





*Only
Tonight*

John Dylena

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by John Dylena

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Smashwords Edition

a Pink Skirt Press story

Edited by: AJ McGinnis

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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.

“Best Friday night ever,” Jacob said aloud, to no one in particular. He knew that he was alone in the laundromat, but he still casually glanced around just in case someone had overheard him. His was the only machine occupied; the rest were empty. Random bits of clothing lay scattered around, mostly lost socks without their twins, though occasionally he’d find an abandoned shirt. One time Jacob had even found a bra draped over an open washer door, but that was about it. He looked up at the clock on the wall. It was almost nine o’clock at night, and instead of going out and partying like everyone else, he sat on top of a long wooden table that stretched the length of the row of machines. Instead of being social, he waited for his clothes to dry while reading a book.

Jacob’s car wasn’t the only one in the parking lot. The laundromat was part of a complex that included a liquor store and several other small businesses, one of them being his favorite Chinese food takeout. His stomach rumbled at the thought of sesame chicken and fried rice, but the restaurant had closed just before he arrived.

Looking out into the lot lit by yellowish-orange lamps, he spotted a couple leaving the store, followed by a group of the type of guys who had driver’s licenses stating they were twenty-two, despite the fact that they looked like they were still in high school. One of them carried a large case of the cheapest beer money could buy. The others held bags that contained large bottles of the finest quality hard liquor one could get for twenty bucks.

The group passed by the homeless man that sat against the nearby wall. Jacob had seen him often while he was at the laundromat. The homeless man was mostly harmless, tending to keep to himself, often mumbling nonsense while smoking a cigarette. Jacob occasionally saw the man drinking a beer but one time he saw him munching down on a burger from the joint across the street. Just like the Chinese place and the liquor store, he seemed to be a fixture of the neighborhood.

Jacob turned his attention away from the outside world and back to the machine in front of him, but his gaze lingered on one particular washing unit. Because of the odd hours when he used the twenty-four seven laundromat, it was never full. In fact, most of the time he was the only one there. Sometimes there would be one or two other people, but it was nothing

compared to what it was like during the day. The last time he was here, though, he hadn't been alone.

He had started off by himself in the laundromat, book in hand like always while his clothes tumbled and spun, but then he'd heard the doors open and the recognizable click of high heels across the linoleum floor.

She was incredibly beautiful. Long, flowing blonde hair complimented sparkling blue eyes and an amazing body, with long legs, large breasts, and the luscious sorts of curves that threatened to haunt his dreams for days.

The woman froze when she spotted him. "Oh damn, I thought it was empty," she said self-consciously.

"Just me," Jacob replied as he tried to keep his eyes on his book. He came here at night because he was socially awkward and introverted. He might have looked calm on the outside, but internally he was freaking out at the thought of interacting with someone like her.

Jacob stole another glance, and that was when he saw the spill on her dress. Her very tight, very short dress. She must have come straight to the laundromat from one of the clubs downtown.

"Okay, well, don't mind me then!"

He looked up from his book to ask what she meant by that and was greeted by a candid view of her bare back, complete with strapless bra and a thong that disappeared between the cheeks of her round, bubbly butt.

He immediately looked away and tried not to stare at the gorgeous woman stripping down to her underwear several machines away from him. She tossed her dress into the washer, and from the corner of his eye he could see her looking at him hesitantly.

"Can... can I...?" She pointed at his bottle of detergent.

"Yes, of course."

“Thank you!” she said as she quickly poured a little of it into her machine and set the cycle in motion. They didn’t say anything more to each other, not until her dress was out of the dryer and she had wriggled back into it. “Have a good night!” was the last thing he heard from her as the clatter of her heels faded into the night.

Jacob looked back out at the parking lot and hoped to see her return, to hear her approach in her high heels, to see her saunter toward him in that low-cut dress, to see her smile with her perfectly painted lips and look at him with her sapphire eyes. The audible ding! from his machine jerked him out of his daydream. I never even got her name, he reminded himself as he opened up the round glass door of the dryer and shoveled his clothes into a drawstring bag. On his way out, he decided to stop at the liquor store to find something to drown his sorrows in.

“Uhhh...” Jacob froze when he first spotted the invader. The bright pink, lacy thong stood out in stark contrast from his otherwise dull pile of boxer briefs and socks. He wasn’t sure how to react to the discovery of the undoubtedly feminine pair of underwear. Hell, he wasn’t even sure how it even got in there. Both the washing machine and the dryer that he used were empty when he put his clothes in; he always checked.

Reaching down, he picked up the lingerie with just his thumb and index finger as though it might otherwise jump up and try to bite him. With his other hand, he turned it around to inspect the thin, lacy fabric. It looked brand new, completely spotless. He looked around for a moment before inching the garment closer to face. The pleasant, flowery smell of laundry detergent filled his nose.

“Well that’s a relief. At least they’re clean.”

The only problem was that he wasn’t sure what to do with the panties. The obvious answer was to just throw them away and be done with it, but for some strange reason he had a strong urge to keep them.

Jacob found himself standing in the middle of his bedroom with the underwear in hand, his fingers gently rubbing the fabric. It was so soft and delicate, and so lightweight. He remembered the woman with the stained

dress and the thong she wore, the way the straps wrapped sensually around the curves of her hips. The image of her filled his mind. Jacob pictured her large breasts nestled in the strapless bra, the platform heels framing her delicately painted toes, her long, shapely legs that seemed to go on for miles...

He glanced down to find his cock tenting his boxer briefs. One of the perks of living alone was not having to worry about someone walking in on you while you jerked off, and you could also jerk off whenever you wanted and walk around with no pants on and no one would complain. He pulled his boxers off before sitting down at his computer, not realizing that he had brought the thong with him until he saw them resting on his desk next to him.

Jacob sat there in nothing but a t-shirt with his rock-hard cock and his fingers hovering over the keyboard. His gaze lingered on the panties for a moment. Their presence stirred something within him, surfacing a curiosity he didn't know he had, a desire that he hadn't known he wanted to fulfill. Jacob worried at his lower lip and sighed. He knew he was probably going to regret doing this after it was all said and done, but what he felt was overpowering.

His body seemed to move on its own and before he realized what had happened, he stood, stepped into the leg holes of the thong, and pulled it up to his waist. The back strip disappeared into his ass crack and he couldn't help but laugh at how the fabric tried to, but utterly failed at, hold back his erect penis. In spite of the brief moment of silliness, he couldn't deny how strangely comfortable the underwear were. It was also a little bit thrilling, wearing underwear made for the opposite gender. The thought sent a chill up his spine and Jacob felt his skin prickle with excitement when he sat back down.

His hands hovered over the keyboard again. He knew that he had several porn videos stored on his hard drive that he could go to and watch to help stimulate his orgasm, but the desire just wasn't there. Instead his mind's eye took over and the figure of a woman filled his vision. She was similar to but different from the mystery lady from the laundromat. This woman was also incredibly beautiful, with big, round tits that couldn't possibly be real and perfect hourglass curves with a round, perky butt.

She had long, wavy blonde hair with emerald eyes and thick, hot pink lips. Porn star makeup accentuated her pretty face and fit well with her tight-fitting, hot pink dress and clear-soled platform hooker heels. In his imagination he saw her saunter toward him, hands cupping the curves of her breasts and hips swaying provocatively as she walked. She looked at him and winked before licking her full lips and turning her back. Jacob couldn't help but stare as she lifted the hem of her mini dress to reveal a perfect ass.

