

I Love Being A Cock-Tease!



I love being a cock-tease.

I love shaving my legs and wearing thin, flowery sundresses that barely cover my butt and walking down the sidewalk on a windy day and watching the men almost hurt themselves as I strut by. They're so cute, trying to crane their necks to get even a quick peek at my panties- I only wear the girliest, sexiest ones- and if I bend over even a little bit in my heels to make faces at a cute doggy in a window, I can hear the silly boys walking into stop signs and newspaper stands behind me! I love being a girl and having kind of that power!

I'm even worse in the clothes stores. Of course I try on all the cutest, sexiest outfits- lingerie, dresses, tights, I love them all!- but what I love the most is getting totally butt naked in one of the changing rooms, then sticking half my body out into the store- using the curtain to just barely, barely keep my girly bits covered- and then waving down a waiting married man I had seen trying not to stare at me.

"Excuse me, sir?" I say in my high-pitched voice, blinking my long eyelashes at him and chewing on my glossy lip as if I'm so worried. "My friends played a prank on me- I'm totally *naked* in here! Could you help me?"

I love watching the man- who's probably waiting for his plus-sized wife to try on some frumpy jeans- track his eyes from my cute bare feet with their pink painted toenails, up my smooth, bare leg, around the swell of my nude hip, up my

bare stomach and to the swell of my breast whose hard nipple is barely covered by the curtain, until he finally gets to my cute face- and he can barely say a word!

“Um, ah, um, what do you want me to do?” he usually stammers.

“Well, I like, need some clothes, duh!” I giggle. “Could you get me those pants from the rack, in a size 2, and some panties- with a bow on them!- and a little crop top?” As the man lurches to follow my orders, I usually squeal, “No, not the blue crop top! The cute PINK one!”

Normally a naked person would have no power, but even with a middle-aged married man fully dressed and me wearing nothing but lip gloss- I'm in full control! Have I told you how much I love being a girl?!?!

“I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Here, will these do?” they eventually stammer, handing me the clothes from very far away, like I was some tiger who could bite them in half.

And then I giggle: “Well, sir... I'm *totally naked* behind this curtain- I don't even have my purse with me! I need you to *buy* the clothes for me, or else I can't wear them out! If you did that-”

-I usually lick my lips cutely here-

“I would really *appreciate* it. You know what I mean?”

And the middle aged men are so flummoxed, thinking about a naked, *appreciative* twenty-something just inches from them behind a thin curtain, I can practically *hear* their cocks throbbing inside their jeans- and then they always go buy the clothes for me!

Sometimes I can even see the outlines of their poor, aching stiffies in their pants as they rush to the counter to get the deal done before their wives return- I wonder how they explain those credit card charges later- but I don't care about that because I just slip those new clothes, grab my purse and walk out the door.

The poor men are always so confused, seeing me walk by with a purse and shoes that they didn't buy, and usually can't say anything as I give them a peck on the cheek and giggle “Thank you!” into their ear.

If they're cute or bought me especially expensive clothes I'll also give their silly boners one quick squeeze right through their pants as I kiss their cheek, just to tease them a little more. Some of the men almost have a heart attack when I do that! And then I strut my ass right out the door without looking back. Whenever I pull an outrageous stunt like that, my wife always demands I tell her all about it when I get home.

“And he was hard?” she'll laugh.

“SO hard!” I'll squeal back. We'll usually be wearing sleep shirts and cotton panties as I tell her this story, sipping white wine on the couch- you know, real girly stuff.

“Tell me again!” my wife said one night, her eyes bright. “How *exactly* did you say it?”

I fluttered my eyebrows like I did to that day's poor horny husband and giggled: “But sir, I'm totally *naaaaaaked* behind this curtain! Could you *pleeeeeease* help me?”

“God you are SUCH a flirt, Chrissy!” And then Lisa- she is so pretty, I wish I could look like her- leaned over to kiss me, our lipsticked lips meeting. After the kiss she whispered in my ear: “And you touched his cock on the way out?”

