

*Dominanceaddict1*

The next day was Friday so I worked from home. Focusing that morning had been hard. My mind kept going over what had happened last night and imagined what might happen tomorrow.

Interrupting my reverie, my phone buzzed.

It was a text from Ryan: "Try on the bikini. Now."

I stared at the text before replying.

"Hi Ryan. Um..now?"

He didn't reply.

I waited...nothing.

I started to worry.

I stood up, my heart racing as I walked to retrieve the tiny blue swimsuit. I had left it out on my dresser, laid out perfectly, neatly.

I stripped off my clothes and slipped into the skimpy thong bottoms. As I tied the top behind my neck, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and my eyes went wide.

The bikini hugged every curve of my body perfectly. The bottoms rode high on my hips, elongating my legs. The top pushed up what little chest I had, creating the illusion of cleavage. I turned to examine my backside, marveling at how the thong accentuated my ass.

I felt feminine, desirable. I felt....like a woman.

A thrill ran through me as I admired my reflection. God...Had I always had this body?

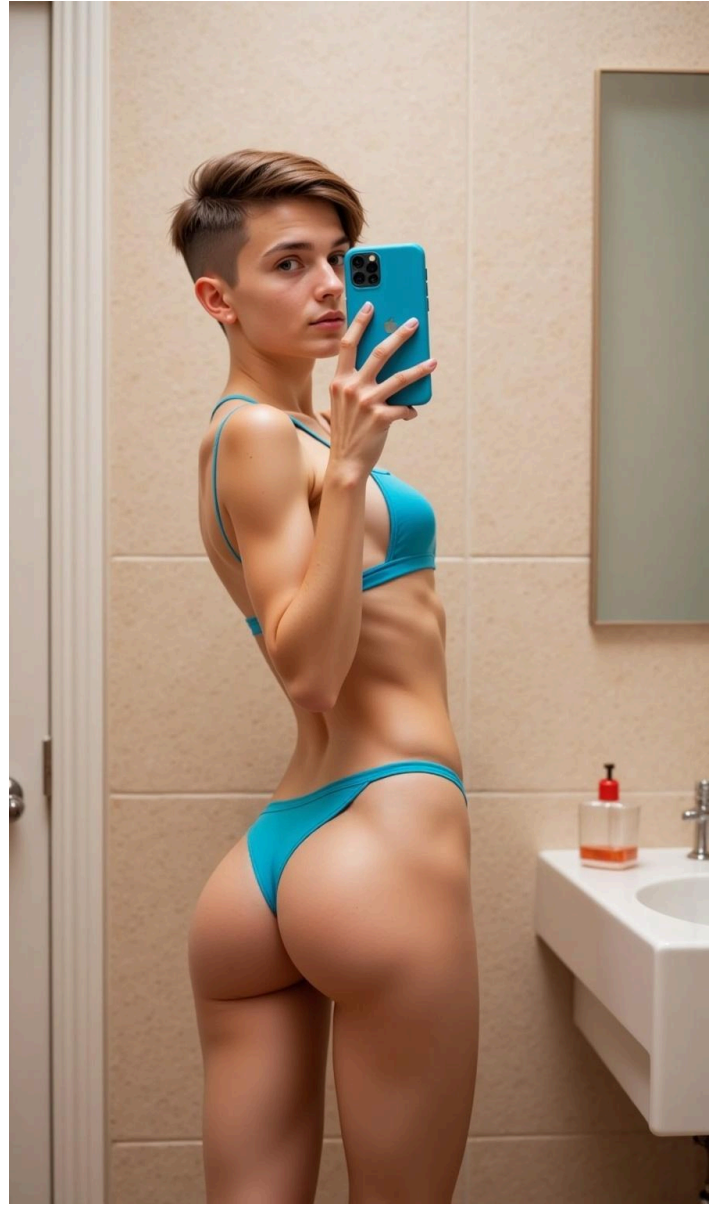
Is this how women felt when they put on sexy lingerie?

I nearly jumped as my phone buzzed loudly again. I looked at the screen: "Send pics. Full body, front and back."

I hesitated, fingers hovering over the keys. "Can't you wait until tomorrow?" I typed back.

His response was immediate and firm: "Now, Jamie. Don't make me ask again."

Blushing, I positioned myself in front of the mirror. With shaking hands, I snapped a full-body photo, then turned to capture my backside. I took a few, moving around the bathroom trying to get the lighting and my pose just right. Finally, before I could overthink it further, and worried Ryan would get impatient, I hit send.



Seconds later: "Good girl. You look incredible."

My whole body flushed with warmth at his praise. I stood there, staring at my body, turning back and forth, imagining the next day and practicing my sultry smile.

Then another text came through: "You get a reward for obeying."

A photo appeared on my screen and I nearly dropped the phone.

Ryan stood in a bedroom, wearing only a tight t-shirt pulled nearly all the way up his body, revealing his chiseled abs and broad powerful pecs.

"This is what you do to me, baby," the caption read.

He wasn't wearing pants, and his massive cock stood at full mast. I stared at it, my face slackening. My own body responded, a warmth spreading through my core. My cheeks flushed.

Shockingly, Ryan's massive hand couldn't encircle his incredible girth. It was long, hard, powerful. Even his balls, round and full, looked enticing. I licked my lips. I imagined him stroking himself, looking at pictures of ME. I moaned, touching myself as I stared, enraptured, bringing my phone closer to my face. A text banner flashed on top of my screen.



I stared at his text, perplexed. "Ryan: What do you say?"

After a moment, I realized what he wanted from me. "Thank you." I replied obediently.

"Good girl. Be ready at 10 am tomorrow."

I typed back quickly. "Yes, Ryan." My heart fluttered as, for some reason, I whispered the words out loud as well.