Then he saw it. The woman's thong was identical to the one he wore.

This discovery sent a wave of arousal over him and he leaned back in his chair to stroke harder and faster, moaning as he neared his orgasm. The woman winked again, gave a playful turn, and grabbed at the waistband of her thong—his thong.

She leaned forward and whispered. "You like my panties, don't you? Do they make you feel girly and slutty?"

Jacob nodded absently as his hand moved even faster. He was so close. So very close.

"I think you look good in them." Her tone was playful and teasing. "I think you'd look even better with a body like mine."

"Oh fuck!" he shouted as he orgasmed. His body twitched and his hips bucked as strings of cum shot out of his cock into the tissues he held ready. The vision vanished from his mind and Jacob sat there panting and sweating, exhausted in the wake of such an intense climax. He stared up at the wall above his computer for an unknown amount of time as his cock softened and tucked itself behind the fabric of the thong.

He snapped out of the post-orgasm trance after a while and left his computer. Halfway back to the pile of abandoned laundry, Jacob found himself thinking about the woman again. It only lasted for a moment, but he was left with a pleasant warmth in his body.

Jacob looked down and remembered that he was still wearing the thong. Strangely enough, he had no desire to take it off. It felt so comfortable and he felt so sexy wearing it that part of him wanted to find a nice pair of heels

to go with it—maybe some stockings, too. “I just love how stockings look on women’s legs,” he mumbled to himself.

The warmth in the core of his body pulsed. His scalp tingled a little and when he went to scratch it, he winced and let out a small yelp at the sudden and unexpected jab of pain.

“What the fuck?”

His eyes went wide when he looked at his nails. For nearly all of his life he’d had a bad habit of biting and picking at them due to anxiety or boredom, the sort of habit that he’d never really been able to break. This always left them short and messy, the complete opposite of the nails he now had. These nails were longer, stretching half an inch or so past the ends of his fingertips and ending with a rounded tip, smooth and shiny with a coat of hot pink polish.

Jacob’s hand investigated the tickle on his ear, only to discover his closely-cropped hair growing longer by the second, snaking through his fingers like a sudden waterfall of silken strands. A dull ache filled his body and he doubled over, gasping at the strangeness. It felt like his insides were rearranging themselves. He wasn’t fat, but he wasn’t necessarily skinny, either, so when his shirt grew loose he lifted up the hem and watched his body shift and change. His stomach flattened out and his hips widened. What little muscle tone he had on his arms vanished, and the hair on his arms and legs disappeared into his skin. His body grew silky smooth and shone as if freshly lotioned.

The prickling sensation intensified in his chest and he watched with a bizarre combination of horror and curiosity as it began to swell. The two mounds grew larger and larger, stretching his once loose t-shirt with his new breasts. “Oh my!” He moaned as his nipples pressed against the fabric, sending a strange but erotic feeling through his body.

His now platinum blonde hair reached his still-expanding mounds, the pale gold locks flowing with large, sweeping curls. With the transformation fully underway, he darted for his bathroom. With each step his breasts bounced, and with each bounce his sensitive nipples filled him with another wave of pleasure.

Jacob's jaw dropped when he flicked on the lights and saw his reflection. The angles of his face had softened, the ever-present stubble on his cheeks and neck was completely gone, and his once thick, bushy eyebrows had become neatly trimmed and shaped. The normally thin line of his lips had swollen and given him a resting pout. He watched as the very last remnants of his brown eyes were swallowed up by emerald green.

He doubled over when the ache hit him again, the last, more subtle changes occurring while he was powerless to stop it. He gripped the edge of the countertop so hard that his knuckles turned white. The tightness and pulling shifted down to his groin and grew extremely uncomfortable, almost as if he'd been kicked. Audible moans and groans escaped his luscious lips and he squirmed as he tried to stay upright through it all.

Then the dull ache shifted to something else. He bit his bottom lip as pleasure slowly cascaded out from his nether regions, an unexpected heat filling his lower abdomen with sensations he'd never felt before. He could feel it building and building; there was a sense of fullness and it was expanding inside of him. He slumped forward onto the counter to keep himself from collapsing just as the unexpected orgasm slammed into him like a rogue wave and his legs turned to jello.

As soon as it came, it vanished, leaving him panting and breathless. He felt strength return to his legs and something warm and wet dripping down his inner thigh. Jacob knew what it was without even looking. He stood up and lifted the hem of his shirt, too dazed by the sudden turn of events to react to the sudden disappearance of his cock with anything more than a whimper and a peek beneath the waistband of the panties. The sweat-damp fabric peeled away from his skin, viscous strands of clear cum stretching obscenely between his new cunt and the crotch of his thong. When he looked away and up at his reflection, the woman from the vision stared back at him, only instead of the mini dress, she wore a t-shirt.

He lifted his hand and the woman lifted hers. He looked to the left and the woman mirrored him. He did a weird dance—which caused his large breasts to bounce—and the woman matched his moves perfectly.

“Oh my god.” His eyes went wide. “OH MY GOD.”

The voice that escaped his plump lips was honey-sweet and sensual. It was a soft, feminine voice, the kind that caressed your ear from the other end of a phone sex line. It was the voice of a seductress, a playmate, a porn star.

Then the reflection moved on its own.

“I see you’re enjoying the body.”

Jacob blushed as he removed his hands from his breasts. “What did you do to me?”

“You remember the woman from the laundromat? She was just like you.” The woman in the reflection crawled up onto her version of the countertop and made herself comfortable before looking up at the ceiling and sighing. “She was a lonely guy. Single, and a virgin too. He was also about two hundred pounds heavier than you were. Want to know what happened after she got her dress cleaned?”

The woman turned her gaze back to Jacob and grinned.

“She returned to the parking lot, where her ride was. It was a limo, and waiting for her in the backseat was a man she’d just met at a club earlier that night. They fucked on the way to another club. She was once a man who sat behind his computer all day and hated on women. He called them shallow, two-faced, and all kinds of names. Blamed them for his loneliness. Who would’ve thought that the moment he became a woman, he’d be all the things he hated?”

The reflection giggled, then laughed. It was a laugh of the popular girl in high school or the manipulative sorority president who always got whatever she wanted.

“What do you want from me?” Jacob asked, the sudden fear causing his new girl voice to tremble.

The reflection stopped laughing and climbed back down from the counter. “Do not fear, Jacob. I only punish the naughty boys. The fat woman-hating neckbeard will be given a choice: return to his old self and fix his ways, or remain a cock-hungry slut for the rest of his—her—life. He has no influence over his actions; he’s merely a passenger in that body. You, on the other

hand, have been a good boy. And good boys get rewards.”

Jacob’s body suddenly moved on its own accord. The woman in the reflection put her hands on the counter and leaned forward, and Jacob did the same. She arched her back and pressed her chest forward, her large breasts straining the fabric of the shirt. She leaned closer, bringing him closer to the mirror.

“I know what it is you desire, Jacob. I know who it is you desire. I know what you search for on your computer late at night and what you dream about in your sleep. I know you’re a shy, scared little man who’s afraid to put himself out there. I’m giving you a chance.”

He was only an inch or so from the mirror. He could feel the heat radiating off of his body. He could smell the intoxicating perfume of his drenched sex.

The woman smiled. “She’s there now. Waiting. Alone. You know who. You know where. The night is young and tonight is the only chance I’ll give you. You have until dawn. I have provided you with all that you need. Good luck, Jacqueline.”

Jacob—now Jacqueline—regained control over her body. She slumped forward, almost hitting her head on her mirror before straightening and taking a couple deep breaths. That’s when she noticed the mark on her mirror: someone wearing an identical shade of lipstick as her had kissed the mirror. Written above the lip print in what also looked like lipstick was a name: Melissa. There was even a little heart drawn next to it.

She knew in the back of her mind who the mysterious woman was referring to in her vague, quest-giver tone. Melissa lived on the floor above Jacob. They used the same grocery store and had bumped into each other at random times, once even at the laundromat. She was a very attractive woman, not to mention smart, clever, and a fellow geek. They’d have small talk and occasionally chat about video games; they were friends on some gaming sites, too.

He had asked her out once and she had declined, saying that she was a lesbian. At first Jacob had thought Melissa was just saying that because she didn’t find him attractive and wanted to find some way of declining his offer without hurting his feelings. While he was bummed, Jacob tried not to let it

get to him too much since she was still a great friend.

Maybe that's where I got it right, Jacqueline thought.

Jacob eventually found out Melissa was telling the truth about being a lesbian. He found out in the most unexpected way. Jacob was a fan of BDSM, but his favorite thing above all others was lesbian BDSM. He'd been a member of an online fetish community since before he had befriended Melissa, only he barely ever frequented it since he was a shy, socially awkward guy. It was hard enough meeting women in the vanilla sense; throwing kink into the mix made it feel almost impossible.

After reading a rather thrilling erotic short story one night, he logged back into his account and browsed around the local scene. There was a dungeon relatively close by that he'd gone to once and stayed at for an hour before wussing out. While looking through the threads, one particular profile picture caught his eye and when he opened up the profile, he discovered that it belonged to Melissa. She listed herself as single, and a lesbian, and some of her pictures verified it.

That night, Jacob shamelessly masturbated to Melissa's photos of her topping other women, after which he swore to never do so again. Talking with her became awkward after that. He had thought about how to bring up their mutual interest many times, but he never went through with it. He could never bring himself to attend a party at the dungeon she would go to in fear of giving off a stalker vibe.

"I can't fucking believe this," Jacqueline said, her voice still foreign in her ears. She looked up and tentatively stared at her reflection. The ceiling light reflected off of her glossy lipstick and the shiny gold jewelry that she wore. The woman had given her a chance to be with Melissa. All she had to do was muster some courage. She knew there was a play party tonight, as the dungeon had it on the same night every month.

"It'd be a lot easier to go outside if I didn't look like a porn star," she muttered. Then she remembered what the woman had said: I have provided all that you need. "What did she mean by that?"

She exited her bathroom and stopped when she saw what awaited her on her kitchen table. A large square shoebox and a rectangular department

store box innocently sat there, and a long, black coat hung from a clothes hanger hooked over one of the cabinet door handles.

Jacqueline opened the square box first. Inside was a pair of thigh high, shiny black boots, complete with platforms and what looked like a six-inch heel. “Fuck me,” she said as she grabbed one for a closer look. The gleaming latex would probably cling to her like a second skin and just screamed for someone to bend her over and take her.

She returned the boot to its box and opened the next one. “Oh, you’ve got to be shitting me.” Jacqueline pulled a shiny black dress with fishnet sleeves out and held it in front of her. There was more fishnet than solid fabric. To say that it was a revealing outfit would be a massive understatement. Now I know what the coat was for, she thought.

She walked from the table to her kitchen counter, where a small black purse rested. Inside she found her wallet with a new ID. All of her credit and debit cards had “Jacqueline” instead of “Jacob”, and the mystery woman had even thrown in some extra cash. The remaining contents of the purse consisted of some emergency makeup, a few condoms, gum, and her car keys. She frowned when she realized that they were the same keys she’d had when she was a man. Not that there was anything wrong with her car; she was just hoping to find the keys to a Ferrari or something.

She glanced up at the clock. Only thirty minutes remained until the party’s doors closed and no one else was let in. Her gaze returned to the kitchen table and the clothes. “Time to get dressed, I guess.”

“I look fucking ridiculous,” Jacqueline said when she surveyed herself in her bedroom’s full-length mirror. Forget the fact that she could somehow effortlessly walk in platform high heeled boots despite having never worn such a thing before, but the dress could barely even be considered a dress. The hem reached her upper thigh and when she bent over it showed the bottom of her ass. The stretchy fabric clung to her body and left practically nothing to the imagination. Fishnets exposed most of her full cleavage and midriff, the neckline dropping down below her belly button. Barely a quarter of her breasts were covered by the solid black fabric, including her

nipples. The back of the dress was almost entirely fishnet, exposing the waistband of the hot pink thong that had started this whole mess.

Jacqueline wrapped the coat around her, which covered her entire body from her wrists down to her ankles, and grabbed her purse. She paused just in front of the door to her apartment as fear and anxiety welled up inside.

“You can do this. You know the way to the dungeon. It’s a short drive down the street. It’s got a private parking lot and everything.” Slender fingertips adorned with hot pink polish reached out and gripped the doorknob. “Walking down to the car will be the hardest part of all of this.”

Taking a deep breath, she opened the door and stepped out into the hallway of her complex, making a bee line straight for the elevator and jabbing the button like a kid on a sugar rush until the doors closed and she was alone. Her relief was only momentary as she only made it two floors down before the doors opened again and three guys entered. Jacqueline could smell the alcohol on their breath and felt the weight of their lustful stares.

The elevator ride seemed to slow to a crawl, but thankfully the men got off on another floor. Jacqueline let out a heavy sigh and arrived at the parking garage without any further excitement. Her car waited for her where she had left it.

Just as she was able to flawlessly walk in high heels, Jacqueline was also able to easily drive in high heels, a fact which didn’t cross her mind until she was already halfway to the club. She arrived there with fifteen minutes to spare until the doors closed, and as she approached the front door, she wondered if the mysterious woman had also RSVP’d for her as well.

The woman at the front desk smiled as she checked Jacqueline’s name off of a list and accepted the money for her entry fee. “You can check in your coat on the other side of the door.”

Jacqueline nervously slipped out of her outer garment. Even though a woman stood completely naked not four feet from her, she felt very much exposed. She exchanged her coat for a ticket from the smiling man at the coat check before awkwardly navigating her way toward the social area, passing by rooms where men and women were spanking, whipping, flogging, paddling, teasing, and doing all sorts of fun, kinky stuff to each

other.

The kitchen was empty of people, but not of food. A table and the countertops were covered in an assortment of finger foods, from healthy stuff like veggies to straight up junk food. Next to the kitchen was the social area, filled with round standing tables, couches, and a small bar with a counter. Not yet feeling up to socializing, Jacqueline browsed the selection of foodstuffs before carefully plucking a thick, chocolatey brownie from a stack of its kin with manicured fingers.

She'd just lifted it to her mouth when she heard Melissa's voice.

Jacqueline stopped mid-bite and her jaw dropped. She spotted Melissa through the doorway, hanging out by one of the tables and chatting with an older woman. Melissa had her brown hair pulled back into a messy ponytail and wore a shiny black corset that showcased the curves of her bare breasts under a fishnet top. Jacqueline had seen pictures of Melissa topless when she had first stumbled upon her fetish profile, but she'd never actually seen her topless in real life. She quickly turned away so that Melissa wouldn't catch her gaping.

"Have we met before?"

Jacqueline turned toward the male voice and choked on her brownie when she saw one of her coworkers standing there. His name was Andrew. He was short and wide, with a thick beard and a buzzed head. He had started working at the company before Jacqueline—Jacob—did, which was about six years ago. Andrew was a quiet but helpful man. He was also married, and his wife, who was a foot taller than he was, walked up behind him. He was shirtless and wearing a collar; she was dressed in a domme outfit holding a metal leash that clipped to his collar.

"Oh shit, are you okay? Need some water?" Andrew said.

"No, no, I'm fine," Jacqueline replied, swallowing the brownie. "Just went down the wrong way."

"I'm Lady Diane, but you can just call me Diane," Andrew's wife said, extending her hand. "The man-child is my husband, and my submissive."

“Yes, sorry,” Andrew said, extending his hand. “My name’s Andrew.”

“Jacqueline,” Jacqueline said, shaking both their hands. “And no, we’ve never met. This is my first time here.” She actually had met his wife several times over the years that Jacob and Andrew had worked together. Diane was a strong, proud woman. Confident, but not smug and arrogant. It didn’t surprise Jacqueline that she was the one wearing the pants in their relationship.

“Welcome, welcome!” Diane said. “It’s always a pleasure meeting newcomers. Please, feel free to ask me any questions you have.”

“I will,” Jacqueline said before the couple returned to browsing the food.

“Now that is a sexy outfit.”

Jacqueline froze when she heard Melissa’s voice. She took a deep breath and slowly turned around, just about fainting when she got her first full look at Melissa. Moments before she could only see her from the waist up, but now Jacqueline could see that below the corset was a leather miniskirt, stockings, and black, round-toed high heels. Tasteful dark makeup accentuated her eyes and left her features even more alluring. If she’d still had her cock, it would be full on erect at the sight.

“I heard that you’re new. My name is Melissa,” she smiled.

Jacqueline stuttered out a reply. “My name’s Jacqueline, pleased to meet you.”

“I love your outfit,” Melissa said, walking around her. “It’s so sexy. I love the fishnets. Where did you get it?”

“Online,” Jacqueline said, trying to hide her embarrassment.

“Are you here with anyone? Or did you come by yourself?”

“I came alone. I really like your outfit, by the way. You’re very pretty.”

Melissa smiled. “Thank you! Do you have anything set up?”

“What do you mean?”

There was a loud smack, and a woman’s voice brimming with pained ecstasy echoed through the kitchen.

“Oh,” Jacqueline said. “No, I don’t.”

Melissa laughed. “Me neither. Though if you want, I know of a quiet corner we can sit in and just chat. I’m sure you’re very nervous and with it being your first time, I’ll bet that this is all a little overwhelming.”

“I’d really like that,” Jacqueline replied. She smiled and felt her cheeks grow warm. Melissa caught her lower lip between her teeth and returned the smile.

Then she stuck out her hand. “Come with me.”

Jacqueline felt like she was in a dream. The world around her seemed to slow down and turn hazy as Melissa led her through the dungeon with the sounds of kink welling up all around them. She heard moans and cries and even bouts of laughter. She heard the crackle of electricity as she passed by a woman tied to a St. Andrew’s Cross with her dom dragging a violet wand across her flesh. They exited the main room into a narrow hallway and the sounds became more distant.

The hallway led to an open room with couches and chairs. It was mostly empty except for a woman on her cellphone and a couple chatting between themselves in excited whispers. Melissa sat down on a couch and Jacqueline sat down next to her.

“So,” Melissa said after several moments of awkward silence, “this is your first time?”

“Yeah,” Jacqueline replied. “First time.”

“Tell me about yourself! I always enjoy meeting with and getting to know the noobs. When I came here for the first time, a woman sat down with me and took the time to get to know me. She made me feel welcome and has since been my mentor.”

“That’s very cool. Makes me feel more comfortable. I’m so nervous!”

“I understand. Though I’m surprised you came here dressed in that. For my first time, I wore jeans and a long-sleeved shirt!” She laughed.

“I, uh, wanted to look good,” Jacqueline replied. “To be honest, I’ve wanted to wear something like this for a long time.”

“Ha! I like your honesty. So, what brought you here tonight?”

Jacqueline bit her lip and looked away. She couldn’t tell Melissa that she was actually her guy-friend Jacob, only that a mysterious woman had turned him into a smoking hot chick so that she could have a chance to live out a fantasy.

“Well, I first discovered it in a book.” That part was mostly true. Jacob had found his way into the world of BDSM through the internet and porn. But it was when he read an erotic short story about a woman falling in love with another woman and experiencing BDSM through her new partner that Jacob discovered his fetish for lesbian BDSM.

“It wasn’t 50 Shades, was it?” Melissa scowled.

Jacqueline laughed. “No, no. It was some short story on one of those free erotica websites. I can’t remember what it was called.”

“Oh? What was it about?”

“It was…” Jacqueline nervously shifted in her seat and looked away from Melissa.

“It’s okay. Remember, we’re all perverts here. No kink-shaming, I promise.” Melissa said with a smile and a wink.

Jacqueline took a deep breath. Here goes nothing. “It was about lesbian BDSM.”

Melissa’s eyes lit up with interest and something a little hungry at her words. She leaned forward slightly. “I see. If I may, how do you see yourself in this lovely, kinky world? Have you ever played with anyone before? I

know this is your first time here, but have you been to another dungeon or just played with a boyfriend?”

Boyfriend. That was a strange word to hear directed at her.

“No. No boyfriend. Never played with anyone before and this is my first ever dungeon visit. What about you?”

Melissa smiled. “Well, I’ve been coming to this place regularly since I first moved here. I discovered kink back in college, when I dated a guy who introduced me to the scene. I liked it, but we weren’t together long. I learned two things in that relationship.”

“What two things?”

“That I wasn’t attracted to men,” Melissa leaned in closer, “and that I was a top, not a bottom.”

Jacqueline’s heartbeat skyrocketed as though she’d spontaneously decided to run a marathon, and her mouth went dry as sweat started to dampen her skin. She had never seen this side of Melissa before. She was so... seductive. She had always seemed so casual and laid back, even withdrawn sometimes. She never talked much about her personal life with Jacob; it was always about their interests in music, movies, and video games.

Something must have shown in her face, as Melissa straightened and her demeanor changed instantly. “I apologize. I didn’t realize I was making you so nervous. If I’ve overstepped my bounds, please tell me. The last thing I want to do is come off as some sort of a creepy predator. Sorry!”

Jacqueline laughed. Now that was the Melissa that she—well, Jacob—knew.

“It’s okay,” she said. “I... don’t mind it at all.”

The smile returned to Melissa’s face, and she slid closer to Jacqueline. “Oh? Is that so? Well, tell me, Jacqueline, what would you like to do next? We can keep chatting if you’d like. Still several hours left to go in the party.”

I’m not sure how many hours I have left in this body, though.

“Well, Melissa, what would you like to do?” Without thinking her hand settled on top of Melissa’s as she spoke. It wasn’t until she became the recipient of a raised eyebrow and pointed glance down that she realized what she had instinctively done, and Jacqueline yanked her hand away in embarrassment. “Oh, I’m sorry!”

“Don’t be,” Melissa said, gently taking Jacqueline’s hand back. She smiled and lifted her other hand toward Jacqueline’s face. “May I?”

Jacqueline nodded. Melissa brushed her hand across Jacqueline’s cheek and combed her fingers through her hair, gently twining the soft strands around them before moving on. She could feel the heat on her cheeks as Melissa’s hand cupped her jawline and a thumb brushed across trembling lips.

“You’re a very beautiful woman,” Melissa purred. “I could get lost in those eyes.”

She dropped her hand back into her lap alongside of the other, clasping Jacqueline’s between them both.

“In those stories you’ve read, was there anything that really made you squirm in your chair when you read them?”

There was plenty that Jacqueline could suggest. She had read countless short stories of the dirtiest lesbian BDSM smut you could find online, webcomics and the longer romance stuff, too. When she was a guy he masturbated to countless porn videos and even commissioned a handful of artists to draw some sexy pictures for him. She was well aware of many different kinks and fetishes. In her brief walkthrough of the dungeon while Melissa led her to this quiet corner, she saw a handful of things she would like to try out.

“I’d like...” she said, her voice trembling a little, though if it was from nervousness or anticipation—or maybe even both—she wasn’t quite sure. “I’d like to try... orgasm denial bondage.”

“Very well,” Melissa grinned, lazily stroking Jacqueline’s fingers as they talked. “Before we play, we must negotiate. Do you have any injuries or areas I should avoid?”

Jacqueline shook her head no.

“Any traumatic history that I could accidentally trigger?”

She shook her head again.

“Do you have a chosen safeword?”

She shook her head a third time.

“I have my own personal safeword, but I save that for special partners. The go-to safewords are “yellow” and “red”. Yellow means I’ll slow down, red means I’ll end the scene immediately. Since this is our first time together, and your first time ever, we’ll go slow and I’ll check in on you often, okay?”

Jacqueline nodded her head.

“Good. For the rest of the scene you must call me Miss, understand?”

“Yes, Miss.” Jacqueline responded.

“Good girl.”

The simple words sent a rush through her body. She almost shivered from the joy and anticipation. Melissa smiled and stood, Jacqueline’s hands still clasped between her own as she guided her to her feet.

“Let’s see if we can find an open station to use. Do you have any of your own gear?”

“No, Miss.”

“That’s fine. I figured as much. I have my own stuff, so no worries.”

Melissa led her out of the quiet corner and back into the dungeon. She wove through the building, in and out of rooms until they found a suitable piece of vacant furniture. It was a St. Andrew’s Cross, tall and X-shaped, with black leather padding and a D-clip at the top of each arm. Melissa let go of Jacqueline’s arm, and even though she only wandered a few feet away, Jacqueline suddenly felt incredibly alone without her touch. She returned

with a spray bottle filled with a clear liquid and several paper towels.

“Go ahead and wipe down the equipment to make sure it’s clean. You’re supposed to clean it when you’re done, but better safe than sorry. While you’re doing that, I’ll go grab my gear from the bag room. Be right back.”

Melissa’s hand dragged up Jacqueline’s bare thigh as she walked away. A moment later, she’d disappeared into the crowd. Jacqueline stood frozen like a deer caught in the headlights. All around her the party continued. Several feet away, a man was spanking another with a wooden paddle. In one corner, a woman straddled the lap of a man as she put lipstick on him. Everyone existed in their own little bubble, unaware of what was going on around them or of the woman who’d been a man just a couple of hours earlier watching them.

Jacqueline finally snapped out of the strange trance and remembered her task. She turned around and sprayed down the giant X, meticulously wiping it clean and trying not to get too caught up in the knowledge that she’d soon be stretched across it.

A man’s voice rose unexpectedly from behind her. “Are you done with this?”

Jacqueline turned toward him. He was older, probably in his 50’s, his hair mostly gray but his body still in very good shape. He held a leash in his hand. Jacqueline’s eyes followed it back to the completely naked woman standing behind and to the side of him. She seemed to be around the same age as he was, but her eyes were cast down to the floor and her hands lay clasped behind her back.

“Ma’am?” he repeated.

Jacqueline opened her mouth to respond, but just then Melissa appeared from behind the man.

“Sorry, Daniel,” she said. “We’re just about to start using it.”

“Oh, Mel, I didn’t see you there.” He looked back and forth between Melissa and Jacqueline. Then he smiled amiably and nodded his head. “You two have fun.”

He turned away and walked off, the woman obediently following behind him.

“That was Master Daniel,” Melissa said as she set a small gym bag down beside the cross. “The woman is his wife. Lovely couple. She’s very funny. They attend the munch regularly.”

“Munch?” Jacqueline asked, tossing the used paper towels into a nearby trash can.

“Causal, vanilla get-together for kink folk. Usually at a restaurant. It’s an opportunity to chat and get to know the local scene better and discuss regular, everyday stuff. You should go to the next one; it’s next Thursday night at the barbeque place a couple blocks down.”

If only.

Melissa bent down and dug through her bag until she managed to produce four cuffs, each made of black leather and trimmed in red fur. She laid them down on the ground in a row and sorted them by size. Then she reached back into the bag, pausing thoughtfully for a moment before lifting out a blindfold and handing it over to Jacqueline as she stood.

“Up to you if you want to try it.”

Jacqueline turned it over in her hands and examined it closely. The outside was made of hard black leather, but a layer of black fur on the inside looked as though it would lay comfortably across her eyes. She bit her lip and silently nodded.

“If you don’t like it, we can take it off.” Melissa gently took it from her and placed it on her head, leaving the blindfold up on her forehead for the moment. Then she bent down and attached the two larger cuffs to Jacqueline’s ankles, her fingers lingering momentarily on the smooth skin of her calves.

But there was more to be done. “Wrists please,” she said as she straightened.

Melissa wordlessly wrapped the cuffs around Jacqueline’s wrists and

adjusted them. Then she walked her up to the cross and positioned her with her back to the black leather padding, each touch of her hands slow and sensual. Melissa pulled the blindfold down and the last thing Jacqueline saw before the world went black was her happy and eager smile.

Melissa guided her wrists up to the two D-clips, and after a jangling of metal and two sharp snaps, her wrists were locked in place above her head. Warm hands then slid down the length of latex-clad thighs and coaxed them apart, inch by inch, until finally her ankles found their places and the last of the locks clicked shut. Those same hands found Jacqueline's hips at the very moment that Melissa's breath puffed across her ear and raised goosebumps. She trembled, rattling weakly at her restraints.

"I'm here," Melissa whispered, her lips close enough to brush Jacqueline's skin as she spoke. "I won't leave you. Do not be afraid. What are the safewords?"

Jacqueline sucked in a deep breath and held it for a moment, trying to steady her breathing. "Yellow and red."

"Are the cuffs too tight?"

"N-No, Miss," she replied.

"I like your perfume," Melissa whispered into the other ear as her hands drifted up her sides, skimming over her body through the fishnet. "It's so sweet and intoxicating."

The world around Jacqueline vanished; the sounds of the party drifted away, becoming muffled and distant in the blackness that surrounded her. The only clear thing was Melissa's voice. It was finally happening. What Jacob read and fantasized about so many times was finally real.

Jacqueline shuddered and moaned as Melissa dragged her fingernails along the insides of her thighs, not hard enough to leave marks but more than enough to suck the air from her lungs in a sharp gasp. She lifted the hem of her skirt up to her waist and rubbed her hand down over the front of her panties, briefly cupping her sex before moving on. Jacqueline's knees buckled as pleasure shot through her. It was beyond anything she had ever felt when she was a man. Her whole body had become incredibly sensitive

and every little touch triggered a new jolt of rapture.

As she squirmed futilely in her bindings, her hardened nipples rubbed and strained against the fabric of her dress. Melissa's clever fingers explored every inch of her body, from her toes all the way to her scalp. She carefully scraped her nails across the arch of Jacqueline's breasts, avoiding the sharp nubs that begged for her attention and moving on to her hairline instead, combing her fingers through her hair. Teeth closed gently over the soft flesh of Jacqueline's earlobe and left her whimpering.

Jacqueline sensed herself slipping out of the universe. Time held no meaning, and when Melissa finally removed the blindfold, she realized that she had no idea just how much had passed. It took a moment for Jacqueline's mind to reconnect with her body. She felt weak, panting and sweating. Her legs could barely hold her up. She nearly collapsed when Melissa freed her from the restraints, clinging to her as she walked Jacqueline over to a nearby couch; through her foggy vision she could see that the couple who was sitting there instantly vacated for the two of them, and she collapsed into the still-warm seat with a low groan.

She heard Melissa ask someone to keep an eye on her while she went to get some water. Before Jacqueline even realized that Melissa was gone, she was already back. She sat down on the couch next to her and held her close, in an almost motherly fashion. "Hey there. You feeling alright?"

"I... that was..." Jacqueline muttered.

"It's alright, just relax. I've got some water here if you need it."

"Thank you."

It was a strange feeling. Many of the stories and the BDSM guide books she'd read all mentioned aftercare. She knew that after an intense session, the bottom would need nurturing, that the top would need to guide them out of subspace and help bring them back into the world.

Was what I felt subspace?

Her mind and vision slowly cleared, and she realized how wet she'd gotten between her legs.

“How are you feeling?” Melissa asked. “For a first timer, you did exceptionally well.”

**“I feel... tired. Like I just finished a very intense workout routine.”
Jacqueline sipped her water, not realizing just how thirsty she’d been until after the first drops had passed between her lips. “It was incredible. Thank you.”**

Melissa smiled and softly combed her fingers through Jacqueline’s hair. She realized then just how close they had gotten; they were pretty much cuddling. When she was Jacob, she hardly ever got this close to Melissa, except when they hugged.

“It’s strange,” Melissa said as she tucked some of Jacqueline’s blonde hair behind her ear. “You have this energy about you. It feels so familiar. Like, someone I know. I sensed it when we played. When a top and a bottom really connect, their energies mix and dance together.”

Jacqueline took a long, slow drink of water. She wondered if she would have to somehow tell Melissa who she really was.

“Maybe we met in some past life,” Jacqueline said.

“Maybe,” Melissa replied.

They remained that way for a while, even after Jacqueline had fully “sobered up”. She wondered if she would be incredibly sore when this was all over. If she’d wake up in her bed, in Jacob’s body, and his legs would kill him for all of the walking she had done in those wicked heels. She wondered if she would turn back at all.

That wouldn’t be so bad, would it? she thought. Her mind played out the rest of her life as a woman in fast forward. But she shook the thought out of her head. There was no need to think about any of that right now. All that mattered was what was happening in the present.

“Hey, so...” Melissa said, looking a little bit flustered. “I hope I’m not being too forward with this, but I was wondering...”

“What?”

Melissa glanced up at the clock on the wall. “The party will be over soon, and I really enjoyed our time together. I was wondering if maybe... you’d want to come back to my place?”

Jacqueline smiled. Even in the dull lighting of the dungeon, she could see how red Melissa’s face had grown. She looked so shy, so innocent. It was funny seeing her this way when not too long ago she’d had the strong, confident, and seductive look of a dominatrix.

“Yeah, I’d like that.” Jacqueline said.

They stared at each other for what seemed like an eternity. Jacqueline felt herself drawn closer to Melissa. She closed her eyes and their lips met in a brief but passionate kiss, warm and soft and even better than Jacqueline could ever have imagined. Melissa broke it to stand and extend her hand; Jacqueline silently took it. She followed Melissa out of the club and into her car, not caring that she would be leaving her own behind.

During the short trip back Melissa drove with one arm on the steering wheel and the other caressing the bare skin along Jacqueline’s upper inner thigh. No words were exchanged between the two women during the drive, just heated looks and giggles and from Jacqueline, soft moans.

When the elevator doors closed behind them, Melissa pushed Jacqueline against the wall of the elevator and kissed her passionately, their tongues entwining as their hands eagerly roamed. Melissa fondled and squeezed the softness of Jacqueline’s breasts and ass while she clutched at Melissa’s shoulders in an attempt to keep from puddling onto the floor. Her dress was giving up its fight for modesty under Melissa’s welcome assault, rucking up around her waist and fishnet shifting to reveal her breasts beneath the cover of her coat, and she found she didn’t care.

They were alone the entire way up, and their lips reluctantly parted as the elevator doors opened. With a wicked grin, Melissa wrapped her arm around Jacqueline’s waist and escorted her out of the carriage. The two women hastily made their way down the hallway to Melissa’s door, one clutching her coat tightly in an attempt to keep herself covered while the other tugged her eagerly along. The whole way up from the car, Jacqueline felt like a stranger. She felt as though she was in an alternate reality, that

this wasn't the same apartment complex that she also lived in, that this was a different building and hers was a world away.

Even though she had been in Melissa's apartment before—as Jacob—Jacqueline felt like this was her first time. She entered slowly, taking in the sight of Melissa's geek chic decor. She felt a pair of hands reach up and slowly pull off the heavy coat that had been keeping her very revealing dress and exposed skin away from the prying eyes of the vanilla world. Jacqueline blushed, tugging her hemline lower until it at least covered some of her bottom again.

“Would you like something to drink?” Melissa asked as she walked past Jacqueline into her living room, tossing the coat over the back of a chair. Jacqueline knew that Melissa had a small bar in the corner of her living room, and that Melissa used to work as a bartender. She nodded her head in the direction of her bedroom. “Or would you prefer something else?”

Jacqueline had never actually seen Melissa's bedroom. Her bathroom was separate from the bedroom, which she had only been in a couple of times when she visited Melissa's apartment. It was a simple bedroom with a queen-sized, four-poster bed. Melissa climbed onto the bed, and Jacqueline joined her without hesitation.

They kissed again, their tongues writhing sensually as Melissa maneuvered Jacqueline onto her back and crawled over her. Melissa's lips sensually explored the topography of her lover's body, kiss after kiss caressing the curves of her cheek, the taut lines of her neck, the ridges of her collar, and the swell of her breasts. Jacqueline squirmed and moaned as Melissa's clever lips moved, her fingers sliding their way up Jacqueline's thighs until they vanished beneath the hemline of her dress.

“Oh! Fuck!” Jacqueline gasped, and Melissa just grinned as her fingertips circled and teased the nub of Jacqueline's new clit through the fabric of her underwear.

But she didn't stop there. “Let's just get these out of the way,” Melissa giggled as her fingers slid up to hook under the waistband of Jacqueline's thong. She opened her mouth to protest, as for a moment she worried that by removing the thong she'd turn back into a man, but before any words

could escape her lips the thong was past her knees and already off one foot. The protest vanished when she remained a woman.

“Oh my,” Melissa said, bringing the panties to her face and deeply inhaling Jacqueline’s warm scent. “Someone’s ripe for the plucking.” Jacqueline’s face went red as Melissa tossed the panties aside, embarrassed yet also incredibly turned on by the sight. Then Melissa looked at her closet and back out of her bedroom, brow furrowing as she thought of something. “You stay right there.”

Melissa rolled off the bed and ran out of the bedroom, still in her high heels. Jacqueline propped herself up onto her elbows and peeked after her, trying to see what Melissa was up to. Seconds later she returned, her “party bag” in hand, and Jacqueline’s face grew even more flushed.

Melissa tossed the bag onto the foot of the bed and dug through it until she removed a single item: the blindfold. Holding it close to her chest, Melissa turned toward Jacqueline. The woman had the look of a shy high schooler trying to summon the courage to ask her crush to prom.

She chewed on her lower lip for a few moments, silent.

“What’s the matter?” Jacqueline asked, sitting up and half afraid that the other had changed her mind.

“So, there’s something I’ve always wanted to do, but I have yet to find a partner that I, well, want to do it with.” Her eyes moved from the bed to Jacqueline, and she could see that it was Melissa’s turn to blush. “Until tonight that is.”

Jacqueline smiled shyly. “What is it?”

“So, you know how I have that party bag, right?” Melissa said, pointing to the bag with her thumb. “Well, I have more stuff here in my bedroom. And I was kinda hoping to, well, try some of it out on you.”

“Okay, so what did you want to do to me?” Jacqueline asked, nearly laughing. It was so funny seeing Melissa as this shy, nervous woman when not too long ago she was asserting herself over Jacqueline at the club and in the elevator, and teasing her during the whole car ride back.

“You know what I did to you in the club?”

“Yeah?”

“Well, I want to do that, and more, and well... sex?”

Jacqueline turned over onto her hands and knees and crawled toward Melissa, leaning in to kiss her on the lips. “I’d be glad to.”

Melissa’s smile went from ear to ear. “The safeword is ‘triforce’.”

“‘Triforce’.” Jacqueline repeated, chuckling. “So does that make you Princess Zelda and me Link?”

Melissa’s grin turned wicked. “Well, I can slip a ball gag between those succulent lips of yours and make you silent like Link.”

“Sounds like fun.”

“I know this is lame, but we have to negotiate before the sexy times begin, okay?”

“That’s fine,” Jacqueline said, resting on her elbows with her chin in her hands as she listened.

“I’d like to strip you naked, save for those boots, and blindfold and gag you. I’d like to put a collar on you that has nipple clamps on them and bind your wrists and ankles to the four posts of this bed. Then I’d like to tease you until you can’t take it anymore and you’d do anything to get off.”

Jacqueline’s jaw dropped, and Melissa immediately began to panic. “Did I go overboard? I didn’t mean to scare you!”

“No, no, that’s not it at all! It actually sounds perfect. When can we start?”

Melissa reached around and smacked Jacqueline on the ass, causing the blonde to yelp. “We can start once you address me properly.”

“Sorry, Miss,” Jacqueline smiled.

“Good girl. Now, follow me.”

Melissa guided Jacqueline off of the bed and put the blindfold over her eyes, kissing her as her world went dark yet again. Those now-familiar hands stroked over shiny fabric and fishnet, over bare skin and latex, until she finally slid the straps of the dress down off of Jacqueline's shoulders and peeled the garment from her body.

"You are to remain there until I say otherwise, understand?"

"Yes, Miss." Jacqueline could feel Melissa's presence before her, her welcome power and control surrounding her in a soothing bubble. Her ears followed the clicking of Melissa's heels as her domme moved about her bedroom, prepping things for the festivities. She heard the sliding closet door and the creaking of a large trunk and even the muffled sounds of Melissa talking to herself.

Whenever she'd walk past, Melissa's fingers would fleetingly brush some of Jacqueline's skin. The delicate touch on her naked flesh sent shivers throughout Jacqueline's body.

"I bet you'd love to be paraded around in the nude, wouldn't you?" Melissa whispered in one ear before moving to the other. **"Naked and blindfolded, wearing only a collar and some high heels. Led around by a metal leash. All those eyes on you, nothing to cover you or hide you from their gazes."**

Jacqueline bit at her lower lip as her mind's eye brought to life what Melissa described. The thought of being so exposed made her squirm, and she vainly rubbed her legs together. But suddenly there were fingers there, stroking over her smooth labia before dipping between, and she jerked back with a cry.

"My, my! Someone's soaking wet!"

Jacqueline couldn't help but let out a wanton moan as Melissa's fingers rubbed over her clit. She had already been teased so much, and her body reminded her of her continued need with another surge of warmth in her sex that left her with even more fluid dripping between her thighs.

This is... this is incredible, she thought. Her body was so much more sensitive like this, so much more easily stimulated than her male form. Melissa's fingers vanished and she was left panting.

“Everything’s ready,” Melissa said. “I’m going to put on your collar now.”

A moment later she felt the cool leather press against her neck, the even colder metal of the nipple clamps resting against her skin as they dangled from the collar at the end of thin chains. Melissa tightened it, then loosened it some.

“How does it feel?”

“It... it feels fine, Miss.”

“Not too tight?”

“No, Miss.”

“Follow me onto the bed.”

Melissa took Jacqueline’s hand and led her up to the bed. The two women crawled onto it and Melissa positioned Jacqueline onto her back, arms and legs spread toward the four corners of the mattress. She wrapped the padded Velcro strap of a set of cuffs lighter than the ones they’d used before around both of Jacqueline’s wrists, before bringing her lips down to hers.

Melissa mouthed teasingly along the lines of Jacqueline’s neck and collarbone before returning to the large mounds of her breasts, tongue darting out to lick and playfully torment. Straddling her waist, Melissa used both hands to fondle and squeeze each more-than-ample handful, while her thumbs rubbed and teased the tight peaks of Jacqueline’s nipples. The bound blonde giggled and writhed under Melissa’s playful touch, moaning and gasping in between cute bouts of laughter. Once Melissa thought Jacqueline’s nipples had been harassed enough, she attached the first clamp.

“Oh! Oh my!” Jacqueline groaned.

“You okay?”

“Y-yes, Miss.” She squirmed and worried at her lip, nodding her head quickly.

Melissa rolled the other nipple between her thumb and forefinger for a few moments longer before attaching the second clamp. Jacqueline wriggled and moaned whenever Melissa gleefully tugged on the little chains.

“Oh, this is going to be so much fun.” Melissa backed off of Jacqueline and turned around to attach the cuffs to her ankles, leaving her completely bound to the bed posts. “Go ahead and give them a tug.” Jacqueline obeyed and tested the cuffs on her wrists and ankles. She pulled lightly at first, but at Melissa’s command she jerked harder and harder until her domme was satisfied that they’d hold.

“Oh! I almost forgot!” Jacqueline couldn’t see, but she guessed from the quick and violent shaking of the bed that Melissa had gotten off of it. She could hear the clicks of her high heels as she scampered about her bedroom. “Huzzah!”

Seconds later, Jacqueline felt springs shift as Melissa climbed back onto the bed and moved toward her, her presence almost tangible as it loomed over her. A hand reached behind her and tilted her head forward. Jacqueline kept her head up as Melissa fiddled with something, whatever-it-was remaining a mystery until she felt a hard ball brush her lips. She opened her mouth and let the ball gag slip into place.

“Okay, so it’ll be harder to say the safeword with that gag in your mouth, so if you need out, hum four times. Did you ever watch Doctor Who?”

Jacqueline hesitated for a second before nodding.

“You remember the sound of drums?”

From behind the gag, Jacqueline laughed. After a moment, she quickly hummed two sets of four beats.

“Thatta girl,” Melissa said before kissing Jacqueline’s forehead.

There was more shuffling, then nothing. Silence fell over the bedroom and after a few minutes Jacqueline began to shift uneasily. She lifted her head, and even though blackness engulfed her vision she still turned it back and forth, hoping to pick up some kind of movement or even a sound.

After a while, there was an audible click and a loud buzzing filled the air. She felt the vibrations on her clit before her brain could even make the connection between sound and toy. Her body jerked violently in response to the buzzing, but then she heard the machine turn off.

“Nod if you want to continue.”

Jacqueline nodded and the Hitachi wand turned back on.

The vibrating head was pressed back between her thighs, and while she jerked again in response, it wasn't as violent the second time around. More audible than the vibrator were Jacqueline's moans; even with the gag in her mouth, the sounds filled the bedroom and perhaps spilled out into the hallway as well. If it wasn't for the gag, the neighbors may have had cause to file a noise complaint.

The intense sensations caused by the vibrator on her pussy rocked Jacqueline's world. She was almost instantly torn away from reality and swallowed up in a sea of ecstasy. With her sight gone, her sense of touch was heightened. Melissa knew this, too, which was why every time she pulled the toy away, several long, thin strands of liquid clung to it.

This went on for what felt like hours. She would ride to the brink of orgasm only to have the toy pulled away and the sweet release she so dearly desired snatched just beyond her reach once more. It was beyond frustrating, but at the same time it felt absolutely wonderful. Melissa would tease her with the vibrator in one hand while the other tugged at the chains that were attached to her nipples. She even brought the toy to her chest, which made Jacqueline arch her back and jerk hard at the restraints.

The best thing, though, was when Melissa brought her lips and tongue to Jacqueline's sopping wet cunt. Her fingers would spread the lips and she'd slide her tongue in to lap up all of the juices that her endless teasing created. Jacqueline's body started to glisten with a layer of sweat. She was so tired, but she wanted to keep going. She wanted to orgasm so badly.

As if reading her mind, Melissa finally gave it to her.

Melissa buried her face in Jacqueline's crotch, licking and teasing and rubbing for a few moments before swapping out for the vibrator, then

diving in to lick once more. Jacqueline could feel it coming. She was so close. Her body twitched and shook and spasmed, and there was no stopping the loud moans and wails that echoed through the room in spite of the gag.

Then Melissa pushed the vibrator against her clit and left it there. She popped the gag out of Jacqueline's mouth and brought her lips to her ear. "I want to hear you scream," Melissa murmured, gently biting Jacqueline's earlobe.

"Ohhhh!" Jacqueline cried out when she grabbed both chains with one hand and tugged hard on her nipples. "Ohh! Ohhhh! OHHHHH!"

Jacqueline's body jerked violently as she came, cum drenching the bedsheets beneath her. It wasn't until her body quit spasming and her screaming came to an end that Melissa switched off the vibrator. She bent down, kissing and licking at Jacqueline's drenched pussy, then brought her lips to Jacqueline's to share the liquid lust. They kissed passionately until Melissa pulled away and lifted off the blindfold.

The light of the room almost blinded Jacqueline's eyes, as if she had been in the dark for hours and hours. She had lost all track of time. Sweat clung to her glowing body as she panted for air, still struggling to catch her breath. Finally she looked up at Melissa and the two women shared a smile.

"That was..." Jacqueline let her head fall back onto the bed, staring groggily at the ceiling.

"Amazing?" Melissa finished for her as she unclipped Jacqueline's nipples.

"That and so much more." Melissa gave her a quick peck before shuffling about to remove the restraints. With her arms and legs free, Jacqueline sat up and stretched. "What time is it?"

Melissa laughed. "It's, ugh... 5 a.m...."

"No shit?"

"No shit."

Jacqueline fell back onto the bed. It's almost daybreak. I wonder what'll

happen to me. Maybe I should tell her before I suddenly change back into a guy and freak her out. Or should I just leave?

Silence fell over the two women.

“Look there’s—”

“I have to tell—”

“You first,” they said in unison.

They both went quiet, and Melissa looked away as she wrung her fingers. She looked very nervous about something.

Jacqueline cleared her throat. “There’s something I have to tell you. I, uh, haven’t been honest about who I am.”

Before Jacqueline could explain what she meant and how she was actually Melissa’s friend Jacob transformed into a very attractive woman, Melissa spoke.

“I know who you are. I know it’s you, Jacob.” She spoke the words so fast that it took Jacqueline several seconds to register them. By that time, Melissa had turned away and looked to be bracing for a punch.

Jacqueline sat up, slack-jawed. “Wait, what?”

“I know it’s you.” She said, still turned away, shame weighing heavily on her words. “I wished for this to happen.”

“Really?”

Realizing she wasn’t going to be hit by the buxom blonde, Melissa relaxed her guard and turned to face Jacqueline, eyes cast down on the bed between them.

“The thing is, Jacqueline—Jacob—I’m attracted to your personality and your brain and all that. I’m just not into guys. I was at a bar last night and I got super drunk and was talking to this really hot chick.” Melissa blushed at the memory. “Well, we somehow got on the topic of you and I was talking

about how you're a pretty cool guy and all that, and how if I wasn't a lesbian I'd be totally into you. Then this chick was like: well, what if he was a woman? And I was all like: that would be so cool."

"What did this woman look like?"

"I, uh, don't really remember. It's all pretty blurry. She was a brunette, I think. Anyway, I eventually found myself back in my apartment here, asleep on the couch with a note in my jacket pocket saying She'll be there tomorrow night."

"How did you know for sure that it was me?"

"The scar on your back."

Jacqueline instinctually reached back and her fingers found the three-inch scar on her right shoulder blade.

"Remember that time we were talking about all of the stupid shit we'd done as kids, and you showed me the scar you'd gotten when you were twelve? I saw it when I approached the kitchen at the club and I knew then it was you." Melissa cautiously glanced up at Jacqueline's face. "I couldn't believe it at first. How did you know to attend the club?"

Jacqueline blushed. "Well, I guess it's my turn to confess. I've actually been to the club once, back before I met you. What I said to you earlier at the club, about how I got into BDSM and what I liked, those parts were all true. That, and I, uh..." She looked away in embarrassment.

Melissa reached over and placed her hand on Jacqueline's cheek, turning her face back toward her. "What is it?"

"I found your Fetlife profile two months ago. Completely by accident. I swear!"

"You little slut," Melissa snickered as she playfully pinched one of Jacqueline's nipples. They shared the laugh for a moment, then it became quiet again.

"What do you think happens now?" Jacqueline finally asked. "Am I

supposed to turn back?”

Melissa frowned. “Do you want to turn back?” She reached out and took Jacqueline’s hand. “I’d like it if you stayed like this.”

The first light of dawn crept into the bedroom. Outside, the waking sun’s pale glow covered the city. The two women stared into each other’s eyes, their fingers intertwined. After a long pause, Jacqueline turned to look out of the window and then back at Melissa. She remembered the warning that she had until dawn. Did she want to stay as Jacqueline? Or did she want to turn back into Jacob?

Melissa’s warm smile and the love in her eyes gave Jacqueline the answer she sought.

“I want to stay as Jacqueline,” she finally said.

Melissa smiled, then leaned forward and kissed Jacqueline. “Best Friday night ever?”

Jacqueline returned the smile. “Best Friday night ever.”

She fell onto her back as Melissa climbed on top of her. The two women embraced as morning light filled the room.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading Only Tonight, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena