

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest down, wearing black lace lingerie. The image is overlaid with a digital, futuristic aesthetic featuring glowing blue and green lines, squares, and circles. The background is a gradient of purple and blue. The word "Offline" is written in a large, white, outlined font across the center of the image.

Offline

John Dylena

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest up, wearing black lace lingerie. She is looking down and to the right, with her right hand raised near her face. The background is a gradient of purple and blue, overlaid with a complex digital circuit pattern in white and green. The word "Offline" is written in a large, white, outlined font across the center of the image.

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Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Offline](#)

[Afterword](#)

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by John Dylena

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

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

Enjoy.

You never know what to expect when these kinds of things happen. Sometimes they are planned for, while other times, they come out of the blue and hit you when you're not looking. Opportunities come and go every single day, and most of them pass by without you even noticing.

I wasn't sure what would happen when I walked through that hotel room door. My mind was bouncing back and forth between the best, most wonderful scenario or the worst thing that could possibly happen to me. To say I was nervous would be an understatement. My hands were shaking so much I had difficulty sliding the keycard in and turning the doorknob.

My mouth was as dry as the Sahara and my heart was beating as fast as a hummingbird's wings. My stomach was in a knot, and I almost went straight to the bathroom to vomit before I had a chance to lay eyes on my host. But when I stepped through that door and saw him waiting for me in a chair on the other side of the room, my fear left me. My worry left me. I was still incredibly nervous, but above all, I was aroused.

I knew at once that whatever happened from that moment until I left this hotel room would be one of the best nights of my life.

He smiled as he stood and crossed his arms. I watched him look me up and down, and then he pointed to the bathroom.

"Get dressed," he said. "I've been waiting for this moment since I first messaged you."

I nodded and stepped into the bathroom with my duffle bag. I stripped out of my jeans, t-shirt, and shoes and pulled out the first item in my bag: red satin panties. I smiled as I slipped them on, and my mind drifted back to how this all began.

I was a crossdresser who could not enjoy my hobby as often as I wanted to. My job didn't pay me enough to where I could live on my own in an apartment all to myself. The high cost of living plus a wage that was lower than it should have been meant roommates, and in my case, it meant two roommates. We shared a three-bedroom apartment, and while I had my

own bathroom, I didn't have much time to myself.

One roommate often worked from home, and the other had the most unpredictable schedule. I never knew when I would have time to myself, and I'd always find out at the last possible moment.

But I finally had my chance. I had saved up enough hours to give myself a day off when I knew that both my roommates would be gone. That morning, when I woke up and walked about the apartment to find it empty, I smiled. My body was shaking with nervous anticipation, and right then, I decided to get started.

I was already clean-shaven, my body smooth and hairless from my neck down to my fingers and toes. I slipped my clear plastic chastity cage on and locked it before my body would get too horny to stay soft. Then I lubed up my favorite plug, and after slipping it in and lying there for a few minutes, I set up my camera equipment and got dressed.

I didn't have the most ideal body for a crossdresser. I had wide shoulders, and for most of my life, I'd been chubby. I was still packing a few extra pounds when I moved out of my parents' house and into the apartment, but I worked with what I had, and because of it, I had a very small and fickle following. My posts would get only a couple of likes, at best, compared to some other crossdressers who would get hundreds in minutes.

But I kept dressing up. I wasn't doing it for the fame or the recognition. Sure, it would be nice to know that my body was turning others on, but that wasn't the reason I was doing it. Whether or not my pictures would get a thousand likes or none, I did it because I enjoyed it. I love my red lace panties and my black stockings. I love my high heels and my miniskirts and short dresses and lingerie.

My first outfit was a slutty schoolgirl get-up, with a white tied-off blouse and red pleated miniskirt so short it barely covered my ass and showed off my red thong. I paired it with white stockings and shiny red platform pumps. It was my favorite outfit, because to me, it was the perfect balance of slutty and submissive.

It was that outfit that had started it all.

One day, I'd received a message from a fan on Twitter. He was polite and fun, and I immediately replied back. We conversed back and forth, mostly discussing our mutual hobby of crossdressing. We talked about shaving and outfits, and when he told me about his tumblr page, I just had to see for myself.

He was thin, his body smooth and his outfits incredibly sexy, and like me, he didn't show his head or face. I must've spent hours that day scrolling through his pictures, my cock getting harder and harder with each one until I couldn't contain it anymore. I whipped it out right there and jerked off to my new friend's pictures.

It was when we moved our conversations from Twitter to Skype that things really started heating up. Over the course of a couple months, we went from complete strangers to an online couple.

I don't consider myself to be homosexual, or even bisexual. I didn't find regular men attractive. I mean, I would compliment a guy on his looks, but it didn't arouse me the way a woman's body did. Which didn't really make sense when I told those I met online that I often fantasized about sucking a real cock and getting fucked in the ass by one. While I often dreamed of being with a dominant woman who'd peg me, I was just as turned on by the thought of being with a dominant crossdresser.

