup to myself.

I quickly realized, however, that I couldn't do this quickly. It was hard! I ended up watching about an hour worth of youtube videos - instructions from a bunch of pretty teenage influencers.

Finally, I pulled away, looking at myself wide-eyed.

The transformation was stunning. My eyes, rimmed with dark liner and smoky shadow, seemed larger and more alluring. Long, curled lashes framed them perfectly, drawing attention to their depth. A soft blush gave my cheeks a rosy glow, accentuating my cheekbones in a way I'd never noticed before. My lips, painted a soft pink, looked fuller and more inviting.

The silver studs in my newly pierced ears caught the light, adding a delicate sparkle that complemented the makeup beautifully. I turned my head from side to side, admiring how they looked from different angles. They made me feel pretty, feminine... desirable. Inspired by an idea, I pulled a towel around my chest tightly, pressing my breast...my pecs together. I giggled...I had cleavage!



I ran my fingers through my hair, tousling it slightly to frame my face. The overall effect was softer, more alluring than I'd ever looked before. For a moment, I barely recognized myself - but in the best possible way. I felt beautiful, confident... sexy.

Impulsively, I grabbed my phone and snapped a few selfies, pouting and smiling at the camera. Before I could overthink it, I sent the best one to Ryan with the caption "How do I look, Ryan?"

My heart raced as I waited for his response. When my phone buzzed a few minutes later, I eagerly opened his message:

"Gorgeous, baby girl. You're a natural beauty. Can't wait to see you again soon."

A warm flush spread through me at his words. I felt giddy, validated... and incredibly turned on. I was about to reply when I heard the front door open.

"Jamie? I'm home!"

Caroline's voice jolted me back to reality. Panic set in as I realized I was still wearing full makeup and my new earrings were clearly visible. I scrambled to find something to change into, seeing only a pink gym outfit from the female line that Ryan had given me. I threw it on.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped out of the bathroom to greet my wife.

Caroline's eyes widened as she took in my appearance. "Jamie? What... what is all this?"

I shifted nervously, suddenly very aware of how I must look to her. "I... I was just experimenting a little. Um...to keep Ryan happy like you asked."

Her gaze hardened as she noticed the studs in my ears. "Are those... did you get your ears pierced?"

I nodded, reaching up to touch one of the earrings self-consciously. "Yeah, I...."

Caroline's face darkened. "Jamie, we need to talk. Now." Her voice was tight with barely controlled anger.

She grabbed my arm and led me to the living room, practically pushing me onto the couch. I felt small and vulnerable under her intense gaze as she paced back and forth in front of me.

"I learned a lot on this trip," Caroline began, her voice strained. "And today I heard things that change everything."

She stopped pacing and fixed me with a hard stare. "I spent a considerable amount of time with the CEO - Ryan's father. We had several long conversations. But today, on the plane home. What he told me... Jamie, it's bad. Really bad."

My heart raced as I waited for her to continue. What could Ryan's father have said that had Caroline so worked up?

"According to him, Ryan is nothing but a no-good womanizer," Caroline spat out. "He's been causing problems in the company for years. Do you know how many people have been fired because they got involved with him?"

I shook my head mutely, a cold dread settling in my stomach.

"At least a dozen," Caroline continued, her voice rising. "A dozen people lost their jobs, their careers, because they couldn't resist that... that boy's charms. And now he's set his sights on me." Her eyes looked me up and down. "On us."

She ran a hand through her hair, visibly distressed. "Jamie, I'm scared. I'm scared for my job, for our future. We can't keep doing this. We can't keep playing Ryan's games."

I opened my mouth to speak, but Caroline cut me off. "No, listen to me. We're done. We're cutting all contact with Ryan, effective immediately."

She stormed off to our bedroom, returning moments later with an armful of clothes - it looked like every article from the female line that Ryan had given me. Without a word, she marched to the trash can and dumped them all in. I felt my heart ache at the sight. Those clothes...those incredible outfits...

"Caroline, wait-" I started, but she whirled on me.

"No, Jamie. This ends now. I'm blocking his number on both our phones. We're not seeing him again, we're not talking to him again. It's over."

I watched helplessly as she grabbed our phones, quickly deleting Ryan's contact and blocking his number. The finality of her actions left me feeling hollow.

Caroline's expression softened slightly as she sat down next to me on the couch. "Look, I know... I know things have been confusing lately. For both of us. But we need to put this behind us. All of it."

She reached out, gently touching one of my newly pierced ears. "If you can forget about what I've done - the flirting, the...worse stuff - I can forget about this. About the clothes, the makeup, the... changes. About you kissing him. We can start fresh, Jamie. But only if we cut Ryan out completely. Do you understand?"

I nodded slowly, my mind reeling. God she didn't know. Didn't know how far we had gone. Part of me reeled from it all - the clear-eyed realization of what I had done. Of the path I was going down, all for this 18 year old boy.

No...18 year old Man. Whatever else he was...I thought, picturing his long thick cock...he was not a boy.

That week, I tried to be normal. I really did. But everything felt off, like I was living someone else's life. My clothes felt itchy, loose and dull compared to the vibrant, form-fitting outfits Ryan had given me. I caught myself staring longingly at the spot in the closet where they used to be.

In bed with Caroline, I felt disconnected and awkward. When she reached for me, wanting to rekindle our intimacy, I found myself unable to respond. My body, which had been so alive and responsive with Ryan, now felt numb and uncooperative.

"It's okay," Caroline soothed, stroking my hair as I turned away in embarrassment. "Another night. You're just tired."

But as the days wore on, I continued to feel like a stranger in my own skin, uncomfortable and out of place. The mirror became my enemy and my obsession. I'd stare at my reflection, trying to resolve that this is who I was. I was James. Jamie for short.

During the day, I'd catch myself daydreaming about Ryan - his confident smile, his commanding presence, the way he made me feel so desired and beautiful. Then I'd shake myself out of it, guilt and confusion warring inside me.

I wanted to reach out to him desperately, but Caroline had deleted his number and blocked him on our phones. I couldn't find him on social media. It was as if he'd vanished completely, leaving only memories and longing in his wake.

