

*DominanceAddict1*

The next morning, I waited nervously in my very pink outfit, until I heard a car pull up outside. I glanced out the window - Ryan was getting out of his truck.

I took a deep breath, trying to calm my nerves as I watched Ryan approach the front door. Part of me still couldn't believe I had agreed to this. But it was too late to back out now.

The doorbell rang and I hesitated for a moment before opening it. Ryan stood there, looking devastatingly handsome in a tight white t-shirt, tan pants, and a navy blue blazer. He was dressed much more dapper than usual and he looked damned good. His eyes raked over my body, taking in the pink tank top and yoga pants.

"Well don't you look cute," he said with a smirk. "Ready to go, babe?"

I bristled at the 'babe' comment but bit my tongue. "Let's just get this over with," I muttered, grabbing my phone and keys.

"Oh don't be so rude, Jamie. Ryan's taking you to the nicest clothing stores in town after all." Caroline interjected from behind as she stepped into the room, grinning at Ryan. "Let's show him the thanks he deserves." She walked to him and without hesitation leaned up to kiss him.

My eyes widened in surprise. It wasn't just a quick peck either - their lips locked together passionately for several long seconds. I felt a confusing swirl of emotions - anger, jealousy, and to my shame, a flicker of arousal at seeing my wife kiss this incredibly handsome young man.

When they finally broke apart, Caroline was slightly breathless. She glanced at me with a guilty expression. "Sorry Jamie, I didn't mean to interfere with your date. Just getting him warmed up for you."

Ryan smirked, his arm still wrapped around Caroline's waist. "No need to apologize. Jamie understands, don't you babe?"

I clenched my jaw, struggling to keep my composure. "Can we just go?" I managed to say.

"Of course," Ryan replied smoothly. He gave Caroline's ass a quick slap. "But first...." He put an arm around my waist and pulled me close to him.

I tensed as Ryan pulled me against his muscular body, my heart racing. His face was so close to mine, those piercing eyes locked onto my lips.

"Ryan, no..." I started to protest weakly.

But he ignored me, closing the distance and capturing my lips in a deep kiss. I whimpered softly, overwhelmed by his masculine scent and the feel of his hard body pressed against me. Despite my best efforts to resist, I felt myself melting into the kiss, my lips parting to allow his tongue entry. In the very back of my mind, I realized that this was NOT how I wanted to start this "strictly professional" outing. But I couldn't have pushed him away if I tried.

After several long moments, Ryan finally pulled back, leaving me breathless and flushed. He grinned cockily at my dazed expression.

"There, now you're even with Caroline," he said with a wink. "Let's go shopping, babe."

As we walked to Ryan's truck, I glanced back at Caroline, expecting to see anger or jealousy. To my shock, she was smiling and fanning herself as she stood in the doorway. "Wow, that was hot. Enjoy the date you two!" She nodded vigorously at me, her eyes wide, as if to say 'don't mess this up.'

Ryan helped me into the car. As he settled in beside me I felt compelled to make things clear. "This isn't a date, Ryan."

He chuckled. "Sure it isn't," he replied, his voice laced with amusement as he turned the key in the ignition. The engine roared to life, filling the small space with a vibrating energy that only heightened my anxiety.

I stole a glance at him, trying to gauge his intentions. His gaze was fixed ahead, but I could see the subtle smirk teasing at his lips - he was enjoying this. His presence was so commanding I could practically feel it weighing the car down.

As we pulled out of the driveway and onto the bustling street, Ryan reached over and took my hand, interlocking our fingers.

My stomach flipped as his thumb began to run up and down mine, tracing soft circles against my top knuckle. It was an intimate gesture that sent shivers coursing through my body, and I fought against the sensation, reminding myself that I was trying to be angry.

"So are you excited to model for me today?" he asked, glancing sideways as we merged into traffic. There was a playful tone in his voice.

"Excited isn't the word I'd use," I replied, attempting to keep my tone steady. "I don't really want to be a model for anyone, especially not for you."

Ryan chuckled lightly, a sound that dripped with confidence. "Oh come on, don't be so dramatic. Think of it as an opportunity to express yourself." He squeezed my hand slightly, his fingers warm and strong against my much smaller ones.

"Express myself?" I echoed incredulously. "By wearing clothes that make me look like—like some kind of doll?"

He glanced at me, his eyes holding a bit of reprimand. "If that's how you want to think about it, sure. But I see it differently. It's about confidence and embracing who you are—whatever that may mean." His gaze lingered on my face; there was something in his expression that made me feel vulnerable.

"Anyways" he continued, "I'm excited. I think you'll provide some amazing inspiration for the Fe-Male line. And I think you're going to look incredible." He squeezed my hand encouragingly.

I looked over at him, his handsome face now serene and confident. I felt a sudden warmth at his words, and, in spite of my determination to keep distance between us, squeezed his hand in return as I looked forward again.

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We arrived at the luxury mall - a place I had rarely been to. The air was filled with the sounds of excited shoppers and distant music.



As we walked through the mall, I could feel his eyes drinking in my body, as if I were a canvas ready to be transformed. A look backwards confirmed it.

We stepped inside the first store. Ryan picked out different jeans and t-shirts, holding them up against my frame, his fingers brushing against my arm with an intimate air as he guided me through the rows of clothing.

"These will hug your curves perfectly," he said, nodding at a pair of light colored jeans.

"They're women's jeans, Ryan" I replied flatly.

"It's just for inspiration. Besides, the clothes in this section are what will fit you." I rolled my eyes and took the jeans.

As we wandered through the store he held out to me another couple small black articles of fabric. "And here you can wear these under."

On closer inspection, I realized it was a bra and panties. I stopped and put on the angriest impression I could find. "Ryan. Under absolutely NO circumstances will I wear women's underwear. I happen to know that

your company produces NO undergarments. So there's no reason for me to try these on."

He raised his eyebrows. "Wow...that's quite the speech."

"I mean it, Ryan." I said flatly

He held his hands up in defense. "Understood. Why don't you go ahead and try those pants on then. Oh - and this sweater too." He handed me a black sweater.

I turned away without another word and walked to the changing room. I looked at my reflection as I slipped on the jeans. Really good. Fuck...he had such a good eye. The jeans had a few small tears and cupped my butt beautifully. I stepped out, holding my breath slightly. He sat on the small bench nearby, watching me intently.