Which was why I didn't consider myself gay or bi. Crossdressers—or traps, femboys, transsexuals, or any other man blurring the line between male and female—weren't normal guys. They were men who try to emulate female sexuality, whether or not they were transsexual and bring out the woman in them through medication and surgery, or they were like me and just loved how it felt to dress like one. In my eyes, they were not men. They were simply flat-chested women—unless they wore falsies—with dicks.

I was in an experimental and developmental state in my young adult life, but it didn't start there. It started when I was thirteen years old and tried on my sister's shoes. From there, it went to her knee-socks and her skirts and blouses to her dresses and bras. Unfortunately for me, the women in my family were plain and heavy-set, and no matter how hard I searched, I never was able to find the items that I longed to wear.

Through the internet, however, I was able to discover an array of kinks and fetishes that I didn't know I had: bondage, latex, domination & submission, femdom, pegging—you name it. My curiosity flourished, and it became a part of me that I had to keep locked up, only to be let out when I had some privacy. The internet gave me the opportunity to connect with like-minded individuals.

Including the one who I now called, “Mistress.”

His name was Monica, and he was a fan of fishnets, bodystockings, and high heels. He loved to wear skirts that would show off his amazing ass and give the viewer a full glimpse of his cock. I told him this when we first started chatting on Skype, and he replied with how turned on he was from my own pictures.

I told him about my collar and the knock-off chastity cage I owned, and he told me how hot it was making him. I told him about my submission fetish and how I wanted to wear my slutty schoolgirl outfit and let him dominate me.

I felt the blood rush to my cheeks. I shifted in my seat, my cock hardening as I typed.

[Me]: I have this fantasy in my head.

[Monica]: oh? Do tell.

[Me]: I'm in my slutty schoolgirl outfit. Wearing my collar and chastity cage. I'm in a room with you. You're wearing a sexy leather outfit and holding onto a chain leash that's clipped to my collar.

User “Monica” has changed their name to “Mistress.”

[Mistress]: Oh I like that. And I'll do more. I'd press you against a wall. Hold your hands above your head with my left hand as I slip my right into your panties.

I leaned back into my chair and bit my hand. My cock was fighting to burst through my jeans. It was so hard it hurt. My apartment was quiet, so I opened the door and silently snuck about, searching for any signs of my roommates.

Both their rooms were dark, and the apartment was empty. I called out to them, and there was no reply. It was a Friday night, and as such, they must have been out partying.

I ran back to my room. My friend hadn't said anything else. I bent over my chair and quickly typed in a response.

[Me]: (hey, roommates are gone. Have the place to myself. Going to get dressed. Gimme a moment.)

I hovered over my keyboard and bit my lip. I saw the notification that my chat partner was writing.

[Mistress]: (hurry up slut! I'm already wearing my panties and I'm so fucking hard).

I slipped out of my pants and threw off my shirt. I pulled my boxers off and tossed my garments onto my bed. Looking down, I stared at my fully erect cock. I touched my finger to the tip and bit my lip as I watched a string of precum follow it as I pull it away.

I stepped into a pair of panties and my stockings and returned to the chat. Monica—or now “Mistress”—and I went back and forth until it got was too difficult to focus. I couldn't touch my cock until I got permission to.

I looked down and saw pearls of precum form and slowly ooze down my shaft into my panties.

[Me]: please Mistress let me cum.

[Mistress]: not yet slut. You need to make me cum first.

I swallowed as I did my best to type out the scenario of me sucking his cock. I put as much detail as I could of how I would look up into his eyes as I licked his shaft and kiss the head; how I would slowly stroke it as I caressed his balls.

My fingers froze. I couldn't type anymore. I stomped my feet and moaned loudly. My cock twitched and throbbed. I was so close. So very close.

[Mistress]: ahhh, that was nice. You've been a good slut and now you can touch yourself. Go ahead and cum as you scream my name.

I didn't need to be told twice.

[Me]: Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress.

I grabbed a couple tissues as I slouched in my chair and grabbed my cock. All it took was a couple strokes and a throaty moan before I orgasmed.

I closed my eyes and groaned loudly as my entire body shook. The orgasm was powerful, and I felt my cum surge out of my cock and splash onto my chest and stomach.

My heart pounded. My body was burning. Sweat poured down my brow. I was lightheaded and dizzy. I looked down at my now flaccid cock and I dragged my fingers across one of the streaks of sticky cum on my smooth,

hairless chest.

Then I heard the sound I most dreaded hearing.

The color from my face vanished as I heard the front door open and close. I scrambled onto my feet to close my bedroom door, otherwise my roommates would've seen me sitting there in my panties and stockings, cock out and cum all over my chest and stomach.

I managed to close the door before they could see me and returned to my keyboard.

User "Mistress" has changed their name to "Monica."

[Me:] Heh, blew my load all over my stomach and chest then I had to close my door before my roommates saw me.

[Monica]: I would love to catch you like that, so I could punish you for being naughty. ;)

I laughed as I wiped the cum from my body and stripped out of my clothes.

[Me]: Ugh, I'm wiped. Going to shower than go to bed.