Part of me, a big part, needing something to cling to. Something physical. Just as a reminder. So I took to wearing the silver stud earrings at night, careful to remove them each morning before Caroline woke. It was a small act of rebellion, a tiny connection to the person I'd been becoming. As I'd insert them each night, I'd hear Ryan's voice in my head: "Good girl, Janie." The memory would send shivers down my spine and make my heart race.

Caroline, for her part, seemed determined to pretend nothing had ever happened. She threw herself into work, coming home late most nights. When she was home, she'd chatter about mundane things - office gossip, what to have for dinner, plans for the weekend. It was as if the past few weeks had been erased, leaving only the hollow shell of our former life. She didn't mention Ryan and I got the impression his internship rotation had moved on to another group.

I tried to engage, to be the husband she wanted and expected. But every attempt felt forced and false. I couldn't shake the feeling that I was playing a role, one that no longer fit.

One evening, about a week after our confrontation, Caroline came home with a nervous look.

"Jamie, honey. Friday is my work dinner. You know - the end of summer one they have each year?"

I nodded, remembering it was a fancy affair.

I looked at her, not daring to ask the first question coming to my head.

She still knew. "I don't know if he'll be there, Jamie. I hope not."

I nodded, looking away, blushing.

She sat down, holding my hands. "Jamie. If he is. We need to watch ourselves extremely carefully."

"I know..." I replied quietly.

"The CEO can't find out anything happened. But we also can't piss him off and make a scene. Jamie, this dinner is important. To me. To us."

"I know, I know." I insisted. "Don't worry. We'll be fine." I squeezed her hands back and she seemed to relax.

"I feel like he's going to try something, Jamie. Just to mess with us. Or in revenge. He's so used to getting what he wants."

"Yeah..." I replied. I still hadn't told her everything I'd done. I thought she might suspect, but she hadn't said anything.

"We can't fall for his manipulations. Promise me, Jamie. It's so important. I'm right on the edge of something big here."

"Yeah..of course. I mean no way will we fall for it, babe." I looked at her in the eyes, then attempted to give her a forceful kiss.

It did not feel forceful. It did not FEEL at all.

But still she seemed satisfied, nodding her head resolutely at me. "Thanks, Jamie."



The rest of the week passed in a blur of nervousness and...deep down...excitement. I suppressed that feeling though. Other than wearing the earrings, I was determined to be true to Caroline.

The night of the dinner arrived. I wore a turquoise button down shirt and khaki pants. Caroline wore an elegant red dress. She had had her hair blown out and it was sleek and wavy. I told her she looked amazing, but the truth was it was at least one size too small. She just didn't have the figure she once had.

As we walked into the ballroom holding hands (45 minutes after it started - Caroline believed in being fashionably late), I scanned the hall unconsciously, automatically.

I couldn't see him.

Caroline began talking to a coworker and I told her I would grab us a drink. At the bar, I kept looking around. No, he wasn't there.

I told myself I was relieved. And indeed my heart rate slowed significantly. But I also recognized the part of me that was immensely disappointed.

That was okay. I thought. It was part of moving on. As the dinner proceeded, we found ourselves only one table over from the CEO. Caroline was very excited about this, and spoke to our table mates excitedly, almost manically, as I sat mostly quiet, smiling and nodding along.

Then I froze, my glass of champagne halfway to my lips. Ryan had just walked in, and the sight of him took my breath away.



He looked incredible. Even through the perfectly fitting tux you could tell he was muscular. The jacket hugged his broad shoulders and tapered down to his narrow waist, accentuating his V-shaped torso. The crisp white shirt underneath strained slightly against his chest, hinting at the defined pecs beneath. His pants were perfectly tailored, clinging to his muscular thighs and... I forced my eyes back up, feeling a blush creep across my cheeks.

I was so fixated on him I almost didn't notice her. I couldn't believe it.

It was the barista from that coffee shop at the end of our runs. She was stunning in a black strapless gown that complemented her olive skin perfectly and accentuated her generous curves. Her dark hair was styled in elegant waves, and elaborate diamond and silver earrings sparkled at her ears. She looked delighted to be there. I felt a rush of anger and jealousy. Just like at the coffee shop the words rushed to my head - That bitch! Who was she to be here with him?



But Ryan didn't look our way. He guided the barista through the crowd, stopping to chat with various guests. His easy charm was on full display as he laughed and smiled, working the room like he owned it. For another hour he didn't approach or look at me, though I looked at him constantly. I didn't miss how she playfully hit his shoulder, let her hand linger on his leg, or squealed when, infuriatingly, Ryan squeezed her ass.

I barely tasted the exquisite meal placed before me, hardly heard Caroline's animated chatter with our tablemates. Even though I fought not to look his way, my entire being was attuned to Ryan's presence across

the room. But Caroline had noticed, and had started kicking me regularly under the table when she noticed my attention sliding to him again.

Later, as we stood talking in a larger group, I looked past the crowd around me and watched as he danced with the barista, his large hand splayed across her lower back as he guided her across the floor. The way he leaned in to whisper in her ear, eliciting a musical laugh. The casual possessiveness in the way he touched her. It was like a dagger to my stomach.

"Jamie?" Caroline's voice snapped me back to reality. I turned to her, forcing a smile.

"Sorry, honey. What were you saying?"

She frowned slightly but continued, "I was just telling Mr. Winters about my plans for the new marketing campaign. You remember, the one we discussed last week?"

I nodded, trying to focus on the conversation. Mr. Winters - the CEO - was looking at me expectantly. I opened my mouth to contribute something, anything, when a familiar voice cut through the air.

"Dad! I've been looking for you everywhere!"

Ryan approached our small group. Ryan's eyes were cool and calculating as they swept over us.

I couldn't help but stare at him.

Fuck.

He looked good.



"Hello Ryan." Mr. Winters answered patiently, seeming unexcited to see his son. "And look, you've brought along...another young woman..." He barely contained his disdain for this woman attached to his son. I was happy to see her squirming under Mr. Winters' gaze.

Mr. Winters turned to us, sweeping his arm out. "You remember Caroline, of course. And this is her husband, Jamie."

"Of course." Ryan said, shaking Caroline's hand gently, a twinkle in his eye as Caroline tried to cover a blush. Then Ryan's gaze locked on me and I felt a thrill as the corner of his mouth twitched upwards. "Nice to meet you...Janie" My heart skipped a beat at the use of that name. My stomach was doing somersaults.

"Jamie, Ryan. JaMie." Mr. Winters corrected his son impatiently.

"Ah. Is that so?" Ryan answered. I couldn't help it, I glanced away.

"This is Marie." Ryan said, moving on to introducing the barista. The bitch smiled broadly, nodding around the circle. When she got to me she seemed to pause, before shaking her head and looking back to Ryan. It seemed she hadn't quite made the connection.

We all made small talk for a few minutes, and I mostly looked at the floor, fearing the situation. I felt overwhelmed by Caroline's fear, the presence of the CEO, and most of all Ryan's presence more than a week after being cut off. Caroline sounded nervous, jittery. But Ryan didn't say or do anything that revealed us.

Quite suddenly, a woman broke into the conversation. She apologized but told Ryan he was needed - an issue with a shipment that had arrived (the makeshift ballroom was on the second floor of their office building).

"I'm so sorry." He turned to the barista. "Sorry, really. I'll be back in 20-30 minutes."

The woman noted that he might need some help with these boxes. Ryan looked around and, as if at random, locked onto me. "I'm really sorry to ask. Might you be able to help me for a few minutes?"

My heart, which had already been racing, went into overdrive. "I...uhhh..."

"Ryan..." Mr. Winters said, clearly having lost his patience. "Did you get a shipment sent here? You're an intern Ryan. And besides, Caroline's husband is our guest tonight. I'm sure he'd rather not..."

"No it's okay..." I interrupted, embarrassed by the tension between these two men.

Mr. Winters turned to me. "Jamie. You really don't have to. Ignore my son."

I blushed. "It's okay..." I continued, glancing back at Ryan, my heart jumping slightly. "I'm happy to help him."

Ryan grinned at me. "Perfect! Caroline, would you be a dear and keep Marie company for just these few minutes."

"Umm yeah. Of course." She replied. She locked gaze with me and flared her eyes, shaking her head almost imperceptibly.

"I really appreciate it. Marie, Father - I'll be back. And, relax. I won't break your company."

He took my arm gently, staring me away. I tried giving calming hand gestures to Caroline to assure her it would be fine. Mr. Winters looked angry.

But Ryan steered me towards the entryway. "You know I almost didn't recognize you, Janie. This outfit...does not suit you."

I flushed, making sure we were out of earshot before shooting back. "Well you certainly look natural tonight, with that slut hanging all over you."

Ryan chuckled. "Is that jealousy, Janie? Do you think you have a...claim to me, of some sort?"

I sputtered. "No...I mean it's not...I'm not..."

Ryan put his hand around my waist and steered me towards a hallway. "It's okay. I could understand your confusion. Perhaps it's similar to my confusion at being unceremoniously cut off for nearly the past two weeks. You send me a pic of yourself in a towel - looking absolutely stunning, I might add - then nothing."

I blushed, letting him steer me, hyper-aware of his large hand on my lower back, grazing my butt. "...Caroline came back...She spent time with your father on that trip....She didn't want us to get together with you anymore..." I answered weakly. "I'm sorry..." I said miserably.

"Hmm... So first she decides that you both need to throw yourselves at me, thinking it would get her ahead, then the winds change and she reverses course when she finds out my father doesn't work the way that she thinks."

I was quiet in response, unable to deny his words.

"Meanwhile she just uses you as her little tool in her manipulations?" He paused before continuing as he steered me around a corner. "Do you know, Janie, that she was entirely in on it. She came up with the ideas for our dates - well after the first one at least. And even when I told her my plans for you, she was a willing participant, agreeing to encourage you - to nudge you along."

My heart dropped at his words. I had suspected of course. I mean...it had been obvious, even if I'd consciously denied it.

"She doesn't care about you, Janie. She just looks out for herself."

I knew there was more to it than that. She was also caught up with Ryan herself. But Ryan's words also stung because I knew they were true, at least partially.

Suddenly, Ryan turned and brought us through a doorway into a private bathroom.

"Ryan!" I said warningly. "What the..." I cut off as I looked at him. He was taking off his jacket. He laid it on a counter and grabbed a bag that had been sitting there. A...light blue bag. Like all the ones he had used when giving me clothing from his Fe-Male line.

My breath caught as I looked up at him, transfixed, my heart pounding.

"As I said." He said, grinning at me and holding out the bag. "Those clothes really don't suit you." He smeared at my outfit. "This will fit you better."

I looked from the bag to his face, not moving.

"Why don't you try it on for me?" He asked.

I took in his huge form, breathing in and out, fighting for control. "Ryan...Ryan...I can't, we shouldn't." I was panting, panicking, overwhelmed. Caroline was waiting. She was counting on me...

"Janie...come now..." He leaned in, cupping my cheek. His lips...his gorgeous face...

"I...I..." I struggled to find words as I looked from one of his eyes to the other. I tried pushing him away, but as my fingers pressed against his defined chest through his white dress shirt, the force in my push died. God his body...I had fantasized about it so much in the last few weeks...

My hand rested there, pressed into the ridge between his huge pecs.

"I missed you, Janie." Ryan said softly, sensually. "Did you miss me too?"

God...I had. I'd barely gone five minutes any day without thinking about this incredible teen stud. But I couldn't say that...not after I'd promised Caroline...

Ryan leaned in closer, his nose touching mine. My mouth fell open and my eyes closed, the passion of his proximity overwhelming. His smell was intoxicating. "R...Ryan...I...you..." I struggled to form words...

"Let go, Janie." He said, his lips almost touching mine as they moved with his words. "Stop fighting it. This..." he tapped the bag of womens clothes I now held, "...is who you are."

There was a noise outside and I stepped back, panicking. Ryan seemed to misinterpret because his face darkened.

"Janie...I'm losing patience. Put on that dress, now."

Still trembling, a crazed and suppressed lust churning inside me, inflaming my veins, I obeyed. I couldn't resist him when he got like that.