I gulped- Lisa's kisses always left my heart racing. "Yeah!"

"Did a hard cock feel good in your hands?"

I blushed then. "I don't know..."

"Sure you do! Didn't you want to stroke that cock more? Suck it with your hot little mouth?"

I slapped her shoulder. "Lisa, no! I'm a cock *tease*- nothing else!"

"That's right!" my wife said, her fingers drifting under my sleep shirt to find my naked ribs. Her long fingernails suddenly unleashed an assault of tickling.

"Who's my cute little cock tease?"

"I am!" I squealed, gasping and thrashing under her talented fingers.

I was always helpless when Lisa tickled me.

"Who's my little girl who loves wearing pink panties and getting the boy's dicks hard?"

"I AM!"

The change in her fingers was so subtle I didn't even notice she had switched from tickling to arousing me until she was lovingly cupping my pert A cups and pinching my hard nipples. "That's right," my wife purred, sucking on my ear in a way that made me feel all squishy inside. "Who's gonna be my little girl forever?"

"Me! Lisa- oh god- please make me cum!"

My clit was hard and throbbing, making my cotton panties tight... so tight.

She used one hand to keep pinching my nipples, one at a time, and used the other to rub my little clit through my panties, up and down. "You want me to play with your clit tonight Chrissy? To make you feel good?"

"Yes Lisa! Yes!"

Both her hands left my body at once.

"But maybe I like you all wound up and horny like this," she chuckled, settling back down on her side of the couch. "I think it makes you a much better cock tease!"

"But *Lisa*-"

"Maybe tomorrow night, okay Chrissy?" she said, rubbing my smooth, girly ankle. "I'm feeling a little tired tonight. Aren't you?"

"I don't know." My clit was still so tight in my panties, but I was starting to feel tired. "I guess so. I *am* tired."

"Then go to sleep, Chrissy."

I loved cock-teasing men so much, I had dreams where I WAS one, a man with a stiff, hard cock, aching for release.

What was weird was the dream was always very specific, I was always the same man working at this same software company, stressed and in charge of five other programmers and trying to meet a deadline that never came. What was also strange was that Lisa was always there in the dream with me too. She was always my wife there too, taking my coat when I got home and kissing me on the cheek- I had a five o'clock shadow in my dream!- and always telling me to relax.

I didn't worry about it too much because it was just a dream and each time I woke up, it was just Lisa and Chrissy again and we had so many fun girly things to do.

“Hey sleepy head,” Lisa giggled as I yawned and came awake in our fluffy bed, the afternoon sun streaming in through the windows. She kissed me and my heart beat faster. “Wanna watch some porn?”

That got me awake fast. “DO I!”

“Then take a shower and shave you silly goose!” she giggled, tickling my ribs until I squealed and jumped out of bed. “And let's make it special- why don't you put on your teddy?”

I was already slipping off my panties and warming up the shower water. “The sexy white one?” I gasped.

She had bought me that on our second anniversary!

Lisa was smiling at me. “The sexy white one.”

I took a shower and shaved my legs in record time, but Lisa had to help with the tricky area around my little clitty- I always got confused around there, I don't know why. Then she did my make up so I'd have a fresh, natural look and helped me slip into the silkiest, most feminine garment that I owned.

I shivered just putting it on- the silk barely felt like more than feathers against my soft, pink skin!

“Oh god, my nipples are hard already!” I giggled as I skipped over to the computer in the corner of the bedroom.

“I love you when you're horny,” Lisa giggled, sitting down in the reading chair first. Like me, she was wearing a silky teddy, but hers was red, went almost to her knees, and was much less transparent. But it still felt great against the back of my legs as I sat on her lap. She smiled. “Now, what kind of porn do you wanna watch?”

“Lesbians!” I squealed, kicking my feet. Sitting on Lisa's lap, my feet couldn't touch the floor. It made me feel small and delicate. “You know I love lesbians the best!”

“I know,” she chuckled, using her fingers under my chin to bend my head around so she could kiss me deeply. I was breathless when she broke the kiss and said: “But how about we watch some boy-girl stuff tonight?”

“No!” I pouted. “I wanna see lesbians!”

“Come on, you'll like it,” she laughed, rubbing her hand over my smooth legs, making me shiver.

I giggled. I guess boy-girl stuff could be fun too.

“Okay...”

I watched her type in: 'Blow-jobs', then 'facials'.

“Lisa, ewww! No!”

“We're watching this tonight,” she stated, and that was that.

My wife could have a very commanding voice when she wanted to.

“Okay...” I pouted. A girl came on screen, slowly unzipping some guy's jeans to reveal a mass of pubic hair. “Lisa! Ewww! He's too hairy!”

"That's right, I forgot you don't like hairy guys," she chuckled. "How about this one?"

"No! His dick's too small!"

"That's right, you like big cocks, don't you, Chrissy?"

I giggled. She knew me so well! "Yeah."

She clicked again. On screen a shaved, ripped guy- he must have been a weightlifter- was taking a shower. He turned to the camera to let us see a soft, wet, cock that swung like a horse's. "How about him?"

I gulped. His muscles were so well defined, so bulging. But all I could look at was that wet, gleaming cock. "He's okay."

"He's better than *okay*," Lisa chuckled, rubbing my thighs, getting dangerously close to my tight clit. "Those hard pecs, his solid thighs, those huge biceps... How does seeing a man like that make you feel, Chrissy?"

I swallowed. My clit was so hard- I couldn't think straight! "Small!" I squeaked. "And delicate."

She laughed. "And if you were home alone with a real man like that, and he wanted to fuck, there's nothing you could do to stop him, is there? He would bend you over our bed and take your little virgin ass any way he wanted, couldn't he?"

I squirmed, trying hard to ignore my stiff, throbbing clit. "No! I'd give him blue balls and then send him home!"

"You'd try," she laughed, kissing my soft neck. "But a man like that could pick you up and break you in half, couldn't he?"

I had to agree- I was no match for a stud like that! "I guess."

Now a girl entered the video, nude and walking towards the shower. That made me feel better. She was willowy with small tits and a nice round ass, just like me.

"She's cute!" I told Lisa. "I'd totally fuck *her*."

"I bet you would," my wife chuckled. "But only after you sucked *his* cock dry."

"No! I'm not a cock sucker!"

"Tell that to *Mr. Handy*," my wife giggled, pulling open her top desk drawer.

My eyes got big.

Mr. Handy was what we called our biggest dildo, the ten-incher that Lisa jokingly referred to as 'the real man' around the house. I swallowed hard, squirming a little on her lap.

"Why do we need Mister Handy?"

"To give you something to do while we watch," Lisa chuckled, setting the base in front of the keyboard. She got a bottle from the same drawer and dripped a few drops of thick, shiny honey on the tip of Mr. Handy, then pointed the cock at my shiny lips.

"Come on, sweetie. Give him a little suck."

I licked my lips.

Lisa *knew* I had a thing for honey...

"Good girl," she laughed as I opened my mouth and started licking all around the fat head. "I always *knew* you were a cock sucker, deep down inside."

I came off the cock. "I'm not a cock sucker! I just like the-"

She was dripping even more honey on Mr. Handy, all down his thick, veiny shaft.

“Lisaaaa,” I whined, then fell to licking and sucking him all over. “I’m on a *diet*!”

“You can cheat a little every now and then,” she chuckled, watching me suck. She tilted my head towards the screen. “Do it like she does. Come on, we’ll do it together.”

I loved these fun girl games that Lisa always thought up!

“Okay!”

We had so much fun, licking that huge cock just like that slut did, making the same silly moans she did, pretending that we just loved having a big cock between our lips- it was so funny! Lisa kept the dildo well lubed with honey so it was extra yummy for me to suck.

“Do you like sucking cock, Chrissy?”

I giggled- this felt so naughty! “Yeah!”

“But what if it was smaller? Like... this small?” She was holding her thumb and forefinger next to Mr. Handy’s base, her fingertips barely reaching half his length.

“No, eeeewww!” I laughed. “That’s just a baby dick!”

“So you wouldn’t suck a man who was only this big?”

“No way!”

“And how often would you let such a guy cum?”

“Never! Little dicks like that don’t deserve to cum!”

My wife laughed. “God, you came out perfect, Chrisy!” She pulled a little tape recorder from her desk drawer and hit the red button. “Say that again.”

I was confused. “Why?”

She was nuzzling my neck now, nipping and kissing me in a way that made my clit so hard and drippy I could barely think.

“Because at work I’ve got this friend named Chris. And he’s got the hots for you so bad- getting into your panties is *all* he thinks about...”

“Chris?” I said. It sounded familiar. “Do I know him?”

“You’ve never met,” Lisa laughed. “But just two months ago I found Chris has a baby dick, only as big as I just showed you! I want to play this tape for him so he knows he *never* has a chance with you- that he’ll always be staring at you from a distance but *never* able to have you. It would cock-tease him SO bad!”

I licked my lips. That sounded like SO much fun! “What’s his name again?”

“Chris,” she said, holding the tape recorder near my mouth. “And I told him you don’t like boys who masturbate, so he hasn’t touched himself in a *real* long time. He’s so, so horny for you, baby- so what do you have to say to him?”

I giggled and brought the recorder near my lips, licking them.

“Now listen here, Chris,” I said in my sweetest, sexiest girl voice, “my name is Chrissy and I’m the hottest piece of ass you could ever hope to meet! I’m wearing a little see through teddy and I’m totally shaved and so fuckable and I’m so turned on watching porn here with Lisa, and if you were here with me right now... I’d fall over laughing at your tiny little dick! Lisa tells me you’re so horny because you’re not masturbating for me, but guess what- little dick men like you don’t deserve to cum!”

“Never?” Lisa prompted.

“Never!” I laughed. “Shrimp dick men don’t need to cum- only hung studs do!” I slurped Mr. Handy extra loudly, for Chris’ benefit. “Hear that, loser? That’s

a *real* cock going in and out of my mouth- mmmm, it's so thick- I love sucking big cock and I love teasing little dicks like yours!"

I gave the dildo another loud suck, smacking my lips at the end. "Mmmm! You can keep not masturbating for the rest of your life- I don't care! I'm only going to suck big cocks and you'll never have a chance to cum with me! I hope you die of blue balls, looooooser!"

Lisa shut off the recorder and kissed me fiercely. "Oh god, you *are* perfect Chrissy- you're so perfect!"

"I'm just a cock tease," I laughed at her, passing her the cock so she could suck too. Which she did, giving the dildo such enthusiastic licks it made me think she was an expert at. But she was a lesbian- how could she be?

"I know, but you're mine! You're *my* perfect little cock-tease!"

On screen, the weightlifter picked the girl up like she weighed nothing, threw her on a bed and started pounding his huge, well-licked cock into her tight snatch as she screamed in pleasure.

"Oh no, now how are we going to do that?" Lisa laughed. "Get on the bed and spread your legs, slut!"

I squirmed, watching that huge guy pile drive that cute little girl. "Lisa, noooooo! I can't take Mr. Handy like *that*! He's too big!"

She stroked my face, her other hand playing with my clit in a way that made my heart almost explode.

"Don't worry, Chrissy, I'll go slow," she giggled. "The key with you, has always been going slow."

I had the boy dream again that night, and of course Lisa was there again.

But I wasn't in an office, I was in a house, a house that looked so much like ours. Dreams are weird like that.

I didn't like this dream; Lisa and I were having an argument over something.

"God damn it, Lisa! What have you done?"

My dream wife laughed. "Exactly what you wanted."

I didn't know what the argument was about; everything was fuzzy around the edges.

"This has gone too far! How long has it been?"

"Fifty days, give or take."

"This is crazy, this is crazy," dream me was saying. "I'm too horny- you've got to let me cum!"

"But Chrissy doesn't *want* you to cum, didn't you hear?" Lisa laughed. "Or do you want me to play the tape for you again?"

"No, goddammit I don't want to hear that tape again! I want to cum- before this goes too far!"

"Oh honey, I might never let you cum as a man again," Lisa laughed. "This is too much fun!"

Remembering this part later, I giggled. Even in my dreams Lisa was a cock tease- go Lisa!

“No, no, no, this needs to stop! I'm still sore from what you did to me last night!”

“That's what happens when you let a *real man* into the house,” Lisa chuckled. “Just be happy I didn't film it.”

For some reason that made dream me scared. “Don't you DARE! Don't you fucking DARE!”

“You're getting all agitated, dear. The point of this was to relax you, remember? Why don't you go to sleep?”

“I don't *want to* fucking go to-”

“Go to sleep, honey.”

And the dream faded to black with me looking up into Lisa's loving eyes. God, I loved her so much!

I was still sore between my legs from Mr. Handy when Lisa's co-workers invited her to go clubbing with them a few nights later. But I still tagged along, because it's not like any of those club boys would have even a snowball's chance of going where Mr. Handy had gone- no way! And besides, it was so much fun getting ourselves all femmed up and ready to go out- those club boys were going to go home with *extra* heavy blue balls tonight!

After shower, shaving and make-up, I tried on so many dresses at home with Lisa, but everything seemed too loose in the hips and too tight in the shoulders.

“Why don't I have any dresses that fit?” I whined. “Am I getting fat?” I started to panic. “I'm getting fat aren't I!”

“No honey, the way you eat you can't get fat,” Lisa laughed. “Those are just old dresses I have. Here, why don't you try this one- I bought it special for you.”

The dress she pulled from the back of her closet was a slinky black party dress of my wildest dreams. It was SO short- boys might be able to see my panties every time I twirled around!

“Lisa! You got that, for *me*?”

“Just for you, Chrissy. Try it on- I bet it fits perfectly.”

It did!

“Oh my god, I love it!” I squealed, twirling in front of the mirror. “I feel so girly! Should I wear pantyhose with it?”

“Garters,” Lisa said, covering her mouth with her hand. “Definitely garters and stockings.”

Those just made me feel even sexier!

“And honey, maybe a push up bra?” she suggested. “You know, for a little *help* up front?”

I blushed. I had never been big up top- I hated how small my breasts were! At least my nipples were really sensitive. “Okay.... if you think it'll make me look sexier.”

“I do.”

After that we refreshed our make-up, slipped into our sexy high heels, and were off to the club.

I barely said hello to Lisa's co-workers when we met them inside. I drained the first drink I was offered and then headed out to the pulsing dance floor- cock-teases didn't stand around and watch from the sidelines!

I found the beat and started swaying my hips in a smooth, sexy way- I knew because Lisa had made me practice in front of a mirror for hours- and within a minute I had three horny boys dancing around me. God, they're so predictable!

I pressed my ass against one, grinding hard, then pressed my front against a second guy, my thigh grinding right against the bulge in his jeans- a nice one- and then danced super close against the third guy, letting him grind against me until I felt his hard dick throbbing against my leg. Throbbing, throbbing, about to cum-

"Bye boys!" I laughed, leaving him with a wet spot starting on his jeans, as I giggled and skipped back to our table.

The music was so loud in the club, I couldn't really hear what Lisa's friends were saying to her; I only caught snippets as I got closer.

"-can't believe that's Chris-"

"-he looks so feminine-"

"-and dances so slutty!"

"Time and patience," I heard Lisa chuckle as I finally got to their level. "That's all it takes with boys." She smiled widely as I reached the table, raising her voice to talk to me. "Having fun out there, sexy?"

"You bet!" I giggled, taking the drink she offered me- a pink Cosmo martini, my favorite!- and downing half in one gulp. "I got *three* cocks hard and left them hanging! One even made a wet spot- he wanted me so bad!"

Lisa's friends, all women from her office, for some reason thought this was the funniest thing they had ever heard.

I frowned at them. Her friends weren't nearly as sexy as Lisa and I- they hadn't teased *any* boys yet tonight! I pulled on her arm. "Come out and dance close with me Lisa- you know how that makes the boys go crazy!"

"Maybe later," she laughed, taking my empty martini glass and handing me a full one. "We'll take a cab home tonight. Feel free to drink up tonight!"

I giggled, drinking the new martini. "Okay!"

One of Lisa's co-workers, a tall black woman with a smirk on her face, sucked at her straw and asked, "So Chrissy, do you like wearing a hot little party dress?"

"Of course, duh- it's so sexy!"

Another woman asked, "And how do you like wearing panties?"

I didn't really care about their dumb questions- they were so plainly dressed, they weren't teasing any guys at all!

"I like it," I said. "But I like *not* wearing them more!"

The girls all laughed, hooting and congratulating Lisa. For having such a hot wife, I guess.

"I still don't believe it," the black woman said. "It's got to be an act."

"It's not," Lisa said as I focused on finishing my drink, "it's what he really wanted, deep down inside."

The black woman laughed. "Yeah? Hey Chrissy, do you see that tall young waiter coming towards us?"

"Un-huh. So?"

"Do you think he's hot?"

I shrugged. "He's okay."

"I bet you can't get his dick hard," she said. "Like you *said* you did to those guys on the dance floor."

"And you have to rub his cock through his pants!" another co-worker squealed. "Get it hard and squeeze it hard right here- where we all can see you do it!"

I snorted. "Why?"

"Because that's what a *real* cock-tease would do," Lisa said, smiling. "She'd tell him how hot he is, how much she wanted to suck his cock after work, get his cock hard every time he comes over here to serve us, keeping him eager with the promise of your hot little mouth at the end of the night- and then not let him have you!"

She was right- that IS what a cock-tease would do!

When the young guy came to our table, I pounced, grinding against his front, letting my thigh rub right against his crotch. "Hey sexy- come to get me wet?"

He almost dropped his tray as I was kneading his cock through his pants. "What?"

"My drink, silly!" I laughed, shaking my glass at him as I still ground against his front. "I'm out!"

"Yes miss, right away. I'll-"

He tried to back away but I grabbed his back with one hand, kneading his cock through his pants with the other. He wasn't getting away!

"If you put extra *liquor* in this one, I'll *lick you* at the end of the night," I whispered into his ear. His cock was growing and stiffening in my hand, just like a boy's leash should. "I promise, baby- take care of this table tonight and I'll take care of your cock at the end of your shift- with my mouth!"

He was stammering, hard in my hands. "Yes ma'am! I'll-"

If the martinis hadn't hit me so hard on a bare stomach, I wouldn't have pulled him into that kiss. But I did, and I felt his cock surge to full hardness. I smiled as I felt his hands under my dress, grabbing my bare ass and heard Lisa's co-workers going nuts behind my back.

"Oh my god, I can't believe it! I just can't believe it!"

"She really believes it!"

Lisa's friends were just jealous of how good a cock-tease I was.

We were watching porn in the bedroom again.

Lisa had just gotten home from work and was still dressed in her power pants suit and heels. I was naked, sitting on her lap- she didn't let me put on any clothes after my shave and shower- but she did let me wear bright red lipstick and dangly hoop earrings, so I still felt extra girly.

I was licking Mr. Handy again- no honey needed this time- and Lisa was running her hands up and down my body, pinching my hard nipples, rubbing my thighs, pulling on my throbbing clit with two or sometimes three fingers. I was shivering in sexual need, buzzing with arousal- I never wanted this to end!

But my body needed it to.

“Lisa, please!” I panted, pulling the cock from my mouth. “Let me cum! I’ll even spread my legs for Mr. Handy again!”

She stopped stroking my clit a second before I would have exploded all over us. “Not yet, pet.” She nibbled on my bare shoulder, making me ache. “Don’t you like being on edge like this, just seconds from pleasure? Just like all those boys you want to tease?”

“No! I’m a girl!” I whined. “I get to cum!”

“Sure you do,” she chuckled. Her hands found my bouncing clit again, teasing the tingling tip with her feminine fingernails. “But last time, Mr. Handy didn’t do it for you, don’t you remember?”

I scrunched up my face. “He didn’t?! I can’t remember!”

“Oh yeah,” she said. “You rode him for so long- you moaned like a little whore the whole time- and just when you were about to cum, you fell asleep for some reason!”

“I did?”

She laughed. “Sure did, just like that. So I just pulled out and let my little girl sleep.”

That explained why I was so horny! “So I-”

She pushed the cock back towards my mouth. “Lick Mr. Handy while you talk, honey.”

I did, speaking between urgent licks. “So I- haven’t cum- in days-?!”

“Longer than that,” she laughed. “Maybe I should find you a *real* Mr. Handy to play with, hmmm? They have services where men come over to your house, no questions asked...”

Her hands were lovingly teasing my naked body again. I felt so helpless, nude and sitting on her clothed lap, sucking a cock like a little girl as I swung my painted toenails! My nipples were on fire, my clit was aching to be touched- it was hard to have real thoughts!

“I don’t think I want that...” I moaned as she licked her fingers then pulled on my pink, hard nipples.

“Come on, it’ll be fun!”

“No! I’m just a tease! I couldn’t *do* anything...” I gulped, watching another weightlifter pound some tiny girl on screen with his huge cock. “...with a real man...” She pulled on my clit, making me moan. “I’d be so scared!”

“I’d be right there with you, honey.”

“You would?!”

She chuckled. “Wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

I squirmed on her lap, lost in a sexual haze. “I- I- don’t know!”

“Let’s go through some possibles,” she laughed, switching websites. I caught my breath as she turned off the porn and went to a Playgirl-type site, but with bios of each hunk. “This is an escort service one of the girls at work suggested for you. Which of these guys catches your fancy?”

They were all very muscular, very well hung, and all had a burning, animal hunger in their eyes.

“None of them!”

“Come on honey, we’re just looking, nothing’s going to happen. If you don’t want to play along with me, I guess you can go back to sleep for tonight.”

It was only seven o'clock! "No, Lisa, I don't want to go to sleep yet!"

"Then let's look around a bit," she chuckled, moving the mouse to the first guy's photo. "How about him?"

I swallowed. He was blond, all-American looking. "No. Too plain!"

"How about him?"

This guy was Italian. "No- too hairy!"

She laughed and went to the next guy. Black, head shaved smooth, and on his topless photo, he was built like a Greek god.

"Oh baby, your pulse just started racing!" Lisa laughed, feeling at my neck. "Let's see more about him. Hmmm, his name's Andre... shaves all his body hair... was a former weightlifter- oh my god!"

I was sucking on Mr. Handy again, imagining how he would feel if he were hot, throbbing, alive. "What!"

The chuckle that came out of Lisa was the most evil I had ever heard.

"His bio says he just got out of *prison*, Chrissy. He hasn't felt the touch of a woman in *three years*- if we contract him to come over, oh god, can you *imagine* what he'd *do* to you?"

I threw Mr. Handy across the desk, covering my little A cups with my arms. "I don't like this game anymore Chrissy! I don't want a real man to fuck me!"

Her hands were soothing my nude back. "Okay, okay, just relax-"

"No! I don't want to fuck a guy! I don't want to f... what's going on? Lisa? Is that you?" My voice was suddenly deep again, like it was in my boy dreams. "Were you trying to turn me gay?"

"Oh shit, you're breaking through," she laughed, wrapping her arms around me. She felt so strong around me. "Sleep honey, sleep. You're getting so tired..."

I was squirming in her hands, my cock throbbing with need. "Lisa, no! Don't make me do this! I don't want to be gay!"

"Sleep, baby, sleep. I'm not turning you gay, I'm just making you horny enough to become what you always wanted to be," she giggled. "Now go to sleep so I can strengthen the commands you gave me." My eyelids were closing of their own will, but I saw her bookmark the escort page.

Lisa laughed in my ear, whispering. "And when you wake up, you're going to be my silly little cock-tease again. Or a cock slut. We'll have to see what comes out."