[Monica]: Good night! *kiss*

I remained at my computer, staring at the black screen for another minute or two after turning it off. My mind raced. I had never had that powerful of an orgasm from masturbation.

I looked down at my hand and over at the area in my closet where I stashed

my collection of lingerie, outfits, toys, and high heels. My sexuality was indeed changing. A year ago, I would've never considered having a roleplay sex session like that in a chatroom.

Then again, a year ago, I didn't have any women's clothes of my own. It was only a month after I started working that I began buying the clothes and hiding them in my closet. It was much harder back then, as I still lived with my parents.

My roommates were loud, and they weren't alone. I heard the voices of two women and another man. I recognized them instantly, and as I dragged my tired body to the bathroom, I silently prayed that they would move the party elsewhere.

Things became quiet between me and Monica. After our night of rather intense erotic roleplay, our conversations were few and far between. Work kept me and him busy, and when I came home, he would either be offline or away. When I finally heard from him again, it was that he would be gone for a week on vacation and that he wouldn't have internet where he was going.

The night before he was leaving, I was dragged away from my computer by my roommates. It was a Friday night, and they were intent on getting me out of the apartment and trying to hook me up with one of their lady friends. It was strange. As I opened my mouth to plead and protest my friends' plan, I realized that I was fighting to stay in my room to have cybersex with not only another man, but a crossdresser, as well.

Could this "relationship" be more than that I thought it was? Could I actually have feelings for the stranger who didn't even live in the same state as me and was almost ten years older than I? Though you wouldn't have known that from looking at his pictures. For someone in their mid-thirties, Monica looked damn good.

[Me]: Sorry Monica, but I can't chat tonight. Going out with my roommates. :(

I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as I waited for his reply. For a good minute, there was nothing but silence. I bit my hand as I panicked. Had I said something that offended him? Did I totally ruin the relationship we had?

At length, the notification appeared and his reply shortly after.

[Monica]: That's fine. You have fun okay? I'll email you something fun later. Good bye! *kiss*

Before I could wish him goodbye, he logged off, and my heart sank.

The thought stuck with me as I followed my roommates out of the apartment and over to their friend's place. The house was packed, and liquor of every brand and type was being served. Despite the extravagance of the event, I couldn't bring myself to enjoy it. The women were beautiful and wore high heels and short dresses. Even so, none of them showed any interest in me. Any attempt at a conversation ended with a friend of theirs would pull them away to the dance floor or they saw someone else.

With my roommates nowhere to be found and my attempts at engaging with one of the many gorgeous women shot down fast and hard, I made my way out of the mansion and into a cab back to my place.

Even though I was alone for quite possibly the rest of the night, I had no desire to dress up, no desire to look up some porn and masturbate. I totally forgot about the email that Monica said would be in my inbox as I took a six pack of beer out of the fridge and watched Netflix until I fell asleep on the couch.

When I woke up, I was still alone. There were four empty beers and a half-drunk fifth. My phone was silent. The sun was shining bright, and without even looking at the clock, I got up and stumbled out of the apartment to the diner across the street. I wasn't hung-over, but a greasy breakfast with a hot cup of coffee still sounded really good.

I woke my computer from its sleep and opened up my email. There waiting for me at the very top was the letter from Monica. I bit my lip as I opened it, worried that it would be him saying goodbye and ending our relationship because I had done something wrong.

It was the total opposite.

Monica opened up to me. He told me about himself, his sexuality, his interests. He told me about his history and past partners. He told me how much fun he'd had chatting with me and how much pleasure it brought him. He also told me how torturous this vacation would be because he wouldn't be able to chat with me directly.

He also gave me instructions.

In the past, I had told him about how I had a PO Box, and when he asked me for the address, I gave it to him without thinking anything about it. In this email, he told me that he was sending me a package and not to open it until he returned from his trip. My cock hardened instantly as I read the final instructions.

You are not allowed to cum. The first day I am gone, you are to edge completely naked. The second day, you are to edge wearing panties. Third day is panties and stockings. Fourth is previous day plus heels. Then bra. Sixth day, you put on a miniskirt. Seventh day, everything including your collar and hot pink lipstick. I want pictures with timestamps.

I repeat. You are not allowed to cum. Not until the eighth day when I return and you open your package.

— Mistress

“Holy shit,” I said as I slouched in my chair. I bit my fist and groaned as my cock pressed against the material of my jeans. I grabbed my phone and texted my roommates. It was still early, and I doubt they would even be awake, but I wanted to make sure.

The response I got was barely legible, and after deciphering it, I learned what I already knew: they wouldn't be back for hours. Monica's letter got me aroused, and I just had to do it now. I'd edged before, but this... this was something entirely new. Would I be able to pull it off and edge for a week? How bad would the blue balls get?

I immediately stripped naked. My body was still silky smooth from when I'd shaved last, and I scribbled the time and date and took a picture of me from the chest down on my phone. It was the only camera I had. My webcam, as much of a piece of crap as it was, broke a month ago, and I had yet to get a replacement.