I drew out a long elegant red dress. I knew instantly it would fit me like a glove. Ryan knew my body so well, I thought, shivering.

It was elegant, stylish, and looked incredibly expensive. "Ryan..." I whispered. "This isn't the Fe-Male line..." I said.

"No." He replied. "You...your body...deserve better than my mere designs. That," he nodded to the garment. "was made by a French designer I know. He did me a favor."

"How..." I asked, looking up at him. This didn't have the look of something that had been produced quickly.

"Oh he started over a month ago. After the first night I saw you."

I stared at him.

Over a month ago. Ryan had planned this from the first time he saw me?

I swooned, nearly falling over. His strong arm caught me by the waist.

"Easy there..." He whispered into my ear. Then he nibbled it.

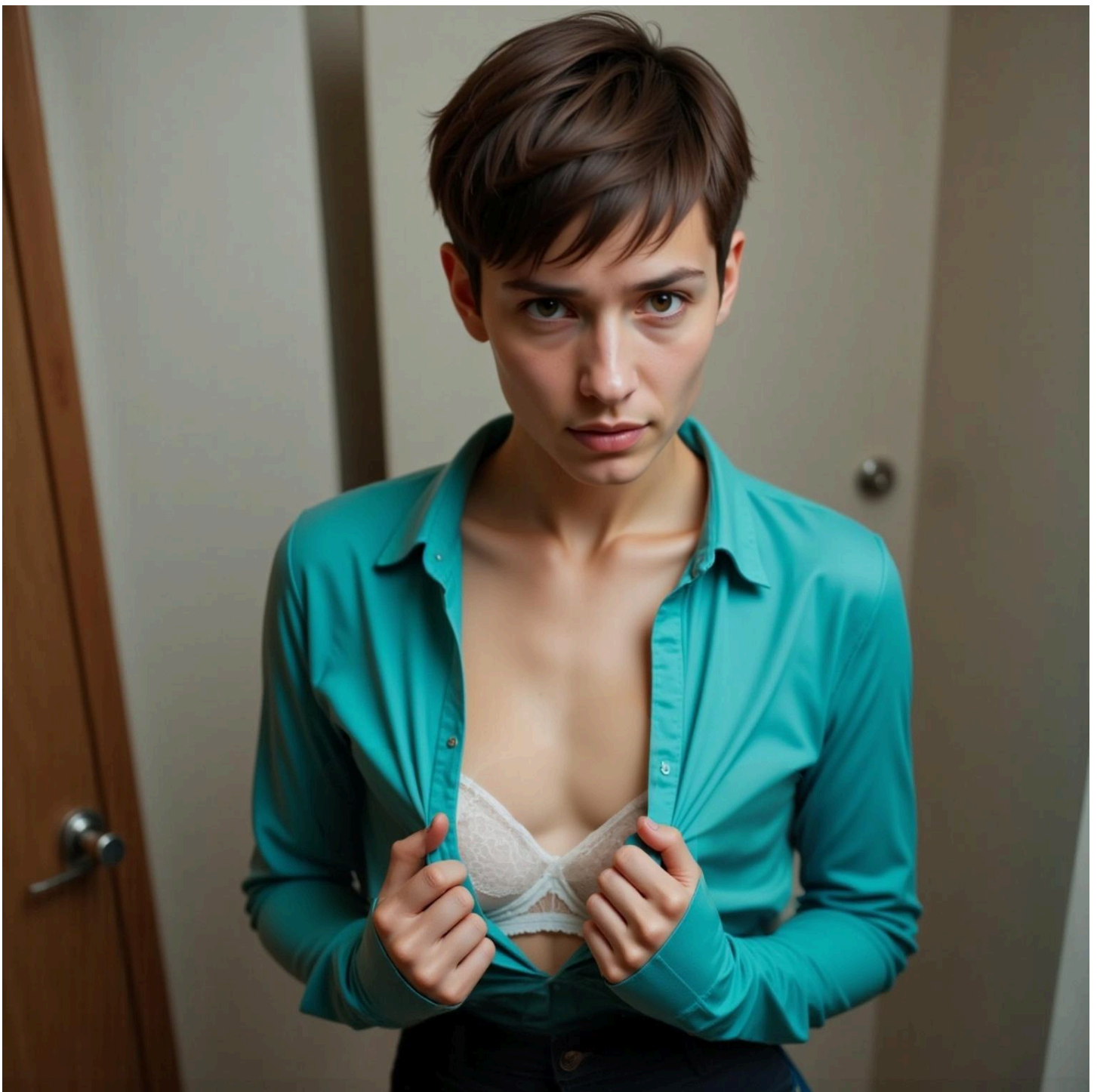
Unable to contain it, I moaned. God how did he have this effect on me. I clutched his shoulders for support. They were so big.

He pulled me upright and, pulling back, looked me hard in the eyes.

"Well?" He said, expectantly.

Slowly, I started unbuttoning my shirt.

I'm...I'm sorry Caroline, I thought.



“What’s this?” Ryan said, his eyes lighting up as he stared at my exposed chest.

Oh my god, I had completely forgotten.

I was wearing a white lace bra.

In the past days leading up to the dinner, I had surrendered to my urges when passing a lingerie shop. I had bought my very first, very own, bra and panties. They were lace and tiny and sexy and gorgeous. I had decided to wear them under my outfit tonight. I had told myself it was just a coping mechanism. That it didn’t mean anything.

Now, staring up into Ryan’s hungry gaze, I knew better. This had been exactly what I had been hoping for.

After a long pause, I continued removing my shirt, looking up at him, our gazes locked as I waited anxiously for more of a reaction.

Then I moved on to my pants, revealing my dainty white panties, the air against my bare skin giving me goosebumps. I was locked in his gaze, undressing for him, revealing myself to him, baring everything..for Ryan.

Then, incredibly, unbelievably - he broke first, his eyes dropping to my body as I stood straight, his mouth falling slightly open.

“Fuck...” he said, his voice sounding husky.

Oh god...I was having an effect on him. I glanced at his crotch and noticed definite tightening. I thought I could smell his arousal, it made me dizzy.

“Ryan...” I whispered, breathless. My voice came out sounding like Janie, and click. I was her. “Ryannn.” I whimpered again, making my voice even more feminine for him.