And when I answered, right before I dozed off, my voice was high pitched and girly again.

"Okay, Lisa."

"How long has it been now?" my dream me asked.

"Eighty days," dream Lisa chuckled. "But you might as well stop counting. I told you I'm never letting you cum as a man again."

"Eighty days without cumming! That's impossible!"

"Well to be fair, you don't remember any of them. Only I know." She flicked my tie. Why was I wearing a tie in my dream? "And the best part is, the hornier you get, the more Chrissy wants to come out and play!"

"But how will I cum then?!"

My dream wife laughed. "You'll cum as Chrissy. In a *Chrissy* way. If you're good I'll even video tape it so you can see how it happens. Not that you'd remember it."
I shivered in my dream. "No! Please, not that!"
"Sleep honey. I've got something BIG planned for you tonight."
"NO! Lisa! Please-"
"Sleep...."

We were getting ready for another night out together, soaking in our oversized bathtub, up to our shoulders in peach-smelling bubbles.
"We've got to get you *extra* smooth and girly tonight," Lisa laughed, raising her slim foot out of the water to tap me lightly on the nose. "I've got a friend meeting us at the club."

I giggled and blew the bubbles off her foot, and then kissed it. "Oh? Who?"

"No one you know. But you and I are going to blue ball him soooooo bad."

My clit started to expand, under the water. "We are?!"

Her other foot, the one I wasn't kissing, slid between my legs and pressed my clit against my stomach, then rocked up and down, making me moan. "You like that idea, you little cock-tease?"

I giggled as I sucked her toes- I loved doing that- and her other foot did its magic on my clit. "Yes!"

"First I'm going to shave every inch of you," she said. "Armpits, legs, even between your cute little buttcheeks. I'm going to make every part of you soft and girly and pink."

My clit was like a steel rod! "And then?"

"And then we're going to dress up. Teeny, tiny panties. High heels so tall we're almost falling over. And little dresses- Chrissy, they're going to call the police and book us for indecent exposure!"

I panted, closing my eyes and licking my lips. "Yeah? Then?"

"And we're going to meet my friend at the club. And we're going to dance with him all night, taking turns, we're practically going to ride his pole right there on the dance floor- but we're never going to let him cum in the club!"

"Never," I agreed.

"And then we're going to bring him back here and give him the sexiest lesbian strip tease he's ever seen. He's going to be so sure he's going to get laid, and then we're going to pull out the hand cuffs..."

"Yeah?" I was thrusting my hips forward to meet her foot. I was so close...

The pressure on my clit disappeared.

"And that's it!" she laughed.

"Lisa!" I whined, thrusting my hips forward but finding nothing. "Keep going!"

"What? That's the end of the story," Lisa laughed. "Unless you want there to be more..."

I was blushing, panting, so horny! How many days had it been since I had cum? I couldn't remember. "I don't know! I just want... want...to..."

Her eyes were gleaming. "You want to what, dear?"

My clit was on fire- I was running my hands up and down my thighs- I felt like I should do something more with my hands, something that would make the painful ache in my clit go away, something I used to do a lot-

But I couldn't think of what that was.

"I don't know!" I wailed.

She came towards me in the tub then, her thighs spreading mine, her hands pulling mine away from my clit and holding them pinned behind my back as she laid on me, her glorious wet boobs pressed against my chest.

"Oh god, I love you so much Chrissy!" she laughed, kissing my face. "I want to spend the rest of my life with you just like this!"

My legs were spread, my ankles crossed around her back just like they had been when she had taken Mr. Handy to me. I ground my pevis against her smooth, shaved pussy, driving myself mad with desire.

"Please! I'm so horny! Just let me cum!"

"Just wait for tonight, pet," she laughed, holding my hands behind my back as she kissed me, making me even hornier. "Just wait until we meet Andre tonight."

AND THEN????

As I said, there are a few ways this story could end. What satisfies you the most? Thanks for the input, it will help me get over my femdom writer's block!

P. F. Dee