It was strange seeing myself naked on my phone. Even more so when I realized how rock hard I was when I took the picture. Pushing the thoughts aside, I put a little dollop of baby oil on my hand and started stroking.

It was harder and harder each day, especially on the fourth day when I fapped in my pink panties, white stockings, and pink heels. Edging only temporarily relieves the lust that builds up inside you, and when it comes back, it's hotter and stronger than ever. For days now, I'd been edging, and my thoughts were overrun by my lust. All day, I had to fight the urge to let myself go.

There was a slip in my PO Box, as there always was when I got a package. As I stood in line waiting to get whatever it was that Monica had sent to me, my eyes focused on the woman ahead of me in line. She was tall, with long blonde hair and a black skirt suit. She wore shiny black pumps, and I could smell her perfume.

It was intoxicating, and I lost control. My mind's eye was filled with fantasies involving this not much older woman. I was tied up and gagged as she spanked me. Then she dressed me up like a slut and pegged me. Then her strap-on magically turned into a real cock and she made me suck it, and as I did, my body became female.

“Next!”

I shook my head and came back to Earth. I walked in a daze toward the counter as the blonde went to the other side. I shifted my pants to hide the erection as I handed the lady behind the counter the slip and told her my

box number. She returned with a medium-sized box, and when I went to leave, I saw that the blonde was nowhere to be found.

I almost came on the seventh day.

I had gotten so riled up as I got dressed that I almost came instantly from touching my cock. Instead of my schoolgirl miniskirt, I went with a baby-pink ruffled skirt to go with my high heels and white stockings. I wore my pink panties from before, with a white bra and my black leather collar. My body was trembling as I stood in the bathroom and painted my lips that hot, slutty pink.

I had to sit there and stare at the computer screen and wait for my body to relax before I started stroking. I looked down at my slowly softening cock and took a deep breath. I had come so close. If I hadn't bit into my hand, I would've cum right then and there. I had to finish this challenge. I looked over at the still sealed box. When enough time had passed, I grabbed my cock and edged for the seventh time.

Monica emailed me on day eight. I had been sending him the pictures every day like he'd told me to, but I had yet to hear from him until now. My entire body shook with nervous anticipation as I waited for him to log into Skype.

[Monica]: You were a good little slut, I see. I liked your pictures. They made me cum several times. I loved knowing that you were suffering. ;)

[Me]: Yeah, it was hard. Almost came one time, got pretty close most days and had to really distract myself to stop.

[Monica]: Good girl. Are you ready for your presents?

[Me]: Presents?! There's more than one thing in that box?

[Monica]: A couple things. Go ahead and open it and tell me what you got.

My heart pounded in my chest and my fingers shook as I cut open the

package and typed out what my friend had sent me: a brand new HD webcam, a silicone butt plug, lube, a gold heart collar that had “Monica’s Slut” etched into it, and a black fishnet bodystocking.

I was in disbelief. I couldn’t believe the stuff he had sent me. I was confused, turned on, excited... so many different emotions all at once.

[Monica]: You okay?

[Me]: Yeah just... little overwhelmed, that’s all.

[Monica]: Too much? I was afraid of that when I sent the stuff to you. I’m sorry. You can send it back if you’d like.

[Me]: No, don’t worry. I love it. Even the heart tag. ;)

[Monica]: Good, ‘cause there’s something I want you to do for me.

[Me]: what?

[Monica]: I got a matching webcam. I want to have a video chat session. No sound—unless you want to. Don’t have to show your face either. Just the neck down.

[Me]: Oh... oh wow that actually sounds really hot. But yeah, no face. Not yet. :(

[Monica]: That’s fine. But I have some orders for you.

I bit my lip as I read what he wrote. Monica wanted me to put on the bodystocking, along with my schoolgirl skirt, my red heels, and collar with the new tag added. Then he wanted to watch me insert the plug, and after that, we were going to have cybersex, and I’d finally be allowed to cum.

It must have been fate that this would happen on the same day that my roommates were both out of town. I would have the place all to myself until

tomorrow. I told Monica this.

[Monica]: Hurry up and get dressed slut. I can't wait to watch you cum.

I didn't need to be told twice. I quickly stripped out of my clothes and put on the bodystocking, skirt, heels and collar—after attaching the new tag. Then I installed the new webcam, and once I'd positioned it so that it would only show my body, I sent Monica a video invite.

I had never been so nervous before. It felt like hours watching and waiting for him to accept, and the dial tone went straight to my brain. I tapped my fingers on the desk and let out a relieved sigh when the video popped up.

Then I gasped and my dick hardened instantly.

Monica sat at his desk in the same manner as me. His webcam was also turned down. He waved before spreading his legs and showing me his cock, which was as hard as mine. He wore a matching bodystocking with black thigh-high boots and a corset.

User "Monica" has changed their name to "Mistress."

[Mistress]: Looking good, slut.

[Me]: Thank you, Mistress.

[Mistress]: Show me that collar.

I bent forward and brought the collar with the tag close to the camera so that he could see it.