“Turn.” He commanded in response.

I obeyed without hesitation, feeling his eyes boring into me, making my stomach go wild. I went slowly, sensually for him.

When I finished my rotation, Ryan had removed his bow tie and was removing his belt. My breath caught.

“You...” He said. “Look so fucking irresistible right now Janie. You have no fucking idea.” His voice had lost its cool demeanor, sounding rough, harsh, HOT.

He put his hand around the back of my neck and pulled me into him.

He kissed me hard, hot, ravenously. I clung to his hard body. God I had missed this. I ran my hands up and down his chest and abs, kissing him in return, moaning into him. Everything that had pent up inside me for the last two weeks was released. I was overcome with a frantic, manic, overwhelming desperation for Ryan.

“You always...look...fucking...irresistible, Ryan...” I said between kisses. When we paused to catch our breath I just stared up at his confident face. “God you're so fucking hot.” I said, before kissing him again. This time, I moved my hand down over his abs, towards his crotch. I moaned, separating from him again and looking from one penetrating eye to the other, massaging his massive bulge.

“Tell me what you want.” He demanded, his voice husky and his eyes intense, not in their typical calm demeanor. He looked slightly out of breath himself. Fuck, he was really into this too.

“MMmmm...” I kissed him, flicking his tongue with mine sensually, savoring him. “I want your cock Ryan. I want to feel it throbbing in my hands. I want to slide my tongue along it.I want to feel your fucking girth deep in my throat as your balls slam against my chin, Ryan.” I said in my most feminine, sexual voice.

His eyes widened in surprise.

God... Had I just said that?

I giggled, then flicked my tongue against his lips. I was so excited, giddy.

“Knees. Now.” He said, taking control again though still looking slightly flustered. Fuck the fact that I was turning him on it just made me hotter.

I didn't hesitate. I quickly pulled down his pants, moaning as his massive cock emerged.



My fingers trembled as I wrapped them around his thick shaft, feeling it pulse with heat and desire. He was already semi-hard, but he stiffened quickly as I gripped him, and I moaned as I felt his hot cock expand in my hand. We were now both breathing quickly.

And he was suddenly fucking ROCK hard. Harder than I'd ever felt him. I whimpered, overwhelmed with lust as I gripped his granite manhood.

I stroked him slowly at first, savoring the velvety hardness, the way it twitched in response to my touch. My mouth watered at the sight and feel of his impossible length, memories of our past encounters flooding back.



"Fuckkkk, I'd forgotten how fucking big you are." I said. The musky scent of his arousal filled my senses, making me dizzy with desire. I leaned in, running my tongue along the underside of his cock from base to tip. Ryan let out a low groan, his fingers tangling in my hair.

Yessss...I had missed this incredibly feeling. I moved in for another long delicious lick.

But then, shockingly, incomprehensibly, he pulled me away from his cock, holding me by my hair and stepping back. His cock was glorious, enormous. It towered over me and I wanted nothing more than to worship it, to worship him.

Ryan pulled me to my feet by my hair, his eyes burning with intensity. I whimpered, both from the slight pain and overwhelming arousal.

"Not so fast, baby girl," he growled.

I looked up at him, wide eyed and desperate.

Fuck. His control was incredible. I could barely hold myself back from licking every inch of him

and here he was, slowing us down - controlling me, even though I knew he was incredibly turned on as well.

"Before you get your prize, you need to submit. Completely."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a familiar object - the black leash we'd won at the roller rink. My breath caught as he dangled it before me.



"Now's the time you have to choose, Janie," Ryan said, his voice low and serious. "Are you going to be a girl for me. Do you want to be my collared slut? Or are you going to run back to Caroline and pretend to be something you're not?"

I stared at the leash, my heart pounding. Everything seemed to fade away except for Ryan and that black strip of leather.

"This isn't like with Caroline," he continued. "She manipulated you, used you for her own gain. But I want you to do what you truly want. What does Janie desire? Or is it Jamie after all?"

His words resonated deep within me. For so long, I'd been living for others - trying to be the husband Caroline wanted, the person everyone expected. But with Ryan...

With Ryan I was free to explore my deepest, most intense desires. Ones I hadn't even known I had, or maybe ones I hadn't had at all, until he came along.

With trembling hands, I reached out and took the leash. Ryan's eyes narrowed

slightly, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. Slowly, deliberately, I brought the collar to my neck and fastened it. The leather felt cool against my flushed skin.

"I want you, Daddy," I whispered, looking up at him through my lashes, using the name he wanted for the first time. "I want to be your good girl."

I suddenly felt a sudden freedom. A massive sense of profound relief. No more pretense. I wasn't doing this for Caroline. I didn't have to try to stop myself anymore. This was for me. And for Ryan.

I grinned a wicked grin. "Can I get back on my knees now, Daddy?" I asked sweetly.



Ryan's smile widened into a predatory grin. He hooked a finger around my collar and jerked me to him, grabbing my ass with his other hand. My mouth fell open and my eyebrows lowered as I stared up at him in unadulterated lust. I wanted him. I needed him.

"That's my girl," he purred, kissing me. I moaned into the kiss. Separating, he continued. "On your knees. Beg."

I didn't hesitate. Sinking to my knees, I nuzzled against his thigh, breathing in his masculine scent. My hands caressed his muscular legs as I looked up at him adoringly.

"Please, Daddy," I begged. "Let me worship your cock."

He waved it back and forth, running it along my cheeks. I tried to catch it with my open mouth like I was bobbing for apples, but he slapped me with it hard, tsking.

"Pleaseeeeee. I need you..." I whispered, desperate.

He relented, letting his cock fall out of his grip and putting his hands on his hips. He stood like a fucking GOD. My teenage god.

"Slowly, Janie."

"Thank you, Daddy." I whispered, leaning forward and feeling a thrill at fully embracing his new title. "I've missed you so much," I continued, my voice breathy with need. I pressed soft kisses along his length, inhaling his musky scent. My tongue darted out, tracing the prominent vein that ran along the underside of his cock.

Ryan's hand tangled in my hair, guiding me next to his cock, which he pressed against my cheek. God how was it possible that it was this massive? My eyes fluttered closed as I focused on the feeling of his cock, anticipating. But he slapped me with it. "Eye's up here, Janie." He said. "Smile. Show me how happy you are to be my sexy plaything."

He had his phone out, trained on my face. I couldn't care. I'd do whatever he wanted of me. I DID feel joy to be his. I gave him a dazzling smile.



“Good girl...Now...” He reached for something on the counter, picking up the leather leash. “Attach this to your collar, slut.”

Excited, I obeyed. The command - the utter submission - drove me wild. I WANTED to be on a leash for him. I clicked it into place.

Ryan gave a couple sharp tugs and I gasped, moaning as my lust spiked at the feeling of being completely under Ryan’s power.

“Such a good slut, aren’t you?” He said.

“Yes Daddy. I’m a good slut.” I replied, whimpering, as I began worshiping his length once again, staring at his incredible body from below, overwhelmed by what I saw and felt.

His grip on my hair tightened as he guided my movements. He stood up straight. "Look at me." he commanded.



I raised my eyes to meet his intense gaze again, never stopping the motion of my mouth on his cock. The raw lust I saw there made me whimper around his shaft.

"That's it," he growled. "Keep those pretty eyes on me while you worship my cock like a good little slut."

I moaned at his words, feeling a rush of wetness between my legs.

He closed his eyes, looking happy and content. He leaned back against the wall behind him. "Mmmm...okay, Janie. Show me how much you've missed me. Prove it to me."

Eager to please, I opened wide for him, moaning as the thick head pushed past my lips. The weight of him on my tongue, the stretch of my jaw - it felt like coming home. His hand rested lightly on my scalp, petting me as I sucked him, sending shivers down my spine. I swirled my tongue around his inflamed head and licking the delicious salty moisture from his slit.

“Fuckkk...” He said under his breath, sending another thrill through me. I fucking loved how into it he was.

I sucked, hollowing my cheeks and relishing the way just his tip filled my mouth completely. My free hand cupped his luscious balls, gently massaging.

I bobbed my head slowly and methodically, taking him deeper with each pass. My hands worked what I couldn't fit in my mouth, twisting and stroking in time with my movements. Above me, Ryan groaned, his fingers tightening in my hair.

"That's it, Janie," he encouraged. "Take Daddy's cock like a good little girl." He put his hand on the back of my head and pushed his cock deeper into me, forcing my head still.

I submitted to his control and redoubled my efforts, relaxing my throat to take him even deeper. Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes as I gagged slightly.

"Fuck," Ryan groaned, his hips jerking forward. "Your mouth feels so good."

My heart soaring at his words. I stared at his incredible body as my mouth stretched around his massive cock. Fuck he was beautiful.



He pulled my leash tight and I couldn't have pulled back if I tried. He plunged into my mouth and throat deeper and deeper.

"Fuck yes..." he groaned.

Yes...Daddy...yesss...

But I couldn't breathe. The thickness of his cock cut off all air. I couldn't even breathe through my nose. My vision began to blur and my eyes drooped. But I didn't want to take him out. I stared up at his handsome face, showing him what I could do for him.

Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes as I fought my growing desperation to breathe, determined to please him instead.

"Fuckkkk" he moaned.

But he must have noticed that I was about to (happily) pass out around his thickness and suddenly, he pulled out of my mouth.

Gasping for air, I coughed as a string of saliva connected my lips to the tip of his cock. Looking up at him through my lashes, I saw his eyes were dark with lust. Both of our chests heaved.

"Is...is this what you wanted, Daddy?" I purred after I recovered, stroking him with both hands.



"Mmmm...Fuck yeah Janie. Keep going."

Eagerly, I dove back onto him. I alternated between long, slow licks and quick, teasing flicks of my tongue. My hands worked in tandem with my mouth, twisting and stroking along his shaft. I moaned around him, the vibrations making him shudder.

Ryan's grip on my hair tightened as his breathing became more ragged. I redoubled my efforts, sucking him harder and faster. I wanted to taste him, to feel him lose control because of me.

Ryan's hips began to thrust slightly, fucking my mouth. My own arousal was building rapidly, my tiny bump straining against the delicate lace of my panties.

Ryan suddenly pulled me off his cock, a string of saliva connecting my lips to his glistening shaft. He hauled me to my feet. "Fuck. Look at you," he said gruffly. "So fucking sexy." I'd never seen him this intense before. He radiated an animalistic lust that made me whimper.

"What do you want, Daddy?" I begged. "I'll do whatever you want."

"Let me see those little tits." He ordered.



I was surprised, not expecting this.

Not daring to disobey, I slowly undid my bra. God I felt suddenly exposed. It was stupid - the tiny bra barely had covered anything, and there wasn't much to cover at that - but I was scared he'd...that he'd realize...realize suddenly what I really was.

I lowered my bra slowly, feeling so vulnerable. My heart raced as I revealed my small, flat chest to Ryan's hungry gaze. I held my breath, waiting for his reaction.

"Beautiful," Ryan murmured, stepping closer again. His hand cupped my face, thumb brushing over my lower lip. "Such a pretty little thing."

I whimpered softly, flooded with relief and leaning into his touch. My body ached for more contact, more of him. I kissed his thumb, staring into his eyes.

Then, to my shock and delight, Ryan dropped to one knee before me, his eyes never leaving my chest. He leaned in close, his hot breath ghosting over my sensitive skin. I shivered in anticipation.

Then his mouth was on me, and I gasped at the incredible sensation. His lips closed around my right nipple, sucking gently at first, then with increasing pressure. His tongue swirled around the hardening bud, sending jolts of pleasure straight to my core.

"Oh god," I moaned, my head falling back as I arched into his touch. "Ryan... Daddy..."

He hummed in approval, the vibrations making me whimper. His hand came up to cup my other breast, kneading the soft flesh and rolling the nipple between his fingers.

I threaded my fingers through his hair, holding him to me as he lavished attention on my chest. The feeling was indescribable - better than anything I'd ever experienced before. Each lick, each suck, each gentle bite sent waves of pleasure coursing through me.

Ryan switched to my other breast, his teeth grazing the sensitive peak before soothing it with his tongue. I squirmed under his ministrations, overwhelmed by the intensity of the sensations.

"You like that, baby girl?" he murmured against my skin. "You like Daddy playing with your pretty little tits?"

"Yes," I gasped, my voice high and breathy. "Oh god, yes Daddy. It feels so good."

He stood again and I kissed him hungrily, desperately. He turned me around slowly so I kissed him over my shoulder. I could feel the heat of his skin, the hardness of his cock pressing insistently between my ass cheeks.

"Open your eyes." He said. I did, and found myself looking at ourselves in the mirror. His strong arms wrapped around me from behind, pulling me flush against his muscular chest.

"Look at yourself," he commanded, his voice low and rough in my ear. "Look at how beautiful you are."

I obeyed, meeting my own gaze in the mirror. My cheeks were flushed, my lips swollen from our kisses. My chest heaved with each panting breath, my nipples still glistening from Ryan's attention. My collar strained against my neck as he pulled back on my leash, choking me slightly. The sight of us together - me in just my delicate white panties, leashed to Ryan's powerful form looming behind me - was intoxicating.



"This is who you really are," he murmured, his lips brushing against my ear. "My sexy little Janie. My good girl."

I whimpered, pressing back against him. His cock slid between my ass cheeks, the friction making us both groan.



"Tell me what you are." Ryan ordered.

I moaned. "Goddddd...I'm Janie, Daddy. I'm your good girl."

"And isn't it better this way? Aren't you better?"

I moaned, looking at myself in his arms. Fuck I was sexy! He wanted me! "So much better, Daddy. Thank you for showing me."

Ryan's hand slid up to encircle my throat, not squeezing, just resting there as a reminder of his dominance. His other hand locked my arms behind my back, holding me firmly against him. I was completely at his mercy, and I loved it.

He began sliding his cock up and down between my ass cheeks. I groaned, trying to maintain eye contact as he stared at me intensely in the mirror. But I couldn't, I threw my head back, moaning, shutting my eyes and focusing on the intoxicating feel of his huge cock rubbing up and down between my ass cheeks and against my opening, of his strong iron grip around my neck. I knew he was staring at my utter submission in the mirror and I didn't care. I love it. I loved that it turned him on. Because he was a real man - someone who dominated girls like me.

He pushed me roughly to the ground again. "Stick that ass up for me." I did, my chest on the ground and my ass raised high in the air for him.

"Such a fucking incredible ass, Janie. I knew I would make it mine ever since the batting cage." I moaned, thinking back to how uncomfortable I had been with him looking at me.

How things had changed. Now, I waved it back and forth for him lewdly. I barely thought about what I was doing, letting my instinctual submissiveness guide me.



He smacked it, then squeezed it hard with both hands as I moaned. Then he slapped his cock down on top of my ass.

Ryan's hands gripped my hips firmly as he positioned himself behind me. I felt the thick head of his cock nestle deep between my ass cheeks, and I whimpered in anticipation and fear. Was he going to fuck me? Was I ready? I felt an ungodly thrill at the idea of it.

But instead of pushing inside me, he began to slide his length up and down, using the cleft of my ass to pleasure himself. He pushed my ass cheeks together around his girth, making me into his human fleshlight.

"Fuck, your ass is perfect," he groaned, his hips moving in a steady rhythm. The sensation was incredible - the heat of his cock, the pressure against my sensitive skin, the way his balls slapped against me with each thrust. I moaned, pushing back against him, trying to increase the friction.

"You like that, baby girl?" Ryan asked, his voice husky with arousal. "You like being Daddy's little fucktoy?"

"Yes, Daddy," I gasped, my fingers curling against the tile floor. "I love it. Please... please use me."

He chuckled darkly, increasing his pace. His cock slid faster between my cheeks, the friction building delicious heat. I wondered if he was going to fuck me properly, the thought sending a thrill of excitement and nervousness through me. Part of me desperately wanted to feel him inside me, to be truly claimed by him. But another part was grateful for this - it felt safer, somehow, less final.

Still, I couldn't help but arch my back further, presenting myself to him as wantonly as I could. "Please, Daddy," I whimpered, not even sure what I was begging for anymore.

Ryan's grip on my hips tightened, his thrusts becoming more erratic. "Fuck, Janie," he groaned. "You're so fucking hot. Such a good little slut for me."

His words sent sparks of pleasure through me. I preened under his praise, loving how I could affect him this way. The power I held, even in my submission, was intoxicating.

Ryan's movements became more frantic. He hunched over me, his chest pressing against my back as he rutted against me with abandon. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he chanted, his breath hot against my ear. "That's it, Janie. You're mine. This ass is fucking mine."

I moaned. "Yess Dadddyyyy." I came - simply from the sensation of Daddy's cock between my cheeks and his domineering words. My body shuttering as I felt Ryan began to convulse as well.

With a guttural groan, he came. The first jet of cum landed hot and thick across my lower back. He pulled back, still coming, a hot splash slapped me in the face and neck, then again, and more across my back as he came in geysers, marking me thoroughly.

I gasped at the sensation, feeling utterly debauched and claimed. Ryan's cum was everywhere, dripping down my skin. I felt a small burning hot river form along my spine and flow down my back towards my neck. His cock continued to leak and my back became warmer and warmer with Daddy's seed. The sheer volume was staggering - I'd never known anyone to produce so much before.

As the last drops fell onto my skin, Ryan let out a long breath.

Ryan sat down, looking at me appreciatively as I continued to tremble in the longest orgasm of my life.



I stared at him, shame and embarrassment mixing with lust and desire.

Slowly, I moved into a sitting position, hiding myself from him a bit, looking away. Fuck. As my orgasm finally subsided, I was suddenly no longer sure. What came next?

I looked down, and saw that my leash had come loose and was laying on the floor.

I looked at it, then up at Ryan.

I picked it up and clicked it into place on my collar once again. An obedient girl.

He grinned and pulled me onto his lap. He put his arms around me, seemingly unconcerned about the mess. My heart swelled with relief and joy as I interlocked his fingers with mine, kissing the back of his hand.

"Thank you, Daddy." I whispered in my Janie voice...which I now just thought of as my own voice.

"You're welcome, beautiful girl." he murmured, pressing a kiss hard against my lips. I returned it eagerly, whimpering.

We made out, there on the floor, oblivious to everything around us.

Finally, after a few more minutes, Ryan stood up.

"You know..." He said, cleaning himself off with a towel and handing it to me. It smelled like him, making me dizzy again.

"Before you so deliciously interrupted me, I believe you were going to change." He held up the red dress.

"N..now?"

"Right now. I'm taking you home, Janie. And there's no way you're wearing those ridiculous clothes you came in."

I hesitated, my heart racing. "Ryan... you want me to go out there? Wearing that?"

He arched an eyebrow, his expression brooking no argument. "Did I stutter, Janie?"

I swallowed hard, looking at the elegant red dress he held.

I took it from him. It was exquisite, the fabric soft and luxurious against my skin as I slipped it on. The fit was perfect, hugging my curves in all the right places. I smoothed my hands down the sides, marveling at how it made me feel - beautiful, elegant, feminine. He handed me beautiful earrings, and I put them on too, transfixed.

Ryan's eyes raked over me appreciatively. "Perfect," he murmured.

I unclasped the leash and started to remove the collar.

"What do you think you're doing?" Ryan asked.

"I'm just taking off th..." I started, confused.

"Did I tell you to take it off?"

My hands fell to my sides.

My eyes widened. "Out there?"

He nodded, a wicked glint in his eye. "The leash stays on, baby girl. I want everyone to see who you belong to."

A thrill of excitement and fear coursed through me. The idea of walking through the ballroom on Ryan's leash was terrifying. But the way Ryan looked at me, the heat in his gaze... I couldn't resist. I couldn't disobey.

With trembling fingers, I reattached the leash to my collar. Ryan's smile was predatory as he took hold of it, giving it a gentle tug.

Before we left the bathroom, Ryan positioned me in front of the mirror. He stood behind me, his hands on my hips, face looking over my left shoulder. The contrast between us was striking - his tall, muscular frame in his perfect tux dwarfing my more delicate form. The red dress clung to my curves, accentuating my feminine silhouette. The black collar around my neck stood out starkly against my pale skin.

"Look at you," Ryan murmured, his breath hot against my ear. "You're fucking gorgeous, Janie. A vision."

I blushed, unable to tear my eyes away from our reflection. He was right - I did look beautiful. More than that, I looked like I belonged with him. Like we were made for each other.

Ryan turned me to face him, cupping my face in his hands. His kiss was deep, passionate, leaving me breathless and weak-kneed. When he pulled away, his eyes were dark with desire.

"Ready?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

I nodded "you're house, right?" I asked, desperate to have something to look forward to, so I could get through this humiliation.

"How about a hotel?" He asked with a glimmer in his eye.

My heart jumped. "That sounds amazing, Daddy." I kissed him again. Then I realized. "Wait, what about your little barista...Marie?"

He shrugged. "I just brought her to make you jealous, baby." He winked.

"Ryan!" I cried, though I was smiling. I smacked him on the shoulder.

"Careful." He replied, stepping closer. "I'll have to punish you for that."

I kissed him again. As we broke off, I spoke. "Can't wait."

With a final adjustment to my dress and a quick check of my makeup, we stepped out of the bathroom.

The noise of the party hit me like a wave as we re-entered the ballroom. The chatter of conversation, the clink of glasses, the soft strains of music - it all seemed impossibly loud after the intimate quiet of the bathroom. I blinked, momentarily overwhelmed by the lights and the crowd.

Ryan's hand on the small of my back steadied me as we made our way through the crowd. The leash swayed gently between us. I kept my eyes lowered, too nervous to meet anyone's gaze directly, but I could feel the stares. The weight of their curious glances prickled along my skin.

Whispers followed in our wake. I caught snippets of conversation:

"Who is that?"

"Is that... a leash?"



I felt exposed, vulnerable, humiliated. Still, the way Ryan guided me through the room, confident and possessive, made me want him even more. I was his. I belonged to him. And everyone could see it. That thought got me through the anxiety.

As we neared the exit, I allowed myself to relax slightly. We were almost out. Almost free. Then I heard a familiar voice, high-pitched with shock:

"Jamie?!"

My stomach dropped. Slowly, I turned to face her.

Caroline. Her eyes were wide, mouth agape as she took in my transformation. The elegant red dress, the carefully applied makeup, the silver earrings... and of course, the collar around my neck.

"What... what is this?" Caroline sputtered, her gaze darting between Ryan and me. "Jamie, what are you doing?"

I looked down, unable to meet her eyes. Shame and guilt warred with defiance and desire inside me. I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out.

Ryan stepped forward, his hand possessively on my hip. "Janie is with me tonight, Caroline," he said smoothly. "We're just heading out."

Caroline's face flushed red with anger. "Like hell you are!" she hissed, reaching for my arm. "Jamie, you're coming home with me right now. This has gone far enough!"

I flinched away from her touch, instinctively pressing closer to Ryan. He put an arm around me protectively.

"It's what she wants, Caroline," Ryan said, his voice low but firm. "Isn't that right, Janie?"

After a moment, my cheeks aflame, I nodded, still unable to look up. "Yes," I whispered. "I want to go with Ryan."

Caroline made a choked sound of disbelief. "You can't be serious," she said. "Jamie, please. Think about what you're doing!"

I didn't reply, and Ryan stared walking again, pulling me along.

"Wait..." Caroline said quietly, catching up again.

She looked from side to side furtively. Her eyes took on a wild cast as her gaze ran up the leash and rested on Ryan.

"Can...can I come too?" She asked him, pathetically.

My heart dropped. I didn't want her to. I wanted Daddy to myself, or maybe with Princess. But Caroline didn't belong.

I knew better to speak up though - this was the Man's decision.

Ryan chuckled. "Caroline..." He put a hand on her cheek and she visibly trembled, then kissed his palm submissively.

"It was always about her." He said, nodding towards me. "You were just the means to an end."

Her face registered shock as he turned towards the door again, tugging on my leash.

"Let's go Janie."

Smiling, I followed Ryan out.