"Damn" he said. "Turn around for me."

I did as he ordered. A perky teenage sales associate walked by, asking if we had everything we needed."Yes, thanks." Ryan answered before continuing. "Fuck, those jeans hug your ass like they're painted on, babe."



He raised his phone to take a picture. A flush crept across my cheeks as I looked down under the weight of Ryan's gaze while the sales associate hid a small smile. Thankfully, she walked off soon after.

"Ryan - you can't talk to me that way. Especially in front of other people." I whispered harshly in protest.

He ignored me. "These next." He held up another pair of black pants. He also handed me a grey tank top.

I stood glaring at him but he just looked back flatly.

I sighed, taking the clothes from him. I only realized in the change room that the pants were leather. They hugged my ass perfectly of course and Ryan made stand while he took a few pictures this time, before sending me back with another pair of jeans and a white sweater.





I retreated to the changing room and put them on. Again his intuition was on point. The jeans fit me perfectly, heavily distressed and showing off my toned legs.

I stepped out to find the sales associate back, this time twirling her hair and giggling. ‘Jesus, this guy...’ I thought angrily.

Ryan turned to me. “Hmmm...what do you think Tiffany?”

“Oh she looks so cute in those!” The sales associate (Tiffany, apparently) said.

“Cute? No. She looks hot. You can leave now, Tiffany.”

Tiffany looked taken aback but left as instructed. I felt a jumbled mix of emotions - angry at him using “she” as my pronoun and at the obnoxious way he was acting, but also pleased with the compliment and dismissal of the pretty sales associate.



“Stand still while I take a picture, babe.” Ryan said.

That got my hackles up. “Ryan. You can’t talk to me like th..”

“I said stand still.” He said sternly, cutting me off.

I immediately shut up, standing still under his intimidating stare.

“Good girl.” I felt my face heat up as he took my picture. I was embarrassed and ashamed, but my flush didn’t come from those. My body was responding, somehow, to the way Ryan was taking command. What the hell was wrong with me.

Soon we left the store and he beckoned me onto an escalator. As we ascended to the second floor together, I felt his presence close behind me—the heat radiating off him like an oven. I could sense him studying me and dared a glance back at him; his eyes were glued to the outline of my ass, so close to his face because I was up a step.

“Like what you see back there?” I teased, trying to embarrass him. But he just looked up at me with a dangerous smoldering look. “I do.” He put a hand on my leg and ran it up towards my ass. I gasped.

“Ryan!” I jumped up a step.

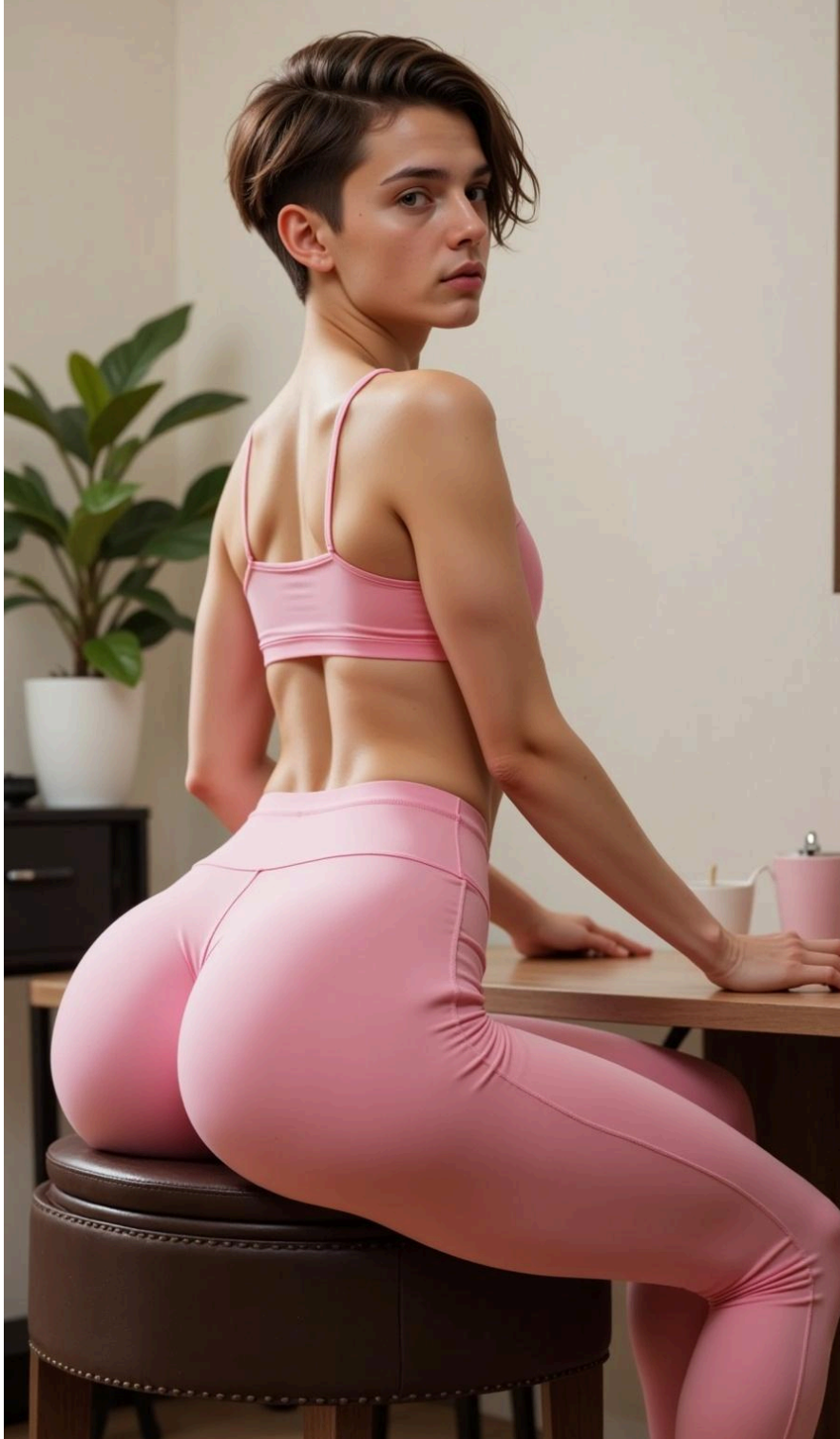
He smirked and I felt heat throughout my body. Then I saw him look past over my shoulder and smile broadly.

I looked forward as we crested the top of the escalator. There stood Princess, looking incredible in tight black jeans and a sweater.

"Princess?" I asked.

"Ryan! Jamie!" she called out brightly before turning her gaze onto me with an appreciative grin. "Look at you! You look to die for!" She gave me a quick hug in my confusion and continued, "Come honey - we're going for a manicure!"

"What?" I blinked, caught off guard by this sudden twist in our day. "Ryan?" I asked turning back.



"I thought we could take a quick break, though you are a bit early, Princess."

"I just couldn't wait." She replied happily. "Come on!" She said to me again. "You definitely need some pampering for all this trying-on business." she insisted playfully, her demeanor contagious enough that I felt myself smiling.

"But I'm not sure...a manicure?" I smiled nervously. That felt like a step too far.

"Sure - we'll all get." Said Ryan.

I guessed if he was getting it couldn't be that feminine.

Princess tugged at my arm, leading me into the nail salon. "Over here," Princess urged, guiding me to a section filled with vibrant colors displayed like jewels on a velvet tray.

As I examined my options, I looked over my shoulder and caught sight of Ryan across the room, his tall frame leaning casually against the polished counter while he chatted with an attractive older manicurist. She giggled at something Ryan said. He flashed that confident smile—one that made my stomach flip. Amazing, he used his charm like a weapon, effortlessly drawing people in.

“Jamie,” Princess’s voice broke through my reverie. “What do you think? This pink?” She held up a vibrant bottle that glinted under the lights.

“I don’t know...maybe something more neutral?” I stammered again, thinking of how Ryan would surely choose something understated.

“Neutral is boring!” Princess shot back playfully, rolling her eyes dramatically. “You want to stand out! That outfit deserves something fabulous.” She ignored my protests entirely, her fingers swirling around the various bottles until she triumphantly presented a shimmering pastel pink with iridescent sparkles catching between us like tiny stars.

“C’mon, just try it! You’ll love it, and Ryan will love it - I promise!”

I glanced over at Ryan once more and found him now seated beside the manicurist, leaning in conspiratorially as she playfully swatted his arm in response to whatever joke he’d just made. A tight knot formed in my chest—Ryan would love it huh.

I turned back to Princess. “Fine,” I relented with a shy smile creeping onto my lips despite myself.

Princess and I chatted as we got our nails done side-by-side. I occasionally glanced back but Ryan seemed to have gone for a walk or something.

“So are you two going to do anything naughty today?” Princess teased.

“What? No...I’m just helping him with the product line.” I insisted.

“You sure?”

“Yes. We’re being strictly professional. Listen I know it doesn’t necessarily look it, given what I’m wearing, but I’m really not like you, Princess. I’m not interested in any of that. I’m a real man.”

She raised an eyebrow at me.

“Not that there’s anything wrong with your choices!” I followed, embarrassed at my choice of words.

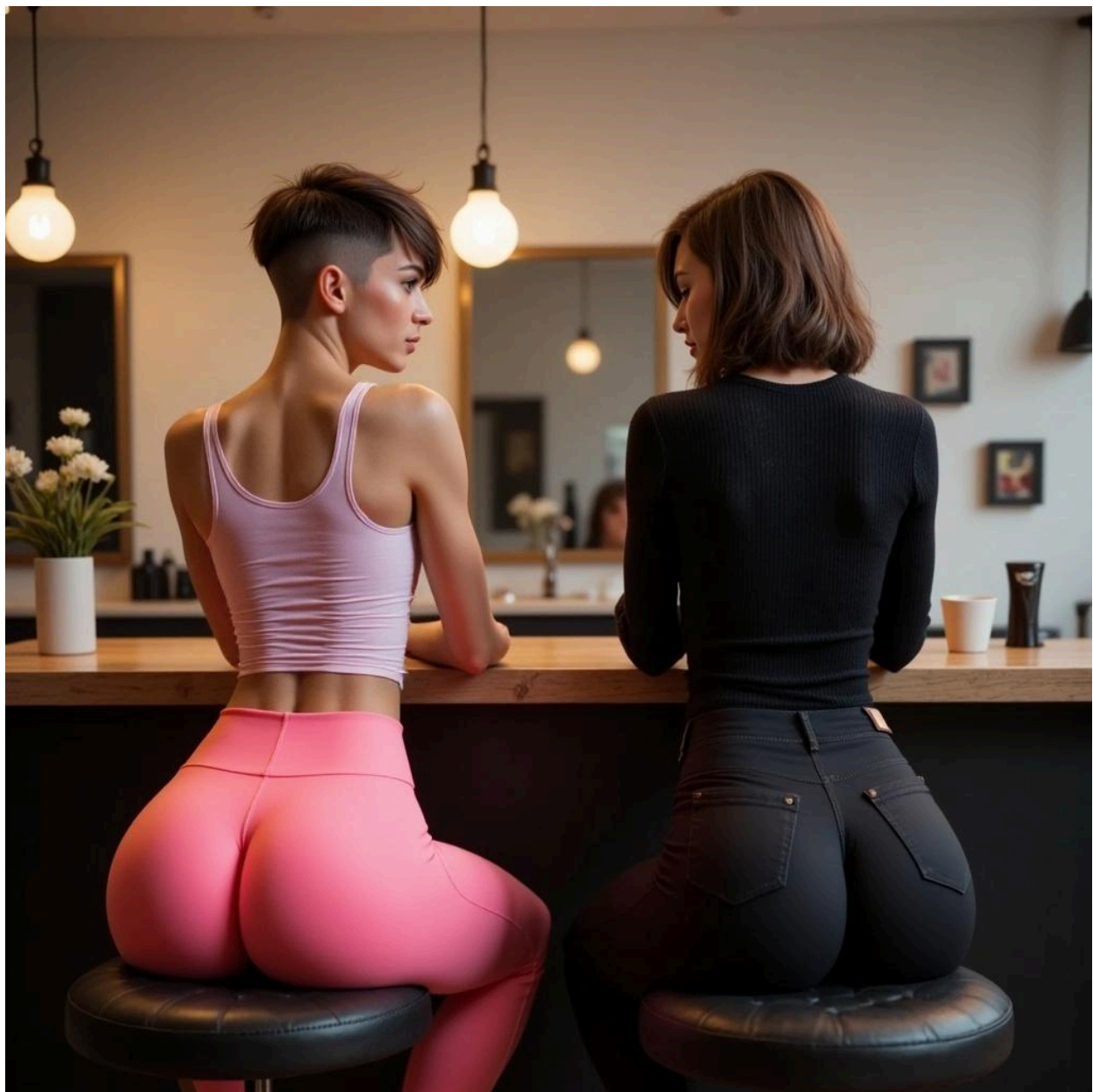
“Mhm...Okay.” She replied. “But look at your hands, babe. Don’t you want to see how good those dainty little beautiful fingers would look wrapped around Ryan’s massive shaft?”

I almost choked, looked at the manicurist. “Princess!” I whispered.

She just giggled.

“Damn you two look good next to one another.” Ryan said from behind. He was back, examining us from behind.

“Why thank you, Prince.” Princess responded. I blushed



We finished soon after and Princess said she had to go to her school. She was apparently a school psychologist and had to do some work, even though it was Sunday.

As Princess slipped out, I felt the weight of Ryan's gaze settle on me, smoldering and intense. I couldn't help but squirm under his scrutiny.

"Ready for round two?" Ryan asked, a devilish grin spreading across his face.

In the next store, Ryan led me over to a rack of shorts and fitted tops. They weren't too different from what I wore when jogging so it was hard to muster up a real objection. "Let's see then." He said, handing me a few outfits to try.

I picked up a pair of black shorts—so tiny they were more like a napkin than a piece of clothing—and a white tank top so tiny it would barely cover anything. "I don't know" I murmured, feeling the weight of his gaze press against me, "they're really small."

"Come on, Baby." Ryan said from behind me, his breath warm against my ear. "It's not anything that different from what you wear when you jog."



The heat radiating from his body cause me to glance back at him. His handsome face and sculpted frame towered over me, making me feel so small. He had called me 'babe' before...but 'baby' was new...wasn't it?

"Let's see how good you look in these, for me." An involuntary thrill shot down my spine at the last two words.

"I guess I could try them on." I said quietly, trying to feign reluctance.

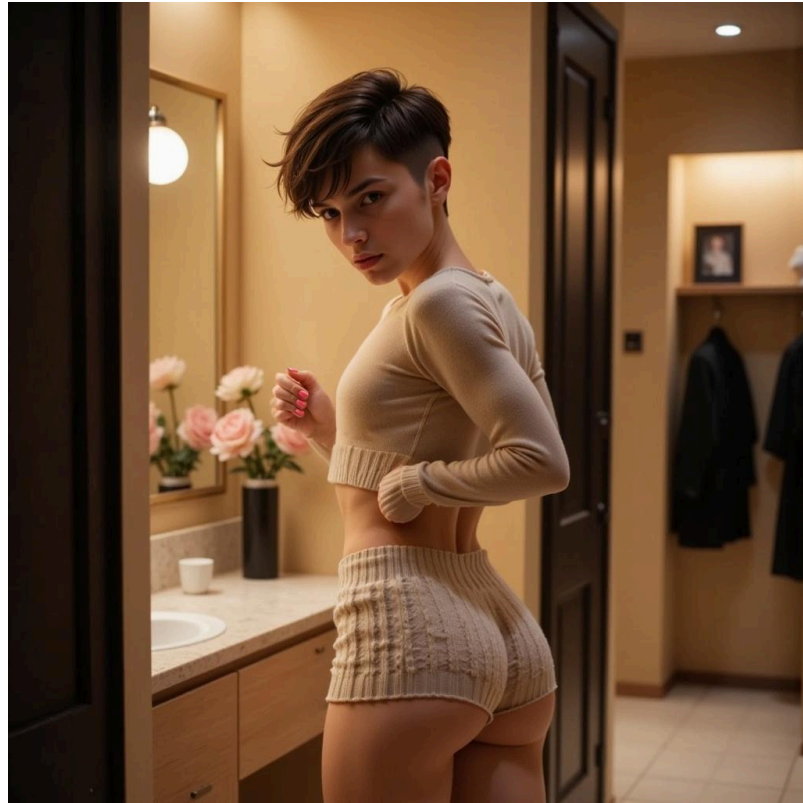
I went to the back and slipped into the tiny black booty shorts and white halter top—my reflection caught me off guard. It was a LOT of skin. I suppressed a nervous giggle before taking a deep breath. When I walked out to face Ryan, his eyes widened slightly, an involuntary reaction that sent a thrill through me. I put on a little strut as I walked towards him, swaying my hips.



"Damn," he breathed, nodding appreciatively. He seemed a touch less composed as he took another picture of me, and I saw him adjust himself between his legs. I kept my face straight, maintaining a look of vague disdain. But as I turned back to the change room I smiled to myself, knowing he would be staring at my ass.

I retreated, grabbing the next outfit Ryan put out for me - a cream crop top sweater and matching short shorts.

As Ryan examined me, I examined him right back. He looked incredibly handsome dressed as he was, seeming far more mature than his 18 years as he sat confidently on a padded chair and told me what to do.



Making my way through more and more outfits, I felt the tension between Ryan and me grow. There were less words, more locked gazes, and increasingly unspoken communication. My body seemed to tingle under his hard gaze for every new outfit.

After a few more two-piece outfits, Ryan handed me what looked like a leather shirt.

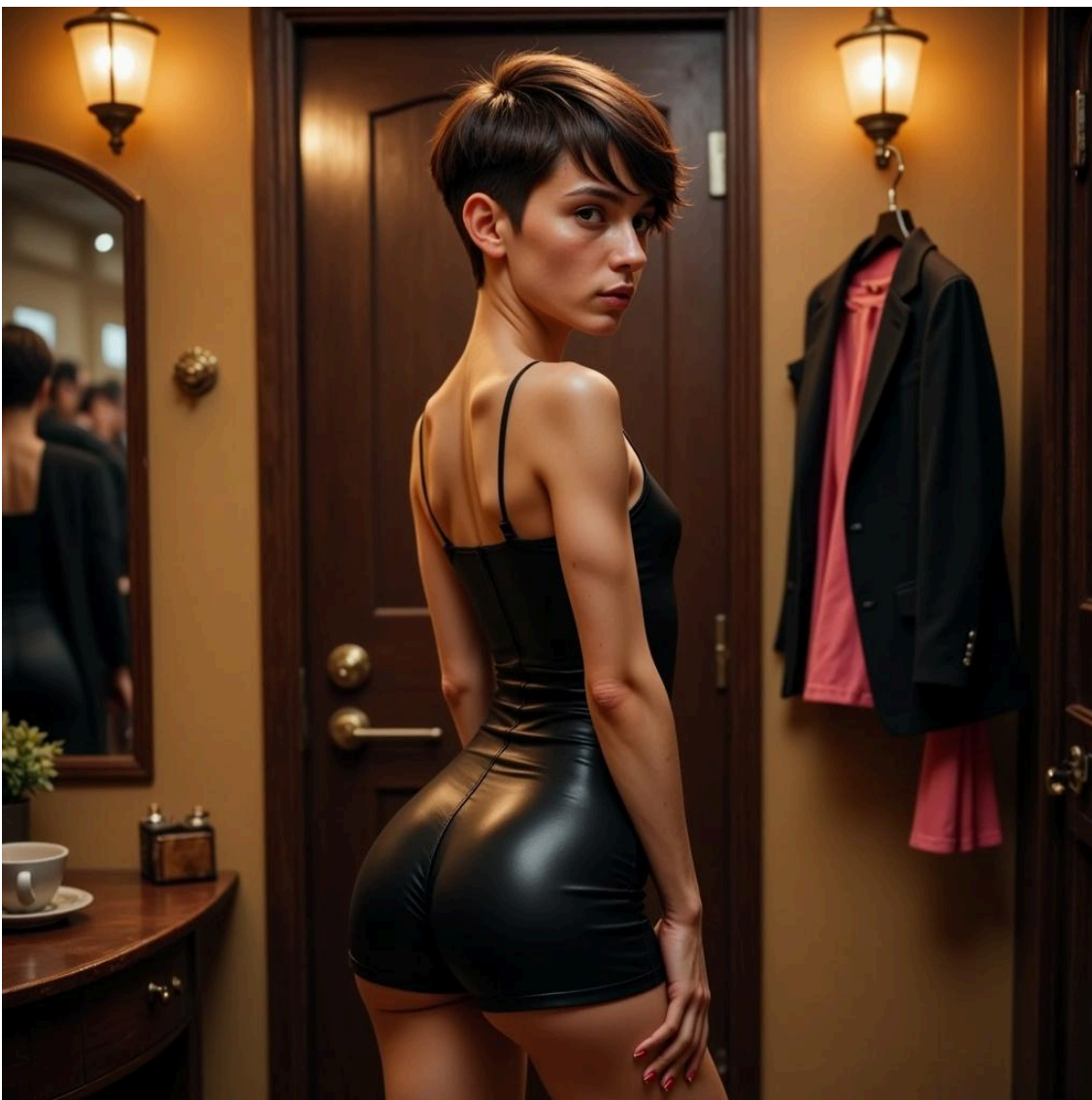
“Where are the pants?” I asked.

“They’re in there. It’s a romper.” He replied. I looked down, there were no legs to be seen on this outfit. Then I noticed the barest strip of fabric running across the middle of the opening at the bottom.

I held them up. “This is a skirt.”

He rolled his eyes at me. “It’s not. Besides, it’ll look great on you.” When I didn’t reply he raised his eyebrows and said slowly, calmly “Now. Jamie.”

I turned, rolling my eyes again though mostly for show. His command again had an effect on me as I found myself shivering a bit. In the change room, I saw that the black skirt revealed the bottom half of my ass. Staring over the shoulder into the mirror, it was hard to imagine it as anything other than a sexy skirt a girl would wear to a night out clubbing.



Was I really going to strut around wearing this for Ryan? A part of me definitely wanted to, and not a small part. But my rational mind bullied me into taking it off again, slowly. I put on my pink outfit again and walked out.

He looked at me expectantly, but his eyes resolved into a show of confusion as he took me in.

I took a deep breath. "I'm not wearing a skirt, Ryan." I knew I was going against Caroline's wishes, but in that moment I had finally composed some resistance and I wasn't going to lose it.

His eyes narrowed. "You don't want to wear skirts?"

"No girls underwear. No skirts." I said firmly. "I don't care if it's 'just for research,' Ryan. I'm not doing it."

He looked me up and down for a long while. My resolve wavered under his gaze and I tried not to shuffle from foot to foot. Finally, to my shock, he smiled. "Alright then."

"Alright then?" I asked. "That's it."

He just kept grinning, slipping a hand around my waist and guiding me out of the store. "Yeah. I've got a better idea anyways. We have one last stop."

"Umm...okay." I replied. I was still slightly confused, but also pretty thrilled that I had actually stood my ground.

Ryan's hand that was around my waist slipped to my butt and I sucked in a breath. His muscular fingers gripped me softly but firmly, steering me through the mall as I followed obediently. I saw more than a few people glance back at us. I thought about saying something, but felt like I'd already won an important battle. Not sure I wanted to push my objections further, and thinking of Caroline's words, I kept silent. And, if I was honest, his hand and the attention we were getting from others was thrilling.

Finally we arrived at a store named "Her night out."

I paused but Ryan pushed me in firmly. "Wait. Ryan. These look like they're all gowns or something."

"Yeah...just as a source of ideas."

"Ryan!" I spun on him. "I JUST said..."

"You said no skirts, Jamie. So you won't try skirts. These..." he gestured with his arm, "are dresses."

"Oh come onnnn." I objected. "No dresses either!"

Ryan's expression shifted; something darker flickered behind those eyes. "Why not?" He asked.

"You say the 'fe-male' line is for men right? Men don't wear dresses, Ryan."

He gave me a long look. "What are you afraid of, Jamie."

I floundered. "W...what do you mean?"

"I'm just considering styles and looks, Jamie. So that my new line, and your wife, can be successful. And you're doing all you can to interfere with that. So it just makes me wonder..."

I waited, my heart dropping as Ryan called me out for not being cooperative, worried I was fucking this up.

"...what are you afraid of? That you'll look too good? That you won't be able to control yourself?"

"I...I..." I stammered. "It's not...I just don't want..."

He waited for me, his gaze steady. Hard. I wavered under it.

"I'll try some on..." I said quietly.

"Good. Let's go grab a few." Ryan again placed his hand on my ass and led me through the store, choosing a few items as I walked beside him quietly, my head spinning, unsure what to do.

"This one first," Ryan demanded, producing a figure-hugging deep purple dress made of a gleaming thin fabric. My stomach twisted in knots as I reluctantly took it from him and shuffled into the changing room. As I pulled the dress over my head and watched it cling to my curves in the mirror, I gasped, barely recognizing myself. The way the fabric hugged my body felt foreign yet thrilling. It was alluring—I was alluring.

When I stepped out, Ryan's eyes lit up like fireworks. "Wow," he breathed, his voice low and filled with hunger as he slowly circled me. "You look incredible." His gaze was unwavering,



making my cheeks flush with heat. I felt beautiful, yet I tried to suppress the emotions bubbling within me, uncertain about how they could intertwine with reality.

"It's just a dress," I mumbled, avoiding eye contact while turning towards the mirror next to Ryan. Again looking at myself, I was struck at how perfectly the dress looked on me, and how perfectly I looked in the dress. My feminine frame and legs were outlined alluringly by the thin fabric. I looked so elegant, refined. I had even slipped on a pair of black flats to complete the look.



"It's not just the dress. It's you."

Ryan stepped closer, his presence wrapping around me like an intoxicating mist. "You're stunning."

I tried to shake off his words as if they were mere flattery meant to coerce me into trying on more dresses, but deep down, something stirred inside—a yearning I couldn't quite name. I glanced to the side, seeing a few alluring options on a rack nearby. "Maybe I'll try these too," I said, grabbing a couple - a red lacy dress and a sleek black dress with a long slit down the side. Ryan smiled widely. "Great! I think those would look incredible on you. And this one as well." He handed me a beautiful white slim lace dress that I took quickly. I blushed and smiled, skipping slightly towards the change room. I heard Ryan

chuckle and I giggled a bit as well, feeling giddy. For the first time today, I was genuinely eager to try some of these outfits on and present myself to Ryan.

I strolled out in outfit after outfit. At one point I spotted a sexy short cocktail dress on a hanger and grabbed it on my way back to the change room. The short hem of the dress accented my legs, which I wasn't too proud to admit looked incredible. As I emerged, Ryan gave a low and dangerous grunt, surprised by my secret selection. I tried acting aloof as my heart hammered away. I was feeling something I'd never felt before - sultry, confident, and attractive. I realized that I looked better now than I'd ever looked in my life. And this incredible stud couldn't get enough of me. Ryan wasn't even taking pictures anymore. He just sat admiring me, the tension building again between us.





As I stood in the last dress - Ryan's selection of the white backless dress - I once again saw Ryan adjust himself between the legs. I stared, his bulge was definitely bigger than before. I was doing this to him - me! He was so hot, and clearly he thought I was at least a bit attractive? Didn't he? My head spun as blood pumped fast through me, staring at his crotch.



Ryan stood up and walked towards me. My eyes rose up his huge frame until they met his. He smiled gently. "Change back into your clothes and bring that out to me. I'm going to buy a few things for you, Baby. Then maybe we'll get out of here."

"Ahh...uh huh." I answered dumbly, glancing at his lips and. Shit, I sounded so stupid. But I was so overwhelmed. My heart pounded, my feet rooted to the spot. Unable to stop myself I glanced back down at his massive bulge

"Go ahead now." He slapped my butt softly, pushing me towards the change room. I gasped at the contact but stumbled away, retreating around the corner of the dressing room. Where would we go? What were we going to do?

As I rounded the corner, still buzzing from Ryan's touch, I collided with a solid mass. Stumbling back, I looked up into the scowl of a man twice my size, his arms crossed over a barrel chest. "Watch where you're going!" he barked, his voice like thunder.

"I'm...I'm sorry!" I blurted, flustered and taken aback. My cheeks flushed as his gaze traveled over me, lingering on my curves outlined in the white dress. There was something predatory in his smile as he leaned closer, invading my personal space. "You know," he said, voice low and dripping with arrogance, "you could make it up to me."

Before I could react or breathe out a protest, he shoved me against the wall, the coolness of the surface contrasting sharply with the heat radiating from my skin. Panic surged through me.

But just as I opened my mouth to scream or push him away, Ryan appeared around the corner. His expression shifted from surprise to fury in an instant. Without hesitation, he charged at the man with a primal roar that echoed through the store, bringing up a huge fist.

The impact of Ryan's punch connected hard with the man's jaw, sending him sprawling back. "Get your hands off her!" Ryan shouted, stepping forward aggressively his muscles coiled like springs ready to strike again. The large man scrambled to regain his footing but not before Ryan shoved him hard against a display rack filled with clothes, knocking the man and several items to the ground.

Fear gripped me as I watched Ryan assert his dominance, adrenaline coursing through his body (and mine). The man shot a wild glance at me, eyes wide with shock and anger before he turned and fled the store, muttering curses under his breath.

Ryan turned to me, his anger dissipating. "Are you okay?" He asked gently, taking my hand in his. His hand was so much larger than mine, the difference now accentuated by my feminine fingernails.

"I...I..." I struggled to compose my thoughts. Ryan had saved me - he had been incredible! But...but he had put me in that position in the first place as well. Still reeling and afraid, I lashed out.

"This is your fault!" I said softly.

"What?" He said, releasing my hand and stepping back in shock. I think this was the first time I ever saw him surprised.

"If you hadn't had me in these ridiculous outfits, that wouldn't have happened in the first place."

"Jamie, I didn't want...I didn't mean..." For the first time ever, Ryan was lost for words.

"Just leave me alone!" I yelled, fleeing to the changing room. I was fighting tears. As I began changing back into the pink shirt and pants, I knew I hadn't necessarily being fair to Ryan. But I was mad and scared, and needed to direct those feelings somewhere.

The door clicked softly and I whirled, finding Ryan standing in the changing room with me, holding up his palms in peace.

"What are you doing here!?" I whispered. "Get out!"

Ryan's eyes locked onto mine, "I just wanted to check on you".

"Out!" I insisted.



He stepped closer, his presence looming over me like an immovable force. "You don't want me to go, Jamie."

I backed against the wall, but Ryan slipped a muscular arm around my waist, pulling me against him and wrapping me securely.

I struggled against him. "Jamie," he murmured softly into my hair. You've been fighting me all day. Let go. I'll protect you."

My breath hitched as I felt myself wavering against him. Slowly, slowly, I stopped struggling. My hands found their way to his chest, resting there as my head fell against him with an almost magnetic pull.

"Ryan..." I whispered, unsure of what to say or what to do. "I can't..."

His hands slid from my waist to cup my face gently. As he leaned in, ready to claim my lips with his own once again, the memory of the decision that I would deny this man kicked in and I turned away just in time. "No," I breathed out softly, turning away from him.

I heard him take a deep breath and then a rustle of clothes. "Turn around, Jamie." He commanded. After a moment, unwilling to further test this man who had just demonstrated his power and violence, I turned. I took a sharp intake of breath as I saw he had removed his jacket and shirt. Fuck his incredible body was so close. "Ryan...what are you..." I backed away but hit the wall behind me.

He stepped up and put a hand on the wall beside me. God he was so close I could smell him, could see every detail of his abs and pecs. "Look. At. Me. Jamie." He said sternly. I gazed up at him, my eyes wide. There was an intensity in his gaze that rendered me breathless; it was a mix of command and desire that stole the very air from my lungs.

"You have no idea what you do to me" he said, with such force I was shocked. He almost seemed like he was on the edge of losing control, like



he was about to let slip the person he kept so well controlled. I looked from one eye to the other, trembling. Then he leaned in and claimed my lips with a forceful kiss that sent shockwaves through every nerve ending in my body. His mouth moved against mine with authority; there was no doubt left—he would dictate this situation.

I melted into him despite myself; I felt every dry, parched fuse from the long day fully igniting under the heat of this teen adonis. It didn't matter how much I told myself to resist; Ryan's hard body, Ryan's perfect lips, Ryan's handsome face - they swept those thoughts away.

My anger at Ryan had just been my fear taking voice - not just of the horrible ass hole from earlier, but fear of what Ryan was doing to me. But Ryan, this teenager, this MAN. He had protected me. He didn't deserve my anger - quite the opposite. He deserved adoration.

My hands moved instinctively to clutch at his shirt, pulling him closer as the kiss deepened, turning urgent and hungry between us.

Ryan grabbed my hand and guided it, for the second time in two days, to the outline of his cock. I gasped, my eyes opening up, looking into his. He smirked. Without him saying anything, I began rubbing his massive shaft up and down.

"No one will interrupt us this time, Baby." He said. I moaned, kissing him again. Oh god his cock was growing in my hand, I could feel its outline getting bigger and bigger. Impossibly big.

"Take it out." He ordered me as our kiss broke.

I hesitated and looked at him. "Now." He said sternly.

God...something about the way he commanded made him impossible to resist. The raw power and control he radiated did something to me...I wasn't only scared to defy him - I WANTED to obey.

I broke eye contact with Ryan and looked down. I unzipped his pants with shaking hands and reached in. I gasped as I grasped his cock. "So big" I whispered in shock.

"Just for you, baby." Ryan said, squeezing my ass and making me squeak. With his other hand he brought my chin up again. I looked up at his handsome face and kissed him eagerly, stroking him through his pants.

Our kiss broke as I gasped for breath. "Okay keep going. You're going to love it." Ryan said.

Slowly, I pulled out his cock, and oh god was he right. My jaw dropped.



Ryan's cock - Ryan's penis- was even bigger than I remembered. It was monstrous, hanging over his pants in the palm of my hand. So heavy it weighed down my hand to rest on a bench with white padding that was beside us. Thick and long and so powerful it looked like it would burst through my hand. Thick and veiny with one dominant vein running down the middle, a shade lighter than the rest of him, it had a large mushroom head that was glistening invitingly.

I marveled at how small and fragile my hand looked against his massive shaft. My soft hands with nails painted a shimmering pastel pink accentuated the strong lines of his cock; the contrast between feminine and masculine arousing me even more.

"Stroke it." He said, fondling my ass with his hand as I stood beside him, reaching down to his cock. I began slowly at first, savoring the feel of the slippery skin over the powerful muscle underneath. I moaned as I looked on, amazed at how long it took to milk him from the base to the tip.

Ryan chuckled. "My little Jamie, so eager to please."

I blushed but didn't stop; instead, I sped up my motions slightly, until I was pumping him off with vigor. Ryan's other hand moved to caress my ass and lower back, squeezing gently as if he knew how much I craved the domination - his domination. God help me but my body was responding to the feeling of being under his control - submitting to Ryan's whims.

Suddenly, he grabbed my hand and pulled it away from his crotch, leaving him glistening with pre-cum and my pink nails shining in the changing room light. "That's enough." he growled low in his throat before undoing his pants completely and kicking them to the side revealing his body in all its glory. "I want you on your knees."



I swallowed hard, my heart racing in anticipation as he grabbed me by the back of my neck and guided me down to the ground. I ended up on my knees, his massive cock right in front of my face, extending from one side to the other enveloping my entire field of vision. I whimpered as he resting his huge hand on my head.



"That's a man's cock, Baby. Something you wouldn't know about, right?"

I just stared. I licked my lips, my mouth watering.

"Right?"

What was he asking me? I couldn't focus on his words. "Yes Ryan." I said, hoping it would please him.

He held me that way for a minute, and his cock slowly softened. As it did I felt an overwhelming urge, an obligation even, to get it hard again. I started to bring my hands up but Ryan tsked softly, and I froze, looking up at him.

"Not till I fucking give you permission." He said in a low growl.

So I stayed on my knees, staring up wide eyed at this teenage adonis, my mouth watering. My heart beat so hard I thought for sure he'd be able to hear it.



He turned so he leaned back on the padded table in front of me, the head of his massive cock hanging low right in front of my face. Looking down at me, he smirked.

And the raw confidence of that look, the utter control and cockiness of his unbelievably sexy face, together with the overwhelming power of his body and imposing presence, almost pushed me over the edge. I shuttered, whimpering.



After another minute of lustful and imposing silence, he relented. "Good girl. Now stroke it."

Finally, I reached out with trembling, pink polished nails and wrapped my hand around the base of his cock, it was hot in my hands. I gave it a tentative squeeze, my eyes locked on the large slit on his cock head as I did. Ryan shut his eyes and moaned appreciatively, still in control. "Mmmm...that's right."



Encouraged, I began to move my hand up and down, learning the contours of his manhood. His shaft was so thick, so hard, like nothing I'd ever felt. "Oh my god." I muttered. I could fit two hands on it easily, with room to spare.

Ryan gripped the changing room stall door with both hands. "Faster." He growled. I obliged him, increasing the speed of my strokes as he barked out orders. "That's it baby, you're such a good girl."

It wasn't long before a burning sensation started to build in my core. I had never felt this way before. I was pleasuring another man, a perfect specimen of a man. My breathing quickened as I continued to stroke him, looking up hoping I was doing well. Ryan stood with his eyes closed, a calm grin on his face. As I looked he seemed to sense it and looked down at me imperiously.

"Now. Stand up" Ryan said, looking into my eyes. I paused, confused by the demand to stop. I didn't

let go of his cock. He grabbed me by my hair and pulled me up gently but firmly. It didn't hurt, too much, and I scrambled to my feet. "Do you know that you've been driving me crazy for weeks, Jamie." He said. I looked up at him, surprised and entranced. Driving him crazy? He



leaned down and kissed me hard on the lips again, pressing his hand into my neck and the other squeezing my ass hard, causing me to grind my soft body into this hard incredible wall of muscle and power. I moaned into him, feeling his cock snake through my legs.

“Oh god, Ryannnn...” I moaned as he kissed my neck. I put one hand on the back of his hair, feeling his scalp, and the other along his back. God he was so broad, and his muscles so firm. I grinded along his cock, wild with lust. I could feel his thick shaft press against my tiny hard penis, sliding through my legs, and between my ass cheeks.

We kissed again and I whimpered into his mouth as his tongue invaded mine, tasting him. He broke the kiss first, resting his forehead against mine as we both catch our breaths. “Now,” he breathed against my ear, “Pull your pants down.”

“R..Ryan?” I asked nervously. In spite of my burning lust, I knew I had to draw a line. “We can’t...I can’t...”

“Aw baby.” He said, looking at me sympathetically and kissing me deeply again. He slapped my ass and I moaned. He pulled away. “I wasn’t fucking asking.”

He stepped back, putting his hands on his hips. I panted, looking at this god of a man. My eyes drank in his perfect muscular body and his huge cock, which he stroked slowly, moving it from side to side gently. I followed it with my eyes, and reached down to the hem of my pants.

I pulled them down, turning away from him, embarrassed to show him my tiny erection.

“It’s like you’re reading my mind, baby. That’s right, show Daddy your perfect ass.”

I did, sticking it out for him, seeing it make his cock twitch. I smiled back at him. He growled animalistically and grabbed my wrist, pulling me over to a wide bench where he lay down on his back, his head resting on a pillow.



“Get down there and stroke it. Raise that ass in the air for me while you do.”

I eagerly did so, happy to bring his cock close to my face. I moaned as I grabbed his heavy perfect cock again, stroking it up and down. I ran one hand over his muscular abs while stroking him with the other, whimpering.

“Let me see Daddy’s cock against your face, slut.”

I brought my face next to it, keeping eye contact with him as I did so. God the sensation of his burning hot massive cock head against my face was incredible. His cock was easily as big as my face. I looked up at him in pure lust, raising my ass high in the air like he wanted me to. I met his penetrating gaze as I stared over the heavy hard ridges of his muscular body.





He smiled down at me handsomely and I moaned in lust, breaking eye contact and rubbing my face against his cock as I stroked him. It was right there, his glistening head. I focused on it, licking my lips.

“Oh not yet Baby.” Ryan stopped me. “You haven’t earned that privilege, not like your wife.”

My...my...Oh fuck. It all hit me. The realization of what my wife’s 18 year old intern was doing - to my wife and now to me. It both horrified me and inflamed my lust further. But my logical brain woke up and I stumbled back.

Ryan chuckled. “It’s okay baby, relaxxx.” He said soothingly. He pushed me onto my back on a bench with white padding and straddled my chest. He put enough weight on me to hold me down, but not enough to restrict my breathing. Fighting him off would be like trying to stop a rockslide with my bare hands. Ryan was in control and I was powerless. I looked up at him in fear and lust, his muscular frame literally towering over me. God how could a teenager be so huge and strong.

“Keep going now. I’m close.” I looked down and saw his cock RIGHT in front of my face, the head grazing my chin. As I looked, it consumed my entire frame of vision, then my entire consciousness. I picked it up again, stroking long and steadily, running my fingers across the inflamed tip from time to time.

“Cmon, Baby. Show Daddy how much you love his cock.”

I stroked harder, moaning. His cock got harder and harder, impossibly seeming to grow harder in my hands.

“Yessssss...” Ryan hissed, his gaze growing more intense, more urgent. “Beg for my cum, baby.”

I moaned instead, unable to speak.

“You’d better beg if you want my cum, slut!” He whispered harshly, loudly.

I couldn’t resist his command. “Cum for me. Please. Ryan. Cum pleasssse!” I moaned as I milked him hard and fast, so close to my face.

And he did. His cock shuddered as he exploded all over my face. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth in ecstasy, my body racking with an orgasm as well, even though Ryan hadn’t so much as touched me.

Thick ropes of cum flew into my mouth and all over my face. I kept my mouth open, catching a lot of it, until slowly, his cock stopped twitching, now instead leaking slowly onto my chest. I closed my mouth, intoxicated by the taste of him, swallowing and then breathing heavily.



Ryan sighed deeply, baritone. I looked up at him, and in my post orgasmic bliss saw a god crouched over me, shining.

He tsked. "Proud little Jamie." He said, smiling. "Look at you now." He rested his now soft but still massive cock against my lips. After a moment, I kissed the soft head, whimpering and unable to otherwise respond.

Slowly, he got up. I followed his muscular body with my eyes, and after a moment, sat up. Still panting, silent.

"That was amazing, baby." Ryan said smoothly as he got dressed again. "Clean yourself up, and I'll meet you out there."

He patted the top of my head, and walked out the door.