[Mistress]: Very good. Are you ready to have some fun?

[Me]: I am!

[Mistress]: Then you know what to do. Show me that ass of yours and let's see that plug disappear.

I let out a moan as the plug slowly slid in. I turned around and put my ass up by the webcam. Monica gave me the approval and I watched him slowly stroke his cock as we chatted some more. Our conversation quickly turned dirty and I masturbated for him.

I watched the screen and followed his orders. Speeding up and slowing down when told; stopping as well as starting back up. It was agonizing. I was so close to cumming for the first time in a week. But just as I was about to, he had me stop, and I wasn't allowed to touch myself until he came.

Monica took his time. I could tell he was prolonging it, making me suffer. He told me afterward that he liked watching me squirm and seeing my cock twitch as he typed all kinds of dirty things into the chat, things like how he was picturing my lips around his cock as he stroked.

I leaned forward in my chair and watched his body spasm and the cum ooze out of his cock and splash onto his stomach and chest. He just sat there, reveling in the feeling that washed over him. I looked down at my own cock. It was twitching and throbbing, glistening precum oozing out of the tip.

He gave me the order, and I stroked until it hit me like a freight train. The force of his orgasm threw me back into my chair. My mind swam, and I became dizzy. A fog rolled over my eyes as I moaned and a week's worth of cum erupted out of my dick. It flowed down the shaft and streaks of it went flying onto my chest and stomach.

I sat there in a daze, ignoring the message notifications. After what felt like hours, I blinked out of my fog and sat back up.

User “Mistress” changed their name to “Monica.”

[Monica]: Oh wow! Lots of cum. ;)

[Me]: Well, it’s been a week. XD

[Me]: God that was exhausting. Haven’t had an orgasm that powerful.

Monica was quiet for a time. He had ended the video chat, and I took the moment to clean myself up. I remained in the outfit. It had been a long time since I was able to be dressed for this long, and the fishnets were very comfortable.

[Monica]: Hey, so... there’s something I want to ask of you.

[Me]: What is it?”

[Monica]: My job, it has me travel occasionally. Next week it’s taking me down to where you are. The hotel they booked for me is actually pretty close to you—well, where your box is. I figured...

[Me]: Oh... oh wow. You want to...? You know?

[Monica]: I think it would be fun. It’s been a long time since I’ve had a partner, and well... but hey, you don’t have to if you don’t want to. I mean, I’ll totally understand. It’s just... I’ve always wanted to do it with another crossdresser.

[Me]: I... I don’t know what to say. I mean, I’m incredibly honored that you feel this way about me, but I’m just... a little nervous. I’m not sure about it.

[Monica]: Well, I’ll be there just for a couple days. Take your time. If you want to meet up, just message me here. We can meet at a coffee shop or something. Just chat and stuff. Don’t have to do anything or dress up.

[Monica]: Think about it okay? I’d really like to meet up offline. :)

I sat in my car for close to half an hour. I wasn't late. I had gotten there thirty minutes ago and just stayed there, trying to decide on whether or not I could go through with it. It was more nerve-wracking than going on a first date. But this wasn't a date. It was just coffee and conversation. Nothing more. Just me getting to actually meet Monica, a guy I'd met online, a crossdresser like me who I'd had cybersex with.

He'd told me what he'd be wearing: jeans and a long-sleeved, teal shirt. He gave me a very simple description of what he looked like. Monica was Asian with short dark hair. He was also older than me, much older than I'd thought.

My heart pounded in my chest and I sunk lower into my seat. Across the street, I saw him enter the coffee shop. He was thin and good-looking, all right. I rubbed my face and fought the urge to start the car and drive away.

I'd told him I would be there. I'd told him I would meet him. I couldn't stand him up. What kind of asshole would that make me? I took a deep breath and got out of the car.

The coffee shop was mostly empty. It was close to lunchtime, so most people would be in a restaurant or fast food place, not getting coffee. I stood in the doorway and looked over at him. He sat in one of the corner booths and took a sip of his coffee as he typed away on his phone with his other hand.

He looked up at me and smiled.

There's no going back now.

I stood in the hallway as Monica pulled out his keycard for the hotel room. The company that he worked for put him up in a pretty nice hotel. The rooms were large and well-furnished with great views of the city. Celebrities had stayed there, though they were usually in the penthouses and not one of the smaller rooms that Monica was in. Even so, it was pretty upscale.

I had looked at him over the rim of my glass. This was the man that had

sent me a butt plug and a collar tag that said, “Monica’s Slut” on it.

I glanced around at the handful of other people sitting in the shop. I wondered what they thought of me and Monica. Did they think of us as just two friends having coffee? Or did they think we were two gay dudes going on a first date, based on the questions we were asking each other?

But the conversation started flowing naturally, and after a few moments’ pause, he asked me if I wanted to go back to his hotel room with him. We’d just continue our conversation in a much more private scenario. Nothing else will happen unless you want it to, he told me.

We were in the coffee shop for only an hour, maybe a little more. The conversation was really awkward, at first. What do you talk about when up until now, the majority of the time spent between you and the person sitting across from you was devoted to crossdressing cybersex?

I noticed his bags. For a man staying for only the weekend, he had packed a lot of clothes. Then I remember who the man was that was staying in the room, and I felt like an idiot.

But I was also turned on.

The polite, decent, stereotypical dating conversation continued on and lasted for another ten minutes before it turned flirty. Then it became intimate, and Monica sat down next to me on the edge of his bed.

I looked over at him, and he smiled.

Then he kissed me.

It was slow and gentle, but passionate. I was hesitant. Up until this morning, I had only kissed two other people, and they were both women. Up until this morning, I hadn’t considered myself gay, or even bisexual. My logic dictated that crossdressers weren’t men, but girls with men’s parts. If I was attracted to regular guys, like the dudes in underwear ads or the A-List celebrities that make it to tabloid magazines “hottest men alive” lists, then I would consider myself bisexual.

Even now, as Monica kissed me harder, I still held to that belief. I was stubborn. But even so, I was hesitant and withdrawn. My nerves were getting the better of me. Then, as our tongues wrestled, I felt his hand slide up my thigh and onto my crotch. Monica gently squeezed my cock and balls, and I moaned into his mouth.

“You like that?” he said, pulling away for a moment.

He didn’t let me answer.

Monica kissed me again and started fondling my dick through my jeans, and I got hard.

He pulled back once more and climbed off of the bed. I stared at him in confused silence. My eyes widened as he pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside. Then his hands went to his jeans.

“I know I said that we’d be meeting in ‘guy mode,’ but I couldn’t help myself.”

I was about to ask what he meant, but then he pulled down his pants. Underneath, he wore not only red lace panties, but skin-colored pantyhose, as well.

My cock throbbed and my heart raced. I swallowed hard, and he looked at me with lust in his eyes as he climbed on top of me and straddled me. I looked deep into his eyes as he kissed me once more. I felt his hand slide down my chest, past my stomach, and slip under the waist band of my jeans and underwear. I felt his warm hands grab my cock.

It was too much too fast.

My nerves came back with a vengeance, and I panicked. I pulled away from Monica and slipped out from underneath him and got off of the bed. He looked at me, confused, sad, and afraid.

“What? What did I do? I was too fast—too much too quickly? I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to—”

“No, stop. It’s not you, it’s just...”

I felt dizzy. My stomach lurched, and I ran into the bathroom. It would be a shame to vomit onto the carpets of this nice hotel. I closed the door behind me and hovered over the toilet.

But nothing came.

My stomach untied itself, and the nausea went away, but the panic attack remained. My mind raced. I didn't know what to do. I should've never come. I should never have gotten out of the car. I should've driven home and just come up with some excuse.

I opened the door and came out. Monica sat on the edge of the bed. He had put his pants back on, but remained shirtless. I caught myself staring at his fit body. He looked up at me, and I immediately felt terrible for what I was about to say. Monica looked rejected, defeated.

I opened my mouth to apologize, but he interrupted me.

“Don't. It's okay. You don't need to explain yourself. I get it. I should've never asked you to come up with me. I was just... too excited. That's all. I should've waited.”

“Monica, I'm sorry. This is just... too new for me, and too foreign. I'm just a little overwhelmed. It's not you. I promise.”

“Like I said, I understand.” He stood up and reached back into his back pocket. “This is the spare key to my room. I'll be here for another two days. I hope I'll see you again before I leave.”

I said nothing as I took the key from him. I just smiled and left. I could see the tears in his eyes. He was heartbroken. I didn't want to see him cry.

When I got home, I logged into my computer. I half expected there to be a message waiting for me from him. He was online, and I stared at the screen for almost half an hour before messaging him.

It started with an apology, then it became innocent chatting, and then it turned dirty. It was strange. Just an hour ago, I had chickened out from just kissing Monica. Now we were in the midst of some really kinky dirty talk.

[Monica]: you know, after you left I thought about what I'd do to you if you decided to come back.

[Me]: Oh? Like what? ;)

[Monica]: Well for one, I'd spank you for being a bad slut. Then I'd bind your hands and blindfold you and suck on your nipples while stroking your cock. I'd make you squirm and beg for release.

[Me]: Holy shit that sounds hot.

There was a long pause. Then I realized that this fantasy could actually happen. I could live out one of the many hot, fictional scenes that had been written in the chatroom. I could know what it was like to be bound and blindfolded, teased, and edged. I would know what it was like to suck a real cock and have one inside me. My body grew warm as I remembered Monica's kiss and the way his hand felt on my cock.

I looked at the clock. It was wasn't even dusk yet. I reached into my back pocket and took out Monica's keycard.

[Me]: Hey so, I'm coming back. You'll be around right?

[Monica]: Really? ;)

[Monica]: Yes, I've got nowhere to be.

[Me]: I'm on my way. And I'm bringing a change of clothes. ;)

[Monica]: Hurry up slut. I'll be waiting for you.

User "Monica" has gone offline.

I smiled as it all came back to me. Then I remembered how I ran out of the hotel earlier today. I remembered the look on Monica's face. Even though he didn't say it, I could tell he was hurt. I'd felt terrible the whole trip back to my apartment.

The panties felt wonderful. They were soft and thin, delicate and partially see-through. I could barely feel them as they gently hugged my ass and caressed my cock and balls. I looked at my reflection in the mirror and smiled at the bulge in the front.

I sat on the counter as I pulled the white stockings up my legs, rubbing the fabric as I adjusted the scalloped lace tops with the built-in silicone strip to keep them up on my thighs. As much as I liked the panties, I loved the look stockings gave my legs. It was an instant transformation.

The red plaid schoolgirl skirt had been a spur-of-the-moment purchase. I had been on the fence for so long that I just decided to take the plunge. My body had tensed up and my pulse skyrocketed as I clicked the "submit purchase" button. I had still been living at home when I made that purchase. What would have happened if my parents had intercepted the package? There was a thrill in the fear, the kind of thrill that people who enjoy having sex out in the public get from the chance of getting caught in the act.

The microskirt barely covered my ass. Every movement I made caused the pleats to flare out and up, showing off my ass and crotch and the delicate, red lace panties that I wore.

"What's taking so long?" I heard Monica's voice as he gently tapped on the door. "I'm so incredibly horny right now!"

"I'm almost ready!" I shouted back as I put on the blouse and tied the front.

After the top came the collar with the gold heart tag. Then I donned my brunette wig and applied a teaser of makeup, some eye shadow and mascara and bright red lipstick. The final piece of the puzzle were my red pumps: five-and-a-half inch heels with a one-inch platform. Walking in them wasn't as difficult as I thought it would be, and after having them for so long and wearing them so many times, I quickly grew accustomed to them. I practically floated in the heels.

My hand froze inches before the doorknob. It finally occurred to me what I was about to do. On the other side of the door was another man, one who I'd met online. A man who was a crossdresser like me, who could have been anything. He could still be anything. I might step out of the room and get drugged and wake up with real tits as his sex slave.

Or it could be one of the best nights of my life.

I took a couple deep breaths and reached for the knob again. The door opened, and I stepped out into the hotel room. Monica was waiting for me. He sat on the edge of the bed. He stood up and smiled and motioned for me to come hither.

He wore a black fishnet bodystocking, corset, and knee-high, high-heeled boots. As I moved toward him, I realized he had one hand hidden behind his back. The thought of being drugged and kidnapped came back to me, and my next step was a bit slower. He must've seen the fear in my eyes, because he showed me what he was holding.

It was a black leather leash.

"You have no idea how turned on this makes me," he said, stepping up to me and holding the heart tag in his hand. I looked up at him. He had long, dark hair that fell past his shoulders and wore dark, but modest makeup.

While one had held the tag, the other clipped the leash to my collar.

He pulled me close and kissed me passionately as he coiled the leash in his fist. I felt a tug, and he pulled away from me with a grin on his face. I followed his gaze downward and spotted his throbbing his cock, fully erect and brushing across my upper thigh between the skirt and my stockings.

There was another tug, and I silently obeyed the order and got down onto my knees. I was face to face with his cock. For the first time in my life, I was going to touch a dick that wasn't my own. I was going to stroke it, then kiss it, then lick it and suck on it, then wrap my lips around it and pleasure it.

Lust welled up inside of me. I had never felt so horny, so aroused, so submissive. I took a deep breath and gently stroked his cock. I looked up at him as I brought my lips to it and kissed its head. I watched his smile widen

as I licked and sucked on the tip. I kept my gaze as I brought my tongue to the base and dragged it along the underside to the tip like it was a big popsicle.

I wrapped my lips around it and slid down. His cock was a little bit longer and thicker than the dildo I had, but it wasn't too much for me. In fact, I'd have gone so far as to say it was perfect. I closed my eyes as I bobbed on his cock, sliding up and down and occasionally letting it fall out to catch my breath. His moans and groans were music to my ears. They were my encouragement, my motivation. I wanted him to feel good. I was his slut, after all. It was my job to pleasure him.

“Oh, God, that feels so nice,” he said as he pulled his cock out of my mouth. “But I don't want to cum just yet.”

With another tug on my leash, I was back on my feet and led to the bed. I followed his command to sit in the middle and put my arms behind me.

“Do you trust me?” he asked.

“I do,” I said, swallowing hard.

He dug around in his suitcase for a moment before walking back to me with something behind his back. Monica climbed onto the bed and moved behind me. I felt leather on my wrists. He tightened the bindings, and I felt the click of metal. I tugged at them. My arms were bound behind me. Panic started to fill me and I writhed and squirmed.

Then everything went dark. For a single moment, I thought I had gone blind, but I realized it was just a blindfold. Monica brought his lips to my ear, and my fear melted away.

“Don't be afraid. I won't do anything to harm you. Trust me, okay?”

“Okay,” I stammered.

He pressed his hand to my chest and gently guided me onto my back. I felt him move about me on the bed before climbing on top of me. Having my eyesight taken away from me was very surreal. All my other senses came alive. I could hear his breathing and my heart pounding, and the creak of

his leather. My skin was sensitive to his touch. The soft, delicate sheets ticked my arms and back, and I slowly kicked my legs about as he kissed my neck and slid his hand under my blouse.

I moaned as he pinched my nipple and playfully bit my neck. My whole body squirmed and writhed at his ministrations. I was so turned on. My cock was straining against the fabric of my panties so hard I was afraid I'd tear them.

I felt the knot of my blouse loosen, then open. My nipples were hard from a combination of the lust and the cold air of the bedroom.

I squealed and bucked my hips as Monica brought his lips to my right nipple and kissed and sucked on it. He gently bit and tugged before releasing and sucking on it some more.

“Oh, God, yes!” I screamed, my voice soft and feminine.

Monica said nothing. He switched to my other nipple, and I felt his hand lift up the hem of my skirt and pull down the waistline of my panties. He brought his lips to my ear.

“Someone is awfully hard. Aren't you, you little slut?”

“Y-Yes! This feels so good!”

“Tell me just how good.”

His breath was hot. I felt the hairs on the back of my neck stand up and goosebumps appear all over my body as he slowly stroked my cock. He whispered and moaned into my ear some more before returning to my nipples.

It went on like this for what seemed like an eternity. The world around me melted away as he tortured me with his caress. Monica went back and forth on my nipples, playing with and teasing and sucking and biting each one, all while gently and slowly jerking me off.

Then he stopped and he climbed off of me.

I called out to him. Why... why did he stop? It felt so wonderful.

He said nothing, and moments later, a familiar smell filled my nostrils. I knew what it was almost instantly, and I opened my mouth wide and closed my lips around his cock. I licked and sucked on it and moaned into it as I felt his lips around my own dick. He was a pro. He was better than my ex-girlfriends.

After a while, he pulled away, and he once again whispered into my ear.

“I want to fuck that ass of yours. I want to fuck your little boipussy and take away your virginity.”

“Please... please, fuck me,” I replied breathlessly. “I want your cock in my boipussy.”

He pulled off my blindfold and kissed me. Then he lifted me up off of the bed and removed my cuffs. Then he sat on the edge of the bed, and I knew what to do.

I climbed onto his lap like a stripper at a club and draped my arms over his shoulders. I brought my lips to his and kissed him as I lowered myself onto him. I moaned loudly and he grunted as his cock eased into my ass. I took it slow, and the little pain that there was vanished as he filled me. Monica’s cock was a thousand times better than the dildo I had. There was a warmth to it that only heightened the pleasure.

Monica grabbed my hips and started moving them back and forth and up and down as his cock slid in and out. After a little while of this grinding, Monica wrapped his arms around my waist, and in one fluid motion, he turned me around and dropped me onto my back on the bed. He stood at the foot of it, and I lifted my legs up.

I threw my arms back over my head and closed my eyes as he thrust in and out of my ass, fucking me like a porn star. He bent forward and brought his lips to my nipples, and I held his head there as he kissed and sucked on them.

He straightened up and grabbed my cock and jerked me off at the same rate he was pushing into me. My moans came faster and faster, shorter and

shorter as I came closer and closer to cumming.

“Oh! Oh! I’m going to cum!” I shouted.

“Me too! Almost there!”

His thrusts became wild, and then I felt it. Monica pushed his cock as far into me as he could, and then I felt the heat from his cum inside of me. I felt it fill me, and it pushed me over the edge. I opened my eyes and moaned loudly as streaks of white-hot cum erupted out of my cock and landed all over my body, oozing down onto my lower abdomen.

Monica eventually pulled out and wobbled backwards. I could see cum dripping off of his dick as he stood there, breathless and exhausted. I was too tired to speak. I couldn’t even form a sentence. After a moment, he climbed back onto the bed and licked some of the cum off of me and kissed me. We kissed long and hard, and then we just cuddled for a while.

I ended up falling asleep next to him.

In the morning, we showered, had breakfast, and I said my goodbyes. It was strange seeing him in his normal male mode. It almost felt like he was a totally different person than the hot crossdresser I’d had passionate, kinky sex with the night before. I could say the same for myself, though. I felt like a totally different person than I was last night.

I wasn’t sure when I would see him again. I didn’t know when his work would bring him down here, or if I would ever get the chance to go up to visit him. All I knew was when I got back to my apartment, I realized I still had his room key.

[Me]: Hey, so I still have your room key...

[Monica]: Oh? Is that so? Well, I am checking out tomorrow... so maybe you should come on by before then and stay awhile. ;)

[Monica]: Maybe bring that pink skirt of yours and crop top and those slutty pink heels.

[Me]: Only if you promise to tie me up again and blindfold me.

[Monica]: Deal. Come by again tonight. I've got work and stuff to do.

[Me]: I'll see you then!

[Monica]: Bye! *kiss*

User "Monica" has gone offline.

You have signed off.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading Offline, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena