

# Room & Board



by  
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This book is dedicated to the love of my life.

I want to thank two people for their assistance on this book, and belatedly, *A Change in Our Marriage*.

First, Almao Preacher, for inspiring me to write.

Second, Vicki Tern, for her words of encouragement over the years on writing and many other issues. And of course, for her sharp editor's eye.

There would be no story without both.

## Chapter 1 - A Boy Meets A Woman

"Hell," I thought, "why not?" Fuck, was grad school expensive! I do not know how a private university thought a grad student could live on a stipend, without anything for room and board. When the hell was I supposed to work so I could afford to live? But, I suppose, living wasn't the university's problem, that was my problem. Student loans covered tuition, sure, and my stipend just about covered books, parking, maybe a meal once a day.

But, the Ivy League was the cradle of the silver spoon set, and I was out of my league, financially, anyway. Academically, I held my own, but I was cash poor.

I looked at the ad again.

"Arrangement for Grad Student. Single students may apply for a position in the Drake household. In exchange for room and board, student will provide light domestic and yard duties. Work will approximate twenty hours per week, hours varied based on need and class schedule. Away from campus, but position includes use of a car. Inquire at 830-555-1360."

I'd spent two summers in college landscaping. I knew I could handle the yard work. Domestic duties? Well, I'd lived on my own for two years between college and grad school. I know my way around a vacuum.

I called the number and the woman who answered informed me she was Ms. Drake's secretary. She asked me a bunch of preliminary questions that I presumed were used to keep out the unqualified. Some questions were a bit disturbing, and I should have politely declined her invitation for an interview the following afternoon. Why she asked about my parents, my family, I don't know.

But she confirmed what was most important to me. Free room and board in exchange for household maintenance work, access to a car, reasonable hours. All great for a student. Hell, I might be able to eat this year.

The next afternoon I took a taxi to the address given to me. I was literally

down to my last couple of hundred dollars, since I was not able to have access to my stipend until a month after classes started.

Drake household? More like the Drake estate. Ms. Drake lived in a walled home in the old money section of town. A guy like me didn't get over here too often, let alone let into one of the homes. The home was not quite a mansion, but certainly old and certainly old money. I wondered what Mr. Drake had done. The secretary had mentioned that Ms. Drake was a widow, and I assumed I'd be helping an elderly widow with her home, not quite ready to give it up and move.

The gate to the estate was open and the taxi let me out at the front door. Well, I hoped the thirty bucks I'd invested in the cab ride was worth it.

I rang the bell and the door was answered by a woman in her mid to late 40's. She was attractive, smartly dressed in a tan skirt suit, tanned, and had a pretty, but business like smile.

"Mr. Book," she asked.

"Um, yes, I have an appointment at 2:00 to see Ms. Drake."

"Yes, of course, won't you come in? I'm glad you could make it on such short notice, Mr. Book." She ushered me into the well-apportioned foyer.

"Oh, no problem, to be honest, until school starts, I don't have much to do other than look for a way to live," I laughed, figuring small talk with Mr. Drake's secretary could not hurt my chances of getting hired.

"No, I imagine you don't. But, I really do appreciate you coming over. I've had several phone inquiries, but you are the first interview. Let's come this way, we'll have tea in the garden, if you don't mind, its such a nice day."

"That would be great," I smiled.

She led me through the home. Yea, it was a wonderful place. What I saw showed an attention to detail work, but nothing overly gaudy or large. The garden was through French doors in a sitting room, in the back of the home. Again, well kept up, but not overdone. The new rich tend to show off things. Hell, I would if I had millions, but old money knew they had money and didn't have to show it off.

That's what this home showed. Mr. Drake, or Ms. Drake, must have had money in the family for generations, and there was no need to show the world.

"Let's sit here," she showed me to a table and chairs which had an elegant tea set and some small appetizers. "Here, please sit," she said, joining me.

I actually missed about the first thirty seconds of what she said because it took me that long to finally process that this was not the woman I'd spoken to on the phone. This was Ms. Drake. Whoa!

"Is that okay?"

"Ma'am, I'm sorry...I...you..."

She smiled a smile I would come to know, and come to love. "Mr. Book, no, I'm sorry, yes, I'm Amanda Drake. You thought..."

I laughed too, and finished her sentence, "that you were Ms. Drake's secretary. I assumed that Ms. Drake was..."

"An elderly woman," she said, finishing my sentence in return. I think that mistake, that mutual laugh, the ice break, that got me the job. While Ms. Drake was probably twenty years my senior, our mutual realization of my error, and the way we laughed about it, sealed something between us.

That out of the way, she told me about the position. She was clearly wealthy, and her family had a history of helping the university. However, she wanted to do more. Her husband was not rich, he was as poor as me, and struggled to gain a place at school when he was young. He did, met and married Amanda Drake (causing a minor scandal in her family) and went on to great things. Her aim was to help a student like me by providing a roof over my head, a meal, some financial assistance (a paycheck!), and a car, so I could study.

"It's not charity Mr. Book. Do you go by James or Jim?"

"James."

"It's not charity, you have to work, but it's a road to success."

"What would I do here?"

"Well, like I said, my requirements vary, at times with your school schedule. Expect to put in about twenty hours a week in yard work and some household duties. I sometime entertain, and you may help serve at a party. That usually requires a uniform if the event is formal, which I'll provide. Unless you brought your tuxedo to school with you," she laughed.

I smiled. Yeah, twenty six year old grad students were big into tuxedos.

"Seriously, any uniform I'll take care of. Tux for parties, coveralls for gardening, whatever, but that's a requirement."

"That's not a problem, Ma'am." Or so I thought.

"Your quarters would be on the second floor, there is a servant's apartment on a wing off the back. You are welcome to bring any furniture you have, but I assume you'll just use what's there."

"Yes, Ma'am, I travel light."

We chit chatted for a bit, about my background. Little family, no girlfriend, undergrad. She was a pleasant woman to talk with, she had an easy laugh beneath her harder exterior.

"Well, James, I expect I could do a few more interviews, but I like you, and I'd like to offer you the position."

"Thank you Ms. Drake," I said, smiling, knowing at least I'd eat at school this year. "Um, when can I start?"

"Well, now would be good, why don't you help me clear up here and I can show you the kitchen."

After, I returned to my hotel, this time in the car I was to use, not a cab, to pick up my few belongings and move into Ms. Drake's.

The servant's quarters were certainly bigger than my hotel room, and bigger than any of my accommodations in college. They were really a small apartment through a door off the back of the home. They were tastefully done, if a bit feminine, but Ms. Drake apologized for that as they'd been used by a maid for in the past.

I had the night and the next day off until supper when I'd assist serving a

meal to Ms. Drake and guest that evening. She had a cook come in to do that, all I was to do is act as a liaison between the kitchen and the dining room.

I spent the evening unpacking, then touring the house and grounds. Not a bad gig, I thought.

The next morning and early afternoon I was on campus, taking care of school paperwork before heading back to Ms. Drake's for the evening.

"James, my guest will be over at 5:00. I'd like you to serve drinks in the main foyer before dinner and then help the cook set the dining room and serve the meal. Just play waiter this evening. My guest is just an old business friend, so don't feel too much pressure your first evening, okay?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered, actually eager to begin.

"I hung a uniform for you in your bath upstairs, okay?"

"Thank you, Ms. Drake."

I went upstairs to get ready. The uniform was just a simple pair of black trousers and a white oxford shirt. I laughed, half expecting a G-string, cuffs and a collar, but this was not Chippendales.

Ms. Drake's guest was a woman close to her age, though not nearly as attractive as my employer. I served them drinks, bowing politely, before going to help the cook. On my way out, I heard her guest say, "He is a pretty one."

"Oh, hush, Sylvia," Amanda frowned as I left the room, "don't be like that."

And so things went for the first few weeks. I got into a rhythm of school and work. Studying and household chores. Eight hours of class work, four hours of teaching assistant, fifteen hours of studying and twenty hours of work at Ms. Drake's home. It was apparently not going to be a bad year.

School was school. Grad school was tough, but I was smart and capable. Ms. Drake's was a change in my comfort zone, but the work was not hard. Gardening on the weekend, no coveralls, but a pair of green shorts and a muscle shirt, great for working on my tan. Housework was done in my "butler's uniform", black slacks and a white shirt, which I suppose was close

to a butler's uniform, without the formality. When guests were present, I would add a jacket on occasion. A few times I acted as Ms. Drake's driver, and added a cap to my butler's uniform. In a way, it was kind of fun to play dress up.

Somewhere in my brain it may have bothered me a little that I had to play dress up like this for my chores, but the pay was great. I did question the driver's cap when Ms. Drake first gave it to me on our trip into town, but she reminded me that a uniform was part of the job, and choice was within her purview, so, I donned the cap.

On my fourth Saturday at Ms. Drake's, we were sitting in the kitchen sharing coffee, which was our Saturday routine. A time to talk about school, the newspaper, etc. It was a little nerve wracking sharing small talk with my employer. It was doubly so since my employer was a drop dead gorgeous woman. Not a girl, the type I was around at school. A woman.

In fact, truth be told, a woman I had a small crush on.

The other cool thing about Saturday mornings? It was the only time I saw Ms. Drake "with her hair down." She was always dressed like a lady during the week. Proper dresses or skirt suits, heels, hair done, makeup. Not severe, but serious, the business woman. I wouldn't fuck with her in the boardroom. She was Ms. Drake. Not that the businesswoman look wasn't attractive, in a "power" kind of way. I certainly stole my share of glances at her.

But on Saturday mornings, before I did my gardening, she relaxed while we drank coffee and chatted. It was the only times thus far I'd seen her dressed down.

"More coffee, Ms. Drake?" I asked her, getting up from the kitchen table to get the pot from the counter.

"Yes, please, James, and remember, it's Amanda when we are like this," she said, a pleasant smile on her face.

The scene itself was certainly more leisurely than her formal dining room. The kitchen eating area was tastefully done, like the rest of the house, but in fresh colors, not deep, dark woods. Here, the wood was white or very light, more inviting, relaxing. An area for household help to relax, even if visited

by the boss, like this morning, when she sat with and bonded with the help.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, pouring her coffee as she laughed.

"Amanda."

I smiled. "Amanda, I'm sorry, Ms. Drake."

It was awkward to think of her as such. It was doubly awkward on this Saturday morning because I was having trouble keeping my eyes off her long tanned legs. She was sitting at the table, in tan shorts a pink knit polo top, and sandals. It's what I thought of as the "Buffy country club" outfit. I'd seen her legs often enough, heck, every day in her skirt or dress, but this was the first time that I'd seen them bare, and certainly the first time I'd seen her feet, her toes carefully painted pink to match her finger nails and even her top.

Look at her face, I kept saying to myself, don't look at her legs. Fuck, I really was starting to develop a small crush on my employer. Proper business woman or casual country club gal, despite our twenty year age difference I had a schoolboy crush.

"James?"

"Yes, Ma'am?" I looked at her, and we both realized I had no idea what she'd asked me.

"Would you like cream?" she asked.

"I'm sorry Ms....Amanda, yes, please," I shook my head, trying to clear the very dirty thought I'd just had. The quick vision that had flashed through my head was not one I thought my employer would appreciate.

"Thanks," I stammered, trying to get that very dirty vision from my brain. I suppose it was only natural that I'd get some sort of crush on the woman. It was the whole single, attractive lady boss, young male employee thing. Yes, they made movies about this, mainstream and porn. Why shouldn't I fantasize about this, it was a most male thing to do.

"James, there are some fall flowers in the garden shed that the nursery delivered yesterday. I'd like you to plant them in the boxes and pots around the pool today. They have to get in before it gets cold, though I'm not sure

this Indian summer is ever going to end."

"Yes, Ma'am, Amanda." Shit, I suddenly realized I forgot to tell her. "Um, Amanda..." I was a bit embarrassed.

"Yes, James," she gave me her pretty smile, flashing her perfect white teeth.

I looked down, "Um, about my gardening uniform..."

She just looked at me, a "go on" gesture in her eyes.

"I kind of shrunk it in the dryer, Ma'am."

"James," she laughed, "did you read the tags? I think those were line dry only!"

"I'm so sorry Amanda, I forgot, I should have known better." And I should have, I'd been doing my own laundry since I was a kid.

"James, that's okay, mistakes happen. I can order another one, but I suppose you will have to squeeze into that one till it gets here, okay?"

"Can't I just wear something else, my own shorts and shirt?"

"No, James, I prefer my staff to be in uniform at all times, I'm sorry, you will just have to make do."

"Yes, Amanda," I said, wondering how tight it was going to be.

"Ready to get to work?"

No, I wanted to sit there and stare at her legs all morning. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Okay, I'm running to the office, I'll be back a bit later to check on your progress."

I went upstairs to my quarters to shower and get dressed. One advantage to being a live-in employee was that work was a quick walk from home. Another was that Ms. Drake provided towels and linen, and even bathroom supplies, like being at a hotel, sometimes. I might have quibbled, though, about her choice in the line of toiletries, they were a bit on the "scented" side, almost feminine.

Not that they didn't match the rest of the decor of my quarters, which

apparently housed and were decorated for a maid, not a man servant. Pink, flowers, and lace dominated the otherwise white rooms, though I admit they were kind of pretty, in a princess kind of way.

"I'm a Princess," I shook my head, laughing as I stepped into the shower.

After I showered, was lathered in flowery scent, and started to get dressed. I realized I had a problem. I could get into my green gardening shorts, but they were tight. The waist was okay, but the linen fabric had really shrunk in my seat and lengthwise. There was no way I was going to get them over my boxers. Hell, they were shorter than my boxers. What the heck, I wondered, looking down at the unbuttoned shorts, my boxers hanging all over them.

I sat there on the bed trying to decide what to do. I didn't want to go ask Ms. Drake, the whole thing was a bit too embarrassing. Then I heard her car. She wasn't here to ask anyway. I did not want to work "out of uniform" and couldn't ask her for help.

"Oh, fuck it, it's my own fault," I said out loud to no one in particular as I stood up and peeled off my boxer shorts. I stepped into the work shorts "commando" style. It was really the only way they'd fit. There was nothing between my nakedness and the world but a thin layer of linen.

I actually had to wiggle my ass to get them up and over. They buttoned okay, but there were tighter on my ass than the tightest jeans I'd ever owned. I had to "tuck" my little friend in between my legs just to get them zipped. I looked in the mirror and realized I'd really done a nice job on those shorts, putting them in the dryer.

"Fuck," I thought, looking at my topless body in the mirror. They were like fucking hot pants. Fucking daisy duke shorts. "Nice, James, real fucking nice," I said to my reflection. I realized I'd better get to work before Ms. Drake got home. I didn't want to prance around the pool in these shorts, my ass cheeks practically hanging out the back.

The shirt was not much better. Shrink a muscle shirt and suddenly you get a sleeveless crop top. I think I saw a dude dressed like this in a prison movie once. Needless to say he wasn't the man in charge on the cell block. I think they called him their bitch. Yea, nice outfit I managed to make for myself. I went from a plain gardening uniform, to an outfit great for prison bitches or gay bars.

"Stupid ass," I told myself in the mirror.

I put on my socks and boots, only making the prison bitch look even more like a bitch. Yea, I'd better get to work right away.

The planting work was neither hard no dirty. But, it was hot work with the sun beating down. I was in the shed gathering plants when I heard Amanda return. Well, I figured I'd hang out there for a bit so I didn't run into her in the drive. Maybe she had work to do in her office, which overlooked the front of the house, not the pool. Conceivably I could do this without her seeing me like this.

I waited about twenty minutes before wheeling out the next load of flowers to the pool. When I walked around the corner, the absolute worst thing in the world was waiting for me.

Amanda Drake.

Amanda Drake, her forty some year old body and all was lying in a chaise lounge next to the pool tanning. She had sunglasses on so I could not see her eyes, but she turned her head when I rounded the corner and looked at me. I couldn't run back to the shed, she'd seen me.

I think both of our mouths opened at the same time.

She could not miss my hot pants and crop top uniform. Fuck, I looked like a gay pool boy and actually felt like I should lisp. I wanted to shrink up, run away and die, I was so humiliated standing there in front of my boss like this. But there was something else, too, something that drew me closer, propelled my feet over the Spanish tile surrounding the pool. I couldn't place the thought, the erotic thought.

But the vision in front of me drew me into the pool area, over to where I was working, not fifteen feet from the most amazing thing I'd ever seen. I may have been attracted to Ms. Drake and her legs this morning at breakfast, but now they and practically her whole body were spread out before me.

The amazing Amanda Drake, a forty year old in a twenty year old's body, was laying before me, next to the water, on her chaise lounge, in a yellow two piece bikini. For a second I thought I must have been daydreaming. Amanda Drake? Was this a mirage? Was my schoolboy's crush creating visions

before me? I almost laughed, and thought to myself, "Amanda Drake, what have you been hiding from me."

I'd never imagined under the business suits and dresses was one fucking amazing body. Most women in their 20's would kill to look like this, let alone women in their 40's.

Finally, she laughed to break the tension we both must have felt. "I guess it did shrink, didn't it James."

Know what popped into my mind? Seinfeld. Shrinkage. The episode where Jerry's girlfriend sees George right after he has been in the pool and he has shrunk and shriveled, and she assumes he is a bit "under endowed".

Shrinkage.

I looked down briefly over the front of my shorts, saw the very flat front, thinking perversely that it looked feminine.

"What?" I was mortified at her gaze, unable to see her eyes, assumed she was staring at my crotch, what was missing.

"Your uniform, James, you were right, it did shrink," she smiled.

"I'm sorry Ms. Drake," I apologized, half for the uniform, half for having sex with her with my eyes, and all for appearing like a bitch.

"Oh, that's okay James," she smiled. Fuck, I'm glad I couldn't see her eyes, I would have died from shame right then and there. I broke my gaze off her breasts and walked over to a curved flower pot and resumed my planting. It was now impossible for me to concentrate on my efforts. I felt like my ass was hanging out of my shorts. How the hell did women go out dressed like this?

Every time I turned my head or caught sight of Ms. Drake out of my eye, she was looking at me. I felt like a piece of meat in front of my boss. In my several weeks of employment, except for our Saturday morning coffees she'd never taken any more interest in me than she did any other employees of hers that I'd seen come or go. But now she was staring at me. And every time I looked at her, I took in the curves of her body, the swelling of her breasts, the sun glistening off the light layer of perspiration on her body, even the slight mound in her bikini bottom.

A line from that prison movie flashed through my head. "Hmmm, you're my pretty bitch, aren't you," some stud told the cell block's inmate dressed much like I was. Except in my vision, it was Ms. Drake's voice.

I turned away from Ms. Drake, ran my hand around the curve of the flowerpot, imagined touching the curve of her breasts, her ass.

"James, could you be a dear and get me a drink of water?" That's what she asked me, startling me. "You pretty bitch," my little voice added. I shook my head. Stop it!

"Yes, Ma'am," I croaked, almost shaking as I walked by her.

I went inside and cooled down, physically and inside my fucking perverted brain. "Come on, asshole, knock it off," I said to myself.

I brought Amanda her water and noticed she'd turned over onto her stomach, her head turned away from me. Oh, fuck was her ass firm. Holy fuck, she had untied the back of her top to tan her back. The yellow strings were hanging delicately over the sides of her chaise, almost begging me to touch them.

"Stop being an ass," I told myself again. She is twenty years my senior, my boss, and this is just sick. Put her water down and get back to work.

"Thank you, James," she said as she heard me approach her with a small cough to announce my presence.

In a porn movie, this is where the hot older babe asks the pool boy to spread lotion on her back. If she had actually done that, I probably would have fainted. Like my life was a porn movie.

But as I bent down to set the water on a small table next to her, I felt my cock pop out from where it was tucked in my tight shorts. I was staring at her ass when I felt more. My fucking cock was getting hard. I was not well endowed, and actually was a bit smaller than average, or at least smaller than the guys I'd seen in the gym at school, certainly smaller than the guys in porn. But in the shorts I was wearing, even soft there was a noticeable bulge. As I grew, at record speed, gazing at the gentle curve of my boss' ass, I realized it would have been painfully and completely obvious to Ms. Drake if she turned to face me that I had a raging hard on in my linen shorts.

My eyes were burning, staring at the yellow bikini bottoms, beautifully set against the tan of Ms. Drake's legs and back.

I shook my head, turned back to the work at hand, tried to focus on the remaining work, just silently thankful that Ms. Drake was still facing away from me because my erection was not going anywhere. I probably planted the remaining flowers in record time.

I had to walk by Ms. Drake's line of sight to take things back to the garden shed, but no amount of concentrating would make my erection go away. All I could think about was Ms. Drake's heaving breasts, her firm ass...fuck...fuck!

Flowers, look at the flower pots. See how they remind you of the curve of Amanda's ass. No! No! Don't give in.

She didn't move for a minute. Then two, three, four. After five I realized she might be sleeping. I had to get out of here and away from her or my cock would never soften. Damn! I quietly gathered up the tools, loaded the hand cart and tried to creep by her.

I turned too quickly and the foot rests of the cart bumped into the white tile, screeched, startled me.

"That's all for today, James," she said, startling me as I walked by. I couldn't tell if she was looking at me through her shades, but if she was, she easily saw the outline of my erection in my uniform. I felt so humiliated, felt my face flush, but that only made my cock jump even more in my stupid shorts.

I spent the rest of the day in my quarters, trying to study, trying to think of anything but Ms. Drake in her swimsuit. What was going on? Why did I get so erect? I knew looking at her ass was a huge turn on, that explained the initial erection, but I had twitched and grown even when I'd known she was staring at the outline of the erection. As humiliated as I felt, that had actually turned me on!

That evening, even after several hours of studying, of concentrating on anything other than Ms. Drake, my own hormones got the better of me. I felt so guilty, but I could not help myself.

I'm still ashamed about what I did, but then, many things I did over the next

few weeks and months are shameful.

I put my gardening uniform back on, those tight shorts, the crop top, and pranced about my quarters, pretending I was waiting on Ms. Drake.

"Yes, Ms. Drake," I'd lisp, an erection quickly following. I could not get that woman in her yellow bikini out of my mind, and after fifteen minutes of playing "pool boy" I was on my bed furiously masturbating to the image of me rubbing sun tan oil into Ms. Drake's back, thighs, and ass...and...

"James, you look so cute in your tight shorts," my fantasy Amanda said, "you have such a pretty ass."

Even my fantasy woman made my face blush, but that imaginary comment pushed me over the edge and I exploded. Needless to say I made quite the mess and felt incredibly guilty yet incredibly turned on. My dreams that night were tortured by visions of my boss and I think I was erect just about the entire night.

I hardly saw Amanda Drake on Sunday or Monday, as she spent a fair amount of time at her office in the city working on some project. I did some light housework on Sunday, since her cleaning service was not in until Wednesday. Monday I was at school from early morning until late evening. But still, there wasn't hardly a moment that Amanda Drake's bikini clad body didn't invade my thoughts.

"James, on Friday I'm entertaining a few couples I know, some friends, and I'll need you on duty," Ms. Drake informed me Wednesday evening. "I assume you are free?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"No time for girls, is there," she clucked, knowing between school and here, there wasn't much time for anything, certainly not dating. Yet it embarrassed me to admit I had no girlfriends, or any prospect, even though I somehow wanted her to know I was available.

"No, Ma'am, it's hard," I winced at that word, "to meet people."

She smiled knowingly. "Well that leaves you all for me then." I winced again. She meant to work on Friday, but my fantasies and dreams would easily take that off-hand comment in an erotic way. She'd be certain to visit

my dreams tonight when I was all snug in my lace bed.

"There will be a catering service handling all of the cooking and setting up, dear, so all you will have to do is take care of the door and drinks in the sitting room before and after dinner."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Good. There are five couples coming, probably arriving around seven or so, so please be ready by six thirty. I assume that's not a problem with class?"

"No Ma'am, I only have a morning class on Friday."

Ms. Amanda Drake did indeed visit my dreams that evening, and used me all to herself.

Friday, I came home from class by early afternoon and found that Ms. Drake had left a garment bag hanging on a hook next to the entrance to my quarters. I opened the dark plastic bag just enough to see black slacks and a white silk shirt, apparently my uniform for this evening. I was actually nervous about working tonight, since any time around Ms. Drake kept me on edge since the whole pool incident. While she may have said nothing about it, I couldn't keep her out of my thoughts.

I relaxed on the ivory couch in my quarters, watched some television until 5:30, then showered to get ready for that evening. While showering I smelled the soft scent of the body wash, wondering if this is what Ms. Drake smelled of, suddenly realizing I was erect in the shower.

"Stop it," I yelled at myself.

I wanted to avoid at all costs another "commando" incident like by the pool, especially with guests. Daydream about Ms. Drake as I may, I didn't want to get a fucking erection serving at a dinner party, and get fired. To that end, earlier in the week I bought some new underwear to supplement my ordinary cotton boxers.

"Tightie whities" were not my style, but I did find some bikini briefs for me that I thought might hold me in place, a nice, "tuck" I thought when I bought them, buying one size smaller than usual to make sure. Yes, I know this is fucked up logic, but it had to work.

So, after my shower, I broke out a pair of sky blue men's bikini briefs, slipped them on, and arranged my soft cock into the crotch between my legs. Pulled tight over my hips and ass, I realized I'd made a great choice. There was no way I'd get an erection with these holding me securely in place, and even my gardening shorts would fit over them. Maybe boxers were going to be out for the duration, at least while I had this burning fixation on Ms. Drake.

I padded over to the closet in my tight bikini underwear, felt my ass cheeks lifted up by the snug fit. I unzipped the garment bag and hung the clothes up over the closet door. I took the shirt off the hanger, slipped the cool silk on over my arms and started to button.

"What the heck," I thought. Something felt funny. I couldn't get the buttons right, what...? Then I realized. The buttons...something was wrong. They didn't feel right. Moving my right thumb, I realized that the buttons were on the left side of the shirt.

"That's funny," I thought. I'd never thought about buttons before, and don't even know if I could tell you what side they were normally on until I put this shirt on and realized they were out of place. I didn't realize what this meant.

Next, I pulled the black trousers off the hanger. Pulling them up over my legs, they seemed to stretch just a tad. It's as if there was some stretch material in them. I pulled them back off, looked for the tag.

"NY & Co." was the label. Never heard of it. Yes, there was Lycra. 90 percent poly, 10 percent Lycra. Strange, but NY? Men's fashion was not my strong suit, whatever.

Okay. I put them back on, again, noticed something strange. Of course. The zipper was on the left side of the pants, not in front of the pants. Again, some new fashion from the city? Looking at the flat front of the pants, I realized it was a good thing I'd gotten these new bikini briefs, because if I didn't tuck myself, you'd see even my soft penis in these pants. Tucking in the edge of the silk shirt, I zipped the black zipper, buckled the pants on the side.

Last in the garment bag was a pair of black socks and some shoes. I took out

the socks first. They were thin stretchy material. Not stocking thin, but something shiny, opaque. The shoes, black leather, slip on, with a small decorative silver buckle on the outside side. They had a kind of heel on them. A bit gothic, maybe? Gay?

Why did that word enter my mind? The effect of the outfit was certainly effeminate. A silk shirt, very flat front pants, shoes with a chunky heel?

What did they call the castrated men who served women at court of kings and princes? Eunuchs?

Why did I feel this way? It never entered my mind at that time why the outfit felt so emasculating. I didn't feel "feminine" but there was also no "masculine" feeling either.

That word shot through my brain, again.

Eunuch.

I remembered my history. A eunuch was a castrated man serving a harem. Why? Because a eunuch could not have sex with the harem, violate the king's virgins. Not a threat to the owner of the harem.

Eunuch.

An ineffectual, powerless, or unmasculine man.

I wasn't castrated, but mentally, I felt that way. I was confused. Shit. 6:25, I'd better get downstairs.

I was walking through the dark foyer, my shoes almost clacking on the wood floor just as Ms. Drake was coming in, dressed in a black skirt suit, straight from the office.

"Ahh, Jamie, you found your uniform, good, you look cute," she smiled. Jamie? She'd never called me that before. Always James. Cute?

"Please take guests to the sitting room as they get here, I'll be down about seven thirty. The caterers are back in the kitchen and dining room setting up."

She thought I looked cute. I blushed, hardly realizing how her small compliment would have an effect on my "eunuch look."

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered her. Shit! Did I lisp? Was my attire having an effect? As I walked to the sitting room to check on the bar, I caught sight of myself in a foyer mirror.

Unmasculine.

Effeminate.

Cute.

Castrated.

Suddenly I felt a twitch in my loins, a response to the look, the compliment. I couldn't go anywhere, trapped inside my pants, suddenly breathing heavily, trapped inside the walls of this house, trapped under some spell from Ms. Drake.

At just before seven, the door chimed and I left the sitting room to answer the door for the first guests, a couple, probably in their fifties. The gentleman was in a tuxedo, the woman in a conservative gown. I suppose this was a formal party.

I escorted them to the sitting room, got him a scotch, her a white wine.

"Thank you sweetie," she said as I handed the wine to her.

"Eunuch," my brain screamed again, confusing me. Why did that word seem to arouse me?

I excused myself as the chimes rang again, and found two more couples on the step, again men in tuxedos, the women in gowns.

I repeated the tasks, answering the door, getting drinks, until five couples were seated in the sitting room. I informed them that Ms. Drake would be joining them at 7:30, and set about refreshing drinks and just staying out of the way. I wasn't sure what household help did, so I just tried to be quiet, helpful and unobtrusive.

Just before 7:30 the chime rang again. I paused for a moment, counted the couples, thinking all the guests had arrived. I walked to the door and opened it to find a lone man in a tuxedo. He was handsome, taller than me, over six foot, probably in his late forties, tanned, salt and pepper hair, square jaw. A

man's man, I got the impression, a George Clooney type.

"Eunuch," my brain yelled before I shook my head.

"May I help you," I asked, confused as to who he was. Five couples were present.

"Richard," I heard Ms. Drake call from with a soft song of happiness in her voice from behind me. I turned to look to see Ms. Drake walking down the stairs, in a pink satin gown tight on her breasts and frame, spaghetti straps, white nylons, white strappy heels, her hair up, beautiful. I lusted after her at the pool. I think I fell in love with her, though, that moment I saw her coming down the stairs, so graceful, her dainty hands on the wood banister, her heels treading lightly on the dark red carpet runner on the stairs.

"Mandy," he said, as I turned away from that angel back to him. He had a smile on his face, ignoring me, the household help, looking at the same angel I saw.

"I'm sorry, Jamie," she said, sensing my confusion. "Richard, this is my servant, Jamie. Jamie, Richard is my date, please come in Richard, Jamie will get you a drink, I want to check on dinner."

I felt like someone punched me in the gut. I was turned towards Ms. Drake, so Richard couldn't see my face, but there is no way Ms. Drake could have missed the hurt look.

But why should I feel hurt? I almost felt betrayed, and quickly masked my face. I had no right to feel jealous or hurt. For crying out loud, Amanda Drake was my employer, not my girlfriend, or my wife. My boss. This schoolboy crush was crazy. She was twenty years my senior, a rich, accomplished woman. I was just a grad student, household help.

"Effeminate," I thought again, feeling a slight stir in the crotch of my tight pants. Trapped in the briefs, I was not going to have a problem down there, but the twinge bothered me. Why?

Seeing the expressions that crossed my face, Ms. Drake stopped from going to the kitchen and moved over to Richard. "I'm so glad you could make it," she said, walking up to him, putting her hands on his chest, kissing him softly on the lips.

"Eunuch!" I wanted to slap my head. Stop it! Stop it!

"Let's get that drink, shall we," Richard said to me after Ms. Drake broke off the kiss and walked down the hall to the kitchen. I showed Richard to the other guests in the sitting room and got him a drink, scotch, neat, in a heavy rocks glass, from behind the corner bar. "Thank you," he smiled, genuinely. He actually did seem like a nice man.

"Yes Sir," I bowed slightly, but felt like I should be curtsying, not bowing.

"Dinner is ready, this way, please," Amanda announced coming into the sitting room.

I stood still, unsure what to do as the guests left the room. Ms. Drake saw me, "Jamie, just straighten in here while we eat, please. I'll have the kitchen send something up to your quarters for later, but you can wait here while we eat."

Two hours later, which felt like two days, Amanda and her guests, including Richard, returned to the sitting room. They had another round, but within half an hour I'd walked all the guests out save for Richard, who was seated on a black leather couch next to Ms. Drake.

I poured each another drink, then stood quietly in one corner by the bar area, trying not to make a sound, not sure if I was done or should do something to further help them. Since Ms. Drake didn't dismiss me, I decided the best thing was to stay.

They talked, flirted, lightly touched. His hand next to, then on her thigh by her knee. Her hand on his shoulder, his arm, touching his chest when they laughed. God, why did I feel so jealous? Why wouldn't she just dismiss me so they could do what ever they were going to do? Didn't she realize she was torturing me? She must have known by now I had a crush on her, how could she miss it? Yet that was foolishness, wasn't it? Richard was a man of her caliber, not a kid with a crush like me.

Eunuch!

Finally, Richard moved his face closer to hers, moved his mouth to hers. I watched it all, watched him open his mouth, their lips contact, Ms. Drake's eyes close and return his kiss. It was a passionate kiss and suddenly I was

terrified what was going to happen. I was just about to leave the room, to run to my quarters, to cry for a woman who was beyond me.

"Richard," she smiled, gently pushing him back, pulling back slightly herself.

"I'm sorry, Mandy, but...I...it's getting late, I should be..."

She smiled, leaned forward, kissed him again softly on the lips while she ran her fingers through the back of his hair.

He was moving his hand up her leg, along the satin covered thigh, about to move to her stomach. I felt ill, knowing he was moments from taking her breasts into his hands.

But she broke off the kiss before he could find his mark. She smiled. "You're right, Richard, it is getting late and I have to go into the office in the morning."

"I know Mandy," he stood up too. "One of these days," he laughed.

One of these days? Like one of these days I want to fuck you? My eyes were full of fury for him, without reason, I knew, as he let himself out.

I loved her and it pained me to see her kissing him. I wanted to confess to her, but how could I? Instead, I started to straighten up the bar glasses, trying to avoid looking at her as she watched Richard leave.

"Jamie, just straighten up, then you are done for the night. The caterer is cleaning up the kitchen. Tomorrow, just go to the florist, change the fresh flowers in the house, and take the rest of the day off. I'm going to bed."

"Take me!" Oh, how I wanted to yell that, to go with her. I quickly cleaned up, rushed back to my quarters, ignoring the food left on my table. I had more pressing urges and needs than food. At first I imagined Amanda Drake in my arms, kissing me. Then, as I got closer to exploding, the image morphed. No longer was she kissing me, I imagined her kissing Richard.

"Ohhh," I gasped, exploding at the very moment I fantasized about Richard taking her breasts into his hand. I had not even fully undressed, and realized that I had cum all over the front of my trousers.

Saturday morning I went to the flower shop to pick up Ms. Drake's bi-weekly order of fresh flowers for the house. Every two weeks I was to pick up an order of a variety of flowers for various placement in the house. Two weeks ago, Ms. Drake assisted me, so I could get a feel for the job and where everything was, the dining room, den, study, etc.

After returning home with a mini-van full of floral arrangements, feeling like a funeral director, I spent half an hour downstairs changing old for new.

I made a few more trips to the van to bring flowers upstairs into the hallway to take care of that part of the house. Starting with the hall, I did the guest rooms, my quarters, the upstairs sitting rooms.

The last room, which I purposefully saved for last, being uncomfortable about it, was Ms. Drake's bedroom. It was the only part of the house I was not regularly in. In fact, I'd only been in it once before, two weeks earlier, on a guided tour from her showing where flowers went.

I felt uncomfortable in her bedroom. I felt like I was intruding in a place I did not belong. Her room, like the rest of the house, was immaculate, well decorated. She had a large four poster bed that dominated the center of the room, almost masculine in effect, but the decor and color scheme was decidedly feminine, somewhat like mine but of a much finer quality. Silk curtains, artwork, and fine furnishings.

As I changed the flower arrangements on her night tables, desk and dresser, I couldn't help but spot the pink gown she wore last night hung on a satin hanger over the back of a half open door in the corner of the room. This door was closed last time I was in the room, but for some reason I was drawn to it.

I walked quietly. Even though I was alone in the house and allowed in this room, I felt like I was misbehaving. Walking towards the dress, I knew I was. I reached out, my hand shaking, and touched the dress, the soft satin, remembering Richard, picturing him feeling the dress, his hand on Ms. Drake's thigh. Out of my body, I reached into the room, on the wall, felt a light switch, and flipped it. I saw this was a combination dressing room and master bath. I took one step in, on tip toes, realized right away I was doing something inappropriate. I should not be in here and started to back up, but froze.

Yellow.

A flash of yellow from the corner caught my eye. Yellow.

Yellow through the sides of a basket.

Ms. Drake's yellow bikini was half buried in a laundry hamper by the sink. I took a second step into the room.

Part of my brain was screaming at me, telling me this was wrong. Get out. I retracted my second step, only one foot in the room now. I was about to turn off the light, but could not take my eyes off that bikini. Literally on the threshold, I was frozen.

A step back into the master bath. The smell was intoxicating, feminine. I noticed I was shaking. I think that without that smell I would have listened to the voice in my head, would have backed out of the room. The smell drew me in, made me take another step towards the laundry hamper, towards that yellow bikini showing half way down the pile of laundry, through the side.

Before I could back out, my erotic desires took control and I took three quick steps towards the hamper. If I'd not seen Ms. Drake in that bikini, I would not have moved forward, but that image was burned in my brain. I had to touch that bikini. I put my hand on the wooden lid, about to open it to reach through the pile of clothes to touch that bikini. I'd wanted to touch her so bad last Saturday, now I just wanted to touch her bikini, to fantasize about my boss.

"Don't do it," my brain warned, but I was committed now, too far into this room, my own fantasies, to stop.

I opened the lid to the laundry hamper, about to reach in, when I gasped, quickly drawing in an unsteady breath, shaky, frozen by what I saw on top of the hamper, so stunned that the yellow bikini was completely forgotten.

White. Several items of white. Satin. On the top of the laundry pile was some white lingerie. A bra, a garter belt, stockings.

Panties.

White satin panties.

I quickly looked around, my brain processing what my little prick already knew I'd found. This was Ms. Drake's lingerie from last night. This was under her dress last night. These very items. She was wearing these when Richard kissed her, when he touched her thigh.

I felt my own loins stir. "Get out," my brain quietly whispered, giving up now to the stronger urges from down below.

I carefully touched the top, the nylon stockings. Real nylon stockings. I could tell, I remembered as a child finding stockings when I was at my aunts, feeling them, feeling how they were different than the pantyhose my mother wore. I knew these were like that, real nylon. But the stockings weren't my goal.

The panties, my hands instinctively found the panties, gently, carefully, picked them up, playing with them through my fingers, fondling the satin. I remembered Amanda's ass in the yellow bikini, her mound in front. These panties were there. They were there last night. She had these on her, close to her, hugging her, touching that ass, that...that mound in front.

I couldn't resist anymore, I surrendered, my own loins full of hormones, full of blood, my cock erect in my shorts.

I slowly, reverently, almost religiously took the panties into both hands, opened them, moved them up, looked at them. Without thinking, I brought them up, closer to my face. I could see the satin crotch, flakes of cream, of crust. I couldn't help myself, I was shaking terrified, erect in my own shorts.

Without thinking, I moved the panties directly to my face. I buried my nose in that satin crotch, in the crust. I moaned, and I inhaled deeply.

I twitched. The smell was so overpowering it was as if I was struck in the face. The musk, the deep scent of vaginal juices dried on the crotch. I knew that smell. Not Ms. Drake's smell, but a woman's smell.

She...she had been wet, damp, moist. She must have been. She must have been excited when Richard touched her, kissed her. I pictured her responding to Richard's kiss, pictured her panties becoming damp. This was that smell, the smell of Amanda Drake's sexual excitement, her hormones,

her musk, her scent. I almost had an orgasm without even touching myself. I knew I had to, though, orgasm, again, now, sniffing these, smelling the satin, the scent of Amanda Drake's pussy. I wanted to lick them, the urge was so powerful. I wanted to reach into my pants to pu...

"James Book!" an urgent, sharp, hard hiss cut through brain. I turned, my blood chilled.

Amanda Drake was standing outside the door to the bathroom, hands on her hips, eyes filled with rage, face tight, nostrils flaring, her legs apart, pulling the hem of her light blue skirt taut on her thighs.

She'd seen me. She'd seen me sniff her panties.

"Ms. Drake, I..." She didn't let me finish.

"Get out!" she hissed through her teeth, her face reddening a lovely shade against the sky blue of her skirt suit.

"Please, Ms. Drake, I can explain, I..."

"Get out now!" she snapped, eyes narrowing as I stood and she saw the erection in my pants. "Now!" She was on the verge of losing control, her breeding and upbringing the only thing that kept her from striking me, I'm sure.

I quickly dropped the panties into the hamper and ran from the room, my eyes filled with tears. I rushed to my quarters, slammed the door, hit the bed, half crying, half terrified, unsure what to do, how to even explain myself let alone make it right.

Three hours later, I was still shaking, afraid I'd fucked up my life, grad school, everything. There was a sharp rap on my door. I was afraid to answer it, half expecting the police to show up to arrest me. I'd been sitting on the bed, arms wrapped around my knees, eyes watering.

I didn't move until the second knock. I opened the door to find Ms. Drake was standing there, a pissed off look on her face. "I want you downstairs, in my office, in ten minutes," she hissed, turning and walking away without another word.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered, closing my door, hoping now just to avoid the

police, let alone getting fired. Ten minutes later, after washing my face, trying to wash my tears away, it was clear I'd been crying, but I walked downstairs into her office, where she was sitting at her desk.

Seeing her there and what else was there, I reacted physically, tried to shun the sight away. The white panties were sitting in the middle of Ms. Drake's immaculate desk, white satin contrasting perfectly with dark wood.

She sat behind her desk, the offending panties between me and her. She didn't offer me a chair and I didn't take it or ask for one.

"Do you know how violated I feel," she began.

"Ms. Drake, please, let me..."

Her glare caught my words.

"I could understand if you stole, James, or had guests over without permission, even if you brought a woman home from school without asking me. But this, this is so personal. You were in my bathroom, in my laundry hamper. My panties, James? My fucking panties! You were...your face....you..." she said.

"Please, Ms. Drake!"

"I don't know whether to fire you or call the police or report you to the university."

"Ms. Drake, please!"

"Of course, I'd be too embarrassed to tell the police or the university provost. I can't imagine telling them my household help was sniffing my panties," she said, disgustedly.

"My panties," she asked loudly, "you little pervert!"

I burst into tears. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Drake," I sobbed, "I couldn't help myself. Please don't call the police, please don't fire me, please, please!"

Ms. Drake sat glaring at me while I cried for several minutes, until she finally sighed, "Sit down, James. It's my fault, in a way. I should have known last Saturday; I shouldn't have sun bathed in front of you like that. I didn't think you'd react like that. You have a crush on me, don't you?"

"Yes," I sobbed.

"I know, I know. And having a crush, and then seeing Richard last night, who I forgot to tell you about, I guess then it hurt you seeing me kiss Richard last night, didn't it?"

"Yes," I sobbed.

"And then you found my panties..."

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Drake," I cried again.

"Shhh, I know sweetie, I know," she hushed me. I realized that my cock had stirred again, was getting hard again, as it had before when I felt humiliated in front of Ms. Drake. Sitting in Ms. Drake's dark wood paneled office, in front of her desk, I felt the power radiating from her, the superiority, her beauty combining with her power over me was having an erotic effect on me. It only shamed me even more.

"James, I'm conflicted. Part of me wants to fire you, I feel so violated, but part of me feels bad for you too, like I led you on in some way."

I didn't answer, I just waited, patiently, hoping I did not get a full erection again.

"I don't want you in my room again without express permission, do you understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I shook. Was she going to keep me?

"And you're never to go into my special things without permission again, is that clear.?"

"No Ma'am." Permission? Without permission to get into her special things. I shook, felt my cock stir again. She stood, unbuttoned her jacket, hung it over the back of her chair. The buttons of her blouse were done just above her bra, I could see a hint of cleavage, and I stared at her, the swell of her breasts in her silk shirt, longingly.

"Good, good. Now I have work to do. I want you to go up to your room and stay there the rest of the day, do you understand? You can sit up there and think about what you did, James."

"Yes Ma'am." I started to stand, realized that the erection in my loins was fairly obvious now, she must have seen it. And I blushed.

"Wait." I froze, her eyes boring into me. I think a small smile formed on her pink painted lips, just a small one, a crack.

She picked up a letter opener from the desk, placed the tip of it on the panties, and pushed them towards me. "Take these."

I didn't move.

"Go on, pick them up."

I hesitated.

"I said take them," she pushed them closer to me with the opener. "You wanted them so badly before, didn't you?"

"Ma'am, please," I whispered.

"Pick them up," she hissed. "I don't want them anymore. I'm certainly not wearing panties that have been pawed and sniffed by you."

I shook my head, but her glare was worse than her command, and I picked the panties up in my hands.

"Get those away from me, throw them out, I don't want to even look at them again."

I was shaking. "Yes Ma'am." I stood up, picked up the panties, blushing deeply, matching the blood red of the room's carpet.

And then she shooed me off up to my room, where I was to be confined for the day, to think about "the error of my ways." On the way upstairs I passed by the kitchen, where I could have thrown the panties into the trash. But I didn't, I kept them, took them with me, upstairs.

That night I dreamed again, of Ms. Drake spanking me, pushing her panties into my face, telling me to sniff her soiled panties, taunting me about my small penis. I woke up in the morning covered with sweat, Ms. Drake's white panties next to me on the pillow, where I'd been sniffing them during the night. My own underwear was moist in front where I'd discharged

sometime during the night in my dreams.

I had the day off Sunday so I went to the library to get some studying done. I had to get out of that home. Even eating breakfast in the morning, I felt claustrophobic, contained, confined. Maybe I could lose myself in a cubicle at the library, where the smell of old books could replace the smell from Ms. Drake's panties that was haunting me.

Lost in my work, I didn't see her sit down in the cubicle next to me.

"James," she whispered, breaking my concentration. I looked up, looked around. "Oh, hey Lisa," I said to a fellow grad student who was also seeking refuge in the library. We made some small talk for awhile, getting a stare from the librarian twice. Lisa was a nice Midwestern, upper middle class girl who was friendly and outgoing, and pretty too. I should not have been so distracted talking to her, but taking my nose out my book only let my mind drift to Amanda Drake.

"So, do you want to?"

"What?"

"Welcome back, space cadet," she sighed. "I said a few of us are going to Harry's, that bar on Maple on Friday, do you want to come?" I realized that Lisa was feeling me out for a date, or group date, as college kids tend to do.

Friday? I...I didn't know if I had to work on Friday, I'd have to ask Ms. Drake.

"Um, Lisa, I'd love to, but...I...I don't know if I have to work Friday."

"That bitch has you working on Friday nights?" she laughed.

"No, Lisa, she's not like..."

"Relax, James, I just kidding. Check it out, let me know," she said, handing me a piece of paper with her number on it.

I didn't see Ms. Drake till Monday evening when I helped her carry in some files from her car. I felt tremendously nervous around her, half intoxicated by her beauty, half shamed by the incident from Saturday.

"Um, Ms. Drake, I was wondering," I started nervously, like I was asking her

for a date, "do...do I have to work Friday evening?"

"Why, dear?"

"I...I want to go out with...a...with a friend," I said, embarrassed.

She pondered the statement for a minute. "Actually, Richard Shelby and another couple are coming over for dinner on Friday and I'll need you working then," she answered me.

I had a strange sensation of anger and eager anticipation, knowing I could not go out with Lisa because I had to work Friday. Especially knowing Richard was coming over. I didn't know if I was falling in love with Ms. Drake or if I was becoming infatuated with her, like a schoolboy with a crush on his teacher. I didn't know if this was healthy for me at this time in my life, and the thought scared me.

"Lisa, I'm sorry, I do have to work on Friday, I can't make it. Can we do it another time," I asked Lisa on the phone that evening, sitting on my ruffled bed spread, afraid that I was missing my one shot with her.

"Don't worry, James, I understand, I'll just study instead, but I'd love to reschedule, I really would."

Relief and confusion, I twirled the lace edge on the bedding, the soft fabric ran through my fingers. While we talked, I thought about what a nice girl Lisa was, but dreamed of Ms. Drake, the forbidden fruit.

After we hung up, my phone rang. "Hello," I answered.

"James, could you come down to my office please?"

"Yes Ma'am," I answered, not entirely unused to summonses to assist my employer with something.

I found Amanda sitting on a leather winged backed chair in her office, a burgundy nail head chair, an ottoman pulled up in front of her where her stocking clad feet were resting. Her office was dark except for a reading lamp next to the chair, its green glass globe creating a weird shadowy effect across the room. Ms. Drake was still dressed in her suit from earlier, save for the jacket, that pink wool garment tossed across her desk. Her tan skin was beautifully on display in her white silk shirt and pink skirt, and her legs

shone under her white stockings.

I immediately imagined her nylons I discovered the other day and began shaking when I approached her. Her beauty intimidated me, yet sucked me in closer to her.

"Can you please get me another bottle of wine, James," she asked, indicating the empty bottle of Oregon Pinot Gris sitting on the table next to her and an empty wine glass.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, walking towards the foyer to head to the wine cellar.

"Bring another glass too, please."

I gulped, continued to the kitchen, through a small door by the pantry that led into the basement of the home. The wine cellar was actually a wine storage unit inside an old wine cellar. Generations ago, the cellar was used to store wine, the old wooden racks were still here, except empty of bottles. In one corner was a large modern wine storage unit, temperature and humidity controlled, containing about one hundred bottles of wine. It was not a collector's collection, but a well stocked unit nevertheless, on a par with a good restaurant's selection.

I found another bottle of the Oregon Pinot Ms. Drake favored when drinking alone and brought it up to the kitchen where I picked up another stemmed wine glass. Back in Ms. Drake's office, she had moved her feet under her on the chair, leaving just her knees peeking out. I used the waiter's wine tool next to the first bottle, opened this new bottle, and poured her a glass.

"One for you, too, James," she said pointing to the second glass. I poured the glass, took a sip and stood there awkwardly.

"Relax, James, I don't bite, I promise, sit down, please." She pointed to the leather ottoman. I sat, leaving me below her eye level, looking up to meet her gaze.

We both sipped our wine. Since she was a whole bottle ahead of me, she was clearly more relaxed than I was as she spoke.

"I'm sorry you can't go on a date Friday, James," she said sincerely.

"It's okay, Ms. Drake," I answered, wondering where I'd really rather be on that night.

"James, you didn't do as I asked you Sunday."

"Ms. Drake?"

I wondered if she'd needed the bottle of wine to start this conversation. "The panties, James, you didn't dispose of them. Imelda saw them in your room sitting on top of your dresser." Imelda was Ms. Drake's cook and did some of the household chores that I was not responsible for, including linens and towels, so she had every reason to be in my room.

I didn't answer. Heck, I couldn't answer if I wanted to.

"I really am flattered, honey, honestly. It's just a little strange, that's all, a grown boy stealing a woman's panties." She shifted on her chair, untucked her legs so they were in front of her, between her and me.

"James, have you...have you done that before? Stolen panties?" she asked me, looking for all the world shocked at her own question.

"Ms. Drake," I gasped, nearly spilling my wine on the oak floor.

"I can't believe I'm even asking you this, James," she laughed, sitting back, her left leg moving quickly to the edge of the ottoman next to my right leg, "it's the wine talking, but I..."

I shifted, my pants squeaked on the soft leather of the ottoman.

"I've heard of adolescents stealing panties, but never someone your age. I mean, I'm no prude, James, I've even heard of young men wearing panties," she laughed, her leg coming closer to, but not touching mine.

My mouth was dry, the taste of the dry wine not helping. Even though the room was normal temperature, I felt hot, a bead of sweat formed on my forehead. Wearing panties? Men wearing panties? Why did she say that? What was she talking about? I'd never even thought about that.

"Effeminate eunuch," flashed through my brain.

"Ms. Drake," I croaked.

"James, I'm sorry, I..." she pulled her legs back towards her, apparently shocked at the words coming out of her mouth. "Except for your routine things, I really don't need anything special until Friday again. Same thing as last week, okay?"

I sensed a dismissal in her actions and tone, like she'd gone too far, gotten too familiar in her actions. Leaving the office and walking back to my quarters took forever, a long, forbidding walk, with a heavy heart and a confused feeling about me.

"Men wearing panties." Her words replayed through my mind over and over again. I stared at the panties on her dresser, desperate to sniff them again, terrified to touch them, scared, emotional.

I was even afraid to go to sleep, afraid of the erotic dreams, the visits by Ms. Drake to my subconscious when I fell asleep at night.

Friday afternoon I met Ms. Drake in the garage when she arrived home at 5:30. She pulled her black BMW M5 into the garage, between the older silver 3 series I got to use and the van for household work. The M5 was the car I used to drive her places when she wished for a driver.

"Oh, good, I can give this to you right now," she said, climbing out of the car, flashing some serious leg in her tan skirt as she clicked her heels to the cement floor of the garage. She opened the back door to the car and took a black plastic garment bag out of the rear seat.

"Here is a uniform for tonight. I had to get something different. The cleaner could not get some stain out of the front of your pants from the other one," she said, without any emphasis, though I knew very well what the stain was.

As we walked into the kitchen from the garage, she checked on the cook and told me about the evening. "Really the same thing as last week, just we will only have Richard and another couple with him. They will get here at 7:00, so please be dressed and ready by then."

"Yes Ma'am," I answered as I walked behind her, following her through the foyer to the winding staircase to the second floor. At the top, she paused on the last step, as she was about to turn to the left towards her room, and I to the right towards the back, to my quarters.

"Oh, Jamie, what I said the other night, in my office, I'd like you to do that tonight."

"Ms. Drake?"

"Just think about it sweetie," she said over her shoulder as she walked into and closed the door to her room.

What the hell did she mean?

My brain and crotch both tingled at the same time as I opened the door to my room. They both knew. My brain, terrified, my crotch, erotically charged.

"I've even heard of young men wearing panties," she had said.

She couldn't possibly! She didn't want that? There was no way!

"Young men wearing panties," her voice replayed in my mind as I walked into my bedroom and saw the very object of my torment, Amanda's white satin panties, the ones she wore last Friday evening, sitting on my dresser.

They were folded. I hadn't left them folded, I'd left them crumpled up. I picked them up off the wood top, looked at them. Laundered and folded.

Eunuch! Effeminate!

I was panting heavily, suddenly and painfully aware that my pants were very tight because I'd gotten half an erection, which was caught and folded inside my underwear.

"Young men wearing panties." Panties. Panties. The word flooded my brain over and over again while I was in the shower. She couldn't have meant that, there was no way!

"I'd like you to do that," she told me. The panties were washed and folded, obviously by Imelda. There was no way I was going to wear them, no way.

I soaped my stomach, my crotch, aware that thinking about wearing Amanda's panties had given me an intense erection.

"Young men wearing panties."

I held them in my hands, Amanda's white satin panties, remembering the

smell of them before they were washed. For ten minutes I sat there, erect, afraid, wanting to masturbate, afraid of what that admission would mean. I put them down, got out a pair of my own bikini briefs, sat again, breathing slowly, clearing my mind. Finally, my erection went away.

I had to get dressed before her guests arrived. I started to step into my own briefs, but froze, grabbed Amanda's panties with a pissed off groan and quickly pulled the panties up my legs and tucked my penis into the crotch before I could get an erection. I knew wearing them was going to do that. Why was this sexually exciting? What was going on?

I opened the garment bag to find a cream silk shirt, short sleeved. As I slipped it on, I noticed the buttons on the left again, round thick buttons. My mind shut out any thought about the shirt, the soft silk, and the tapered waist of the shirt. The pants were similar to last weeks, except for two things.

First, I thought the zipper was in the front of the pants, but looking closely at the tags and the small pockets, I realized that they actually zipped up in back. The legs were a bit different too, tight on the thigh, slightly flared at the hem of the bottom, almost but not quite a bell bottom.

Eunuch!

The socks were thinner than those from last week, almost see through. My brain rebelled, not thinking, trying not to think, not wanting to think. I slipped into the shoes, looked at the mirror and couldn't help but think, bitch. And yet I still twitched in my panties, I realized I was feeling...sexy! The pants were flat in front again, surrounded and cupped my ass, the Lycra stretching around it.

Effeminate!

Just as I left my quarters, I heard the door chime and I hustled downstairs to greet the guests, Richard and a couple he brought with him.

Richard was dressed in a dark grey wool suit, white shirt, striped tie. His companions were also dressed down from those last week, the gentleman in a blue suit, his wife, I presumed, in a dark blue satin slip dress, black nylons, heels.

"Richard, Emily, Paul," Amanda sang, timing her entrance again just as Richard arrived. I turned to see her glide down the stairs in a little black halter top dress, velvet black heels, black nylons. She came to us, air kissed Emily and Paul, planted a real kiss on Richard's cheek and asked them to go to the dining room while she checked on dinner and I got a bottle of wine for them.

I walked ahead of Amanda, my breath labored as I felt the pressure of her eyes on the back of me. It was like I could feel her eyes boring into the tight behind of the pants. In the kitchen, the staff had set out a bottle of wine and four glasses on a silver tray that Ms. Drake asked me to take back to the guests while she'd be along in a minute.

While I walked by her carrying the silver tray, she whispered to me, "Did you do what I asked."

"Ma'am?"

"Did you?"

I felt my cheeks redden, my cock stir in the satin crotch of the panties I was wearing, the very panties she'd worn last Friday.

She looked around the kitchen, looking for any of the caterer's staff.

"Did you sweetie?" Her eyes burned into me, blinding me, the soft white light of the kitchen suddenly hardening, the harsh glare of light off fresh snow. I was dizzy again, intoxicated by this woman, a woman old enough to be my mother, so gently tormenting me. I wanted to scream, "Why? Why are you doing this to me? What are you doing?" I was afraid though, afraid of Ms. Drake, afraid of losing my job, and intensely afraid of something else, my own arousal.

"Yes Ms. Drake," I whispered, trying to hold the tray steady, not wanting to see a bottle of Bordeaux and four crystal glasses tumble to the hardwood floor.

She smiled at me. I could have sworn I saw something click in her mind. What was she thinking? How, in the span of a month, did she turn this simple job, this gorgeous home into a prison for me? The air felt stuffy, suffocating, yet intoxicating.

"I'm going to be thinking about that all evening, Jamie," she said, pleased with me.

I blushed deeper, started to take the wine to the guests.

"Careful, the first step's the hardest, Jamie," she said, twirling a lock of her blonde hair in her fingers. She meant the wine, carrying the tray. Right?

Please, right?

Because everything else was more sinister, much more sinister, the rumbling in my panties told me. Did Amanda even know what she meant? Was this a first step for me or for her?

## Chapter 2 - Falling Under Her Spell

My boss, Amanda Drake, the woman who employed me as basically her servant in exchange for a small salary and free room and board while I was in my first year of grad school, said two things to me last night that stuck with me throughout the evening.

She was in her mid forties, though she looked like she was in her mid twenties. Basically, she told me to wear a pair of her panties under my uniform when I served her dinner party.

She didn't come right out and say so. But earlier, when she'd caught me sniffing a pair of her panties from the laundry, she'd told me she'd heard that young men like me do wear panties. Last night she asked me to do what she'd told me about the other night. I took this to mean that she wanted me to wear her panties that night, and I did.

Later, while getting wine for her date and another couple who'd come over, she'd asked me if I'd done what she asked, and when I said yes, she told me how she'd think about it all night.

All night, she was going to think about me in her panties.

It was a miracle I didn't spill anything on her guests that night.

But I assumed she was off limits, that she was so way out of my league, that even though I knew I loved her, I'd never have her.

That much I knew.

Last week, when Richard, her date, or boyfriend (or lover?) came over with five other couples, he left last, after he and Ms. Drake had sat on the couch in my presence, kissing. Their antics were painfully humiliating to me, since I had such a crush on Ms. Drake. I knew I had no right to be jealous, of course, but I was.

This evening, Richard had driven the other couple to the dinner at Ms. Drake's house, so staying and necking with my boss was out of the question.

But they still kissed when he left, a deeper kiss than last week, a minute, in the foyer, after the other couple had gone to the car, a minute while I stood there, feeling totally emasculated, while the woman I had a deep crush on kissed another man. I don't care how appropriate they were for one another, this kiss drove me wild with jealousy.

And lust.

"I'll call you tomorrow, Mandy, okay," and he broke off the kiss, smiling at my boss, who nodded at his statement.

Ms. Drake retired for the evening, leaving me to clean up the sitting room before going off duty myself.

She also left me sexually frustrated, the pants I was wearing crushing me, her panties I was wearing, massaging me. I didn't understand what Amanda was doing. She'd been furious when she'd caught me sniffing her panties, but now she encouraged me to wear them. I felt like I was on a ride to some distant destination, but I didn't know where I was going or how to get there. Ms. Drake was an enigma to me, clearly teasing me, almost taunting me, but then pushing me away. It didn't push me away, though. It only made me want her even more.

After finishing cleaning up, I did the only thing I could do when I went to my own quarters' I finally freed myself from the tight confines of my pants, lowered Ms. Drake's panties, and furiously masturbated into a towel. All I could picture was Ms. Drake, strong, confident, dressed in a business suit, telling me to wear her panties for her.

I had an explosive orgasm, even gasping out, shaking uncontrollably when the sexual pleasure washed over me.

I collapsed back onto my pillow, the white cotton towel tossed aside to the floor. As soon as I recovered, I tore the panties off me altogether and threw them to the floor in disgust. The thought revolted me right now, the thought of wearing them, the thought of masturbating with them on. I was not so naive as to be unaware that cross dressers existed, men who like to dress as woman, or some who even wanted to be women. But that was not me, I shuddered. That was disgusting, revolting, and only served to make me even more ashamed of what I'd just done.

"Stop it," I ordered myself. Enough. Enough!

I soon fell into a deep sleep, a sleep where Amanda did much more than just tease me.

It was Saturday morning when I woke up, though I still felt exhausted, my sleep tormented by dreams of Ms. Drake. I wanted to awake early though, knowing that on Saturday mornings I got to sit with Ms. Drake in the kitchen, in an informal setting, to drink coffee as peers rather than boss and employee. Maybe I could talk to her, confront her, tell her that this had to stop. Anything.

"Oh, good, you are up. I was just going to call up to your room, James. We can have a cup of coffee, but I don't want to dawdle, I'm going to the club this morning for an event and will be gone most of the day."

"Oh, okay, Ms....Amanda." I wanted to ask her what was going to take her away all day, obviously not golf, as she was wearing a pink flowered sun dress and white sandals. Stunning, as always.

"So, James," she asked as I poured us coffee, "how are you adjusting to grad school?"

"Um, school is good, Amanda. Really about what I expected."

"And the job?" she asked, motioning around the kitchen, representing the house, employment at the Drake estate.

The job? Only the most fucked up thing in my life. The question threw me, caught me off guard. I didn't even know where to start, and to be honest, was distracted by Amanda's radiant beauty. What could I say? That I fell asleep after masturbating in her panties, that I was incredibly ashamed, that this was the most fucked up thing, the most screwed up situation? That I was infatuated with her?

She moved her hand off her coffee cup, slid it across the table, let it casually rest on my own hand, "Well, do you like it?"

"Yes," I croaked, answering more to her touch than to her question about my employment situation.

She lightly, just for five or six seconds, danced her fingers over mine. "Good, because I think you are working out just fine, James."

I recognized the danger but felt powerless against it. Her blue eyes were looking firmly right into mine, staring, and challenging me. I could not hold her gaze and looked down and moved my coffee cup up to my mouth, more to get away from her touch than to quench my thirst. She is dangerous, James, I told myself, but I was intoxicated by her.

"So you met a girl at school," she asked me casually.

"Um, yes, another grad student," I was embarrassed to admit, I so forcefully lusted for Amanda.

"That's good. That's good, James. I really am sorry about last night, though."

About keeping me to work, about teasing me and taunting me into wearing her panties, instead of going out with Lisa. "That's okay, Amanda." I wanted to change the subject, this was too uncomfortable for me.

But Amanda did that soon enough, excusing herself to head to her club, leaving me with about an hour's real housework, and then time to myself to study.

Tuesday afternoon I was leaving class, headed to the library when I ran into Lisa. "Hey, how are you?"

"Good, James, how are you?" Her innocent smile made my face flush, my stomach turn into a knot. We walked upstairs together and found a table over by a wall where we sat and talked, instead of studying.

"So, are you free this Friday, James, or am I going to have to take a hint," she asked me. I was glad after having to turn down her invitation last week that another was forthcoming, since I was having trouble working up the nerve to ask her myself. The truth was, though, that I did not know if I had to work.

"Um, sure, Lisa, I'd love to do something Friday, um," I had butterflies in my stomach. I noticed that Lisa had blue eyes, like Ms. Drake, and suddenly felt an even weirder feeling.

"Great, it's a date then, here, let me write down my address, you can pick me up at 6ish? We can grab something to eat and a movie."

"That sounds great, Lisa."

I still didn't know if I had to work Friday, and figured I'd better talk to Ms. Drake as soon as I could, because I did not want to blow off Lisa two weeks in a row. I only had so much luck with women.

However, I did not see Ms. Drake Tuesday evening, nor Wednesday morning. Finally, she got home late Wednesday night. I was in the den, watching television, when she walked in, dressed in a tan skirt suit, light blue blouse, heels, and plopped herself down on the opposite end of the couch from me.

"God, what a fucking long day," she sighed, sinking into the leather. "My feet are killing me," she said, kicking off her heels, tucking her legs under her, to her side, away from me. "Be a dear, James, and get me a glass of wine, will you?"

"Yes, Ma'am." I was technically not on duty that night, but I had to ask her about Friday, and I didn't want to ask after telling her I was not working.

"You can grab a glass for yourself, too, if you want dear," she yelled to me as I left the room.

I got a bottle of her "house white", an ice bucket and a couple of glasses. Maybe a glass of wine would loosen my tongue. For some reason I was nervous to ask her, afraid she'd tell me no.

Amanda downed her first glass in quick order. Politely, she waited until I finished mine before asking me for a second glass. "We might need another bottle," she commented.

Okay, ask. Ask. Ask. I kept repeating the question in my mind, "Do I have to work Friday." Okay, in one minute, I'll ask.

I watched the second hand travel around the grandfather clock in the corner. When it hit twelve, my mouth opened, but no words. I shook my head, and before I could work up the nerve, Amanda spoke.

"You know, this reminds me of one of the things I miss most about Eric?"  
Eric, her late husband?

"Ma'am?"

"I'm sorry, it's hard sometimes. Its been four years, but sometimes a situation just brings back memories."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am."

"It's okay, James, It's the wine. Eric didn't work too much. He was a lawyer, but spent more time being a Drake than practicing law. He never stood in the way of my career, though, he was very supportive, even though neither of us needed the money. He know how important it was for me to succeed, to win. I was always so competitive."

I sat there silently, gently sipping my wine, feeling it warm my stomach.

"Oh, don't feel sorry for me James, I stopped grieving a couple of years ago, though I'm still not ready to commit to another relationship, despite my dalliances with Richard."

"I see."

She turned towards me. "Just sitting here like this, sipping wine after work, brings me back. Eric and I used to do this. He gave the best foot massages when I had a rough day."

"Do...do you think you'll ever get married again, Ma'am?"

"At my age, James, that is a dicey proposition. Oh I imagine, I don't want to go through life alone, that for sure, but love and a husband in a woman's forties is quite different than your age. I'm sure the girls you meet at school are looking for something much different than I am."

Lisa. I thought about Lisa again. I had to ask, soon, before I couldn't talk.

"Um, Ms. Drake," I whispered, but she didn't appear to hear me, she was lost in her own world for a minute.

It was the look in her blue eyes, the piercing gaze. I'd never seen a picture of her late husband, so I don't know if she saw some resemblance, or if there

was something else going on inside her head or her heart. Her motives were a mystery to me.

She suddenly shifted to face me directly, the leather creaking with her movement. "James, have...have you ever given a foot massage before?"

My mouth dried up instantly. "What," I croaked?

She quickly laughed, turned back towards the television. "I'm sorry. It's a good thing you didn't get another bottle, I might have asked you. You should have hired a girl, Mandy."

"You should have...?"

"If I'd hired a girl, a maid, instead of a servant, I wouldn't hesitate to have her do that, but then, there are things a boy can do better. I'm sorry, talking about Eric got me nostalgic."

She sat, watched the business news while I sat there uncomfortably, still thinking about massaging Amanda's pretty feet while trying to work up the nerve to ask her about Friday.

I couldn't take it anymore, "Ms. Drake, do I have to work on Friday evening?"

She turned away from the television, moved her hair behind her ear, "Why dear?"

"I...I have a date with Lisa," I said. Why the hell did I feel so nervous? I had every right to date, I didn't have to have Amanda's permission or blessings.

She looked at me, evaluating my request. "She asked you out?"

"Um, yes, Ma'am, we're going to dinner and a movie."

"Well, I don't know if I like sharing you James."

Sharing me? Sharing me! Like she owned me! Like I was her property?

'What do you think you are, James?' my logical side asked me?

"Actually, I'm going to dinner with Richard, Friday, and I was going to have you here to greet him and get us drinks before we left."

The hurt and disappointment was evident on my face.

"But, Ms. Drake, I already..."

"James, James," she held up her hand to stop my tirade, "just a second. I said I was going to. I think Richard and I could fend for ourselves, if we have to, it's just nicer to have someone here serving, that's all."

Maybe she saw the hurt on my face. I mean, all I was doing was asking for a night off so I could go on a date with a girl my own age. Given my obvious infatuation with Amanda, I'd think she'd actually encourage me to go out with someone my own age.

"Have you already made plans with Lisa? You already told her you'd go out Friday?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"You should have checked with me before you made plans. It's not very responsible to do something like that without seeing if you are working, James."

"I know, but I..."

"You've really put one of us in a bad spot. Either I have to give you Friday off, or you have to cancel plans with Lisa. You are making us choose between you, James."

"I...I guess I didn't think about it."

"No, James, I guess you didn't think about it at all. If you'd simply asked before you accepted her date, you would have known you were working, and could have made plans for Saturday evening." Amanda sat up on the couch, less relaxed. She extended her legs in front of her, slipped her shoes back on, and assumed her "blue blood" pose on the couch, back straight, imposing.

"I'm sorry Ma'am." I felt her cold glare.

"Do you like this girl, James?"

"Yes Ma'am, I do."

"Well, it's not her fault she asked a boy lacking in manners. I expect better from my staff. But, I'm not going to punish her by making you work."

"Ma'am," I started to crack a smile.

"Wipe that smile off your face, James. I said I'm not going to punish her, it's not Lisa's fault. You, however, deserve to be punished."

The smile was wiped off my face, replaced by a stir in my loins when she said punished.

"Ms. Drake?"

She looked lost in thought for a moment, then turned slowly towards me, legs tucked away, hands folded in her lap. "You will wear a pair of panties on your date, James."

"What?"

"I think that's quite an appropriate way for you to remember all that evening why you are out with a girl and not home serving your employer. Don't you?"

Hell no I didn't! There was no fucking way I could wear panties on a date. Put aside the fact that I'd be a nervous wreck anyway, just being with Lisa on a date. Panties?

"What...what's your obsession with panties," I demanded, fury rising up inside me. She was not being fair.

With the exception of one raised eyebrow, and a slight tilt of her head, Ms. Drake didn't move a muscle when her icy voice delivered a stinging retort to me. "My obsession with panties, James? This from the boy I caught in my bathroom in a most curious situation."

I shrunk back into the leather of the couch, almost dropped the wine glass in my hand. I felt my face flush, almost as if I'd been struck by her. "Ms. Drake, that's not..."

Her eyes narrowed. "The obsession with panties is not mine, James, it is yours." she said, a hint of disgust in her voice, standing, ending our conversation. "I'll be working at home on Friday. Please see me before you

leave so that I may attend to the conditions of your evening, James."

I sat on the couch, dumbfounded, anger rising, blood boiling. I wanted to throw my wine glass against the wood paneled wall just to feel the satisfaction of breaking something.

The obsession with panties is not mine, James, it is yours. Her words had found their mark. It wasn't true, I was not obsessed with panties, was I?

"What in god's name am I doing," I asked myself out loud, afraid to even contemplate the answer.

Friday morning I saw Lisa at the library where she told me where she wanted to go to eat and what movie to see. I confirmed directions to her apartment, but tried not to linger because my stomach was upset, I was so nervous.

"Ms. Drake," I said, knocking on the open door to her office in the back of the house at a little after five Friday afternoon.

"Yes, what is it James," she looked up from her computer.

"Um...I...I have to leave in about a half hour, Ma'am."

She looked at me over a pair of reading glasses, looked at my outfit. "You look nice, James."

"Um, thank you Ma'am." I stood in the doorway, afraid to step into her lair, trying to maintain eye contact, failing as usual.

"What is it James?"

"Um...you...you said the other night...I had to...to...come see you before I left."

"Yes, I believe I did. To get your panties, I believe, correct?"

"Um, yes Ma'am."

"Let me finish this email, I'll be right with you."

She let me stand in the doorway for five minutes while she typed on her computer. I vaguely felt like I was at the principal's office, waiting for a

scolding. Finally, she stood. "Come with me, please," she said, walking past me towards the back staircase.

I followed her, followed what I felt was my executioner, up the back kitchen stairs, the maid's stairs, she called them, that led to the hallway right outside my rooms. She continued down the hall, around the corner, her heels clicking on the hardwood. I followed her to her door to her rooms.

"Wait here, please," she ordered me. She walked into her room, leaving the door open, with me again on the edge, physically on the edge of her room, but also emotionally. She walked out of my sight, returning with a small cream bundle in her hand.

"Here, these will do," she said, holding the panties out towards me.

I reluctantly took them from her, realized they were crumpled up, not folded neatly. The satin was all bunched up in a ball, I could feel....these...these were not clean.

"Ms. Drake, these...these are..." I could not find the words.

"Yes?"

"Dirty," I gasped.

"Yes, James, they are the panties I wore yesterday. Since your obsession with my panties seemed to run towards my soiled panties, I thought these were perfect for you to wear tonight."

"But..."

"Every moment tonight, James, remember why you are wearing soiled panties, why you are being punished, and perhaps you will learn to be better mannered as far as your employer and your date are concerned."

I was completely mortified and humiliated, standing there with Amanda's panties in my hand.

"You'd better run along, you don't want to be late, Jamie."

In my room, pants off, I didn't know if I hated her. I looked at the cream satin panties, the lace trim. My hands were shaking. Before I put them on, I couldn't help myself, I brought them up to my face, sniffed deeply.

Ohhhhhhhh. Amanda's scent drove me wild. I saw the clock on my cable box. Shit. I had to go. I reluctantly pulled the scent away from face, stepped into the panties. Part of me wanted to call Lisa, cancel and spend the evening sniffing the panties, greedily.

I pulled the panties up my legs, tried to fit my erect penis into the satin front. I felt so humiliated, like Amanda was there with me, her hands on my cock, on my ass. My cock twitched as I saw myself in the mirror. Good god, I was excited.

Eunuch!

That fucking word running through my brain again. Involuntarily I put my hands on my hips, actually struck a pose. Before I realized what I was doing, I was smiling at the reflection, imaging that I was posing for Ms. Drake.

No...No...NO! Cut it out. Lisa. Lisa. Lisa. Think about Lisa.

"Ms. Drake," my mind whispered.

"Lisa!" I said out loud.

The date with Lisa was not a disaster, but I was distracted the entire evening. I couldn't get the feeling, the thought, of Ms. Drake's panties out of my mind. The picture of her hands on me.

At the movie theater, Lisa slipped her hand over to mine, took it into hers, rested her head on my shoulder. I could smell her hair, but all I could think about was Ms. Drake's scent. The scent of her panties, of her...her vagina!

Shit, I felt a twitch in my panties, my cock, growing. And it had nothing to do with Lisa, it had to do all with Ms. Drake. She was ruining my date!

Back at Lisa's, sitting outside in the car, we kissed, leaning over the center area, lips locked together. I felt Lisa's hand on my thigh. Fuck, I had to back off, I...I couldn't do this. I wanted to so badly, but I couldn't.

"Lisa," I said, backing off.

"What's wrong, James," she said, looking taken back. "Don't you want to come upstairs?"

"I...I..."

She chuckled. "It's okay, James, I'm not usually this forward, I just like you."

"I like you too, Lisa, I just..."

"I know, I know, move slowly. That's what my mom told me too." She leaned over, kissed my cheek. "Call me tomorrow, okay?"

"Yea, no problem, Lisa."

I drove home, lost, demoralized, confused. I wanted to go upstairs with Lisa so badly. I had not had sex with a girl (masturbation did not count) in almost two years, and would have jumped her right there.

Except for the panties. Except for Ms. Drake's panties.

"You're home early, James," Ms. Drake's voice startled me as I walked into the dark kitchen from the garage.

"Ms. Drake?" I fumbled for the light switch. Amanda was sitting at the kitchen table in a light blue satin night gown that came down around her thighs, her long legs crossed. I couldn't see any more than when I saw her in her bikini, much less in fact, but the intimacy of the garment was startling.

"I wondered what time you'd be home," she sipped from a coffee cup. "Sorry I didn't wear my robe," she actually blushed, "but I didn't expect you home yet."

I actually wondered if she planned this, planned to wait here till I got home. "How was your date?"

"Um, okay, I guess."

"Hard concentrating, wasn't it, James, wearing panties?"

"Yyyess," I blushed.

"I bet. But I bet you liked it too, didn't you James? Wearing Amanda's panties on your date? Did it feel so naughty?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Good, you deserved it, James. Don't forget, your duties here come first."

She uncrossed and crossed her legs, causing the hem of her chemise to ride up her thigh. I started, hunger building inside me. She just stared at me over her coffee cup, watching my eyes fixated on her bare thighs.

"I come first, James."

"Yes...yes Ma'am."

"You'd better go change, I want to you hand wash my panties and bring them to me before you go to bed, James. There is Woolite by the sink in the laundry room. I'll be waiting for you here, darling."

"Yes, Ms. Drake."

"And turn out the light, I love the dark, its so sinister."

Like she was.

I walked up the maid's stairs, went into my room and reluctantly took off Ms. Drake's panties. Yes, reluctantly. I wanted to keep them, I didn't want to return them to her, not until I could masturbate. Well, I still had her other pair. Did I really want to wear those?

After I'd gone to the laundry room and hand washed Amanda's panties, I brought them back to her, still wet. "Here, Ma'am," I presented them.

She put down her coffee cup, reached for them. "Turn on the light." I did and she inspected the dripping panties. "You did well, darling. Maybe I should have you wash my intimates every evening."

That sent a rush through my groin. Daily contact with her delicates? Fuck, she was turning me into some kind of panty freak, wasn't she.

"Would you do that? Of course, I wouldn't want to interfere with your studies, James, but I don't like machine-washing my delicates, even on gentle. I'd much rather have them hand washed. It wouldn't take more than twenty five minutes or so every night.

Twenty five minutes times seven was just about three and a half hours a week. That actually would be a problem, given my tight schedule. Twenty

five minutes that should be spent studying, not working.

"I...I'd like that, Ma'am."

What was school? I had a chance to be that much closer to Amanda Drake, so I suppose I'd just cram in studying somewhere else during the week.

The next morning, Saturday, Amanda and I were again in the kitchen, reading the paper, drinking coffee. For awhile, she chatted with me as if nothing bizarre was going on, almost in a motherly tone. As I finished the second news section and got up to get us another cup of coffee, our conversation got a bit more personal.

She was asking me about my family, my parents, my aunts. Brothers and sisters.

"James," she asked innocently, pouring cream into her freshened coffee, "tell me, have you ever worn panties before?"

I coughed suddenly, my own coffee going down the wrong pipe. "No, god no."

"Before you started work here, I mean."

"What kind of question is that?"

"Ever thought about it?"

"No, no! Never!"

Her face twisted in disbelief.

"Amanda, really, no, I've never done that."

"I'm not sure."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, James, nothing, you just...I just wonder...what the root of your little obsession is."

"My obsession?"

"Yes, your obsession with my panties."

"I..." I started to deny, but the words caught in my throat. Was I obsessed? I knew I was obsessed with Ms. Drake, but her panties? Where was the line separating her from her panties? Was it her or them? Or both?

She leaned forward to me, and for the second time since I'd worked with her, touched my hand with hers, flirtatious. "As mad as I was when I caught you in my bathroom, Jamie, I suppose I find it kind of cute. Even flattering. To know I can still attract the younger boys."

"But..."

"I was just so shocked when I saw you sniffing them. Disgusted, really, but I suppose I should be honored, not shocked."

"Amanda, I..."

"And I bet you looked so cute wearing them." She was lazily tracing her fingers on my hand again. "To be honest, I...I find the idea of a young man in panties kind of cute."

She blushed, quickly moved her hand back away from mine, sitting up straight. "I'm sorry James, I don't know what came over me." She got up from the table, refusing to look at me.

"I...I want you to work inside today. Actually, a project I've put off far too long. I need the crystal on all the chandeliers polished. It's not very hard work, but it will take you most of the morning. You can't very well wear your gardening uniform so I...I got you a little inside uniform." She was blushing again, looking away from me. She looked like I felt around Lisa. Not the confident business woman, but...it was strange."

"Amanda?"

"Here," she said, handing me a shopping bag. "There are cleaning supplies in the dining room side board. I'll be around, just look for me if you need anything."

I took the bag upstairs and showered.

I opened the bag, not quite knowing what to expect from my employer. She acted so strange this morning. Oh my fucking....

Inside the bag was a pair of jean shorts. Short jeans shorts. Women's shorts. How did I know they were women's? Easy, the pink lace trim around the legs. There was a shirt, a white cotton a crop top with ties in front, a pair of pink satin thong panties. And a pair of white backless canvas tennis shoes.

These...these were women's clothes. There was no doubt about it. I looked at them closely. The shirt's label said "NY & Co."

Women's clothes?

It struck me as I fiddled with the shirt that...that the things I wore before to serve at her dinner parties...were...were women's! What the fuck? "NY & Co." made women's clothes?

"Come on, Jamie, you had to have known that," my little voice told me.

No! No, I didn't know.

"I find the idea of a young man in panties kind of cute," she'd told me downstairs at coffee.

Cute? I find that kind of disgusting! "Ewww," my brain cringed.

But Ms. Drake finds it cute, my little brain told me, stirring in my underwear. Just do it, fool, forget about what you are wearing. If Amanda Drake thinks it is cute, do it!

By my little voice, perhaps my conscious, reminded me of Lisa. You have a good thing going with Lisa, don't fuck that up.

Young men in panties are kind of cute!

This was not a good idea. I shouldn't be doing this. But I couldn't help it, her voice kept speaking to me. "I find the idea of a young man in panties kind of cute." Would...did Amanda find me kind of cute then when I wore panties? I twitched. Amanda found me cute?

Shaking, I got dressed in the pink panties, the women's shorts, the crop top, the canvas shoes. I felt like...Mary Ann from Gilligan's Island. Or Daisy Duke. Despite my man's face, my hairy legs, I felt like a...girl in her early 20's.

I knew that this was so wrong, but my urges were only directed to impressing Amanda Drake. I was fully aware that I should promptly quit my job. But I might have to drop out of school. And I might fuck things up with Lisa.

But I didn't wear the clothes because of Lisa, that was a lie. I did it thinking of Amanda Drake.

And so I spent the morning cleaning Ms. Drake chandeliers. Up and down a small step ladder, feeling a bit foolish, yet in some bizarre way, turned on too.

A little after noon, finished, and still not having seen Ms. Drake, I went back to her office, quietly knocked on the closed door.

"Come in."

I opened the door a crack, peaked my head in, "I'm done, Ms. Drake."

"Oh, James, I'd forgotten about you," she said, looking up from some papers on her desk. "Come in, let me just look at this."

In a way I was torn about going into her office. I still could not get out of my mind her comment on young men in panties, but of course I was mortified to be dressed like this in front of anyone, especially an older, beautiful woman who happened to be my employer.

"Come in, James."

I meekly walked into her office and stood before her desk, as if I was waiting for her to inspect me. Hell, that's what I was waiting for, wasn't it?

"You got both of them in the sitting room?"

"Um, yes Ma'am."

"And did you put the cleaning supplies away?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Okay, then I guess you are done for the day, thank you James," she said, dismissing me.

I just stood there, not quite sure I was actually dismissed.

"Yes," she asked.

"Um, I..." I wanted some approval for my uniform, I suppose. If I was going to humiliate myself like this, dressed up like this, I wanted her to notice, I wanted the positive reinforcement, and it hurt that she'd said nothing. I was shocked that I was close to tearing up.

"Yes, yes, you have on the uniform I got you, I see," she said, looking up quickly and then looking back down, apparently uninterested. Her lack of reaction actually hurt. For some reason I wanted her approval. Well, I was infatuated with her, of course I wanted her approval. I felt like I was lacking in approval from my teacher, or even my mother.

"Did...did I do something wrong, Ms. Drake," I asked, trying to keep the tears back. I wondered if I did anger her in some way.

"No, James," she sighed, looking up, sounding like a parent being bugged by an attention seeking child, "you look nice, though I'm not a fan of hairy legs on my young staff. Listen, I'm sorry, I just have to get a response out to these figures this afternoon. Why don't you go use the pool or get your own school work done, James, okay?"

"Yes Ma'am," I said, quickly leaving the room before I broke into tears in front of her. I fled to my room and quickly shed the uniform she'd had me wear, ashamed that I'd even put it on, ashamed that I'd gotten an erection on the way out of her office. Naked, erect, I threw myself onto my bed and buried my face in my pillow, ashamed of me tears.

I woke up an hour later, eyes still wet from crying. I walked into the bathroom, the cool tile floor, shuddered and blew my nose. Fucking Amanda Drake. What, is she a witch? Does she have some spell over me?

The funny thing was that my legs were not really that hairy! Fuck her, I'll show her. I was a swimmer in high school, though not in college. I'd shaved my legs before, many times in fact. Okay, never because a woman wanted me to, only cause coach made us, but so what. If Ms. Drake wants smooth legs, fuck it, I'll make my legs smooth. I grabbed my shaving cream and a razor, not even aware yet that I was again growing erect doing this thing to

impress Ms. Drake.

Later, as I dove into the pool to swim a few laps, I felt the cool water on my legs, that old feeling of smoothness cutting through the pool. It really did feel good, despite the somewhat strange appearance.

After swimming laps, I collapsed into a lounge chair to tan. Even if my boss was a crazy bitch, at least I had use of one kick ass pool. When I flipped to my stomach, I felt the warm rays of the sun take hold of me and drifted off into a mid afternoon nap.

Sunday evening when I got home from the library, Ms. Drake asked me if I had class on Tuesday afternoons.

"No, Ma'am, why?"

"I'm having a couple of women over for tea, and would like you on duty, James."

"Yes Ma'am, I can do that. What time, Ma'am?"

"On duty at 2?"

"Yes Ma'am."

I saw Lisa on Monday afternoon and we touched base. I was glad I'd worn pants to class that day, as I don't think I was quite ready to show off my shaved legs. We talked about our weeks, but I was distracted, she smelled so good. Her perfume was overpowering me, the closeness to her. Looking into her eyes, I saw....

Ms. Drake! I shook my head. I had to get out of here before I...I don't know. I said my apologies to Lisa, promised to call her that night, and got out of there.

I only saw Ms. Drake for a minute Monday night, when she came home after working out at her club and I was in the kitchen finishing my dinner. She walked to the stainless steel fridge and grabbed a bottle of water. I was staring at her ass as she bent down, her black pants of her workout suit pulled over her, emphasizing her behind.

"Tomorrow all set, James?" she asked. She opened the bottle of water, threw

the cap in the trash.

"Yes Ma'am. Um, what am I supposed to wear?"

"Well, I've been meaning to talk to you, are you..." She looked at my legs crossed in front of me. "Jason, did you...shave?"

I turned crimson red. She saw I had shaved my legs.

"Well, that actually makes things much easier. Don't worry about it, I'll leave it hanging on your door tomorrow before you get home from class."

I was too busy studying the rest of that night to think about it for a second. I even fell asleep on my bed, book opened on my chest.

When I got home from class on Tuesday, I found a garment bag hanging outside my door, with a note pinned on it, in her handwriting

"Please get dressed and go make tea at 1:30. Sandwiches are on trays in the fridge. Can't wait to see you at 2:00. Amanda."

I walked into my room carrying the bag and the note, hoping I'd only find a uniform I'd previously already worn, not something new and depraved. I was to be disappointed.

Inside the NY & Co. bag was a...oh god...a white satin blouse, short sleeved, with a flowered lace collar, a pair of black satin short, or hot pants that zipped on the side but had decorative buttons on the front, a pair of black satin panties, white ankle socks with lace trim and black leather mary jane shoes with a small heel.

I was on the verge of tears again, there were going to be other women here, this was too much. I...

"Can't wait to see you."

No...but...

"Amanda"

I knew it was going to happen before it did so I pulled on my panties as fast as I could. I had to get it in...

I jumped, reached into my panties, and tucked as fast as I could, before my penis could get too erect.

Think. Baseball...home runs...puppies...I had to concentrate to make myself stop growing and shrivel.

It's not the clothes, I told myself, it's Amanda. Amanda. Amanda. You are not getting excited by the clothes. Amanda. Amanda.

Completing getting dressed was perverse. I felt formal, thanks to the satin and cut of the shorts and top, but feminine. Dammit! Why was I giving in to her? What was she doing to me? I buckled the shoes on my feet, feeling every bit the fool.

Effeminate. I didn't even feel like a eunuch now, I felt like something...feminine.

Luckily making the tea kept my mind off how foolish I felt dressed like this, and just as I was finishing, I heard voices and footsteps out by the front of the house, and Amanda's voice carrying closer towards the kitchen.

"Just make yourselves at home, ladies, I'll check on the tea and be in in a few minutes."

Amanda...Ms. Drake, walked into the kitchen, looked quickly to the snacks on the tray on the table, the tea, then to me. Her eyes widened.

"James," she gasped, "you're...you're not dressed..."

Suddenly the white walls of the kitchen shrank quickly towards me and my insecurities at the stupid uniform smothered me. What the fuck did I do? God, I knew this was a terrible idea.

"Mr. Drake, I'm so sorry, this...this was what was in the bag." I could have used this shock earlier when I started to get hard, cause right now my cock was shrunk and pulled so far into my body, there might be an inch left exposed.

"Get upstairs right now, hurry up, my guests are waiting, come on, come on." She started running up the back stairs and I followed, still mortified.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, I just thought that this..." No wonder I felt so foolish

dressed up in this outfit. I just didn't know what I did wrong, what I was supposed to have worn.

Amanda walked quickly to my room, burst in, scanned the room till she saw the NY & Co. bag hanging on my closet door. She immediately went to the bag and looked into the bottom. She pulled something out, turned to look at me.

"Didn't you look in the bottom? For crying out loud, Jamie!"

"Ma'am...I..."

"Here, let's go, hurry up, dammit, finish getting dressed," she said, obviously irritated, "I can't let them wait long." She stood there with several items in her hands, impatiently tapping her heeled foot.

"But, I...I thought..." I thought I was changing into something else, not putting on something I'd forgotten...what? I looked down to the things she'd was holding. A small white satin apron, white satin gloves and...what...what did she...a package of...of pantyhose.

"Ms. Drake, these...these...", I stammered, unable to get the words out of my mouth.

"Pantyhose, of course, hurry up, get them on, they are waiting." There was both anger and fear in her own eyes. "Your legs are nicked up from shaving them, you can't go bare legged, come on, quickly, get your shoes, socks and shorts off." she implored me.

I looked mortified, but kicked off my shoes and socks without thinking. She was opening the package.

"Dammit, Jamie, your shorts, come on!" She had the nude pantyhose out of the Wolfords package and practically yelled at me.

My brain was on automatic while I pulled the satin shorts off, leaving me only in panties and the satin shirt.

"Come on, put them on," she handed me the nylons. "You've seen your mother do it, I'm sure, you know how, lets go." She looked at her watch, over me towards the door, jittery.

Her fear and impatience was easily transferred to me, and I actually sat down on the edge of the bed and carefully began to put the nylons on me. If not for her sense of urgency, I'm sure I would have balked at this, at wearing pantyhose, but her actions left no room for questions, only my own response to get dressed.

"Come on, come on," she hustled me as I pulled the waistband of the pantyhose into place. "Get your shorts and shoes and socks back on before I have to do it myself!"

I couldn't say the protests that my mind was shouting, the words all died in my throat. The shorts were on, then quickly the socks and shoes. "Here, turn around, let me tie the apron on, hurry!" I meekly presented my backside to her. She leaned around my front, her hands circling my waist. I felt the softness of her breasts push into my back as she reached towards my front and moved the ties of the small satin apron to the back, tied it tightly, actually emphasizing my waist.

"Here, on the way downstairs," she said tossing me the gloves.

I saw my reflection in the mirror, my brain quickly reacted.

Effeminate.

Eunuch.

Sissy!!!

No!!! No!!! How did she do this to me? Her...her beauty...her spells...I'd do anything for Ms. Drake, but...but this...what...why was I doing this.

Lisa...her face flashed into my mind as I ran after Ms. Drake.

No...no...Amanda.

We were in the kitchen. "Be right out ladies," she yelled out the door. "Get the snacks first, then come back for the tea, Jamie, hurry up."

I picked up the silver tray with the snacks, still being hustled along too quickly to comprehend, much less protest what I was doing.

I carried the tray of snacks into the sitting room and saw Ms. Drake sitting

with two other women, both older, fifties, well dressed, country club types. They stopped talking as I click clacked my way into the room and set the snacks on a serving table by the wall, my back to them.

"Thank you Jamie, we will take tea now, too, please."

"Yes Ma'am," I answered walking past them towards the hall.

"Mandy, he is adorable," one of the women said in a whisper, though loud enough for me to hear until I had left the room, "how long have you had him?"

"And does he know about..." her voice trailed off as I left to get the tea. I almost froze in the hallway...did I know about what? Know about what? What was she talking about? When I returned with the tea, they had moved onto to some other topic of conversation, something about their club, nothing about me. Both women stared at me as I poured their tea, looked me over with their eyes, nodding approvingly. What! What!

I stood over in the corner by the bar, where I'd stood twice before while serving Ms. Drake's guests, though never feeling quite so self conscious. If I looked towards the far wall, I could see my reflection in a mirror that hung on the wall, though I could barely stand to look at the effeminate creature looking back.

"More, ladies?" Ms. Drake motioned me to refill their tea cups. I picked up the enamel flowered tea pot and walked in between the couch where the ladies were sitting and the matching leather chair where my employer was leaning forward, hands folded over her knees while in conversation.

"Thank you Jamie," Ms. Drake said while I poured for the first woman. The startling sensation caused me to almost jump and spill tea on her, and if the pot or her cup would have been full, I would have. Ms. Drake was resting one of her hands on the back of my thigh. I could feel the warmth of her hand, a tingling feeling in my leg through the nylon of the pantyhose. My crotch was tightening. If I hadn't been wearing restrictive panties and pantyhose, I'd have had something else to show those ladies.

"Thank you sweetie", one of the women said as I turned to pour for Ms. Drake, who was staring at me, making me feel uncomfortable.

After they finished their tea, Ms. Drake walked them to the door, then came back to the sitting room where I'd remained standing in the corner waiting for some instructions. "Jamie, you will have to hand wash the tea set, but the rest can go in the washer," she said, taking off her coat and collapsing back into her chair.

Back between the couch and chair, cleaning up the ladies tea, I felt Ms. Drake again lazily running her fingers over the back of my legs. "You really do have nice legs, James, you should show them off more often."

"T...thank you, Ma'am, I stammered, as her hand traced circles on my leg.

"I should get you higher heels though, I think."

I said nothing, afraid even now to breath, move, or speak, afraid if I shifted even an inch, the growing pressure in my crotch would break free and I'd have an apparent erection in my satin shorts.

I felt her fingers move up the back of my thigh, close to the edge of my shorts, where my ass cheek met my leg. "Heels really show off a nice set of legs and...," her voice trailed off as her fingers ever so slightly touched the bottom of my ass and then dropped back to her lap.

I finished loading up the tray, straightened up. "Be careful washing that set, dear."

"Yes Ms. Drake," I walked out of the room, to the hall, shaking. In the kitchen, I set the tray on the counter, leaned against it, breathing heavily. I didn't know what to do. I wanted to go back in there and have it out. She couldn't do this to me. Higher heels? Was she fucking psycho crazy? What the fuck. But...I closed my eyes, mentally drifting as I felt again her fingers dancing on my thigh, touching my ass. Oh my god, this was too much.

"Here you go, Jamie," Amanda's voice startled me. I turned around to see her standing there with a similar pair of shoes to those I was wearing, but with...with heels.

"Ms. Drake, I..." I can't do this! This is insane!

"I think you will look much cuter in these, Jamie," she smiled at me, melting all of my defenses, the smile so intoxicating I couldn't resist it.

Shaking, I took the heels from her hands, sat down in a chair while she stood watching. I took off my low mary janes, but before I could put on the others, she looked down at me. "That pair is a half size smaller, so you'd better take the socks off too, Jamie."

I did as she requested...no...ordered, my hands trembling as I looked down at my stocking covered feet when I slipped them into and buckled the heels. I stood, wobbled, caught myself on the table, and straightened up.

Amanda twirled her fingers, indicating for me to spin around. "Oh yes, very nice." I took a step back, the obvious hunger in her eyes startling me, frightening me.

Fight or flight. The instinct of the prey in the presence of the predator. I felt like the prey, the cornered prey. Looking me over one more time, Amanda smiled, turned and walked out of the room to leave me to my dishes.

Before I was completely done, she came back, to check on her tea set. My hands were in the sink, wet, so I could not turn to face her. She walked up behind me, looked over my shoulder, her hand resting in the small of my back.

"Looks great," she complimented me, looking at the set. "And I love the heels, too." Her hand drifted slowly over my ass before she walked away. When I finished putting the tea set away, I found Ms. Drake back in the sitting room.

"I'm done, Ma'am." I was hoping for...I didn't know.

"Thank you Jamie. That's all I have for today, so you can go get changed," she said quietly, maybe even sighing.

"Um, thank you, Ma'am." I started to walk away, at the moment dying to change out of this, this uniform.

"Say, what time do you have class tomorrow, James?"

"Um, eleven. Why Ma'am?"

"Oh, I don't have to go into the office till a bit later, just wondering if you'd join me for breakfast."

On a weekday? Not Saturday? Hell yes!

"Um...I'd love to, Ma'am," I quickly answered.

"Good, good. Imelda is back to work tomorrow, so I'm not sure what time she is cooking, but I'll have her let you know in the morning, okay? Probably around eight-thirty."

"Thank you Ms. Drake," I quickly left the room, my elation at having breakfast with Amanda winning out over my desire to run and change as quick as possible.

At seven forty five the next morning, I was awakened by the bell to the door of my quarters. I threw on my robe, shook the sleep out of my eyes, and opened it to Imelda, Ms. Drake's cook and other household helper.

"Mr. Jamie," Imelda said in her accented English, "Ms. Drake asked me to tell you breakfast is served at 8:30 and to give this to you for uniform."

"Uniform?" I thought I was eating breakfast with her. Imelda was standing there, arms out, holding a small shopping bag, something I'd quickly come to dread. I looked in the bag, took out the items while Imelda stood there smirking. A package of black pantyhose and a new pair of black panties.

"But, Imelda, I..."

"Ms. Drake said yesterday's uniform is fine." Imelda turned and walked away, leaving me holding the lingerie. A cold dread completely filled me as I showered and dressed in the same satin shorts, shirt and apron I wore yesterday to serve tea, but now including sheer black pantyhose and of course the heels.

Sissy. Sissy. Sissy. Sissy. Sissy. Sissy! The little voice in my head mocked me. No! No! I was no one's sissy!

"Yes you are," the voice teased, as I walked down the maid's stairway to the kitchen where Imelda was making breakfast.

"You are late, Jamie," Imelda scolded me, even though the clock on the stove said only 8:31."

"I...I'm sorry," I said, feeling flushed that I was being scolded by Imelda who

had never taken any real interest in me.

"I told Meese Drake coffee would be at eighty thirty, and I'll not have the maid reporting late."

Maid. Maid? "But, Imelda, I..."

"Ms. Drake has you report to me, you report to me. On time, si?"

"Yes...yes Imelda." This is not what was supposed to happen. I was supposed to have breakfast with Amanda, not serve it to Ms. Drake. What was going on?

"Si. I will not tolerate it," she glared at me, "now, get Ms. Drake her coffee."

Well, despite my total uncertainty at what was going on this morning, I did know how to get coffee for m boss. "Coffee, Ma'am," I asked, walking into the dining room where Amanda was sitting reading the paper. "Oh, yes James, thank you." Amanda was sitting in a white satin gown or robe, feet bare. The robe went all the way to her ankles, so there was very little flesh to see.

I leaned over to pour coffee into her waiting cup, and again felt the growing familiarity of her hand lazily rubbing my thigh, teasing the pantyhose. "You look nice again this morning, Jamie, the black nylons suit your frame very well."

"Ma'am?" My frame?

"Your build, Jamie. Black is slenderizing."

"Yes Ma'am," I answered, eyes struggling to stay open with her hand on my legs.

I left the room again to go retrieve her breakfast from Imelda who was in a pissy mood still. Returning to the dining room, I served Ms. Drake her light breakfast, poured her more coffee, hoping to feel the tingle of her fingers on my leg, really the only thing that made dressing like this tolerable. But she just read the paper, leaving me to go stand in the corner quietly.

Amanda put down the paper, her breakfast finished. "Well, you have a good day at school, Jamie. Say hi to your friend for me." Amanda and Lisa. There

were two worlds I did not need to collide.

"By the way," she said over her shoulder, "feel free to wear the panties to school."

"Are you okay, James?" Lisa asked me while we shared a late lunch in the cafeteria before we both had teaching assignments.

"What?"

"You seem distracted. I hope I didn't put you off the other night." In a movement remarkably similar to Amanda's, Lisa moved her hand onto of mine, dancing her fingers over my skin.

I tried not to jerk my arm away. Breath, stay calm. "No, no, Lisa, I'm just. I don't know, I've had a lot on my mind."

She frowned, but left her hand on mine as she went back to eating. After lunch, I walked her to class, happy to be with her. At the front of her building, she leaned over to me, moved her mouth to mine, and gave me a kiss. Her mouth was warm, wet, and I felt her tongue on mine. I put my arms around her waist and felt a little stirring inside my pants until I realized I felt the stirring against the satin panties I was wearing. I almost moaned Amanda's name.

No! Lisa.

Amanda was haunting me, disturbing me. I wanted to kiss Lisa and think about Lisa, not Amanda. But the panties told me different. Amanda was an infatuation, becoming a dangerous obsession for me.

For the next week, I tried getting closer to Lisa, I tried to put Amanda out of my mind, but it was impossible. Even going out to dinner with Lisa didn't help. I didn't tell Amanda where I went Saturday evening, since I had the night off, but I still wore panties under my slacks. I don't know why, what part of my obsession, my infatuation with her, made me do it, but I felt compelled, a deep need.

At the end of the week, Friday morning, after getting most of my instructions from Imelda regarding my chores, and not seeing much of Amanda, and not being in uniform, I came home to find her in the kitchen while I was passing through to my rooms. She told me she'd like me for

breakfast Saturday morning.

"Um, Yes Ma'am, but don't we always...you know...on Saturday mornings?"

"Yes, Jamie, we have coffee, but tomorrow, I'd like you to serve me breakfast. Imelda has tomorrow off and I'd like you on duty, okay?"

Okay? Truth be told, I loved our informal Saturday breakfasts. I didn't want to serve, I wanted to sit and chat. "Yes Ma'am."

"I'll leave a uniform outside your door later, Jamie."

I also knew, or suspected, what my uniform would be, that it would be back from the cleaner's ready for me to wear. I was ashamed to admit to myself that as much as I hated the thought of the satin shirt, shorts, and hosiery, that the feeling of humiliation and pleasure while serving Amanda was more powerful than the disgust.

I woke up on Saturday morning to find a bag outside my door. I opened the bag and sure enough, the satin top and shorts were inside, along with the apron, the gloves, panties and a package of hosiery. This time after my shower, my erection came on even before I started getting dressed and no amount of concentration was going to make it go away.

Dead puppies. Dead puppies. Nothing. I looked at the clock. Knowing myself in mornings, I knew that no matter how engorged I was, that masturbation would take too long, that I'd never be dressed in time. The only thing to do was get dressed and hope that panties, pantyhose and shorts, with the added apron, covered it until it went down. Getting dressed in the soft satin, slipping my smooth legs into the pantyhose, I again contemplated how wrong this was, how I was not...whatever I was. How I let this happen to me.

I looked at my clock, saw I'd better get downstairs to make something. I smoothed the apron over my front, hoping to hide my still erect member, but mostly failing. Ms. Drake usually only had coffee, a small muffin and maybe a half a grapefruit on Saturday mornings, so I did not have much to prepare.

After I made the coffee, I noticed that my penis had softened, so there was no obvious bulge. I thought about trying to tuck myself now, but I heard Ms. Drake coming down the back stairs, and had no time to do such a thing.

"Good morning, Jamie," she called, walking into the kitchen wearing a pink satin chemise, mules and an untied pink dressing robe. I rarely saw Ms. Drake like this, unshowered, hair messed up, without makeup. She was more stunning, though, the natural beauty of her features and figure showing off.

"Good morning, Ma'am. Coffee?"

I got the coffee to pour into her cup. "You look pretty this morning, Jamie," she said picking up the paper.

"I...than...thank you Ma'am," I said uneasily. Pretty?

I set her plate down before her and felt it, her fingers on my thigh, by the back of my knee, teasing my nylon covered leg.

"You do have such pretty legs, Jamie."

I croaked. No I didn't. I was not a woman! I felt it again, my untucked cock beginning to stir. No, no, no, no!

"Maybe I should get you into a skirt, instead of these shorts, Jamie, don't you...James!"

She saw the beginnings of the bulge in my front!

"Ms. Drake, I..."

"Fix your apron right now!"

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Drake," I said, mortified, trying to straighten and tuck things at the same time.

"I should go get you a skirt and petticoat if you can't dress properly." I got the impression that her anger was real, but I suspected she was toying with me.

"Ms. Drake, please," I begged, mortified. A skirt?

"Or a maid's uniform. You certainly have the legs for it, Jamie," she didn't yell, and moved her hand to the front of my thigh. "And I suspect you might like it." She was staring at the bulge in my apron.

"Ma'am," I begged.

"Well, you are the one with a panty obsession, Jamie." She'd moved her foot to my ankle and was every so gently rubbing it while she toyed with my thigh.

"I...", gasped.

"I told you how cute I find young men in panties, and pantyhose, but I also think young men in bras and skirts are just as cute."

I inhaled quickly, shaking. While her hand remained mostly on my thigh, she'd moved it upward until her index finger had moved onto the my shorts, my apron, and she was drawing circles with her finger on my erection.

"Very cute, Jamie. Don't you agree?"

I was panting. "Please Ms. Drake!"

She dropped her hand back to her lap. "Maybe not, but I'd love for you to try it."

I couldn't resist right, anything to do with her. I was too intoxicated, without perspective. My eyes gave me away.

"You like wearing panties, don't you Jamie?" She'd taken off her mule, her bare foot on my ankle. "Don't lie to me."

"No, no I don't," I gasped. I hated it, I hated what she'd made me do.

"But you wear them, Jamie. Look how you are dressed. Why are you wearing them?"

"I...I..."

"Please, Jamie, I'd love to buy you a skirt."

"But...but I'm not a girl."

"That just makes it all the better darling, please."

"Ms. Drake, I..., why?"

"Don't you want to make me happy," she pouted.

I wanted nothing more right now than to throw myself at this woman's feet.

"Yes Ma'am, but..."

"Jamie, panties, your uniforms, they, they are feminine, and on a man, a sign of...that man's place. They signify your status here in the home."

"My...my status?"

"Your servant status."

"My servant status."

"Then let me do this, Jamie, please. We can have tea together, it will be nice, I know you will like it," she smiled, looking at the front of my apron where the bulge of my panties was clearly visible. "For me."

I sighed, a broken man. "Yes Ma'am, okay."

"Oh good," she beamed, "will you be home Wednesday afternoon? We can do it then."

"Yes...yes Ma'am."

"Great, James. Well, I'm going to the office, okay, you tidy up, get your yard work done, then the rest of the weekend is yours. Why don't give your friend Lisa a call."

She bid her goodbye and walked upstairs. Why did she have to mention Lisa? I was just focusing on her, on her stupid request, and she brings Lisa into the conversation.

I spent the next few days trying to avoid Lisa. The few times I saw her, I thought of Amanda again, of a skirt, of Amanda's light teasing of me. I tried to act normal, tried to continue developing feelings for Lisa, but it was not working, not that week, anyway, so I avoided Lisa. I took the chicken's way out.

I was actually home all day Wednesday, my morning class got cancelled. I should have been studying for exams, but I was too preoccupied, distracted,

even excited about afternoon tea with Ms. Drake. I didn't know if I was excited about time with Amanda, about pleasing her by wearing a skirt, or about wearing the skirt itself. It bothered me that Amanda was using flattery, even flirting, whenever I was wearing something feminine. Why? What did she want?

I showered and sat on my bed watching television. A sharp knock on the door startled me awake. It was 2:30 according to the digital clock on my night stand.

I opened the door, surprised to find Imelda, not Ms. Drake. "Imelda?"

She pushed past me, carrying a garment bag. "Ms. Drake wants you at tea at three, so we need to get you changed."

"Imelda, what...what do you mean we?"

She sighed, her heavy frame sagged, "Just the same. I'm helping you get dressed for Ms. Drake," she said, her German accent thickening to match her waist. "Undress, undress," she threw up her hands.

"But, Imelda, I..." I was embarrassed. I wasn't going to undress in front of her but her icy glare said otherwise. I took off my robe, threw it on the bed, stood, hands loosely clasped in front of me trying to hide.

"Heh, tucking not a problem, Mr. James," she snorted, handing me a pair of cream and pink panties. I looked down before taking the panties, saw I was shriveled, mortified to be naked in front of Ms. Drake's sixty some year old cook. The other day I was too hard to put on panties, today I was almost too small.

"Here, here," she said when I pulled the panties up my legs and tucked myself inside them.

"That...that's a bra," I gasped, taking half a step backwards.

"Da, yes, a bra," she said, thrusting the matching bra out to me.

"But I...I can't...I don't..., " wear bras!

"Don't know how...turn, I help."

Imelda turned me around, roughly pushed my arms into the straps of the

bra, pulled it taught around my chest, clipped it behind me. I felt her thick hands pressing into the flesh of my back as she clipped the clasp.

"Da, good."

"Good?" I was still stunned. A bra? A bra? "I...I can't wear a bra."

"But Ms. Drake insist."

Amanda.

"What is that?" She had another matching piece in her hands and was moving towards me.

"Garter belt." Before I could protest, she was wrapping the garter belt around my waist, tightening it, slightly drawing and tucking my already thin waist in. But...a garter belt meant....

"Now stockings," she laughed, seeing the horror on my face. "Don't worry, you like, try."

Imelda handed me the nude rolled up stocking. I was surprised to find it did not stretch like the pantyhose.

"Real stockings," Imelda said, "old fashion. All nylon." She directed my putting on my first pair of stocking, and helped me attach the metal clasps of the garters to the stockings.

"Slip," she said, a one word instruction to put on the cream slip she handed to me. That I knew how to do. While I may not have wanted to, I put it on, dropping the satin down to mid thigh.

"Here," Imelda said, handing me a pink satin shirt. I slipped on the short sleeved shirt, realizing that yes, buttons on the left meant a woman's shirt.

And then the skirt. A black skirt that I easily put on, sighing as I pulled it up over my legs. The skirt ended above the knee, just below mid thigh. Imelda handed me a pair of black strappy heels that I bent down and not without some difficulty, and buckled onto my feet.

I looked to the mirror. My face, my young man's face, but on top of a feminine body. I didn't know what to feel, but revulsion came to mind, almost as quickly replaced by the thought again, that Amanda Drake wanted

this. She liked a young man in panties. I was doing this to please Ms. Drake.

Because I was infatuated by her.

"Ready?"

"Please Imelda..."

"Ms. Drake is waiting." She turned towards the door, and I followed, or tried to. The heels, unlike the mary janes, were not chunky, and hence much harder to walk in.

"Imelda, wait," I called out, struggling to catch up to the German maid.

She snorted but slowed down to wait, "you learn."

Learn? No, I most certainly would not learn, for I do not think I'd be doing this again. I knew I'd go have tea with Amanda, but I was going to quit. This was not worth it, the shame and humiliation I felt.

I followed Imelda down the front stairs, holding closely onto the banister for support, into the familiar sitting room where Ms. Drake was sitting on the couch, a tea service set in front of her.

"Jamie," she smiled at me, waiving me over to her, "I see you need some practice.

"Ee does, Ms. Drake," Imelda, "ees not like Mr. Drake."

I was so focused on my own appearance, the warm presence of Amanda, the overwhelming beauty of her, that I almost missed Imelda's comment? Not like Mr. Drake? What did she mean by that? Mr. Drake would never do what I'd done, letting my infatuation with Amanda's beauty come even before the humiliating experience I was having. That he was "a man's man," so to speak?

Amanda smiled at Imelda, and I felt a chill come over my skin. She could not possibly mean not like Mr. Drake because he...he knew how to walk on heels? She wasn't saying that was she?

"Here, Jamie, sit down," she patted the couch where I sat down, on the opposite end from her. She was wearing a light pink skirt suit, legs crossed, showing off her legs in white nylons and heels. The light colors played off

wonderfully against her tanned skin, and I felt drunk and giddy by her beauty, momentarily forgetting my own state of dress.

"Its not polite to stare, sweetie," she gently chided me after I kept my gaze on her thighs for about thirty seconds.

I blushed, looked, "I'm sorry Ma'am."

"That's okay. You do look very nice, Jamie, you really have the legs for a skirt, and I admit I probably kept my gaze on your legs a bit longer than proper."

She turned to the tea set, poured us both a cup. "Now, Jamie, um...legs crossed or together dear, don't give a show."

"Oh," I said, startled, realizing I was sitting there legs apart as far as my skirt would allow. I quickly brought them together, off to one side, mimicking Ms. Drake's posture.

"Much better. Jamie, I asked you to tea to discuss your employment, a performance review, really. You know, you have been working here for, what, almost three months? I must say, I'm very happy with your work, very pleased."

"Yes Ma'am, thank you." I hesitated.

"You wish to say something, James? Please, speak freely."

"Ms. Drake, I'm just so...so confused, I...I don't understand, I mean, what is..."

"James, James, shhh, breathe dear, gather your thoughts, its okay."

"Why are you doing this? Why are you making me dress as a woman?"

She looked at me as if pondering her response more than the question. "Well, first, Jamie, I'm not dressing you as a woman."

"But...but," I almost leapt off the couch.

"Jamie, let me speak. Women have long hair, makeup, other things. You don't look like a woman, dear."

"But I do," I said with a small level of contempt in my voice.

"No James, right now, and with everything I've given you to wear, you look not like a woman, but like a young man in women's clothing. There is a subtle difference. You look effeminate, emasculated, even feminine, but you do not look like a woman."

"But...but why?"

Amanda stood up, set her tea on a tray, and sat back down, closer to me. "Jamie, I told you already, I like a young man in panties. And lingerie. And skirts and dresses." She put her hand on my leg, "and stockings."

I was shaking, the internal conflict raging. I should not be dressed like this, it was wrong. But Amanda's soft voice, her light touch on my thigh, her beauty, all fought against. My infatuation with her would win this battle.

"But...but...Richard? He doesn't..."

"Look like the type," she anticipated my question. "No, James, you are right, but then he is not a young man like you, is he? I told you I liked my young men like this," she waived her hand over my clothes, "but I don't like a man like Richard like this."

Eunuch. That was throbbing through my brain again. A young play thing. Were not such creatures present throughout history? Not boys, but young men, young adults, late teens through twenties? Emasculated, fairy like. Toys to play with. I remembered some book on the Roman Empire, how the wealthy of Rome had such slaves in their households. Occasionally castrated, but often times just oiled, perfumed, effeminate creatures for the enjoyment of the well off.

Senators, the commanders of the Legions, often had young males as servants, often effeminate. But it was not always limited to just powerful men. Powerful women often had the same type of creatures in their households. These mothers of Rome, influential women in their own right given the power and status of their husbands, would keep such effeminate creatures for their own pleasure.

Despite the power they derived from their husbands, these women were in no position to carry on affairs with other powerful men. Soldiers,

merchants, gladiators, were off limits, for an affair of that nature could threaten their husband and their house. Such a scandal could even threaten a woman's own life, at her husbands' hand.

But their husbands, with playthings of their own on their long journeys through the Empire, understood the longings of a woman in absence. There were two classes that did not threaten the husband's status in Rome, his masculine status, his power as a man. The effeminate and the eunuch.

So a lady of Rome could have an effeminate young man as, let's say, a more personal house slave. The eunuch of course was no threat at all, was not even a man anymore. In the time of the Roman Empire, what man, what commander of legions would ever even think to be threatened by what his wife may do with an effeminate whore? He was no more threatened by his wife's emasculated, pretty house slave than he was by his wife's favorite dog, horse, or garden. He might even enjoy the slave himself if the mood struck.

And so, women of a certain status found these young men to dally with, found these perfumed, coifed young men to adopt as a favorite pet.

"You...you like young men to be...to be women?" The thoughts were jumbled. "You want...you like...you want me to be a woman?"

"No, no, sweetie, not women. Effeminate," her hand found my thigh again, "softer, not hard like a man, just a difference of tone."

Did she want what the women of Rome had? "But, you are dating Richard."

"And?"

"Doesn't he...get jealous?"

"You have to understand what makes a man like Richard jealous."

"What?"

"A man like Richard would get jealous if I dated a contemporary of his, someone in his line of work, a professional. These he would see as a threat, almost a direct challenge to his status. But a younger man, an emasculated younger man, a young man in panties, is not a threat to the masculinity of a man like Richard."

"A eunuch?"

"Well, yes, in a way."

"Someone like me."

"Yes," she nodded.

"But why would a young man do that?"

"Why would a young man dress up pretty for his mistress," she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, why, I don't understand."

"Why did you," she asked, turning the tables on me, "why are you doing it?"

I couldn't open my mouth. Why was the question. Why?

"Do you find me attractive, Jamie?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Do you like pleasing me?"

"Yes."

"Do you like getting attention from me?"

"Yes."

"Do...do you ever fantasize about me?"

"Yes," I blushed deeply.

"I'm sorry to embarrass you Jamie, but one more question. Do you think you'd ever be able to get a woman like me in competition with men like Richard? Wealthy, rugged, older men?"

Of course not. Toe to toe, I couldn't compete with Richard, I knew that. I was not shamed by that knowledge, for maybe in 20 years I could, but now, there was no way.

"Well, sweetie, that's why young men will do things for older women. They

don't compete with men like Richard, they play an entirely different game."

"But the women?"

"The women, my sweet darling, get two very different, very satisfying things in their lives. An older, masculine contemporary man, either their husband or a man of marriage material, and a young, sweet, doting plaything."

"I...I don't know," I said, half realizing that she was auditioning me for the role, almost wanting an answer.

"Jamie, remember the other day when I told you how my feet hurt and I'd love a foot massage?"

"Yes Ma'am," I gulped.

"That's not something I'd ask or want Richard to do. That's not something I'd want a normal young man to do. But, a young man in panties, effeminate...like you..."

I started breathing heavily, the dark paneled walls trapping me in the sitting room. Amanda kicked her heels off, looked at me. "Would you like to, Jamie?"

She was manipulating me, that bitch, using me, but...but...I wanted to. "Yyyyes, Ma'am."

"I'd really like it Jamie." She turned herself on the couch, lifted her legs up, moved them, carefully set them on my lap and legs. I reverently reached my hands down, to her feet, the cool white nylon of her stockings felt like holy silk in my hands. I took her right foot in my hands, the one closest to my body, carefully massaged her, gently.

"That does feel very nice, Jamie." Her left foot began moving slowly up and down my leg, her nylon rubbing against my nylon, the rustle, the sweet sound driving me wild with desire.

I never knew a foot massage could be so erotic, so satisfying, so electrifying. I never knew that sitting there, massaging a woman's feet, wearing lingerie, a skirt, heels, could be...sexual!

"Switch feet, Jamie." I did, took her left foot in my hands to massage. While

I'd done the other foot, her left was on my leg by my knee. Now her right foot, unattended by my hands, was on my upper thigh, and she again began to rub, nylon to nylon. As I massaged harder, focusing on her sexy left foot, her right foot traveled up my thigh, under the hem of my skirt, to the skin between my stocking and panties.

I gasped in pleasure when she curled her foot, moved it higher and...and...ohhhhh, touched my panties. For the next minute, while I massaged her foot, she held herself against my crotch, against my panties, flicking me.

Before I lost touch with reality, she pulled away, pulled back, both feet, sat up gently. "Thank you Jamie, that felt very nice. Now you see the advantages to both the woman and the young man?"

"Yes Ma'am," I said, shaking.

"Well," she straightened her skirt, "I've been very happy with you thus far, Jamie, and I'd like you to continue on. It would mean a longer work week, thirty five hours, but a raise too."

"Continue on?"

"In a role more suitable to...my needs."

"But...I can't work longer hours, Ma'am, my classes..."

"That's a decision you have to make, James."

"But, I...to work that long, I'd have to drop a class, it would set me back a year in school."

"I understand, James, but those are the requirements. I thought you'd work out, but we can always go back to your original employment terms, if that's what you want."

"No, no, it's not that..." She...she had me. She knew I couldn't resist, despite my schedule. It wasn't fair, I shouldn't be making this choice, I had to focus on school. I...was captivated by her and her offer, I made the only choice I could.

"Yes Ma'am."

"Yes Ma'am, as in you'll take the job?"

I sighed, thinking about another year of grad school, about how I was going to fit Lisa into my life now, about the job Amanda was offering me.

"Yes, I'll take the job, Ma'am."

Ms. Drake had a pleased look on her face, but of course, she'd gotten what she wanted, on her terms. She'd gotten me, on her terms, used her mind, her body, her knowledge of my infatuation with her to draw me into her spider's lair.

"Jamie, I'm so happy. Imelda," she called out, "Jamie will be accepting the position."

Oh cue, Imelda walked into the room, her heavy frame sagging, "Yes Ms. Drake," she sighed.

"Oh, Imelda, don't be so melodramatic, it will be fine, you did a good job this morning, I think it will all come back to you, riding a bike you know."

Ms. Drake dismissed Imelda with a slight wave of the hand and turned to me, "Imelda's worried she forgot all about training a house boy, but don't you worry Jamie, okay?"

"Um...okay, Ma'am." Training a houseboy? "Um, Ms. Drake, I guess I'm a little confused, just...just what are my duties going to be?"

"Why, much like they are now, just helping around the house."

"That's...that's all?"

"Well, maybe a few uniform changes now and then. For starters, you are going to need more panties....."

## Chapter 3 - The Consequences of Obsession

My boss, Amanda Drake, the woman who employed me basically as her servant in exchange for a small salary and free room and board while I was in my first year of grad school, had now dramatically altered the terms of my employment.

It's easy to say that my infatuation with Ms. Drake got the best of me, because it did. That infatuation at first got me into her hamper, where I was overwhelmed with the desire to take her dirty panties and bring them to my face, where they were, with me inhaling deeply, when she caught me. That infatuation then got me into her panties literally, when I wore them for the first time, wore panties for the first time, that first shameful time.

That infatuation got me into a satin top, satin shorts, heels, and the awful truth be told, pantyhose, a uniform of sorts, to serve tea to Ms. Drake and her guests. The masculine me in those feminine clothes was humiliated and excited.

That infatuation got me into a skirt at Ms. Drake's command.

That infatuation with Ms. Drake was causing me serious problems with Lisa, the girl in my life, my fellow grad student, who I was becoming detached from when I wanted to get closer to her.

Finally, that infatuation made me accept longer hours with Ms. Drake, made me drop a class, costing me an extra year of school. I knew better, but her beauty, her power, they were too much, too captivating, too overwhelming for me to resist even if they were to destroy me.

Three days after I accepted a more expanded role with Amanda Drake, Imelda, her German maid, a powerful, heavy set woman in her sixties knocked at the door to my quarters. I lived in the home in a small suite of rooms -- living room, bedroom, bathroom -- in the back of the house, servant's quarters really, on the same floor as Ms. Drake's rooms, yet so far away from the object of my infatuation.

Imelda actually scared me. While I was attracted to, infatuated with, maybe

even in love with Amanda, Imelda was nothing like that. It was Imelda who supervised my first dressing in a skirt, and I felt her power every time I saw her. I wondered why Amanda kept her around, though clearly Amanda did not fear Imelda as I did. Where doing the strange things Amanda asked me to do, such as wearing a skirt and blouse, excited me, doing them in front of or at Imelda's request terrified me.

Don't get me wrong, it was not the skirt itself that excited me. The thought of dressing as a woman, being a woman, that disgusted me, I think. No, it was the thought of doing something so unnatural at the insistence of the beautiful Amanda Drake. She'd correctly discovered my little panty obsession, though she ignored the root of it. My obsession with her panties, their smell and feel, was as a surrogate for Amanda herself, the unattainable. But Amanda had turned the tables, so to speak, getting me to wear them. It's funny, because I wanted to get into her panties in the sexual sense, I wanted to get into them to get to her. I didn't want to get into them in the literal sense, to wear them.

But that is exactly what Amanda did to me. I got into her panties, alright, but on her terms, not mine. And sometimes under the watchful eye of Imelda, who often did Ms. Drake's dirty work. I got into Amanda's panties by wearing them, by submitting to her desire to make me wear them.

"Good morning, Imelda," I said, answering the door, a chill through my spine.

She snorted, as usual, with her air of superiority and contempt. "Ms. Drake has sent me to fetch your underwear."

"My underwear? Are...are you doing my laundry?" That seemed strange, for while Imelda took care of Amanda's laundry, mine was my own responsibility.

She clucked, "Your laundry. No." She handed me a brown paper bag shopping bag. "Your underwear, all of it, in here."

Imelda's orders were not to be taken as requests. Amanda had made that clear when she told me that Imelda's instructions were to be taken as instructions from my employer. Imelda oversaw any household workers, from temporary painters, delivery men, outside cleaning service, etc. The word of Imelda was the word of the Goddess Amanda herself.

So, I went to my bedroom, opened up my underwear drawer and gathered up all my boxer shorts, briefs, and the panties Imelda had left me before, both clean and dirty, and put them in the bag. Walking back towards the door, I saw Imelda had stepped inside the living room. "Those too," she pointed to the pair of boxers I was wearing.

"But..." Her look froze the rest of the complaint before it came out of my mouth. As I pulled down the shorts, the humiliation I felt in front of Imelda caused my penis to shrink in fear. It was as if it tucked up inside to try to protect itself from her.

"Take your shirt off."

I took off my tee shirt and watched Imelda approach me with a tape measure in her hands. She was like a seamstress, and measured me all over. I almost expected her to measure my shrunken penis, in fact I was terrified she'd do so, She did let out a small chuckle when she was down there. "Not much down here, is there?"

Every man's sensitive spot?

"Here, you wear this to school," she took something out of the pocket of her grey uniform and handed it to me. A white satin thong, I saw when I took it from her.

"Imelda, what are you doing with my underwear," I asked as she walked towards the door with the bag in her hand, leaving me standing with the thong in mine.

"I burn," she laughed a hearty laugh of delight.

"Burn?" I was stunned. Amanda had told me that I was going to need new panties, and I'd assumed that meant I'd wear panties a bit more often, when serving her, to fulfill whatever game she was playing with me. I didn't expect her to confiscate all my underwear, leaving me with just a pair of thong panties.

Having no other choice, I got dressed and left for class, the thong back of the panties pulled into the crack of my ass, an incredibly awkward feeling. Just how did women wear thongs?

"James," I heard Lisa call out from behind me. I turned in the hall to look for her and saw her smiling, walking quickly toward me, dressed in just a pair of jeans, a blouse and sandals. She looked the twenty something college student, and I about melted, looking at her. What the fuck was I doing at Amanda's when I had her, Lisa, there for the taking, this beautiful woman whom I think I loved and was not merely infatuated with like Amanda. I had real feelings for Lisa.

"James, have you been avoiding me?" she asked, kissing me on the lips.

Amanda! I returned her kiss and tried to shake the thought of Amanda's face out of my mind.

"No, I...I've just been busy, that's all."

"Okay, well, I missed you yesterday." She missed me because I'd dropped that class to work longer hours at Amanda's, but I hadn't said anything to Lisa about that yet.

"Yea, sorry about that."

"Hey, you don't have anything for a couple of hours, right? Want to go over to my place? I have some left over Chinese."

"Sure, that sounds great."

We took the bus over to her apartment and I spent the entire ride shifting in my seat, trying to dig the thong out of the crack of my ass.

I'd been to Lisa's place before, but never inside. It was tastefully done, on the college budget plan. Used furniture, but decorated nicely, with feminine touches.

"Grab the food out of the fridge, we can eat here," she pointed to the couch and coffee table, "I'll be right back, I'm going to throw some shorts on."

I found and brought the containers over. "Water okay?" she asked, walking from the hall to the kitchen. She'd changed out of her jeans into a pair of light blue satin running shorts, her long tan legs immediately drawing my eyes, which followed them up to her ass.

"Um, sure."

We sat on the couch, a little bit of distance between us, and ate and talked. It was after lunch that really terrified me, considering I had spent half of lunch trying to dig the thong out of my ass. Lisa moved closer to me and kissed me more deeply than back on campus. Her scent was overpowering. Not strong, but it had its seductive qualities. The tension I'd been feeling with Amanda, my attraction for Lisa, all pushed me to return her kisses, her passion.

I never understood my bases...first, second, third, and was not sure how far Lisa was going to go or would want to go. She was the aggressor here, and it did strike me that both women in my life right now, my girlfriend and my boss, were the aggressors in my relationships.

Women as the aggressors?

Whatever base Lisa wanted to go to was too far away from home for me, for the tightening in my pants served to further pull the thong into my ass, reminding me exactly what I was wearing. I had to slow down. Whatever Amanda Drake's kinky thoughts about panties on a young man, I was sure that Lisa did not share them. That thong could not be discovered. I could never live down such a scene, or that humiliation, not with Lisa.

"Lisa," I said between wet kisses, "Lisa, we...," her tongue probed into my mouth.

"Shhh," she whispered, moving her hand up my leg, closer and closer to my crotch and the one place I could not let her go, no matter how much I wanted to. No matter how much I wanted her to pet me, no matter how bad I needed sexual release at the hands of a woman, not my own hands, I had to stop, I couldn't risk it.

"Lisa," I started to pull back, "I have to teach at two."

Lisa broke off the kiss, her hand frozen on my mid thigh. "Shit," she laughed, realizing that I was right, I had to get back to campus. "I thought you were trying to escape my clutches, James."

Well, in a way, I was, I had to. Of course I also wanted to surrender to them, and Lisa, unknowing, was waging a war for my heart with Amanda Drake.

I wanted Lisa, but I could not push Amanda out of my mind.

Home after class, I again encountered Imelda, a high smile on her face, coming out of my rooms with empty shopping bags in her hands. "Imelda, what are you doing?"

"Putting your panties away for you," she said staring at me in a menacing way.

"P...pp...panties?"

"I know Ms. Drake tell you, panties only."

"But...I thought she meant, you know, while working," I said, shocked. Panties only?

"Jus panties."

"But...what about..." Lisa, I thought to ask, knowing Imelda was only the executioner of this order, not the judge and jury. That power rested with Amanda.

I walked quickly past Imelda downstairs, in search of Amanda. I found her in her office, reading the paper, and walked in without knocking.

"Amanda, you can't!"

She set the paper in her lap and looked up at me in a scolding way.

"Amanda, is it now?"

"I...I'm sorry...Ms. Drake, you can't," I corrected myself.

"I can't what, Jamie?"

"My underwear."

"What about it Jamie?"

"Imelda took all of it and said all I have are panties now."

"Yes?"

"But, I can't...I can't do that!"

"Slow down, Jamie. You can't do what?"

"Wear panties all the time," I said, exasperated.

"Why not?" A bizarre question.

"Because...because..."

"Yes?"

"Because...I'm not a girl," I blurted out, frustrated with the way she kept pushing me.

"Well of course you are not a girl, Jamie," she smiled, emphasizing the more feminine part of James. "However, I do believe I've told you I prefer a young man in panties, did I not?"

"Yes, but..."

"And did I not tell you that selection of uniform was within my purview?"

"Yes Ms. Drake, but you..."

"And I believe I told you that you'd need more panties with your new position, correct?"

"You did, Ma'am, but I can't wear them..."

"Every day," she finished my question. "But you can, Jamie, and you will."

"But Ms. Drake...what about...about...?"

"About?"

"About Lisa?"

"What about Lisa, Jamie?"

"We...how can I...what?"

"You are not sexually active with her, are you?"

"No, no, but she seems to want...I mean we..."

"Wait...no...wait." She held up her hand. "She wants to?"

"Yes," I blurted out.

"Jamie, let me clarify something. She asked you out, correct?"

"Yes."

"And she wants to..."

"Yes, yes," I answered quickly, not wanting to hear what she was about to say.

"That's very interesting."

"What? What is interesting?"

"That she takes the lead. That you let her take the lead. That says something."

"Says what?"

"Oh, nothing Jamie, nothing. You were saying, she wants to...um, how to put it, get intimate?"

"Yes, yes, and how am I supposed to..."

"Get intimate wearing panties? Well, you can just tell her."

"Tell her!?"

"Yes, tell Lisa about your obsession with panties, Jamie."

"I...I can't," I squirmed, this talk of panties, the thong in my ass crack, it was too much.

"You never know, Jamie, maybe Lisa likes her young men in panties too. Obviously, strong masculinity is not what she's attracted to."

The subtle dig at my manhood stung like a hot crop on my groin. For about five seconds, I realized that the humiliation, that the stealing of my masculinity, the emasculation of me was exciting me.

"Ms. Drake."

"Jamie, some women like soft, eunuch like partners."

"Ms. Drake, please, I can't do that, I can't tell her."

"Why not?"

"She'd never understand," I gasped, mortified. Of course, how could I expect her to understand? Even I didn't understand why I was letting this happen to me. Why I was letting Ms. Drake lead me on like this.

"Don't underestimate her, Jamie."

"Ms. Drake, please, I...I agreed to do this for work, for you, please, don't do this, don't bring Lisa into this."

She contemplated my plea for a minute or too, finally seemingly relenting. "No, I suppose you are right, a girl shouldn't find out about her boyfriend's panty obsession the first time they are intimate, that would be too hard on her. But, it's not something you can hide from a girl forever, Jamie. As some point you have to make a choice."

At some point? That was the future. I was worried about now. "Please, Ms. Drake."

"I'll tell you what, Jamie. Imelda disposed of all the things you gave her earlier today. I'll ask her to get you a couple of special pairs of underwear you can wear, with permission, when you have a date with your Lisa."

"Boxers," I asked hopefully, already thinking of asking Lisa out this weekend.

"Um, that's not quite what I had in mind, Jamie. I think I've made it quite clear that I prefer my young men in panties, and if you are going to work here, under the terms of our agreement, I'm going to be quite insistent on that requirement."

"But, Lisa..."

"Let me finish. As long as you are working here, the panty requirement is a must, non-negotiable, in fact. However, I know that Victoria's Secret has some cotton panties that are not quite so feminine as...well...the panties you have on now," she tilted her head to look at me causing me to blush deeply.

"Anyway, while they are women's panties, a few of the neutral colors, white,

blue, even black, could just as easily be men bikini briefs. I'll have Imelda go back to the store and get you a few pairs of those that she can keep for you till you get permission to wear them."

Oh, just fucking wonderful, I'd have to pass off women's panties as something for a man.

"What...what about the tag?" I wasn't a fool.

She raised an eye. "I guess you'll have to be careful. And I can see something else spinning inside you pretty little head, Jamie. This is really the honor system, so you are on your own compliance to honor my requests. But, I'll not take too kindly to lying from you, understand? The tag stays in. You'll just have to be careful that your girlfriend doesn't see the Victoria's Secret tag till you are ready to tell her."

Ready? How would I ever be ready to tell her? Well, no sense arguing now. "Yes Ma'am."

"Good."

Already thinking of the weekend, I looked at her. "Can...can I wear them this weekend? I mean, I'd like to go out with Lisa this weekend."

"Well, that's the other thing. Friday you will be working, but you may have Saturday off. Whether you get the cotton panties on Saturday depends on your work on Friday."

"But...I...I have to ask her soon," I protested.

"Jamie, Jamie. You can have the night off, go out, but whether you get your special panties remains to be seen. Worse case, you go out in pink satin panties, no big deal."

It was a huge deal. A huge, erotic, painful deal.

Upstairs in my room I found my underwear drawer filled with underwear, but instead of cotton boxers, in place were a variety of panties. What scared me even more was the right side of the drawer. Several bras, garter belts, most of which appeared to match a pair of panties took up that side, some satin tee shirt like things. I was starting to get an uneasy feeling about Amanda Drake and her motivations for her behavior. Panties were bad

enough, feminine, but almost concealable. Bras and garter belts? There was no passing off a bra or a garter belt as anything other than what it was, a woman's garment. What have I gotten myself into, I wondered, a tear slowly falling down my face. What was Amanda doing? Why was she doing this? Why was I agreeing to do it?

I looked at myself in the mirror, felt my cock stirring in my thong. Why...why? Was my infatuation with Amanda that overpowering? That I'd risk Lisa? I was afraid of myself, because I knew it was, the power, the destructive power she had over me.

Friday afternoon, the knock at my door that I'd been dreading. Imelda with my uniform. Think of Lisa, I told myself, think of Lisa.

I walked to the door. "Coming." I let Imelda in, and could see the familiar satin uniform through the dry cleaning bag she was carrying in her right hand, though not into the heavier shopping bag in her left. The uniform was a white satin short sleeve shirt, with a lace collar, a pair of black satin shorts, or hot pants, that Amanda said showed off my legs, and a white satin apron.

Imelda walked into the room, hung the bag on the closet door, set the bag down and walked over to my dresser, into my underwear drawer (or lingerie drawer as she called it. I refused to use that term on principle.)

"You wear these," she said, pulling out a matching white satin bra and panty set. The bra.

"Please, Imelda, a bra? Do I have to wear the bra? I can't."

"Ha, Ms. Drake will not have a tramp working for her, you wear bra."

I sighed and undressed. Lisa. Lisa. Lisa. The bra was heavily padded, and when I put it on, it gave off the illusion of a chest...of breasts. The panties did the usual trick of hiding my penis. I was afraid I'd become erect standing here with Imelda, a mortifying fear, which actually served to keep me soft.

"Here." Imelda handed me a package of pantyhose. I noticed the picture on the front of the package. The flesh colored hosiery had seams down the back of the legs, much like old fully fashioned nylons did, but in a pantyhose style. I made a small disaster of getting the seams straight in the back of my

leg, causing Imelda to snort and bend down behind me to straighten them.

Feeling her large hands on the back of my legs disgusted me, enough to frown in displeasure.

Suddenly, Imelda smacked my ass with her heavy hand, "Next time you get right." The sudden blow so startled me, I jumped forward, grateful I was not yet in shoes, lest I fall down.

"Ouch, Imelda, that hurt," I protested, more in emotional pain than actual pain.

"Well, you'll learn to do your own hosiery then," she clucked and handed me the satin shorts to put on while she went over to the bag and took out a shoe box. The shoes she handed me were a pair of heeled black strappy sandals that I carefully put on. I'll give Amanda one credit, she was right that the combination of nylons, heels and satin shorts did make my legs look very good. I finished with the apron and a pair of stretch satin gloves.

One thing I hated was the combination of man and woman. My face and hair showed me as a young man, without question. But below my neck, especially with the padded bra, the satin uniform, the hose and heels, looked nothing but feminine.

Lisa, think of Lisa.

"Imelda, my...my chest...it looks like I...I have...breasts."

"Yes, yes, of course."

"But..."

"They do for now."

For now? For now until what? "Imelda, what do you mean for now?"

She ignored me.

"What...what am I doing tonight?"

"Ms. Drake has dinner guests."

"Drinks, again?" Something I'd come to know well.

"Yes, Miss Jamie." And she was right. But for a wig and makeup, I was a "Miss" and there was no mistaking it.

The first guest to arrive was the last one I wanted to see, except for Lisa of course. Richard!

He actually chuckled when he saw me. "Well, that didn't take too long, but Mandy does like her pretty boys. Tell her I'm here before I start chasing you around, will you."

He seemed totally incurious about the eunuch who greeted him, as if he were accustomed to having a feminized ...boy... or man ...whatever ...answer the door.

Ms. Drake joined Richard with a kiss and upon arrival of a second couple, dinner was served and I was too busy to ponder the feminine outfit Amanda so carefully planned for me.

After dinner and drinks, and after the second couple had left, I served Richard and Ms. Drake drinks in the sitting room again.

"Mandy, you do look stunning you know," Richard said, looking her over appreciatively.

"Thank you dear," Ms. Drake smiled, spinning around in her sky blue halter dress, the soft light of the sitting room shining off the dress and her white nylons, making her heeled sandals glitter. I could tell she was not wearing a bra from where I stood quietly in the corner by the bar, and assumed she was wearing stockings rather than pantyhose, as I was.

The lighting of the room cast deep shadows in the corners, so I was in the dark, the middle of the room lit like a theater, and the seat I had for the next twenty minutes, as it were, was the best in the house. Richard took off his jacket and threw it over a chair. Ms. Drake sat down on the couch, smack in the middle, her dress billowing around her legs. Without words, her actions themselves invited Richard to sit near her, invited intimacy.

Richard smiled as he sat down next to her, his legs pressed directly against her legs, and he took up the silent invitation to put his hand on Amanda's thigh, rubbing her stocking. They kissed, a passionate kiss, a longing kiss, a kiss I wanted to share with her, my feelings for Lisa forgotten for the

moment. I wanted to be Richard, to taste the soft, sweet mouth of Amanda.

For ten minutes, they made out, trading wet kisses, passionate urges. Richard finally moved his hands off her legs, up to her stomach, up higher, cupping her breasts in his hand. "Oh, god Mandy."

Based on her reactions last time they were alone, I expected Ms. Drake to push back, to resist Richard's advances. Most of me wanted her to resist. I was under the illusion that she was saving herself for me, that I could have her. That was the destructive element of the situation. I had a beautiful woman interested in me, Lisa, and all I could do was obsess about the unattainable woman, Amanda Drake. I could make love to Lisa anytime, she'd made that clear in her actions, but I obsessed about Amanda.

To my dismay, Amanda didn't resist Richard's advances. In fact, she encouraged him by reaching behind her neck and unclasping the clip that held her halter top around her neck. She let the parts of the dress fall free, and gravity took over as they dropped down, over her breasts, down to her waist, leaving her topless.

I don't know whose eyes were wider. Richard's or mine. Those breasts, solid, pert, the breasts I'd seen in swimwear but never bare. Of course, neither, it appeared, had Richard, who now did what I longed to do by taking her bare breasts into his hands, then tentatively lowering his head, into his mouth. Amanda moaned, ran her fingers through his hair, called his name.

I stood in the corner, silent, mouth open, fighting back tears. This wasn't fair. I wanted to do that with Ms. Drake, I...I should be the one. She was fucking tormenting me. I wanted to shout, in fear, anger, jealousy, desire.

One hand on her breasts, Richard moved his other hand to the hem of her dress, lifted it up, slid it up her thighs, exposing the lace tops of her stockings and garter straps. "Mandy," he moaned.

"Richard, wait," she panted, "please, Richard."

"Mandy, I...", he gasped.

"Please Richard, don't, wait," she pushed him back just a fraction of an inch before he got his hand between the target framed by her garter straps.

Richard pulled his face from her neck, looked hurt. "Mandy, I'm...I'm so

sorry, please, I thought you wanted..."

"Richard, no, just a second honey," she smiled, not meaning to hurt him. "Its okay, I do...I do...its not that. I...I forgot about..." She looked over at me in the dark corner. Richard followed her gaze.

"Oh...I...", he said, a bit embarrassed.

Amanda's eyes met mine, saw my hurt look, the betrayal on my face, but she didn't flinch and I looked down first. I couldn't meet her challenge. I expected her to be furious with me, but she wasn't, no, she wanted to torment me. "That will be all for tonight, Jamie, thank you, you may retire to your quarters."

I quickly ran from the room, tears in my eyes, devastated. She was mine, not his! She should be letting me make love to her! I was the one that worshipped her, not him, it wasn't fair.

Running up the stairs, I almost crashed into Imelda who was coming down and blocked my path.

"Watch where you go," she snapped at me. "You crying?"

"Please let me through," I whispered.

"Why you crying?"

"Please, Imelda, let me pass," I snapped.

"Why you cry, Miss Jamie?" Her hands were on her hips, blocking my path.

"I...Ms. Drake...Richard...they...they were kissing...in front of me." My voice cracked and I couldn't get anymore words out.

She looked at me, a flicker of understanding and comfort on her face. "You see them kiss in room?"

I nodded.

Her face flickered in recognition. "You see them kissing...it...it make you...jealous?" She understood.

"Yes," I whispered, for the first time realizing my own emotions.

I almost fell backwards down the stairs when Imelda put a strong arm around me in comfort. "Come Miss Jamie, eets okay." She led me to my quarters, one arm around me. "Come, sit, sit, you sit. She led me through the living room, to my open bedroom, onto the bed.

"Take off shoes," she told me, before pulling me back onto the bed, my head in the folds of her skirt, mothering me.

"You like Ms. Drake, no?"

"Yyyesss," I said, trying not to openly sob.

"Shhh," she said, rocking me, stroking my hair, "it alright, Miss Jamie, it alright. She not fair to you."

Imelda, the strong German maid who scared me to death did the most tender thing in the world for me at that moment, when she held me, rubbed my hair and rocked me, quietly crying, until I'd fallen asleep, my heart shattered.

Until I was asleep and the vision in my dreams was Ms. Drake and Richard, visions that were not erotic, but rather nightmares.

Eyes closed, I heard a loud pounding. What was that? Where...what...I realized I was still in the uniform I'd worn yesterday, remembered that Imelda had rocked me to sleep like that. What was that pounding?

"Miss Jamie, hurry up...up," Imelda said loudly coming into my room, "put shoes on."

"What?"

"Ms. Drake want coffee, up, up!"

My brain heavily clouded by sleep, I slipped my soft nylon feet back into the heels I'd worn last night. I saw myself in the mirror, and thanked god I had short hair, though my uniform was a bit wrinkled.

"Imelda what are we..."

"Come, come," she grabbed my arm and tugged me out of the room, down the back stairs to the empty kitchen.

"Imelda, where is Ms. Drake," I asked, trying to shake the sleep out of my head so I could walk a little easier in my heels.

"Ms. Drake upstairs in bed, she want coffee, you bring to her."

My eyes flew wide open, now fully awake. Amanda was upstairs in bed?! "Imelda , I...is she...is Mr...," I stammered.

"She alone, coffee for one," Imelda instructed me, her order also answering my question without letting me ask it.

I made a pot of coffee, got out a tray, added some muffins and fresh fruit to the tray, and took the whole lot upstairs to Ms. Drake's room. I softly knocked on the door, which was cracked open.

"Come in," she called out. "Oh, Jamie, thank goodness, I need coffee in the worst way," she smiled at me when I carried the tray in. She was laying in bed, a cream satin sheet half pulled over her, covering her from just above mid thigh to her neck. Her right leg was dangling over the side of the bed. She was still wearing her stockings, and I could see her right garter straps.

"Well, Jamie, you are a bit ruffled this morning. Looks like neither one of us properly got ready for bed last night."

I was almost shaking, imagining Richard here in the room with Amanda.

"What's wrong, James?"

"N...nothing Ma'am," I said with a bit more insolence that I meant while I poured her a cup of coffee and set it on the night stand next to the bed.

"Nothing?"

"No," I could not bear to look her in the eye. This was not fair, to make me come in her room, this was taunting me!

"Then why were you crying last night? Why did Imelda have to rock you to sleep?"

I looked at her, the surprise apparent on my face.

"Imelda reports everything to me, dear."

I stood next to the bed, prepared to maintain my silence, fearful at my answer, until Amanda moved her leg, the leg dangling over the bed, so it touched my thigh and ever so gently began rubbing her stocking covered foot against my pantyhose encased thigh. My knees almost buckled.

"Tell me dear, what ever is wrong? You aren't...jealous...are you," she asked with a coy expression, pushing her foot a bit harder into my thigh.

I was breathing heavily now, trying not to gush the words flooding into my brain.

"I know you have a crush on me, Jamie. Admit it, dear, and its okay, remember I told you how much I enjoyed a young man in lingerie." Actually, she'd said panties, but her foot was so close to my crotch that any higher functions were overridden by the sexual desires I felt.

"Please, Ms. Drake," I gasped, half of my brain begging her to stop, half begging her to do more.

"Why sweetie, you look so pretty as a lady's maid, wouldn't you like to massage my feet again, like you did before?" She smiled at me, her foot mere inches from the front of my shorts.

I swallowed, looked down at her foot perched against my upper thigh.

"Go ahead, Jamie, touch it."

I trembled, my hands shaking as I reached for her stocking covered foot. I took it into my hands, rubbed it, felt myself growing excited, sexual lust building up inside me.

"Hmmm, that feels so good Jamie. My feet are sore, Richard and I danced last night before we...we...um...retired," she found the word, "and those heels killed."

She must have seen the mortified look on my face.

"I'm sorry Jamie, that does make you jealous, doesn't it, when I talk about Richard."

"Yyyyes," I blushed, frozen.

"Don't stop massaging, please, Jamie, I'm serious, my feet are killing me."

"Yes Ma'am."

"Oh, your hands are so tender. You really do need to dress like this more often."

That was a shot right to my groin.

"Now, Jamie, about Richard, why are you jealous? Because of your crush?"

I nodded, afraid to look her in the eyes.

"Jamie, look at me. Do you...do you find me attractive," she asked, laying covered by a satin sheet, her stockinged leg hanging out.

Did I? "Yes, Ma'am, very much so," I said enthusiastically.

"But you know Jamie, you are so much younger than me, Richard is a man my age, you shouldn't get jealous, dear."

I could hardly hear her, I was focusing on her nylon clad leg, her soft foot.

"I'm a little guilty, aren't I? I think I've been accidentally leading you on a little, sun bathing and all that."

I looked away from her again. Accidentally? I think she was leading me on like this on purpose, but why?

"I mean, I like you as a person, Jamie, you are a nice boy, but I...I like showing off my body, I'm proud of it, I just didn't mean for you to think...think of me like that."

"But, you..."

"I know I may have led you to believe that...well...its just that, Richard, he is, you know, my age and, well, you know," she lowered her voice, "a bit more masculine."

"More...but...you...," I squeezed her foot...

"Hmmm, that feels good...don't get me wrong, Jamie, I think its cute how you like to wear panties...and...you look so pretty in your little uniform,

but..."

"Me?" I was shocked! "But...but...you...you...I wore this for you!"

"And I think you look so pretty, sweetie, its okay if you want to dress like that, I think its sweet for you to go ahead and be as feminine as you want."

She was fucking crazy! I didn't want to dress like this, what was she talking about? I was aghast.

"But...but...I...I don't want to..."

"Keep massaging, please, you don't have to explain yourself, Jamie, I think its very sweet, plus, well, you really do have such pretty legs and they look so nice in hosiery. You can dress feminine whenever you like, I don't mind at all, sweetie."

"I..." No more words came out of my mouth, for Ms. Drake's other foot, the one I wasn't massaging, snaked out from under the sheet and her own stocking covered foot was on my thigh, rubbing.

"You do look so pretty, sweetie, you know? So sexy." Her foot was again right below my crotch. "And you look so nice in these shorts."

"Ohhhh," I gasped as her foot moved up and was suddenly on the front of my shorts, gently rubbing, "Ms. Drake...ohhhh...please!"

"Amanda Drake!" Imelda's voice shot through the room. Ms. Drake dropped her foot from the front of my shorts and pulled her foot from my hand.

"Jamie, go up to your room, now," Imelda hissed at me.

"Oh, Imelda, don't be such a prude," Amanda laughed, "Can't a woman have a little fun?"

"Now Jamie," Imelda scolded me, causing me to quickly recover and then flee the room.

"Ms. Drake, you promised me you wouldn't do this again," I heard Imelda snap at Ms. Drake as I reached the hallway, causing me to freeze.

"Well, I guess I lied, Imelda, something you'd know all about!"

"He is just a child." I was in hallway, afraid to move, afraid to make a sound. What were they talking about? And where was Imelda's accent?

"Eric was just a child, wasn't he," Ms. Drake snapped back, "but that didn't stop you, did it?"

"What your mother and I did with Eric has nothing to do with Jamie, Ms. Drake!"

"It has everything to do with it, Imelda."

"Your mother and I were protecting you and your family. You would not have understood then and still don't. But you were selfish in getting engaged to him. What you are doing now is still from your own selfishness."

"Are you telling me you don't see the similarities?"

"Of course I do, I did from the moment I saw him. And don't tell me you didn't either."

"So what's the difference?"

"The difference is that Eric loved you and you loved him. But you are leading Jamie on, Ms. Drake, and ruining what he has with his girl from school. Your mother and I were looking out for the family with Eric. But now, you are being a selfish bitch."

"Don't you talk to me like that, Imelda!"

"I changed your diapers, Ms. Drake, I can tell you the truth when I want."

Amanda's voice got even chillier than Imelda's was. "Imelda, I don't care if you are old enough to be my mother, the two of you taught me well. The two of you did this to me. And if you raise your voice to me again, so help me, I'll tan your hide myself!"

My jaw dropped. What the hell was going on here? What...what were they talking about? What did they do to her husband? What secret were they hiding.

"You wouldn't dare!"

"My mother did, and so would I. I'm warning you Imelda, mind your place, I can do what I want with him, with you or without you, is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Now go to his room and..."

I scurried away before I could hear anymore, afraid to get caught listening. I went to my room, afraid, shaken, unsure of what the hell was going on, but knowing that I was as afraid of both of them as I'd ever been.

About twenty minutes later, Imelda came into my rooms without knocking, and found me sitting on a chair in my bedroom, knees pulled up to my chin, eyes wet from crying.

"Jamie, don't you ever eavesdrop on Ms. Drake again."

"Imelda, what is going on? What happened with her husband? What did you do? I...I'm scared."

Imelda's face actually showed some concern for me again. "Those are things you should not have heard."

"But...what...what..."

"It was different, in a way," she said, sitting down on the bed across from me. "Things were different back then."

"But she...she said..."

"Ms. Drake never should have gotten engaged to that boy, that was what started it all. Her mother and father brought her up better, she should have dated from her own social circles, but she fell for a boy from the, well, the lower class, I suppose."

"What does that have to do with it?"

"Jamie, please, don't worry, come here, its okay dear," she said, patting the bed next to her.

I slowly got up, sat next to Imelda who took me into her arms again in a matronly way. She rubbed the tears off my face, telling me it was okay.

"Things were much different Jamie, a family like Ms. Drake's, with only a daughter, had to do things to protect the family and, well, Ms. Drake's mother and I took certain...um...steps to...to make sure that the family was protected.

"But I don't understand, what...what did you do?"

Imelda moved her hand to my hosed thigh. "Ms. Drake developed a taste for young men in...in panties...a long time ago."

Her face was impassive, but she was slowly rubbing my thigh. "You...you mean...her...her husband...he..."

"Amanda was right, you know, you do bear a striking resemblance to him."

"I...I do?"

"Of course, he was no more taken with the idea than you, Jamie, but even then, Amanda had a way with the boys, and it was not too difficult for her mother and I to, well, do what needed to be done."

"You mean...you...you..."

"He made such a pretty girl," she smiled for the first time since coming into my room.

"But, why would he let you do that to him?"

Imelda looked directly into my eyes. I felt her other hand move onto my shoulders, rather heavily, pushing me down, then felt her hand on my thigh move upwards, shoot under my shorts, onto my flaccid penis and begin rubbing. I tried to jump, to shoot back, but her strength held me in place.

"You make such a pretty girl, too, Jamie, you know that, don't you? Eric let himself be...feminized...because young men that dress like they are told can find it quite...rewarding..."

Her hand inside my shorts was rubbing me, methodically, and I could not help but grow erect.

"Please Imelda, don't..." Oddly, Lisa flashed through my mind, Lisa, my girlfriend, with whom I have a date tonight.

"Pretty boys get rewarded, Miss Jamie, and Ms. Drake likes her boys pretty." Her hand wrapped around my now erect penis, grabbing it through my pantyhose and panties,

"Please...don't," I gasped, repulsed by the touch, the thought, of Imelda's meaty, strong hand inside me, grabbing me. The heavysset older woman touching me like this was repugnant to me, but yet, I grew, erect, hard. No!

"And boys who misbehave don't get any reward." She suddenly let go, stopped.

I was breathing so heavily I was light headed.

"Do you understand, Miss Jamie?" She began lightly rubbing me again.

"Yyyesss," I moaned, terrified.

"Good, that's enough for now," she removed her hand, and even though it disgusted me, I felt a sense of sorrow, left on the edge of sexual excitement.

Imelda saw the look on my face. "Oh, Miss Jamie, you haven't earned that yet, yuck!"

"No, Imelda, I...that's not..."

"Besides, you have work to do, and you have a date tonight, yes?"

Lisa. Flashed into my brain, I immediately softened. This was wrong, what Amanda and Imelda were doing to me. I had a girlfriend, this was wrong.

"You need to dust downstairs, clean up any dishes Ms. Drake and her guest left out from last night and change Ms. Drake's sheets after she leaves for the office."

"Can...can I change?" I wanted to get out of my uniform that I'd been wearing since last night.

"No, no time. Besides, you look pretty, you work in that."

So I spent the next couple of hours in my satin uniform, pantyhose, heels, feeling my fake breasts as I cleaned up the downstairs. When I changed Ms. Drake's sheets, it was under the watchful eyes of Imelda. I told her I didn't

need her supervising, but she'd hear none of that.

"Ms. Drake doesn't want you in here without me watching you, Jamie. She doesn't want you snooping in her laundry hamper again to satisfy your panty obsession."

Her words shamed me, and I knew that they were probably true. I don't know if I could have resisted sneaking to the hamper to find the soiled panties she'd worn last night.

When I was done, she told me I could eat a late lunch and then get ready for my date.

"Um, Am...Ms. Drake said I could...could um...wear...um...different underwear for my date?"

"Oh yes, your special panties for your Lisa. Ms. Drake is in her study, you can go ask her."

"Please, Imelda, I don't want to ask her, can't you just get me a pair?"

She laughed. "Oh, I can get you a pair, maybe some nice pink silk ones? I'm sure Lisa will adore them!"

I sighed, walked down to Ms. Drake's study where I found her in a jogging suit, reading some papers at her desk.

"Um, Ms. Drake, Imelda said I had to come see you."

She looked up from her papers, "yes darling?"

"I...I...have a date tonight."

"Yes, I know, with Lisa."

The silence was awkward and I felt myself sweating.

"Yes?"

"I...I need underwear for my date."

"Why, didn't Imelda get a drawer full for you? Let me call her down here, I know I told her to..."

"No...no Ma'am...you...you said that I could...um...wear something less...conspicuous, I guess, on my date."

"Oh, you mean you want a pair of cotton panties to wear on your date?"

"Yes, yes!" I was blushing.

"You know you do look so pretty like that Jamie, I think you'd make a very pretty date for Lisa, but if you really need something." She opened her desk drawer and took out and tossed me something. I caught a pair of black cotton briefs.

"There is a Victoria's Secret tag on those." I looked and saw the pink tag. "That stays on, Jamie. I told you that you can wear them for now, but just like that, okay?"

Like I had a choice? Wait, of course I had a choice. I could tell her to fuck off, throw the panties in her face and walk out. But I didn't, I couldn't. I was intoxicated by her, even if she was leading me down a path of destruction.

"Yes Ma'am."

"Good girl. You know, I feel so naughty, Jamie, giving you those. It's like I'm giving you permission to make love to your girlfriend."

And that's what it was, too. I was getting her permission.

"But Jamie, don't forget who you serve."

"Yes Ma'am."

Dinner with Lisa wasn't a disaster. Actually, it went kind of well, considering how nervous I was just to be with her, how much I was anticipating later in the evening, and how much I actually cared for her. I did feel pangs of guilt now and then, but I managed to quickly hide them, I was so enthralled with Lisa.

Back at her place, we watched some television on the couch while sharing our second bottle of wine. As befit the pattern in my life, women controlling me, Lisa took the lead and ignored the television to make out and engage in some mild petting.

She eventually led me to her bedroom, where I managed to turn out the lights without drawing too much attention to the act. The moon light was enough for me to drink in Lisa's beauty. She easily shed her top and quickly followed with her skirt, leaving her in a light colored bra and panty set. I couldn't help but think how much it looked like the one I wore earlier that day.

I'd intended to take off my pants and panties at the same time, just to be safe and hide from her ever finding out what I was wearing, but she was the aggressor and undressed me without taking off my panties.

Her soft skin rubbed against me, her hot breath was on my neck, filled with kisses, a wet tongue. I couldn't help moan as she turned so she was on top of me, her breasts pressing into my chest while she took the lead, seduced me.

"James," she moaned when she pressed her panty covered mound into my small but present erection, humping me. I was actually afraid I was going to cum before we even fully undressed.

"Wait, let me take the panties off," she kissed my ear, causing a fast chill to course through my body and my erection to quickly go limp. How...how did she know?

"Lisa, I can explain..." She was lifting herself up, taking off her panties. Oh, fuck, I thought she was talking about my underwear.

"Getting undressed too? Let me help." She reached down and pulled off my panties, exposing me before she tossed them over the side of the bed. How I hoped the tag wasn't present.

"Oh...its so small," she said, surprise in her voice as she took my penis in her hands.

"Lisa, I'm sorry, I..."

"Shhhh, don't worry, James, its okay, size doesn't matter to a woman," she tried to calm me, telling me the lie that many a woman had told a less endowed man.

Before mounting me, she reached around and unfastened her bra, which fell

down off her breasts right onto my chest, landing exactly where it would go if I was wearing it. The image was a powerful one, coupled with her comment on my size. Without knowing it, Lisa had thoroughly humiliated me, not knowing that the effect sexually excited me to no end.

"There, you're growing a little now, sweetie."

Little!

Her breasts were over my face, and I took the invitation to take them, one at a time, into my mouth.

She was so wet, her pussy, soaking me, suddenly taking me inside her.

"Oh, Lisa," I gasped.

"Are you in? I can't..."

"Yes, yes."

My fear was not unfounded. Lisa's young body pressing on me, and Amanda Drake was again inside my head. Not twenty seconds later I stiffened as I erupted in orgasm inside my sweet Lisa, the sensations all too much for me.

"Ohhhhhh," I moaned, thrusting upward, cumming fiercely inside Lisa, "I'm sorry, I..."

"What," she gasped? "Oh, honey, what's wrong."

I stopped moving, my limbs felt heavy.

"What? Did I...oh, James, you didn't...already...?"

"I'm so sorry, Lisa." I knew there was no way she could have cum yet, that I was simply inadequate.

"James, no, shhh, its okay, really,

"I'm sorry, Lisa, I didn't mean to."

"Shhh, it's okay James, It will be better next time," she said, telling me the lie that a woman tells a man in a situation like this. How could it be better next time? Was I going to suddenly become Don Juan?

We lay on the bed cuddling, lightly kissing, and she even tried to get me hard again, but it was no use. Amanda had fucked up my first sexual encounter with Lisa, and she wasn't even there!

Driving home later that evening, the windows down, the cool air flowing into the car, I thought about Lisa, how wonderful and sexy she was, and Amanda Drake, how sinister and imposing she was.

"How was your date?" Amanda's voice startled me, made me drop my keys as I fumbled for the light switch. She was sitting at the kitchen table drinking a glass of light wine, smiling at me.

"Ms. Drake, I...you are still up." Truthfully, I'd hoped to sneak into the house without running into either Amanda or Imelda. I certainly didn't want to run into Amanda sitting there in a pink satin chemise, and be forced to stare at her breasts pushing the fabric out towards me.

"I asked you a question, Jamie."

"Um, it...it was fine," I stammered, eyes torn between her chest and her tanned legs, ending beautifully in a pair of pink heeled slippers.

"Come with me," she stood, walking out of the kitchen, taking her wine and the bottle with her. I followed her to a sitting room, this time my eyes plastered to just her legs, her satin skin, her toned muscles.

In the sitting room, she went right for the couch, plopped down in the middle, leaving me uncertain where to sit. The nearest chair was on the opposite wall, too far away to converse, but I wasn't sitting next to her, so close to her, not because I didn't want to but because I was so intimidated by her. Amanda saw and took care of my indecision by pointing to the floor in front of her. "Sit there, dear."

I somewhat awkwardly plopped down to the floor, on my knees, sitting on my heels. Amanda smiled at my choice of positions, I suppose at the implicit submission found by kneeling on the rug so close to her.

"So, I was asking about your evening."

"It was fine, Ma'am."

"Fine? Did you, um, how do I put this? Consummate your relationship with Lisa?"

"What?" Even for all Ms. Drake had pushed me to, I was still shocked by her bluntness.

She just looked at me, her expression frozen in wait for a response to her question.

"Ms. Drake, I don't think that is something I want to talk about," I mumbled, ashamed and trying to take back some self control, and as well, regain control over my employment situation.

"Perhaps not, Jamie, but that's not really your place to decide." She continued to stare at me. I tried to resist, to match her eyes, her penetrating glare, but could not, and broke it off.

"Yes," I whispered.

"And were you a good lover for her?" At first, I thought her question was a joke, but the look on her face told me different, that she was serious.

"I...," feeling the vestiges of male pride swell up inside me, I wanted to boast, I was the best, but something in her gaze held me back.

"No!" I felt my eyes water up just a bit, the shame and humiliation flooding over me. "No, it was terrible, I...I don't know...I..."

I expected maybe a hint of sympathy, but no quarter was given by Amanda. She took the figurative knife sticking in my gut and twisted.

"Let me guess, Jamie. She found you not well endowed and certainly lacking in any stamina."

Twist!

"Premature, as it were."

"Ms. Drake!"

"Jamie, don't interrupt me. I know how the evening went for Lisa. She'd been anticipating this for some time, I'm sure, the first time with a man she

cares about, maybe even loves. The dance, the butterflies in her stomach, the emotions." Amanda was looking up now, at the wall, almost as if she was looking backwards in time, to something else. Was she describing Lisa or herself?

"Finally, in the bedroom, the passion, the dampness between her legs, the eagerness to feel her partner, in her hand, inside her. Then, the slight tingling of disappointment when she wrapped her hand around you, her own excitement too much to understand it yet. But it built up, when you entered her, the lack of sensation. The anticipation of enveloping her lover stopped by the fog of emptiness."

She shifted her gaze to me. "And then, just as I approached the rapids of sexual excitement, knowing the waterfall of orgasm was ahead, something I'd wanted with him for months, the crash. The rapid disappointment in the end, before it even started. I felt..." she paused. "She felt a burning hunger you didn't satisfy, you couldn't satisfy."

I was kneeling mouth open, stupefied. She described Lisa, but herself too. When was this, who was she talking about? Her husband? What did I tap into? A cold chill ran down my spine.

"Ms. Drake?"

"Yes, I know exactly how Lisa felt, Jamie, to find her lover quite inadequate. Crushed, disappointed, hurt, like it was her fault."

"Her fault," I gasped.

"Yes, she is probably home right now trying to figure out what she did wrong."

"But...she didn't do anything. It's not her fault!"

"Well, whose fault is it then?"

"Mine. It's my fault."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I..." And I froze, terrified to say what I was about to say.

"Because you are small and an inadequate lover who has an obsession with

wearing panties and fantasizes about fucking his boss?"

Her words were not much more shocking than if she'd reached over and slapped my face.

"Well?"

"Yes," I croaked, realizing for the first time there was an erection straining in my pants.

She looked down and saw it too, immediately moving one of her heeled feet to my crotch, pressing into me. "It's totally unfair to her, Jamie, to have her thinking it's all her fault, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes," I moaned, at the humiliation and the excitement from her heel.

"You are fucking right it is," she hissed, pushing into my crotch, putting me in further pain, again looking like she was reliving something from her past.

"Please, Ms. Drake!" I knew I was getting the brunt of this not for what Amanda thought of my evening with Lisa, not completely, anyway, but for that unknown event in her past.

She took her shoe away from my crotch and I gasped loudly, the pain ending. "Tomorrow, I want you to chauffeur for a few errands I have to take care of, Jamie."

"Yes Ma'am."

"Imelda will get you your chauffeur's uniform in the morning."

"Yes Ma'am." I was frightened to even wonder what that consisted of, but with my crotch sore, my knees in pain from kneeling, and the abject humiliation I felt discussing this with Amanda, I was not in much of a position to complain.

"Were you planning on calling the poor girl tomorrow?"

"Calling her?" She switched too quickly for my mind to follow her train of thought.

"Yes, were you planning on calling her?"

"Um, I...I don't know."

That was not the answer she was looking for. "Are you really that pathetic, Jamie? Wasn't your inadequacy tonight bad enough? Were you planning on making it worse by not even calling her?"

"No, I...I didn't think..."

Her look killed the words coming from my mouth. "Fucking pathetic, Jamie. She is already probably half distraught wondering why the sex was so bad, blaming herself, when it's you that is to blame. Don't make it worse by ignoring her."

"No Ma'am."

"Before we go tomorrow, you are to call her, thank her for the great time that you had and apologize for your inadequate performance."

"Ma'am?"

"Let her know the problem was with you, not her!"

"Oh, yes Ma'am. Um, okay, I'll do that when I get up?"

"No, Jamie, I'm not letting you make things worse. You'll do it just before we go so I can listen in. Now, off to bed with you, tomorrow will be interesting."

Oh, would it ever!

## Chapter 4 - Learning to Treat a Woman Properly

"You were planning on calling the poor girl tomorrow?" Amanda's accusatory question rang through my brain as I got out of the shower smelling of roses from the feminine bath products she provided for me.

I hadn't really thought about it. In fact, I was not planning on calling Lisa. I was so embarrassed by my night with her. How bad was it? Let's just say that my first time in bed with my girlfriend was probably not quite the best sexual experience a woman could have. It had to have been one of the most unsatisfying experiences she'd ever had. I had proved to be small and fast, not necessarily what a woman wants. And I was too ashamed to call, not that Amanda Drake, my dominant boss would have that.

"Jamie, ready to get dressed," Imelda, the sixty something maid called from the living room of my servant's suite. She was there as she often was, my uniform for the day in hand in a garment bag, whatever uniform I was to wear to drive Ms. Drake around today, acting as her chauffeur. I just hoped the uniform had pants, though somehow I doubted it would.

"How was date," Imelda asked. I looked down, face flushed red.

"Hmm, Ms. Drake tell me. Poor girl. Lisa should ask me first, I tell her Jamie little," Imelda said, holding her fingers a couple of inches apart with a snide smile on her face. Imelda would know too, having seen me naked several times while getting me dressed in some perverse outfit chosen by my employer. That just made me blush even more, compounding the inadequacy I felt that they kept pushing on me.

"Oh, don't pout Miss Jamie, small can be pretty to some, and looks better in panties. No funny bulge."

I hated Imelda right now, but not as much as I hated myself. What I hated was the rushing feeling that was coursing through my body, the hormones, the blood, the pure...sexuality. Imelda's seemingly vicious taunts about my manhood were exciting me and I hated myself for it. I was a normal man, and felt a real sense of self-loathing at the way they were making me feel. I was especially troubled that I let them do this to me. I should have backed

my bags and gotten the hell out of that house weeks, if not months ago. What self-respecting man allowed a woman to do this to him? What kind of man?

But, beyond the knowledge that I was to obey her, I didn't understand Imelda. I'd heard her scold Amanda for what she was doing to me, despite Amanda's retort that she was only doing what she'd been taught to do by her mother and Imelda years ago. But, if Imelda was scolding Ms. Drake, why was she still doing this to me? Was the threat of punishment enough reason?

"Imelda, why...why are you...is she...?"

Imelda got serious in an instant. "You can quit anytime, Miss Jamie. Until then, time to dress." Her implication was clear. However bizarre this situation was, it was in part my own making for staying. That made me complicit in everything that was going on. That was what disgusted me. I was not like this. I didn't want this. Yet I let it happen.

"But Imelda, I...I want to be a man!"

"Like with Miss Lisa." The verbal blow certainly manifested itself physically as the pain to my gut was like a hammer blow. Even Imelda understood and had some pity on me.

"Shhh, Miss Jamie, I told you, there are rewards for behaving." For not the first time, Imelda placed her beefy hands on my cock, stroking me, emphasizing the sexuality of what she and Amanda were doing, suppressing any urge I had to flee.

"It's just that you do look so pretty, Miss Jamie, even if you don't like. Don't you want to wear panties today?"

"No, please Imelda, no."

"Don't deny, you know how soft, how pretty you look in them." I was fully erect in her sweaty hands, and fully ashamed with myself. Yet I was straining, the sexual overcoming the shame. Perhaps the shame even somehow even enhancing the sexual.

"You want panties?" She stopped rubbing.

"Please, ohhhh, please, yes, please."

"Good Miss Jamie." She began stroking me again, more slowly, not fast enough for release, only to maintain the erection I had. "You know Ms. Drake want you in panties. You know she likes that."

Amanda....fucking Amanda!

"Now, time to dress," she laughed, dropping her hands from my cock before I could cum.

"Please Imelda, don't," I begged, wanting her to continue, desperate for relief, even more so in such a humiliating situation.

"Good girls get rewards, Miss Jamie, you need to show you are good. Time to dress."

"Please Imelda," I begged, straining, as if I had not cum for weeks, rather than just last night.

"Dressed," she scolded, walking to my dresser and pulling out some garments.

I was left on the edge, of an orgasm, and of course, humiliation. Imelda disgusted me, yet I wanted more, the sexual compulsion was overpowering.

"We do black." She turned to me, black undergarments in her hand. I still did not know what my uniform was, but Imelda wasn't going to show me until I was in my panties, it appeared.

"Bra first." She held the black bra up for me.

"Imelda, please, I can do it myself." I didn't want to walk over to her, to have her dress me again; it was too mortifying.

She glared, not caring about my thoughts, so I sheepishly walked to her, put my arms into the heavily padded black bra. My erection, which had slackened, jumped up again, something Imelda did not miss.

"You like wearing the bra." She roughly took the erection back into her hands.

"No, no, I don't." I really didn't. Maybe it sexually excited me, but inside, it repulsed me. I was not a sissy!

"Oh, you do." She let out a peasant's laugh, hearty, throaty. "You need to be tucked, this not do." She squeezed my erection, a painful reminder of how I felt excited despite my horror.

"I'm sorry Imelda."

"I know how to make it go away." She took me into the palm of one of her hands, took her other hand and slowly rubbed me, smiling while she did it. "Remember only good girls get pleasure."

"Imelda," I gasped, suddenly sensing I was going to cum. "Yes, I...OUCH," I screamed. Holding my cock with one hand, Imelda took her other hand up and slapped it onto my cock with a harsh blow, causing pain to shoot through me.

"What the hell!"

SLAP!

**"OUCH! Imelda!"**

"There, you ready for panties now." And she was right. My cock, moments ago so hard, was quickly shrinking from the shock of the pain.

"Dammit Imelda, that hurt!"

"But worked. Put on the panties." I took the black satin thong from Imelda and pulled it up my legs, felt the tug of the thong in my ass, tucked my cock, still in pain, between my legs.

"Garter belt." She handed me a handful of straps, which turned out to be a six strap belt that I fastened around my waist.

"You do good, I think it comes natural."

Natural? Nothing of the fucking sort. I felt my gut twinge. In a way, she was right. This was becoming natural. "Fuck," I shook my head.

Imelda helped me put on and attach black stockings to the garter belt. Then

she dressed me in a black linen skirt that came down to just below mid thigh, a white cotton blouse that showed off my padded breasts and clunky heels.

Breasts.

For this day, she told me she was going to have me wear makeup and a wig. As bizarre as it seems, I felt a small sense of relief upon hearing this. Not because I wanted to wear either, both represented another step in their perverse feminization of me, something I assuredly did not want. The relief came from my fear of going out looking like a man in a skirt. Somehow that scared me more than going out as a woman repulsed me. I'd rather try to look like a woman, hiding the fact that I was a man allowing this to happen to him. Somehow that was important to me.

I sat in a chair before Imelda as she lightly dusted my face with some powder.

"Here, close your eyes." Eyeliner. Mascara. Her touch soft, teasing, feminine. I shuddered, distaste now running ahead of the relief I'd felt.

"Ready for pretty lip gloss?" Imelda formed her lips in the way she wanted me to do mine and then carefully painted a pink gloss on my lips. Lipstick. Feminine lips. A wave of fear poured through me when I thought of what I normally fantasized about when I saw a woman with pretty lips.

"Pretty cock sucking lips," my buddies in college called them. There was no more horrid thought I could have had.

When Imelda helped me with the wig and a chauffeur's cap, I knew my transformation was complete. She'd turned me into a woman today. And I sat there. I just sat there.

Stepping back, looking at me completely dressed, feminized, Imelda loudly exhaled. "Jamie, no kidding, you really do make prettier woman than man."

Unconsciously I blushed, looked down and brushed a strand of hair from my eyes. I realized the gesture for what it was, a completely feminine expression. Why? Why did that gesture happen? Was I becoming feminine? Hell, Imelda and Amanda certainly were making that happen.

We went down to Ms. Drake's office where we found her standing by her

desk. She too complimented me on my outfit and my femininity.

"Imelda, I love the look."

"Thank you Ms. Drake."

Amanda walked over to me, ran her fingers over my face. "The makeup is perfect too." I could smell Amanda's perfume, her scent. "Jamie, you look stunning, I'll certainly be proud to have you driving me around today."

I could not help think of seeing Amanda with her lover, and Amanda later the next morning, teasing me.

"Don't you think you look pretty, dear?" she asked me.

"I..." the question threw me off guard. I couldn't deny it though. Even though I didn't want to, I couldn't help but admit that I did look pretty. "Yes."

"Yes. Yes you do. In fact, you must admit that you make a prettier girl than you do a handsome man, no?" She laughed. "It just struck me, would a bisexual woman find you more attractive like this or if you tried to be a man?"

She saw the horror on my face, and as she was often taken to do, teased me just a bit more.

"I mean, if you went to a bar like this, would you attract more men than you would attract women if you went to a bar as a man? Hmmm?"

My blush was my answer.

"I know I'm certainly attracted to you like this Jamie, even though you don't do anything for me when you try to act masculine." Her fingers toyed with my arm, her flirtation finding its deadly mark.

"Ms. Drake," Imelda started.

"Shush, Imelda." Amanda eyed me like a cat eyeing its prey. "You can't deny the resemblance, Imelda, can you?"

"Ms. Drake, you said..."

"The look in her eyes, the uncertainty, the fear, the desire to please."

The warning bells sounded through me again, the references to the past, the role she saw me in, but as I began to suspect, I was frozen, much like someone from the past must have been.

"Amanda!" Imelda hissed at our employer, who I feared might lash out at Imelda, but only shook her head as if awaking from a dream.

"It's uncanny. Well, we do need to be going, so we'd better make that phone call, Jamie."

"Phone call?"

"The apology to Lisa, of course. Here, sit at my desk."

I plopped down in her chair, slumping, legs spread, straining my skirt.

"Imelda, please." Ms. Drake pointed to me.

Imelda quickly came over to my side, motioning me to sit up, legs together, crossed. "Sit like a lady," she scolded me.

Amanda picked up the phone and dialed for me. She knew the number. How did she know Lisa's number?

"Hello," Lisa answered.

"Lisa, hi...its...me, James." How the hell did she know the number???

"James, oh...I...how are you?"

"Poor girl, didn't expect you to call," Amanda whispered in my ear, eavesdropping in the conversation. Apparently I was going to have to do this with Amanda and Imelda standing right there with me. "I told you, she blames herself."

"I'm good. I...I just wanted to call and...you know...I...I had a good time last night."

"You...you did...I'm glad...I...I thought...I mean." The embarrassment was evident in her voice.

"Jamie, apologize," Amanda hissed quietly.

I was torn, my face must have been ten shades of red. "Lisa, wait, I...I wanted to apologize."

"Apologize? For what, James?"

I felt Amanda's hair on my shoulders, her head pressed against mine listening. She placed a hand on my thigh to steady herself, squeezing my thigh through my stockings. "For being inadequate last night," she whispered in my ear.

"For...for being...being...inadequate last night," I gulped, totally humiliated.

"Oh, Jamie," Lisa laughed, the tone in her voice quickly changing, "that...that's so sweet. I mean, you really were kind of...well...quick. But I could never imagine a man apologizing for that, that means so much to me. Oh, James."

"Because a man would never apologize," Amanda whispered in my ear. But a sissy would, I thought in my own mind. A sissy? Was I a sissy?

"I really am sorry, Lisa, I know I must have...it must have been...well, not that great for you. I...I was worried you'd think you did something wrong."

Lisa laughed. "Well, since we are being honest, I mean, its not like I sleep around or anything, but, well, I...I've had better. But...but that doesn't matter, James, I mean, I..."

"I bet every time has been better," Amanda softly laughed. Her hand was still toying with my leg. "Unless she has done it with a sissy before."

"I was afraid you wouldn't call me, that you'd think I did something wrong, James."

"No, no, Lisa, its not you at all. I...I just wanted you to know that I had a great time. It was me, not you, Lisa, and I'm sorry."

"Well, apology accepted, James. Like I said, I've never had a guy apologize to me before, not like this. , it...it's almost..."

"What? Almost what?" What did she mean?

"Well, I was going to say, feminine," she laughed, "but I appreciate it, I really do."

Amanda chuckled at Lisa's feminine comment, considering how I was dressed, of course.

We chatted a few more minutes, and I think I'd done what Amanda had ordered me to do, and I really think it did help with Lisa, though I sensed a subtle shift, that I'd given something up to her, a shift in power.

"Again, I'm so sorry Lisa," I said, wrapping up the conversation.

"James, don't worry, next time we'll spend a little more time, well, focusing on me," she giggled, "since you owe me."

Amanda was close to laughing and managed to make me blush by sticking her tongue out and imitating oral sex.

We said our goodbyes, planned to meet for lunch the next day and hung up.

Amanda walked around in front of me, looked at me with a smile on her face, touched her hands to her face and play-acted Lisa. "James, don't worry, next time we'll spend a little more time with your face buried in my pussy."

I looked down, still red faced.

"My goodness, Jamie, I'm beginning to wonder if that girlfriend of yours just might have a dominant bone in her. I'm just going to have to meet this girl some time."

"What!?"

"Well, this might just work out after all," she said cryptically.

"What might work out," I asked hesitantly?

"Oh, nothing really," she smiled. "Or everything."

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After a while the afternoon driving Amanda got to be in some ways much easier than I'd thought, but in other ways, so much more difficult. I spent the day in the car ferrying Amanda around town, running petty, but

necessary errands for her. The drug store, the Laundromat. After a while, doing these simple tasks in this attire, I felt completely feminine, almost forgetting at times who the real James was. Forgetting if I was the serious grad student with a semi serious girlfriend, or if I was a...a sissy. It was hard to even think that word, let alone say it.

Or hear it said. Ms. Drake used it several times. "To the cleaner next, sissy." Or. "Turn right here, sissy."

And I'd just respond, "Yes, Ma'am."

"Good, girl," she'd say. Girl!

I was no girl!

Dammit, I was not a girl!

After I while I accepted it though, almost forgetting at time who the real James was. Forgetting that not too long ago, I was a confident young man, not a...a what...a whipped...broken....

We stopped for gas and I had to get out and pump. I didn't forget who I was then. That I was James, becoming Jamie, that I was a man pretending to be a woman. I was terrified of getting out of the car, of presenting myself to the world. But the funny thing was, nobody stared at me. I got a few glances, but nothing like I'd expected. Children terrified, women screaming, etc. Nothing.

When I got back in the car, Amanda asked me what was wrong.

"Nothing, why?"

"You looked rather nervous, Jamie."

"Nervous. Hell, of course I was."

"Why?"

"Why?"

"Why were you nervous?"

I looked back at her in the mirror. She had an honest inquisitive look on her face, hardly taunting, inviting.

"Well, I didn't want anyone to stare."

"Oh sweetie, afraid the men would be mentally undressing you." She smiled at me, the honest look replaced by her usual sarcastic, but innocent smile.

"Men? But..."

"I know the feeling, Jamie, the instinctive tentativeness a woman feels when she has on a short skirt, knowing how men, will be feasting and undressing her with their eyes."

"But, but that's not what I mean," I protested. "I didn't want people staring at me because I...I'm a...a..." I couldn't finish the sentence.

She laughed. "You can't even say it, can you? Because you're a man? Honestly Jamie, you can't even say it, yet you have the audacity to think it?"

"But I..."

"You can't," she challenged me again.

She had a smug look on her face. This was a direct taunt. And I wasn't up to her challenge. I couldn't respond.

"You can't say it."

I broke the gaze, looked down from the mirror to the edge of my skirt, where it met my stockings. She was right, of course, I couldn't say it. Even in my mind, I could not get the words to form, certainly not dressed like this. I was shaking as I pulled out of the gas station, close to tears, but I was determined to keep her from having the satisfaction. I was not going to cry.

I was not going to cry. No!

Yet, I felt it almost immediately. The single tear running down my face, from the corner of my eye, down my cheek, towards my chin.

Quickly glancing in the mirror, afraid to wipe it away, I realized she saw it too.

"Honey, it's okay for a girl to get emotional."

Exactly why I was trying to avoid it. Desperately trying to avoid it. And why

she was trying to make it happen.

"If I like my boys in panties, of course I like them emotional too. My boys should be girls. Soft, vulnerable, weak, feminine."

I sniffled, took a deep breath.

"Do you want to stop, Jamie? Have I misjudged you? Say the word, sweetie, and it all stops."

I thought back to my time in her employ. The early teasing, the sun bathing, the implicit sexual taunts. The panties. Sniffing hers, wearing hers. The gradual path. Lisa. I couldn't go on, could I? It was really too much. Too much to ask of me. But she didn't ask me if I wanted it. Just if I wanted it to stop.

"But my boy doesn't want it to stop, does he?" Her voice was a whisper. If we were not inside a luxury car, I'd not even be able to hear her over the road noise. "My boy knows Ms. Drake has touched something inside him. My boy knows he can't deny it, can he?"

"Please Ma'am," I said, my eyes begging in the mirror.

"My boy knows he wants to be my girl. I've known it since I laid eyes on her, that she was destined to be in my panties."

It was shocking to me that months ago I wanted in her panties, sexually, not literally. Yet that's where I was, closer, yet farther than I'd ever imagined possible. I didn't want to wear her panties, ever. Even not now. The thought sickened me.

"You can never go back, Jamie."

"But I don't want this," I said. We were stopped in traffic so I looked up in the mirror again, at her, my eyes pleading.

"I know, Jamie." She actually looked sympathetic. "I know you don't want it. But wanting it and allowing it to happen sometimes blur. You can't stop it. We couldn't stop it." She had that mysterious look on her face again, the reminiscence. "We didn't want it either."

"We? You keep saying we, what are you talking about?"

"Sometimes Jamie, things happen, things you don't want, but they still work out for the best."

I asked her again what she meant, but she wouldn't answer. I was still trapped inside whatever web she'd spun for me. Who was we? What did this other person do to her? What happened to her? Who was it? What did they do to Amanda? And why was I forced to suffer for it?

## LUNCH WITH LISA

**At eight in the morning, while I was sitting in my room drinking coffee, there was a knock at the door, and then it opened. "Are you decent," Amanda called in, walking into my room with Imelda in tow.**

"Ms. Drake, I...I'm just getting ready for class."

"Yes, yes," she ignored my protest. "Take off your pants, please." She sat down in an easy chair, gracefully crossed her legs, the nylon of her stockings making an elegant sound.

"Come on now, hurry up." I pulled down my trousers exposing my pink satin panties.

"Lovely color you have him in Imelda." She looked at me. "Take those off too."

"Ma'am?"

"Your panties, off with them." I knew better than to argue with Amanda and quickly stripped of the satin panties.

"Imelda," Amanda said over her shoulder. Imelda approached me, handed me a pair of nude pantyhose.

"Go on, go on, put them on," Amanda instructed me.

"Please, Ma'am."

"Oh, Jamie, you are so cute when you are shy, but be a good girl and put on your pantyhose."

I sat down and worked myself into the hosiery, jumping up only to pull them over my hips.

"Come closer," Amanda motioned me over to her when I'd finished putting on the hosiery.

I walked over to Amanda. "Imelda told me you are having lunch with Lisa today after class, right?"

"Yes, Ms. Drake." How did Imelda know? Did I leave my calendar out?

"Good, well, we have a little job for you." She turned and smiled at Imelda. "I want you to take Lisa back to her apartment and make love to her at lunch time."

Make love to her? But it was quickly apparent I was going to be wearing pantyhose. I couldn't!

"But, Ms. Drake, the...I can't...I mean." I motioned to the hosiery. I couldn't possibly do that, was she fucking crazy?

She laughed. "Exactly, Jamie, you can't. You couldn't the other night, and you certainly can't today, can you. Not without exposing your little secret and your panty and lingerie obsession."

"But I don't understand." I wasn't obsessed with lingerie. She was.

"Jamie, I want you to make love to Lisa today focusing on her and ignoring your release. Hence the pantyhose. You can't undress, and therefore, you can't get off yourself. But you can focus on Lisa."

"But how?"

"Why with your mouth, silly, and your hands. Come on, don't be a prude.

"My mouth?"

"Yes, your mouth. I want you to make up to Lisa, by focusing on her, on her pleasure, on serving her."

"You want me to..."

"No, not want. I'm ordering you to...to make love to Lisa using only your

mouth and your hands. I'm ordering you to do it in a way that ignores your own silly little thing. Her. Its all about her."

Of course. It dawned on me. She wanted, or, was ordering me to use my mouth, to bring pleasure to Lisa, and had me in pantyhose so I could not get off myself, not without exposing myself to Lisa. What a fucking bitch!

"But, what if..."

"This is about her, Jamie, teaching her, showing her the power a woman can have over a man." As if to demonstrate her point, Amanda reached over to my crotch and lightly teased me through the pantyhose.

I sucked in a deep breath, her touch so light on my cock, now quite erect. "When a boy has such a little cock, when a boy can't please a woman like a man can, a woman needs to exert her control."

"Oh god, Ms. Drake..."

"And we are going to introduce your Lisa to the control she can have over you, sissy."

Amanda herself seemed lost in her control over me. I was lost in her control over me. Imelda brought us both back to reality. "Ms. Drake."

"Yes, Imelda, yes." Amanda quickly dropped her hand, sighed, and told me to finish getting dressed. "You know Imelda, you're not always going to be around when I want to play with the creature."

Imelda just glared at Amanda while I got dressed, trousers over the pantyhose.

"Ms. Drake, please, I can't do this," I begged her zipping up my pants over the erection in my hose.

"Can't, Jamie? Why I'm not asking you to do this. Dear, I'm ordering you to do this. Don't you see?"

"But...but why," I begged, almost tearing up?

"To help you."

"Help me," I gasped, "help me!"

"Yes." She actually batted her eyes at me. "And Lisa too, of course."

"Lisa?" My blood was cold.

"Ms. Drake," Imelda said quietly.

"Stay out of this Imelda. Yes, to help Lisa. Lord knows she's going to need help with a boyfriend like you." She said 'boyfriend' in a sarcastic tone. "I know I..."

"Amanda, you promised," Imelda said louder, cutting her off.

Amanda frowned. "Fine, fine. Well, anyway, look at it like this, my pretty servant. Lisa obviously knows you are not the most...um...masculine boy at school."

I blushed deeply, not sure if I was offended or perhaps turned on by the implicit taunt.

Amanda saw the look on my face. "You don't deny that do you? That you are a bit on the feminine side?"

"I...I'm not...not...feminine."

She raised her eyebrow at me. "Oh? You're not? Do I have it wrong? Is it some other boy in my employ that wears panties and stockings? Hmmm?"

I blushed. "Is there someone else who works here who wears such pretty uniforms?"

"No, Ma'am." I was mortified to admit it, as always, especially here, in front of Amanda and Imelda.

"Of course, my pretty. As I was saying, I'm really giving you and Lisa some guidance. I know you're afraid of her discovering your little secret, your little thing for lingerie, but trust me, I don't want her to find out now."

Now? What did she mean? "What...what do you mean 'now'?"

"I don't want Lisa to discover your pantyhose, my pretty, but I'm giving you a forced lesson in pleasing your girlfriend without thinking of your own pleasure. Since you can't very well undress, you can only focus on that poor

unsatisfied girl."

"But..."

"On her, Jamie, you will focus on her. A boy like you must do that, must focus on a woman, must please a woman, must make her more important, elevated, over anything, over himself."

"But Amanda, she'll..."

"You must learn to put her on a pedestal, worship her, think of her, be attentive to her. Serving a woman is more than just flowers and dinner, it's a matter of making her needs your needs. Finding your pleasure in her pleasure."

"Serving a woman? What do you mean?" Though I suppose I knew that I'd been serving Amanda for all these months. Her word, her world, had become mine.

Amanda sighed, looked at Imelda. "I guess it's too second nature to me sometimes, isn't it?"

Imelda nodded. "It has been some time."

"Jamie, just do as you are told."

To say I was uncomfortable sitting in Lisa's apartment later on would be an understatement. I was mostly terrified. What is shocking though is that I didn't even give much thought to ignoring what Ms. Drake ordered me to do, nor to just lying about it later. Despite my terror at being discovered, at Lisa's likely reaction, I didn't even really consider forgetting the whole thing.

Part of my uncomfortable feeling had to do with our last, well, only, sexual encounter, that I'd sorely underperformed in. I didn't want to experience that again. Of course, because I was wearing pantyhose, that was not going to happen this time.

That of course was the rest of my unease. My pantyhose. I could feel them sitting on the couch, massaging my legs, my waist. Every time I looked at Lisa, dressed in a plaid skirt and white top, looking vaguely like a catholic school girl, I thought of them. She was wearing pantyhose, and the nude color matched mine. When I saw her at class earlier, saw her outfit, the

immediate thought that came to mind was that she and I were wearing the same color pantyhose. Maybe even the same brand.

That's a comforting thought for a guy. "Hey, I think I'm wearing the same pantyhose my girlfriend is wearing." Nice.

"Jamie, are you listening to me," Lisa asked, pulling me out of my daydreaming.

"What?"

"I said are you going to get your paper in on time?"

"Oh, yes, I'm almost done."

Lisa got up, started to clear out plates from lunch from the coffee table.

"Here, let me do that," I jumped up, deciding that if I was going to follow Ms. Drake's instructions and pamper Lisa, clearing the dishes was as good a start as any.

"Oh, thanks, baby, I'd rather sit anyway. I love these shoes, they go with my skirt, but they sure make my feet hurt." She was wearing black clunky heels, not too high, kind of like mary janes, I thought.

I raised my eyebrow as I was walking into the kitchen. Another opening? Pamper Lisa.

When I got back to the living room, I sat down on the couch, close, but not right next to her. "Do you have your paper done?"

"Yes, but it was a pain." I listened attentively while she told me about her paper, actually listening to her, not thinking about what I wanted to say, about her paper, or even mine, but really listening to her.

"Are you okay with it?"

"Yea, I'll get the A, but what a pain."

"I know." She was sitting, legs curled under her. When I answered, I casually reached over to her shoe. "So, you hate your shoes, huh?"

"No, I love them," she smiled, "but they kill. Anything for beauty."

I was looking at her foot, her legs, pantyhose on my mind. What did she want?

Amanda came into my mind. Make Lisa happy.

Without asking, I gently tugged her leg towards me. "I can imagine wearing heels can suck," I nonchalantly said, knowing from experience that it did.

"Heck yea it sucks. You should try walking around in heels all day."

If she only knew.

"Here." I slipped her right heel off, took her foot into both hands, tentatively, trying not to tickle her, but massage. I carefully did just that, massaged her foot while she continued to talk about school.

As she talked, unsure if I was doing the right thing, I started to slow down. "Oh, don't stop, Jamie, that feels so good."

I smiled, feeling warm inside, and rubbed the soft nylon, her foot, her ankle, and suddenly couldn't help myself. I carefully pulled her foot to my face, kissed the underside of her foot while its sweet aroma drifted into my nostrils.

"Oh, Jamie," Lisa moaned, pressing her nylon covered toes over my nose while I covered the underside with kisses.

I reached for her other foot while I continued to kiss her right foot, took off her left shoe, felt the soft nylon covering that foot.

"Jamie," she cooed. "Oh...oh..." She was breathing deeper.

For ten minutes, her feet were my world as I gave the most erotic foot massage I'd ever given to anyone in my life.

"Jamie." She reached for me, but I quickly moved back, my own pantyhose quickly flashing into my mind.

"No, wait, not yet." I reluctantly let go of her feet and swiftly moved behind her so I could massage her back. The same attention I paid to her sweet feet, I now showered on her shoulders, her neck, her back.

I could easily tell how erect I was inside my own pantyhose, the eroticism of my actions was overwhelming, and was to become even more so.

I could not resist anymore undressing her and reached around the front of her cotton blouse to unfasten the buttons holding her shirt closed. It was still awkward for me to deal with women's buttons, but I managed to undo Lisa's while gently kissing and licking her neck.

When I enveloped her bra and breasts into my hands, Lisa moaned and overcome, reached behind me, hands roaming close to my pants.

I backed up slightly. "No, Lisa, don't, not...not today. This is about you." I carefully unhooked her bra, which clasped in the front, freeing her breasts into my waiting hands. I felt an urge to press into her, to hump her, to get myself off. Playing with her breasts almost overwhelmed me, I wanted her so badly, but I fought it off and neither of us, for the rest of the afternoon, thought of my sexual pleasure again.

This was about Lisa. Amanda's words rang in my mind. This was about serving Lisa. This was about submitting to Ms. Drake.

I resumed my intense play with Lisa's body, renewing my efforts to focus on her, not on me, my own desires forgotten save for the throbbing in my pantyhose.

I moved around Lisa, kneeling on the floor beside the couch and lowered my head to her breasts. Before with Lisa, or any time I'd made love to a woman, I'd kissed or sucked on her breasts as a part of my own hunger, like a lion pawing at its food, the breasts no more than something to satisfy my own hunger.

I could feel the pantyhose restricting me, a reminder of the feminization Amanda was making me live through, and somehow that made me softer. Focusing on Lisa, for the first time, I actually played with a woman's breasts for her, not for me. Softly, I massaged them while gently tonguing them, licking her nipples carefully, eyes closed, sucking them, breathing deeply, blowing on them.

Lisa responded, moaning, shaking, nipples hardening. "Oh Jamie," she softly whispered.

I kissed my way up Lisa's neck, found her mouth, planting deep passionate kisses on her lips. I opened her mouth, my tongue probing gently inside her.

I helped Lisa out of her skirt while I licked my way down Lisa's taut stomach, tracing her ribs to each side, onto her belly button, just above the waist band of her pantyhose. I could smell her. Her scent. The musk. But I knew that while that was my ultimate target, it was not my goal just yet.

I licked lower, tracing her skin through her nylons, but deftly avoiding her womanhood and licking back onto her legs, this time on her thighs, one then the other, slowly down to her knees all the while kneading and massaging her legs.

Lisa's hands were in my hair now, toying with my head, my tresses, as I licked her legs. She made one last but half hearted effort to reach to me, her foot moving upward in an attempt to reach my crotch, but I easily avoided her.

My own nylons never left my mind, the fear of discovery kept down the not quite overwhelming libido I felt.

I licked down Lisa's legs, lower, to her shins, finally, to her feet again, where I'd started. I had to get on my hands and knees to do this, and I was softly licking my girlfriend's feet while clothed, kneeling before her.

The act, the submissive act, hit me all at once as soon as my tongue touched the nylon covering her foot. It was incredibly submissive to please a woman in this way, I knew that right away. For a minute, while licking, I pictured myself at the feet of Amanda Drake, completely feminized, licking her feet, licking my mistress.

Mistress Amanda. Her slave kneeling before her. Mistress Amanda's sissy.

Then I drifted back to Lisa, feeling shame for letting Amanda flash into my mind, shame for the way I was dressed.

The bizarre thing was I'd never felt so submissive before, yet so excited, as if the act of kneeling before Lisa was itself a surrender to her. I couldn't believe how turned on I felt. In a way, I was desperate for Lisa to touch my crotch, but I knew I couldn't take that chance, and all it did was make me want Lisa even more.

I knew it was time to make up to Lisa the other night. I slowly sat up from the submissive position, kneeling before her, and worked my way back up her legs, back towards the target I had avoided earlier.

I could smell her even more. Her musky scent was almost overpowering, seducing, calling me in, closer to her. I need this now, the surrender of it. I need to please Lisa, totally and completely. I needed to submit to her. I pushed my face into the crotch of her pantyhose, tightly, against her pussy, my nose nuzzling the nylon, my mouth opening to find her folds through the damp material.

Lisa shuddered, the sensation of my tongue lapping her pussy through the nylon, a cat washing its body, was clearly washing over her. "Oh my god, Jamie!"

I was encouraged even more, and pressed her hard through the nylon barrier. It might have been more difficult if she'd also been wearing panties, but the hose left little in the way between me and her. For several minutes, I continued to lap at her crotch, making it wetter and wetter, the combination of my saliva and her juices running onto them, creating a mess of wetness, musky, a taste that was driving me wild to no end.

I was so enthralled by her, so sexually charged, I was about to move my hands down to my own crotch. If she couldn't play with me, the least I could do was play with myself. I was beyond caring what Amanda told me to do. I was getting to that place a male goes when he needs to be touched himself. I was desperate.

"Wait," she moaned quietly.

"What?" Her whisper stopped my hands in place, close to, but not quite on my own throbbing erection.

She pushed me back slightly, lifted her ass up, wriggled her pantyhose off her, quickly down her legs. She needed more. As did I. Lisa easily maneuvered me down to the carpeted floor, on my back. "This will be better." She was hovering over me now, her pussy just inches from my face. She looked down at me. "Is this okay?"

"Oh yes," I gasped, her pink, moist skin so close to my mouth. She shifted

slightly again, her legs now tangled up with my arms, and lowered herself to my eagerly awaiting mouth.

"Yes, Jamie." She was on my face, covering me, smothering me, drowning me. My mouth, open, tongue inside her, tasting her.

I actually felt sore. I was so erect, so excited, so desperate to please myself. But my arms had gotten trapped in her legs. I don't know if she did that on purpose, but I couldn't reach down to my crotch. As much as I wanted release of my own, I couldn't! All I could do was focus on Lisa. I wanted to stroke my own cock, I need to, but I could not. Lisa. Just Lisa.

It was agony.

It was pure bliss!

For the next half hour every pulse of sexual energy that was coming from my crotch was forced directly to my mouth. My only release was through Lisa who rocked herself on my mouth, who moaned, who orgasmed, like no woman I'd ever seen or ever been with. She became the embodiment of both of us. Her pleasure, the build up of sexual tension, then release into orgasm, seemed so powerful, the sum of both of us, orgasm after orgasm so powerful.

Until she finally could take it no more and collapsed onto me shaking, breathing so heavy, as if it was all too much to take, to experience.

"Oh Jamie, Jamie, Jamie." She kept repeating my name over and over.

My arms were out of her legs now, but I still couldn't reach down to my crotch. I was so sore, my balls hurt so badly. "Lisa, I...was it...I mean, did you..."

She kissed my nose, my lips, tasting herself in the process, I'm sure. "Shhh, baby, shhh. That was...I'm so dizzy...oh god that was amazing. It was...I mean, I've never...oh Jamie, I love you!"

"Lisa, I lov..." her kisses smothered me again, muffling my own sentimental expression, sealing with a wet passionate kiss our lopsided act of love making, sealing a covenant, a shift, a first but subtle shift in our blossoming relationship, agreeing without speaking to an acceptance of our roles.

And of our love. I did love her. I felt my own rush of emotions in that kiss. My own love for Lisa, unspoken that afternoon, but shown just the same. I was so sore down there in my jeans, in my pantyhose, yet so emotionally connected to Lisa, my desire to please her and doing so, pleasing her, paving the way.

I got back home, still sore, my heart filled with emotions for Lisa, but to my surprise found Imelda waiting for me in my room.

"Imelda? What are you doing here?" I wanted so badly to find some release and she was interfering with it.

"Ms. Drake wishes to see you."

I frowned. Dammit. "Um, okay." I started to walk towards the door.

"No, you must dress first."

Since I was dressed, I knew that wasn't a good instruction. "Dressed? But I am...please, I just got home."

"You know Ms. Drake not want to see you like that." Imelda went to the inevitable garment bag hanging on the door to my closet, the bag I'd learned to dread.

"Like this? Like what?"

"Dressed like man. Yuck."

"Undress, quickly," she snapped at me. I was hesitating in large part because I was erect, still sore from earlier.

Imelda didn't fail to see, of course, but then how could she, since naked as the day I had a little erection bouncing right in front of my smooth skin. Imelda handed me a pair of black satin panties. "Oh, see you do like panties, don't you."

I didn't even know what to say, so I just took the panties out of her hands and stepped into them. They were tight, pulled over my erection. She handed me a matching black satin bra, as with the others I'd had heavy from the padded cups. Putting it on gave me the illusion of breasts again. Hairless, pantied and with the bra, I felt and looked like a girl! And so erect,

so on edge, I felt like I liked it.

"Here," Imelda said handing me a pink and black plaid skirt. I stepped into it, not realizing how short it was. It ended well above mid thigh, hardly covering my ass, and was cut so low, below my belly. Next came a white cotton blouse, short sleeved, that ended above the skirt, leaving my stomach exposed.

I expected, or rather hoped for pantyhose, but instead got black sheer nylon knee socks and black heeled mary jane patent leather shoes. Fucking ridiculous! A slutty schoolgirl? What the hell?

"Imelda, I feel ridiculous."

"Give me your head." Imelda was holding a long straight reddish blonde wig in her hands. She put it onto my own hair, further reinforcing the schoolgirl look.

"Come." Imelda quickly led me downstairs into Amanda's study, where my employer was standing next to a leather winged back chair. She was wearing a tight black skirt that ended just below her knees, a white blouse, long sleeved, collared, nude nylons, black high heels. Her hair was pulled back in a bun, and she had glasses perched on her head. This was suddenly a bizarre school girl teacher thing going on. A weird vibe.

"Good evening, Jamie," Amanda said, tapping her foot impatiently.

"Ms. Drake," I mumbled, embarrassed. Yet so incredibly turned on was I still, from a combination of my time with Lisa, the lingerie and school girl look, and Amanda's appearance, that I was straining in my tight panties.

"How was your day?"

I refused to raise to the bait. "Fine, I guess."

"Hmm, fine. And what would your dear Lisa answer? How was her afternoon? Should we call her and ask her?"

Fuck! I blushed. "Um, no...no...good, good, I guess."

Amanda looked at my face, then at Imelda. "Imelda, can you please keep her in make up when she's home."

"Yes Ma'am."

Amanda was discussing me suddenly as if I wasn't there. "Nothing overboard, just pluck the eyebrows, something light on the eyes, lipstick."

"But..."

Amanda turned to me, regarded me more closely. "The bra does fill out the chest nicely too. Let me see it."

I started to protest, but realized the request was not directed at me when Imelda, who was still behind me, reached in front of me, unbuttoned my blouse, and pulled it back over my shoulders, down my arms. She twisted it somehow, effectively pinning my wrists behind me.

Amanda walked closer to me. "Pity they aren't real." She ran a fingernail over my bra, slowly down my chest, to my stomach. "Such a girlish figure, don't you think, Imelda?"

"Oh, yes Ma'am."

"She's thin, lithe, model-like...the resemblance." She shook her head. "Did you please your woman like I asked?"

Her fingernail was just above the waistband of my skirt, between it and my belly button, lightly toying with my skin.

"Yes Ms. Drake." My knees were close to buckling.

"And did you get any...relief?"

"No...no Ma'am."

"Imelda? Did she?"

Imelda snickered. "No, her little thing was all swollen. Her panties hardly fit."

"Let me see it Imelda."

Imelda reached under my skirt, effortlessly pulled my panties down around my thighs, my erection making a tent in my plaid skirt.

With the very tips of her fingers, Ms. Drake lifted the front hem of my skirt. "Ohhh, its all swollen. Does it hurt, Jamie? Hmmm?"

I was ashen faced. My hands were still trapped by my blouse behind me. Imelda was gripping my upper arms, holding me still.

"Does it?"

"Yes, please, yes, it hurts" I whispered.

"Imelda." Imelda let go of me, but my arms were still trapped by the blouse. Amanda let go of my skirt, leaving it to drape over my swollen erection, walked back towards the chair, and sat down, letting her skirt drift up her stockings.

"Shall I?" Imelda was back directly behind me.

"Oh, yes, please Imelda." Ms. Drake sat straight, eyeing me. I felt Imelda move closer to me, right behind me, her large bosom pressing into my back, trapping my arms behind me. She reached her right hand front of me. I saw a latex glove on her hand as she reached under my skirt and took me into her hand.

I immediately started breathing heavily. The tension, the sexual tension, was rushing through me. The humiliation of Imelda holding me was almost unbearable, until I heard Amanda's sweet voice.

"Sissy, did your girlfriend finally enjoy herself with you?" Imelda was ever so slowly stroking my cock. "Did she learn how to properly enjoy you? How to use you?"

"Please Ma'am," I begged, my legs wobbling.

Amanda nodded to Imelda, who stopped her light stroking and squeezed.

"Ohhhh," I moaned in pain.

"Did she?"

"Yes, yes!"

Amanda nodded again and Imelda released the pressure and began her

gentle stroking.

"You learned too, that's how a sissy pleases a woman."

"Please! Why are you doing this to me?"

"Doing it to you? Why? Why? Because I enjoy turning young men into sissies."

"But I...I don't want to be a sissy," I practically cried.

Amanda laughed. "Sweetie, I know. That's what makes it all the more fun. If you wanted to be a sissy it would be too easy for me."

"But..."

"You can leave any time you want, Jamie, you know that. But you don't. Do you know why?"

I was so sore. Imelda was massaging me enough to keep me erect, but nowhere near enough to make me release. It was agony. "Why? Why?"

"You want to fuck me, don't you Jamie?"

I just looked at her.

"Imelda." Imelda finished a down stroke, gathered the base of me and my balls in her hand and squeezed.

"Don't you?"

I still resisted, but Imelda slowly increased the pressure.

"Oh, god, please stop, yes, yes, I do."

"You men are all the same, you know. It's so easy to manipulate you through your cocks. Okay, Imelda."

She released me, gasping, to begin her slow massage again.

"You still want to fuck me, don't you Jamie? Right now, even after your afternoon with Lisa."

"Yes, yes."

She snickered, uncrossed and re-crossed her legs, watching me watch her skirt ride higher.

"Silly. I don't want a sissy. I never wanted a sissy. I wanted a man. I told her. I told her I didn't want a sissy but she wouldn't listen to me."

"I...I don't understand." What the fuck was she talking about? She...she was crazy, what the hell was I doing? What was I letting her do to me?

She looked at Imelda, nodded slightly. Imelda sighed, but squeezed me again.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" I had to get out of here. These two were fucking insane. Fucking...oh it hurt. The pent up pressure.

"You can quit anytime you want, sissy, pack up and leave. But until you do, while you are letting that sissy dick of yours control you, I'm in charge. She taught me that."

Imelda released me and I almost fell over. Only her grip on the shirt around my wrists kept me from pitching forward into Amanda's lap.

I felt Imelda use one of her legs to spread mine slightly, as much as I could with my panties still around my thighs.. Her right hand was back on my terribly swollen cock, stroking it with more pressure.

"Ohhhh, poor sissy, trapped between all these women. Don't worry, sissy, it will turn out alright. Lisa will learn."

"Learn? Learn what," I gasped, shocked at her mention of Lisa like that. And then by something more immediately sinister. Imelda's left hand was between my ass cheeks and she was pushing several fingers into my ass.

Amanda snickered again. "Finish it Imelda."

Imelda began massaging my prostate with her fingers, using her other hand to massage my cock.

"Sissy," Amanda smiled, standing up, coming towards me. "You'll see." She walked by me towards the door. "Clean him up when you're done. Tomorrow, he's going to Richard's."

I started to yell What!, but at that moment, with several of Imelda's fingers probing me and her hand stroking me, I exploded what I'd been forced to hold back all day.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," I sang, overcome with emotion and relief, the orgasm causing me almost to pass out onto the hard floor, Imelda holding me tight in my ass and on my cock, visions of both Amanda and Lisa rushing through my mind!

## Chapter 5 - An Education in Servitude

"Clean him up when you're done. Tomorrow, he's going to Richard's," Amanda had said right before she walked out of the room and I exploded in orgasm as Imelda stroked my cock and probed my ass with her fingers.

Richard! What the hell?

The orgasm overcame me, overwhelmed me, exhausted me. Imelda practically had to carry me upstairs and get me into bed.

"We'll get you cleaned up in the morning," she whispered, tucking me into bed still half dressed. The day had been too much for me. My brain was overloaded, ready to shut down into a deep sleep to protect itself.

Richard. Amanda. Imelda. Lisa. They were all in my dreams, haunting me. Tormenting me.

Man. Woman. Sissy. I think I cried in my own dreams.

Imelda woke me up the next morning, threw open the curtains allowing the early morning light to come into my room. I felt a little sore and tremendously humiliated from the previous day. My ass, not that long ago invaded by Imelda's probing fingers, still felt wet with the lubricant she used. My balls and cock, even though released yesterday, were sore, like I'd been kicked.

"Up, Jamie, you need to shower." Imelda clapped her hands loudly when I put my pillow over my head, wanting the darkness to continue.

"Please, let me sleep Imelda."

"No, no sleep. You go to Richards in hour, need to get dressed."

Richard is Amanda Drake's companion, lover, boyfriend, or something. He is in his mid-fifties, tall, dark, strong, handsome. He is to Amanda everything I fantasized about being to her, my feelings for Lisa aside. Maybe he is the embodiment of everything I wished I was to Lisa. A man's man, as it were.

"Wait, wait a second." I sat up in bed. I put aside for a minute the bizarre

situation, or what Amanda would make it into, and focused on the practical. "Imelda, I have class today."

"Yes, Ms. Drake know. You skip class today."

"But I can't just skip class." Working for Amanda was really impacting my studies. I'd cut back on classes, missed class, missed assignments, all because of work I was doing for Amanda.

Imelda regarded me closely for a few seconds. "Shall I pack bags then." I'm not sure it was a threat or a joke. Knowing the two of them it was neither, just a fact. I did what Ms. Drake wanted while I was in her employ, regardless of the costs or consequences in the rest of my life.

Really, I didn't even think about the alternatives, but meekly lowered my head, stood up, undressed and went to the shower. I was broken and defeated. Amanda Drake controlled my life.

After I'd showered and done all the preparatory things I needed to do to be "pretty", I wrapped a towel around my chest like a woman does and came into the bedroom where Imelda was waiting. "Here, this first to tuck." Imelda handed me a white pair of thong type panties that I put on and arranged myself into in such a way that I was effectively neutered by them.

"That is gaff. Hide your little thingy." Imelda motioned me over to the table where she had two flesh colored blobs set down.

"What are those," I asked.

"Your breasts."

"Breasts? What do you mean my breasts?"

Imelda picked one up, sprayed something on it, and reached out to my chest, pressing the blob quickly and firmly onto me. "What are these?"

She said nothing, but repeated what she'd done with the other side of my chest. I looked down. Breasts? Breasts! "Here, hold," she ordered me, watching as I put my hands up to my...to my breasts. For five minutes she made me hold the flesh colored objects to my chest. They actually warmed. They were so soft, yet firm, bouncy even. They were...breasts. As I held onto them, they became an extension of me. My god, I had breasts! Sweet,

glorious breasts! It was like I was holding a woman's breasts in my hands, but they...they were mine! These were my breasts! This was so fucked up.

Imelda said I could let go, and I have to admit, I did so very reluctantly. I was in shock at the level of reality, how true to life they felt, the breasts now attached to my body. I hardly wanted to let go of them. My god, if I was a woman, I'd never stop playing with myself!

Imelda noticed of course. Of course she'd notice. "You like breasts, no?"

"Yes." I answered quickly, my brain answering that I liked breasts...on a woman. Not quite understanding fast enough Imelda's real meaning in the question.

"Yes, they do look good on you."

"No, I mean I like breasts, a woman's breasts. Not breasts on me, Imelda."

"You protest Jamie, too much. You don't want to let go? I can tell."

I was still holding them and quickly dropped my hands to my side.

"It's okay Jamie," she laughed, enjoying her little taunt with me as she helped me into a white satin bra to contain my new breasts. But to me it was not okay because she was right. I did enjoy holding the breasts in my hands. My breasts. They felt so real, the soft flesh like material. It was not alright because I wanted to rebel at everything that was happening. It was just sick. But so compelling, and I didn't know why. I wanted to sit down and think about it, to try to figure this all out, to self reflect.

"Here, I don't think you need help with these anymore." Imelda handed me a pair of cream pantyhose. She watched me sit down and carefully pull the pantyhose up my smooth legs. "You wear stocking, but skirt too short," she said, as if I was wondering, which I was not.

Imelda handed me the skirt, a cream pleated linen skirt that was kind of short. Not tramp short, but not really past mid thigh when I stepped into it and zippered it closed around my trim waist. The next part of my outfit was a white cotton long sleeved blouse that ended just barely at the waistband of my skirt.

"Here, this too." Imelda handed me a thin brown v-neck sweater that she

helped me into, folding the cuffs of my blouse sleeves once up over the arms of the sweater. The blouse and sweater combination was quite feminine, and really emphasized my breasts. I shuddered. "My breasts."

After giving me cream heels, Imelda directed me back to the table, the make up table really, and did make up for me. The colors coordinated well with my outfit, the browns and tans over my eyes, the lip gloss. Imelda took something from a drawer. Press on fingernails, in a white French manicure. The feeling my hands had with the nails on was eerie.

With the exception of jewelry, a brown wig carefully placed onto my head and a spray of perfume completed her feminization of me this morning.

"How you like?" She stood back and looked at my reflection in the mirror.

"I...I'm...why are I going to Richards?" I avoided answering her question. How did I like? My god, as always, I was simply amazed at the transformation. Again and again, I thought how pretty a girl I was.

"Office girl."

"Office girl? What do you mean office girl?"

"Mr. Richard need help with some project at home. Need office girl to do some work. Ms. Drake tell him not hire temp, she send you."

"But what do I know about that kind of stuff?"

Imelda laughed. "You look like office girl, no? That a start. You can type. You can follow directions. That enough, no? Come on, need not be late."

She led me downstairs to Amanda's office to tell her that she was bringing me to Richards.

"Oh, Imelda, she looks divine."

"Thank you Ms. Drake."

"Jamie, Imelda will drive you over to Richard's house. As she may have told you, he needs someone to do some office work today and I was happy to volunteer you."

"Yes, Ma'am, I'm just not sure about his," I said.

"Not sure? Why not?"

"I'm not an office girl. I don't know what I'm doing."

"Oh, don't worry. If I know anything about Richard Stockwell, the most important thing he looks for in his staff is looks. He loves to have pretty young things helping him out, so you'll fit in just fine. Just mind your manners, follow Mr. Stockwell's directions and you'll do fine."

"I'm missing school, though."

"Hmmm," she said, uninterested, looking at her computer screen. "Just don't let him get fresh with you, okay?"

As if! "Yes, Ma'am."

"Seriously Jamie," she looked up at me. "Richard has a thing for pretty young girls."

"But I'm not a girl." She was looking at her computer again, typing, ignoring me.

Just what was I getting myself into?

Imelda pulled up to a modest home on a cul-de-sac, impressive, but not in Amanda's league. All brick, clearly wealthy but not rich. The yard was tastefully done, a silver BMW 5 series was parked in front of a three car garage. "You get out now," Imelda said, unlocking the car door.

I carefully stepped out of Imelda's car, paused, waited for her, but she did not get out to join me. Instead she lowered the window.

"Be good girl, sissy," she laughed through the window, putting the car into drive and pulling down the driveway.

I probably should have started crying. Maybe if I'd given in to tears I would have run down the block, found a bus, and gotten the hell out of Amanda Drake's life. As it was I could not even muster up the courage to do that. Walking to the door was somehow easier. Easier than telling Lisa what was going on, easier than walking in public like this. Somehow it was easier to submit. Like I wanted to submit.

Before I got to the door, I saw a woman pull up pull up in a mini van two houses down. Fuck. Feminine. Walk feminine. Don't be nervous. Don't let her think something is wrong.

I walked quickly up to the door, tugged my skirt down as best I could, rang the doorbell, and stood back waiting.

Richard Stockwell opened the door. I forgot how handsome he was. Forget about what a woman, or even a sissy would think. Or how homoerotic it would be for a man, even a sissy, to be dressed like I was and think a man handsome. But Richard was. Tall and fit in his charcoal suit and red tie. Tan. Yes, simply handsome. I doubt I could help think anything else.

Butterflies were dancing in my stomach. As beautiful as Amanda was, Richard was handsome. It was certainly disturbing for me to think that way, to find a man attractive, but I couldn't help it.

"Ah, Jamie, right on time, come in, come in." Richard stepped back from the door to usher me into the foyer. I could feel his eyes burning into me, taking me in.

"You'll forgive me Jamie, I wasn't quite sure what to expect today."

"What do you mean, Mr. Stockwell?"

"Last time I saw you at Amanda's you were, well, how do I put it? Less than masculine, but certainly not womanly or pretty enough for a job like this. Amanda has done wonders with you. You're quite the dish."

I could not help but blush at his compliment. He found me pretty!

"Don't take that the wrong way, Jamie, I'm not criticizing your appearance last time I saw you, I'm just pleased with how pretty you are. Amanda is certainly quite amazing. Your outfit is very well done. Professional, yet innocent, youthful, but sexy. Very well done indeed. I've never had a sissy work for me before, but I think you're every bit as pretty as most of the girls."

I brushed a strand of hair out of my eyes, conscious again of the feminine gesture I'd used before.

"Not that I'm surprised, really. Amanda does know what she's doing, doesn't she? Well, enough of that, come, we've work to do."

I followed Richard down the hall to a small office towards the back of his house where he put me right to work answering some letters, filing some papers and doing some general secretarial work at a small glass top desk while he sat at a full desk making phone calls.

It took me at least an hour to realize what Richard tended to do when he was listening to others talk on the phone. I thought at first he kept looking up to see if I was working. I was clearly new to office work and so it would not be too unusual for him to check on me. But once, while uncrossing and re-crossing my legs, I realized he was not checking on my work progress. He was actually checking on me. He had a great view of my legs under my desk and spent minutes at a time staring absently at them, eyeing my legs in their pantyhose.

I was suddenly very self conscious of my legs, even my chest, fake breasts as they were. Richard was not too overt about it, but there was no doubt that he was routinely staring at my nylon covered legs. I'm still not sure what possessed me to think this way, but I actually decided to have some fun with it. Hell, if this is all a woman needed to do to catch a man's eye, it was amazing. Just moving my legs around caught his eye every time.

I noticed that every time I uncrossed my legs, Richard looked over. I half slipped off one of my heels, letting it dangle on the edge of my foot, and Richard almost hurt himself moving his head towards me. I was turning him on, I was sure of it! I never thought that this was completely wrong, of course, that I was a young man trying to attract an older man. No, I just focused on how fun it was to manipulate a man like this.

While I was editing a letter, Richard covered up the phone and motioned with his fingers. "Jamie, bring me the Morrison file." Here was another chance to tease. I walked carefully over to his desk, around to his side, opened the Morrison file in front of him, practically leaning into him, lingering just for a few seconds longer than I had any need to before walking seductively back to my desk.

When he got off the phone he looked up, got up, and asked me for another part of the file. While he was walking over to me, I got the file, walked to the

front of my desk and handed it to him.

"Jamie, what are you doing?"

"Um, this is the file you wanted." I said, holding it out towards him.

"That's not what I'm talking about Jamie, you know it. What are you doing?" He was continuing to walk toward me, and I backed up slowly until I hit the edge of the table, almost falling backwards over it.

"I...I don't know what you mean, Mr. Stockwell." He took the file out of my hands and tossed it to the desk where it made a loud crash.

"Child, do you think I was born yesterday? You're sitting over here crossing your legs, dangling your shoe, playing with your hair, leaning over me. Do you have any idea what you're doing?" He actually seemed angry. There was a flash of malice in his eyes. He continued to move closer towards me until I was half sitting, half leaning on the edge of the desk, my legs crossed in front of me.

"Mr. Stockwell, please, you're scaring me," I said, arms shaking, holding myself up.

He got closer, leaning over me, his legs straddled mine. His crotch almost was on top of my knee, while his arms were on the desk beside mine. He leaned into me, his face inches from mine. I could see the raw power in his eyes. I could smell him, the mint of his breath, the musk of his cologne. Suddenly, I felt very afraid and unsure of myself. Fuck, what was I doing? What the hell was I doing?

"Sissy, do you have any idea what you are playing with? Do you? I have half a mind to take you across my lap right here and right now and spank your ass with my hand until you scream." He was breathing heavily and my arms were shaking mightily. He wouldn't! He moved ever so carefully closer and suddenly I could feel him inside his pants. Oh my God! He was erect! I could feel his erection on my leg. This was...oh fuck, what did I do?

"Feel that, Jamie? Do you?" His voice was a low growl. "You've never felt one before, have you?" His breath was warm on my face. I could see the stubble on his face. "You've never felt a man's cock."

Instinctively I knew the answer was no, that I didn't count. "Nnnnooo sir," I

said, trying to wet my mouth, terrified now, wanting to pull away from him, but scared to even breathe.

"Little girls like you should not play with things they don't know about yet. I know Amanda has not finished training you, so you'd better be careful who you tease."

Finished training me? What did he know about what Amanda was doing? What did he mean training me? And finish? What was he talking about? I wanted to ask but was too scared to question him.

"I...I didn't think I was doing anything bad." He was pressing closer to me, his erection firmly pushing into my leg. I could feel the heat from his crotch against me.

"Forget the spanking." He took my face into one of his hands. "I've half a mind to pick you up, carry you up to my bedroom, tie you down to my bed, and rape that cute ass of yours, Jamie."

"Mr. Stockwell," I shuddered, "please." I could feel his erection growing, pressing into my leg. I wanted to scream, but felt frozen and trapped. It was made a thousand times worse because I could actually feel a tingling in my own loins. He was...he was turning me on. My God! I was turned on. What the hell was happening to me? The heat from his erection, the hardness, his raw power were an aphrodisiac. No!

He stepped back just slightly, his erection pulling away from my leg. "You really are lucky you belong to Amanda. If any of my girls acted like this, I really would march her upstairs. Now, unless you'd like that, you are to focus on your work, sissy, is that clear?" he hissed through clenched teeth.

I was panting like a dog when I answered. "Yyyess Sir," and walked around my desk back to my chair, terrified at what had just happened and terrified at the longing I felt right now in my stomach and in my panties. I'd never thought of men in a sexual way before, but Richard's display of power shattered me to my core. Why the hell was that turning me on?

The rest of the afternoon passed without incident and I worked hard, at the paperwork he gave me and even harder at avoiding him and his gaze. But as much as I tried to focus on my work, every time I looked at Richard, I pictured him taking me over his knee, spanking me and then taking me.

Every time I looked at him, my stomach turned and my loins heaved!

When Imelda came to pick me up before dinner, before we got to the foyer where she was waiting, he leaned over towards me and whispered in my ear. "Next time I see you, if you shake that sissy ass of yours around me, it's going to feel my belt and maybe more, Amanda's property or not."

And with that, he gave my ass a firm swat and took me into the hallway to deliver me to Imelda.

I swear I shook violently!

"You quiet," Imelda said driving me home. "How was Mr. Stockwell?"

"Fine."

"You like work with him?"

"I don't want to talk about it, Imelda."

"Awww, he work you hard? You can complain to Ms. Drake when she get home from trip."

"Trip? What do you mean trip? She's out of town?" She didn't mention anything to me, not that I'm her personal secretary, or even that she fills me in.

"She go to Atlanta for meeting. Be home Saturday. Don't worry, you not have to tell me about Mr. Stockwell, she get report from him when she talk to him."

Oh, just fucking great. Something to look forward to. Amanda getting filled in by him on our afternoon. Just wonderful. Thanks Imelda. The rest of this week was going to suck.

"It just us maids till Saturday," Imelda said, reaching over to roughly slap my thigh. "Maybe we have fun." Instead of putting her hand back on the wheel, she left it on my thigh for a minute, rubbing my pantyhose.

"Great," I mumbled. I wanted to pull away from her. Get out of the car. Get out of this life. It was all there for me to do, of course. All I had to do was get out of the car and walk away. But I knew it was not that easy now. I had no money. I didn't even know if I had a suitcase to pack up my things at the

house. I could always go to Lisa, but I had no idea how I'd explain what was going on, even if I was dressed as a man. I felt trapped. A trap of my own making.

Actually, being left with Imelda in charge was not as bad as I'd thought it would be when we were in the car. I half pictured being molested again by this fat old maid, but she did not bother me like that. The worst thing Imelda did was exert control over my daily selection of panties, picking out the most feminine of pairs for me to wear to school under my male clothes. She also introduced me to my new night time wear.

I'd always slept in just boxers and a tee shirt, though of course the boxers were out since they took all those away, so I'd been sleeping in a shirt and panties.

But Imelda changed that. She made stay in the outfit I wore to Richard's all evening. I called Lisa after dinner, sitting on the couch in the downstairs living room watching television. I was self conscious of my femininity, the difficulty in pushing the small buttons on my cell phone with feminine fingernails, the swell of my breasts apparent to me when Lisa answered the phone. Imelda came in when I was on the phone with her and sat right down next to me, her coarse cotton uniform flowing right up against my leg.

"Yea, I missed you too Lisa, but I had something to do for Ms. Drake today."

Imelda looked at me, reached over to move the hem of her dress off my pantyhose covered leg, but as in the car, left her hand on my thigh. It pained me to talk to Lisa with Imelda's meaty hand pawing me. Just the thought of Imelda made my stomach unsettled. Yet...yet...

I still felt something stir in me. I was not attracted to Imelda at all, quite the opposite. The thought of this heavy set older woman repulsed me, but at the same time, her power over me was intoxicating. Not as powerful as Ms. Drake, but powerful none the less. Powerful enough that her forced intimacy, her hand on my leg, as unsettling as it was, was still erotic. Much as Richard's advances had been.

"I know I've missed a lot of assignments, Lisa, but Ms. Drake had me doing..."

Imelda was massaging my leg. I tried to move away, but she squeezed and I

did not want to make a scene while I was on the phone with Lisa.

"Lisa, yes. Yes. But remember, she is paying my room and board and I can't afford to....yes....yes, so, you see, what am I supposed to do?"

Imelda chuckled.

"Yea...okay, I'll see you tomorrow, I promise. Yeah. Love you." I hung up, dropped the phone, and immediately stood up. "Imelda!"

She snickered. "I just thinking what Lisa think about boyfriend dressed so pretty." She said 'boyfriend' in a laugh.

"Imelda, what is it with you and Ms. Drake," I asked, dejected, still smarting from my afternoon at Richard's.

Imelda regarded me for a few seconds. "It not my place to say, Jamie."

"Why is she doing this to me?"

"You ask Ms. Drake. But if you no like, you can quit you know." I didn't answer. "But you no want to quit, Jamie, I know that."

I turned away from her, feeling a tear well up in my eye. Dammit, I did want to quit! But she was right, something held me back. Amanda Drake.

"Oh, Jamie, don't be sad. Come with me, I have surprise for you."

I turned, wiped my eyes and followed Imelda up to my bedroom, dreading what possible surprise was in store for me. She led me to my dresser, reached down and opened my tee shirt drawer.

"Surprise! No more ugly shirts at night."

I looked down to see what she was talking about. My tee shirt drawer was empty. Well, it wasn't empty; it was just emptied of all my tee shirts, anyway. It was full of silk and satin.

"Imelda, what's all this?" I reached into the drawer to quickly look around. I was just filled with lingerie.

"Teddies, camisoles and tap panties, chemises, gowns. All things for you sleep in. You need girl things to dream in."

"I have to sleep in these?" I sighed, thinking again I had to get out of here, and thinking again that I knew I wouldn't do it, I would not quit.

"Oh yes, girlie sweet dreams for Ms. Drake's sissy."

"Imelda, I'm not a sissy." I folded my arms under my fake breasts, trying to show some defiance, but Imelda just laughed.

"Jamie, you no fool me. You may not want to be sissy, but you do it anyway."

"But I'm not. I'm only doing this because Ms. Drake makes me. I...I need this job, Imelda, I can't quit and mess up school."

"It no matter why, Jamie, it only matter that you do."

I rationalized. I was only doing this for the job. Of course I knew my obsession with Amanda had a big part to play in why I continued to allow myself to be degraded. I knew that was unhealthy, but like an alcoholic, knowing it and stopping are two different things.

"Imelda, I...I don't want these things. I don't want to sleep like this, really."

"You tell Ms. Drake that? You tell her? You hear her, Jamie, you know she like her boys in pretty things, no?"

"Yes, but that doesn't mean I have to!"

"Jamie," she bent down into the drawer and picked up an ivory satin set from the top, "you know Ms. Drake like. You wear for her, no? She think you so pretty in them."

She held out the items, a spaghetti strap camisole and matching tap panties. I stared at them, her words burning in my mind and even more in my loins. How could I resist? Amanda wanted me to wear them.

And so I spent the night, tucked into bed by Imelda, wearing the satin lingerie and dreaming sweet sissy dreams.

Friday, Lisa and I had a date. I was actually earning decent money, if only because I didn't have anything to spend it on since I had no living expenses. I planned to take Lisa out to a nice dinner at an expensive restaurant she'd

mentioned several times.

Of course, I had to beg Imelda to let me wear white cotton panties. She'd been giving me the most feminine panties to wear while she was in charge and teased me on Thursday and Friday about my underwear possibilities for my date on Friday night. I wanted the cotton, even if they did have a Victoria's Secret tag, because I wanted to make love to Lisa. Of course I knew that I'd have to focus on her when we made love, but I imagined that normal love making was in the cards for Friday.

So early Friday evening just before I got dressed, Imelda made me beg one more time for the cotton panties. She made me tell her I wanted panties, to beg for them, to beg to be allowed to wear plain cotton panties. I had to tell her why, that I wanted them because I wanted to make love to Lisa.

Much to my embarrassment, she even brought up my first time making love to Lisa, my failures, and made me promise to do better, before relenting and giving me a pair of cotton briefs. How sad was it that I was grateful to be wearing women's cotton panties on my date with my girlfriend?

Wearing those, a dark blue suit, French blue shirt and a tie, I drove over to Lisa's apartment to pick her up. I stopped at a florist on the way over, the one Amanda used for her fresh flowers, and picked up a dozen red roses. Red roses mean love, right?

Lisa answered the door and thanked me for the flowers. The look in her eyes said all that needed to be said about her feelings for our date. They sparkled, radiated, were illuminated. Of course, I was only able to look into her eyes for a moment, because the rest of Lisa's beauty stole my gaze from her eyes to the rest of her.

Lisa redefined the beauty of a little black dress. I can't adequately describe the way she wore the black satin dress on her body, because I had to look away before I was blinded by her beauty. Momentarily Amanda entered my mind, and I wondered what the hell I was doing allowing my infatuation with Amanda to interfere in any way with my love for Lisa, though that thought quickly left. I looked down, at Lisa's legs encased in pretty black nylons, at her feet in strappy sandals, because I actually felt nervous around her right now.

I'd never been completely comfortable around pretty girls, I'd always

thought they were out of my league. Well, I was dating an amazing girl, no woman, but I was nevertheless intimidated by her beauty. Like she was too pretty for me. Lisa herself rescued me from my embarrassment by reaching for the flowers, thanking me with a kiss, and going to put them in water. I suppose I wasn't out of her league, even if I felt it.

It was difficult to concentrate on our drive to the restaurant because my eyes kept wandering over to Lisa's lap to stare at her legs. I knew I was and always had been a leg man, and Lisa's beautiful legs were very distracting.

We parked and the valet opened Lisa's door to help her out. When I got out of the car and came around to her side to hand the keys to the valet, Lisa took my hand, leaned over, and whispered in my ear right after I handed him the keys, "I think I flashed him the tops of my stockings."

She was wearing stockings? I turned to her bug eyed. "Sorry," she whispered, squeezing my hand, seeing the surprise on my face. "That was a supposed to be part of a surprise for you for later." I looked back to my car to see the valet still standing by the passenger side of the car, watching us walk into the restaurant. No, that's not right. He was paying no attention to me, he was staring at Lisa, undressing her with his eyes. I felt a pang of jealousy seeing a man so obviously checking out my girlfriend.

Lisa obviously knew the effect she had on the valet, though perhaps not the effect it all had on me, when she squeezed my hand and said loud enough for both of us to hear, "I think he liked it."

We were seated in a dimly lit corner at a candle lit table, though I'm not sure how I managed to walk over there with my knees wobbling from what just happened. I didn't know how the food was going to be, but that atmosphere was just about as romantic as possible, very tastefully done.

During dinner we shared a bottle of wine, then a second, though Lisa had more than I did since I had to drive. She wasn't drunk, but I could tell the alcohol had lowered her inhibitions a little as we talked, held hands even while eating, and looked into one another's eyes.

"Jamie, this is just wonderful." She squeezed my hand. "I love you." My heart leapt, my cock twitched and I almost teared up at hearing sweet Lisa use that name. I loved her too, so much. The knot in my stomach, though, reminded me how fucked up this entire situation had become. I tried not to

think of it while telling her how much I loved her in return.

Dinner was wonderful, the food matching the atmosphere at the restaurant. "Is it gone," Lisa asked, looking at the second bottle of wine?

"Half a glass, maybe." She held her glass up, and I poured the rest of the wine for her.

"Thank you sweetie." Her smile just melted my heart.

I just sighed in return. A content sigh, looking into her sparkling eyes.

"Remember the valet?" she asked, taking a sip.

"Yea," I laughed, trying to sound confident, not nervous, not understanding the pang of jealousy that zipped through me, nor why it seemed to settle in my loins.

"The waiter is just as bad."

"What do you mean, Lisa?"

"You didn't notice?"

"No." I noticed her, that's about all. I'm not sure I even knew our waiter had been there once we got our food.

"Seriously? Jamie, he's been checking me out the whole night, just like that valet." Some women might have said that in a disgusted, "typical man" fashion, insulted that a man would dare look at them like that, but Lisa had a different tone in her voice.

"You're not mad, are you? Should I say something?" I asked her. I wanted to protect her, but she didn't sound like she needed my protection. Lisa was a strong, confident woman, probably better able to handle a situation like that than I was.

"No, no, Jamie, I'm flattered, really. I really took my time to look pretty for you. I guess you're not the only one who noticed." She playfully squeezed my hand again.

"Lisa, you do look beautiful tonight."

"Thanks babe. You look nice, too. Love you." She winked at me, pulled her hand away, finished her glass of wine. "You almost ready?"

"Yea, yea, the check is taken care of."

"Good. I don't know why I feel like this...kind of naughty, I guess, maybe it's the wine, or being with you, but," she looked around, backing her chair away from the table. "I'm going to give the waiter a cheap thrill."

"What...what are you doing?" I was suddenly nervous again, feeling like I did when the valet checked her out. Jealous, yet proud of the beautiful woman I was with. I narrowed my eyes as she put her hands in her lap.

"Look."

I sat up, looked over the top of the table at her legs. She'd lifted the hem of her dress up her thighs, and had actually exposed the tops of her stockings. I could see the black welt, the metal garters and her creamy thighs. "Lisa, what are you doing!?"

"Shhh," she laughed, "sit back, let me have my fun. You can see more when we get back to my place, let him see what he's missing." She was clearly in a playful mood, but this was uncomfortable for me.

Maybe it was the unease, the thought that I was wearing panties, that I was living this double life, that I'd lose Lisa if I kept this up. Was I worried? I still felt uncomfortable about our first lovemaking. Inadequate. I felt unease at Amanda and Imelda's constantly calling me a sissy. A sissy couldn't keep a woman like Lisa! A sissy couldn't compete...I could not help thinking it...against men! Like the waiter or the valet. How could I ever keep her if she found out what I was doing? What the hell would she think of a sissy?

But I was the one sitting here with her. I was the one she told she loved, so maybe I was just being foolishly jealous. But the word kept running through my brain. "Sissy."

Obviously, the waiter's eyes just about dropped out of their sockets when he came back to clear the table. Obviously, he lingered, taking his time. Obviously he was staring at my girlfriend's legs, the tops of her stockings, her creamy white thighs. What wasn't so obvious to him or to Lisa, who was eating up the attention, was the erotic effect it had on me, the shockingly

erotic effect.

Watching the waiter ogle my girlfriend should have pissed me off. I expected it to piss me off, for jealousy over my possession -- Lisa -- to take over and turn to anger. But it didn't. Instead I felt a stirring in my crotch. Oh, I felt the jealousy, alright, there was no doubt about it, but the feeling didn't turn to anger -- instead of flying to my heart, it flew to my crotch. The jealousy didn't turn to rage, but to...to fucking sexual excitement. I was breathing through my open mouth, actually getting turned on watching the waiter watch Lisa!

Lisa, who was basking in the attention, watching the waiter out of the corner of her eye, suddenly looked at me. I could see it out of the corner of my eye, this bizarre circle-the waiter looking at Lisa, who was looking at me, while I was looking at him. I don't really know what any of us thought about this little dance. I finally looked away from our waiter and over at Lisa, who had a Cheshire grin on her face. She must have known she was having some effect on her boyfriend, and I sensed she felt some of the erotic feeling that was circling the table.

Watching me watch her, Lisa licked her lips, her pink tongue darted, wetted her pink lip gloss, in an acknowledgement of the eroticism of this little scene. Then I heard her uncross and re-cross her legs, and caught a flash of the hem of her dress riding a little higher on her thighs, exposing just a little more skin.

We all froze for at least a minute, none of us moving or talking. The waiter gave up any pretense of actually clearing the table and simply stared at my girlfriend's exposed stockings and skin. I was on the verge of shaking, breathing heavily, staring at Lisa.

Lisa just took it all in, the attention, finally breaking the frozen scene when she spoke. "Want to take me home?" For a brief instant, a tiny erotic fantasy zipped from my cotton panties to my brain. Was she speaking to the waiter? Was she making an invitation to the muscular man staring at her thighs? In that brief second, I actually fantasized that she was, that she was responding to his attention. And in that same second, it actually turned me on even more! What the hell!

Then I shook my head and snapped out of my trance. The waiter mumbled

something and quickly left our table. Lisa discretely pulled the hem of her dress back over her thighs and started to stand up. I just as quickly hopped out of my chair to come slide hers away for her. I had to get my brain out of that fucked up impromptu scene before that fantasy made me get a full erection! I could feel myself stirring in the□panties...fuck...panties....that made it worse!

"Want to take me home?" It wouldn't leave my brain just yet, and I felt a continued stirring in my panties. Dead puppies! Dead puppies! School. The inverse relationship between long term bond yields and....anything to stop what was happening in my pants!

We walked to pick up our car from the valet, and I had an incredibly lucky break. The valet from earlier was not there and instead some older guy brought us our car and he was so busy, he never even gave Lisa so much as a glance. I don't know if I could have taken anything else right this minute, if I'd just simply explode with these feelings I had inside me.

We drove in silence back to Lisa's apartment, and I was grateful because I don't know what I'd even say to her, so torn was I between complete lust for her and utter shock at my own perverted mind in thinking she was making a sexual invitation to our waiter with me sitting right there. Why the hell was that erotic? It wasn't, it was sick! Yet...yet...it was...it was erotic.

Back outside her place, we parked, and walked hand in hand up to her door. I don't think there was any question of inviting me in, I assumed as much at this point in our relationship. Inside, I closed the door, turned to my beautiful girlfriend. "Did you have fun?"

She answered by taking my face in her hands, pulling my mouth to hers and kissing me deeply, passionately, even harshly. "I love you, Jamie," she whispered in between her kisses. She let go of my face, took me by the hand, and started to pull me to her bedroom.

"Come on, I told you I had a surprise for you. I think its time my boyfriend finally got a good look at my stockings that those men saw tonight. And find out the rest of his surprise." Men. She seemed older when she said that, beyond her years when she said it. In fact, her tone reminded me in some way of Amanda. Lisa was of course far sweeter than Amanda, and returned the love I had for her with a tenderness I'd never seen Amanda exhibit to

me. But the way she said that, I could almost picture Amanda Drake, twenty years ago, using the same tone.

Not that the fucked up image of Amanda and Lisa residing in my brain stopped me from following Lisa to her bedroom. Especially not tugged along by Lisa.

She pulled me into her den of femininity, sat me on the bed where I watched her light several candles, turn on soft music and turn off the lights. She cast erotic shadows on the walls as she moved around the room, the soft light making her radiate even more.

Lisa walked to the middle of the room, facing me, glowing. "James, I really did want it to be a surprise," she reached up to unzip her dress, "but since those men seemed to like it so much, I'm sure you'll love it. And the part they didn't get to see." She dropped her dress to the ground, stood there, a vision of beauty I'd never imagined I'd see in person. Her black stockings were held up by a black satin garter belt. She was wearing a coordinating set of black panties and a bra that pushed her breasts into a gravity defying show of cleavage.

"Lisa," I whispered, feeling lightheaded for a second.

She laughed a girlish, innocent laugh. "You like? I was actually kind of self conscious getting dressed earlier, almost like I was playing grown up. But, at dinner tonight, when those guys were ogling me, I...I don't know, I felt...feel so...it's hard to describe...powerful."

Powerful? She was a fucking goddess! "Lisa, you're so...so beautiful."

"I was worried about looking trashy." She looked down at her body. "But at the restaurant I felt...the waiter...hell, even now, look at you practically drooling," she grinned at me, "I never realized the power a woman can have over a man."

Oh my fucking word, if she only knew the half of it! But I knew she was catching on, I could see a light going off in her head. "Do you love me, Jamie?"

"Yyyesss," I gasped, realizing I had one hell of a tent in my pants.

Lisa took the two short steps towards the bed so she was right in front of

me. She reached for my tie, seductively undid it, removed it. "I love you, too, darling. Are you ready for the rest of your surprise?"

Hell, and I thought her outfit was the surprise! She was just getting started.

She helped me out of my jacket, tossing it off the bed, doing the same with my shirt, running her fingernails over my bare chest. On my own I managed to get my shoes and socks off while Lisa undid my belt, directed me out of my trousers.

Even though my underwear...my panties...were cotton briefs, they were still women's panties...Victoria's Secret panties, and I wanted to get them off too.

"Not yet, baby," she said, moving my hands away from my panties, away from the erection. I was practically shaking from the combination of the unadulterated terror that Lisa would realize I was wearing women's panties, and the overwhelming sexual excitement I felt right now. Part of me wanted to grab Lisa, throw her onto the bed and fuck her like an animal. But another part held back, remembered our first time, and realized that Lisa was directing this right now, that I should let her, she'd guide us.

"Have you ever been to a strip club, James?"

My mouth dried up. Hell yes, I'd been to a strip club. Hell no did I want to admit that to my girlfriend. What the hell kind of a question was that? "Um," I choked.

"You know, a guy can get a lap dance at a strip club." She was seductively moving in time to the music. I gulped. She picked up my tie off the bed, was using it to dance, wrapping it around her.

"Last year I took an erotic dance class at my gym." I had heard of that, actually. Several years ago, spinning was the women's workout rage. Last year, a bunch of trendy gyms did erotic dance as a workout routine.

"You...you did?"

"Hmmm," she looked at me seductively. "I learned a lot, no?" She was slowly moving, teasing me.

"Yyyeeaa." Fuck, this was a fucking absolutely amazing surprise!

"Do you know the only rule for the guy?"

"The rule? Nnnoo?"

She grinned. "No touching." She danced, my tie around her breasts, then her waist. I couldn't help it. The thought of not touching her only made me want to touch her even more. I reached, hands shaking for her legs while she danced, touched her thighs through her stockings.

"Baby, I said no touching the dancer. I could get in trouble." She was role playing, acting the part. Lisa took my silk tie from around her body, threw it over my head, pulled me to within inches of her breast. I could smell her perfume, moaned very quietly. "You don't want me to stop, do you?"

"No, no!"

"Put your arms behind you, lover." I did, and she pulled my head down closer to my lap, dropped the tie down my back, and quickly wrapped an end around each wrist. My arms were not tied directly together, I could move them almost to my sides, but not further, and definitely not around to reach Lisa. I said nothing about this, as my mind silently hoped the tag of my panties wasn't sticking out for her to see while she was doing this.

Lisa ran her hands, her fingernails up my back, lightly grabbed the hair on the back of my head and pulled me back to a sitting position. "There, I told you, no touching." I tugged at my hands, realizing that she'd actually tied them pretty securely. "Now, we need something a bit quicker."

Lisa walked back over to the stereo and flipped on another cd, this one a little more appropriate for dancing. "This is what we danced to in class, baby. I hope you enjoy your treat."

I was sure I was dead and in heaven. Lisa said I couldn't touch her, and tied, I couldn't, but that didn't mean she couldn't touch me. Dancing to the music, I don't think there was a moment during her lap dance that there was not some part of her body on mine. Whether it was her breasts in my face, her legs straddling mine, or her fingers on my chest, she was moving all over me.

At one point, going beyond what any stripper would ever do, Lisa got her tongue in on the action, licking the insides of my thighs, my stomach, my

chest, all carefully avoiding the one spot I wanted to be licked and serving to drive me wild with lust.

Sucking on one of my nipples, Lisa commented on how smooth it was, I was. "Baby, your skin is sooo soft." She moved so she was sitting on my lap, facing me, straddling one of legs, her pussy resting on me. I could feel the heat, the dampness, through her. "Baby soft," she crowed, fingers massaging my chest as she started to rub herself up and down my thigh. No, not something you get with your ordinary lap dance.

"Hmmm," she panted, continuing to hump my thigh, shaking just a little. Fuck, she was having an orgasm! I thought my cock was going to burst out of my panties, I wanted her to touch it so badly!

"Even your leg...legs...are so...," she paused, took a sharp breath, "so smooth, almost feminine....ohhhh James." She was shivering now as it washed over her. I was shivering too. So feminine? But for her heavy breathing she might have heard my gasp at that word, at 'feminine.'

What the fuck was she saying? Beyond the fact that it was true, why did she say that? Did she even mean it? Or what did she mean? I was in a panic! I wanted to answer her, I wanted to yell to her, "I'm not a sissy!" I wanted to answer Imelda's earlier accusation that I was a sissy! I wanted to deny it. Even though I was sitting there wearing panties, I wanted to deny it. But I didn't even know if she meant it or if it was just something that popped into her mind as she moaned into an orgasm, much as that fantasy had popped into my mind earlier...there and gone. I suspect she had no idea of the tizzy she threw my fragile psyche into. Amanda Drake would have known exactly what she'd done, but my precious Lisa had apparently stumbled on a diamond and didn't even know it.

She broke me of my rapid, panicked breathing by whispering in my ear, "I want you, James."

"Oh Lisa," I rasped, longing to be inside her again, to feel the warmth, the moistness of her welcome.

My girlfriend pushed me back onto the bed and scooted me up so I was laying flat on my back, my hands still trapped at my sides by the tie, immobile. Lisa stood and carefully removed her panties, which she'd conveniently worn over, not under her garters. I lifted my bottom up as if to

help her remove my underwear, forgetting for a minute that they were panties and that the Victoria's Secret tag would give me away. Forgetting because I didn't care, I just wanted to make love to her.

But if I thought Lisa was going to climb on top of me and "ride me" I was wrong as usual.

"No, no lover, not like that." She pushed my hips back down onto the bed, crawled over me, avoiding my crotch, kissed me. "No yet. Like last time, please." Last time? She...she wanted me to...of course. Last time, when it was good for her.

"Okay?" she asked. As if I could resist her!

"Yes, yes Ma'am." Ma'am? I said Ma'am! My brain was slush! Ma'am? What the fuck?

She took it as playful joke, rather than the serious reply that it was, even if it was a faux pas, taking my face gently in her hands. "Ma'am? Oh, Jamie, I like that," she grinned, "you'll do what I want won't you?"

"Yes, yes Lisa."

She kept her grin. "I love you Jamie." A deep kiss. "Say it again, you'll do what I want?"

"Yes, baby, of course," I kissed her.

She pouted a fake pout. "No, no. Ma'am, I wanted you to say Ma'am again, it's cute."

"I'm sorry."

"You'll do what I want?"

I tried to say it in her playful tone, to hide the absolute seriousness behind the statement. "Yes, Ma'am."

"That's much better, lover." She rewarded me with another deep kiss, full of emotion, of passion, of love, of life.

She wanted something and didn't hesitate long to get it. It dawned on me that her surprise was aimed in part at this, at seducing me so I'd make love

to her the way I did the last time, not the first time. I didn't care right this instant why or how, or even what or about anything. She'd done a magnificent job, even if she didn't know or understood everything she'd done. I just wanted her in any way possible.

Lisa maneuvered herself so she was straddling me, facing down my body, her hands in front of her resting on my chest, her legs alongside my head. Looking up, I could see her, smell her, as she lowered her moistness to my face, to my mouth, my mouth open, waiting for her to mount me.

I'd never given too much thought to oral sex, to worshipping a woman's pussy. I mean, I liked it, but only as a prelude to "real sex" for me. Lisa was taking it beyond that, her pussy was the goal. That was making love to her. Oh, believe me I wanted to fuck her in the worst way possible, I almost hurt I ached for her so much, but I put that outside my mind and devoted myself to her. I wondered if Amanda would be proud.

At what she'd done to me.

"Oh, fuck Jamie, you are so good at this." I think I smiled while working on my task. She toyed with my nipples, rubbing and squeezing in such a way to get me into a rhythm. Despite efforts to block out my longing for her, I couldn't help it. It was a good thing my arms were tied, or I'd be unable to resist reaching for my cock. That's how charged up I was!

So lost was I inside the moist folds of her, I didn't notice her movement right away, not until I felt something warm on my groin. Lisa had bent over into a sixty nine position, and was puffing, blowing moist warm air on my crotch through my underwear...no...panties. I wanted her to take it out, to take it into her mouth, but she was apparently content to tease, using the tease just to get me to work that much harder at pleasing her.

This went on for some time, my desperate licking of her, pleasing her. I'm not sure how many times she orgasmed. Who the fuck knows, but I knew that this was as good as if not better than the last time we did this. Finally, with a last great push, she ground herself hard onto my mouth, shook violently, explosively, breathing, moaning, till she froze, gently lifted her pussy just off my face and let a final withering orgasm wash over her.

She collapsed onto me, her pussy resting on my mouth, though I knew enough not to lick right now, she was too sensitive. I just let her lay there,

smelling her, content that I'd pleased her, but on the edge of desperation for myself. I was so close to her, feeling her heavy breathing on my crotch.

After several minutes, she slightly recovered, and I felt a tingling...she was running a finger nail in circles around the tip of my cock. "Jamie," she said, "you are the most amazing lover, so soft, so tender, so...so unlike any man I've ever been with."

I didn't know what to say, so I just lightly kissed her outside of her dampness. It was strange in that she was talking in a post sex glow, while I was in a state of pre sex anxiety. I couldn't talk, I was so yearning to cum, but she just toyed and whispered.

"Did you like your surprise, darling." She was now lightly flicking my cock through the cotton. She must be staring right at it...at my panties....oh fuck!

"Yes..." I hesitated...I didn't know whether to say 'Lisa' or 'Ma'am' in response. If I was thinking rationally, I'd have called her Lisa. But at this very moment, I was thinking only with the swollen thing she was teasing.

"Yes, Ma'am." Flick! A waive of pleasure rushed through me.

She chuckled. "Sweetie, you're so cute. I love you." She flicked my cock again. "It jumps every time I flick it."

"Lisa," I moaned.

"I know, I'm not being very nice, am I. Just...just give me a few minutes lover, I'm still shaking inside. I've never felt this way about anyone before...I don't understand it."

I shuddered.

"All the guys I've dated have been so...selfish, but you are so selfless, so special."

Lisa climbed off my face, off me, spun around, lay next to me, my arm still tied, trapped between us. She moved her hand down to my crotch again, resumed her light teasing, almost absentminded, of my erection. It was enough to keep me on the edge, the very edge of orgasm, but not quite enough to push me over.

"Seriously, I don't know what it is about you that makes you so tender and thoughtful. Not just as a lover, but as a person."

I looked at her. This was a conversation lovers have after sex...but I was still before! "Lisa, I don't know, sometimes I'm not that good at expressing feelings, or even understanding what I feel, but I know I love you."

She had to have known what she was doing with her hand, what it was doing to me, that it was some kind of truth serum, keeping me on the edge like this, right? She was dominating me as surely as Amanda and Imelda did, but I'm not sure she was conscious of how or what, or even why.

"The men I dated in college, they were...I don't know...like our waiter...staring at me." My cock twitched enough that we both noticed.

"Jamie," she laughed, "what?"

"Nothing, I don't know, go on." I kissed her pussy.

"I always dated men like him, rough, you know, masculine." She seemed to be saying it. As opposed to me! I twitched again. Fuck! What the fuck! Why did this turning me on?

"You saw him looking at me, hell, he was so obvious about it. Right in front of you." My cock was just about constantly twitching right now, jumping under her finger.

Her earlier question to me and my fantasy interpretation zipped through my mind again. "Want to take me home?"

"I saw a look in your eyes, Jamie, like that turned you on, him staring at my legs." I twitched again. She laughed. "See! It did, didn't it?"

I was too excited to lie to her, even if I wanted, and just hoped she'd quit asking me questions. "A...a little."

I knew Amanda would have bored right in on such an admission, but my sweet Lisa didn't understand yet, her power.

"I could tell. In college, if I'd met a guy like that at a bar, I might have gone home with him." Twitch! My cock jumped when she flicked it. She giggled.

"But I just wanted to get you back here, lover...I didn't want a man like that, I wanted my sweet, tender boyfriend, who makes love to me different than any man I've known."

Even with just her light caress on my cock, I was close to exploding. I held back only because she moved her hand onto my stomach, massaged my chest.

"My soft tender lover." She ran her tongue over the side of my face which had to have been covered with her juices. She had to have tasted it, even if a little, but kissed me anyway, covered as I was, still flicking my cock.

Lisa sat up on her hands and knees again, kissed her way down my neck to my chest, licking each nipple.

"You're so tender, so smooth. God, your chest is so soft. I hate guys with hairy chests, this is so much better to lick and kiss." She licked and kissed.

She was looking down my chest, stomach. "I don't want this to sound wrong, but you can be so gentle with me, and...and touching your skin, so soft, you...you could almost be a girl. Maybe that's what I love, what's so different from any man I've been with."

I may have blacked out, I have no idea.

Lisa was down below my waist now, kneeling between my legs. "I'm sorry, I'm babbling now dear, it's the wine and your love making. I'm going to be so embarrassed in the morning." She blew softly on my cock through the panties again. "Look at you," she giggled. "I shouldn't even say this, but I don't even know if you are paying attention to me right now. I know this is fucking weird, I know, but you're so soft, even your underwear could pass for panties..." She paused. Fuck of course I was paying attention! Did she know, right now? No, no, she didn't, she was lost in thought. No.

She cupped my cock through the underwear. "Of course, I think, probably, you'd look kind of cute in panties. I'm sorry. You shouldn't let me drink so much."

I was going to yell, something, anything, even if it made no sense, just primal.

"I love you, my sweet soft Jamie," Lisa said softly, peeling what actually were my panties down just over my cock, around my balls and silently taking my cock into her mouth and sucking. It was too much, simply too much. I should have warned her what was about to happen, but I couldn't talk, there was no way I could talk. I exploded within seconds of feeling her tongue on my throbbing cock, my ears ringing, her voice, then Amanda's voice, then Imelda's voice, all mixed up, all saying the same thing inside my head as I orgasmed forcefully into my girlfriend's mouth...

"You'd look kind of cute in panties," Lisa's voice said. "You'd look kind of cute in panties," Amanda's voice said. "You'd look kind of cute in panties," Imelda's voice said. "You'd look kind of cute in panties," they all said together as I felt myself spasm, get dizzy, and literally black out from the most explosive orgasm I ever had.

"Jamie...Jamie...wake up baby." There was no more music playing. I opened my eyes, only a single candle was lit. Fuck, what time was it?

"Jamie, hon." Lisa was stroking my hair. Lisa. I remembered where I was. I looked around. Lisa had changed out of her stockings, garter belt and bra into some satin thing, a teddy, I think.

I realized I was naked. What...what happened? Oh fuck! Where...where were they? They were on before...how long ago was that? An hour? Did Lisa take them off? Did she see? The tag? The Victoria's Secret tag on the fucking cotton panties I had been wearing?

"Lisa, what..." I sounded out of it. I was out of it. Groggy, a little confused. And scared.

"I think you passed out, hon. Too much wine?" She giggled, because of course I had not had too much wine. She knew exactly what I'd had too much of! Her, as if such a thing was possible. Where the hell was my underwear?

"I'm naked," I asked, brain still fuzzy.

She laughed. "Yea, I finished undressing you when I changed."

Okay, my brain was quickly coming on-line and right into full panic mode. "Where are they," I asked, trying to not to show anything was amiss, but

failing miserably, I thought.

"Shhh," she said, stroking my hair again, "your pretty panties are right over there in the corner, baby."

"What?!" I was almost shaking and said that much too loud, every nerve ending in my brain suddenly firing, jolting me awake.

"I'm kidding baby, jeeze, take a joke. Underwear, I'm sorry, I tossed your underwear over there." She pointed off the bed where they must be lying right now.

"I..." I stopped, figuring it was better to say nothing right this second.

"I'm sorry Jamie, I don't know what's gotten into me tonight. I'm not usually like this. I don't even know what made me say that before."

"Say...say what?"

"Calling them your panties. Saying that you'd probably look cute in panties."

I was terrified to even have this conversation and seriously thought about feigning sleep. "I...it's okay, Lisa, it's not like you meant anything mean by it."

"Not that..." In the dim candle light I could see her frown, hesitate. Not that she meant anything by it, right? "I really do love you, Jamie." She put her head on my shoulder, squeezed me.

"What's wrong Lisa?"

"Nothing, nothing's wrong. It's just the opposite, everything is so right." She kissed my neck. "It's never felt so right to me before."

I couldn't let it go, not after how fucked up things felt to me right now. I should let it go, but the statement continued to dance around my brain. If nothing else, in a post orgasmic bliss, even after dozing off, I was naturally talkative, so despite my misgivings about this conversation, I said it.

"What did you mean by panties, then? That's a weird thing to say to a guy." More than she knew. "It...it questions a guy's, well, manhood." I looked at her. "I don't know," I joked to cover my nervousness, "you tell me you love me but question my manhood." I forced a smile, thinking I had to strike just

the right tone between teasing, playfulness, and seriousness. Too serious and she might get mad. Too playful and she might not answer.

I could tell the way she continued to hold on to me that I'd not struck too serious a tone. Her response would tell me if I had been too joking. "That's just it Jamie, I suppose that's why I'm falling for you. Not that you aren't masculine, but that you, I don't know, you're so kind to me, so aware of my feelings, so in touch with your own feelings."

I had to say it, and the joking tone was my real tone now, it was too natural a response to be anything else. "You mean I'm in touch with my feminine side."

She laughed, to my relief. "Thank you Mr. Pop Psychology, but yes that's exactly what I mean."

"Great, my girlfriend loves me because I'm feminine."

That took it just a tad too far. Her arms loosened on my just a little. "Jamie, that's not exactly what I mean."

"Well, what do you mean?" I challenged.

She frowned. "Okay, I can play pop psychologist too. You've heard the saying that every girl looks for a little bit of her father in her lover? I think what that means is that for many women, an ideal man has to have some characteristics of her father."

"Ewww."

"No, you perv," she playfully slapped my chest, "It has nothing to do with attraction to dad, it's just that was her role model. I think it's especially true for women who had a good relationship with their dads. If a woman had a good relationship with her father, looked up to her father, how can she not look for some of those characteristics in a man?"

"Okay, I suppose I agree to an extent. What about a man and his mother?"

"Hell, Jamie, I'm a girl, how do I know, but I suspect there has to be some of the same correlations, no? I mean, a normal guy would not be attracted to his mother, but growing up with her as the female in his life, he's bound to be attracted to a woman that has some of the same characteristics. Wouldn't

you agree?"

I thought about it for a second. Not with my life, just in general, the people I knew. "Yea, I suppose. But what's that got to do with you?"

"The mother...a little, the father more." She had absentmindedly moved her hand from my chest to my stomach, just out of reach of my soft cock. "I love my dad. Hell, I love my mom, but you asked about dads and men."

Well, actually she started this. I was asking about panties, not that I could explain I was asking because my fucking boss, with whom I was infatuated, made me wear panties. That was too weird.

"My dad, god love him, is not a beer guzzling, fishing and hunting, sports loving man. If I was to describe my dad, it would be quiet, thoughtful, loving, supportive, a great family man. He'd do anything for my mom and me. Not that he didn't watch baseball, or drink, or have his buddies, it's just that he was the quiet one, not one to boast."

"Okay. I don't hunt or fish and I'm kind of quiet."

"Yea, but, well...okay forget about my dad for a second. In high school and for a couple of years in college, I dated guys about as different from my dad as you could get. Frat boys, loud, I don't know how to explain it, but...my rebellion...I didn't get a tattoo," she moved her arm over her body, "pierce anything or flunk out of school. I rebelled by dating."

"How is that rebelling, Lisa?"

"My mom ran our house. I mean, she did the bills, she did the shopping, she bought his clothes, she made all the important decisions for both of them. Dad worked, supported us financially and emotionally. It was all great, but, I suppose to be crude, my mom wore the figurative pants in the family."

"Nothing wrong with that," I said.

"No, not at all. But looking back, I know the way I rebelled was to bring home guys that would never let their girl run anything. Hell, the worse a guy treated me, the more I was attracted to him. I don't know why I rebelled like that, who knows, but at the time, I liked shocking my parents. I liked a bad boy who would pull up to the house and honk his horn. I liked guys that tugged me around, instead of what happened in my house. That was my

rebellion."

"But?" She sounded like there was a change.

"But by my junior year of college, I was tired of it. I think I figured out that a guy treating me like shit really sucked. It was draining on my self esteem, I was drinking too much, and I wasn't happy. I blamed men, didn't take a serious look at the kind of man I was dating. It wasn't men that were the problem, not all men, just the jerks I was with."

"Why do girls go out with guys like that?"

"I don't know Jamie, but it soured me on dating. I mean, my parents loved each other, my mom may have worn the pants in the family, but she never looked down on my dad the way guys were looking down on me."

"So you...?"

"Basically stopped dating."

"Until me," I asked, surprised a beautiful girl like her would actually be without a boyfriend for more than ten minutes.

"Yes, until I met you." Her hand moved from my stomach to my cock, causing me to gasp ever so slightly.

"But how am I different?" She cupped my entire cock and balls into her hand and was massaging.

"Like I said, Jamie, you are everything every guy I dated was not. Kind, considerate, sweet. You put me on a pedestal, like my dad does to my mom. So..." she looked embarrassed.

"So?"

"So, well, to make this long story short, I just thought it was like I was 'wearing the pants' in our relationship."

"You think so," I tried to sound shocked.

"Jamie, don't take that wrong. I think that's why I've fallen for you; that's why I think you're so special." She kissed me, squeezed me tighter with her hand. I wasn't erect, still soft, but I could feel blood moving around me. "So,

I just kind of spoke without thinking, you know, pop psychology. If I'm wearing the pants, you must be wearing the panties, right?" I felt my self rearranging in her hand, growing, very slowly, but growing.

"I...I do love you Lisa, I do feel like you belong on a pedestal."

"I know Jamie, and I love you too, I really do, you're so special to me, so just keep 'wearing the panties' for me." My cock jumped again, very noticeably in her hand. "See sweetie," she said between kisses, making me grow, "part of you likes that, doesn't it? Part of you likes to be the one wearing the panties, don't you. You like a girl taking charge."

"Yes," I croaked. I knew at this moment the striking difference between Amanda, my boss, the strict woman, and Lisa, my girlfriend, the young woman seducing me right now. Amanda knew exactly what she was doing to me. I don't know why she was doing it, but she knew exactly what was going on, and had some fucked up agenda of her own.

Lisa, my loving girlfriend, had no idea the true impact of her words. She was a young bird spreading her wings, my young love, connecting with me, loving me.

Amanda was a cruel dominant bitch, even if I couldn't get her out of my mind.

Lisa was a loving, assertive young woman.

I was shaking as Lisa climbed on top of me, still kissing me, grinding her pelvis on me, the crotch of her teddy pushed aside so she could seek out my hardness.

"Oh, Jamie," she moaned as she mounted me. I didn't enter her so much as she enveloped me. I shook, a wave of pleasure cascading my skin.

It really hit me then. Was Amanda once like Lisa? Were they more alike than I realized. I...I couldn't serve two women...this...this was so bad, so wrong. I was wearing the panties for two women, not counting Imelda.

Where did the lines cross? Who controlled me? I didn't want to lose Lisa!

I was literally wearing the panties for Amanda, my dominant boss.

I was figuratively wearing the panties for Lisa, my loving girlfriend.

This was...I felt the wave swiftly moving from my chest to my groin and involuntarily thrust upward, as the tide rushed, uncontrollable, unstoppable.

And I realized Lisa was moaning too! She was shaking, the tidal wave rushing not just over me, but over her too! We actually came together, locked as one, minds and souls connected as one, her orgasm matching my orgasm, her heart racing with my heart.

Lisa kissed me, long and hard again and again. And as we drifted off to sleep, Lisa holding me in her arms, all I could think about was how much I loved her, and how dangerous my life had become.

## Chapter 06 - Torn By His Desires

I fell asleep wrapped in Lisa's arms, content, yet uneasy. I feared losing Lisa because of Amanda, but something even more compelling than before was not present. The small part of Amanda I saw in Lisa. Not the dominating bitch, but certainly the confident woman who knew what she wanted, who "wore the pants" so to speak.

But...what would she really think about her boyfriend wearing the panties?

How far was the gap between Lisa and Amanda?

I fell asleep in love. And in danger.

I woke up the next morning actually thinking about what I should do to make Lisa happy. I knew I had to get back to Ms. Drake's soon, but I still had time to do something for Lisa, something Amanda had taught me. I quietly slipped out of Lisa's bed, leaving my beauty softly breathing her morning sleep, and padded naked into the kitchen.

I pranced around, my nakedness not quite as humiliating as a maid's uniform, but still, cooking for Lisa while she slept, I felt vulnerable.

When I was done, I quietly carried a tray with a carafe of coffee, a single coffee cup, a cup of juice, toast and jam, and fruit back to the bedroom. Somewhat embarrassed, approaching the bedroom, I thought of myself in a maid's uniform again.

Lisa was stirring. She looked up as I entered the bedroom carrying the tray, pushed herself up onto her elbows when I came over next to her on the bed. "Breakfast?" she said sleepily.

"Yea, I thought you'd like something before I took off."

"Take off where?"

"Back to Ms. Drake's. I have to work today."

She frowned. "I was hoping to keep you to myself today."

"I know, but...we had last night, today's work."

"Did you already eat?"

"No, why?"

"There's only enough for one," she said looking at the tray. To be honest, I'd not even considered bringing some for me too. I'd automatically thought of serving her.

"I...I just wanted to...to do something for you."

"You're sweet, James," she said with an innocent, self-conscious smile. "Thank you. Wow, breakfast in bed after last night. You're too much!"

I set the tray down beside her, stood up, unsure what to do. There wasn't room left in the bed beside her and I didn't want to sit down in the chair across the room; that was too far away from her. Instead I just stood there at the foot of the bed, hands clasped lightly behind my back, head slightly bowed, eyes downcast.

"Hmmm, this is so nice." Lisa was carefully spreading the jam on her toast. I had a momentary sense of déjà-vu. I was in the mental state of mind of a servant, like I was...

Serving Amanda and her guests, dressed feminine. Oh god, I was...I couldn't be...

"Will you?" Lisa showed me some jam on her finger and then pointed to the carafe of coffee, conveying an innocent request for me to pour her coffee.

"Yes Ma'am," I said, not quite thinking about what I was saying.

Lisa almost blushed. And so did I. I could feel myself stirring. Hardening. There was a strong submissive vibe flowing through the room, through me. I felt it. My nakedness, my serving. I wasn't fully erect, but I was swollen. No doubt about it.

Lisa just watched me pour, eating her food, quietly drinking her juice and coffee, checking my hardening cock out of the corner of her eye ever few moments. I felt so...so honored, as if I was privileged just to be standing here, serving this beautiful woman breakfast.

She took a sip of her coffee, looked at my erection again. "You know, I had fun last night Jamie."

"So did I, Lisa. You know, you looked beautiful last night at dinner."

"Thanks, Jamie. I liked looking pretty for my baby. Besides, I kind of like the effect it had on you," she giggled a girlish laugh. She was moved her foot from under the sheet, slowly, until her toes were just under my erection, lightly teasing my balls.

"Hey, I do have to get going you know."

She pouted a fake pout, kept tickling my balls. "Love em' and leave em'," she asked finally.

I backed up, looking for my suit and the rest of my clothes. "Yea, that's me" I responded, knowing neither of us meant it. I felt I had to get out of there. Now.

As I got my tie and other things from the middle of the room, Lisa sat up a little more and pointed to the corner. "Don't forget, your panties are over there, darling," she joked in a mocking tone.

I swear, if Lisa kept up any more panty talk even she, clueless, would soon pick up on the establishing correlation, or hell, even the fact that, they WERE PANTIES! I don't think that would have gone over well.

I grabbed them and slipped them on as quickly as I could.

Lisa looked at me. "Jamie, come here." Fuck she was going to look at them more closely in the light. She was going to find out. Joking aside, there was no explaining this to her, Amanda's role, anything.

"Yea," I croaked, walking slowly to her side. She was staring right at me...right at them, head slightly tilted...did she know?

"Um, nothing," she looked up from my underwear, "I just want a kiss."

Leaving, I decided she did not know, but certainly, this was not something that I could hide forever. Something had to give or I was going to snap.

Back home, I slipped quietly into my rooms without seeing Imelda. I wasn't

sure what time Amanda was going to be back, but I didn't sense she was around yet. I decided to get out of my rumpled suit and shower.

I was in the bathroom drying off when I heard Imelda's voice sing out. "Miss Jamie." She walked into the bathroom, not even caring that I was standing there naked.

"Good, you shower. You need dress now."

"What for?"

"Ms. Drake home, she want to see you right away."

"Why?"

Imelda chuckled. "She talk to Mr. Stockwell."

My stomach sank. I knew this could not be good. Suddenly my incredible evening with Lisa was totally forgotten, replaced by a sense of impending doom.

Imelda seemed to take particular joy in directing me what to wear this morning, giving me a pink satin and lace bra and panty set to start with.

"I have to wear a bra again?"

"Yes, you wear bra all time here."

I noticed that this bra did not have the cups filled, maybe it wasn't too bad, for having to wear a bra. I could hide it with a sweatshirt, perhaps forget what was on around my chest.

Like that lasted? Imelda promptly filled the cups with a pair of silicone forms, giving me very life like breasts.

"You like breasts, no?" She knew I didn't. I didn't even justify her taunt with an answer. "No matter, you get used to them."

She watched me put on the panties. "I tell you before, Ms. Amanda right, you cute in pretty panties. Little bulge hardly in way."

Amanda. Imelda. Lisa. Panties. Even I had to admit I did look cute in them. Hell, I could not help thinking about panties all the time.

The "uniform" for the day, because it was the stupid uniform agreement that got me dressing like this in the first place, was a pair of nude pantyhose, a light blue pleated skirt, a white cotton short sleeved blouse, white lace ankle socks and black heeled mary jane shoes. Imelda said I'd be cleaning later, and this was what I was to wear for that, after talking to Amanda.

"We do makeup today?"

"Are you asking me, Imelda?" I'd of course say no, given any say in the matter.

"No, not really. Ms. Drake want make up, so we do make up." I was actually getting used to it. With each application, it became more and more routine. Panties were routine. Dressing completely as a woman was becoming routine. Make up was becoming routine.

After Imelda finished my transformation, again turning me from a fragile man to an uncomfortable woman, she led me downstairs to Amanda's office. The door was closed, but a straight backed wooden chair was outside the door. I could hear Amanda's muffled voice, presumably talking on the phone.

"You wait here, Jamie. Ms. Drake get you when she done."

I assumed it would just be a minute. But ten, then twenty minutes later, I was still sitting there, growing more nervous by the instant, the unknown more unsettling, my mind fixating on all the things she could do.

Finally, half an hour later, the door opened, and my employer, my incredibly attractive employer, walked out and told me to come into her office.

I followed Amanda in, fixated on her gorgeous legs, as I often did. She was impeccably dressed, as always, in a black skirt suit and blouse. My eyes were drawn to the black nylons covering her legs, imagining myself kneeling before her, just licking and worshipping, making love to her legs, if nothing else.

"Sit down, Jamie." I sat in a chair facing her desk. She went around, sat down, giving me a view of her legs under the desk.

"So, my dear, I had a conversation with Richard yesterday."

I think I gulped so loud that even Imelda, wherever she was, must have heard it.

"Care to guess what we discussed?"

"Nnnoo, Ma'am."

"I'm very disappointed in your behavior, Jamie. I sent you over there to help out, no strings attached, no pressure for you, and yet I get a very negative report from Richard. My friend. Do you know how embarrassed I am? Do you?"

"No, Ma'am."

"How poorly your behavior reflects on me? Honestly, Jamie, flirting with Richard like you were some...some common tramp? I didn't know you found men attractive, James."

Goodness no! That wasn't it at all. Ms. Drake, I'm sorry," I said, shifting nervously in my chair.

"I realize you are a bit confused about some things, but honestly, I never expected you to flirt with him. I understand your infatuation with me, I even think it's kind of cute, but Richard? Richard?"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Drake, really, I don't know what happened, but I promise it won't happen again." And that was the absolute truth, I never wanted to, and certainly didn't plan, to flirt with a man! I was living that experience again inside my stomach right now, remembering Richard, his strength, pressing against me, his body. I shook.

"I accept your apology, Jamie, but that's not quite good enough. Don't get me wrong, Richard handled the situation how he wanted, he's satisfied, but that still does not satisfy me."

"I'm not sure what you mean, Ms. Drake." I shifted uncomfortably in my chair, self consciously tugging down my skirt.

"You disappointed me, let me down, Jamie, that can't go unpunished."

"Punished?" Punished? Was I ten years old? "What, am I grounded?" I said sarcastically, regretting it as soon as I said it. She might do just that.

"No, James, you're not grounded, though I assume that time away from Lisa would be punishment for you. You are, however, going to get a spanking."

My eyes bugged. "You're not serious!"

"Oh, I'm quite serious. Sissies that misbehave like that get a spanking. I've found it's quite effective in training a confused creature like you." There it was again, references to the past. I was more and more convinced that I was not the first person to experience this, that I was a part of something bigger, something I did not understand.

"You...you're really going to spank me?" The way I asked it betrayed the hint of eroticism that a spanking from Amanda might entail.

She laughed. "Well, no, I'm not going to spank you. I think that's more a reward than a punishment."

Imelda! My eyes widened again.

"That's right, sissy, Imelda will be administering your punishment."

"Please Ms. Drake," I trembled. That wasn't at all erotic. Lying across Ms. Drake would be a fantasy. Imelda's hand on my ass would be horrid!

She grinned at me. "Oh, I suspected you'd be begging for it sooner or later."

"I'm not begging for it," I protested, sitting up straight.

Amanda stood up, walked to the front of her desk and leaned against it, contemplating me. I was almost panting, staring at her legs, so close to me.

"I know, sissy, I know. But that's not the point. The point is that sissies that misbehave must be punished. You misbehaved. Ergo, you'll be punished."

"But why Imelda?"

"Why Imelda? She has much more experience, that's why, sissy? Why, you'd rather I do it?"

"Yes," I blushed.

"I imagine you would, but that's just the point, dear. Punishment from me is hardly punishment now is it? Now, I'll call Imelda, but I want to see you back here when she's done."

She called for Imelda, who came back wearing a knowing grin. "Yes Ms. Drake?"

"You may take care of what we discussed."

Imelda almost seemed gleeful. "Are you sure, Ma'am?"

"Yes," Amanda sighed, "I'm afraid it must be done."

"Yes, Ms. Drake, it for the best." Imelda walked over to me. "Come, Jamie." She took me by the arm, led me roughly out of Amanda's office down a hall I rarely went down in my duties at the house, into a room I'd never been in.

It was decorated sparsely, wood floor, dark wood walls, a few chairs, and a table with corner. It looked like a study that was not used.

"Come, over here, on table." With her hands, Imelda indicated that I was to lie across the table, basically presenting my ass for the beating I now dreaded. Sure, I'd seen porn with spankings, erotic spankings. Somehow I did not picture this as something erotic. Maybe naked, with Amanda. Hell, even with Lisa, but not like this, not with Imelda, not here, or now.

"You lucky, Ms. Drake not say you pull down pantyhose and panties." I felt Imelda flip my skirt off my ass, onto my back, exposing me to her, protected now just by the panties and pantyhose I was wearing.

"What are you going to do Imelda," I asked, voice shaking.

"In old days, called hairbrush discipline." She showed me a large wooden brush. "Ladies use on bad boys and girls, help, sometimes husbands. Like this." Imelda walked to my side, swiftly raised and lowered the brush to my ass with a stinging blow.

"Ouch! Christ, Imelda, that hurts."

"Yes, it hurt Jamie. Punishment. Sissy not forget first punishment." She whacked my ass again.

"Ouch...ohhhh, Imelda!"

"Oh, Jamie, it hurt worse soon, you have thirteen more to go."

Imelda continued to use the brush on me, never hitting in the same place twice, expertly wielding the torturous implement.

With the tenth stroke, I realized it. Through pain, I realized I had an erection. The rubbing on the table top, through my soft panties and pantyhose, with the pain, caused me to get erect. Oh fuck, I was erect! Damn Imelda, that was more embarrassing than the spanking. The pain, not quite as bad as the hardness between me and the table.

I started to tear up by the thirteenth hit. I was breathing heavily with the fourteenth, almost sobbing, crying out in pain. The final one, the final blow was the worst, the pain shot through me, all over me!

"Ohhh, it hurt, no Jamie?"

"Oh fuck yes, Imelda," I half sobbed, letting her pull me up off the table, mortified at what had just happened to me.

Imelda shot her hand under my skirt, put the big paw right on the front of my nylons. "I see it not all bad, no? Sissy might like." Dammit, why did I have to get excited? Nothing was exciting about this.

She led me back down the hall, back to Amanda's study.

"Done, Imelda?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Thank you." Imelda turned to leave. "Oh, Imelda, did you check? Did he?"

I saw Imelda's eyes twinkle, and I knew what she meant. My face flushed at the thought of her hand on my erection. "Yes, Ms. Drake."

"Jamie, sit down," Amanda indicated to the same chair I'd sat in not too long ago. I did as ordered, visibly wincing in pain. Fuck, my ass was on fire.

"Hurts, does it? Imelda really does know what she's doing." Amanda, unconsciously it seemed, briefly touched her own ass. Wait...had she felt the

same thing? From Imelda? Why would that have happened? Amanda looked at me. She raised her eyebrows at me, almost challenging me to ask,

"Did..." But I was not brave enough to finish the question.

"I trust we'll have no more bad reports from Richard?"

"More? You mean I'm going to have to go back over there?"

"Why yes my dear, you are, why?"

"I just..." I bit my lip, I wasn't sure what to say. "But he's a man, I don't like being around him like this, it's so intimidating, I feel...I don't know, it's hard to describe, he makes me feel..."

"Inadequate?" she asked helpfully.

I swallowed hard. "Yes, yes, inadequate. Like I'm...less than a man, and Lisa and..." I started to tear up. "Why, Amanda? Why are you doing this? What did I do? I don't understand, I'm so confused, I feel so foolish. Lisa?" The words just rushed out in a jumbled mess of feelings and tears.

"Come here, Jamie," she said softly, taking my hand, standing me up. She wrapped her arms around me, took my head into her shoulder and rubbed my hair while I cried. "Shhhh, it's okay, baby, it's okay." I could feel her breasts pushing against my chest, against my fake breasts as she pulled me tight to her,

"Go ahead, Jamie, let it out...shhhh....it's okay, honey, it's okay."

I shuddered, the tears slowly subsiding. "Why, Ms. Drake?" I asked again.

"Come here, James, sit down." Amanda led us over to her couch where we sat down, side by side. She took my hands in hers, turned, looked at me.

"James, do you know what a transsexual is?"

"A...a transsexual...isn't that a man, well, a woman that thinks she or he is trapped in a man's body? You know, someone that wants a sex change."

"Basically, yes. Are you a transsexual?"

"What?" I practically yelled.

"Do you want a sex change?"

"A sex change?" I sat up, shocked, yuck!. "No...my god, no, that's disgusting!"

She patted my hand. "Shhh, don't get worked up again. I know, Jamie, I know, don't worry. How about a transvestite? Do you know what that is?"

"Um, yea, that's...that's a man that wants to dress as a woman."

"Hmm, yes. Now, are you a transvestite? Do you want to dress as a woman?"

"No, Ms. Drake, no...no, no, no!" I was insistent. I didn't want any of this, not the panties, not the bra, the breasts, the makeup, any of it.

"It's okay, Jamie, I know, I know...just bear with me. What about a sissy? What's a sissy?"

"Um, a...a timid man, I don't know, a wimp?"

"Weak?"

"Yea, I guess?"

"Not manly? Effeminate?"

"I suppose."

"Unassertive. Cowardly even. Easy to push around. I think a childhood taunt might be a pantywaist?"

I just blushed, she was hitting very close to home.

"Hmmm, let me ask you this, is Richard...Mr. Stockwell, is he any of those things? You've met him several times, right? Would you use a single one of those words to describe him?"

"No, god no. He's a...a..."

"A man's man?"

"Yes, yes."

"Would you call him a sissy? Or a pantywaist? Could you imagine him in

panties," she half laughed.

"What? No, never?"

"Certainly not to his face, right? He'd probably spank your ass, wouldn't he?"

I thought of Richard, the power he projected. "Yes," I whispered.

"Can you picture him letting someone spank him?"

"Spank him?" Now I laughed. "No."

"Or order him around?"

I shook my head. Um, no, of course not.

"Think he'd wear panties if someone told him to?"

"Panties? No, I can't imagine him doing that," I laughed.

"Are you a sissy?"

She caught me off guard. "What?"

"Are you less masculine? Wimpy, even? Effeminate? Are you? Are you Jamie?"

"I...I...no...I mean, I don't..." I suddenly felt uncomfortable again. Panties? Spanked? Ordered around? Dominated? Wasn't I doing just that?

"What are you wearing, Jamie? Panties? Nylons? A skirt? You're not sure? And aren't you wearing them because you were ordered to by me? I'll ask you again. Jamie, are you a sissy?"

I blinked my eyes, looked away from her glaze? How did this happen? Was I? Was I a sissy? Really? "I...I don't know."

"Maybe it's hard to admit, but look at it like this, Jamie? You don't want to be a woman? You don't want a sex change, right?"

"No."

"And you don't want to dress like one, correct?" She emphasized 'want'. No I

didn't want to do this, I never had until she ordered me to.

"No I don't."

"Yet, my dear, you do it anyway, why?"

"Because...because you make me."

"Hmmm, because I make you? That's an interesting answer, but that begs the question, why do you think someone lets a woman make him do these things?"

"I don't know."

"You do know. Because they are weak, effeminate, unassertive, cowardly..."

"Because...because they are sissies?" I finished her sentence. My god, was I all that?

"Oh yes, Jamie, you get it, don't you? Jamie, I understand you're discovering this side of yourself, or what it means, for the first time, but I suspect you've always felt a bit, um, uncomfortable around women, no?"

"Maybe a little."

"A little intimidated, especially by pretty women?"

"Yea, I guess."

"I know it's hard for a young man to understand, Jamie, what that means, but trust me, a knowing woman understands. I could tell from the moment I first met you."

"You...you knew? How did you know?"

"I can tell, Jamie, its obvious. Why do you think I hired you?" She frowned, it was so obvious.

That was like a slap to the face. She hired me...because...she knew? "You hired me because you thought I was a sissy? You...you...you planned this all along?" I stood up, the discovery had an exciting effect on me. "But why, Amanda? Why? I never asked for this? I didn't look for this? Why did you...are you...doing this?"

She smiled. "Because it's fun."

"Fun? Fun for who? You're ruining my life!"

"Fun for me, of course. I've told you quite a few times how much I like young men like you in panties, haven't I? It's really quite simple, dear, I like feminizing little sissies like you. I...well...get off on it."

"But I...I don't!"

She laughed. "You don't? Are you kidding me? You most certainly do. Oh, don't get me wrong, I know you don't get off on being feminized, not like a cross dresser, you get off on the power, Jamie. Don't like to yourself. You get off on a woman dominating you."

"But I...I don't."

She snorted. "Don't you? You even get off on your precious Lisa doing it. You can deny it all you want, Jamie, but that doesn't change it one bit."

I started breathing heavily. My god, she was right!

"Of course you do. The funny thing is, a sissy like you is disgusted by it just enough to make it all a bit unsettling. You're not a masochist, I know the submission tears at you, pulls you apart. You picture yourself as a normal man, but you also know you're not. That's the really fun part, Jamie. I know you're so torn about it, and that more than anything is what makes it so fun for me."

"But you're messing with my life." I really was angry, at her for doing this, and at myself for letting it happen. "That's not fair. School...Lisa."

"Well, to be fair, I did pick you before you met your Lisa. That, my dear, has turned out to be quite a little bonus."

"Bonus? Bonus? You talk like this is a game to you."

"Well, it is, in a way. To be honest, I didn't intend for Lisa to be involved, but it has been quite interesting. You know, I'd really like to meet her, she must be quite a woman."

"What?" Meet Lisa? When pigs fucking fly.

"What's Lisa phone number?"

"Are you kidding? You...you're going to call her? I'm not going to...you can't do that." It was one thing to do this to me, but it wasn't fair to bring her into this. This was bullshit.

"Well, I can, pet. The easy way or the hard way. I can just go through my phone records and get her number, and, oh, invite her over for lunch some afternoon. I'm sure she'd love to see her boyfriend at work in a skirt and blouse, or even a maid's uniform. Or you go write down her number and I'll simply go to lunch with her. I'm not kidding, Jamie, I am going to meet her for lunch." Her face was frozen. I knew she was deadly serious.

"The number, Jamie."

Shaking, I walked to her desk, wrote it down on a piece of paper. "Please, Ms. Drake," I begged.

"Come here." I walked over to her. She pointed, directing me to kneel beside her. "I think I'm going to like your little friend. I mean, if she can put up with you, why, I think I'll get along just fine with her."

I realized there was no way out of this. One way or another, Amanda was going to call Lisa. The easy way or the hard way. I had to do what I could to control it. "Yes Ma'am."

"It's all of you own doing, you know. You sissies are your own worst enemies, unable to control your desires, sometimes not even knowing you have them, but under such a spell when someone pushes you down the path. You just crumble to the power."

She moved one of her shoes up toward me. "Kiss this, slave."

I looked at her like she was crazy, but she just stood there, one foot out, challenging me. "You heard me."

Every part of my body told me to run away right then and there. Every part except the part that made me kneel down in front of her. I took her dainty foot into my hands, brought it up to my mouth, slowly planted a kiss on her foot.

"Do you love her? Lisa?"

"Yyyes, Ma'am," I whispered, lips still touching the leather of her shoe, inhaling the sweet scent.

"And yet you submit to another woman. And yet you allow yourself to be feminized. And yet you kiss another woman's shoe. So fucking destructive, damn all sissies."

"Please Ms. Drake," I said, feeling her drift back again into an emotional pain from the past.

"You love a man and find out he's a sissy? Do you know what that does to a girl? To find that out about him? Do you?"

"Nnnooo Ma'am." I was on the verge of tears.

"She loves you?"

"Yes." I felt a single tear run down my face.

"I loved him," she sighed, closing her eyes.

"Who? Who Ms. Drake?"

"It doesn't matter, Jamie. Because she wasn't like me, though, she didn't consider my feelings at all. I grew up with her, I thought it would be different when I moved out and met someone. But no, it didn't matter. Not once I brought him home to meet her. She didn't care what we thought. Do you know how hard that was? I won't let Lisa go through that, Jamie. I never thought we'd turn out like this, but I promise it will be different."

I just continued to kiss her shoe, her foot, softly tasting the leather, scared by Ms. Drake, scared for myself.

"You're such a good foot worshipper, Jamie, really a natural, aren't you. Just like a sissy, my dear."

And so I spent the next ten minutes doing just that. Yearning to go higher, up her legs, up to her pussy, where I'd found such joy with Lisa, but afraid, too, afraid of Amanda, afraid of betraying Lisa, afraid of my own reaction.

Amanda's legs had spread apart while I was nose to her foot, so I didn't see right away that her skirt had ridden up to the tops of her milky thighs. Suddenly I realized I could see her garter straps, the welts of her stockings, her soft skin, her panties. Amanda reached down, pulled my head up by the chin so I was kneeling in front of her, staring directly at her panties, the folds of her womanhood pressing against the taut fabric.

"Can you smell it, Jamie? Can you smell me? I can." She was possessed. There was no other reason she'd be toying with me like this, playing with me. "I know you love my panties, don't you? Even more so when I'm in them, Jamie, so close to you, so available."

"Ms. Drake, please," I croaked, mouth suddenly dry. This wasn't fair.

"Go ahead, Jamie. I know you want to kiss them. Go head, gently."

I couldn't. Lisa! No! No! No! This was wrong. Very wrong. "Nnnno...no...no, I...I can't."

"Lisa?"

I was shaking.

The slap across my face was more painful if only because I didn't expect it, was totally shocked by it. "You love her, I know. But you serve me, sissy, don't you forget that. Ever."

"Please," I begged to no avail. She was testing me. To see if I'd compromise. NO!

I caught Imelda out of the corner of my eye and assumed she'd rescue me from this fucking crazy woman.

"Kiss my panties, Jamie. They are what got you into this mess anyway." Amanda saw Imelda but did nothing. There was no hope there.

Trying to push Lisa out of my mind, trying not to think of the betrayal, I started to lean forward.

Just before my lips touched her panties, Lisa at last out of mind, Amanda brought her image back, wouldn't let me forget just how dangerous this was.

"Think of Lisa," she spat at me just as my lips came into contact with the satin panties. The heat coming from them was intense. They were damp. I could smell her now, more pungent than Lisa, stronger, more intense.

"Don't move slut, don't move an inch." I froze, my mouth closed, but my lips resting on Amanda, on her panties. This was worse. I'd made love to Lisa like this, tenderly, licking her, loving her. This was unbearable.

Amanda...Amanda then fucked my face. She grabbed my head, pushed me into her crotch, rubbed my face, my closed mouth on her pussy through her panties. She used my face, took it, possessed it, owned it as she owned me. It wasn't pleasure for me, it was agony. It was betrayal. I was powerless.

It was rape. That's what it really was. She raped my face. Until she came. She fucked my face. Completing my shame. And I loved it. I was shaking, I loved it so much.

Finally she pushed me away. Her scent was all over me, juices bled through the satin of her panties, covering my nose, my mouth, my face, the scent. I knew I'd smell her all day, my mistress. Amanda Drake.

"Take her away, Imelda, I'm done with her," Amanda ordered me dismissed, her girl dismissed, sent away from her glorious presence to stew in my shame.

I could hardly talk to Lisa over the next several days.

Two days later I was sitting in the kitchen drinking a cup of coffee before going to class when Amanda walked in. I immediately got up to go pour Amanda a cup of coffee, but she waved me down. "No, no, sit Jamie, read your paper, I'll get it myself." Amanda was barefoot, and my eyes slowly traveled her long toned legs as she poured her coffee, up to the hem of her champagne satin robe that ended well above mid thigh.

"Are you working from home today," I asked. It was after nine, late for her if she was going to the office. She certainly wasn't soon, not dressed like this.

Amanda sat down across from me, and as she did, her robe, loosely tied, became more undone, so that her breasts -- covered only by a sheer cream bra -- were suddenly revealed. Ms. Drake may be approaching middle age, but her breasts, either on their own or with the help of a great doctor, were

as beautiful as any young woman's -- even my Lisa's.

Amanda looked me in the eye, saw the direction of my gaze, looked down, and realized I was staring right at her breasts. And before my eyes, her nipples hardened! Oh, god. Despite the tingling in my jeans, in the pink panties I was wearing, I couldn't move. Amanda made no move to cover herself. In fact she shifted ever so slightly backwards so that I could just see her tight stomach, the top of the waistband of her panties, though I couldn't really move my eyes from her breasts.

"You know Jamie, I'd normally be flattered by the attention, but I can't help wonder. . . is it my breasts or my bra?"

"Ms. Drake?" What was she talking about? Probably nothing good, that's for sure.

"Well, you see, when you first started working for me, I'd assume you were staring at my breasts, like you did those times I sunbathed. But now, now that we've discovered what you really are, I wonder if it's not really the bra, not what's inside the bra?"

I gulped.

"I mean," she took a sip of her coffee, "are you fantasizing about playing with my breasts..."

I shuddered, my half erection folded so tightly I could not grow anymore without adjusting myself -- and it was painful.

"Or are you fantasizing about wearing my bra?"

I just wanted to melt into my cup of coffee and read my paper before class! Why did she have to torment me any time I saw her?

"Cause panties are one thing, but to really feminize a boy like you, I need to know you dream about my bras. You do, don't you Jamie? Dream about wearing my bras?"

I was now in full pain!

"Or Lisa's bras? Does she wear pretty lingerie, Jamie? Tell me, when you see her in her pretty bras and panties, do you ever think about wearing them?"

You must, I know you must."

"I..." But she wouldn't let me talk, and instead she stood up, her robe falling around her, then to the floor. She was turned slightly sideways, and my eyes fell to her ass. Bare -- she was wearing a cream sheer thong!

"You know Jamie, when one of my gentlemen friends sees me like this, I know all he is thinking about is getting into my bra -- and I don't mean wearing it. But I don't know with you, dear, which you dream about. Playing with my breasts or wearing my bra? Lisa's breasts or her bra? Being a man or being a girl?"

"Ms. Drake, I..."

"No, don't answer yet, dear. I was going to wear this bra today to my lunch date with Lisa..."

My eyes went wide! Lisa!

"Hmmm, but I think I have a better idea. Do you want to wear it today? Wouldn't it be sweet if you were wearing my bra when I had lunch with your girlfriend?"

"I..."

"Breasts or bra, Jamie. Boy or girl? Touch these, or wear this? Man or woman?"

"Ms. Drake," I shifted, my erection finally popping unfolded, the blood rushing into it.

"Just say it Jamie, say 'bra' and this is yours to wear under you sweater today, or breasts, and maybe I'll let you touch them. Pick, Jamie. Be my girl, Jamie, be my girl. Just say it."

"Please."

"Bra or breasts?"

I was about to explode. "Bra," I croaked.

"And the panties too?"

"Yes," I almost shouted.

"I'm a girl."

I looked at her.

"Say it, 'I'm a girl,' I want you to say it."

"I'm a girl." My face was frozen red.

"Good, good." She picked up her robe. "I'll have Imelda bring them to you dear, so you can be my girl today."

"Yyyes, Ma'am."

"You get comfortable with a bra, Jamie, and you'll really be my girl." She started to walk out of the room with her coffee. "You know, I would have let you have the breasts instead, if that's what you'd wanted." She left the room, leaving me -- her wreck of a servant -- in her mysterious wake, visions of her breasts and her bra dancing in my brain.

I was still wearing Amanda's bra and panty set that evening when Amanda came home. Imelda said she'd had lunch with my Lisa, then went to her office. I was upstairs studying, trying to concentrate, anyway, wracked with fear over what Amanda may have told Lisa. I'd tried to call Lisa several times but just gotten her voice mail and she'd not returned my calls.

I somehow had myself convinced that Amanda had told Lisa about me and that Lisa would never speak to me again.

I turned my head when I heard Imelda come into my room. "Ms. Drake ask for you," Imelda said. I stood up, legs shaking and started for the door, but Imelda had not moved. "She say you just in bra and panties of hers you wear today." Self conscious as always around Imelda, I undressed down to the bra and panty set Amanda had ordered me to wear earlier that day, my cheeks flushing when Imelda looked at me. "You pretty."

Only when down to the light bra and panty set did Imelda lead me out of the room down stairs and into a sitting room where Amanda was enjoying a glass of wine.

I was visibly shaking, certainly not from cold -- what had she done? "Ms.

Drake, you..." I started to both ask and accuse, but she cut me off.

"Shh." Ignoring me, she looked over to Imelda. "You see it too, don't you?"

"Oh yes, Ms. Drake." What were they talking about?

"I thought as much. Certainly his legs are pretty enough shaved, and his chest, it helps being naturally hairless, no? She even kind of picked up on it on her own. Remarkable girl, Imelda."

"To see, yes."

"What?" I wanted to scream, but too scared to do so.

"Look though, you see what I was talking about Imelda? In sheer panties?"

Imelda moved closer to Amanda, looked right at my crotch. Normally the mild humiliation would have had the perverse effect of exciting me, but right now I was too preoccupied and terrified about what Amanda may have told Lisa.

"See, Imelda, it's not the bulge, it's too small to really ruin the effect, especially soft it's really just a mound anyway. But you see, right, the problem?"

"Yes, Ms. Drake, I do." Imelda pointed to my crotch, "the hair, no?"

Amanda clapped her hands together. "Exactly, see, I knew I wasn't imagining it. Maybe she'll pick up on it even more if we..."

"Pick up on it...?" I asked quietly, though they both ignored me.

"She know." Imelda asked. Oh my god, did she tell her?

"Well, Imelda, I certainly didn't want to scare the poor girl now, did I? I couldn't exactly ask her, but I got the sense that she felt something there in the fog, something she couldn't put her arms around, but could sense enough to know something was there."

"And?" Imelda asked, really for both of us.

Amanda didn't directly answer the question. "She's really quite an amazing young woman, Imelda. It would be a shame if our little Jamie lost her,

wouldn't it? But honestly, I don't know how she'll handle it."

I was dying as I stood there -- maybe she didn't tell her? I don't know, dammit, what the fuck! This wasn't fair, Amanda was teasing with me, a cat toying with a mouse. It was killing me!

"So, you think it help?"

"Well Imelda, I think it will clarify some issues, if nothing else, let the poor girl make a better decision, one way or the other."

"When," Imelda asked.

"Oh, right away. Go set it up now." Imelda quickly left the room, almost rubbing her hands together she looked so excited.

"Ms. Drake, please, what did you tell her," I finally broke my silence.

"Well, I didn't tell her that while we were having lunch her boyfriend was wearing my bra and thong panties cause he'd rather dress in pretty lingerie than play with my breasts, sissy."

"Ms. Drake," I gasped, actually picturing Amanda saying just that!

"Stop. I'm not cruel, Jamie. We had a nice lunch. I wasn't kidding, she is an amazing woman. You know, she's prettier than I imagined. I bet she must really catch some looks from men, doesn't she?" I thought of the waiter, the valet at the restaurant, looked down, face red again.

"Hmmm, yes, she told me about the waiter. How did that make you feel? Seeing a man ogle your girlfriend like that? Just sitting there, feeling the cotton panties you were wearing while a real man hit on her?"

"She..."

"Not being able to do anything. Not much a man, were you, even on your big date? Hmmm?"

Imelda walked back in the room. "Oh, ready, Imelda?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Good, yes, this is going to make things look much better." Amanda stood

and left the room, Imelda and I trailing her, following her to a guest bath. We walked in Imelda pointed.

"Everything ready." Imelda pointed to the ornate countertop where a white towel, a bowl of water, a pink ribbon, a straight razor and electric clippers were neatly laid out.

"Take off your panties, Jamie," Amanda ordered me.

"Ms. Drake, what...what are you doing," I asked in a panic.

"Imelda," she said, ignoring me. Imelda stepped forward and roughly pulled the panties down over my hips and off me.

"Ms. Drake," I said loudly.

"Do we need to use those to gag you, Jamie?" That both sickened me and shut me up. "Better. Imelda, on his hands please, behind his back." Imelda pulled my arms behind me, wrapped the panties around my wrists, binding them.

"Shall I," Imelda asked.

"By all means," Ms. Drake said, leaning against the wall. Imelda picked up the long pink ribbon, looped it, tied it around the tip of my shrunken penis.

"I'll take that end, Imelda," Amanda said taking the ribbon and pulling it tight, enough that it was uncomfortable, but not unbearable. I watched Imelda pick up the long straight razor. She...she wasn't going to

"What are you doing to do," I asked breathing quickly, fear in my eyes and my voice. I was trying to back up from Imelda, but that also meant backing away from Ms. Drake who was holding tightly to her end of the ribbon, just increasing the strain on my little cock.

Amanda looked up at me. "Jamie, calm down, she's not cutting it off, my goodness, I'm not a sadist. She is going to shave your pubes, you'll look much prettier and more feminine, more like my little girl."

While I never really thought they would actually hurt me, her words did comfort me. Maybe the comfort caused the small sexual twinge that ran through me, causing my soft penis to jerk the ribbon.

"Oh," Amanda said, feeling it. "you do want to be my girl, don't you? Soft, feminine. Be my girl."

I couldn't help it, my humiliation was the center of my excitement right now, even though my growing erection only made the ribbon tighter and more painful.

"That works, doesn't it Imelda." Imelda laughed, put down the straight razor, and picked up the clippers, turning them on and taking them to my groin, making quick work of much of my pubic hair.

"Better, much better. Go ahead, lather him up." Imelda got the bowl, filled it with hot water, then took a shaving brush and bowl from under the sink. She applied the shaving soap to my cock, my balls, the brush dancing all over me, making me grow a little more, painfully more.

"I'd stand very still, Jamie," Amanda warned me. Imelda took the razor to me again, like a surgeon wielding a scalpel, removing what was left of my hair. The combination of humiliation, excitement, and pain from the ribbon was overwhelming, so much so that I had to struggle to stand still.

Imelda stood, rinsed the razor, put it on the counter and looked back at our employer. "Yes, go ahead, she deserves it."

What? Oh, I realized as Imelda began stroking my lathered cock. Ohhhhhh.

"Feels good, doesn't it pretty girl. So smooth." Amanda tugged the leash that was pulling my cock. It actually hurt and felt good, pain and pleasure.

"You'll look so much prettier in panties now, Jamie, my smooth girl. That's what you wanted, isn't it? To be my girl? My sissy? Or is it Lisa's girl?"

I shook all over, not from the approaching orgasm, though that was coming, but at Amanda's use of Lisa's name.

She laughed. "Oh, I know you want to be my sissy, Jamie, even as you know it's a man like Richard that I want, not a little girl like you."

Imelda quickened the pace of her masturbation, just when Amanda pulled harder at the ribbon.

"I just wonder what your dear Lisa wants. A smooth, feminine little creature

like you, your shaved clitty, all pretty in your bra and panties..."

She pulled harder still. "Or a man like the waiter, a man she can fuck over and over."

That was too much for me, too close to my insecurities, too painful.

And too erotic.

I exploded all over Imelda's hands just at that moment, a violent orgasm that released all the tension Amanda had built this afternoon.

As I shook, Amanda held the ribbon firm, keeping me in pain while I withered in pleasure, only releasing the slack when I was about to collapse, laughing at what she'd created. "Clean her up, Imelda, I'm going to dinner with Richard. He'll get a kick out of this, though I wonder what young Lisa is going to think."

Ohhhhh, I just moaned and moaned and moaned.

Two weekends later.

"Come on Jamie, let's go upstairs," Lisa bugged me, sitting in my car outside her apartment after we got back from seeing a movie.

"I really am tired," I faked a yawn, trying again to come up with an excuse to avoid just what she wanted. I was surprised she didn't get angry, for she had every right to, I had been avoiding alone time with her. But that wasn't Lisa. Disappointment, maybe, but not anger. Just as Amanda had really avoided talking about her lunch date with Lisa, Lisa did the same. Maybe they really did just talk about normal things. I'd worried about Amanda telling her everything and losing her, but now I was letting that fear keep me from spending time with her. Afraid how she'd react to my shaved pubes, I was pushing her away.

But Lisa was not one to take no, not from me, not from her beloved. She looked at me with a naughty look on her face. "I went shopping at Victoria's Secret today -- don't you want to see what I bought for you."

I jerked in the white high cut cotton panties I was wearing today. They passed as men's briefs, just barely, if that. But that was the best I was allowed to wear when I was with Lisa -- Ms. Drake's rules.

I swallowed hard, at first taking her meaning to be that she bought something for me to wear. Then I saw her hands unbuttoning a button on her silk blouse, revealing a hint of the silk bra covering her breasts. "Don't you want to see the rest of it, James."

No, she didn't buy lingerie for me to wear, but to see. Odd. I felt relieved, but strangely a little disappointed. "Come on, you're not that tired, are you?"

Fuck no I wasn't tired -- not after seeing the soft fabric covering her swelling breasts.

"You want to see the rest, don't you?"

Five minutes later we were in her bedroom, undressing one another. She got out of her blouse and pants in no time, modeling for me the pink silk bra and the matching panties. Pink doesn't work on every girl, but it was amazing on my Lisa. She took charge undressing me, ripping off my shirt and my pants, but leaving my cotton briefs on me. I was self conscious about both them and my smooth balls. I wanted to put off any discovery, and in the process give Lisa what she really loved about our love making.

I helped her into the bed, knowing she'd be sure to appreciate the oral attention at which I excelled. If I did well enough, she might even be content, and not even discover my smooth skin.

She did respond to my oral performance, but wanted more. She was going to find out. I was on my back when she reached for the waistband and pulled the panties off me, not quite looking at me as she pulled them over my feet. She dropped them to the bed, not the floor, as I silently wished. I tried to kick them away -- fuck!

The tag was sticking up, out, obvious. The Victoria's Secret tag! Fuck. Suddenly, the discovery of my smooth cock and balls was of less importance than those panties. I watched her eyes to see if they locked in on those vile panties, but she didn't. She was focused on my hairless pubes.

"Oh, Jamie, you're...I mean, you..."

I wanted to hide, tried to laugh it off. "I don't know what came over me Lisa, please don't stare, I know it looks foolish..."

She was now toying with me, running her fingers gently over me. I closed my eyes, her soft touch was driving me wild. "You're so smooth, James, so soft, like a...a..."

Girl? That's what my mind was yelling at me. I look like a girl! I waited for her to let go, to cry, to realize what kind of man she was dating -- in fact not a man at all, not after Ms. Drake was done with me. But she didn't say anything. She couldn't. It sounded like "girl" was on the tip of her tongue, then quickly, her mouth was, um, otherwise occupied. She gently took my soft erection into her mouth and started sucking me, moaning my name. I couldn't take much of this, not without...I wanted to let her know, to tell her to stop, but she didn't take or didn't care about my subtle hints.

"Jamie," she moaned, moving her mouth over my soft skin. I felt her climb on top of me, take me inside her, my soft skin on her wet folds.

I couldn't hold back and exploded inside her. Flushed with guilt, I only lasted fifteen seconds, my whole body shaking, overwhelmed, the room spinning, I was hyperventilating, until I think I blacked out.

Or close to it. I just lay there for five, ten minutes, Lisa gently licking me, cleaning me off with her tongue, running her hands over my smooth skin. With the shaving of my pubes, I was almost hairless now. Soft after my orgasm, smooth, I'd never felt more feminine, even when dressed with Amanda. Didn't Lisa see it? Why?

I had to get dressed, get the cotton panties, again, my thought going to that stupid Victoria's Secret tag.

"What are you doing?"

I had the panties in my hand, tag safely hidden. "Um, just...just getting dressed, I...I guess I'm hungry." As good an excuse as any to cover up.

"Hmmm, I'm not. Not anymore," she said playfully. I knew she hadn't orgasmed, and I was being incredibly selfish, but I just couldn't.

"Lisa!"

She was teasing me. "It's okay baby. It's still early, we can go grab something if you want." The traditional post sex munchies? Even when it was hardly

post sex for her. The guilt I felt, the shame, like the first time we had sex, was eating me away.

Yes, anything, yes! I turned, wanting to get my briefs and pants on quickly.

"You don't want to. . ." She froze. She was staring at the panties half balled up in my hands.

"James...are...are those...are those really..." The quizzical look took over her face.

"Come on, don't you want to go eat," I asked, trying to redirect her.

"Give me those," she said, holding out her hand.

"Lisa, please."

Her eyes narrowed. She bit down on her lower lip, her face distorted, then clearing slightly. "Now." She raised an eyebrow, left her hand out, waiting. That was the first time she'd ever taken that tone with me. It was not a request I could easily ignore. I meekly handed the cotton panties to her.

Lisa took them, held them up, examined them, then went right to the damning evidence-the Victoria's Secret tag.

"James...these...these really are panties."

Deny? Fuck yea I was going to deny. "Lisa, no, they aren't."

"Victoria's Secret! They don't make men's briefs, James."

"I..."

"You're wearing panties. Fuck, these...these are just like...you've..." It dawned on her. "You've been...every time we..."

"Lisa, please..."

"I...I don't get it...why did you..."

"Baby, don't look at me like that." I moved towards her, started to put my hand on her arm, but she jerked it back.

"Don't! Stop, I...I need to think."

"But..."

"Please, James, just...I think you'd better go home."

Oh god! This is what I'd been dreading. No! No!

"Please Lisa," I begged, on the verge of tears.

"Go, just go," she almost sobbed.

I didn't know what to do. I took the panties back from her, put them on while she stared at me, hurt and humiliated. Not me, her. Crushed. I got dressed, tried to kiss her, tried to hug her, tried to tell her I loved her, but it wasn't right. She was angry and hurt and...

And I walked out of her apartment not knowing if I'd ever see her again. Amanda Drake did this to me!

No...fuck no...it was worse. I did this to myself! My infatuation with Amanda Drake had led directly to this destruction.

## Chapter 7 - How He Loves Her

I moped for three days. Amanda knew what had happened. She even had the nerve to snicker when I told her. Snicker? It was her fucking fault, and she laughs at me? "You didn't really think you'd keep a woman like her did you, Jamie?" She taunted me on purpose. Why? She did this, and now she taunts me. Like it's my fault.

"So your little woman dumped you," Amanda said as I sat at the kitchen table crying my eyes out for the third time in a week. "Sweetie, not every woman is as understanding as I am. Not every woman wants her boys like I do, all soft and pretty and wearing panties."

"This is your fault," I lashed out. "You...you did this to me!"

"My fault? How many time have we had this discussion, Jamie? My fault. There is the door. Walk out it. Go. Go if you must. Take off your panties and go, I'm not stopping you."

I sat there, unable to move. Wanting to run away, to get as far away from this evil woman as possible, but frozen. I could not even look her in the eye. Was it my fault?

"But I'm...I'm a man," I whispered.

Amanda, shot back at me, her anger rising. She seemed half to be venting that anger at me, half toward some ghost in her own mind. "A man walks out that door, Jamie. A man doesn't let a woman do this to him, Jamie. A man stands up to his mother-in-law, Jamie. A man would not take it. A man would never have let her..."

Her face was flush, her breathing shallow and rapid.

"Let her what, Amanda, what?" What the hell was tormenting her? Mother-in law? What was she talking about? She's not my mother-in law. I just stared at her, bewildered.

"A real man never would have let...let her...mother..."

'My mother'? Had she gone out of her mind? What was she talking about?  
"I...I don't understand."

"Ms. Drake," Imelda's voice from behind me startled me. "Please."

Amanda quickly stood, looked at Imelda, opened her mouth to say something, thought better of it, then changed her mind again. "Why, Imelda, what's it matter? Why can't I?"

"Please, Ms. Drake." Amanda's mouth tightened. "You do what you want. You can. Just you should not. You know...you know it not time."

"Fine, Imelda, it doesn't matter anyway. Let him find out later, it won't change anything, will it. It's too late for that." She stalked out of the room. I had a feeling that this superb woman had just very nearly lost control of herself and was only now stiffly recovering it. I'd complained that I was a man once too often? What was this?

I just stared at Imelda, mouth open. "Imelda, what...what is going on? What was she talking about?" I think a piece of me was grasping at understanding, but just could not quite fathom it.

"She never should have hired you, I told her the resemblance was too close, that she'd get emotionally involved."

"Too close to who?"

"Please, it not matter, Jamie."

"Why? What am I missing? She almost told me, didn't she? Does it have to do with this, what she's doing to me? Why?"

"Jamie, I no can tell you. I work for her, she...she tell when she want, if she want."

"But this is not fair, dammit, I...I have a girlfriend...this is not fair...to me...I have Lisa."

I stormed out of the room, pissed again at both Imelda and Amanda. Who the fuck were they to mess with my life? I was not some toy to play with!

I spent the next week in a funk, depressed. I avoided Amanda and Imelda. I

slept late, did no work around the house. Part of me wanted them to kick me out, to make a decision for me. I was too weak to leave, but I was not going to talk to them.

I went to classes, though that too pissed me off. I had to wear panties-they'd taken all my male underwear, and since I had no cash or credit cards, I couldn't buy anything. I tried going 'naked', but caught myself in my zipper on Tuesday and went back to panties. Maybe I secretly wanted them, I don't know. I slept in them when I didn't have to, maybe I wanted them.

To avoid Amanda and Imelda, I went to a bar every night till I thought they were asleep.

To avoid Lisa, I skipped the college bars, instead going to a lounge nearer Amanda's home.

Friday night, when I got home, slightly...okay...half...mostly crocked, I found Amanda waiting for me. Not in the kitchen, where she often was, or her office, where I'd sat at her feet often, but my bedroom. Not her first time here, but not her usual haunt, either. Rare enough that she startled me, then worried me.

She was standing, arms crossed, a vision of a dominant woman. She was wearing a little black dress, black nylons, heels. Her hair and makeup were done. She looked like she had a date.

"Oh, hi," I said, the first words I'd spoken to her in a week.

"What's the matter with you, James?" Oh, I was James now?

"Nothing," I mumbled.

"You haven't been doing your work for me. All week. Worse, you've been avoiding me, sissy," she said glaring at me, chilling the room with her voice.

I recoiled as if struck; how quickly she went from James to sissy, from the masculine to the submissive.

"Struck a nerve, did I?"

"I'm not a sissy, I've told you that," I shot back.

"Wearing panties?" she quickly retorted.

I looked down.

"You know only women and sissies wear panties, Jamie."

"Why are you doing this to me," I answered, tears in my eyes.

"Imelda didn't tell you then, didn't she? I...I don't really believe I owe you an explanation. I mean, you are free to leave any time you want. Why do you stay? Because I let you date Lisa. That doesn't change what you've become, now does, it, sissy."

My face reddened.

"Sissy," she said again, taunting me now.

"You...you ruined it with her!"

"Your precious Lisa? Ruined it? Don't forget whose home you live in. Here, you're under my control. I didn't ruin it with her, I just forced you to confront something you'd rather not confront. Believe me, you only became a sissy because you want it."

"You wanted it, not me. I don't understand you...what ever happened to you before...I didn't ask for you to do this to me!"

I didn't expect the slap. Her hand stung my face. "You didn't ask? Like you had to ask, Jamie? God, I knew there was a sissy inside you from the moment I first laid eyes on you. You may not have known, but I did. Of course you...you accepted all this," she said sweeping her arms about my feminine room. And if Lisa loves you, she'll accept it. Just like I...it doesn't matter. It's too late for anything else. Trust me, that I know, if nothing else. It's all or nothing now."

"That...that's not fair." God, how I loved Lisa and how it pained me to be away from her. But she'd...she'd asked me to leave. Because I'd...I'd....

"Do you love her?"

"Yes," I answered instantly.

"And if she loves you, she'll accept this part of you. James, I talked to her, remember, I understand her. This will work out if it's meant to work out. I

think, like me, she'll accept it."

Like her? What the hell did she accept? What happened to her? I had my suspicions, but I wasn't sure? Who? Her brother, her lover, her father? Who...she had to have accepted someone. Richard, maybe? No, never, not him. And how could she know Lisa would accept this, accept me?

How?

"That's so...so fatalistic."

"And so full of faith. And she doesn't even know the half of it yet, does she. She saw you in panties. Wait till she sees you in a garter belt. Wait until you wear a dress for her. Or a maid's uniform. If she's who I think she is, she'll want it, even if it scares her. She'll learn what she really wants."

"Just like this is what you want for me?"

"Sweetie, I wanted this for you the second I saw you."

"But I'd never worn panties before. Dammit, I should have rejected you? I thought..."

"Maybe you should have, Jamie. But you didn't, you couldn't. You won't."

Her face softened for the first time that night. "The point is, if she loves you, and if she's anything like well...she'll be back."

"I don't know..."

Amanda walked over to me, put her soft hand on my cheek. "It's out of your hands, sweetie, there's nothing you can do anyway."

I shuddered, lost in the smell of Amanda's perfume washing over me. Amanda leaned closer, her lips touched my ear, kissed it gently. "Trust me, sissy, trust me."

She let go, turned, started to walk away from me. I almost collapsed onto the floor, watching her walk towards the door.

"By the way, Jamie, the reason I came up here was because I have a job for you."

"A job?"

"Yes, you are under my employ, remember? You can try to avoid me, but you've work to do. Richard and I are in my bedroom, I want you to get dressed and bring us a bottle of wine. If you'd been around, maybe you could have done some cleaning too. But, well, here you are now, might as well put you to work. Get dressed."

She swept her hand towards my bed. "Just because your Lisa doesn't want a sissy doesn't mean I'm not going to use you when I need you."

I looked towards the bed and saw a neatly folded pile of clothing, and a few other things.

"The bottle is in the wine chiller. I want it served in half an hour."

I walked towards the bed, the things. A sheer bra with breast forms inside. A white satin shirt, black satin shorts, black hosiery, panties, heels. I was to be a woman, or close to it, serving my employer and her lover. No wig, no makeup...close to a woman...but not quite. No...a sissy. A wig and makeup would make a woman. I was to be a sissy.

Sighing, I undressed. I could not get Lisa out of my mind, looking at the clothing. Would she really accept me like this? A sissy lover? We were really meant for each other? Dammit, fuck Amanda Drake!

Pissed, I picked up the white bra-pocket bra, the tag said. I wrapped the bra around my chest, feeling the heavy tug of the silicone breasts imbedded in the bra. Underneath the bra was a pair of tight white panties. A gaff. Really, something to designed to hide my bulge. In just the bra and panties and already I felt feminine, girl like. I glanced in the mirror, my figure was trim, a little curved. How was Lisa ever going to accept this?

I picked up the pair of black pantyhose that completed the lingerie. Slipping them onto my shaved legs, I could not help but notice how sheer they really were. They made me look even more feminine. But without a wig and makeup, not completely. Sissy, really.

Could I ever be Lisa's girl?

A uniform. Of course, serving my boss, my mistress, and her lover. What

else? I'd worn this one before, recalled hating it. At least in a skirt, I was giving up all pretense of being a man. This, the black satin shorts, the white short sleeved satin blouse, they'd leave me in between worlds. Not quite woman, certainly not a man. They screamed sissy. These were for a sissy.

I'd forgotten how tight the shorts were. I'd never be able to wear them without the gaff. Even with, I thought, they'd never fit if I was endowed even just like a normal man. Shit, as it was, the front of the shorts looked no different than if a woman was wearing them. Small penis tucked away...a feminine front.

The short sleeved blouse served to show off both my artificial chest and my thin arms. Dainty even. Feminine.

Not that the four inch heels didn't have the same effect on my legs, especially with the sheer nylon encasing them. Feminine.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I saw my face. Soft, maybe feminine, but not yet a girl.

Not man or woman. Damn Amanda!

After getting the wine and two glasses from downstairs, passing an Imelda with a satisfied smile on her face, I went upstairs and knocked on Amanda's door.

"Come in," I heard Amanda call.

I walked into the suite of rooms into the softly lit bedroom to find Amanda and Richard relaxing on the bed. Richard was shirtless, wearing only black dress trousers and his socks. Amanda was still in her little black dress, reclining against his bare chest, the fingers of one hand running across the muscles of Richard's hairless tan chest. I didn't know where to look -- Amanda's legs, exposed to the milky white thigh above her stocking tops, Richard's strong chest, the wall.

"Pour us a glass, will you sissy."

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered.

"You're so cruel, Mandy," Richard laughed.

"Am I now? Why, taunting you with such a pretty creature?"

"Oh, she's breathtaking, I'll give you that."

"Hmmm, want to borrow her again?"

Richard chuckled. "She's got a girlfriend."

"Not now she doesn't," Amanda corrected him. "She dumped him."

"Wanted a real man?" Richard asked Amanda, though it also taunted at me.

"I'm not sure, sweetie. I think she's not sure what she wants."

"Well, I know what I want," Richard said, taking Amanda's shoulders into his hands.

"Wait," she giggled, "let me hang my dress up." Amanda stood up. "Help me, Jamie."

I teetered to Amanda on my heels, reached to the back of her neck to undo the zipper of the dress, and helped her step out of the black fabric. "The hanger is in the closet," she ordered. I could hardly move, as my gaze did not want to break away from Amanda's body. She was wearing just a black garter belt and stockings. No bra. No panties. She was amazing.

"Go hang it up, sissy." How I just wanted to gaze at Amanda. How I longed to take the place of Richard, to find Amanda in my arms.

It did not help matters, walking back to the bedroom from the closet, teetering on my heels, my midsection, my crotch held tightly by the satin shorts. The physical reminder of Amanda's punishing feminization of me.

The harsh reminder of-of what? I never asked for this, never wanted this -- dammit, why couldn't I act like a man? Was I really this? A sissy?

Looking at Amanda on the bed with Richard-the now naked Richard, arms wrapped around Amanda, kissing her deeply, I almost cried. How could I ever have this with a woman? I...I never could, could I? Not as a man?

Richard grunted between kisses, nodded his head my way. Amanda looked back, saw me staring at them. At her beautiful body. At Richard's beautiful

body. At his naked cock. "Is she staring at me or you," he asked.

"That's all for this evening, Jamie," she said dismissing me. I left, tears finally forming as I closed her door, forming in front of Imelda who was standing there watching me.

"Shhh, don't cry Jamie. You must know you can never have her."

I walked quickly to my room, Imelda right behind me, watching me as I sank into a chair, watching me cross my legs like a woman, the gaff and my small size making it easy for me to sit ladylike.

"Why does she do this? I...I can be..."

"Be what? Her lover?"

"Yes," I whispered, looking down at my nylon covered legs, which took any conviction from my voice.

Imelda laughed. "Jamie, you can never be that. Look at you...you not man like Richard."

"But I thought she...she likes boys in...in panties."

"She does. But...after her...after her husband passed away...she...she'll never take one as a lover again. For him...for his memory."

"Then why the hell is she doing this to me? Dammit, Imelda, she was practically fucking Richard with me standing there."

"She do that with her husband too."

"What? Why?"

"Remind him his place. That he sissy, not man."

"She...she...did that in front of her husband?"

Imelda nodded. "In front of sissy, yes."

I was confused. She once made love to other men in front of her husband? Her husband was a sissy? Like me? I couldn't deal with that! I couldn't deal with any of this!

"But I'm a man," I tried again. Imelda looked at me, smiling.

"Are you? Is that why Lisa no talk to you? You too much man for her?"

"Imelda, I love her," I cried again. "Don't you see, I just want...I just want to be her boyfriend, to be normal for her."

"That Ms. Drake's point. You can't be that. If Lisa love you, she must love sissy." Imelda shook her head, turned and left the room, leaving me crying on the couch.

I slept there on the couch, crying myself to sleep, too sad to even get up and go to my bedroom, only kicking off my heels and covering myself with a blanket to ward off the cold. Maybe I was punishing myself for being so weak.

Lisa had to love a sissy. She did, she had to! But I never wanted to be a sissy yet here I was all the same. Hoping Lisa could somehow love this, love me.

The following Saturday I was sitting at my now usual table at the bar near home, doing my usual, drinking to escape my problems. I was too weak, too cowardly to just leave Amanda's. I was a fucking sissy, wasn't I? A man would put up with this? Never!

Lisa. Oh, fuck, Lisa! I looked up, assumed I was having a vision. Lisa? It was Lisa. Sitting down half way across the room from me. With a guy. Was she...was she on a date? No way!

My love?

I started to get up, to get out of there. I couldn't face her like this. But realized I could not without passing right by them. I sat there, willing the floor to open up and swallow me.

Lisa's date, if that's what he was, got up and walked to the bar. He was tall, muscular. His light blue shirt was painted on over his muscles. I sighed. A man. I recognized a man when I saw one.

By now, I was stewing, watching them talk, flirt. Casual touches, arm against arm. She touched his chest when she laughed at something he said.

They kissed. I watched his tan arm move around her back as he kissed her. I

thought of Richard and Amanda. I stirred.

I felt it in my panties. I stirred. The pink panties I was wearing under my pants. He kissed her and I was getting an erection. I closed my eyes, pictured her naked body. I thought of kissing it. I thought of Amanda. Richard's erect cock pressing against her leg. Hard, big. I felt my little cock stir again.

I swallowed hard. Richard. Amanda. Lisa. Her date. A mental image, Lisa on her back, this muscled man on top of her. Fucking her.

I was erect now. Sissy. You'll never be her man. Stop! Stop thinking like that.

Lisa stood up. Had my eyes been closed? Had she seen me? She was walking right towards me.

"James," she said by way of hello, her tender eyes almost apologizing for the awkward situation. "I'm sorry, I...I didn't know you were here."

"It...it's okay, Lisa," I said, trying to will myself to shrink. "I...I miss you."

"I know." She was sweet. "I...I just don't know if..."

We were watching each other, when suddenly some guy bumped into her, spilling his drink onto the side of her blouse and skirt. Without thinking I quickly grabbed the napkin from my lap and handed it to her. She just stared. She took the napkin in her hand but stared at me.

I looked down...What the...my crotch. She was staring at...at my erection. Lisa looked back to the table where the guy she was with was sitting. Back to me, then down to my pants.

"Lisa, I..."

Lisa looked back at her date, then down at my crotch, at my erection. "Um, Jamie, I...I have to get back to Mark."

And with that, Lisa and I looked at each other awkwardly, until she walked back to her date. They spoke, smiled, paid their bill and left. It took me ten minutes to be physically able to stand up and go.

That night I dreamed of Amanda and Lisa and Richard and Mark. Women,

men, sissy.

I saw Lisa the following week in the library where I was doing some work. She wanted to talk. She said we needed to talk.

"We need to talk."

"Okay." Did we ever. Not that I knew how to talk. Not that butterflies were not dancing in my stomach over what I knew had to be the subject matter of our discussion. "Here?"

"No, no, not here," Lisa answered toying with a loose strand of hair. "Somewhere, more private. Can we drive over to my place? I'm done for the day anyway, and well, it's quieter."

Into the lion's den where she'd caught me wearing panties? Sure...let me just go hang myself first.

We drove over separately. I kept saying a few words in my head. "Lisa, I love you." "Lisa, I'm so sorry." "Lisa, I'll never do it again." Would one of those win her back?

I guessed I'd promise anything. I had to...I loved her.

The smell of Lisa's apartment hit my nose as soon as she opened the door and walked in. The feminine smell. Lisa's smell. I wanted her so badly.

We sat down across from one another, Lisa on a chair, me on the couch. I'd have almost rather sat next to her, as across from her I could not help but stare at the length of her legs exposed by her skirt when she sat.

"Lisa, I...I want to explain," I started.

"No, wait Jamie, please, hear me out first." I just wanted to cry.

"Jamie, I've been thinking a lot over the last few weeks...I'm not even sure where to start or what to think. I...I'm sorry, I'm kind of uncomfortable talking about this."

"Lisa, I should apologize...I..." She held up her hand again, stopping me.

"No...please...this is my fault, let me finish." Her fault? What was she talking about?

"Your fault...how is this your fault?"

"How? I'd been teasing you...I called your underwear panties, I'm not even sure what came over me...what I was thinking when I said those things. It's just that...our love making was so...so different...from any man I've ever been with, from...from anything I've ever experienced...I know felt it too...I guess I should have been flattered that you'd actually put on panties for me. That you'd do something like that to please me."

I tilted my head. She lost me. Please her? What was she saying? That I'd put on panties for...for her? "Put on panties for you?"

"Really, Jamie, you thought you'd pay attention to what your woman wants, and you actually went so far as to wear panties for me because you heard me say I wanted you to. And I rejected you....sweetie, I'm so sorry." A tear was forming in her eye.

"But you...you think..."

"Yes, you do something no man would ever do and I get mad...what kind of girlfriend am I? That's my fault."

I still wasn't quite getting it. "But you kicked me out?"

"I know love, and I'm sorry. Making love with you is so confusing...I mean, it's the best, sweetest, most tender sex I've ever had...and I admit, I...I actually did picture you as a girl a few times. I don't know...you must think I'm a freak."

Her the freak? Fuck...what the fuck...this was unreal.

"You pictured me as a girl when we were making love?" My head was starting to hurt from the spinning. Clearly the world was tilted.

"I don't know what it is, Jamie, I just never met someone like you...and when we...when we make love...it so different than anything I've ever done with a man...I admit I did fantasize about you in panties, and it did feel so...so feminine. But I guess it just sort of weirder me out a little to see it...I think I was afraid of my own feelings. Will...will you forgive me?"

"Of course, Lisa," I almost shouted. Then I thought of Mark. "You...you want

to get back together?"

"If you'll have me," she said shyly.

"What about...about that guy?"

"Mark? I know...I'm sorry...he's like...this is funny, but, he's just like the men I dated before, strong, masculine, but...missing something. Missing what you have. He's nothing like you." By which she must mean soft, feminine, of course. Lisa stood up, walked to the couch, sat down next to me and looked into my eyes. "Will you forgive me?"

How could I argue with her?

"Why did you go out with him, then," I asked, thinking I should just forgive her, but unable to stop myself from asking the question.

Lisa moved her hand to my hair, toyed with it. "I guess seeing you in panties kind of scared me. At the same time it excited me, it scared me. I ran from that, afraid to admit how much it made me happy. I just kind of ran as far as I could."

To a man, she meant. As far away from a sissy, of course. Should I ask it? "As far away?"

"Yes, I...when I saw you as kind of feminine, so I guess I just kind of ran to...well, to a man."

"A man," I repeated softly, feeling a stir inside my pants.

"Not that you're not...a..." she could not say it.

"What, a man?" That came out harsher than I wanted. She was questioning my manhood? Of course.

"Sweetie, don't be mad, I told you, I love you how you are, I can't even picture you any other way. Believe me, that's what makes you special to me. Jamie, please, just...forget about him...forget about trying to be all macho...I love you how you are." She kissed my cheek. "Please, will you forgive me?"

"Yes," I whispered, not trusting my voice, feeling her soft hand where it rested on my bare arms.

"James, I swear, I am in love with you," she said, leaning to kiss me. God, that soft passionate kiss. Those wet lips, that tender mouth. That mouth that was kissing a man last week. That mouth, the woman I loved.

"Jamie," she said, finally breaking our kiss after several minutes and just before my hands got to the front of her shirt, her breasts, "will you...will you still do that for me. Can we...can we try again?"

"Try what?" Right now, as emasculated as I was, my upper brain was not quite functioning. Little Jamie was the one doing the "thinking" this second. Thinking just of Lisa's breasts.

"Will you..." she was embarrassed, "you know...do what you did before?"

I looked at her puzzled, thought process stuck between my pants and my head.

Lisa looked down shyly. "Will...will you wear a pair of panties for me?"

I started to shake...both heads reeling! She fucking wanted me to wear panties. "You...you want me to wear panties...now...but...I thought we...you know...could kind of..." I was thinking of make up sex.

"I...I know...will you...wear panties...while we..." She looked towards the bedroom.

"You want me to," I gulped, "wear...wear panties while me make love." My god, that sounded so deviant out loud. Yet the word panties from her mouth sounded so erotic.

"Yes, please," she whispered a little more aggressively. "I..." She took a deep breath, gathering something inside her. "I want you to wear my panties while we make love."

I almost ejaculated. Fuck! How the hell could I say no to that? "Um, o...okay," I answered trying to sound reluctant, though it was apparent I was quite eager.

She quickly jumped up and tugged me to the bedroom, almost as if needing this before she lost some nerve.

"Why...why do you want me to...I thought you didn't like it," I asked her as

she led me by the hand to her bedroom.

"I never said that," she said, sitting me down on the bed. "It was a shock, yes, but I told you...I don't know...it's hard to explain..." She sat down next to me.

"Lisa, I..."

She kissed my forehead, then my lips. "I told you before, making love to you is so different than having sex with a man..."

The corners of my mouth tightened.

"No, that sounded bad, I'm sorry. Not that you're not a man, or anything, you just are so tender, it...its almost like making love to a woman."

"You thought of me as...as a woman." Like this was surprising.

"Honestly, a little, yes," she actually blushed. "Maybe I'm just playing out some fantasy in my mind, I don't know. It was almost like I was experimenting, making love to a woman, but...but safe somehow, because it's you instead. And then you actually pick up on this and try to wear panties for me..." She kissed me again.

"You don't see me as a man?"

She bit her lip. "That sounds so...harsh, sweetie. It's not that, I mean...I know you're not a woman...but..." She didn't answer the question. That was answer enough.

"But I'm not a man like some of the men you've been with, right? So you can fantasize that you're making love to a woman."

"I don't know why I was mad. You're so special, Jamie. Please, you were willing to indulge me once, can we try again?"

I gulped. Could we try again? I would have worn a dancing bear costume to try again with Lisa. But she didn't want a dancing bear costume. She wanted panties. "Sissy," I thought, Amanda's voice suddenly running through my consciousness. She wanted me to be a woman. She wanted me to be a sissy. Both of them.

"Please," she asked again, kissing my neck, my face, "please try again."

"O...okay," I nervously answered. Then, "Yes."

Lisa kissed me deeply on the mouth. So much passion. Just because I said yes. Oh, god. Finally breaking away to walk to her dresser, to open her drawer of lingerie. She pulled out something, dropped something on her dresser, turned to me, holding a pair of white satin, lace trimmed panties in her hands. The look on her face was so innocent, so inviting, so seductive. She really wanted me to wear those panties, her panties, her pretty panties for her.

"Lisa, are you sure you want me to wear..." I was still having trouble saying it in front of her.

"Sweetie, please, yes. I want you to wear my panties. You...you did this once before and I rejected you. I promise you, I won't again. Yes, I...I really want you to. You don't have to be shy, I...I know a man would never even consider this...but...please." The way she said please...I could not resist even if I wanted to resist. The veiled reference to my lack of manhood was too much.

I tried not to shake when I nodded that I would. She smiled an incredible smile, walked towards me, handed me the satin panties. The tension was thick in the air between us, the panties electric in our hands. Touching the satin, it dawned on me that I had a problem. I was wearing panties right now! Not as pretty, but pink cotton. Women's panties. I...I couldn't let her see that, not yet...she...she'd wonder...maybe even reject me again. I looked around the room, tension rising in me.

Lisa saw the fear in my eyes, mistaking it for nerve. "Sweetie, I...I'm sorry, you...you must be a little uncomfortable, I know. Why...why don't you go into the bathroom and change, I know you probably want some privacy getting ready, don't you?"

"Yes," I said a bit too relieved. I was walking a dangerous line here.

"I thought so. Then I can make myself look pretty while you're in there doing the same."

"Pretty," I gulped.

"Yes, I want to look pretty for you too...fair's fair, right? If you're going to be pretty for me, I should be pretty for you, too." She picked up whatever she'd

placed on the dresser, something for her to slip into, I presumed.

"Okay," I said, starting to walk to the bathroom, my back to her.

"Wait, Jamie, will you..." She had what had been folded up in her hands unfolded, held out to show me. I looked at the white satin, spaghetti strap garment. The lace around the bra cups and alongside the slit on the left side. I looked down at the panties in my hand. The lace. The lace matched what was in her hands. The panties matched the baby doll she was holding outwards towards me. They were a set. This wasn't for her to wear. Oh my God, she meant it for me.

"You...you want..." My throat tightened. That baby doll was not meant for her. Whatever she was going to do to look pretty, that baby doll was not a part of it.

"Will you wear this, too? Please? It will look so pretty with the panties."

That softly spoken word again. Panties. I melted.

"You...you don't have to," she said quickly, probably wondering if she'd pushed me too far, "but...it just...matches so nice...you'll...you'll look so...so...pretty." The last word passed her lips with a hint of hunger. A hint of desire. Something she wanted, needed.

There must have been a hunger in my eyes as well. She just walked forward and handed it to me, eyes down, almost embarrassed. "It will just take me a few minutes...I...I'll call you," she said.

I went to the bathroom, now holding both the baby doll and the matching panties that belonged to my girlfriend. Unlike almost any man, well, really, any man, I wasn't hoping to see them on her, I was already feeling a longing to try them on myself! But I wasn't a sissy, dammit. Right?

I kept telling Amanda. I was not a sissy. I did not want this. She made me, that's the only reason. I could not say no to Amanda. But I could say no to Lisa, and I didn't. In fact, I wanted it. I wanted to wear this, I felt it, the need, the desire.

I closed the bathroom door, leaned back against it, trying to catch my breath. Not for the first time, I thought this was a terrible mistake. I wanted to be her lover, but her masculine lover, right? I could be...I should be, a

man for her, not this. I thought of Imelda's words, if Lisa was going to accept me, it would only be as a sissy. How could she know that? Was it true? Was this it, a sissy or nothing? She wanted this? Did she really? Would she reject me again?

I suppose I had to find out. I undressed, careful to hide my own panties by wrapping them up in my pants. I was surprised I wasn't hard, given the extreme sexual tension I felt. I knew I was excited, sexually, but I wasn't erect. I must be close to it, but not close enough yet. Or was it the feminine feelings? Was that stopping it?

I stepped into Lisa's panties, pulled the delicate satin up my legs, carefully over my hairless legs, tucking my...my what...my cock...my clitty...my little thing...into the crotch of the satin panties. I paused, shaking my head at the bizarre situation. Was it a cock? A man would have been hard as a hammer, thoughts of fucking Lisa rushing hormones, blood, excitement to his cock. A man would not be tucking his flaccid little organ into satin panties. How could I call it a cock? It was soft, small. Not very masculine...nothing masculine here. This is what she wanted.

I slipped the baby doll over my slim chest. Looking in the mirror, I realized that, except for the lack of a bust, my figure was quite feminine. Slim, lithe, soft. I realized just how easy it was for me to look like a woman. I looked more womanly in women's clothes than I did manly in men's clothes. Add make up, styled hair, breasts, I'd certainly pass. Is this what she saw? When I was naked, was it easier for her to picture me a woman than a man? How could it not be?

My god. My hair was already getting a bit longer, at Amanda's direction. If it was styled...even flat chested, even in just a baby doll and panties I was almost a woman. Almost? I looked feminine. Without makeup, breasts, hair, I still looked feminine. Soft. Tender.

Waiting for Lisa to call, I started to sit on the toilet seat -- too cold, so instead I just leaned on the counter, looking into the sink, biting my lip. I was as nervous as a bride must be on her wedding night, I thought not without irony. How many brides waited in the bathroom on that special night, nervous to go out?

Gazing at my reflection in the mirror, I thought, what the hell. I picked up a

bottle of Calvin Kline Eternity perfume sitting by the sink, squirted myself like I'd seen other women...well, real women, do. I inhaled the sweet scent, breathing, letting the scent wash over me, the femininity wash over me.

Was I going too far? She had not called yet. Might as well...I...she wanted this, right? There was a bottle of mousse on the counter. A dab in my hand, into my hair, messing it up, trying to make it look feminine.

Fuck, looking at myself -- thin, satin covering my skin, the scent, the tossed hair...this went too far! I was going to shock her again. I really did look like a woman!

"Jamie," Lisa called from the bedroom. "Are you ready?"

I realized it was now or never. Too late to change anything back. If I did not walk out of the bathroom and into the bedroom like I was dressed now, I might as well throw my own clothes on and storm out. If I loved Lisa, I had to go out there now, dressed as I was. I don't know that I could ever be a "man", not now, not after what Amanda had done to me. I had to take this chance. She'd never see me as a man...not once I opened that door.

I slowly opened the door, walked into the bedroom. The lights were off, the shade drawn. The only light came from candles she'd lit and placed around the room. It was romance, pure romance. And I was the woman.

Lisa sat on the edge of the bed, one leg tucked beneath her, the other tanned leg hanging to the ground. She was waiting anxiously for me. She was beautiful.

Lisa was dressed in pink, a pink chiffon baby doll, slit right up the middle, cupping her breasts gently. I was suddenly jealous of her breasts. I could just see a glimpse of her pink panties, covering her womanhood, her temple.

I heard her gasp when she looked up at me. I'd over done it! I almost turned right back into the bathroom, but managed to hold for a second. "Jamie, you...you're so pretty," Lisa said, standing up gracefully, taking two steps towards me. She paused, sucked in a harsh breath, then practically jumped to me, taking me in her arms, mouth desperately seeking mine, kissing me. Her first kiss was almost violent, needy, but she slowed down, became gentler, and tugged me towards the bed. The kiss was acceptance.

"Lisa," I started, "I feel..."

"Pretty, please say pretty," she pulled me sitting down with her. "You look pretty, you smell pretty. Please, tell me you feel pretty." She looked a bit shy again.

"Is...is this what you want? Your boyfriend to be pretty?"

"Yes."

"I...I can't lie...I...I do feel...god, pretty."

"Shhh," she said, kissing me again. "Please, before I lose my own nerve, Jamie, just...just be a girl for me."

Her girl? Now -- today? Or always? What did she want from me? My brain was trying to think rationally, but her mouth on mine, her breasts pushing into my chest, satin, chiffon, feminine, woman...they...I was losing focus. Thinking of her...thinking of being her woman.

"Make love to me like a woman," she whispered as she licked my ear.

I was overcome. I...I was her girl. I surrendered to her, to the feminine hormones that seemed to pulsate through me.

We kissed and kissed. Touched. We were two...two women...we were one...one woman.

I was on my back, Lisa on top of me, kissing my neck. "You're so pretty," she said, licking me. She kneaded my chest through the satin baby doll. Her hand wandered down my stomach. I lay back, letting her make love to me, to lick and explore me, to make me feel truly like a girl.

I was lost in it, in her. I felt her hand move towards the waistband of my panties, and I suddenly realized I still was not really hard. Swollen, yes, but not erect at all. I tried to sit up, turn her over, the male part of my brain unwilling to admit that there was some feminine part of me at work here. The male part ashamed to have a soft lump for her to find.

"No, just lay back, sweetie," she said, her hand moving lower.

"Wait, I..." But her hand was on me, on my mound, over my flaccid penis.

"Oh," she gasped.

"Lisa, I'm sorry," I said, trying again to sit up, fearful she was going to realize I was a freak. I should have been erect, so excited, not so small.

"You...you're so soft," she said, smiling, hand rubbing my crotch through my panties.

"I'm sorry," I blurted out.

"Oh, sweetie, no, it's okay. You're small anyway, I mean, it's not like you're as big as...I mean...you're not like a...I don't want this to sound bad or offend you, but..." she giggled, "it's so cute."

"Cute?"

"Cute, like...like a girl," she was rubbing me. "Come on, don't give me that look, Jamie, I mean that in a nice way. You are kind of small, you know. This...this is what a girl should find in another girl's panties, a soft mound, not a...um...not a cock."

As if on cue, I started to swell a little more. She felt it with her palm, through the panties, which caused her to laugh.

"See, you like being a girl, don't you." The tone of her voice was strange, both harsh, yet tender, dominating but seductive. So much that I thought of Amanda.

"This is just a little weird, Lisa."

Lisa pushed me back into the bed, climbing on top of me, her own soft mound on top of mine, massaging me. She licked my ear, kissed, it, tugged it. "Do you want to stop? Or do you want to keep being my girl?"

Her humping was driving me wild. Stop? I did not want to do anything that might make her stop.

"Oh, Jamie," she moaned again, continuing to hump my panties. "I...I don't even understand this myself, but...but this makes me so hot...I..." She shuddered, a miniature orgasm washing over her.

"Lisa..." I too moaned feeling the heat inside her.

"You like it, you like it. Being my girl."

"Yes," I answered, not thinking, still swelling.

"Hmmm," she rocked back and forth. "You're getting more excited. You like being my girl. I can feel your...I don't know what to call it, something small." she laughed.

I moaned again, shaking more.

She focused on my eyes, while her own orgasm washed away. She focused on turning me on. "Oh, that turns you on, does it? Hearing me talk like that? Telling you how small you are?"

Fuck, what was she doing to me? I just rolled my eyes back, moaned, "Liiisssaaaa."

She giggled. "You like hearing you're not a man? How you have such a small little...pussy?"

"Lisa!" I tried to sound angry, but my lustful thrusts were too intense.

"Hmmm, hit a nerve?" She was kissing me again, going faster, going towards her own edge. What was she doing...her self discovery was killing me.

"So much smaller than any man I've been with, little girl." Her voice sounded in my mind too much like Amanda's.

"Please, Lisa," I begged.

She sounded like she was orgasming again, her moaning, her humping.

"Stop?" she asked me, no longer moving, pleasure moving over her. Even teasing me she was concerned about me.

Stop? God no. "No, no, please, no...no...don't stop," I begged, suddenly conscious of the feeling of Lisa's breasts rubbing on my chest through our baby dolls. Feeling conscious of the soft satin, the chiffon, her hair, our scent, the perfume.

"Ohhhh," Lisa moaned, shuddering again, a bit more violently, the waves of orgasm washing over her for a second time, twice for her, none for me. As

she let the orgasm run through her, she slowed down her dry humping on my crotch. I was shaking myself, pleased, erotic energy running through me, but not enough to orgasm. I could if she continued, but I could not get close enough, it was elusive, out of reach.

She was moving slower and slower, her own orgasm subsiding. Leaving me.

"Lisa, please...please don't stop," I begged, shaking, knowing just a few more minutes and I'd go over the edge too.

"Just...just a minute," she cooed, kissing my neck again, my chest, gently lifting her panties off mine, leaving me there...to just enjoy her mouth on my skin.

"Lisa...please...can I..."

"No," she giggled, "let me kiss you. Just relax, let me...let me make love to you like a woman. Just, trust me."

She kissed down my stomach, her tongue a hot flame licking downward, teasing me, taunting me, until she was kissing the front of my panties.

"Oh, Lisa," I moaned, pressing my hips towards her.

She laughed. "You...you really do look so pretty dressed up in my panties, Jamie, in my lingerie."

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh," I moaned loudly.

Lisa's voice got a serious tone. "You...you like being my girl, don't you?"

"What...what do you mean?"

She sat up, looked at me. "I mean, you are doing this for me, I know I asked you, but, but you like it, god, you love it."

I just looked at her, afraid to acknowledge just how close to the truth she was.

Her hands...her hands were my undoing. They moved slowly to the front of my panties, slowly, gently, erotically, rubbing me.

"You like it don't you?"

I still did not answer. Lisa stopped touching me.

"Lisa!"

"Answer me," she said, quietly, but clearly a command. An order.

"Lisa...what...?"

"Do you like it? Do you?" She wasn't moving her hands.

"Yes, yes," I sighed, "please, don't stop." I was immediately rewarded by her light massaging of my crotch and shook, pleurably.

"Do you really like this," she asked, removing her hand from the panties I was wearing.

"Yes, god yes, Lisa." I was rewarded with her hand on them again, lightly massaging me.

"Jamie, I...I love you."

The hormones must have been flooding through me, clouding my brain. I felt desperate to cum, to orgasm. We'd started making love as two women, but Lisa had somehow stumbled onto something more.

"You're so cute, Jamie, it's...this is like a truth serum."

"You're teasing me," I protested while she played with me through my panties.

"A little." She moved down again, until her mouth was hovering over my swollen penis covered by the satin. "This is how women make love, though, isn't it?" She started kissing me through the panties. "So tender, using their mouths. I kind of like this, making love to my girlfriend."

I was shaking and moaning, my hands somewhat involuntarily running over the satin front of the baby doll I was wearing. I was her girlfriend.

Lisa looked up at me while licking. "Hmmm, that's it lover, play with your breasts."

"Please, Lisa, don't," I begged, her words almost too much.

"What, don't you want breasts?" Her mouth did not go back to my panties. She was waiting for an answer. Her teasing, no playing without an answer.

"I...I don't know," I answered as honestly as I could.

She giggled, licked the front of my panties. "I guess that will do. At least you're honest." She licked again, watching me shudder. "Of course, a man would have said no." She kissed me again before moving on the bed so that one leg was under mine, arranging ourselves so that our crotches were touching through our panties, facing one another.

She started humping me again. "Jamie," she whispered seductively, "rub your pussy on mine."

I was moaning and humping her now, almost unaware of anything in the room beyond her. What was she doing to me? Why...why was she enjoying this?

Before I could even begin to think, it ended for me. I erupted in one of the most powerful orgasms I've ever had in my life. I erupted rubbing against her, cumming on her like a bitch in heat....cumming on her as she orgasmed too, together with me.

We both shook, moaned, became one until she collapsed on top of me, a tangled mess of limbs and satin.

Ten minutes...fifteen...finally.

"Lisa...what...what happened," I asked, unable to wrap my mind around the passion I felt for her.

"I...I don't know...that...that was amazing," she stretched, still tangled up in me.

"I mean, I didn't want...are you...are you okay?"

"Okay? My god Jamie...that...that was amazing."

"Amazing...you're not mad at me?"

"Mad, why would I be mad at you?"

"I...I don't know...I guess...I mean...you said...I said I was a girl...how...how can you...how can you love me?"

"Jamie," she protested, "I'm the one that asked you to do this. How could I not. My god, I...I've never felt so close to someone."

"But you had sex with me like I was a woman...how can I...how can you...how can I be a man for you?"

"I don't know Jamie...honestly, this is kind of confusing for me too. I made love to you like you were a woman. Forget about you, you were just doing what I asked. Think of me. What the heck does that make me? A lesbian?"

She'd made me a girl! As if! "Do...do you like other girls, Lisa?"

"I've never been with a woman, Jamie."

That did not answer my question and I told her so.

"Do I like girls? I...I don't know...maybe. I know I loved making love to you."

"Like I was a girl?"

"Yes," she blushed. "But we've always...um...kind of done it like that, haven't we?"

"Not with me wearing panties!"

"No, maybe not, but I would be lying if I said I didn't think about it. A lot."

"About making love to me like I'm a woman?"

"Yes," she blushed.

"How often do you think about that?"

"Sweetie, I do love you."

"How often?"

"Well, um," she bit her lip, "almost every time since the first time."

"And you thought of making love to a woman before me?"

"Yes." She admitted it nervously.

"So what...so you're a lesbian," I asked. "Where does that leave me?"

"I don't know Jamie...I...I love you...besides I...I can't be a lesbian...I mean...I'm attracted to men...I like sex with men."

"Like Mark."

"Sure," she answered before getting quiet. "I...I'm sorry...I didn't mean to...I mean...we were...."

I stiffened a little, realizing what she meant. "You slept with him." It was a statement, not really an accusation.

"Yes, yes. I...I'm not going to lie to you. We...we were..."

"On a break," I asked.

"Yes."

Lisa's toned leg was mashed up against my crotch, against the softness in my panties.

"But he fucked you. Like...like a man."

"Jamie...please...I didn't do that to hurt you!"

"And...and you know...you know you are not a lesbian because you like sex with men, right?"

"Yea," she answered warily.

"A man like Mark fucking you."

"Jamie!"

"But...but you don't like sex with me, do you?"

"Sweetie, I just loved having sex with you."

"Not like that...not like...not like a man fucking you!"

Lisa did not move or answer for a good minute. "What do you want me to

say, Jamie? That I like a man fucking me? Is that what you want to hear? Or do you want me to lie to you? I'm not going to lie, okay? Of course, I like a man fucking me."

"Lisa I didn't mean it."

"No, you did...well, let me finish. Okay, I admit it...I know I'm not a lesbian because I really do like sex with a man. Yes, I had sex with Mark, while we were not talking to each other. That's what you wanted to hear? How good he is in bed?" I could not tell if she was angry. Hurt, maybe?

He leg never moved from my crotch. So she felt it. She felt me swelling through the panties.

"Well, he...he's okay. But I don't love him, I love you. Don't try to compete with some man that meant nothing to me but a great fuck."

"But you don't like it with me...didn't you say that?"

"I said...I thought you understood...you are such a good lover as ...as...well...like this...as a woman. Please Jamie, I don't really understand this myself...how am I to explain it to you?"

"Am I really that bad a lover," I asked.

"Jamie..."

"Please, Lisa, I answered your questions..."

"You're the best girl lover I've ever had."

"Lisa, I'm serious."

"You mean as..."

"Yes, as a man. I'm not a good lover like a man, am I? Like Mark?"

"It's not like..."

"Lisa...I have to know."

"Sweetie, I like this better." By now there was no hiding my swollen cock. She giggled now. "But you like being my girl, don't you?" Lisa started rubbing her leg over my swelling crotch.

My voice cracked. "Yes." She had the tables turned, was asking the questions.

"Let someone else be the man, Jamie, just be my lesbian lover."

I shuddered more violently, and before I knew what happened I was shaking, squirting, suddenly orgasming again.

"That's my sissy," she said softly, "that's my girl."

And drifting off to sleep with Lisa's sweet mumblings playing in my head.

I woke up still tangled up with Lisa who herself was sleeping peacefully. Her arm was draped over me. I could not help looking at her. Gazing at her face, I wondered for the hundredth time, what I had done to deserve her, what was I doing, and how the hell was I going to make peace between my situation at Amanda's and my situation with Lisa. I loved her, but I was still infatuated with Amanda. Somehow I doubted this would turn out well.

I feared I'd lose both, trying to keep each happy. Looking at Lisa's beautiful face, conscious of the lingerie between us, I somehow knew I had to choose Lisa. But how?

I heard Lisa's breathing change, she started to stir; she must not have been sleeping that deeply. "Hmmmgggff," she said, stretching, trying to untangle her legs from mine. In a way I hoped she'd stay asleep, so I could avoid this unpleasant scene, given my post orgasm loss of libido, when suddenly being dressed in my girlfriend's lingerie was not so appealing.

"Shhh, you don't have to wake up," I whispered.

She twisted her head, stretched, her hand landing on my chest, on my nipple, which she started slowly rubbing through the satin baby doll. "I wasn't just saying that before," she flicked my nipple. "You really do look pretty in lingerie."

"Lisa...I...this feels weird." That's right, assert your manhood. Sure, that will work. "Pretty? I mean, that...that's a strange thing to say to a man." I kind of gulped when I said that, putting little conviction behind the words. Man? Now I was going to try to be a man? After everything Amanda had made me do for her? After earlier, now dressed like this.

Lisa had been looking me in the eyes, but looked down, as if embarrassed herself. "I'm sorry, Jamie. I...I thought you liked this...I didn't mean to...I don't know what came over me."

Good, fuck it up again. She rejects me, then accepts me back, and I'm following it up with rejection.

"Lisa...I...I did like it...it's just that...we...I mean, this is a little weird, that's all."

"I know." She still wouldn't look up at me.

I frowned. "Do you really think I look...pretty in this...this outfit," I swallowed.

Lisa tilted her head back up, doe eyes so innocently staring into mine. "Yes, I James, I do."

"Lingerie, though? Seriously, Lisa, I...I don't mind, but what man would..."

"What man would wear lingerie? I...I don't know," she quickly answered.

"You...you never did this with a man before?"

"No, of course not, Jamie. None of the men I dated would have let me do this to them. Say things to them... but they...they were not like that."

"Not like what?"

Lisa sensually toyed with my nipples. "Soft, sensual, loving, caring, sweet, tender..."

"You sound like you're describing a woman, Lisa."

She didn't respond, but continued to play with my nipples through the satin until they hardened. Finally, "I know. Jamie, I just thought...you know, you did this for me, so, well, if this isn't okay...I mean..."

"What, you want me to wear your panties home, too," I asked joking.

She looked up, a mischievous grin in her eyes. "If...if you want...I mean, if you're willing...I think it would be kind of cute...a little reminder of me?"

"Okay, okay, if...if you insist." Insist? Internally I was jumping up and down. But why? Amanda and panties. Lisa and panties. Imelda and panties. This should be disgusting to me...but I was thrilled.

I was thrilled.

I walked into through Amanda's rear door into the kitchen, practically floating. My afternoon with Lisa was in one respect disturbing, but I had her back. My joy was short-lived. Amanda saw to that.

"Where the hell have you been, Jamie," Amanda demanded, walking into the kitchen.

"Um...I...I was at school," I said, only lying by omission. Something made me hold back the little detail about spending time with Lisa.

"You, sissy, had a list of chores to do before five this afternoon."

I remembered that list. Nothing too heavy, but...she was right...there were things to do. Instead of spending the afternoon with Lisa, I was supposed to be here, working for Amanda.

"I...I forgot."

"Forgot? Did you somehow mistake me for a normal employer? Forgot? You are not asked to do much, thus I expect all to be done when told!"

"I'm sorry, Amanda," I said, whispering the rest under my breath, "for gods sake."

"My office now!" I guess I didn't say it as quietly as I thought.

Amanda grabbed me by the ear and dragged me out of the kitchen, down the hall to her office. She was clearly pissed. Wonderful. Just fucking wonderful!

"Amanda, that hurts." Her nails were digging into my ear.

"Amanda? It's Miss Drake to the help, and this is not going to hurt as much as your ass is when I'm done."

The click clack of her heels on the hardwood was ominous and foreboding.

"Miss Drake, please...I'm sorry, I really am."

"Hmmm," she said, pushing me into the office. "Over there, lean over, hands on the desk."

I assumed a submissive position on her desk while she went around and used the intercom. "Imelda, he's back. We are in my office; please bring a crop down here."

"Yes, Ma'am," Imelda answered pleasantly, as if relishing the thought.

"Drop your pants, Jamie," she ordered me.

I stood up, unbuckled my belt, started to lower my pants. "Miss Drake, please," I said, turning to look at her.

"Eyes forward," she hissed. I sighed, lowered my pants, and resumed standing submissively, my ass out, an inviting target.

Waiting was intolerable. I wondered if the anticipation of a spanking was worse. No...no, the spanking would be worse, I'm sure.

"Here you are Miss Drake," I heard Imelda say.

"Thank you Imelda. He's getting twenty strokes. Ten for being late and ten for not addressing me properly. Perhaps you'd like to watch and count."

"Oh, yes Miss Drake."

I heard Amanda walk closer to me. I did not know when the first blow would come, so I was tense, gripping the edge of the desk tightly. Nothing. Nothing. I was starting to shake...one can only be tense for so long, but no blow came. I was holding my breath, finally released it, tension draining.

WHACK!

**"Ouch," I yelled from the surprise blow. I'd started relaxing.**

"One," Imelda called out.

Fuck that hurt!

WHAM! "Two."

"Hmmm," I groaned. She was not playing around. This really fucking hurt!

"Miss Drake, his panties," Imelda said just before the third blow landed making me grunt louder.

"I see that, Imelda." See that? My panties...my panties...what about my panties? Oh, shit, they were Lisa's panties. "Jamie, where did you get those panties?"

"My...my drawer," I lied.

Two rapid swipes immediately followed.

"Four, five," Imelda called out.

"No, only four, Imelda," Amanda said, "she's getting double while she lies."

Oh, fuck, my ass was burning already at four. How much of this could I take?

"Where did you get the panties," Amanda demanded, "I did not buy those for you."

"I...I don't know," I said.

Three more blows, all on the same spot, but me on the verge of tears.

"Five," Imelda said quietly. I sensed a shared pain in her voice.

"Ouch, shit, please...please, they...they are Lisa's, I gasped.

Whack! "Six." Only one blow, but oh how it burned.

"You stole Lisa's panties," Amanda asked incredulously. Two more blows. That made seven officially. I was ready to cry.

"Please," I begged.

"You fucking sissy panty thief." Her next blow was delivered upwards, directly onto my penis.

"Ohhhhhhh," I cried loudly, almost falling over. "Ms. Drake!"

"Eight," Imelda called out.

I could not take twelve of those! I'd pass out. "No, no, it's not like that...I...I didn't steal them...I...Lisa asked me to wear them."

Nothing. I expected another quick succession of blows. Nothing. I dared not turn around, so I gripped the desk tightly, trying not to tremble.

Finally, she spoke. "Lisa asked you to wear panties?"

"Yes, yes," I cried, tears starting to flow.

"When, pray tell, did she do this?"

"Today. Today. We went to her apartment and...and made love. She...she asked me to wear her panties and...and her nightie. She thought I was wearing panties when she caught me because I thought she wanted me to!"

"These are Lisa's panties?" Amanda asked. She was right behind me, stroking my ass with the crop. "These lovely satin panties have covered fair Lisa's ass and pussy?"

"Yes, please Ma'am, I'm telling the truth, I swear!"

The crop left my ass, only to return with another single stinging blow. "Nine," Imelda counted.

"You made love to her dressed in lingerie? She...she saw you as a sissy? I don't believe it, you're lying."

Two hard swats with the crop. "Ten."

"I told you, no lying!"

"No, please, Ms. Drake, I'm not...its true, it really is."

"And you actually made love to her wearing these panties and lingerie?"

WHAM.

**"Eleven."**

"Yes, yes."

"You fucked her, sissy? Don't tell me you did that."

"What? No, no...we made love like..." I paused, tears still flowing, embarrassed to say it.

"Twelve."

Two more blows. "Like what? Like what?" Her voice was sharp, harsh, loud.

"Like women," I sobbed.

"Well, well, well. Lisa really does have it in her, doesn't she?"

Bam, the crop stung my ass.

"Thirteen."

"And did you enlighten her? Did you tell her about your own fascination with panties? How they led to your downfall? Did you tell her about all the pretty things you've worn for me?"

"No, no, god no!"

Another blow, number fourteen.

"No, I suppose not, sissy. You'd probably terrify the poor girl. Better she learn properly, don't you think Imelda?"

The fifteenth blow.

"What...what do you mean, properly?"

I yelped...the sixteenth blow was the hardest yet.

She did not answer. Instead, she deliberately finished my punishment, the final blows resulting in more tears, almost constant.

"Ms. Drake," I cried.

Amanda walked to my side, reversed the crop so the striking portion was in her hand. She took that up to my face.

"Kiss it," she ordered, making me lovingly acknowledge the crop that had tormented my ass. She then moved the crop down my neck, over my outstretched arm, to my chest...lower, to the front of my panties, Lisa's

panties, to the erection I had inside them.

"What I mean, sissy, is that Lisa will learn what you are when I properly present her with the sissy I've been training for her."

"What!"

"Soon, now, don't you agree Imelda."

"Yes, Ms. Drake, I think he almost ready."

"Nooooooooooooo!"

## Chapter 8 - A Crossroad

"What I mean, sissy, is that Lisa will learn what you are when I properly present her with the sissy I've been training for her."

"What!"

"Soon, now, don't you agree Imelda."

"Yes, Ms. Drake, I think he almost ready."

"Nooooooooooooo!"

Later, I had to ask Imelda, "Imelda, is she really going to tell Lisa?"

"Yes. If Ms. Drake say she going to, she going to."

"She can't...I..." Imelda walked over towards me, sat down on the couch next to me.

"You no worry, Jamie. No use. She do what she do."

"But Lisa won't...she...she'll never accept this. I'm going to lose her forever." I started crying again, these tears from emotional rather than physical pain.

"Shhh, no worry."

"When is she going to tell her?"

"Not now, Jamie. She want to get to know her more first. She work on her little at time. One thing Ms. Drake hate about mother, how she find out so suddenly. Ms. Drake go slow, get to know Lisa first."

"Get to know her?"

"Yes, be friend first. But you no worry, sissy, that nothing you do about it."

Nothing but cry and worry.

Lisa called me the next morning, feeling me out about the afternoon before. I think she was concerned she'd pushed me too far, concerned that I'd reject

her.

"Are you sure I did not weird you out, Jamie," she asked me for the tenth time.

"No, I mean, a tiny bit, but...I had fun, really."

"I'm glad, really."

"Hey, what are you doing tomorrow for lunch, Lisa? Maybe we could do something after you teach."

Lisa laughed. "I'm popular today."

"What do you mean?"

"When I called, your boss, Amanda, answered.

"Ms. Drake?"

"Oh, yea. Anyway, she asked me to lunch tomorrow. I'm sorry Jamie, but I said yes. I really liked her. Strange, I know, lunching with my boyfriend's boss, but...can I take a rain check?"

"Yea, yea," I said, heart sinking. "Maybe dinner."

"Can't babe, study lab. How about lunch the next day? Maybe, um, we could eat at my place? You know you have something of mine you need to bring back."

"I do?"

She giggled. "Something soft, satiny, sexy?"

"Oh," I answered, blushing.

"You could bring it back...maybe there's something else I'd let you borrow."

"Lisa!"

Another guilty laugh. "You're sweet...a date then?"

"Okay," I agreed, still more worried what she and Ms. Drake would talk about.

"Great. Well, I'm busy as crap tomorrow, so if I don't talk to you, I'll see you at noonish the next day, okay?"

"Yes."

We said our goodbyes and hung up.

The next morning I was in the kitchen having my coffee when Amanda flew in and out. I wanted to ask her about her plans with Lisa, to beg her not to say anything, but she was gone before I could say anything.

"Jamie, Imelda has your list of things to do and your uniform upstairs, so be a good girl today." I hardly had time to answer and she was out the door.

After finishing my coffee I reluctantly went upstairs to find Imelda. I knew she'd find me soon anyway. She seemed to relish my torment and would not miss it for anything.

"You have some light chores today, sweet sissy," Imelda said walking into my room with me. "Not hard." She paused, smirked. "Kind of like you."

"Yes Ma'am," I answered grimacing. That grimace deepened when she got out my work clothes. A black satin classic French maid's uniform. Oh, just fucking wonderful. Sissy my ass.

"You like," Imelda asked.

"No."

"Good." Maybe honesty was not the best policy.

"Good?"

"Oh, why not, its so pretty."

"It's too pretty, that's why."

"For a pretty girl, silly. Now dress, work to do."

It is hard to describe the fetish appeal of a French maid's uniform. Most guys would just love to see their woman in one. Hell, Lisa would look smoking hot attractive dressed like I was this morning. I could only imagine Amanda in a maid's uniform.

But neither of the women in my life were dressed like that. I was. Instead of either of the women in my life dressed all seductively fetish like, I was the one teetering around in high heels, feeling my garter belt tug at my nylon stockings.

I was the one with a choker collar around my neck, a satin apron around my waist, false breasts pushing out my uniform. Me. Not either woman I wanted to see like this, but me.

What's the perfect activity for a French maid? Well, from a fetish standpoint, sucking cock, probably, but luckily nothing like that was on tap. No, that other perfect activity, prancing around dusting with a feather duster. So I was dusting again, feather duster in hand.

Think dusting is easy? It is. One room. In tennis shoes. Try a mini mansion. Try doing it in heels. Oh my. It almost makes one forget they are a sissy. In fact, it has just that effect. For stretches of time, I became a girl doing her chores. I focused on cleaning, not being a sissy. I focused on the task at hand, not the predicament I was in.

I was just a girl doing her job.

A girl. A woman.

Dusting, straightening. Laundry.

Imelda supervised the laundry, watching me carefully as I hand washed Amanda's intimates. "Ms. Drake say keep nose out of panties," Imelda laughed.

I did get a break at lunch for a small salad -- I needed to watch my figure, I was told. Then it was back to work under the watchful eye of Imelda. Admittedly she did help out, she acted like the senior maid, which I suppose she was today.

Amanda came home early, about four, right after I finished the laundry. She asked Imelda to join her in the study while I went and got them both some coffee. I guess being senior maid did have its privileges.

I carefully carried in the serving tray and poured both women cups of coffee. They thanked me, but continued to talk as if I was not there or not

important. This indifference to me was clearly about me; they were discussing Amanda's lunch with Lisa.

Fuck! I'd forgotten about it.

"She is such a sweet girl, Imelda. Honestly, she's much more than I remembered her being."

"She open up to you?"

Amanda shook her head yes while sipping her coffee. "I think she's grateful to have someone to chat with. This isn't something she can just talk to anyone about."

"She tell you about him in panties."

"Not the most intimate details, no, she's a bit more modest, but we got to the basics. You don't know how hard it was for me to keep quiet -- I want to tell her everything, how much I really understood, but I held back."

"She really happy with Jamie?"

Amanda set her coffee down. "Yes. She apparently met a man during her short separation from Jamie. She danced around it, but finally admitted how..." Amanda looked over at me standing off to the side.

"She finally admitted that no matter how much more physically pleasurable the sex was with a man, that she felt so emotionally connected to Jamie that it didn't compare, and that was the basis of her feelings."

"What you tell her," Imelda asked stifling a laugh.

"Well, as you can imagine, I wanted to tell her not to ever expect sex like that from a sissy, not to ever expect rough lusty sex and a big cock, but, I managed to keep my comments about how I could see how a boy in panties may make a, well, how did I put it, a more tender lover."

I let out an audible gasp.

"Jamie, come over here please." Amanda interrupted my thought, holding up her empty coffee cup.

I picked up the carafe of coffee and walked over to her to pour, but before I

could fill her cup, I was stopped when Amanda's feminine hand reached out and disappeared under my skirt.

I gasped upon the realization that Amanda's hand was resting on my panties, resting on my swollen and erect penis.

"Awww, so sweet, isn't it Imelda. Just like a sissy to get excited hearing how much sissy's girlfriend liked fucking a real man."

"Ms. Drake," Imelda coughed, laughing and surprised at once.

"Now, now Imelda, you remember how my husband was, don't you? Don't tell me he didn't get excited when I took a lover?"

"That different, he know" Imelda said.

"Yes, Imelda, you're right, he was a true cuckold, of course, but just because Jamie here wasn't cuckolded doesn't mean he won't be excited by the thought."

I gulped again, wanting to pull back from her, feeling that her hand on my cock was incredibly wrong, but unable, my sex drive too strong.

"I'm telling you Imelda, I've yet to run into a sissy who doesn't get excited at the thought of a real man pleasuring sissy's woman."

"They all cuckolds, then?"

"No, no," Amanda answered, rubbing me through my panties, speaking to Imelda, but really addressing me. "Not all of them actually want it to happen, many just fantasize about it. The difference between fantasy and reality is something each sissy has to work through, but the fantasy drives all of them wild. Just the thought of their sweet woman sucking and fucking a man, a real cock buried deep inside them, reaching places sissy never could get to."

She now looked up at me, pressing on my erection. "I wonder about you, Jamie, which you prefer. The fantasy of Lisa taking a lover, or the reality."

"Do you talk to Lisa about this?"

"No, I told you I'm not pushing her too far, too fast. She's coming along well on her own. I'll just steer her a little. I don't think she's quite ready to find

out how many dominant women take a lover on the side."

I groaned, twitched and gasped all at the same time. "She wouldn't," I said shaking.

Amanda laughed. "She wasted no time taking a man to her bed when she found you in panties, didn't she?"

I glared at her, unable to say the words in my mind. "Fuck you, bitch," I thought. I opened my mouth, trying to strike up the courage. I just may have if not for Amanda's hand stroking my erection.

"Deny anything you want, Jamie, but this little thing in your panties does not lie. You can protest anything, but this tells me this isn't the first time you thought of your pretty love getting slam fucked by a real man."

I was twitching quickly. "See, your clitty doesn't lie. Don't worry just yet, though. Your Lisa may be too much the good girl right now to do that, but don't you ever forget that she knows the difference between a man and a sissy. Even though she likes a tender lover like you, someday she will crave a good slam fucking and she knows she isn't going to find it here."

Amanda squeezed my crotch, laughing as she dropped her hand. "You silly sissies, all worried about your love's virtue. You crave the panties, forgetting that once she sees you in them, you can't ever be a man in her eyes."

I just looked at Amanda, shocked, as she expressed the very fears I worried about.

"You may go now, Jamie, Imelda and I have other things to discuss."

I started to walk away, shaking. Seeing my expression, Amanda comforted me. "Oh, don't be so worried, Jamie. She will still love you just the same. In fact, she'll probably love you more."

I sighed, maybe there was hope? Amanda could not resist, though, throwing one more dart at me as I walked out of the room. "She'll love you even if she takes a real man for a lover on the side."

"Amanda!" Imelda laughed, using her first name.

A man? Lisa...Lisa would never! Right?

That night, I hand washed Lisa's panties in the sink in my suite of rooms so I could bring them back to her all clean. I figured I'd better bring them back nice and clean, no? Though that left the question of what I'd wear. I had no men's underwear left.

Before I left for campus the next day, the obvious solution hit me. I'd just wear the white cotton panties. They were in my drawer. I could wear something Lisa had seen me in before, and she'd just assume I was wearing them for her, as she thought I did before.

Before leaving, I realized I could not just stuff Lisa's panties in my backpack. It wasn't clean. I had to find Imelda.

She was in the kitchen. "Imelda, do we have anything to wrap something in."

"Wrap? What you wrap?"

I wanted to avoid that. "Maybe a piece of tissue paper, you know, for a gift," I asked, dodging her question.

"Oh, yes. I show you." Imelda led me to a store closet where there was just what I was looking for. She dug out several pieces of tissue paper. "How this?"

Perfect. "You need bag too?"

"Bag?"

"Yes for present." She handed me a small pink gift bag. "Big enough."

"Um, yes."

"Come, I help you wrap."

"No, no, I can do it."

"Come," she insisted.

Nothing to do about it, she never would listen to my protests anyway. I followed her upstairs to my rooms. Imelda quickly deduced what the gift wrap was for, as I'd left Lisa's panties carefully folded next to my school bag.

"Ahh, you wash panties to give back. You such a sweet girl for her, Jamie."

Imelda picked up the panties, wrapped them in the tissue paper and placed them in the gift bag. "Here, Lisa will like."

I showed up at Lisa's a little after noon. We'd talked by cell phone earlier in the morning. She'd said she had something in the early afternoon, so she asked me to pick up some subs on the way over. It sounded like I'd have to put aside any thoughts of making love to her today.

Making love to her? A year ago I'd have thought of fucking a woman. Now I think of making love to them. A subtle, but rather significant change.

I knocked on the door, holding a bag of subs in one hand, a bag with her panties in another. Lisa opened the door, smiled, brought me in. She was in her "hot teacher" look, she must have taught an undergrad class today. She often went to her classes looking like a coed, jeans, shorts, etc., but when teaching she generally wore a skirt and blouse, or sweater, or something. I imagined that there were fifty freshman guys in a lecture hall today looking hungrily at my girlfriend, dreaming of fucking teacher.

What guy wouldn't think that? Lisa wasn't wearing contacts today, so her look with her glasses, her A-line skirt, and her blouse all made her look like a teacher from a fantasy music video. She must have a thousand men hit on her every day. How could I compete?

Calm down, she wanted me. I was the one here.

"For me?" Lisa was looking at my hands, the subs, the pink gift bag.

"Oh, um, yes," I answered, handing her both bags, dreams of a hot school teacher wielding a paddle dancing through my brain. Looking older, Lisa looked more dominant. The teacher thing, I'm sure. The line between my girlfriend and my boss blurred again. Which was she? The girlfriend or the mistress?

"Oh, sweetie, my panties. You washed them, didn't you? You didn't have to," Lisa said, opening the tissue paper.

"I...I thought I should," I stammered.

"Well, it is certainly polite to wash another girl's things if you're going to borrow them. You're more likely to borrow something again if you're this thoughtful. Thanks sweetie." Lisa walked over to me, kissed me on the lips. "I love you," she said.

Her kiss made it hard for me to comprehend her "another girl" comment. She was calling me a girl again, wasn't she?

I put my arms around her, forgetting about the subs, forgetting about her meeting. Lisa returned the kiss for a minute, before gently pushing me away. It wasn't a rejection of me, just a gentle suggestion. "Baby, I have a meeting, I can't get all..." she said between her own kisses. "Later, I promise."

I frowned, reluctantly let her go. She ran her hand on my cheek, "You are so sweet."

"I...I love you Lisa."

"I know sweetie, I love you too." She picked up the panties and the bag that she had set on the table. "I'm going to go put these panties you borrowed away, I'll be right back." She walked towards her bedroom.

"You know, I wasn't kidding, you...you really can borrow something else if you want. I have a drawer full of panties you might like."

Her tone made it sound kind of like she'd reluctantly let me wear a pair of her panties. Like she was reluctant?

"Do...do you want me to," I asked nervously.

Lisa bit her lip, her own nervous tick "Yes, but..."

"But what?"

"Well, I don't know...I guess I want you to want to also. I...I don't want you to do this just to make me happy, Jamie, I, well, it's strange, but important, I want you to want you to want to wear them."

"What's the difference?"

"It's, well, maybe it's nothing, but, I guess I feel a little weird about this, I

don't want you to think I'm some kind of sicko. I mean, I'm asking you to wear my panties, that's bizarre enough. If you want to, though, if it's something you want, it's not quite so weird. Does that make sense?"

It made more sense than she knew. The funny thing was I wasn't sure this was what I wanted. I felt pressured to wear panties by Amanda...dominated even. But I could say no to Lisa, there was no doubt she wouldn't reject me. All she wanted me to say was that I wanted to do this, that I wanted to wear her panties. Did I?

I certainly wanted to say it, at least right now. I sighed, seemingly defeated. "Lisa, I...I want to wear your panties," I said, barely trusting my voice.

"Sweetie, of course you can, all you have to do is ask." She stopped outside her bedroom, turned to face me. Ask? I actually had to ask?

And why did I have to ask? She wanted me to do this. Amanda wanted me to do this. Yet somehow both of them positioned it so I was doing the asking. It wasn't enough to agree, I had to ask. I didn't even want to, really. I wanted each of them in different ways, I wanted to please each of them. My downfall was thus.

"Um...Lisa, can...can I...can I please wear a pair of your panties," I said, trying not to crack my voice.

"Well, that's certainly an odd request for a boy, but yes, if you really want, you can wear a pair of my panties. Come on, let's go pick some out."

It hit me, watching Lisa turn into her bedroom smiling, that Lisa had manipulated me. If I wanted to do this? She wanted this, not me. But I was asking. She could be as manipulative as Amanda. Was she really a younger version of Amanda? A dominant woman, albeit one with a soft seductive side? Was this how Amanda was with her young husband, not nearly so cruel as she was with me?

Lisa kissed me again when we walked into the bedroom. "You know, I think it's so cute that you want to borrow my lingerie."

Lingerie? I didn't ask to borrow her lingerie, I only asked about her panties.

I started to resist again, but her kisses overcame that. "Jamie, please, just trust me, it's okay."

"Is it," I challenged her. "Is it okay?"

"Yes, yes...just...just be my girl, please, I...I want you to want this, Jamie."

"Are you sure?"

"After the other day, my god yes." At least she consented to the idea that this was her idea, at least in part and somehow that made me feel slightly better.

"But it make me feel less of a..." I started to say 'man' but she cut me off.

"Jamie," she kissed my face, knowing what I was about to say, "don't...don't worry, don't worry about trying to be a, um, that, just go with it, be who you are, not who you are not."

"Who I am? But what am I then, Lisa?"

"My soft, sweet, tender lover."

She led me to her bedroom, went to her lingerie drawer again, picked out something, held it out, open. A pair of pink satin panties. Pink, feminine, delicate, the most unmanly of underwear.

"They're so pretty, no?"

"Yes," I swallowed, unable to deny the obvious, "they are very pretty."

"You know, babe, nothing makes a girl feel sexier than wearing a pair of pretty feminine panties, knowing all day how pretty she is underneath her clothes."

Lisa held them out towards me. "Be pretty for me today, Jamie, think pretty thoughts the rest of the day, please."

Just like a girl, I thought. I was torn and scared, because part of me wanted to do this, partly to please Lisa, but partly because I did want to feel pretty like a girl.

Scared because I was scared of those thoughts. Why did I want to be pretty like a girl? I was scared it was more than just pleasing Lisa, that I liked the feeling. Scared that Amanda was right, that I was a sissy.

I hesitantly took the panties from her hand and started to walk towards the

bathroom. "No, do it here, Jamie. You're not getting dressed to make love, you're not "slipping into something more comfortable" for that, its okay to get changed in front of another girl."

Still nervous, I lowered my pants slowly. Lisa watched intently. "I wondered what you'd be wearing. I think you'll like my panties much more than the ones your wearing now, won't you?"

"Yes," I said, taking off the white cotton panties, carefully stepping into Lisa's satin. They went up my legs so easily, so delicately, so softly until they were over my ass, hugging my soft cheeks, my flaccid organ.

"See how pretty," Lisa said, obviously enjoying the view. "The change is so subtle, but so easily made. You look so delicate." She moved towards me again, her own delicate fingers finding my hips.

"You...you really like this, Lisa," I asked, somehow unable to truly believe a woman as beautiful as her could find something like this desirable.

She was close enough to me to keep her hands on my hips, but far enough back to let her gaze drift over my lower half. She swallowed, her own voice catching. "Yes, Jamie, I'm...I'm confused myself, but yes I do. I...I like this more...more than seeing you as...as a...man. It makes me feel so...its hard to explain...so strong, so...I feel like Catwoman," she actually blushed, "I can almost sense that you're nervous, and it sends some charge through me."

"I am nervous, Lisa."

"But you like it, don't you."

"Yes," I readily admitted. Maybe a bit too quickly.

"I know, Jamie, I know. You like being my girl."

"Yes," I said, trying not to let the room spin.

I felt her hands on the front of the panties, manipulating me, not seductively, but rather arranging me, tucking my balls in, tucking my organ back, pulling the panties tightly around me. "See how pretty they look on you."

I looked up toward the mirror. She was right, tucked up inside me, the front

of the panties was so smooth. My long, hairless legs gave the illusion that I was...a woman.

A woman.

"You know I have to get to my meeting," she said, breaking my trance.

"Lisa," I gasped, spellbound.

"I know, I know." She picked up my pants from the ground, handed them to me. "Later, love, later."

I pulled my pants over my legs, so disappointed. "Just think pretty thoughts," she said.

I reached for my cotton panties. "No, no, leave those, sweetie. Those are too plain for you, I'll hold on to them, but you look so much better in mine."

"Lisa..."

"I know...can...can you come back after dinner? I'll be done then."

"Yes," I said eagerly. I looked at her, she had something in her hands. "What's...what's that?"

Lisa help up the pink garment she'd taken from her lingerie drawer. I realized right away what it was. "It's the bra that matches those panties."

"The bra," I gulped.

"Shhh, we don't have to yet, Jamie, I don't want you to do anything that makes you uncomfortable. If you're not ready to wear something pretty like this yet, it's okay, really. You can try on something else. Maybe you're not ready for a bra." Her look made it seem so natural. Like it would be no big deal to wear it. How could I say no, though, since I'd already worn a bra! Oh, not for her, but the delicate fabric of the most womanly of garments had already pressed against the tender flesh of my chest.

But that was something Amanda and Imelda made me do, ordered me to do. This was something I was being asked to do willingly. Was there a distinction? I'd worn panties and a baby doll for Lisa. Panties more than once. Why resist a bra?

"Just think about it, okay? I will be, that's for sure."

A bra...a bra...a bra. Her pink bra was to stay on my mind all afternoon.

"You had lunch with her? How did that go?" Amanda was sitting at her desk looking up at me when I walked into her study later that day. Funny how she could be sitting, how I could be standing, yet somehow she was still looking down at me.

"We just had some subs," I answered.

"Jamie, you really think I care what you had to eat? I want to know how my lovely new friend is?"

"She's good." I bit my lip because I was biting my tongue.

"Last time you came home from Lisa's you were wearing her panties, I believe. And now? Has she continued making you her sissy?"

My blush answered that question.

"Let me see them?"

"Ma'am?"

"You heard me, take off your pants, I want to see the panties my lovely friend Lisa has you wearing."

It was odd. The more I did with Lisa, the more uncomfortable I became around Amanda. I lusted for her as much as ever, but something felt more wrong.

"Need I get my crop, Jamie? I'm sure Imelda would love to see you spanked again. She rarely shows it, but she loves seeing a sissy spanked. It really would make her happy."

"No, no Ma'am," I answered quickly taking off my pants.

"Oh, my, oh my, such pretty, pretty panties. And pink...such a sissy color. Take off the rest of your clothes, Jamie, I don't like you pretending to be a boy, not in my house anyway."

Better to give in, she'd only make it worse if I did not.

"And just look at how smooth the front of your panties are, my goodness." Amanda came around the desk, stood in front of me. Somehow, the lovingly erotic feeling I felt with Lisa, standing almost exactly like this, was absent, replaced by a nagging fear and a deep rooted terror.

It was love. The emotions I felt with Lisa came from my heart, from my soul. The things I felt with Amanda were much more primal, being from such a dark place of the human condition.

"I think I'm going to have to monitor this much closer, your Lisa seems to have quite the touch, doesn't she?" Amanda had one of her hands on my crotch. I wanted to recoil in horror and I started to back up.

"Don't you dare move, Jamie," she ordered me in a quiet yet firm tone. "What's the matter, do I scare you that much?"

"Yes," I gulped.

"It's so funny, you know. I remember you those months ago, when you started, looking at me, fantasizing about me. What you would have done to have me touch you like this. Now, you want to flee. It's just so funny, your own lust leads to this, now you have it and you are terrified of it."

"Please Ms. Drake."

"Please," she laughed. "Please what? Please fuck me, please beat me, please make me a girl? Oh, sissy, you are so confused now I know, I know. You have this girl you love, but this mistress you can't escape. Just remember, sissy, you can't ever be a man for Lisa. You're only hope is to be her sissy. And I'm going to help her, but I'm going to make your life uncomfortable while doing it."

"Please, Amanda," I begged.

"Please again? Don't you see, sweetie, you're trapped. You must know that, you must know your own lust for me has been your undoing, has been the very thing that has led you to this. You can't go to her like this, she's not ready. But you can't leave it either, you love her. You can't leave me, you've nowhere to go."

All the while she was talking, she was increasing the pressure of her hand,

holding my crotch tighter and tighter, to the point of pain. I was trapped, literally, in her clutches. I was trapped, mentally, physically and literally.

"Please Ms. Drake," I begged.

"You want to serve her, don't you? Admit it, you can't see yourself with her any other way."

"Yes, yes," I quickly admitted.

"You're going to be her sissy, Jamie, always her sissy, never her man, aren't you?"

"Yessss," I moaned under the pressure of her grip.

"And I'm going to see to it personally, Jamie. But for a price. If I can't keep you for myself, I'll find my uses for you in other ways."

Other ways? Like the crushing pain in my crotch? What other ways? She terrified me, Amanda did.

"But don't you worry, sweet Jamie, if your Lisa doesn't approve, then I'm keeping you all for myself." She squeezed one last hard squeeze then released her iron grip on my crotch. I almost collapsed from the release.

Damn her this wasn't fair! It never was fair.

"That's all for now, Jamie."

I reached down for my clothes. "Oh, no, I told you, I'm tired of you hiding your pretty body with those clothes. No more masquerading as a boy here, Jamie. You can still pretend when you leave the house, but not here."

"But what am I supposed to wear?"

"Oh, do you honestly think I'll have any problem finding things for you? Though for now, you're doing just right. You can stay like that, pet."

I blushed, self conscious at walking around the house in just panties.

"I told you, Jamie, you're going to find this quite uncomfortable," she laughed. "You may enjoy your time with Lisa, but you're going to find your time with me a bit different."

"I'm supposed to go back to Lisa's tonight, I need these."

"Oh, I don't think that's happening...unless you'd like to wear a dress for her."

"Ms. Drake!"

"In fact, I'm going to give her a call if she's in." Amanda walked back to her desk, sat, picked up her phone.

"Lisa, Amanda, how are you." Amanda sat back, watching me while she talked with my girlfriend.

"No, no, I agree."

"Ms. Drake," I whispered.

"Listen, I called...really, I hate even asking."

"Oh, that's sweet of you. Yes. I know it's short notice, but I need Jamie to work tonight."

She was rocking back and forth listening.

"No, he told me. I'm sorry...yes, it was last minute, but I'll make it up to you, I promise, why don't we do lunch Friday...if you can, I'm free all afternoon, I wouldn't mind lunch and maybe some shopping..."

"Yes, it would be fun."

"No, he's out in the garage, why," Amanda asked looking over at my shaking body, shivering not from being cold standing before her wearing only panties, but from my nerves.

"Of course we can talk, Lisa, why?"

"Lisa, yes, you can...honey it's nothing to be ashamed about, trust me."

What...what were they talking about?

"No, no sweetie, calm down...honey, listen, it's okay...believe me....no...no, I know, I really do, I'm glad you'd ask, Lisa, really."

Amanda's grin was widening as she listened, her smile unnerving.

"Yes, you're right about that. Listen, really, it's okay, we will talk about this...no, I know what you mean."

"Okay...yes...okay. One? Oh, sure. Just...oh, yes. No, not at all. I'll have him call. Okay, bye Lisa."

She just stared at me, evil, maybe, taunting.

"What? What did she say?"

"Oh, we just talked about lunch, about how much she liked having someone to talk to, woman to woman, despite our age differences."

"Your lying," I challenged her.

"Maybe. Maybe we talked about how she wants to talk about the strange feelings she is having, how she feels about you. Of course, maybe we talked about how she can't believe her boyfriend is so easily wearing panties. Hmm? Maybe."

"Stop!"

"Or maybe she wonders why a boy can be such a sissy? It's hard sometimes, to understand that. How a boy can think he's a girl."

"She...she wouldn't! She doesn't think that!"

"I'm not telling you what she thinks, Jamie. Don't think a sissy has a right to know, anyway. But what ever she thinks, know this, I'll advise her how I want, make her what I want...she's too ripe for this."

She really was scaring me. "Please, Amanda, don't. Leave her alone."

"Kneel," Amanda commanded me.

I dropped to my knees immediately, not even thinking about disobeying her, as much as it pained me to do so.

"You'll be kneeling before Lisa by the time I'm done with the two of you, trust me on that, Jamie. I'll make you her sissy, you'll see. And you'll also see how uncomfortable I'm going to make you feel all the while."

I was trembling, sure Amanda would do exactly as she promised to do, trembling because I knew there was nothing I could do to stop her even if I wanted. I was hers. She showed me that for the next two days, forbidding me from wearing anything but panties in the house, forcing me to parade around mostly naked while doing chores.

It was worse the next afternoon. Amanda told me that she had a friend of hers coming over for coffee in the afternoon. I took from that the inference that I'd be serving coffee for them. I presumed I'd do it wearing one of the uniforms I'd worn before. That was not to be the case.

A half hour before her guest was to arrive, Amanda and Imelda came to my room. When they came in, I mentally prepared to dress as a woman. They had other plans.

"Did you wash the panties Lisa let you borrow," Amanda asked me.

"Yes Ma'am, they are hanging up to dry in the bathroom."

"Good, you can bring them back to her tomorrow. She said this afternoon you were going over to her house tomorrow evening."

"You...you talked to Lisa again today?"

"Yes, of course. We'll be talking almost every day now. It's important at this stage of her training to have someone to lean on, a friend, if you will."

My eyes opened wide in fear.

"Oh, sweetie, I told you I was taking her under my wig. She is in a very delicate place, I don't want her losing her nerve, or pushing herself too far." Lisa laughed. "Really, training a sissy is very easy, but training a young woman to be dominant is much more delicate."

"Training...training her how," I shuddered.

Amanda stared at me, conveying a sharp look with her gaze. "Not that it's any of your business, sissy, but...as I told you, I'm not letting her just twist in the wind, confused what the heck is wrong with her boyfriend. My methods are between me and her, but they are much more subtle, unlike your training. But then you're a sissy, she's a young woman who isn't quite

sure of her place. I'm helping her find that place, even if it's nothing more than being a friend to turn to for advice. It's not like she can tell her friends at school her boyfriend is such a sissy -- that's where I come in."

"She'd never tell you that," I protested, "I'm not a sissy!"

"Oh, really? You don't honestly think that you're a man, do you? And don't underestimate me or Lisa, or women in general, Jamie. You think Lisa would never tell me how turned on she gets seeing her pretty boyfriend in panties? You think she's that innocent?"

I wasn't sure what to say. Staring at the two women in my room, I wondered. Wait, this was my Lisa, would she really tell Amanda something like that? Something so private between us?

"She...she wouldn't say anything about me!"

"Oh, no? You mean she wouldn't admit to me that she sent you home in those pretty pink panties? Of course, I knew that from seeing you in them, so that proves nothing, does it. But she did tell me that she's got a lovely matching pink bra that she wants to see you in. She told you that, no?"

My eyes widened in shock.

"Yes, Jamie, she told me. Such a sweet girl. But that doesn't matter now anyway, we have work to do to get you ready."

Lisa...Lisa really told her about the bra and panties. Oh my god, who else did she tell.

Amanda chuckled at the expression on my face. "Wondering who else she told? Don't worry, sweetie, I'm sure your secret is safe. For now. For now, anyway."

"Time to dress," Imelda quietly prodded.

"Yes, yes, go ahead, Imelda," Amanda said, sitting down on my couch to watch.

Imelda told me to take off the panties I was wearing and to turn around. I did, expecting her to put a bra or something on me. Instead of lifting my arms, though, she pulled them behind me and fastened something around

my wrists.

"What..." Before I could finish, I realized she'd fastened some sort of cuff to each wrist and had clipped them together. I was bound!

"What are you doing?"

"Open your mouth," Amanda ordered me. I did and still behind me, Imelda pushed something inside my mouth. A ball. I felt her pull backwards and realized it was a ball gag that she was buckling around my head. I was gagged, tightly, and could do nothing but mumble.

"Mmmggggffffggggg." I was still assuming I was going to serve Amanda and her friend, so why the cuffs and gag?

Imelda turned me around to face her and Amanda. In her hand was some sort of pink ribbon. "MMgggfff," I asked.

"That's to make your clitty look pretty," Amanda said, giggling at her rhyme. While I was listening to her, Imelda had wrapped the ribbon around my sack and the shaft of my soft organ.

"See, now it's wrapped in pink. And it's not going to be getting in the way at all." I knew I was going to be in pain if I got any kind of erection. I feared that was just what these two wanted.

"Go ahead, finish, Imelda," Amanda instructed. Imelda wrapped a white garter belt around my trim waist. Finally, the first thing I'd expected—a garter belt and nylons. Yes she helped with those...not an easy task to dress someone thus with hands bound behind. Equally, it was not easy to step into heels, standing like this. A plan, yes. Why make sissy comfortable? And what came after the lingerie? A collar. Imelda buckled a pink collar around my neck.

"Just the leash, then we can go downstairs," Amanda told Imelda. Imelda took another pink ribbon, this one longer and thicker than the first, and tied that around the very base of organ. Tightly. I realized this was the leash.

"Gggfff," I moaned through the gag. What were they doing? This was not what I anticipated. Amanda took the end of the ribbon/leash from Imelda and pulled until there was no slack.

"Yes, I told you I was going to make you uncomfortable, Jamie. You can be all loving and tender with Lisa, but that is NOT going to be the rule around this house." She tugged the leash. "Let's go sissy." I hobbled after her, gagged, arms bound, uncomfortable, uncertain what she was going to do to me. I caught sight of myself in the mirror. Pink cuffs, pink ball gag, garter, nylons, heels, ribbon. Again, not man or woman. Sissy. Sissy.

Amanda led me by the leash down the stairs, down to a sitting room. She'd tug at it, putting pressure on my bound organ. She so clearly enjoyed this, tormenting me.

In the sitting room, she led me to a corner, spun me around and told Imelda to finish. I frowned, puzzled. Imelda unhooked my wrist cuffs. The freedom was short lived as she turned me back around so I was facing the room and cuffed my wrists in front of me before lifting them up over my head.

I looked up. There was some sort of object jutting from the wall-I realized what it was just as Imelda hooked my wrists to it-I was going to be bound, hands over my head!

Bad enough, until Imelda squatted down and did something to my ankles. More cuffs! She quickly had my ankles cuffed in pink cuffs, hooked together just as my wrists were.

Imelda backed up to the center of the room where Amanda watched. "Lovely, no?"

"Mmmmgggffff." My eyes darted around the room, trying to comprehend this situation.

"Yes, yes, I know, you assumed you'd be serving my guest and I. Don't worry, you will be."

How? "Ggfmm."

"How," she laughed looking at me. "Why you're doing it just like that. Human art, my pet. Trust me, Ms. Irwin will truly appreciate you much more this way, won't she Imelda."

Imelda grunted. "Not as much as table."

"Now, now, Imelda, baby steps." Table?

I did not have to wait long to find out who Ms. Irwin was. A friend of Amanda's, the kind of friend who made no mention of the sissy bound in the corner of the room when she came in and sat for tea. The kind of friend clearly comfortable and used to something like me.

Imelda served them. Without me in the room, the two of them could have passed for two well to do women being served by the household help. It was almost normal. Ms. Irwin, Julia to Amanda, glanced at me several times, but with no more human interest in me than she'd pay a new painting. Art. I was an object of art. On display for them. She'd look at me, objectifying me.

Finally she mentioned me. "So, Amanda, are you going to show me the new thing you have?" Me...she was referring to me.

"You like, Julia?"

"May I?" Julia asked, uncrossing her legs, the legs I'd been staring at for ten minutes while trying to make not a peep.

"Of course, Julia." They both stood, these powerful and beautiful women. Two striking women, tastefully dressed, never would one guess what they were looking at.

"What do you think," Amanda asked after Julia looked at me for several minutes without speaking.

"Very nice Amanda, but you knew I'd like it, of course, that's why you had tea in here. You wanted to show it off, didn't you. Well, I think its so pretty, so feminine. Look how its standing, its knee bent, other leg straight, hips out...so very feminine. Of course I like."

"Yes, I knew Jamie would catch your eye. Now what do you really think?"

"My professional opinion or my casual opinion?"

"I already have your casual opinion, Julia, you think its pretty. And I know you like pretty boys, so I know what you think, but what do you really think?"

"Yes, of course I like it. But professionally? Hmmm." She looked at me

again, all over, her eyes changing, more critical. "Good, good. Professionally? Well, I could easily find a buyer for it just as it is, but I'd recommend a few changes if you wanted to get a premium price. He's very pretty, but I'd recommend a few things."

Sell? Changes? What the fuck was she talking about, sell?

"Such as?"

"Amanda, you're really going to put this on the auction block?" She ran her hands over my stomach assessing me. "Well, I'd certainly be interested, even without any changes, I'd be able to do them myself. I have a man in Chicago that would pay quite a bit for such a pretty creature with the right things done."

I looked at Amanda. What the fuck, my eyes begged.

Amanda laughed. "No, no, I don't think I'll sell this one, but I wanted to know, I've got other uses in mind. What improvements would you make?"

Doesn't think so? Think that she'd sell me. "Hmngggfff."

"Well, breasts of course, to start with. That would go a long way to finishing out the body, making her a woman. Other than that, there really are not many physical changes. This one is very feminine looking already. Grow the hair out, maybe an injection for fuller lips."

"What about that," Amanda asked pointing to my crotch. "Anything?"

"This?" She took my soft cockette, my small clitty, in her hands. "Is it naturally this small or have you started hormones?"

"Hormones? No, no, Julia, that's its natural size."

"Really? I'd have sworn you've started estrogen, its so little, so soft. Well, apparently not too much testosterone in this one, is there?" She was kneading me in her hands. That could cause only one reaction, and I felt myself swelling, and felt the pressure that put on the ribbon wrapped around me.

"Awww, isn't that cute, she's aroused. Estrogen would cure that, of course, and if she was mine I'd start her on at least a low dose just to stop this.

Especially if I was selling her to a man. We would not want any bulges from such a pretty thing. That would soften her chest up too, but you'd still need implants, I think."

"Julia, you know I've never really liked hormones."

"I know Amanda, like I said, there is nothing masculine about this thing anyway." She squeezed my cock. "So dainty, but don't be so quick to judge hormones, they are nothing like they were back when you got..."

"Yes, yes, I know," Amanda quickly said, cutting her off.

Julia turned away from me towards Amanda, looked at her with a inquisitive eye.

"I just worry about libido, Julia."

"Libido? My, this one is special to you? Well, if you want a eunuch, full hormones will easily do the trick. If you want something more ... intimate, they have low dose hormones that will soften and feminize without any loss of libido."

"None?"

"None at all. I've borrowed girls on them, they have just as big a sex drive as always, but without any ugly bulge."

"And release?"

"Manipulation, penetration or milking." She'd continued manipulating me, and my swollen cockette was now quite tight in the ribbon, almost painful.

"Even on the hormones?"

"Yes, Amanda, I told you they are much different. Since the libido stays up, penetration can easily trigger an orgasm."

Penetration? How could a soft cock penetrate anything?

"Is it permanent or can one still, well, be used."

Julia laughed out loud. "Amanda dear, if it's cock you want, I've got several bull slaves I can get you in touch with, I don't think this, even swollen, is

really going to satisfy you."

"She's not for me, Julia, dear, you know me better than that."

Julie snorted. "This story I simply must hear. To your point, though, yes, if you stop the treatments for a two weeks, about the time it takes them to become effective, they would wear off."

"And an erection."

Julie laughed again, squeezed my swollen organ. "Well, what you'd do with it is beyond me, but yes, she'd have an erection."

"Mmmmmffff," I moaned at her words and her touch.

"Oh, she likes hearing that does she." Julia looked at me, continuing to toy with my ribbon strained swell. "It's so ironic, isn't it Amanda, how excited they get just hearing how their little cockettes are so useless for pleasing a woman. It always makes me laugh seeing a girl like this get as hard as they ever get when they are told how useless they are as men."

"I know," Amanda agreed.

"I mean, it's so ironic. So excited knowing how worthless they are. You like that don't you sissy."

"Mffgggg," I simply moaned.

"Well, Amanda," Julia said letting go of my cockette, "My professional opinion would be breasts, a little work on the face and hair, and of course keep that little thing shaved, not just trimmed, and you'd be about done."

"You approve, then?"

"Of course. He's quite striking, but I'd still recommend the estrogen, too, even just the low dose to, well, soften things up, both features and organ."

"As long as it's not permanent, maybe you are right."

"GGGffffmmmmttt." I moaned, shaking, struggling. Hormones? She couldn't do that to me!

"Just how has training been going?"

"Training...well, I've been...I have not pushed things too far."

"You always were too soft, Amanda."

"He's just so naturally compliant."

"Yes, that may be, but that's not the point, is it. Spare the rod, you know."

"I know, I know. This one is different though, and, well, it's complicated."

"Chastity?" Ms. Irwin asked.

"No, no abstinence training."

"So no regular milkings then? No female orgasm training?"

"No, Julia."

Ms. Irwin continued with a list of bizarre topics. Fuck, just being in the room with her was terrifying.

"No strap on training?"

Amanda shook her head.

"No cock training, then, of course."

"Julia, you're going to scare the poor creature," Amanda quickly said.

"Oh, come now Amanda, you know as well as I do how to train a sissy. You've got to penetrate that virgin ass if you want it thought of as a pussy. Until she takes at least a strap on cock inside her, she's never going to truly believe she's not a man."

"I know, but I'm not training her to serve a man."

"And that suddenly makes a difference? Mandy, please, you know until she sucks cock, even a fake cock, there is always going to be part of her that denies what she is. How are you ever going to trust her until then?"

"Well, I told you, this one is different, she's not for me."

"Not for you? So you are going to sell her?" Julia's eyes lit up. "Goodness, then you really should train her properly. I have a few men that would love

to help you...."

"I'm not selling her Julia. I told you its complicated. He, well, he has a girlfriend...and she's...well...she...."

Ms. Irwin features softened considerably. "Oh, Amanda, are you really...."

"Yes," Amanda whispered.

She walked to Amanda, embraced her. "Sweetie, are you sure?"

"Yes, Julia, I am."

"It's not too painful."

"No, actually, I feel more alive than I have in years."

"I take it the young woman is not..."

"Not yet, but trust me, she will."

"You know I trust your judgment, Amanda. Just be careful for yourself, okay."

"Of course."

"I stand by what I said before, though. In fact, I think estrogen is even more important. Don't let his testosterone get in the way of what you are doing. I guess breasts are out for now, though. Pity, she'd look so much prettier. Please don't rule them out for the long term, though maybe that's a decision someone else will need to make. If you need anything at all, let me know...I'd love to take on any training aspects that you're uncomfortable with."

"Really?"

"Oh my yes, I'd love to get those pretty lips wrapped around her first cock."

"Mmmmmfffff," I yelled in my gag.

"See, what I mean."

"You're so sweet Julia," Amanda smiled. Funny, that's not what I thought of this cold bitch.

Julia kissed Amanda. It wasn't a friendly peck, it was a deep, wet kiss. Erotic. Extremely erotic. And painful, making my swelling hurt. My sore arms forgotten. I swelled, straining the ribbon that was wrapped around me. I moaned quietly, in pain, mind worn, body shaking.

"Come on," Julia said, breaking the kiss, "let Imelda take care of this, I want you to tell me all about your plans for sissy." Julia took Amanda's hand, led her out of the room. Amanda said nothing; just let herself be led away by Julia. Julia looked over her shoulder at me as they left, blew me a kiss with an evil look.

I watched them leave, a pleading look in my eyes. "Mgggffff," I moaned. Don't go. Don't go.

Finally after minutes that seemed like hours, Imelda came into the room. I thought she'd let me down, but she did not, not a first. She did clean up first, the dishes from Amanda and Ms. Irwin.

Finally, almost half an hour after Amanda left with her friend, Imelda came over to me. "You want down"

"Hmmmffff," I nodded yes.

Imelda undid my hands from over my head, but left them cuffed in front of me. The blood rushed back into my arms, which felt painful but good to have down. The rest of me was still sore, all over in fact. My legs, my arms, most of all, my aching swollen penis. Imelda did unclasp my hands, though only long enough to bind them behind me as before.

Imelda picked up the leash tied to my swollen cock. "Mmgggfff," I complained, looking at my ankles still bound, raising my wrists behind me.

"I am sorry, Jamie."

My eyes opened, what?

"Hhhhttt."

"Ms. Irwin tell Ms. Drake you not untied tonight. She say you need some...need to know proper discipline. Ms. Drake agree, you stay tied to morning."

"Hmgmgg," I mumbled again.

Imelda ignored my protest, tightened the slack on my leash and gently pulled. My eyes bugged. My ankles...were still bound..."HHhhhhff." I quickly looked at Imelda then my ankles.

"I know, I sorry. I go slow."

But going slow was still too fast as I learned when the slack on my penis did not slacken. I hobbled one small step at a time for minute after minute as Imelda led me from the room through the house.

Realizing I'd never make it up the stairs, I silently begged that she use the back elevator. Thank god, she took me past the stairs, towards the back of the house, towards and into the elevator. Tiny step after tiny step. Little by little.

Upstairs we worked our way towards my rooms, but Imelda stopped before we got to my door. "I forget something, you wait."

Wait? Where was I going to go? But Imelda made that thought moot anyway. She led me to the balcony railing overlooking the foyer. She took the ribbon making up the leash and wrapped it around the wooden balcony. I felt like a horse tied to a hitching post, immobilized, left to wait for my owner's return. Objectified. Imelda went downstairs, leaving me standing, bound, gagged.

I was there only a minute or two when I heard laughter behind me, coming from Amanda's doorway. Straining to look over my shoulder, I saw Julia walking out of Amanda's room. "I'll be right back, dear," she called into the room before closing the door.

"Hmngggff," I moaned again. I didn't want to see this woman alone. Where the hell was Imelda?

"Oh my, look what I found." She was bare armed. I realized she had taken off the jacket to the skirt suit she was wearing. She looked...disheveled. Her blouse was untucked, a couple of buttons undone. I could see the swell of her breasts, a hint of bra. What...what were they doing in there? They wouldn't...would they? Would Amanda?

Ms. Irwin came up behind me, pressed her breasts into my arms and back. She was breathing in my ear and then she reached around the front of me, took my limp organ in her hand.

"Oh, you're so soft again sissy. I love finding a helpless sissy. I could have so much fun with you if Amanda would let me. I'd make you forget all about this Lisa of yours if Amanda would sell you to me. Wouldn't you like that sissy Jamie?"

She was stroking my soft cockette, of course, making it grow. "Ohhh, feel sissy's clitty swelling. Yes, you'd like that, sissy, serving Mistress Julia."

"Mmmmmggggffff." Why was I being tormented by her, dammit. Stop. "Mmmmmppp."

"You clitty doesn't lie, sissy. Not that you'd need this if you served me." She kept stroking me, her soft hand moving up and down on my swollen penis.

"In fact, I wonder how many more little erections you'll even be getting once Amanda starts you on hormones."

I was shaking my head no.

"Oh, yes, sissy, yes. I made her promise. Starting tomorrow. Two weeks, Jamie, that's all it will take to keep you soft until she stops them. Two weeks and no more tiny erections for you."

I was moaning, but how could I not with the manipulation she was doing to me.

"I know how bad you want it, sissy. But don't dare think you can be wanking off every hour for two weeks, as you'll be in chastity, too. Only a few more of these left, sissy. You will be so much closer to being a girl."

She increased the speed of her strokes, though there was no way I was going to orgasm, not with the ribbon tied so tightly.

"And then no orgasms unless you're being fucked." She laughed and abruptly let go of my swollen cockette, walking to face me.

"I better get back to Amanda," she said, licking her lips. "Maybe I can do something to convince her to sell you to me."

"Mmmmmggfff," I yelled into the gag, struggling, but tied too tightly to go anywhere. I was trapped, physically and mentally to this very spot. Trapped.

I looked over my shoulder again, watching Ms. Irwin unbutton and remove her blouse as she walked back to Amanda's door. She paused, opened the door, then reached behind herself to unzip her skirt. All I saw before she walked into Amanda's room was the flash of the top of a white garter belt, then the door was shut behind her. Was she really fucking Amanda?

The image burned into my mind, and I wondered, fantasized, pictured it. Not helpful to the swollen cock. All it did was swell more!

"What you think about Jamie," Imelda asked walking up the stairs, seeing my agony several minutes later. She was shaking her head as she "unhitched" me from the balcony and led me to my rooms. Tugging at my leashed penis, she seemed to enjoy watching me take my baby steps.

"Mmmmm," I groaned. This had to hurry. I realized besides the bondage, my bladder was quite full. Of all the things, I had to pee. "Mmgggfff ooo pmpmuuu," I tried to say.

"Yes, yes, hurry up then." Like that was possible, but after an eternity of steps, I was finally in my room. And, thankfully, Imelda had understood and led me to the bathroom. Whew!

How was this supposed to work? She positioned me so I was standing in front of the toilet, still bound, but my...I was pointing straight up. "Mmmmdddd."

"Funny, you no pee hard. Need to be soft." She had taken my cockette in her hand and tried to point it downward until it hurt.

"Mmmmmhhhhh."

"Hurt, no? Get soft, Jamie," she ordered me. She squeezed, rather hard, not at all erotic. That pressure, along with that on my bladder, finally overcame the sexual tension I felt and I began to lose what little erection I had.

"Go ahead, pee." Imelda ordered me. Her order was as humiliating as anything they'd made me do. Urinate in front of her would be bad enough, but this, while she was holding me, was mortifying. Strangely, that thought

itself killed what little erection I had left.

So I peed. Disgusted that I had to do so while being held and guided by Imelda, her large hands almost swallowing up my soft organ as I emptied myself. This was not humiliating erotic, no it was just humiliating. Disgusting.

Imelda then un-cuffed my hands, though only to re-cuff them in front of me, and led me back to the bedroom. Finally, she sat me down on the bed and I was off my feet, which were beginning to really hurt after the standing and the walking.

"Here, let me help." Imelda helped move me onto the bed, I assumed to finally unbind and undress me. "Give me hands," she told me, taking them into hers. But she did not un-cuff them. Quite the opposite, she lifted them over my head. I expected them to come undone, but she pulled backwards, over and up to the bedframe. I tried to look up to see what she was doing...she fastened them to the bed!

"Mmmgggff," I complained through the ball gag. Dammit, I wanted to be free. I pulled my arms, there was some slack, they went just to my forehead. Imelda ignored my focus on my hands to take the time to do something to my bound ankles. Fuck, she did the same, attaching them to the bed frame with a little slack. I was helpless still, not completely immobile, but unable to turn over, to move, to get up.

"Mmmmlldddd."

"I know Jamie, I know." She took my flaccid cockette in her hand and untied both the leash and the ribbon, causing me to sigh with pleasure. "Ms. Irwin tell Ms. Drake. She no want you touch yourself. I...I have to leave like this."

"Pmmmmm." 'Please.'

"I know," she said, "but she right. For own good. Ms. Drake right to call her, Ms. Irwin train slaves for living, she...she...it be okay." Imelda was stroking me almost casually, until I was erect, then she let go.

"Mmmmmllldddd." I could feel my cock jerking, desperate.

"You sleep, Jamie," she whispered, turning off the light. "I come back later."

"Lmmm?"

"Sleep, Jamie, sleep." Later?

I realized how tired I was, how stressful the evening had been, how frustrating, how humiliating. Amanda was right, I was going to be uncomfortable, she'd see to that and apparently so would this woman, Ms. Irwin.

I looked at the clock. 11:00. My eyes were heavy, even for this early hour. Oh god, how did all this happen to me? I couldn't answer, I closed my eyes, as sleep washed over me.

I was dreaming of Lisa. We were laying on a beach, the sun felt good on me. We were alone, Lisa kissed me, her hand massaged my chest, went down to my swim suit. I was wearing white bikini panties. She reached in, ran her hand over me, let it grow in her hand, made it erect.

Suddenly, it was darker. I was waking up. Erect, I was erect. But there was a hand around me, making me erect. Someone was rubbing me. Lisa? No, no, that was the dream. I was waking up. My eyes were still heavy...I saw the clock. Midnight. I realized I was dreaming, I must be in a weird sleep state. Why was she...and suddenly she stopped. Was I still dreaming? I tried to think through the fog of sleep. I drifted back from consciousness. The sleep would not shake itself off. I was dreaming, right? What was happening.

I remember trying to turn over. I could only do so a little. I heard a □ giggle. A woman's giggle. Not Imelda. I tried to talk. "Mggfff." I forgot I was gagged. I was a little more awake now. The clock said 1:30.

"Shhh, it's okay sissy." Julia's voice! Then I felt her, felt her hand on my cock, stroking me. What was going on? I was quickly erect, moaning softly, and she let go of me. What the fuck?

What the fuck?

What was Julia doing here?

"Such a helpless pretty sissy." Julia's voice made me jump. "All tied up, just left here for me to play with." Julia was slowly kneading my balls with her hand, manipulating them. "I just adore playing with a little clitty like this,

especially one that's so soft and dainty, maybe never to get hard ever again if Mandy starts the hormones." Her voice was mocking now, mocking my entire being, everything I thought I ever was.

I was shaking, all of my limbs tearing at the bonds that securely held me to the bed.

Julia leaned over towards me, leaving her hand manipulating my swollen balls, whispered in my ear. "Sissy, your pretty Lisa will just have to find another cock if she needs a good fucking. She's not going to find it with you."

"MMMmmmmmm!" I was aware that I was sore. My cock, though trapped, couldn't help but swell. The problem was there was nowhere to swell to, nowhere to grow, the cage held me trapped, erect without being erect, my balls ready to explode, but unable to.

"There, that should do it sissy. Oh my, you are just so much fun. How I hope Mandy lets me train you?" She dropped my balls, stood up, giggled and walked out of the room, leaving me moaning into the ball gag. This was too much, this was unfair, too much to take.

She giggled again and I felt her move away from me. Dark again, nothing. Nothing. I knew I wasn't dreaming now. I tried to stay awake, but she had not woken me enough. I fought it, fought to stay conscious, but I was too confused, could not think. If I could think, I'd have woken completely, but I was in a fog.

I was sore. My organ ached. It was 3:00. Imelda was next to me. Doing it again. As quickly as it started, it ended. I was not even awake enough to say anything through my gag. I became erect so quickly. She was gone. I realized I was made erect, quickly, but did not know why. I could not think why.

A pattern. At 4:30 I did not even awaken enough to feel anyone's hand on my organ. It was just hard and the clock said 4:30. I'm not even sure who had been in there. Now I was really sore. Erect, soft, erect, soft, all evening, all night. I ached. I thrust my hips in the air, I tried to spin onto my side, but my bonds held me. I wanted to cum. Instead I was just sore.

I wanted to wake up before six. I wanted to moan, to yell through my gag. I realized that every hour and a half something was going on. I wanted to beg.

Let me go. Stop. Please. I tried to wake up. I heard two voices.

"Got it?"

"Just a second. There." I felt the presence of two people. Two women. The voices belonged to Amanda and Julia. It was too dark to really see them. Where they naked? What were they doing to me? They did not stroke me. What?

"Mgggfff." Stop, wait, I tried to yell.

"Let's go."

"No, just a second Amanda."

"Julia," Amanda whispered.

I felt someone lean towards me, smelled her next to my ear. Then I heard Amanda again, whispering to Julia, meaning it must be Julia next to me.

Julia whispered to me. "She wants me to lick her pussy. Like that wouldn't cost her, cost you. I told her I would if she let me do this to you."

"Gmmmmm," I moaned, the mental image immediately jumping into my mind, that of my Amanda being made love to by this woman.

"Hmmm, I know," Julia said quietly. "She's been begging all night. That excites you, doesn't it? I know she's dying for my touch."

"Mmmmm," I moaned, feeling a pressure, a throbbing pressure in my crotch. I was swelling, but something was different this time. I was still sore, in my sack, from the frequent erections without orgasm, but this pressure was different, worse, much worse.

"Gggggffmmm."

"Julia, come on, please, you promised."

"I know Amanda, let me finish my fun first." Julia lowered her voice to talk just to me again. "Hurt, sissy?"

"Hmmmhmmm." What did she do? I couldn't quite feel a real erection, just something constraining me.

"That's what a chastity cage does, sissy, but we can talk about that, about you never using this little sissy cocky, later. I have to take care of Amanda first." Chastity cage?

"Wwwwmmmm." I realized what was wrong, what was painful. They had fastened something around my soft organ, something making it impossible for me to get an erection. I was swelling, but there was no room at all to expand, no room even for my little erection to grow. I had to stop thinking erotic thoughts or I'd continue to be in pain.

"Julie, please," Amanda begged. It was amusing to hear her beg. Well, it would be amusing if I wasn't so helpless, tied up, in chastity, in pain, desperate myself to cum, but gagged and unable to beg. I had to stop thinking about them, I had to be small again. Just so the pressure would go down.

"Almost done, Amanda," Julia laughed. "Let me just do one thing." She moved off the bed, then back, and whispered to me again.

"You need to learn to stay soft until Amanda gets you on hormones, sissy. That's how sissies should be, soft. Never pretending they have a cock a woman would actually want."

"Neeeennnnn." I know. I knew exactly what she meant. As soon as she left, I would at least be able to think of other things.

"Yes, you do know, don't you. Well, it's not quite training, though, is it, if you don't have to think about sex. Not quite fair, really. You need to learn to stay soft when thinking about sex, that's the hard part. This will help, sissy." She put something over my head. Something with a strong odor. An odor of...pussy, a strong overpowering odor of pussy. Oh, fuck!

"Now try to stay small, sissy. Just try. Breath through my panties and see how you do. Smell me, like you dear Amanda has all night."

"Come on, Julia, please, leave him be, that's enough, come on."

"Oh, he's all set now, Mandy. You wanted your fun, but I told you your sissy here was the one who was paying for it. Okay, let's go take care of you know, shall we. Sissy here will be in agony enough, I think."

With that, they left the room, left me, worse off than I'd been all night. □ Swollen, in pain, helpless, gagged, caught, scared, excited.

There was no falling asleep now. How the hell could I fall asleep? I was throbbing, my erection straining against whatever kind of chastity they had fastened on me. I could not even begin to relax, not with the scent of pussy I had with each breath. As much as I'd like to stop thinking about them, about Julia licking Amanda's pussy, each breath brought the aroma of a woman's scent, the sweet smell of pussy. No, I was just to lay there, in pain, occasionally moaning. Even when I could slowly breath, focus on anything but sex, even when I would finally soften, it would only last for minutes until I'd swell again. Damn Amanda. Damn her fucking friend.

Damn myself for this mess I was in.

Finally, at around eight that morning, Imelda came into my room.

"Good morning Jamie, you sleep well?"

"Ggffffmmm!"

"Shhh, I know Jamie, I know. It okay, I can get you up now, I help you, it okay."

Imelda undid the cuffs. That only released me from the confines of the bed, but left my arms and legs free. I tried to stand up, but was too weak to do so. My crotch was also too sore this instant. I pulled the panties off of my head. Imelda also undid the ball gag, which I spit out immediately.

"My god, Imelda, I'm so sore," I said. While my hands and legs were sore, I was talking about my crotch. "Can you take this off too," I asked, looking at the pink plastic cage that imprisoned my cockette.

"That CB-2000 chastity cage Jamie, I need key. Ms. Irwin have key, I do not, I'm sorry." I looked down again at this contraption. There was a small metal lock attached to it, holding a pink ring behind my sack to one containing my penis.

"Can't I just pull it off," I asked moving my hands quickly down towards my sore, imprisoned cock. I tried, cried out in pain. "That hurt!" I looked again, there were plastic teeth pushing into me. Clearly this was not coming off so

easily.

"Jamie, please, you careful, you hurt yourself."

"What the hell is this, Imelda?"

"Ms. Irwin, she tell you. Chastity cage. Stops swelling. Stops orgasm. □ You not get off without she say." Get off or get it off?

"Amanda?"

"Amanda," I heard Ms. Irwin's voice suddenly in the room me "No darling, at least not while I'm here. You don't get that off without my permission."

Her voice sent me rigid. Not my spine. My organ. As rigid as I could get inside the plastic. Swollen and painful. I grimaced in pain. Damn her!

"Now, now, see, that's exactly why you need that. Look how excitable you can be. So unbecoming of a sissy. The beauty of a chastity cage like that is how long they can be worn. Months, really. Until a little sissy girl earns to control herself. Years, even, if need be."

"Years," I gasped. Hell, even months. But, Lisa. How could I ever explain this? I was seeing her tonight!

"Thinking of your precious Lisa?" My face reddened. "Oh, Amanda told me all about her last night. You are lucky I'm not your owner. I told Amanda she's being far too easy on you. A girlfriend. Honestly, who ever heard of such a thing, a sissy with a girlfriend. If she let's me have my way with you, I'll have one of my men take care of that. Enough cock inside you and you'll forget all about Lisa."

My mouth dropped open.

"Oh, don't look so shocked, sissy. Just like your Lisa will crave cock, so would you."

She looked over to Imelda. "I told Amanda to put a stop to this silly nonsense, I'd be happy to buy Jamie from her, but you know what a romantic she can be. Well, at least she's willing to start hormones, if nothing else, so she can speed up training your little thing to behave."

My eyes widened again. Hormones? Good god, they wouldn't! "Yes, sissy,

the hormones. Don't worry, I wasn't lying before. They will not effect your libido at all, even if you have trouble getting erect. You'll want sex but you just won't use that little thing on a woman again."

I was not sure how to respond and just lay there, eyes downcast.

"Well, Imelda will get you dressed. Amanda and I are going to have coffee. Though we'll save the cream for another time."

She turned and left. That woman scared me. "Imelda, how long will she be visiting?"

"No worry Jamie, she leave in morning. You lucky -- she a difficult woman. I know."

"In the morning? But I have a date with Lisa tonight. I don't have to stay here do I? Please Imelda, I can't, I don't want to!"

"Shhh, Jamie, you worry like girl. Ms. Drake tell Ms. Irwin you have date, she know. You ... you just do as told, please." She paused. "Well, I no supposed to tell you, but you just have to spend day, um, Ms. Irwin think you cute, she want to spend day here."

I literally shuddered thinking of a day with Julia. Why couldn't anything with me be easy, especially in this house. I just wanted to relax. Hell, I wanted to sleep. I could only imagine being around both Amanda and Julia. This was going to be a terrible, day, I was sure.

Since Julia was right, I was not getting the chastity cage off, Imelda had me undress from what little I was wearing and take a shower. That simple act was more refreshing than just about anything else I could have done that morning. As I suspected, though, that was the only refreshing thing about my day.

Certainly getting dressed did not inspire much confidence in what I was going to go through that day. Imelda handed me a garter belt, black, six straps. The black stockings, which she ordered me to be careful with, easily attached to the straps. The heels were black leather with straps that seemed a bit strange. The reason was clear enough when Imelda bent down and adjusted both of them. The adjustment was not for fit. It was to add a small padlock -- much like the one on my chastity cage -- to each shoe,

locking the stiletto heels on my feet.

Imelda handed me a black bra. It was heavy! Oh, obviously. The bra had breast forms already attached. It was very sheer, the fake nipples made the breasts very lifelike when attached to my chest. It was so easy to add breasts to my thin body.

"Jamie, I know you not like, but Ms. Irwin insist. She not let sissies about without breasts." Imelda was holding cuffs in each hand. I sighed, offered no resistance when she cuffed my hands behind my back with the black cuffs. While behind me, she bend down again, clipped something to the lock on each shoe. A length of chain, perhaps two feet. Walking would be easier than yesterday, but not easy enough, not even with the slack she left me.

"We need this, hold still." I could not see what this was, and was probably glad. This turned out only to be a collar, a black collar that Imelda fastened around my neck.

"Imelda, what am I supposed to do?"

"No talk. No gag if you no talk. You not supposed to do anything too much. We get Ms. Drake and Ms. Irwin coffee. You help."

"How am I supposed to help tied up like this?"

"Jamie, no talk," she scolded me. "Come with me to kitchen." I followed her, walking quicker than the night before, but I still could not match her strides and she had to slow down to wait for me.

In the kitchen, Imelda prepared coffee. Apparently we were to serve them coffee. Innocent enough. Imelda placed a carafe of coffee, two cups and silverware on a tray. Sugar, napkins, cream were still on the table. She had a second tray that she came over to me with. She held it up to my stomach and took some slim chains attached to the tray, up to my neck, attached them to the collar. The tray reminded me of something a cigarette girl would carry. Carry, of course, being the difference. The tray Imelda had was connected to me by my collar, since carrying was out of the question with my hands bound behind me.

Imelda placed the remaining items on the tray I had and told me to follow her, walking slowly as I was not going to like any consequence I receive for

spilling.

"Imelda, can I ask you a question?"

"Jamie," she hissed.

"Please, Imelda."

"Jamie, I tell you no talking. You want gag?"

I shook my head no. Imelda led me to the stairs. That was not a easy task, and took several minutes to navigate without spilling or tripping, given the tray and my bound ankles.

I was nervous when we paused outside Amanda's door. Should I abandon hope? Imelda opened it, led us in.

What we found was surprising, though strangely, not shocking. Well mildly shocking, maybe.

Amanda was naked. That was the first surprise. Amanda was sitting on the floor, the second surprise. Sitting on the floor at Julia's feet. Julia was playing with Amanda's hair, stroking it like one might a favorite pet. Amanda was sitting against the couch, one leg pulled up to her chest, the other off to her side. I tried not to stare at the pink. The pink folds of her flesh that were facing right towards me.

Julia was not naked. She had a pink satin wrap on, hiding the parts of her I would have wanted to see the most. Their posture left no doubt who was the alpha female in the house right now. My god, Amanda?

How could she be submitting?

"Amanda, pet, would be so kind as to pour us some coffee."

"Yes, Ma'am," Amanda answered, standing up gracefully. My mouth was open. I was on the verge of saying something, but Imelda caught my eye. Her stern look reminded me of her warning to stay quiet.

When Amanda was by me, I could not help but stare at her breasts. She certainly noticed, judging by the smirk on her face. "I'd suggest you watch where you stare, sissy, lest you find yourself over my knee."

My eyes widened, naturally looked over at Julia, an implicit acknowledgment of who I thought was the alpha female in the room. She offered no help. "Don't look at me, sissy. Mandy's status with me has nothing to do with you. If she wants to punish you, that's none of my affair. I may have some suggestions, but since she won't sell you to me, she's your mistress, not me."

Maybe the conclusion I should reach is that all women are alpha to me. Maybe sometime I'd really comprehend that fact, comprehend that every woman I saw was ahead of me and finally live that life. Maybe I already was. I looked down, unable to meet the gaze of either.

After Ms. Drake got coffee for the two women, Julia dismissed Imelda, though she ordered me to stay as to collect cups when they were done. Of course, staying meant tormenting, too. I stood there, unmoving. I felt objectified by them, by their casual conduct, their enjoying morning coffee while I stood still, bound, trapped. That was their purpose, I realized, to objectify me again, to teach me my place.

I stood still for five or ten minutes while they had their coffee and chatted quietly. I tried to avoid looking at either of them. At first I did not hear it. Or rather, I heard it but did not realize what it was. The second time it was more clear, distinct, obvious. A small moan coming from Amanda. I was afraid to look at her.

The next moan left it nearly impossible for me to keep looking over their heads, to avoid what was happening right in front of me. I peeked a look downward. Julia was sipping her coffee, both hands on her cup. Amanda was on the floor, half sitting, half kneeling, also with both hands holding her coffee.

"Hmmmm," Amanda moaned again. The movement caught my eye this time. Julia's toes. Her wiggling toes. Julia had moved her foot under Amanda so that Amanda was kneeling right over Julia's right foot. Julia was wiggling her toes directly on Amanda's bare pussy.

I gasped. Partially from the shock of the erotic scene. But, more than that, my gasp was from the immediately resumed ache in my crotch. Amanda's moan coupled with Julia's foot on her pussy caused my caged organ to swell to fill the tight confines of the plastic prison within seconds. Again and

again during the night I'd been forced to swell, and again this morning it happened.

I realized how badly I wanted two things right now. First, to keep staring at the erotic scene unfolding before me. Second, to flee the room so I could shrink. The constant sexual tension on my trapped penis was agony -- it had to stop, I had to cum or be left alone. I couldn't keep taking this.

But neither Amanda or Julia dismissed me. I could not flee. I could only stare at them in pain.

In pain, I had no choice but to watch.

No, that's not true. I had every choice in the world, I thought, as Julia continued to rub Amanda's pussy. I could simply leave. Or could I? This instant, I was bound, sissified, really helpless. I'd been that way since Julia arrived yesterday.

Bound.

Trapped.

But every moment up until then I could have left. Why didn't I?

Lisa. Lisa trapped me here.

I cared too much about her. I loved her. Amanda had been right before. I could do nothing now because that would endanger me with Lisa.

I bit my lip. That quick, sharp pain in my lip was enough to keep me from moaning out from the growing dull pain in my groin. That dull pain was increasing every second.

I was trapped.

Amanda was rocking slowly back and forth, rubbing herself on Julia's foot. Her head was slowly moving around, her breathing quickening. She was either orgasming, or an amazing actress. I wanted to cum so badly! I would have sold my mother to gypsies to cum right now, just once, just this second.

I realized Julia was watching me, smirking. She knew the pleasure Amanda was enjoying just as she knew the torment I was experiencing. She was a

witch.

"Mandy tells me your Lisa is quite pretty," Julia said as Amanda continued to move herself over her foot, more quickly as she shook with pleasure. "I wonder, sissy, what such a pretty girl would rather have, my foot," she paused, moved her foot around Amanda who moaned louder, "or that little cockette of yours."

If it was possible, something I'd doubted, my swelling suddenly became worse.

"I love that pained look on your face. The idea pleases you, but you're thinking she'd never do anything like this. But you're wrong, sissy. For a woman must submit before she can really dominate. You see, Amanda submits because she is a dominant. If I teach Amanda, she must submit to me. Just as your Lisa will do to the woman who trains her."

The woman who trains her? That was Amanda. I gasped at the realization of what she was saying. "She would never," I muttered.

They did not hear me, or they ignored me, for Amanda was moaning quite loudly now, her pleasure rushing through her and pulsating through the room.

"She will," Julia said quietly; she must have heard me! "Eventually, she most certainly will." Julia withdrew her foot from underneath Amanda, raised it up, over Amanda's shoulder. "Lick, pet," Julia instructed Amanda, who silently took Julia's glistening foot in her mouth and eagerly licked her own pussy juices off it. "If Amanda's right, sissy, Lisa will do all this and much, much more. Don't worry, sissy, she'll be learning to be your mistress."

She looked down at Amanda. "Such a good pet, Amanda. Take sissy back to Imelda, tell her every hour now as we discussed, until four when we can finish."

"Yes, Ma'am," Amanda replied, somewhat reluctantly letting Julia's foot fall from her mouth, looking disappointed that she could not keep tasting herself.

While Amanda may have been deferential to Julia, her eyes hardened

looking at me, adopting immediately her superior look and attitude. Amanda picked up a length of small chain from the end of the couch, padding over to me, and clipping it to my caged organ. She then picked up the coffee cups and mess, put them on the tray attached to my neck, picked the leash back up, and gave the leash a sharp tug.

"Eyes down, sissy, I don't want you staring at my ass."

"Please remind Imelda, if one of us isn't around, every hour on the hour until four," Julia called out to Amanda as she led me from her bedroom.

She'd warned me not to stare at her ass. That wasn't something I could easily avoid, for a wonderful ass it was. I had to stare at her. She was naked, exquisite, beautiful, amazing.

We managed to get to the stairs without me dropping anything. Amanda was leading me more quickly than Imelda had, so I had to be more careful in walking. Of course, watching Amanda's ass did not help matters, with either my gait or the swelling in my cage.

By the time we got to the kitchen, I'd begun to focus on the ground, on walking, not on Amanda, and the result was a decrease in swelling. In the kitchen, Amanda cleared the items off the tray and unhooked it from me, but made no move to undo the rest of my bondage.

"I know, she's a bit harsher than you're used to Jamie, but it's only for a couple of days. I told you things would be uncomfortable, didn't I?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, relieved to be allowed to speak."

"Julia may be harsh in her methods, but they are proven effective, there is no doubt about it."

"She...she really buys and sells slaves?" I blurted out.

"Yes, she does. Don't worry, you really are being trained for Lisa, honestly. I want that for you, please believe me."

My sigh of relief filled the room.

"Oh, don't think rosy thoughts yet, Jamie. If it doesn't work out with Lisa, my plans may change."

My eyes widened. I honestly could not imagine being under the clutches of Julia.

"Shhh, just worry about Lisa, worry about what you have with her, not what could be with Ms. Irwin. Look at the time. Almost eleven. Guess I'm doing the first hour."

"What do you mean, Ms. Drake? She... she said that upstairs too."

"Getting you excited. This should only take a second." She walked to me, moved her head close to my ear. Every hour...till four...my god, I was going to explode! They were going to continue what they did all night for the rest of the day! I couldn't take that, no, no.

"Shhh, just tell me, when you were watching me upstairs, did you think how much you wished it was your face I was sitting on instead of Julia's foot. Don't you wish it was you I was rubbing my wet pussy on."

For the umpteenth time that day, I swelled as much as I could in the cage. It was as bad as any, with Amanda right there in front of me.

"Ms. Drake," I heard Imelda ask from behind me.

Amanda smiled at me. "He's all set for an hour, Imelda. Please take care of it if Julie or I are not around. It shouldn't be too hard anymore. I didn't even have to touch him. Just tell him how his sweet Lisa may need a real man to satisfy her. I'm sure his sissy clitty will swell right up thinking of her with a real man."

"Ohhhh," I gasped without thinking.

"See, you sissies are all the same."

Amanda left the room, leaving me with Imelda. I finally felt like I could talk. "Imelda," I pleaded, "I'm so sore, please, can't you take this off, can't I relieve myself?"

"I told you I no have key, Jamie, so you can't take off. We talk about relieving later, though."

"Can't you at least untie me," I said, trying to wrap my arms around the front of me.

"You come upstairs, we dress you, I show you."

Upstairs, Imelda had a black satin French maid uniform out on my bed. I was familiar with this. At least I'd be untied, I thought as she unclipped my hands from behind my back.

Imelda helped me into the uniform and a petticoat that made the skirt flare out, barely covering my stocking tops. She was more fully feminizing me, as today's uniform included an auburn wig, a maid cap, though no make up. Looking at myself in the mirror, I realized that while makeup would certainly enhance how pretty I looked, it was not needed to make me look like a woman. My soft features seemed filled out by the clothes. I in no way looked like a man anymore.

While getting me dressed, she did not unchain my ankles. I was pantyless under my skirts. As for my wrists, instead of unbuckling them, she attached lengths of chain that were the same that had held the tray to my collar and attached these to the collar, binding my hands not together, but restricting them so I could not move them below my waist.

I noticed the clock.

It was getting close to noon. Getting dressed had taken up almost an hour. I was afraid of noon. The few minutes left were filled with me making my bed. Such an easy task? Not with my wrists chained.

"Jamie," Imelda called, "come here." I gulped, but walked to her. I was so sore still and I'd not even been made to swell yet.

Imelda looked at me, slowly reached her hands under my skirt, took my cage in her hands. I could not feel her hand on my penis proper, not with the cage, but she didn't stay there. Instead she took my very sore balls in her hands. I gasped.

"Shhh, Jamie, this just take minute. Her kneading of them hurt! But, dammit, it still felt good, too. "Ms. Drake want to tell you about cuckold to excite you. Lisa with man. But I rather think you with Lisa, woman you love. Make love like you woman."

I don't know if her words were intentional, but they caused two different images to flash in my mind. Lisa fucking Mark, the guy she dated when we

were broken up. Violent, urgent fucking. And me, making love to her, softly, tenderly. A man fucking her, me making love to her. Mark thrusting into her. I was lovingly licking her.

I was swollen in less than a minute, those two thoughts in my mind. Imelda let go of me immediately, but I could not do the same to shrink. For ten minutes, I tried to wipe those images from my brain, but for ten minutes I did not soften at all. This was agony!

When that was over, Imelda took me downstairs to the kitchen, where I stood and watched while she made lunch preparations. We both ate while she finished placing things on a serving cart. I was grateful to have a little bit of food into me.

Imelda instructed me to follow her to the small dining room, where lunch would be served. I saw Julia first, sitting at the head of the table, smartly dressed in what I assumed was a skirt suit. The jacket was light grey, her blouse a light blue. Later when I moved, I was able to see the skirt and her nylon covered legs, her slim heels.

Amanda, on the other hand, was still naked. Well, mostly naked. She was wearing one piece of jewelry that I could see. A thin chain running from nipple to nipple, attached, no, clamped to each. I tried not to look, tried not to stare, both to avoid offending them but also to avoid the pain I'd be in if I did.

I was rescued from focusing on Amanda by a task to perform. Who would have thought that pouring water could be something I'd be so grateful to do.

After pouring I hovered by Julia. She was sitting at the head of the table, after all. She corrected me. "No, no, you go stand behind your owner, dear. Unless she's having second thoughts about selling you."

"No, Julia, I told you he's not for sale." It was weird. So Amanda was submitting? Acknowledging that Julia was the alpha? Julia clearly did not have enough power to demand me, but she was also just as clearly the "top dog" this instant. Amanda deferred, but kept possession of me (luckily).

From my new vantage point, behind Amanda, to one side of Julia sitting at the head of the table, I could see Julia's legs and matching skirt. Amanda's naked form was mostly covered by the chair and my poor vantage point. I

was lucky, as that kept me from staring at her breasts for a half hour.

While Amanda sat upright, straight backed, bare legs firmly planted in front of her, Julia was more casual in her mannerisms. Standing where I was, I could not help but notice under the table, Julia dangling her heel on her stockinged foot, even letting it move towards and touch Amanda, the nylon rubbing Amanda's calf, causing Amanda to quickly take in a breath at the covert sexual caress.

Amanda jumped when Julia's foot made contact with her naked flesh. I jumped too, like a surge of electricity suddenly running through me, from my arms and legs, inward, until it hit my middle, my crotch, and I was rewarded with an immediate tightening in my cage.

"It doesn't take much now, does it sissy?"

I was breathing heavily, watching Julia's foot massage Amanda's leg. The foot she'd fucked her with earlier.

Amanda turned and looked at the strained, caged object of my affliction.

"Remind you of someone," Julia asked Amanda?

"A little."

"Of course it's little, pet, you know most are."

Amanda smirked. "A little, Julia, a little. But he has for some time now."

"That's why you hired him?"

"Yes," Amanda said slowly.

"I know. Are you ever going to tell him?"

Amanda squirmed. I could see her face flush from the toying Julia was doing with her foot. "I don't know, honestly Julia, it depends on Lisa."

My swelling increased even more at the mention of Lisa. I moaned loudly, so sore, so excited, so desperate to cum.

"I suppose you're right. Well, that's good enough for now, anyway." Julia lowered her foot and eventually stood, prompting Amanda to do the same.

"That's good enough for this hour, Mandy, let's go, we can let Imelda take over until four."

They walked out without another word to me, leaving me straining for several minutes, helpless and without any idea as to what to do or advice on how to do it. In fact, it seemed that I spent the rest of the afternoon swollen, for the times Imelda made me get that way, because I took even longer to shrink back until the squeezing was gone. I did not know what was happening at four, but it could not be any worse than how I spent that afternoon.

I hoped.

Somehow the appointed hour arrived. Remember, I still had a date with Lisa this evening. I remembered that. Barely. It was a bit difficult to think about given the near constant soreness from my groin. Erection after erection, all to be denied. Hour after hour. I thought of my condition as 3B. Beyond blue balls.

At the appointed hour, Imelda led me to the basement of Ms. Drake's home. Ominously.

To my fate.

## Chapter 9 - Discoveries

At the appointed hour, I was led down to the basement by Imelda. I felt naked. I wasn't naked, not entirely, I was still wearing the French Maid's uniform and lingerie Imelda had dressed me in earlier. The black garter belt with stockings, the heavy black bra with breast forms, the chastity cage. It was difficult going down the stairs, with the chain between my ankles and my wrists restricted.

It was difficult walking down the stairs because I was so fucking sore. My poor cock, made to swell over and over and over again all night and all day. The last time, less than an hour ago, Amanda did the honors of making me swell in the cage. It was so easy for her. No manipulation of me, no nothing really. She came into the room, looked at me and said, "It's time, Jamie." That was all it took for me to swell in the cage, grunt in pain, in agony. Just looking at her, knowing she wanted me hard. That got me hard. As hard as I could get in the cage.

Every step hurt. Every step reminded me how sore my balls were. How they teased me all night.

Imelda led me carefully down the stairs by a leash attached to the collar that was around my neck and also held my wrists in bondage. I wanted to ask what was going to happen, but she'd threatened to gag me if I made a sound. Leading me into a room across the hard floor, despite my warning, I let out a gasp. Julia and Amanda were waiting.

Julia was perched atop a wooden stool, legs crossed. She was impeccably dressed in a black skirt suit and crisp white linen blouse. Dark stockings covered her legs, ending in patent leather heels. There was no question whatsoever who was the alpha female.

Amanda, my boss, my dominant, the object of my lust, was standing at Julia's side. I shook seeing her. How could I not? I'd lusted for her for months. Now, Julia's pet, I lusted for her more. Amanda was all straps, black leather, some type of harness, circling her body, crossing her breasts at her nipples, her stomach, running down her torso, lower, a strap running directly over her sweet pussy, up the crack of her ass. She was collared,

unlike me, without leash, barefoot. I'd kill to fuck her.

"Go ahead and get your little sissy here ready, girls," Julia said to Amanda and Imelda.

"Yes, Ma'am," they answered in unison.

Amanda approached me while Imelda started doing things to me. She unclipped the chains from my wrists to my collar, leaving the cuffs on, but taking the chains off. Amanda then removed my uniform while Imelda undid the chains connecting my ankles. I was free, for the moment, sure to be short lived.

"Good. Now, finish her, girls." Her. I was a her.

They walked me towards the other end of the room, towards a padded bench type contraption on the floor. The bench was about at waist height, but above my crotch. They pushed me down over it so that I was bent over.

Amanda stood behind me, holding me, spread my legs. I could feel her flesh against the back of me. Imelda kneeling between Amanda and me moving my legs apart until they were touching either side of the bench. I felt her attach something, binding my ankles apart the bench, binding me to the bench. Imelda stood, moved to one side, pulled my wrists forward, then down, buckling each of them to the side of the bench, immobilizing me completely.

Suddenly Amanda slapped my ass, hard. I yelped in pain. "Ouch," I called out. That really hurt!

"What...what are you doing," I asked, actually worried about their intentions.

"Imelda, the gag please," Julia said immediately, not asking, but ordering.

"Please, don't gag me," I begged. "I'm sorry, I...I won't talk again."

Imelda looked from me to Julia. "Do as you're told, Imelda, lest you find yourself punished, too." Julia said softly to Imelda. "She needs to learn anyway, the association, doesn't she, Mandy?"

"Yes, Julia, I know. I said you were right."

Imelda had walked over to a table in a dark part of the room, picked something up, walked back towards me.

"What is that," I asked eyes wide open?

"Has she not seen a cock bag before, Mandy? My, you have been lax in your training of her."

"Cock gag???" My eyes went even wider.

"Yes, sissy, a cock gag. A cock gag is such a wonderful training device for a little sissy girl to learn to associate sucking cock with pleasure. Why, many of my sissies actually learn to love cock before they ever actually suck one. I hate to sell a sissy to man before she loves cock, right Mandy?"

"Yes, Ma'am, but you know my..."

"Yes, yes, Mandy, I know you're still not willing to sell this one, but that doesn't mean you should slack on training, wouldn't you agree?"

"Yes."

"And isn't sucking cock an important part of a sissy's training?"

"Yes, yes, but..."

"But, what, Mandy? You know my rules. Sissies suck cock. No exceptions. I don't care if you won't make her suck a real cock, though you know she has to at some point, but she's at least going to learn."

"Julia..."

Julia held up her hand quieting Amanda. "That's enough, Mandy. She's going to at least learn to suck cock. Well, that's not quite right, is it? She's going to learn to love it, to crave it. Whether you let her have cock is up to you, but she's going to learn. Now, do you want me to train her with the cock gag or shall I call up one of my boys and have her have her first real cock?"

My eyes were thrown wide open. A real cock? Amanda saved me. "The gag, Julia."

"Good. The cock, then, Imelda."

The gag was some black leather contraption with a stubby cock shaped rubber object on the end, maybe four inches long and thick, with veins and a bulbous head. It looked like the top half of a very large, very thick cock. Imelda walked over to me and forced the object carefully into my mouth and buckled it tight around my head. My lips were forced to open, my mouth, wide, to accommodate the thick cock. I started to breath quickly, scared, but every intake of breath seemed to force me to suck the nasty penis, scaring me even more.

"Thicker than you're used to, but it's not so bad, is it Jamie? You'll learn to love a long thick cock in your mouth if I have anything to say about it."

"Mmmgggfff," I moaned through the gag.

"Maybe you and your pretty Lisa can share a cock someday. Wouldn't you like to see her sucking on a real cock? Never seen that before, have you? Just playing with your little clitty. Wouldn't you like to suck on a cock with her? Help her please a real man?"

I was panting, scared, frustrated, dreading. All that only made me actually suck harder and harder on the fake cock in my mouth.

"Oh, that's right sissy, suck that thick cock in your mouth. Picture a man with twice that fucking your pretty sissy mouth. Eight inches going in and out of you."

"Julia," Amanda said softly, trying to protect me.

"Oh, not now, Mandy. This is the time for reality for this little thing here. No sense sugar coating what a sissy of mine must do, is there?" She looked at me. "I train sissies to become cock sucking sluts, Jamie. If Mandy here ever lets me get my hands on you, within a month, you'd be sucking cock like the best high-class whore. Wouldn't you like that? Wouldn't you just die to suck a man's cock right before he slam fucked that pretty girlfriend of yours? Doesn't that just make your little tiny clit so excited? Think about it, Jamie. When I get my hands on you, you'll be sucking cock, sucking a man's cock until it is so hard it is ready to explode. Then, sissy, you're going to watch him fuck your girlfriend, fuck her, give her the first real orgasm of her life."

She looked down at me, bound, sucking. "Is it, Jamie? Is your clitty all swollen again now that you've got a cock in your mouth? Now that you're thinking about that cock fucking your woman?"

"GGGMMMFFF." I yelled through the cock, pissed that she was right.

"Amanda, Imelda, you may proceed." Proceed with what?

Amanda waved to Imelda who picked something up off the table. She carried it to me, bent down under the bench, down to where my cock was all swollen in the chastity cage. She then got down on the floor under the bench. She slid under it so I was unable to see her naked body. Trying to figure out what she was doing distracted me from Imelda's actions at the table. It wasn't until Imelda was almost upon me that I saw her, saw what she had in her hands -- a cock!

Well, a dildo, really, a flesh colored, incredibly lifelike dildo. A cock. A large, thick cock. My eyes flew wide open. This was at least twice as long as the cock in my mouth, as the cock I was suddenly sucking harder and harder.

"What's the matter, sissy? Mandy tells me you've been milked before, why the shock?"

Milked? Milked! I had been milked before, once, by Imelda. But for that Imelda had used her fingers, not cock, not a fucking cock! It was almost intimate with Imelda...almost...but this...this was obscene, disgusting. She planned to stick that inside me???

They meant to stick that cock inside me!!!

"Ggmmffmmgm."

"Oh, silly, did you really expect me to be that easy on you? I could use a number of things to take care of you, a small vibrator, a special instrument, even a finger. But really, what better to use to make a sissy dribble than a cock? I told you, sissy, Mandy may shelter you, but as long as I am here, we'll do things the proper way. You'll be milked sucking cock and fucking cock. Honestly, did you think we'd actually touch that little thing of yours? That's gross. No sissy under my control is going to be touched while she cums. Ever. You cum as a girl or not at all. You cum with a cock in your mouth or in your pussy. You cum locked in chastity. You're not a man, sissy,

you're not going to cum like a man. Ever. You cum like this, or not at all."

5 highlighters

"Mmmfff?"

"That's right, not at all. You cum getting milked or you serve another day like this."

"Mmm?"

"Yes, another day of agony, sissy. I'm happy to stay another day. Don't worry, though, Imelda is well versed in milking sissies like you, with her hands or with a cock, isn't that right Imelda?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Julia walked beside me, close to my head. "Isn't this fun, sissy? Isn't this natural? Isn't this what you want your Lisa to see you doing? Don't you want to her to see you so excited, cock in your mouth, cock in your pussy?"

I felt a line of drool escaping my mouth. Julia noticed too. "Don't you dare fucking drool on my bench, sissy, or else you'll find yourself with an ass so red you can't sit down for a month. Suck that back in, now."

I did so quickly. The sucking also made the cock gag jerk in my mouth. Making more drool. Making me suck again. "There you go, Jamie, sucking cock already, are we?"

That's when Imelda started. I felt it as something cold, first. Cold and wet. Lubricant. Cold, wet lubricant on the tip of the rock solid cock Imelda was holding and now slowly pressing against my ass.

"You need to relax, Jamie, just relax," she whispered. "Forget for a minute about the cock in your ass. Just think of Lisa. Just focus on the cock in your mouth. Just think of sucking cock with her. Think of how pretty she looks, how pretty she'll look with a cock in her mouth, sharing it with you. Think of sucking a cock, getting it hard, getting a man hard, so he can fuck her."

Imelda pushed the dildo slowly into me, keeping a steady pressure.

"Suck the cock, Jamie. Feel it fill your mouth." I slurped in more drool. "That's it, suck it. Don't you want to be Lisa's cocksucker? Her fluffer? Getting men hard for her? Getting them rock hard, feeling how hard they

are before they fuck your pretty girlfriend? Isn't that what you really want, sissy?"

I gasped, feeling the dildo spread my sphincter open.

"You know you'll never fuck her again, right? You'll never be able to today when I'm done and then the hormones will kick in. You'll never, ever fuck her again. Think she'll even miss this little thing?" She reached under the bench and flicked her hand at my trapped penis, barely touching it causing me to yelp in pain. "How long until she has a cock again? Months? Weeks? Days, even? Hours? Should I send one of my studs over to her tonight when you are there? How long until she realizes she can have her sissy and get fucked too? How long till she craves cock, till she seeks it out from a man, a real man?"

I moaned loudly. The cock was a good way up my ass now. I actually shook my hips, I almost wanted more of it in me.

Julia laughed. "That's it, sissy, now think of the cock in your ass. Look, Mandy, sissy is shaking her ass. I told you they are all the same. Cock hungry. That feels so good, doesn't it? Cock inside you, fucking you. Focus on both of them now, sissy, both of the cocks inside you."

Amanda snickered.

"Which do you think sissy would rather have, Mandy? Would she rather have the chance to fuck you or would she rather have Imelda fucking her with that dildo? She's getting the dildo, but I bet that's what she really wants."

"Ready, Ma'am," Imelda called.

"Start." Upon her command, Imelda started moving the cock. In and out, slowly, all the way out, slowly, all the way in, deeper, each push, each thrust, deeper, deeper, until I felt the base, the balls, against my skin.

With each thrust in, she was manipulating my prostate with the cock. Moving it just slightly, pushing, prodding against me. Making me jump, wince, moan, all in pleasure.

I couldn't help but gasp again, suck in more drool, more cock, cock in my mouth, in my ass. My own trapped penis was jumping, swollen to the edges

of the chastity cage, jumping.

"Do you want her to stop, sissy?"

I grinded backwards pushing against the cock. Imelda just let me push back, not letting me actually take any more in. It was almost frustrating. I shook my head no, no.

"But what would your precious Lisa think? Her 'boyfriend', with cock in his ass and in his mouth? Loving it? What if she was here?"

Imelda found a sensitive spot on my prostate and I gasped loudly. She seemed to know what she found and continued to press and grind onto that spot.

"Would you want to stop then?"

"Nnnnnn," I shook my head.

"Hmmm, maybe I'd let Mandy fuck her, no? I bet Lisa would appreciate Mandy's eight inch dildo, appreciate some real cock. You could both feel cock inside you at the same time. Mandy would be happy to fuck her until she got a real man again. She'd be happy to take care of your girlfriend until she found a real man."

"Hmmmfffff," I moaned feeling my own cock jerk along with a dribble. Cum was leaking out of my cock onto the floor below me. Or at least I thought it was the floor.

"Ohhh, look at you sissy, a little bit of juices are escaping. See how you cum like a girl when you have a cock up your ass? Juices leaking out of you just like a girl. Think your Lisa ever had a man fuck her that leaked like that? No, sissy, when a man fucks your girlfriend, he will shoot cum deep inside her pussy. He doesn't dribble like a girl."

"Gggggg." I was sucking the drool from the gag, sucking the cock, feeling my prostate toyed with by Imelda and the cock.

"Don't worry sissy, even when you're on hormones, you'll still be able to orgasm like this." She grinned. "In fact, it's the only way you'll be able to orgasm. Like a girl."

"Pmmfff," I begged. Please. Please. She was right. My body was shaking. Orgasm waves were beginning to wash all over me. Continuing. They did not stop with the leakage of cum. They just kept going. I could feel my penis leaking, I could feel cum leaking out of it, but so softly. Not violently, like a man, but softly, like a woman.

"This is how a woman cums, sissy. This is how Lisa cums when she gets fucked by a man. Over and over and over, just like you are now. This is what she'll be missing when you can never get hard again. This is what she'll go looking for, sissy. Cock. Man's cock. Cock like you have in your ass. Cock that's making you cum just like she will."

I was pulling against the bondage, struggling, shaking, whimpering. Sucking cock. Fucked by cock.

"How is she doing, Mandy? Getting it all?"

Ms. Drake answered from under me. "Oh she's leaking all over, but I've got it."

"This is how you'll cum, sissy. With cock. God how I'd love to sell you to a strong man who could teach you all about that. You ever want to cum again, you'll have to do this, you'll have to have cock, that's the only way, sissy, as long as you're on hormones, you'll only cum being fucked by cock."

I was having the strangest orgasm I'd ever had. It was so weak and soft, yet it continued and continued making it seem more powerful than every, more powerful than anything I'd ever felt before.. I could feel the cum leaking and leaking. I kept shaking and shaking over and over. Normally I'd have cum and been done, all within ten seconds, but not now, it was just continuing. Every thrust from Imelda, every thrust, continued the pleasure, the orgasm, continued a feeling I'd never felt before.

Julia was now right next to my ear. "Think she wouldn't fuck a man, sissy? Think she will stay faithful? Think she'll share her men with you?"

I was moaning loudly, sucking like crazy, feeling cock inside me, cumming and cumming. Wave after wave of orgasm washing over me.

"That's right sissy, cum like a girl."

My god, this is what it felt for a woman? This was the best orgasm I'd ever had in my life, bar none. Yet, in a way, it was strange. I'd not "cum" like a man does, one powerful shot. It was just a slow steady build up of pleasure. It was a marathon of orgasm, not a sprint. In a way I felt like I did not even orgasm, but still, every nerve in my body was ringing, electric, alive.

"She's done, Ma'am," Amanda called out from under me. "No more."

At those words, Imelda pushed and held the fake cock inside me, slowly shaking it, twitching it, like a man would after he cums.

"That's the only way you'll ever cum again, sissy, fucked like that, fucked like a woman. A spent cock jerking in your ass cunt, submitting to a man or a woman. That's it sissy, that's all there is for you."

Ms. Drake crawled out from under me holding some kind of glass tube. I looked at it quizzically. There was some kind of white milky liquid in it. What the hell?

Julia laughed as my eyes widened in recognition. The tube was full of my cum! It had not gone on the ground, Ms. Drake had caught it all in the tube. What the fuck?

"Ggfmnnnn," I grunted. What the hell were they going to do?

"She's quick to understand, isn't she Mandy? That's right sissy, you think you know what's happening don't you? Why would be catch all your cum? Hmmm? What could we have planned?"

I was shaking my head. They were fucking crazy. There was no way I was getting near that.

"Oh, sissy, no, no, you don't understand, do you? You think I'm going to make you taste that now? Oh, you'll taste it all right, you'll eat ever drop of cum that comes out of you. Not now, though, sissy, not now. Trust me, sissy, you'll beg to eat this-whether Mandy or Imelda or I do it, soon you'll beg."

I shook my head no again.

"Oh, but you will. You'll beg to taste it, you'll beg to eat it all, you'll beg to

lick it, you'll beg for a cock to cum in your mouth."

"Nnnnnn."

Julia laughed. "Mandy, they're all the same, these sissies. Denying what they'll do, thinking they'll never do something like that...right up to the minute they absolutely beg me to eat it, they deny it. Right up until that instant they are on their hands and knees, begging, begging to eat their own cum."

Amanda must have agreed with this training method, for she too smiled. "I know, I know, I can't wait."

While they were talking, Imelda slowly removed the cock from my ass, slowly, an inch at a time, mimicking a man pulling his softening cock from a woman he just fucked.

"Good Imelda. I understand sissy has a date with his precious tonight. Why don't you take her upstairs and get her ready as we discussed. I don't want to make poor Lisa wait any longer for her pathetic sissy."

She then looked at me. "Why the longer she waits, the longer till she realizes that she needs a real man."

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**Back in my room, Imelda handed me a pair of underwear to wear for my date with Lisa. It could have been worse. I'd worn worse for Ms. Drake. Worse would have been full female clothes, instead of the simple tight boy shorts she gave me.**

Boy shorts. Despite the name, they were certainly not for a boy. Not the tight pink nylon and lace shorts she handed me.

There was no question as to the femininity of these, none at all.

"What am I supposed to tell her, Imelda?" I wanted to know what to say when she asked about my panties..

"Oh, you tell her you buy to wear for her," Imelda giggled.

Wonderful.

That was the thought I was thinking walking up the path to Lisa's door. I was tired, still sore, drained (literally) and wanted to go to bed.

Lisa, after letting me in, was wide awake, horny, kissing, petting, all over me.

"What's wrong," she finally asked me as we sat on the couch, her kisses returned with much less passion than she gave.

"I'm just tired, that's all, baby," I protested.

She laughed. "I know how to make any boy happy," she responded, taking off my shirt without asking, kissing my chest, my nipples, working her way down to my waist. I momentarily forgot about the panties, so tired was I, so focused was part of my brain on a blow job.

I realized two things at the same time. Despite her kisses and the impending implication of oral sex, I wasn't hard at all. And I was wearing panties again. Not ones she'd given me.

"Lisa," I started to tell her to stop, trying to push her off, but not quite able to focus on the words.

"Shhh," she said, kissing me over my trousers, unbuckling me, unbuttoning me.

"Oh Jamie," she said bursting with excitement. "You...you're wearing panties...where did you..."

"I...I bought them," I swallowed.

"For me," she said, kissing the front of them right over the top of my tucked, flaccid cock?

"Yes," I whispered.

"Oh god Jamie, you're so amazing." She was still kissing me on my crotch without any reaction. "You really are tired, Jamie?"

"Yes, I'm sorry, but I'm just exhausted."

"Shhh, we can go to bed then, I...I can wait till tomorrow, I guess."

"Can we?"

She still toyed with my front, but slowed down. "If you promise to wear something pretty to bed."

"Pretty?" Of course pretty.

"Yes, I...I got you something, I just hope you like it."

I couldn't take this now, her teasing me, I couldn't, not after earlier today and Lisa and Julia's torment. Anything was better. "Okay, okay," I quickly agreed just to make her stop, just to make the teasing stop.

She practically skipped to the bedroom in a hurry to pull out the something she got me, the bag from a fine lingerie boutique, Kate's, handing it to me with a big, guilty smile on her face.

"For you."

I almost gulped taking the bag, but resisted. She bought me lingerie? Oh god, where was this going? What was I trapped in with her and Amanda?

I opened the bag, carefully taking out the tissue paper wrapped delicates. I unwrapped them with Lisa eagerly looking on. The lingerie consisted of a very light pink chemise and a pair of matching panties, both delicate, wonderful satin. Both something I'd love to see on Lisa. Or Amanda. Just not necessarily on me.

"Do you like," she asked, her face lighting up?

"They...they are very pretty," I answered honestly, without answering.

"Yes, yes, but do you like them? Come on, put them on, model for me."

"Now, Lisa?"

"Yes, now, silly, of course now. You want to wear them, don't you?" She was suddenly unsure of herself. "I mean, you, you want to wear pretty things, don't you?"

Want to? Did I want to wear the lingerie? That was a different question than would I wear it, that was a question that implied it was my idea, my desire,

not hers. Just what did she and Amanda talk about?

"I'll wear them," I answered her.

"No, no, not will, want. Do you want to wear them? Do you want to wear the pretty lingerie for me? That's what I'm asking. Not will you wear them for me, but do you WANT to wear them for me?"

"Yes," I whispered, unsure of what my answer would be until it escaped my lips.

I just stood there looking at her. "Show me," she said softly. "Show me that you want to dress pretty for me."

I was actually on the verge of wanting it now, of wanting to be pretty for her, of wanting to look pretty for her, of wanting to be a girl for her. Even wanting to submit to her.

I undressed slowly, nerves slowing me down. The earlier activities at Amanda's left me drained, physically and mentally. Sexually too. I was just drained. Getting into the lingerie for Lisa was not about sex at this moment. It was more subtle, it was more about the prettiness, about looking good for her, about being sexy for her.

Undressed down to just the panties I wore over, I started to lower them, step out and then into the new panties Lisa bought. Pulling the new ones up my legs, I realized just how small and shrunken my own flaccid penis was. I looked at it, actually blushed. She must have seen me.

"Sweetie, it's okay," she said looking first at my crotch, then up into my eyes. "It just makes the panties you wear look sexier with a flat front." Wow, a soft, tiny cock was good? And wouldn't that just make her crave a hard cock, a real man's cock all that much more? That's what Ms. Drake and Julia would tell me. My small, soft penis would make her crave cock.

That wasn't the worst, either. The top, the pretty satin top, felt very tight on my chest after I pulled it on. I thought she'd gotten it too small. That was until I saw her smiling at me. Well, smiling at my chest. I looked down.

"Just perfect, isn't it," she asked. The top was tight because there was elastic around the top. No, not just elastic. There was a bra built into the top of the chemise, a bra that was tight and pushing my chest inwards and upwards

forcing two small mounds to form. Two small mounds that looked just like breasts.

"You're so beautiful, Jamie," she said looking at my body, my feminine body. "I know you're tired, so lets go to bed. We don't have to, you know; I can just hold you in my arms."

Lisa changed too, into something equally sexy, equally seductive. I fell asleep in her arms, spooned by her, her arms wrapped around me, her hands on me. One hand on my chest, my breasts, the other on my panties, cupping the flat front, the flaccid organ, caressing it, me, the little me, the feminine me.

The sissy me.

I thought I was dreaming. Dreaming of making love to Lisa. She was moaning. I was pleasing her. I was dreaming.

"HMMMM," I heard quietly in my dream again, trying to roll over. I was only half awake, trying to get back to sleep to get back to the dream.

I felt the bed move. I wasn't dreaming? What was that noise?

"Lisa," I croaked, still half asleep.

"Shhh, go back to sleep."

I did just that. My eyes closed for an instant. Until the moan. I heard the moan again. This time I knew it was real, that I wasn't dreaming.

I did not move or say anything. Oh my god. I realized what it was. Lisa was playing with herself. She was masturbating!

I could barely see her. The light through the soft sheer curtains was just barely enough to see the shape of her body, the curve of her breast. I was on her side, on her left side, staring right at the mound of her left breast, covered with satin.

I said nothing. I just listened. Listened to the sounds of her playing with herself. I could hear the sounds of her fingers on her wet pussy.

My own crotch stirred, but did not harden. While she had slowed down, she now moved a bit quicker. I think she thought I'd fallen back asleep. Her breathing alone was exciting, inviting, thrilling.

I couldn't resist. I couldn't fall back asleep anyway.

I moved my head as slow and as quietly as possible, tongue out, reaching my mouth for her breast, expecting to kiss the satin of her lingerie. Instead my lips came into contact with naked flesh. Her nipple. Before she could say anything, lost in her own pleasure, I latched onto it, a babe sucking and feeding. She jumped, then moaned loudly.

"Oh, yessss," she groaned as my warm mouth found her breast. This was all I needed to hear. I wanted to make love to her, though I was still too drained. I could do this, I could love her as before, as a woman.

So tenderly, gently, hesitantly, I licked her nipple, then her breast, her entire chest, her stomach.

"Oh, yes, Jamie, yes," she moaned, continuing to use her own hand on her pussy, presumably on her clit, finding her orgasm. She had a free hand, for it found my head, my hair, stroking it as circled her belly button.

But she wanted more. I could feel her hand gently pushing my head downward, lower, towards her pussy. She wanted my mouth on her, the mouth that had brought her so many orgasms.

I couldn't resist her. Her hand was guiding me now, lower, to her pussy, to the waiting clit, to the smell, drifting towards me, calling me, beckoning me. Her hand was pushing me, ordering me. Lower. Lower.

I licked lower, letting her guide me. I was closer now, almost on her pussy, her right hand, the one pleasuring herself right in front of me. I re-wet my tongue, licked from navel to the top of her pussy, hitting her clit and her fingers pushing into her wet opening.

The brain, deceived, often finds what it expects. I expected her fingers.

It took me several seconds, five, maybe ten, to process that what I expected wasn't there, more to realize what was.

I expected her fingers pressing into her pussy, to be rubbing her clit, pushing inside her wet opening. It wasn't her fingers, though.

She wasn't pushing her own fingers inside her as I licked her exposed clit. Her fingers were holding something. Holding the object going inside her as I licked her clit. My brain was slow, slow to catch on. It wasn't her fingers in her, but instead guiding something into her, something in her making the sound, going in and out, her juices.

I started to say something, started to lift my head to figure out what was there, but her left hand held my face in place, right over her clit, on it, using my mouth so she could let an orgasm wash over her. Her thighs shuddered, she shook through her orgasm.

I felt whatever was in her hand brush my mouth as it went in and out, smelled it, even tasted it slightly, felt the contours. She was fucking herself. Not with her fingers, but with a dildo.

A dildo.

Not just a dildo, though. No, I realized it wasn't just a thin plastic dildo. It was more.

It was a cock.

A cock. A large cock. A large cock shaped dildo.

She was fucking the dildo while I was licking her pussy.

Moaning.

Orgasming.

Enjoying.

Fucked and licked at the same time.

Her clit was still between my tongue and my lip, trapped, assaulted, toyed with, used. She buckled, quivering, shaking, an orgasm, a powerful one, shaking her.

"Oh god, I'm so wet, Jamie, that feels so good," she moaned.

"Licking you," I foolishly asked, a bit confused.

She said nothing for fifteen seconds, then gasped, as if she was unable to even say it.

"Licking me while...ohhhhh..." Her thighs shuddered more.

"What," I begged her.

"Licking me while he fucks me," she moaned.

I wanted to stop and scream at her. "Who's fucking you?????"

This went on for a minute. Two. She fucked herself. She fucked the cock while I hovered over her, licking her, assaulting her clit.

Then it slipped out. The cock slipped out of her pussy. She was fucking herself too hard, too violently. It slipped out and instead of going into her on the next thrust, went upwards right towards her clit. Towards my face.

Did she time it? She could not see me.

Could she feel? How, given the other feelings washing over her.

But she had to have known.

It slipped right when my mouth was open. It slipped upwards. My mouth was open so it went right in. I tasted her on it, all over it, soaked, sopped, wet, musky. Her pussy juices all over it. But before I could even react, she pulled back, found her pussy. Fucked it again, harder, until...

Until it happened again. Until she pulled it out of her pussy and pushed it into my open mouth again. Twice. She moved in and out of my mouth twice before going back to her pussy. Twice the cock went into my mouth, twice I tasted her all over it.

I shuddered. "Lick me, lick me," she moaned, keeping my face pressed to her clit, while she fucked her pussy with the cock.

"Ohhhh that feels so good," she whispered, talking the dirty talk she sometimes talks. "You're making me soooo wet," she groaned again.

I always respond to that. She knows that. I did. Licking more, tasting her,

tonguing her clit.

She responded. "So wet." I was almost biting her.

"Your," she paused. "His cock is making me soooo wet."

I heard her loud and clear. Cock? "What...who's cock," I gasped, trying to get air.

She said nothing for fifteen seconds which seemed like fifteen minutes. She said nothing until her thighs shuddered again in orgasm. "His cock is making me so wet, Jamie."

If I had not been assaulted by Ms. Drake the day before I would have cum right there without being touched.

"Lisa, I..." I started to say. The cock missed her pussy again. Found my mouth again. Once, twice, three times, four times, five times before it left my mouth to go back into her leaving me to tongue her clit. "MMMGGGFFF," I mouthed sucking the cock with each thrust into my mouth, tasting her with each stroke.

"It's so big, Jamie," she gasped shoving it deep into her. "He's so big, isn't he?"

I wanted to scream at her. Who? Who was she thinking of? Who had she fucked that was this big? But I couldn't. Her words made me do something else. They made me lick her even more, with more fury, with more abandon.

I heard the cock pop out of her pussy again, silently waited for it to move into my mouth again.

"Taste me, Jamie," she said quietly, the cock paused just on the verge of my lips. "Taste me. I'm all over him, taste it, taste us." I was being offered the cock. I hesitated.

"Please taste it, Jamie," she paused too, as if gathering herself up to say something, say it. "Taste...taste my lover's cock." She was so tentative saying that, almost pleading, unsure of herself. I wanted to erupt so badly, to cum, her soft words, her hesitant yet dirty request turned me on incredibly. There was an innocence to her words, no matter how perverse, a quiet innocence.

I was thinking this, not moving. I think my hesitation made her question her own request.

"I'm sorry, Jamie," she said softly, almost disappointed.

I realized she was afraid what she said bothered me. Maybe she did not mean to say it, maybe she pushed too far, maybe it just came out in the lust filled moment. I was terrified that she would retreat, fearful of her own words, of her own wanton desires, so I did the only thing I could, the thing she asked.

I moved my mouth quickly and plunged onto the rubber cock, quickly taking it fully and deeply into my mouth. She was right, at least, it was all over the cock, her-her scent, her juices, her sex. I moved my mouth up and down the cock, sucking as I'd seen women suck before, taking it, pleasing.

"Oh, god, Jamie," Lisa gasped. My sucking, with the way we were positioned, moved my chin over her clit with each movement of my head. Each time I went down on the fake cock, I came into contact with her clit, her pussy, pushing her into orgasm, wave after wave of orgasm. I was making her cum sucking the cock that had been buried deep in her pussy.

I was making her cum sucking the cock. What she called, 'his cock.'

She apparently was pushed past any shame or question she'd had a minute ago. The sexual excitement pushed her on, made her push me on. "Oh, Jamie, yes, yes, suck his cock," she moaned, pushing my head onto it, onto her pussy, her clit, until she was shaking, shuddering, orgasming, withering, crying. "Suck my lover's cock."

Finally, she needed it. Needed the one thing I've never given her. I knew, I could tell.

She whispered it at first. "Fuck me," she said. I foolishly assumed me meant me, started to move. She didn't though.

"No, Jamie," she gasped, "not you, him, I want a man to fuck me. I want his cock inside me. I want him to fuck me."

"Lisa," I gasped, taking my head off the cock. She seized that window of opportunity, moved her hand slightly and pushed the cock inside her

gasping, moaning, like I've never heard her moan before. "Oh god yes!"

I moaned too, lost in her pleasure. "Lick me, Jamie, lick me while he fucks me," she moaned, talking dirtier than I ever heard her talk before. I dove back in, so lost in this middle of the night scene, too lost to even think about what was going on.

"His cock feels so good inside me, Jamie," she gasped pushing harder, all the way in, holding it. "It..he's making me cum so hard!"

I had the mental image of a man with his cock shoved into Lisa, holding it here, deep, as deep as he could as he came, as cum filled her, shot inside her. In my mind, a man was cumming inside my girlfriend, a man, a man with a cock, a hard cock. I gulped, part turned on more than ever, part terrified, but I still asked it.

"Is...is he cumming inside you?"

Lisa went with it, holding the cock deep in her, grinding it. She must have sensed the tone in my question, the abandon with which I was licking her pussy, the lust in my voice.

She must have sensed I was asking out of fear and excitement.

"Yes, yes," she moaned, "he...he's cumming...yes...oh god, yes, he's cumming in my pussy, yes. Yes, oh, Jamie, yes."

I fell asleep with my face against her, smelling her, tasting her.

I woke up in the morning when Lisa stirred. I was in her arms, head nuzzled against her. "Oh, sorry to wake you, sweetie," she said, tiredly looking at me.

"It's okay," I answered, quickly looking down, unable to meet her eyes. We lay in silence for several minutes. I was on the verge of speaking a couple of times, but did not know what to say, what to make of the evening before.

Finally, I opened my mouth, started to talk, "Lisa, about..."

"Jamie, I..." We both went at the same time.

"Go, go ahead, what, Lisa."

"I...I was just going to say, um, how...how did you sleep?"

"Um, good," I quickly answered, nervousness obviously apparent in my voice.

"Me...me too. It was nice to, um...get a good night's sleep."

Good night sleep?

"It was," I said, trying to make it sound as a question, but it came out as more a statement.

"Yes, yes, I mean, wow, I needed that."

"A night's sleep?"

"Ummm, yes," she answered squeezing me so we could not see each other's eyes. "Wasn't it nice?"

"Yes," I said. Confusion. I didn't dream that? It was too vivid. Why was she?

"I don't think I slept that good for a long time," Lisa said, squeezing harder. I had to turn my head up so I could breath. Maybe I did dream it.

"Me...me either." My eyes finally focused, looking for the clock on the night stand. My eyes didn't make it to the clock. They instead froze on the object on the night stand next to the clock. A cock.

A cock dildo.

A life like, large, thick, vein popping, dildo.

Sitting upright on the night stand.

It wasn't a dream last night!

"It was so good, wasn't it?"

"Sleeping," I gulped.

"Um, yes, yes," she answered while I stared at the cock. I remembered of course. He was fucking her. That's what she said. That cock. Her lover. Fucking her. Cumming in her. I sucked it. Sucked that dildo. That cock. Her lover's cock.

"Sleeping was good," I whispered. We were dancing around it. Ignoring it. Was it a dream? No, no. She would not say it, so why would I? But what did it mean?

"So good," Lisa sighed, squeezing me even harder.

I could not take my eyes off the cock. So I don't know how long it was. Not the cock. That was long. How long Lisa was watching me. Watching me start at it. I realized she could tell, she knew what I was looking at.

"You liked it, didn't you?"

I said nothing.

"Sleeping, I mean."

"Yes," I whispered.

"I love you," she sighed.

"I...I love you."

We lay there, drifted in and out of sleep for an hour or so, every time I woke up, it was there, that cock, staring at me.

Finally, we got up, had coffee naked, showered. I looked at me heap of clothes, including the pink satin panties I'd worn over here at Imelda's direction. "You need clean panties," Lisa said, not asking, but not quite ordering.

"Um, yes."

"Here." She walked to her dresser, opened a drawer, pulled out something cream and satiny, handed it to me. I took the item, or items, the mere touch almost burning my hands. It wasn't one thing, rather two pieces. A pair of panties, tap panties or French knickers and a matching camisole.

"Lisa, I..."

"You can wear these, baby. I'd like you to. Just make sure you bring them back, Jamie. You can always borrow my lingerie, you know."

"Um, thanks," I said.

She smirked at me, almost nervously. "I love you," she said tilting her head, watching me step into the panties.

"I love you too, Lisa."

She stared at me slipping on the camisole.

"What," I asked.

"You're just so pretty, that's all."

Pretty. Her boyfriend was pretty. He sucked a cock. He was...no, I did not want to think it. I wasn't a sissy!

I wasn't a sissy.

I wasn't a sissy.

I wasn't a sissy.

"Good morning, sissy," Ms. Drake smiled at me from the kitchen table where she was sitting with Julia when I walked into the kitchen of her house an hour later. "Have a nice evening?"

"Um, yes Ma'am." I looked at them for an instant, then looked down. They both intimidated me, of course, Amanda more so with Julia present, Julia just totally. They were not dressed, not for the day, I presumed, as both were wearing silk or satin, not too revealing, loungewear. Julia was stroking Amanda's hair, almost petting her, like a pet. In my quick glance I'd seen Amanda's nipples through the white fabric of her soft shirt, erect.

"Mandy," Ms. Irwin said, looking at me.

"Julia? Oh, yes, you're right. Jamie, your clothes."

"What," I asked, looking down. I did not get her meaning. They were the same I'd worn yesterday, but then I'd been out all night.

"They're boy's clothes," she said, wrinkling her nose.

"Yes?"

"Um, I may be indulgent to you sometimes, but Julia, er, Ms. Irwin..."

"Sissies do not wear men's clothing in my presence. What Mandy I saying is get your sissy self out of those clothes. I will not have a sissy pretending to be a man around me, regardless of what Mandy allows you to do. I swear Mandy, you're too soft. She ought to be sucking cock, not prancing around like a boy."

I felt my face redden instantly. I'm not a sissy! I wanted to yell at her. But was I? I was certainly scared of her. Sucking cock? Yuck. But I reddened even more thinking of the night before, of Lisa, of her dildo, the cock, in my mouth. "I...I'll go change," I stammered.

"No, Jamie, take those off right here," Ms. Drake ordered me.

Face still red, I took off my clothing, my shoes and socks, my trousers, my shirt. I revealed with great embarrassment the camisole and tap panty set, embarrassment to me, amusement to Ms. Drake and especially Ms. Irwin.

"Now that is much more like it, Jamie," Ms. Irwin laughed.

"Where did you get that," Amanda asked me, brow furrowing.

"What do you mean," I asked.

"That's not something I got you, Jamie. Where did you get such lovely lingerie?"

"Um, from Lisa."

"You stole Lisa's lingerie," she asked shocked. "Why you little panty thief, I warned you about that didn't I?"

"Stole? No, Ms. Drake, I...I didn't steal it! Lisa, Lisa gave it to me. She said I could wear them!"

Both their eyes went up at my response. "I think you were right about this woman, Mandy. Maybe she will eventually grow into it. Maybe she'll introduce your sissy to her first cock."

"I told you Julia."

Told her what? What did she say about Lisa?

"Yes Mandy, you did," Julia said, continuing to pet Ms. Drake's hair. "Now, about your sissy here." I cringed. Sissy.

"Yes?"

"His girlfriend was on the right track loaning him such pretty undergarments, but yet a novice, she's not completed the task. As I told you yesterday, as long as I'm here, I expect you to keep your sissy properly attired."

"Yes, Ma'am," Amanda nodded. "She'll learn though, I've no doubt about that."

Lisa?

"I don't mind if you keep your sissy in lingerie, but do have Imelda cage her, take care of her chest, since you've forbidden implants, and finish the outfit-garter and hose, heels."

"Would you like her maided?"

"No. Ordinarily I would but I think I prefer the lower status of lingerie slut. Open is more humiliating. Giving what she'll be doing later."

Later?

"Yes, Ma'am," Amanda said, suddenly submissive. "Imelda," she said simply.

"Come, Jamie," Imelda said, walking to me, taking my hand in her rough hand and leading me up to my bedroom.

"You can be so cruel, Julia," I heard Amanda say as I was leaving the room.

"I'll indulge your attitude since he is your pet, but cruel?"

Upstairs, Imelda ordered me to shower. After drying off, moisturizing my skin, primping me, she dressed me. A cream garter belt that coordinated well with the lingerie Lisa had given me. A bra to match, filled with false breasts, giving me, once again, the illusion of breasts. The weight, the heft, the feel. Breasts as real as could be without being my own.

Imelda handed me a new pair of nude stockings which she directed me to

carefully don and attach to my garter straps. The sensation of the stockings never stopped amazing me, feeling the nylon on my soft legs, tugging at the garter straps. I felt a familiar twitching in my loins, though not enough to actually swell and grow. Not that Amanda would let Imelda take any chances with that. Imelda took a sizeable cream ribbon which she fastened around my balls and my lower shaft, tightening it as she applied it. I knew all too well this could easily be used as a leash.

"Here, your pretty things from Lisa," Imelda said handing me the ivory satin camisole and tap panty set Lisa sent with me. Putting them on, I realized how pretty the satin set was on me without anything else. Combined with the garter belt, stockings and bra and breasts, it was amazing. Heels completed the clothing I was to wear today. All that I was allowed to wear.

Imelda then did my makeup, my hair, completing my feminization for the day, easily making me a pretty girl, any manhood gone, obliterated.

Complete in her work, Imelda took hold of the ribbon, as I suspected, using it as a leash, and dragging me out of the bedroom into the main part of the house for my day's duties.

Julia was leaving that day, and I was not at all displeased to see her go. She was evil, certainly much harder on me than Amanda ever had been. I did not want her around influencing Amanda. I was hopeless, of course, to influence events, unless I took total control, left the house, took back control of my own life, but that was not a path I seemed capable of choosing. I was in too deep, with Amanda, with Lisa, my love. I was afraid if I left now, left Amanda's house, it would upset some delicate balance I had with Lisa, and I'd end up losing both.

I sensed danger from Julia, danger that she'd too upset the delicate balance, but I was powerless.

That evening I lay in bed, ready to sleep, chastity cage back on my limp organ, still feminized, cuffed to the bed. Amanda came in, quietly walking towards me, naked, save for a leather collar around her neck, signifying, naturally, her submission to Julia, despite her own dominance over me. Julia was beside her, fully clothed, dominant.

"I scare you, don't I," Julia asked me sitting next to me, looking at me with some amount of amusement in her eyes. Amanda stood watching, looking.

Was there pity in her eyes?

"Yes," I admitted with no hesitation.

"I scare many people, I know. With good reason for some. Like you. You should fear me, sissy."

I gulped, unsure what to say or do.

"Ms. Julia, your car awaits, Ma'am," a man's voice said, startling me. I quickly looked from Julia towards the sound of the voice, my eyes widening fully, seeing who called out.

Julia smirked at me. "Yes, Apollo, thank you."

Apollo? Who was Apollo? Her driver? Apollo was in the light now. Apollo immediately scared me. Apollo was a muscular, light skinned, black man.

Muscular. Very muscular. Very masculine. I could tell, since he was shirtless.

Standing in the doorway to my bedroom, looking at Julia, but really me, was a tall man. Over six feet. He was not huge, he was trim, buff, muscular. The bulges of his biceps and chest were stunning. He clearly lifted weights. I had a penis, so I knew I was a male, but I was obviously on the opposite end of the "male spectrum" as Apollo.

I said he was shirtless. His skin was smooth. He had small gold rings in both nipples, obviously pierced. There was a black leather collar around his neck, black cuffs locked on each wrist. He wore black leather pants, tight. Very tight.

Tight? Yes, tight enough to see the outline of a bulge. A very masculine bulge. A cock. A man's cock, clearly evident through the leather.

Julie watched me stare at Apollo. At the man in front of me. The only man in the room at this time. "Hmmm," Julia laughed. "That's Apollo," she said, tilting her head. "My chauffer. Among other things, isn't that right, pet," she said turning to Amanda.

"Yes, Ma'am," Amanda answered, almost sighing.

"You have that tone."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but you know how I feel."

"Yes, Mandy, yes I do." Julia looked from Amanda to Apollo to me. "You see, sissy, Mandy knows some of the things Apollo does. While he serves me, much like Mandy, he's also one of the trainers at my dungeon in charge of, er, breaking in sissies."

I gave her a puzzled look, though I think I knew what she meant. Ms. Drake was clearly uncomfortable now.

"You see, sissy, I have a girl that takes care of the more delicate tasks, the feminization, the, well, I use a "leather and lace" method. My girl is the lace, taking a boy like you, a reluctant boy, and feminizing him, teaching him to be a woman, a lady, a soft sissy. She knows how to make a boy want to dress, much like Mandy here is doing with you. What my girl lacks, what Mandy lacked then and now, is the leather. Apollo is the leather. The tip of the whip, so to speak. Apollo, my dear pet Apollo, is in charge of discipline at my dungeon. The sissy who disobeys my girl, Athena, is sent to Apollo."

I looked over to him, to the tall, muscular man standing in my room, expressionless.

"Oh, sissy, don't worry, Apollo isn't all about beating my poor slaves into submission, he also teaches them to..." She giggled. I knew what she was talking about. "But you know what I mean, don't you, sissy? And believe me..." she leaned towards me. "If Mandy lets me have my way, you'll learn just what it is Apollo teaches a sissy about being a girl." My eyes widened as far as I could open them, with both excitement and fear. "Talk to Mandy, sissy, she's the one who needs to give permission for you to taste cock."

Finally, Amanda came to my rescue. "Julia..."

Julia looked at Amanda, addressed her mistress to slave. "Mandy, you deny you want to see his lips wrapped around Apollo's cock? Do you? You've never done that very thing to one of your own pets?"

Amanda shifted on her feet uncomfortably.

"Or are you still thinking of his Lisa? Protecting her?"

It was a good thing they were looking at each other and ignoring me for my

face must have burned and blushed thinking of my evening with Lisa.

"Please Julia."

Julia looked at me, not noticing my cheeks. "What she's not told you, sissy, is that if I insisted, she'd go along with my command. If I told Apollo to rape your pretty mouth, she'd not say a word..."

She looked back to Amanda. "She'd not say a word because she wants it. She knows inside her that the only way a sissy is properly trained is by sucking cock. She wants to see it, sissy. She wants to see it badly enough that she's wet just thinking about it."

Ms. Drake was clearly uncomfortable. She wanted it? I thought she was protecting me!

"Your fingers, pet," Julia pointed. Amanda obeyed without hesitation, moving her hand to her naked pussy, sticking two fingers insider herself, moving them in and out. The sound was obvious. She was soaked!

"Do you want sissy to suck cock, Mandy?"

I was dumbfounded! They wouldn't!

"Yes," Amanda croaked, teasing her own pussy.

"In his mouth, pet," Julia ordered. Amanda immediately pulled her fingers from inside her, moved them to my mouth. I smelled them before the sticky mess touched my lips. Smelled Amanda's juices, her witnesses, her womanhood.

"Lick them, sissy, lick her fingers, suck them."

I had little choice in the matter, for Amanda shoved her fingers into me as soon as I opened my mouth, in, then out, forcing me to eagerly suck the juices off them.

"Do you want sissy to suck cock, Mandy," Julia demanded.

"Yes," Amanda moaned as I sucked her fingers.

"Do you want sissy to suck Apollo's cock, Mandy?"

"Yes, yes," Amanda moaned. I looked over to her, saw her playing with herself again, her free hand back to working her pussy.

"Let's go Apollo," Julia ordered. "Sissy, you suck those fingers of hers like they are a cock until she cums," she ordered me, walking away from the bed, towards her male slave.

"Why...why do you...," I started to ask Ms. Drake the next day, sitting at the kitchen table. Without Julia, things seemed more at ease. Even my wardrobe, as I was wearing panties, of course, but a man's gym shorts and tees shirt.

"Submit to her," Amanda finished, relaxing herself in a more feminine version of my attire.

I nodded.

"I don't know if I can even explain it, pet. I just do."

"I'm afraid of her." I took a sip of coffee, noticed my hand shaking.

"I know," she sympathized, reaching her hand out to my head, stroking my hair. "She knows, too. Don't worry too much. Ordinarily, she'd devour a sissy like you, but she respects my plans for you."

Plans? Plans?

"Is she coming back?"

"Not...not yet," Amanda answered, looking away from me.

"What's wrong," I asked, sensing something from her.

"She," she stopped, looked back at me. "I'm sorry, it's hard to explain, I know. She's been pushing me to let her do some additional training."

"Training? What kind of training," I demanded, panic setting in.

"Jamie, don't worry, please. You're my project, my pet, not hers. Don't worry, pet, don't worry about a thing, everything is going well, so well, with

you."

She started to walk out of the room.

"Imelda has a uniform for you upstairs. You'll be cleaning today, I suspect."

For the next several days, I did little but that. Clean. The mansion, from top to bottom. All day, mostly sissified, cleaning.

"Here you go, Lisa," I told my girlfriend handing her a cup of coffee several days later.

"Thank you dear," she said, not looking up from her newspaper.

"Is there anything else I can get you, Ma'am," I asked unconsciously, not even thinking about what I was saying or asking. Ma'am?

"No, that's all my little dove," she responded, still not looking up at me. I felt submissive right now, more than I usually felt about her.

"Dove?" I asked her.

"Dove," she set her paper down. "You've not heard that term before?"

"Um, no..."

"Dove...that is a guy that pampers his girlfriend...you know, a girl could say, my boyfriend is such a dove, he brings me coffee in bed every morning, or something like that. Trust me, it's good."

"Isn't that like wimpy?" I asked.

"Well, I don't what men think, but to a woman, there's nothing like dating a dove. Really."

I frowned, and don't know why. Maybe just hearing her thoughts, maybe I thought the frown would keep her talking.

"Seriously, Jamie, a dove is a good thing. I'd much rather have a soft considerate boyfriend than some big lug who offers nothing but a big cock. Easy to find a big cock, not so easy to find a dove."

"I...I suppose."

She smiled at me. "Now will you be a dove and go wash the breakfast dishes for me? I'm running behind, I have to wear something nice today."

"I thought you were not teaching?"

"I don't have class but I'm meeting your boss for lunch and you know how she dresses, I'd better look nice."

"Oh, you're having lunch with Ms. Drake?"

"Yes, we have not talked for a bit, and to tell you the truth, I kind of miss it. You never know when knowing someone like her will help me in my career."

Heck, to be honest, I was torn about what to feel about Amanda and Lisa continuing their friendship. It was dangerous, so very dangerous, but I was both powerless to stop it and in some way almost grateful.

Lisa stood up next to me. "I really have to get dressed, love, and you have the dishes to take care of."

"Yes...Ma'am," I answered reflexively once again slipping so easily into a submissive role with even my love.

Lisa walked towards her bedroom. "There is an apron in the drawer to the left, I don't want my nightie getting wet."

Apron. I pictured something from school, a cafeteria, a church supper. A plain white wrap around apron. Or an "I love the chef" apron.

I opened the drawer and pulled out the "apron" that she told me to wear. Apron? The "apron" was thin white cotton. Opened up, it was less an apron than a jumper with a clear bodice. It was both cotton and eyelet lace, the hem more lacey than the rest, a low cut back.

I reluctantly slipped the apron...no, let's be honest, the pinafore, over my

head, over the black satin chemise I was wearing. The pinafore ended about two inches before the hem of the chemise, leaving a ribbon of black satin at the bottom. The chemise had wider shoulders than the pinafore, so there was another ribbon of satin at the top.

The contrast of white and black, of white cotton and black satin reminded me right away of one thing. One humiliating thing.

A maid's uniform.

Incomplete, to be sure, for I was missing a cap, hose, heels, the other things Amanda would have had me wear. But I felt like a maid.

I was drying dishes when Lisa walked into the kitchen wearing a dark blue skirt suit, a French blue satin blouse, nude hose, black heels. She looked so old...no...not old...so professional, so businesslike, so...dominant.

And yet, how could she not compared to me, barefoot, clad only in a black satin chemise she gave me to wear to bed last night, explaining it was a bit chilly, so I'd better wear something. The nightie and the pinafore. The pinny.

I looked like a maid.

I could see the look on her face, too, the sudden astonishment, the surprise. That must have done it that morning.

"Are the dishes almost done, Jamie," she asked me in a tone of voice I heard from Amanda often, but not Lisa, my sweet Lisa.

"Yes, Ma'am," I quickly answered.

"Good. You don't have to be to work for Amanda today?"

"Not until the afternoon."

"Good. Then I'd like you to run the vacuum, make the bed and tidy up before you leave."

"Yes, Ma'am," rolled of my tongue.

"Good," she softened, crossing the kitchen to me, close to me, so I could smell her, opening her arms for me. "Give me a kiss, baby."

I opened my arms and we embraced. Hands on the small of her back, I felt something harder, and I actually stiffened, stood up straighter, when I realized what it was.

Garter belt. Lisa was wearing a garter belt and stockings. I felt a twitch of jealousy, of all things.

"I wanted to be extra pretty today," she said, knowing I'd felt what she was wearing. "Amanda said something before, that a woman never quite feels as sexy as she does wearing a garter belt and stockings. I'm sure you agree?"

"Yes," I croaked, meaning both that I felt sexy wearing one and knew she was even more sexy in one herself.

"You can leave the pinafore on when you're straightening up, love, you look so...so pretty in it."

Lisa had one arm around my back, holding me to her, and had slipped her other hand down, towards us, to my front, to my crotch, where she was pressed on me, almost holding me. "My little boy," she gasped, emphasizing little, "looks so pretty in his pinny."

I almost collapsed.

Lisa left, off to school, leaving me, her boyfriend, her half feminized boyfriend, to vacuum, straighten.

Little boy.

Looks so pretty.

I started to make the bed, but something felt strange.

Strange beyond a man wearing a black satin chemise, a lace pinafore and making his girlfriend's bed, that is.

I felt...

I realized it.

Gulping, I went to Lisa's closet, looked down on the bottom, to her neatly arranged shoe storage rack.

Black leather pumps. I wanted to wear black leather pumps. It seemed natural if that makes any sense. Somehow it did to me.

I tried to slip on one of the pumps. Tight. Almost. I needed something to smooth out my foot and...

Laying on top of Lisa's hamper was a pair of nearly black pantyhose. She must have had them on briefly this morning before switching to stockings. Without thought I picked them up, started to put them on, pulled the nylons up over my legs, up my thighs, to my groin, up my ass.

The heels went on easily.

I resumed my work. In my satin chemise, my pinafore, Lisa's pantyhose, Lisa's heels.

Her maid. I was a maid for my girlfriend.

A limp, soft, sissy, maid.

I started the vacuum again, almost shaking from the rampant excitement somehow overcoming me, when I saw movement out of the corner of my eye. Lisa was walking quickly towards me, a look on her face, purposeful, almost, no, yes, nerve wracking.

The vacuum still running, I started to say something, "Lisa," but she was to me, her hands moving upwards. I took a half step back, involuntary, as if to protect myself, my legs pressed against the couch.

Lisa looked down at the vacuum. I turned it off. Lisa looked me up, down, my legs, the heels. Her lip twitched. "I forgot one of my books," she said in a neutral tone.

"Lisa, please, I..."

"You might as well dust while you're at it," she said.

"I...okay...yes...Ma'am," I mumbled, humiliated.

She smirked, looked me up and down again. "High," she grunted in a way I could not read before she turned, walked back out of her apartment, leaving me to finish cleaning, dressed like a sissy, her sissy.

I was terrified. What did she think? What did the love of my life think about me, her boyfriend? A sissy. It had to be clear to her what I was.

I felt helpless. I felt a sense of agony. I did not control my destiny, Amanda did. No, more, Lisa did.

I did not want to be caught like this. I did not want Lisa to see me like this, think of me like this. I was her boyfriend, not a sissy!

But now, no matter what, she saw me. She saw me dressed. She saw me as a sissy. I could not take that back.

I did not know what to do. I realized, of course, there was nothing I could do. Nothing but wait, nothing but allow Lisa to process. Nothing but wait to see if she embraced me and what I was, or rejected me.

Nothing but wait. Helpless. Wait.

## Chapter 10 - A Woman's Education

[This story was originally published in installments. Chapter 10, the conclusion, was published well after Chapter 9, after the author was repeatedly asked by her fans to finish this tale. The author apologizes for the change in view, from exclusive first person; it was demanded by the author's muse and was the only way the author could finish this tale.]

Lisa got into her car, smiling at herself as she tugged her skirt down over her thighs, enjoying the tug of garter belt straps on her stockings. Amanda was right, she thought, a garter belt and stockings really did make a woman feel so feminine and confident. She smiled because she felt so alive, aware, so powerful.

Amanda was right. She was so right. And Lisa was lucky to have met her, to find a friend, an older, attractive, confident, successful woman to talk to, to have as a quasi-mentor.

She started her car, put it into drive, was about to leave, when she realized she forgot one of the books she needed this morning before having lunch at Amanda's.

"Stupid girl," she said out loud, putting the car back into park, opening the door, and swinging her legs gracefully out. She felt it again as she stood, the tug of the garter straps on her stockings, smiled again, knew this was something she should do more often.

At the door to her apartment, she fumbled for her key, got it, unlocked the door and entered the apartment to sight of Jamie, her boyfriend, running the vacuum over across the room.

Jamie, her boyfriend, who looked nothing like a boyfriend at this moment.

Lisa stood in the doorway, mouth open, stood there in shock, unsure what to think, how to feel.

Jamie was partially turned away from her, clearly did not hear her open the door. He pushed the vacuum back and forth as if humming a silent song in his head.

It was how he was dressed that looked nothing like her boyfriend. Not that he looked much like a boy when she left -- after all, he had been wearing a black satin chemise and a white pinafore. But he now looked even less like a boy.

Lisa watched him vacuum, his outfit completed by off black hosiery and heels, both presumably hers. He looked not like a BOYfriend but everything like a maid. A feminine maid. A woman.

Lisa felt her stomach tighten, her nerves heighten, and a strange sensation in both her mind and in her pelvis. She felt an overwhelming desire to kiss him and did not know why.

Feminine, he looked so feminine.

She took several steps towards him, not of her own conscious accord, she was just propelled forward, her hands raised, as if to take his face into her hands and smother him with affection. Just then, he noticed the movement, turned, startled, and saw her approaching him, a look of pain, a look of horror, a look of terror, a look of shame, all on his face.

"Lisa," he started to say, taking a step backwards, as if to protect himself from her, stopping when he pressed up against the couch.

Lisa looked down to the vacuum; Jamie reached down and turned it off.

Oh my god, what have I done, she thought, what have I made him do? She saw the pain on his face. I made him wear lingerie, selfishly, I made my boyfriend wear lingerie, she thought to herself. Oh my god, he's petrified, what the hell was I thinking? What kind of woman makes her boyfriend wear lingerie? What kind of monster am I?

"I forgot one of my books," she said in a neutral tone, trying not to startle him further, trying not to embarrass him any more than she had already. She felt it best not to comment further, not to throw his gracious gift in his face, not to make him feel worse than he must feel right now.

"I made him wear lingerie," she thought to herself again, realizing she was the biggest bitch in the entire world. He must hate her, doing this for her, he must love her, but hate her just the same.

"Lisa, please, I..."

She did not want to hear what he said, could not bear it, could not bring herself to hear his words. He was going to beg her, condemn her, shame her. What had she done?

More, what had he done to deserve to be treated like this by his girlfriend? Downplay it, Lisa, that's what she told herself she must do, downplay it now so as to not shame him more.

"You might as well dust while you're at it," she said, thinking that if he was going to do this for her, she must acknowledge it now, must not humiliate him more. Oh, what did she do to deserve him?

"I...okay...yes...Ma'am," he mumbled, shame dripping off his words.

"Ma'am," she thought. Oh god, he hates me, he hates me! She wanted to apologize, fought it, felt her face contort into almost a smirk. "Hmgh," she grunted, biting off her apology so as to let him save face.

She turned to walk out, turned before she started crying, turned before he could yell at her, before he could confront her, before he could tell her what a bitch she was, before he could tell her that he wanted her out of his life, now, this instant. What kind of woman made their boyfriend do this? What kind of witch? She did not deserve him, his love, his devotion.

She shut the door behind her, felt the tears start the second the latch clicked. "I'm such a bitch," she said out loud, "such a fucking bitch."

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Tears continued to run down her face as she drove towards the university, tears of guilt, brought on by the evil that must dwell inside her, for only evil could possibly explain it, or so she thought. Only an evil woman would ever emasculate her man the way she had, and for what? To satisfy her own unspeakable urges?

What kind of woman wants to emasculate, to feminize a man, let alone make him do it?

She thought again that she did not deserve him, that what he did for her was

too much, that she did not deserve a man who would give up his essential self for her.

She continued to cry as she drove down the street, hardly aware of what she was doing as she passed the turnoff for the university, past the red brick gates that stood on either side of the boulevard that led towards her office.

And it was in this state of mind, this state of self-loathing, that she found herself in Amanda Drake's long, circular drive, parked in front of another large brick building, not her office, but here, in front of her boyfriend's employer's house, her friend's house.

She looked up, seemed to realize where she had driven, and knew that she had to unburden herself, that she had to tell Amanda, that while she too might condemn her, she might also offer guidance and wisdom, too.

"Lisa, I thought we were meeting...Lisa, what's wrong," Amanda Drake asked when she opened the door, surprised to find her employee's girlfriend on the other side, professionally dressed in a black skirt, cream jacket, strappy heels, though also with her eyes red, makeup in disarray from tears.

"Oh, Amanda, I'm a horrible person," Lisa finally spoke the words that had been running through her head for the last hour, ever since she saw Jamie vacuuming dressed much as a maid would, clearly in pain from what she had made him do.

"Lisa, stop, you're not," Amanda said as she reached out and touched the girl's arm by her wrist, where her jacket ended, wondering what possibly could have gotten her into such a state, though suspecting some part of it.

Truth be told, Amanda felt a sense of pride that, whatever it was, Lisa had turned to her, felt a tingling inside that had haunted her for months now, along with a feeling of *deja vu*.

Amanda had turned to another woman once years before. She, in a time of crises, had turned to Julia Irwin, turned to her for comfort, for help, for guidance, things Julia had been all too happy to give her. And over time, guidance in other things.

She felt a tingling, a pull to Lisa, knew it must be the same pull Julia felt to her. And, before she pulled the girl to her to comfort her, Amanda let one

thought slip into her mind.

She thought of this poor, upset girl, naked, kneeling before her, looking up as she looked down on her.

No, no, this wasn't the time.

Or was it?

"Lisa, honey," Amanda opened her arms and pulled the teary eyed girl to her, pulled her head to her face, tenderly, patted her back. "It's okay, Lisa, it's okay, I'm sure," she said, inhaling then, smelling the girl's scent, the floral aroma of her hair, her skin, resisting the urge to take the upset girl's mouth into hers, resisting, resisting.

"No it's not, Amanda," Lisa felt herself beginning to cry again, "no it's not, Amanda."

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Amanda led Lisa into her home and found Imelda, her maid, standing outside the door to Amanda's study. She asked the maid to bring them tea and ushered Lisa into the room.

"Here, sit dear, sit, we can talk."

Lisa let herself be directed to the leather couch and sat down somewhere between the middle and the right side, Amanda symmetrically on the opposite side.

Lisa turned to thank Amanda for being so kind to her but found Amanda looking not at her face but rather down, towards her legs. She too looked down to her thighs and saw that her skirt had twisted and ridden up her right side so that the welt of her stockings was exposed as well as the smallest of hints of the alabaster skin at the top of the stocking.

Lisa laughed through her sadness, the first laugh lightening just for a moment the sadness she felt. "You're right, wearing a garter belt and stockings does make me feel more grown up and more feminine."

As she spoke the word, Lisa's thoughts immediately went to Jamie. Feminine.

"Feminine," she repeated the irony sneaking into her tone.

"What is it, Lisa," Amanda asked, struggling to pull her eyes up, away from the dark welt of the girl's stocking, away from the hint of skin, away from the understanding of what was above. No, Amanda thought, no, no, this isn't the time.

"That word. It's ironic."

"How do you mean, Lisa, I think you look very feminine." Amanda bit the inside of her lip, the sudden pain clearing her mind of the image that was rattling around inside her. The feminine Lisa, now only half naked, kneeling in front of her, hands bound behind her back, submitting, surrendering, as Amanda had once done years ago to an slightly older woman.

"Thank you," Lisa said, shyly looking up at Amanda, again grateful for her friendship, her mentoring even, feeling a peace when she was with Amanda, a calmness, one that helped her now with the anxiety she felt.

"Now, why don't you tell me what's wrong," Amanda said, reaching forward with her left hand, placing it on the Lisa's right, in a gesture of comfort, though one that put Amanda's hand close to touching the girl's stocking covered leg.

Amanda could not help herself, regretted letting her hand get so close to the girl, especially when she was so clearly upset, but there she was nevertheless, and rubbed Lisa's hand, sisterly, but still, her pinky, her ring finger, ended up resting on Lisa's thigh, not her hand, ended up resting on her stocking.

She half, if not mostly, expected Lisa to pull back, to let the gesture be what it was, but she did not, Lisa did not move. Lisa let the fingers come to rest on her thigh. The only question in Amanda's mind was, was that intentional or not.

"I, um, you know how I told you Jamie wore," she lowered her voice, "wore panties for me?"

"Yes," Amanda said evenly, not at all betraying the quickening rate of her heart, the sudden explosion of sexuality that raced through her nerves at the thought of Jamie in panties. Amanda's mind screamed at her, take the girl,

take her, take her, take her. "I remember telling you that I thought that was sweet, that some women rather enjoy a man in panties."

Amanda wanted to pull back, to move her hand, to put some distance between herself and the girl. Well, she did not really want to, but she feared that if she did not, she really might attack the girl with disastrous consequences. But she was afraid that to do so now might send Lisa the unspoken signal that Amanda found Lisa's statement unpleasant, even perverse, so she did nothing, forced herself to remain steady, calm.

"I...I know," Lisa said, looking down, clearly embarrassed, even ashamed. "I...I think I'm one of those women, Amanda, and, well, that's why I'm such a bitch, why I don't deserve him. I, I, I found him today vacuuming my apartment wearing a chemise and an apron and I think my soiled pantyhose and heels and he looked like...like...a woman and...my god, Amanda, what the fuck is wrong with me. Why did I make him do that? He's going to hate me."

The words poured out of Lisa in a jumbled rush of emotions, and she finished with a question, asking it just as Imelda walked into the room carrying a tray with tea. "What kind of woman makes their boyfriend dress like a woman?"

Amanda saw Imelda out of the corner of her eye, saw her freeze in the doorway, felt the sudden tension rush between her and her maid, the tension felt by Lisa, and of course felt the sexual tension building inside her.

Now there was a question with so many answers, so many variables, so many things that could be said to Lisa, that could be said by Amanda, even by Imelda.

Things that were said, years ago, when things were different, when things changed, when life began, ended.

"Well, Lisa, that's not an easy question to answer," Amanda temporized. "Some would say an evil woman, some would say a meddling bitch." With these words, she looked to Imelda.

"I told you, Amanda, I'm the biggest, vilest bitch, I can't believe I asked him, that I pushed him to..."

"Some would be right, but some would say the best woman in the world," Imelda spoke up as she set the tea service down next to her employer. "Tell her, Ms. Drake, tell her, for Jamie's sake. For her sake. Tell her."

Imelda's words shocked Lisa. They were not the tone in which a servant normally spoke to an employer. What was she talking about? Tell her what? She asked. "Tell me what? Tell me what, Imelda?"

"Imelda, please," Amanda turned her head slightly.

"Tell her, Ms. Drake. You no tell him, tell her."

Amanda sighed but knew Imelda was right, knew one of the two, of Jamie and Lisa, one, if not both, should know, must know. And maybe it was for the best, probably, perhaps it was the best. "Fine," she finally said, sitting up, reluctantly pulling her hand away from Lisa's hand, from her thigh, from the intimate touch.

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"Twenty five years ago, after I graduated from college, I spent a summer in Europe working in Germany; my mother felt it important for working in the family business that I had some background as we had some business interests in Germany. She hired a German tutor, Dierk, who was an associate professor at a university and in his mid 30's."

Lisa listened attentively, while Imelda, now that the tale was being told, went back to pouring tea for the two women.

"You can imagine, Lisa, where this part is going, I'm sure. I was a 22 year old American girl, Dierk was a German man..."

"You fell in love," Lisa laughed.

"Yes, I fell in love. Thank you Imelda," she took the tea from the maid.

"You can also imagine my mother's reaction when I told her I was in love with my older German tutor."

"I assume things did not go well?"

"Um, no. Not that I made anything better when I insisted we were in love

and when I further insisted that I was going to marry Dierk."

"Amanda!"

"Yes, yes, I know, how very childish I realize I was. You have to understand my mother, and the times, women's liberation was in full swing, but she was in charge of the family's business interests and had little interest in seeing Dierk marry his way into money. Worse, mother had spent years dealing with businessmen in the 50's and 60's and had some, well, peculiar thoughts on the role of men in general."

"Peculiar how," Lisa asked?

"My mother was very matriarchal. I mean, very. She had little place for men in general, none in her life, so she certainly did not want a man "ruining her daughter" as she liked to put it.

"Not that she did not trust me, it was Dierk she was suspicious of."

"She forbid you to marry?"

"Forbid? Oh, no, no, if it was only so simple, Lisa," Amanda laughed, leaning forward, taking the opportunity to reach out and pat Lisa's hand again, her leg, too.

"No, Lisa, my mother, the castrating bitch that she was, told Dierk that she was not prepared to allow him or any other man to ruin her daughter's life or her family's business.

"So, without first talking to me about it, she told Dierk, I suppose as some sort of test meant to drive him away, that he must live life as a woman."

"Amanda," Lisa said in shock, guilt for Jamie immediately running through her brain, "she didn't."

"Oh, she did, she did. I'd like to say I hated her for it, I still remember the first time I saw Dierk dressed as a woman, but to tell you the truth, it kind of excited me."

"Excited you how," Lisa asked softly, face reddening at the thought of her own excitement on seeing Jamie.

"Excited me how," Amanda repeated with a soft smile on her face. "I told

you, though I did not know it then, not until the I first saw Dierk dressed that way, that seeing a man in panties, in lingerie, in a dress, feminized, excites me. I had no idea it would, how could I, but, it just did."

"Yes, but how," Lisa asked, wondering if she felt the same things Amanda did.

"How, Lisa? Seeing a man feminized is seeing him subjugate himself, surrender utterly. I have to be honest, I could never really relate to "macho" guys, to "alpha" men. I mean, they have their uses, don't get me wrong, but I prefer..."

"Softer men," Lisa finished, thinking of Jamie, feminized, soft, pretty.

"I don't mean to be crass, Lisa, but I don't know how else to explain it. I like being with...oh heck, I'll just say it, physically, I like getting screwed by a man but I'd much rather make love to a woman." Amanda felt her heart racing, wondered if she had said too much, pushed or hinted too far. But her hand remained on Lisa's hand and thigh and Lisa made no move to back away.

"I know," Lisa finally answered, looking down, now feeling ashamed for the way she felt.

"Lisa, look at me," Amanda said. Lisa looked up at the older woman. "There's nothing wrong with a woman preferring to make love to a feminine boy, or to another woman, for that matter."

"No, I suppose not," Lisa looked up shyly at Amanda. Was she saying that...? No, she couldn't be, she didn't mean...

Lisa felt the same confusion she felt before. Amanda was right, there certainly was nothing wrong with enjoying a man. She thought of Mark, the guy she hooked up with when she and Jamie were on a break, thought of the masculine passion he had, almost laughed to herself, remembering fucking him.

But after, after she fucked Mark, she was back with Jamie. Back with his softness, back with his deference to her. She wanted him to be pretty, to be soft, to be feminine. She wanted that. She enjoyed making love to him like he was a woman. Suddenly she felt, was aware of Amanda's fingers touching

her, felt a tingling, the same she did when Jamie touched her.

Amanda thought of Julia, felt a hunger for Lisa, who still did not pull away despite Amanda's obvious inference, but decided she had pushed that topic enough, no matter how much she wanted the girl, so she moved her hand back to her lap, sure that the smallest of gasps had escaped from the girl's lips when she did so.

"So," she resumed, leaning back, feeling Imelda watch her, "my mother insisted Dierk be feminized. And he agreed. That's how much he loved me, I know now, loved me enough to go along with her stupid plans, her stupid ultimatum."

"What happened," Lisa asked, thinking of Jamie doing the same.

"We got married, but six months later," Amanda looked down, a muted look of pain on her face. "Dierk...Dierk..." She could not finish.

"Dierk, Dierk take his own life," Imelda softly finished Amanda's sentence.

Lisa turned to Imelda who had spoken the words, her heart leaped in her chest. "What? Imelda, Amanda, oh my god, but, wait, don't you see...Jamie" Lisa started to stand up, thinking of Jamie, what he was doing for her. Was she driving him to something like that? The same thing even? "I...I have to go."

"Wait, Lisa, wait, let me finish, please," Amanda said urging the girl to sit down.

"Why, Imelda, tell her why."

"Because he...my brother...didn't want to be woman. He love Amanda, but he not a sissy," Imelda said, a single tear running down her face.

Lisa's eyes narrowed, looking from Amanda to Imelda, back again. "He was your brother?"

"Her twin brother," Amanda said.

For the moment, Lisa's thoughts to Jamie were set aside. "But you work for her, don't you hate her now?"

"Hate Ms. Drake," Imelda asked. "No, Lisa, Ms. Drake take me in after my

brother..."

"Imelda came to work for me," Amanda said, "and we have a, well, unique relationship, I guess. But you have to understand, Lisa, Imelda may have hated my mother for what she did to Dierk, but not me. I was as innocent as Dierk; I loved him, with all my heart. I miss him to this day."

"Why, though, why did he...?"

"Dierk was caught between his love for me, his actual love, and his essence, his maleness, I suppose. He tried to give up one for the other and could not and she, my mother, cost him both. He just, I don't know, he could not..." She could not finish.

No one spoke for a long moment. Finally Amanda continued. "That was a long time ago, Lisa, things moved on."

"But how can you be around her, Imelda, and see her and..."

"She is like daughter to me now," Imelda shook her head.

"That doesn't quite describe it, Lisa, but it's close enough."

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Lisa sat back, trying to absorb the tale, now forgetting about the flutter in her stomach just minutes ago when Amanda touched her. "Don't you see, this is what is upsetting me, what have I done? I love him, I don't want for him to..." She started to rise again.

"Wait, Lisa," Amanda said, touching her leg, this time with concern, without any ulterior intentions. "That's my story, Dierk's story, it isn't Jamie's. I vowed not to let that happen to any man again."

"But Amanda, I'm doing the same thing to Jamie," Lisa retorted, suddenly angry, at herself, but lashing out at Amanda. "Don't you see that?"

"Lisa, Jamie is not Dierk, trust me."

"Trust you? How do you know? How can you say that? God, Amanda, this is what is so upsetting to me. I felt bad enough, but hearing...hearing about Dierk..."

"Lisa, honey," Amanda bit her lip, hoping that the girl would hear her out. "I discovered something about myself, if nothing else, I, it's stupid, I know, but I think you're like me, I really had a thing for feminized men."

Lisa blushed, for it was true, she too felt that same thing, certainly where Jamie was concerned.

"And, this is the important part, I vowed to never let what happened to Dierk happen to any boy or any man."

"I still don't see what that has to do with Jamie," Lisa said with some frustration.

"What is has to do with Jamie, or anyone else for that matter, is that I would NEVER feminize a boy that, deep inside, did not want to be feminized. I would NEVER do to any boy what my mother did to Dierk. And I would NEVER sit by and let any other woman do that to any boy. That includes you, Lisa."

"What do you mean," Lisa asked, suddenly feeling very wary, feeling the ground shift beneath her, but not knowing why."

"Lisa, let me ask you something, in all seriousness. Do you want Jamie to be, well, feminized? What I mean is, do you want that for him, for your relationship?"

"Well, I...." Lisa looked down, almost as if embarrassed by her own thoughts. Which she was. Because, while she may not have known it before, when she first met him, she really did prefer Jamie soft and loving and...feminine.

"Yes," she finally said, looking Amanda in the eyes, "yes, I do, but...I don't want what happened to Dierk to happen to him, Amanda, I...I love him. I'd rather lose him than...than..."

"Lisa, that won't happen."

"How can you say that with such, such conviction, you don't know, Amanda, you don't know what it, what it must be doing to him." Still Lisa felt the tremendous guilt, still, still.

"But I do, Lisa. And that's because there's one thing very, very different between what happened to me and Jamie."

"What?"

"Jamie wants to be feminized, Lisa. Unlike Dierk, he wants it, in fact really needs it."

Lisa looked skeptical, and why should she not? "How could you know that?"

"How do I know Jamie is a sissy?"

"Yes," Lisa agreed.

"Before I answer that, I need to ask you two things and tell you another. First, are you sure, absolutely sure, you want this?"

"Yes," Lisa said, again softly, again admitting however reluctantly, that she wanted to feminize her boyfriend.

"Now, I don't find that strange at all, Lisa, but some do. That's what you want?"

"Yes, I know it's strange, but yes. And you...you said you understand, don't you? That you, well, you like that, too?"

"Yes, Lisa, I do. Now, the second question. After what I just told you," she looked towards Imelda, "would you want Jamie to...to end up like..."

"No," Lisa said forcefully, "no, no, no!"

"Okay then. Remember that when I tell you what I'm about to tell you," Amanda reached over, took both of Lisa's hands in hers. "Remember that you want him feminized."

Lisa swallowed, felt a rush of excitement when Amanda took her hands into hers, did not understand it, felt her stomach turn in wonder, anticipation, anxiety over what Amanda was about to say.

"Okay, well, after Dierk you could say I was quite upset, and, like you must feel now, quite confused, too. There was no question in my mind that, again like you, I preferred feminized men."

Lisa blushed, still overcome with embarrassment, if not outright shame, at how she felt about Jamie. What girl feminized her boyfriend? What girl preferred to make love to her boyfriend as if he was a woman?

"But, well, I felt so guilty about Dierk, even though what happened to him had nothing to do with me, that it was all my mother's doing. That's when I met someone."

"A boy like Jamie?"

Amanda laughed. "No, actually, and ironically, a woman who was a lot like me, Julia Irwin."

"I don't understand," Lisa said.

"Julia Irwin was several years older than me and, like me, she had a soft spot for, well, alternative things."

"Alternative things?"

"Sexually, feminized boys," Amanda lowered her voice, "girls, other things," Amanda looked at Lisa, could not help feel overcome with a hunger for the girl.

"Oh," Lisa said, again feeling her skin tingle where Amanda was touching her, thinking for an instant of making love to Jamie like two women, then, without meaning to, thinking of Amanda and...

"Julia sort of took me under her wing, you could say," Amanda spoke before Lisa could let her thoughts wander too far. "Julia taught me things about feminizing boys, most importantly that a woman can't turn a boy into a sissy, a boy either is or isn't a sissy, he isn't created, at least not as an adult."

"But I'm making Jamie..."

"You're not making Jamie do anything, Lisa, that's the point, Jamie IS a sissy, you're simply allowing the sissy to come out."

"That's my point, Amanda, how do you know that."

"Remember what you said, you wanted him feminized, right, you don't want him traumatized."

"Of course."

Amanda took a deep breath, knew she was about to leap into the fire, about to take the risk that she knew was inevitable ever since Jamie had met, had fallen for Lisa. Where she may have once, when she first met James, had intended to keep him for herself, to use him, to find pleasure in toying with, playing with, the boy.

"Because Imelda and I have been feminizing him since he started working for me. Julia taught me to recognize sissies, how to test a boy, how to carefully let a boy discover for himself that a sissy lives deep down inside him. How to slowly dress him and feminize him."

Lisa's eyes widened at Amanda's words, realizing what she meant, that she had actually dressed and feminized her boyfriend. "You...you've...you've been," she stammered, trying to voice the words, but unable to.

"I knew James was a sissy from the moment I laid eyes on him Lisa, and I intended to keep him for myself. Until he met you."

"You feminized my boyfriend," Lisa finally asked.

Amanda had been watching her carefully, listening to the words, the tone, and heard just what she had hoped for. There was no anger in Lisa's voice, no accusation. Her words were hardly a question, more a statement. There was no hint of anger, but rather an almost impish, shy wonderment. Most important to Amanda was Lisa's posture; she sat facing Amanda still, did not pull back, did not turn away, did not even take her hands out of Amanda's.

"Yes, Lisa, Imelda and I have been slowly feminizing him from almost the moment I hired him.

"You feminized Jamie," Lisa said. "He's not dressing because of me," Lisa asked, the relief obvious in her voice, written all over her face. The emotion flooded her as it overcame her, Jamie was not dressing as a girl because she was forcing him to.

"Lisa, dear, he's a sissy, my god he took to it so naturally, I'm stunned he never dressed before. He was clearly reluctant at first, many are, but for all his protests, he's done everything he's been told to do and the physical reaction, well it's clear how powerfully he responds sexually to being

feminized, surely you've seen that."

Lisa did react to that, finally, reacted negatively to something Amanda said, and pulled back immediately. She was stunned that Jamie would do such a thing and jealously lashed out at Amanda. "He fucked you!"

Amanda laughed, felt guilty at her reaction for obviously Lisa loved the boy and would protect him. "Fucked me? Heavens no, Lisa," Amanda touched the girl's knee, looked over to Imelda who stood stone faced.

"I'm not sure even how to start answering that question," Amanda rubbed Lisa's knees to comfort her.

Lisa tried to keep an indigent look on her face but Amanda's touch, her laugh, somehow calmed her. She did the best she could though, demanding to know what Amanda meant.

"Well, Lisa, I suppose I may have had my own designs on Jamie when I first met him, but he was so clearly falling for you that I set those thoughts aside. Even when you two broke up I respected his feelings for you."

Lisa blushed at the memory of the breakup, blushed at the memory of what she did in that time, her fling with Mark, blushed too at the thought of Mark's body, naked, on top of her, his cock inside her, filling her, fucking her.

Amanda knew exactly what the girl was thinking, was glad to see it, for she meant her to think just that, to think of a man, to think of those particular pleasures, for her next words.

"Besides, Lisa, while I love to play with sissies, even without Jamie's feelings for you, I don't let my pretty boys fuck me. They are like girls, soft and frilly and feminine, and if I would have been with Jamie, I would have been with him like I am when I'm with a woman, not a man."

Lisa felt the tingle more strongly, the pull, the energy from Amanda's hand on her knee. Like she was when she was with a woman? Was making love to Jamie really any different than making love to a woman? Do I want that, Lisa wondered, stomach in knots again.

"Oh," she said, trying, unsuccessfully, to avoid thinking the thought that she was thinking, the thought of touching Amanda, touching her body, thinking

of Jamie, soft, feminine, of Amanda, kissing, caressing...no...no...change the subject, change.

"You've feminized him," Lisa asked, trying to turn the conversation back.

"Yes, Lisa. I told you, I will never let what happened to Dierk happen to another boy. And when it was clear that Jamie was in love with you, I had him do small things to test you, to see if you could love a sissy back and,"

"And I did," Lisa said.

"Yes."

Lisa stood, turned her back to Amanda, took a step, another, towards the door, though this time not to flee, but to think. Amanda feminized her boyfriend. This woman, sitting behind her, actually feminized her boyfriend. Why wasn't she mad, furious. A normal woman would have been. Wouldn't she? Yes, of course, for a multitude of reasons, furious at both Jamie and Amanda.

She feminized her boyfriend. Who apparently was a willing participant, not a small matter. Lisa thought to the first time she discovered Jamie wearing panties, the simple white cotton Victoria's Secret panties. She had been shocked, no question about it, shocked enough that she and Jamie had actually broken up. And why shouldn't she have been shocked?

She had discovered her boyfriend wearing a fucking pair of panties. True, she'd teased him about how pretty he was, but she had found him actually wearing panties, and as it turns out, at Amanda's direction.

She should be furious at the bitch.

But she wasn't. Dammit, why wasn't she?

Lisa bit her lip, felt her fingers, her thigh, still tingling where Amanda had touched her.

Why wasn't she?

She had been at Jamie. Furious indeed. And what had she done but run into the arms of the exact opposite, of Mark, of a man, run into his arms, his bed. Sought comfort over her effeminate boyfriend by bedding a man, by fucking

a man.

And as thrilling as that had felt to her, physically, as satisfying as it had been to be under the weight of a man, to feel a man slide inside her, to fill her, to make her cum, there was a hole in her heart that could only be filled by...

By Jamie. A longing satisfied by the exact opposite of Mark, a need met only by Jamie, sweet, soft, feminine, gentle, tender, loving Jamie.

Lisa turned back to Amanda, thought of Jamie in those white panties. "The first time he, that I found him in panties, when we broke up, that was your doing?"

Amanda sighed gently, softly. There was no anger in Lisa's voice, just the question. Why she was so concerned may have puzzled her, but she felt something for both of them, for both the boy and the girl. They were special, different, more important than any other. Jamie, yes, but Lisa too. Was Lisa her Amanda, Amanda her Julia?

"Yes, Lisa."

"Is it wrong, Amanda, is it wrong for me to love him this way?"

"No."

"But it's not normal. For him or for me."

Amanda did not answer. Normal? What was normal anyway? What could she say to that? Normal? The two were lucky just to have love, who cared for normal?

Lisa turned away for a moment, considered her thoughts. She had seen him wearing lingerie, made love to him, felt the power, the pull, the urges, the needs, the utter happiness she felt with him, with his tenderness, his softness. She loved him, her man, her boy, in a way she'd never felt with anyone she'd ever dated.

"It's ironic," she almost laughed, "I've never even seen him really dressed as a woman."

"Feminization is about more than just that," Amanda said, feeling the reversal of the roles she'd known much of her life, now the teacher, not the

student. "There are so many things, emasculation, submission, feminization, and that's just with a boy a woman plays with. You love him, Lisa, it's learning, understanding, that, while he may be a boy genetically, he's not a man, not at all, never will be."

"I know."

"And that both of you, him AND you, are happier when he's free from the pressures of pretending that he is."

Lisa giggled. Did not mean to, but could not help it.

"What?"

"That's just funny, the way you put it, free from the pressure of pretending he's a man."

"That's an important thing to remember, Lisa," Amanda said. "I mean that. Trying to force a sissy to be a man is just as cruel as forcing a man to be a sissy."

"What do I do now, Amanda," Lisa asked, feeling overwhelmed and confused by everything, by the tingling she felt being near Amanda, by the relief of knowing that she was not tormenting her lover, by the excitement of anticipation, of learning and exploring her feminine boy.

Amanda stood, could not resist, thought maybe she should not, but could not resist. She stood and walked to the girl, embraced her, hugged her, held her, felt her breasts press against Lisa's, barely, carefully, inhaled the scent of her hair.

Still holding her, she pulled her head back, looked at the girl. "Now, Lisa, now you let me help you. If that's what you want, you let me help you."

Lisa's feelings grew stronger. She had hugged many women, her mother, her aunts, girls from school, but despite hundreds, if not thousands, none felt like this. Never before was she so aware of a woman's breasts touching hers. Never before did a woman's perfume weaken her at the knees. Never before did a woman's mouth look so enticing.

"Yes," Lisa whispered, "yes."

Amanda saw the look in Lisa's eyes, knew it, had felt it, even felt it now. But everything told her to wait, to go slowly. Everything.

Everything except the tingling between her legs.

But she did, she knew she must.

"Then I will get Jamie to..." And Amanda told her what would happen, what must happen.

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Jamie knew it was hopeless the moment he walked back into his bedroom at Amanda's.

After Lisa left him at her place, he felt catatonic, could do nothing but sit down on the couch and weep. It was over. Helpless, he'd seen the look on her face. While she may have toyed with his feminization, seemingly tolerating dating a sissy, seeing him dressed as he was, wearing a slip and hose and heels and an apron, ....

Too much, too much.

When he finished crying, stupidly, slavishly, he finished cleaning, wondering if it was the last time he would ever see Lisa's apartment, if this was it, finally it.

Done.

Done.

It was well into the afternoon when he finished, and after taking off Lisa's things, he drove home, wanting to be alone, to be left alone, to climb into bed and cry some more.

But he knew it was hopeless the moment he walked into the soft, feminine bedroom he used at Amanda's home and saw the outfit on the bed.

He'd worn it before, knew it well. The white satin short sleeve shirt with the lace collar. the black satin shorts, hot pants really, that showed off his legs, especially with the package of black pantyhose sitting next to the uniform and the strappy heels that elongated, tightened, and feminized.

"Good, you home," he heard Imelda enter the room, jumped, startled. "Ms. Drake need you dressed and ready for work."

"Work? Work? I can't work, I...Imelda, I, I...Lisa, she saw me...saw me..."

Imelda surprised him, moved quickly to him, moved with a speed and determination he did not think possible. He never saw her hand, never saw her move, never saw her raise it to strike him, so when it came, when her palm hit his face, he was shocked, stunned.

"Not work," Imelda hissed, "not work? If you no work, what good you for Ms. Drake? She might well sell you to Mistress Irwin. Not work? You sissy, you work."

Imelda turned towards Jamie's dresser, ignored the look on his face, the tears. She knew she must push him forward, she knew the inevitable was waiting, now, now was the time to be forceful, strong. Now.

Imelda opened the drawer, found and removed the lingerie she was looking for, a black bra and panty set, the bra, full coverage to hold in place breast forms, the panties, a gaff, to hold in place Jamie's penis.

"You put on now," she held the panties out to Jamie, "tuck little clit, eunuch."

Her words were as painful mentally, as her slap was physically, so much that Jamie recoiled from them.

"Please, Imelda," he pleaded, but her look was cold, harsh, unforgiving. Reluctantly, he took the panties from her, the gaff, the thing to hide the only evidence of his masculinity, for emotionally and otherwise physically, he felt nothing like a man, let alone a boy.

Eunuch, was that what he was now? Hopelessly emasculated, down the primrose path of womanhood? "Yes, Ma'am," he acquiesced, resigned to...to what? To serving Amanda? To a life as a slave, a sissy, who knew what?

But wasn't this what he wanted? What he needed, even. To serve? To be a sissy? To let himself go? To forget that he was ever, even a little, a boy?

Perhaps, but he wanted this not with Amanda but with Lisa. Sure, at one

time he thought he wanted to serve Ms. Drake, but now, since meeting Lisa, since falling in love with Lisa, he wanted her, not Amanda.

But that was done. That was gone. Amanda was the only thing left. Amanda.

So he took the panties and slipped them on, feeling, as he pulled them up his hairless legs, as he tucked his clit, for that's all it was, in, up, behind, leaving the smooth front of a woman in the black panties.

Wordlessly, Imelda handed him the bra, turned to open another drawer, where the C cup breast forms sat waiting to be used, waiting to feminize, to make pretty.

After helping Jamie put the breast forms in place, Imelda looked next to the pantyhose. Jamie opened the package of the sheer black Wolford hosiery, and silently pulled them carefully up his legs.

He surrendered.

Surrendered.

To the feminine that was obviously inside him.

Surrendered.

His masculinity.

Surrendered.

To his fate.

Surrendered.

There was nothing left now but to finish dressing to become the maid, the servant, the sissy, the slave that he was.

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Lisa was nervous and anxious and excited all at the same time. She hoped Amanda was right, hoped that Jamie really was a sissy. For himself first, of course. She loved him, she did not want to push him away, did not want to make him do something he did not want to do.

But there was more, too, because she loved him the way he was, soft and

feminine and emasculated.

She loved him not as a man, not for his masculinity, but for his softness and sensitivity; she loved him as a woman loves a woman.

Thinking that, she was suddenly aware of Amanda's closeness, of her body's heat, of her feminine scent. Amanda was sitting next to her, close again, as they had discussed.

"Men are visual creatures, Lisa," she had told her, "even sissies. When he enters the room he needs to see you sitting here with me, the woman who started him on the road to his inner woman with the woman who is going to finish it."

Lisa said nothing.

"You doing okay?" Amanda asked, reaching over and touching Lisa on her thigh, making her jump. Amanda had told her the visual presentation was important, had carefully staged their arrangement on the couch.

They were next to one another, Lisa just sitting slightly forward. Both were wearing skirts, sheer stockings, heels, the very essence of feminine. Amanda had apologized, tugged Lisa's skirt up every so slightly. It was already short, now more so, the welt of her stocking and a hint of bare skin showing.

"He must be overwhelmed, Lisa," Amanda had told her as she sat down next to her, thigh to thigh, stocking to stocking, and the way Amanda crossed her legs, the top of her foot touching the back of Lisa's ankle, nylon to nylon.

"Yes," she answered softly, feeling grateful to Amanda, feeling in her debt, feeling drawn to the woman, a kinship, an understanding. But something else, too, something deeper, something more basal, even urgent.

"Trust me," Amanda said, slowly letting her fingers dance on the girl's thigh.

"I do," Lisa managed to say, her eyes fluttering as the multitude of sensations threatened to overwhelm her. Amanda's scent, the thought of Jamie, the feel of Amanda's body touching her thigh, fingers, foot.

"Good," Amanda said softly, her words spoken almost directly into Lisa's ear, her fingers touching slightly higher, slightly inside the Lisa's leg.

For a second, Lisa thought of Jamie, of her feminine lover touching her, softly, gently, erotically. But it was Amanda's fingers that now teased her so, made her wish for more. Silently, surprisingly. In her mind, she thought of Jamie, but she did not resist Amanda's touch. Even, somehow, wished her fingers would go higher, higher.

Amanda sat Lisa where she did for this very reason, so she could watch the girl's face, so she could see her and her reactions now and when Jamie walked in. Once again, it took all of her self control to stop, to restrain herself. She saw Lisa's eyes flutter when she touched her leg, saw the quick intake of breath.

How times change, how roles reverse, how ironic, now she was the teacher, perhaps able to give Lisa the thing she never had with the one true love of her life.

The girl was clay.

"I'm melting," Lisa thought.

The girl was hers to mold, hers as her lover was, hers, Lisa, Jamie.

And it was at this instant when James Book, now Jamie, the sissy who once thought he was a boy, but was not, now forever a girl, walked into the room.

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Lisa felt the room spin the second Jamie appeared in the door, and she struggled to control her expression the way Amanda had instructed her, to remain passive, for everything this instant assaulted her senses, Amanda's touch and scent, Jamie's appearance, feminine, dainty, nothing about him masculine. NOTHING masculine. Nothing.

It was not as if she had not seen him feminized, for she had, he had dressed at her instruction. And it was not as if he was completely feminized now; he wore no wig, his hair was tussled and moussed but his own, and if he wore makeup Lisa could not see it. But his manner of dress, his expression, his posture, everything screamed feminine, everything.

Her boyfriend was no longer that, the "boy" part of "boyfriend." From this moment on, she could never, in any way, ever think of him as a boy again. He was so naturally feminine, took to it so well, so completely. Lisa wondered how she ever doubted herself. She was not pushing him to be feminine, not at all, Amanda was right, he was a sissy, every part of him, every nerve and cell, everything. A sissy.

The room was spinning and spinning and spinning.

She felt Amanda's finger move slightly on her thigh, felt her foot rub softly against the back of her leg, and part of Lisa's brain, the part not staring at Jamie, could only think, somehow, understand...

She'd touched and been touched by women hundreds of times, friends, relatives, strangers, yet Amanda's fingers were burning her, burning a hole in her skin, setting her nerves on fire. Never before had she felt a woman's touch to be so...

Sexual.

And all she could think, charged as her brain was, all that she wanted was...seeing Jamie...two things...I want her to touch me, I want to touch him.

She felt both were wrong, even unnatural, but the pull towards each was strong, overpowering, unexplainable, irresistible.

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For Jamie, the same feelings of vertigo immediately overwhelmed him the instant he walked into the room and saw Lisa and Amanda sitting next to one another. So strong was the reaction, so physical, so powerful, Jamie almost blacked out and fell faint to the floor.

Nothing prepared him for what he saw, nothing.

First, foremost, was her, just seeing her, Lisa, sitting not five feet from him, gazing at him with a look of...of nothing on her face. Not shock. Not fear. Not revulsion. Not even acceptance and warmth and love. Nothing, as if nothing had happened, as if, well, he thought, as if a servant had just walked into the room.

Which one had.

Just the servant happened to be her so called boyfriend and just happened to be wearing women's clothing.

The second thing he saw watching the unchanging scene was Lisa and Amanda, registering that they were sitting together. But more than that, not just together on the couch, but together almost as one, casually, even...intimately.

His eyes took it in at once, the areas of contact, Amanda's leg touching Lisa's. Amanda's hand resting on Lisa's thigh. No, not resting, moving, even caressing. And her foot, her stocking clad foot, up and down on the back of Lisa's ankle.

It slammed into him with a physical force, the realization of what he was seeing, the realization that he'd seen it before, however different.

He saw it on Amanda's face, it was obvious and open and she seemed to make no move to mask it once he saw it.

Everything about Amanda, from her eyes to her hand, to her leg, her expression, her demeanor, everything, everything screamed one thing.

Possession.

She was not just sitting there, casually, next to Jamie's girlfriend. There was an aura about her and aura of authority and superiority and certainty.

She was in possession.

She was in possession of Lisa, of Jamie, of Amanda, of everything.

He had seen the same look, the same bearing, when he saw Julia Irwin next to Amanda.

The spell, the spell, the scene, the scent, the women, lost, he was taken.

"What do you think, Lisa," he heard Amanda ask as he focused on Amanda's fingers, her well manicured fingernails running absentmindedly on Lisa's stocking.

He looked away from her hand, away from his employer's fingers touching his girlfriend's thigh, looked to Lisa's eyes, saw the slight flutter in her eyelids, seemingly struggling to stay open.

"He's..." Lisa looked Jamie up and down, critically, as Amanda had instructed her to do when she asked the question.

Beautiful, she wanted to say he was beautiful, for he was, as lithe and feminine and soft and attractive as any young woman she'd ever seen about campus. Beautiful, he's stunningly beautiful, she wanted to say, but...but...

Amanda had told her to look him over, to find something critical, something he needed, something to make him more feminine. Something to reinforce to the boy, now half girl, that he never, ever, was going to be masculine, not to Lisa.

She looked at him as he waited, terrified, sure despite everything screaming at him that this was right, sure she was going to say he was hideous, pathetic, hopeless.

She found it. Lisa knew, knew the answer, knew what to say. "I think he needs a manicure and a pedicure," Lisa said truthfully, for if he was to be a woman, he did, he needed his toe nails buffed and polished and worse yet, his fingernails and cuticles attended to, even nails glued on.

Amanda felt her insides melt, the girl was right, completely right. She had not forced the issue with Jamie's nails, not while Lisa's acceptance of her feminized boyfriend was in question, but now? There was no reason not to take care of that. More, Lisa made her proud, proud that she had noticed, proud that she suggested something so perfectly innocent yet so well designed to strip Jamie of anything masculine, anything.

"I think you're absolutely right, Lisa," Amanda finally answered, smiling from behind her new star pupil. "You'd agree, wouldn't you, sissy?"

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I just stared, barely hearing the question. Just stared. I could not quite get over it, over all of it. Just that Lisa was here, was shaking me.

Here, sitting with Amanda.

Looking at me, a strange glimmer in her eyes.

Staring at me.

Not with disgust, but with something different. Curiosity, perhaps.

Of course, after the initial shock of seeing Lisa sitting with Amanda, the next wave of horror washed over me. Then another and another.

I was standing before them dressed like a servant, even a tart, barely anything masculine about me. Not entirely feminized, seeing Lisa look at me I felt emasculated, I felt nothing like a boy, I felt like a eunuch, even vaguely gay.

It was worse not wearing a wig, for it was hard to think of myself as a woman. Even wearing women's clothing, light makeup, even with breast forms, without a wig, without going all the way, I felt like a boy who had every aspect of his masculinity stripped away, but not quite, just not quite, becoming a woman.

I wasn't gay, I knew that, but I felt like a certain type of gay men I'd seen, femmed boys, Nancy boys. Yes, men who were no longer men, men who were emasculated, who were effeminate.

And my girlfriend was staring at me, up and down, at my legs encased in pantyhose, at my tight shorts, which if worn by a man would be laughable, but worn by me, gave no hint that there was even a small penis contained within. And at my chest, breasts pushed forward, as if shoving them in her face, saying, see, I'm a fucking sissy.

Fuck, Lisa, fuck, why was Amanda touching you like that, looking at you like that, like she owned you and possessed you, like...like...like Julia looked at Amanda.

Like Julia looked at her?

Touched her.

Her hand was on her thigh, stroking her, touching her, seemingly innocent, but it wasn't, it wasn't at all, not with the way Amanda was looking at her, no, not at all.

Amanda asked her what she thought of me. What she thought? I knew what she thought, that her boyfriend, no, ex-boyfriend, was pathetic, worthless, not worthy of her. I knew what she thought, that it was over, done.

I was a sissy, why would she want me?

Wait, what did she say? I needed a what? A manicure and pedicure? Involuntarily, I looked down at my hands, my toes, felt my face redden, for she was right. I felt a pull, something, towards the feminine, she was right.

But...

"You'd agree, wouldn't you, sissy," I heard Amanda ask.

"Yes," I whispered, not wanting to answer, not wanting to agree, but forced to, forced to answer by something deep inside me. Yes, yes, I needed a manicure, yes, I needed something feminine, yes, I needed to be more, MORE of a sissy, yes, yes.

Yes. I realized I agreed not just to her question about my nails, but more, by implication, I answered the question she directed to "sissy."

Sissy.

"Of course you do, sissy," Amanda beamed proudly, like a grade school teacher praising her favorite student.

Sissy.

The word hung there, between all three of us.

Sissy.

It hung there, sissy, sissy, sissy.

Yes, Lisa, yes, I was a sissy.

"I'm sorry," I whispered to the love of my life, not sure if she even heard it.

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But she did, she heard the apology, and still, despite everything, including Amanda's insistence that Lisa herself did not feminize Jamie, she was

surprised and taken aback.

"Sorry?" she asked. "What do you have to be sorry for? I'm the one who pushed you to do this." She knew that wasn't true, but could not let go of the feeling that she was the cause of her love's confusion and shame.

Amanda sat up straighter, for the first time, took her hand off the girl's leg. She was not going to let Lisa internalize this any longer. "Jamie, what are you," Amanda asked sharply, without preamble.

Jamie looked at her, lowered his eyes, bit his lip, seemed to shrink, to get smaller and more vulnerable.

"Jamie, what are you," Amanda asked again, speaking each word slowly, with purpose.

"A sissy," Jamie answered, as before again and again, forced to admit what he was, what he never knew.

"What are you?"

"A sissy," he said again, seemingly to be on the verge of tears.

Amanda turned to Lisa, thoughts of possessing the girl, of touching her and tasting her forgotten for the moment. "Do you hear him, Lisa?"

Lisa looked at him, but answered her. "Yes."

"Lisa!"

"What," she turned to Amanda.

"You did not do this. I do not want to hear that from you EVER again, ever. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," Lisa said, trying to internalize it, trying to wrap her mind around it.

"Ever."

"Yes, yes," she answered.

"Do you see, Jamie," Amanda turned to the broken boy, "do you see? She thinks she did this to you, she thinks she drove you to this."

"Lisa," Jamie looked up at his girlfriend, "please, please, this...this is me."

"I've explained, Jamie, I've explained it to her. Your fascination with panties, your obsession with feminine things, I've explained that it's because of your essence, the femininity that flows through you. I explained she no more made you a sissy than she could make you a man. You're a sissy, it's inside you, all it needed was someone to awaken it, to nurture you, to, well, train you. That's true, isn't it Jamie?"

"Yes," he answered looking at Lisa, refusing, this once, to be ashamed of what he was.

"I want you to show her, Jamie, take her to your room, show her how you live here, how you want to live. You see, Lisa, he may have needed my help to awaken what is inside him, but he lives this life freely. Do you want to see? His room? His things? Will that convince you?"

Lisa looked from Jamie to Amanda. "I...", she bit her lip.

"It's his feminine sanctuary, Lisa. Isn't a girl's bedroom a window into her soul?"

Lisa smiled at that, thinking of her own room. Not just how she decorated it, but everything about it. Her clothes, the smell, the feel, all of it. It was her, a reflection of all that she was. Maybe this would convince her, shake off the lingering doubt she felt about her role in the feminization of him.

"Jamie," she looked at him, stood, held her hand out towards him, towards the soft creature standing seemingly proudly before her, "will you show me."

"Yes," he said at once, voice steady, "yes." He reached for her, took her hand, "yes."

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I walked into my bedroom, leading Lisa, hardly believing I was doing this. I hardly believed she was here, talking to Amanda, so this, bringing her here, into my bedroom, was almost beyond anything I'd ever imagined doing.

When we entered the room, Lisa walked ahead of me, slowly, but letting go

of my hand as she did. She looked around, letting her eyes take everything. If a bedroom was a window to a one's soul, mine was a window into the soul of a woman, without question. It looked feminine, the soft colors, the pink, the white, the soft lines. My room smelled feminine, the soft floral scent of perfume, body wash, even makeup. Everything about it left one impression and one impression only, that a woman lived here.

"Jamie," Lisa finally looked at me. Reflexively, I seemed to shrink away from her, somehow ashamed at all of this. She had made it clear, over and over, that I had nothing to fear from her. Amanda had made it clear that Lisa wanted this, all of this, as much as, maybe even more, than I did. She had told me, again and again, that she did not want a masculine boyfriend, yet still, I was afraid.

I loved her too much. That love was the foundation of my fears. Of rejection, of ridicule, of losing her. Fear. Fear.

"May...may I," she asked shyly, looking towards the chest of drawers.

Of course, of course, she wanted to see, for herself, what was contained in them. Did they match what else she saw? My room, even me, standing before her, feminine, feminine, feminine?

"Yes," I swallowed, nervous, afraid, not needing to be, yet still, afraid of her reaction.

She did not hesitate, yet still walked slowly and gracefully forward to the drawers, bent slightly, opened the top one and looked in, then the next and the next. With each, she would carefully put her hands in to look around, touching things gently, as if not to disturb what she found.

"Everything is so beautiful," she said, almost to herself before turning. "Jamie, why...why didn't you just tell me."

"Tell you," I said half in shock. "Tell you? I thought you would hate me."

"Hate you? But I wanted this."

"Well why didn't you just tell me," I asked, turning her question back on her.

"But I thought you'd hate me," she replied.

We both looked at each other; I was on the verge of laughing, her too. "Yea, I guess that was a problem, wasn't it," she smiled. "Come here, sit down, maybe we should be honest with one another." She again took my hand, this time led me to the edge of the bed where we sat, nervously, something I could feel pulsating off her just as it was flowing through me.

She crossed her legs and, involuntarily, I did the same, mimicking her, the soft part of me wanting to exert itself, wanting to show her, in fact, needing to. Sitting as she was, like before on the couch next to Amanda, her skirt rode up her leg, exposing her leg up to the top of her stockings.

I felt her foot touch my leg, and as the electricity shot through me, I let out a small gasp, so powerful was the feeling of her stocking covered foot touching my pantyhose encased leg.

"I can't believe I'm thinking this, let alone saying it, but I think my boyfriend has better legs than I do, especially in heels and hose."

"Lisa," I said apologetically.

"No, Jamie, you don't need to be ashamed. That's my point."

"You want to be honest," I asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I am ashamed," I said. "I can't help it. I know I'm a," I paused, unable now to say the word.

"A," she started to finish for me.

"No," I stopped her. "I...I need to say it. I know I'm a...sissy..." I breathed hard, the word spoken, waiting for her reaction, but nothing came. No gasp, no shout, no horror. Nothing. She just sat there next to me as Amanda did next to her, rubbing her foot on the back of my leg.

Without expression on her part, I finally went on. "I know I'm a sissy, Lisa, but it still makes me feel ashamed and it still makes me, well, afraid you'll hate me, afraid you'll leave me for...for a man."

"We've talked about this," she said simply.

"Some."

"Well, let's talk about the first part first. You're ashamed?"

"Yes," I swallowed.

"Why? What are you ashamed of?"

"I guess that I'm not really a man, but more, not just that I'm not a "man's man" but that I'm the opposite, I'm ashamed that I'm a sissy."

She laughed. Fuck, why, why? Of everything, why would she laugh. "See, you hate it," I narrowed my eyes, challenging her.

"If I hated it, I would not be sitting here, Jamie, and I certainly would never have encouraged you."

"They why are you laughing?"

"Oh, Amanda was right."

"Right about what?"

Lisa put a hand on my leg. "Everything, apparently, everything."

"I don't get it, Lisa, you wanted me to be honest and you're laughing at me."

"I'm not laughing at you for being honest, Jamie, I'm laughing at the irony of it. Forget the irony that you thought I'd hate you for being a sissy you and I thought you'd hate me for making you a sissy. The irony is thick enough just with your shame."

"Irony? Why is it ironic? Wouldn't any man be ashamed to be dressed like this?"

She looked at me, like she was thinking about saying one thing before she decided to say another. "That's the irony, Jamie, or what Amanda told me was ironic. A man would NEVER dress, and if he did, on a dare, or, I don't know, an actor in a play, he certainly would not feel ashamed. Dressing like this would not make him any less of a man, more of a sissy, no, there would be no reason to BE ashamed."

"Okay," I said, not quite comprehending.

"Jamie, you're ashamed, well, not because you are DRESSED like a sissy, you're ashamed because you ARE a sissy."

I looked down, remained sitting only because her leg was touching mine, because her hand was resting on me, both, in effect, trapping me, though emotionally, not physically.

"It doesn't matter if you're dressed like this or not, you're still a sissy, are you not?"

"Yes," I swallowed taking the shame with the admission.

"And you feel ashamed by that?"

"Yes."

She giggled, deepening my feelings, and then, without warning, she said the words that at the same time terrified me and thrilled me, in different parts of me, different parts of my brain.

"You should be ashamed."

"What," I started to tremble. "Lisa!"

"No, Amanda was right, you should be ashamed. I mean, well, let me step back. Amanda said that, said that she thought sissies should be ashamed, that, well, that they were born boys but knew they were not men. Sissies want to be feminine, but know they are not women, either. There is a part of them that isn't, well, 'normal,' whatever that means. A sissy is born a boy and has boy parts but know they are not men.

"But Jamie, you... you like it, don't you? Doesn't it excite you in some small way?"

"I don't know," I lied, not sure why.

"Really? You don't know?"

"Lisa," I shifted uncomfortably, because in reality, just asking me if being ashamed excited me did just that, fucking excited me.

"No, Jamie, we're being honest, right? I told you before, I'm telling you now,

I don't want a man, Jamie. I'm tired of men, I'm tired of their games, I want you, Jamie, I want you to be pretty, I want you to be my girl. You don't have to be shy, Jamie, it excites me."

I sat there, not disbelieving her, but uncomfortable still.

"Jamie, you said you're ashamed, but doesn't that excite you, too?"

"Maybe a little," I finally said, hoping that would be enough for her.

She cooed, a small laugh, a hint; there was something in her eyes, something playful, something important, too.

"What?"

"Amanda, right again."

"Right about..."

"She told me...well...you're a little excited?"

"A little, maybe, yes."

"A little excited," she asked, then leaned towards me, put her lips to my ears. "Little like the little thing tucked between your legs."

I sucked in a breath, shuddered, but I wanted to deny it, of course I wanted to deny it, who would not want to deny the excitement the shame caused me? For an admission was a surrender, the giving over of control, of letting her know the things that she could use to control me, the very things Amanda had, Amanda knew.

I wanted to deny it, I even tried to, but clearly Amanda was smarter than me, was always smarter than me. She'd already given Lisa the power over me, the power she always had, I suppose, but Amanda had told her what it was, even how to use it.

Lisa giggled. Whatever she was, whatever she was to become, she wasn't Amanda, now not, not yet. She was still a young woman, and giggled with the discovery of something so different, so powerful.

"Does it excite you, Jamie," she asked, not giving up her advantage, "does the shame of being a sissy excite you?"

The worst thing this very instant was the tight pantyhose I was wearing, the pantyhose over the gaff, the tight garments giving me nowhere to grow, for grow was all it wanted to do, that thing with a mind of its own, grow in response to her words, to her smell, to her mind, to her beauty, to her love, grow, grown.

Lisa put her hand on my chest, on the breasts sticking forward, the forms giving me a life like chest, and pushed me backwards onto the bed, somehow hiking her skirt and climbing on top of me all in one, smooth, move.

"Do you think it just excites you, Jamie? Do you," she asked, kissing me.  
"Do you know how WET it makes ME, sissy, just seeing you like this, feeling you like this? Oh, fuck, Jamie, fuck."

Lisa bent down and kissed me with the most powerful and intense kiss she had ever given me. It was hungry and angry and needy and ravenous and while kissing me she was pushing into me, her chest on mine, breast touching breast. "Oh, Lisa," I moaned when there was the briefest break for air and breathing.

"Lick me, Jamie, lick me," she said, no, demanded.

"Yes."

"Now," she said between kisses, "lick me, like a girl, Jamie, go down on me, Jamie, lick me, Jamie, lick me."

We turned over, now I was on top of her, but with the positions reversed, there was still no question who was in charge, who was dominant, who was the top and who was the sissy.

"Be my girl, Jamie," she had my head in her hands and was glaring at me. "Since you can't," she paused for the briefest of moments, almost had a look of embarrassment on her face, but kissed me, "since you can't be a man, be my girl, be my sissy."

I didn't undress her, I didn't pause, I wasn't slow or tender. I simply went down on her with as much hunger and passion as I ever felt with her. If I was a man, I would have fucked her, then and there, hard and fast, even violently.

But I wasn't a man, not at all.

I didn't fuck her with the penis trapped in the gaff and hidden by pantyhose and satin shorts. Instead, I fucked her with my mouth and my tongue, hardly pausing to even pull her panties to the side before forcing myself into her.

I felt her fingers in my hair, running through my tussled locks as she pulled me deeper into her, pulled my mouth and my tongue into her soaked pussy, held me there while she fucked my mouth, held me there while she shook with orgasm.

"Fuck, Jamie, fuck, fuck, fuck," she cried out as she shook with orgasm, her wetness covering my face.

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Lisa felt herself falling, shaking, quickly shook her head, tried to orient herself, but was confused. The room was dark, lit only by the moonlight coming through the window.

Where was she?

She inhaled sharply, sensing another person in the room, on the bed next to her.

Jamie. Jamie was next to her.

She was in Jamie's room; it was Jamie next to her, Jamie, her sweet, feminized Jamie sissy, still dressed as he was when he walked into Amanda's study. She looked his sleeping form up and down and saw nothing masculine, nothing, and was glad for it.

She looked at herself, her blouse un-tucked, half unbuttoned, and up around her breasts, her skirt bunched up around her waist, her panties still pulled to the side from Jamie's hungry mouth and hands. Moving slowly so as not to wake him, she inched over to the side of the bed, started to swing her legs over, realized her heels on the wood floor might wake him, and so carefully put her legs down, letting her weight go on the balls of her feet.

Standing now, still quiet as she could, she walked towards the door, not

bothering yet to fix her skirt or blouse, not wanting to make noise. She was glad it was dark, afraid to catch herself in a mirror, knowing she must be quite a sight, hair messed up, skirt around her waist, showing more skin than she was covering.

Carefully shutting the door behind her, she heard voices from down the dark hall, the only bright spot from light coming from a partially opened door several door down. The voices belonged to Amanda and Imelda, but she could not make out the words. She quickly tugged her skirt into place and her blouse down, though in her haste to cover herself, neglected to re-button her blouse, not realizing that it was undone down to her breasts.

She started towards the stairs but paused, wondering if she should say something to Amanda, say goodbye, or hell, thank you. If she had continued towards the stairs, she likely would have gotten down them unseen, but her pause was enough, for the door opened and Imelda stepped into the doorway, just enough light escaping to illuminate Lisa, for Imelda saw movement, looked towards her, freezing her.

"Mizz Lisa," Imelda said, nodding.

"Oh, is that Lisa," she heard Amanda's voice.

"Yes, Mizz Drake," Imelda answered, "she just leaving."

"Ask her to come down here, please, I'd like to see her before she goes."

"Yes, Ma'am," Imelda answered, looking at Lisa.

Lisa bit her lip, knowing her moment to escape unnoticed had passed, that there was nothing to do now but to see Amanda before she left, though part of her felt glad in a way, like she wanted to see Amanda, even if part of her felt nervous at the same time.

"You're being silly," she thought to herself as she passed Imelda, who looked down at her blouse, eyes widening as she stepped into the doorway. Lisa followed the maid's glance, had just enough time to look down and realize what it was that Imelda saw, Lisa's half opened blouse, her breasts practically spilling from the fabric, on display.

Fuck, she realized, fuck, fuck, fuck. She barely saw Amanda, who was sitting in a winged back chair, started to reach up to fasten the buttons of her

blouse, when Amanda looked up and just stared with searing, soul searching eyes. Lisa dropped her hands back to her sides, though she had only raised them an inch, she felt like she was waving, pointing, see, look here, look at my breasts.

And Amanda did, no matter how much she may have wanted not to, no matter how much her mind had warned her, screamed, even, to go slow, slow, slow, she could not help but stare at Lisa, stare at her open blouse, at her breasts, hidden only by her delicate bra.

She stared, not expecting this, stared, thinking she would be the one to stay in control, stared, wondering, somewhere in her mind, if the girl was trying to seduce HER, though shaking that thought away as quickly as it came. No, no, Lisa was her, years ago, Lisa was Amanda and now, this time, Amanda was Julia, Amanda was the experienced woman, Amanda was the one who would tutor, touch, help, have this girl.

She knew this, as much as she knew anything, knew the way the girl reacted before, knew the way the girl looked at her now.

And look she did, for Lisa could not look away from Amanda any more than Amanda was able to look away from Lisa, drawn in she was, by Amanda's natural power, her utter beauty.

Just as Amanda would have it, she did not know at that time, that Amanda had been waiting here for her, the spider at the edge of an elaborate web, the prey completely unaware that what looked invisible, was otherwise, was a trap, one from which an unsuspecting girl like Lisa had no hope of escaping.

A trap, a trap indeed, for Amanda thought she knew Lisa, and did indeed, knew, for she herself had once been the prey, knew what would draw her in, knew what would make her fight, knew what would make her surrender.

Her open blouse not forgotten, but simply overwhelmed by more erotic images, Lisa looked at the woman looking at her. Amanda sat in the chair, regal, powerful, queen like, queen indeed. Lisa saw she was dressed like her, underneath anyway, for Amanda had shed the skirt and blouse she had worn earlier, now wore a dressing robe, though one that left little, nothing, to the girl's imagination.

Through the almost sheer black fabric, Lisa saw every curve, every inch of

Amanda's body, saw her lingerie, the bra, garter belt, panties, stockings. Amanda looked like the woman who had come home from the office, threw off her suit, and covered up with a wrap for modesty's sake.

But there was nothing modest, the fabric showed more than it hid, and watching Amanda look at her body, Lisa could do nothing but respond in kind, her eyes lingering on Amanda's hip, on her stomach, her breasts. Drawn in, the prey struggles but finds that the web, rather than loosen, only becomes tighter and tighter.

"I...I should thank you," Lisa finally spoke, trying to avoid the penetrating gaze of the older woman.

"I told you before, I'll not let what happened to me happen to you or to Jamie." She raised her eyes, letting them ask the question.

"He's sleeping," Lisa said.

"Hmgf," Amanda snorted. Typical. "Well you need not stand in the doorway, come in," she beckoned, pulling tighter and tighter.

Lisa knew better. Of course she knew better. She may not have had Amanda's worldly sophistication, but she knew danger when it was present, saw Amanda's looks, remembered her touch, knew, of course knew, that the woman was trying to seduce her.

No, there was no 'trying' a small part of her brained warned her. Was seducing you, the voice yelled. Was. Was.

She knew that several hours ago she had been the seductress, but now, she felt helpless and blushed, her own shame washing over her. How she had mocked Jamie for being a sissy, for his shame at being a sissy. Now she felt the same, the sense of losing control, the shame, for looking at Amanda, for thinking, for fantasizing. She felt shame at her attraction to the woman, shame, pure shame.

Yet, she could do nothing about it, for the part of her brain that told her to step back stood no chance compared with the screaming, the overwhelming shout pushing her forward, deeper into the web, deeper and tighter.

"I...I really should get going," a small voice said, a voice from her mouth, a voice in the wind, standing astride a runaway train yelling stop, having as

much luck and effect.

Amanda paid her pleas no attention, merely sat watching, as if knowing the Lisa would not retreat, knowing, for she had been in the same position years ago. She knew Lisa now had no more hope of escape than she did then, knowing Lisa DID NOT WANT to escape, but wanted to be taken and trapped.

"Did Jamie?" Amanda asked.

"Yes," Lisa answered at once, trying to pull away, drawn in closer and tighter. "I...thank you."

"He's a sissy, Lisa, you understand now, don't you?"

"Yes."

"He wants it as much as you."

"Yes, but I don't know how to..."

Amanda held two fingers on her right hand, silencing the girl. "There's more for you to learn, Lisa, much, much more for me to teach you."

Lisa was breathing quicker now, her senses heightened, on edge; she was almost afraid, no, there was no almost, she was afraid, she knew what this woman was doing, or so she thought, though it turned out she really had no idea for it was more, so much more.

Amanda turned her hand, and the same two fingers she'd silenced Lisa with bent towards her twice, beckoning the girl forward, towards her, deeper and deeper. "So much more for you to learn. Today was just the beginning, Lisa, only the beginning."

Lisa felt her knees weaken, scaring her, as she knew she should leave, flee before she fell under Amanda's spell completely. But she was frozen, her feet would not respond to her mind's commands, would not allow her to take flight, but instead propelled her forward, closer to the danger, not away, closer, closer.

"Your blouse, Lisa."

Lisa felt her face flush. "I'm sorry," she said.

Amanda nodded an acknowledgment for the apology as Lisa again lifted her hands to button, to cover herself, to give modesty a nod. As her fingers reached the first undone button, just below her bust line, Amanda twirled her fingers, shook her head, and mouthed a single word.

"Off."

Lisa's fingers, her hands, even her whole body, started to shake. Off? She wanted her to take her blouse off, not button it up. She was stunned, at least that's what she tried to tell herself, stunned that this woman would suggest such a thing!

But another part of her mind thought of Amanda's hand on her thigh, caressing her, her foot against the back of her leg as hers had been on Jamie's, stroking her.

Take her blouse off? Lisa knew instinctively that she was being tested, yet she knew just the same that there was no going back from something like that. What had Amanda said about being taken under the wing of a more experienced woman? Did she actually mean this?

Lisa's mind said no, said to tell her no. Well, part of her mind, anyway. The rest of her mind, no, the rest of her body, mind, skin, nerves, eyes, nose, the dampness between her legs, those all said otherwise and it was those signals her fingers responded to, ignoring the urge to button her blouse.

Ignoring the urge towards modesty.

And decency.

No, she ignored those, and almost outside herself she surrendered, without thinking, surrendered to the wanton desires unleashed inside her, surrendered to a fate she'd never imagined but now could not resist.

So slowly, fingers trembling with a mixture of fear and desire, Lisa unbuttoned the last few buttons of her blouse and lowered it off her shoulders, stood there, with no obvious place to put it, stood before Amanda holding the blouse at her side.

She felt Amanda's gaze, expected something, anything, but the woman just stared at her, until finally Amanda said, "that's better," and looked down at

papers next to her.

For a minute, Lisa just stood there waiting for Amanda to say something, to do something, anything. But Amanda seemed to forget she was there, concentrated only on her work. After another minutes, Lisa began to get uncomfortable. Should she have said something? The moment passed, the moment to move, to put her blouse back on, anything. Now she just stood there feeling more and more uncomfortable, more and more humiliated even. Here she was, a grown woman, an adult, but here she was standing in front of Amanda topless. Worse, ignored.

But what did she expect? To be honest, when Amanda first told her to remove her shirt, given how Amanda had looked at her, with almost leering eyes, how she had touched her, hinted at desire, Lisa feared Amanda would...grope her, assault her, caress her. And how was she supposed to react to that? After all, the woman had helped her with Jamie; was she supposed to repay her by spurning her advances?

But then nothing. Amanda looked at her, but did not so much as lay a finger on her. She looked down and ignored her. Lisa feared rejecting Amanda but as she stood there, topless save for her bra, she began to feel rejected herself. Was she wrong? Was Amanda not interested in her? Was she not pretty enough?

Not five minutes ago she was terrified that Amanda would touch her but now she was practically shaking from the lack of Amanda's touch. She thought of Amanda's hand on her thigh and wondered how that would feel now as she stood there half naked, how Amanda's fingers would feel caressing her legs. Her stomach. Her breasts.

Lisa felt her teeth chatter just imagining it.

How would it feel if Amanda's fingers reached down, under her skirt, touched here where...she was shocked to realize...where she was wet. Throbbing?

Lisa looked down at Amanda, looked at her body under the sheer robe, at her waist, the garter belt not at all hidden by the fabric, the straps, her stocking tops. Her panties.

And Amanda just sat there, reading, ignoring her, or so it seemed.

For Amanda was doing nothing of the sort, neither reading nor ignoring. In fact, Amanda was struggling with all her might to keep her eyes on the papers in her hands, to keep them off the girl's body, the ONLY thing she wanted right now.

Lisa, she thought, Lisa, Lisa, Lisa. How obvious it was to Amanda, the girl's quick progression, her initial apprehension so quickly replaced by hunger and need. Slowly, Amanda, slowly, she thought to herself. Soon enough the girl will be kneeling before you begging for her first taste, soon enough, as she spread her wings and discovered her control over Jamie she would beg to submit to Amanda.

Soon enough. Soon enough. While she wanted the girl now, while she wanted nothing more than to have her kneeling before her, head under her robe, begging to lick her, she knew she must wait. Wait. Wait. The longer she waited, the longer she teased the girl, much like her sissy lover, the more Lisa would want her. And unlike Jamie, Amanda meant to have Lisa, meant to have her as Julia had had Amanda.

"You may put your blouse back on, Lisa," Amanda finally spoke. "I want you to continue the things with Jamie we talked about."

"O...okay," Lisa responded, feeling relieved that Amanda did not touch her, yet, confused, and worse, disappointed at the same time, somehow, somewhere inside her, craving Amanda's touch and wanting to touch her in return.

"Lisa," Amanda looked up at the girl, saw the look on her face, knew she was right to wait.

"Yes," Lisa asked, wondering if she was wrong, if something would happen, feeling the need for it, the want.

"I want you over for dinner, the night after tomorrow."

"Okay," Lisa quickly agreed, not checking her calendar, not caring, just knowing that she had to see this woman again, knowing she was drawn to her, that she could not resist.

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I knocked on Lisa's door, nervously glanced up and down the hallway. While there was no question that learning that the love of my life accepted me as a sissy, that was not to say that everything was suddenly okay in my world. I still lived and worked at Ms. Drake's, and I still had no idea where I stood with school, especially since taking time off. Worst, despite Lisa's acceptance, I still was not sure where that left us, as a couple.

Honestly, it was difficult enough as a couple, man and woman. Where did a couple stand when they were sissy and woman? Woman and woman? Eunuch and woman?

Before I finished my terrible thoughts, Lisa opened the door, wearing a white robe, flannel pants, and a look on her face that sent my stomach sinking.

"Oh," she said, "come in."

"What's the matter," I asked, closing the door behind me, terrified at what she would say.

"Um, nothing," she said.

"Lisa, please, what's wrong? You...you said you wanted to be honest, yesterday, I...please tell me."

"Nothing, it's stupid," she said, but clearly was willing to go on. "I guess, well, I...you're wearing men's clothes," she said quickly.

"Oh, I, well..."

"No, Jamie, I'm not mad, don't take that wrong, I mean, I know this is new to us, this, understanding this like this, but, well, it just it's weird, that's all...seeing you dressed like that, all, I don't know, trying to be masculine."

"I have panties on," I blurted out, thinking that was the most un-masculine thing I could say.

Lisa laughed. "I'm sorry, I don't mean to laugh at you, sweetie, it's just, well, that's not the kind of thing a girl normally wants to hear her boyfriend say but, ironically, that's the most perfect thing for you to say. You have panties on."

I didn't know what to say, but I felt relief, felt that I'd not dreamed the whole thing, that she really did accept...this...all of this...me.

"Panties aren't enough, Jamie, I mean, that's a start, but, how do I say this nicely...I..."

She looked like she was struggling to either remember something or struggle to say the words on the tip of her tongue, then found her voice. "I don't know how to say this, I'm all new at this, it's just, I guess I don't want to see you in boy's clothes. It just doesn't fit."

"What was I supposed to wear? A dress? Outside," I looked around, out the window, "in front of your neighbors? I...I like dressing feminine, but, I don't know either, it's kind of a shock to just stop wearing men's clothes and suddenly wear skirts and dresses."

"You don't have to wear a dress to be feminine, Jamie, but that's not really the point I was making. It isn't just the feminine, that's half of it, it's the other part, it's the, you don't need to look masculine, you could..."

Again she seemed to hesitate, almost shyly, like she was nervous to say it, let alone feel it. "Listen, do you like wearing boy's clothes? Masquerading as a man?"

"Not, not really," I said.

"Why not?"

I looked up at her, surprised by her question. Why not? Why didn't I like dressing as a boy? I didn't expect the question so it took me by surprise. "I don't know," I answered, an obvious response, saying nothing.

"Jamie, that's not fair. Answer honestly, please, I'd really like to know."

I thought about the question. "I don't know, I mean, sorry, I guess, well, I never thought about it before, but since I started working for Ms. Drake, it feels strange. She doesn't ask me to dress as, you know, a girl, all the time, but, it feels weird now, wearing boy's clothes."

"Now that you know you're a sissy?"

I looked down. "Yes." I guess that was it, wasn't it? Now that I know I'm a

sissy.

"I know. Listen, I guess I feel the same way, Jamie. I didn't think much of it either, but now, well, it's strange to me too, seeing you in boy's clothes. It's like something is just off."

"Yes, I know, something's off."

"Come here, sit down for a minute," she sat on the couch, patting the seat next to her. "You know, seeing you yesterday, dressed how you were was kind of surprising, I mean, not like seeing you wearing something pretty. Amanda told me you were going to be in maid's clothing so I kind of expected, you know, had a mental picture of you in a French Maid's uniform, completely feminine."

"You were disappointed? She's made me wear those before, too."

"No, no, not disappointed, though I'd love to see that some time. It was just, you were like pretty and feminine but, I don't know how to describe it, but seeing you un-masculine, is that a word? Emasculated? That was as exciting, I guess, as seeing you all feminine. Do you understand?"

"I'm not sure, Lisa."

"Well, it isn't so bad that you're wearing pants and a shirt right now, it's that you're wearing a pants and a shirt made for a man. I mean, I want to see you all pretty and feminine, and even more important to me, anyway, is that I DON'T want to see you masculine. Does that make sense?"

"I still don't know if I understand what you mean, Lisa," I said. What was she getting at? Did she want me in a dress or not? "Should I not have worn pants and a shirt?"

"No, no, I don't mind that you wore pants and a shirt, Jamie, that's what I'm trying to say, I just mind that you wore pants and a shirt for a MAN. I mean, I don't even mind that you're a little uncomfortable with all this, all this, but I...if you're going to wear pants and a shirt there's no reason you have to be so, well, masculine about it."

"Oh," I said.

"You're not comfortable going out completely, what's the word Amanda

used, femmed, or something like that, completely looking like a woman, trying to pass as a woman?"

"I don't know, it's just...it's just a lot, all at once, I guess."

"I know, Jamie," she touched my leg tenderly. "It's like when you wore white cotton panties. You remember those, don't you?"

I swallowed, face flushed. Of course I remembered. Wearing panties that MIGHT look like men's underwear, but that, when looked at closely, were nothing of the sort. "Yes," I mumbled.

"Well, it was weird for me at first, I know, and, well, we talked about that, I know, why we broke up, but, later, when I thought about it, I really liked that you were, you know, less masculine. Which gets me back to now. I understand you don't want to wear dresses outside just yet, but there is no reason you can't dress less masculine, more feminine."

"Meaning?" I looked down, at the clothes I was wearing, and she was right, save for the panties I had on, I did look, not quite masculine, but certainly not feminine.

"Well, stand up," she said, smiling, warming to the subject. "I was kind of thinking about this."

I stood, disarmed by her smile, her enthusiasm.

"Okay, so now, what's in your pockets?"

"My pockets?"

"Yea, here, empty your pockets, just humor me."

"Okay," I said confused, taking my keys, my iPhone, my wallet, some change, and a few receipts out of my pocket and setting them down on the table next to her.

"Do you know why women carry purses? Because women's pants don't have pockets like that and they need something to carry around all that junk."

"Makes sense."

"Black pants, the staple of any woman's wardrobe, are just like men's pants,

but cut tighter-no carrying things in pockets like that."

"So..."

"So there's no reason, if you don't feel comfortable dressing as a girl, like in dresses and skirts, that you couldn't wear women's pants...you have the body for it. What I'm saying, Jamie, is that I want you to dress more feminine, even if you don't go all the way. This is stereotypical, what I'm about to say, but some people might call it dressing, well, gay."

"Gay!"

"I said, it's stereotypical, there are more masculine gay guys than feminine, but think how you dressed yesterday. No wig, just a touch of makeup, your hair gelled. If you wore women's pants, the right blouse, flats, no one would think you WERE a woman, but they..."

"Wouldn't think I was a man, either," I said meaning it as a retort, but that's not how she took it.

"Exactly! You'd look soft and feminine and most important, not masculine."

I could not get that word she'd used out of my mind. Gay. That's what it sounded like, and she was right, I'd look like a stereotypical even if not a true, gay. She was talking about using something like a purse, getting my nails done with at least clear nail polish, a more feminine hairdo.

"No one would ever think I was a guy," I said.

"That's kind of the point, Jamie, isn't it? Isn't that the whole sissy thing?"

Still standing, I looked down.

"Jamie, this is what you want, isn't it, deep down inside?"

"Yes."

"Well it's what I want, too. I...it's hard for me to say it, I'm sorry, but...I, well, I don't want you to be masculine, I, Amanda could say it better, crap, I was better at saying it practicing with her. This is supposed to sound more forceful. I don't want you wearing men's clothes. Anymore."

She was giving me an order. Fuck, Lisa was actually giving me an order. I

could tell she was struggling to say it, but there it was, an actual order, timid as it was.

"Okay," I agreed, having no other choice, really. Nothing to do but agree. Nothing but wanting to agree, as discomfoting as it was. Some part of me was trying to hold on to the boy part of me, was unwilling to let that go. But that was just part of me. A bigger part WANTED to be feminine, wanted to ....

"Okay, then," she said with obvious relief.

"You...you really don't want me to be...to be masculine?"

"My god, Jamie, no, no, no, don't you believe me? No."

"I do, I guess, yes, I do, I just don't understand why."

"I don't know, Jamie, maybe it's because you're a sissy, maybe I sensed it somehow. Maybe it was seeing you in panties, seeing you looking pretty, maybe it's like I said before, I'm just so tired of 'masculine' men I want someone soft and pretty and, yes, feminine, maybe," she looked a little shy now, "I find girls prettier."

She then looked up, quite steadily. "What I know, though, is that if you don't get out of those clothes right now and into something soft and feminine, I'm going to kick you out of here!"

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Forty-five minutes later, Jamie was sitting in Lisa's bedroom, his "boy" clothes removed, hidden away, for Lisa did not want anything, anything at all masculine in his sight, nothing to remind him that whatever his genetic gender, masculinity was no longer part of his life.

She had him shower, "to wash that boy stink off you," she had said, actually meaning it. Actually, if one could believe it, turned off, even disgusted by Jamie's appearance as a boy.

After he had dried off, smelling much, much more feminine thanks to the body wash Lisa preferred, she picked things for him to wear, taking the advice and direction she'd received from Amanda. She started with a pair of nude pantyhose, telling Jamie that his legs looked so good in them the last

two times she'd seen him wear them, at her house vacuuming then at Amanda's.

That was true, to a point, she really did think his legs looked great in hosiery, looked feminine, looked soft, long, lean. That was why she gave him hose to wear. The reason for pantyhose was different, though.

"Men think with their dicks," Amanda had told her. "And since he has a penis, to feminize him, you must do everything you can to make his penis as unimportant as you can.

And so pantyhose. Control top pantyhose, specifically, to hide his penis, to trap it, to tuck it, so that there was nothing, no "dick" to swing between his legs, no "cock" to thrust at her, nothing but a flat, clean line. A feminine looking torso. So feminine, that seeing him stand there in nothing but pantyhose, even without makeup, without breasts, without anything else, she thought to herself that he looked NOTHING like a boy, nothing at all like a man, nothing. Not quite a woman, but nothing masculine in the slightest.

"Everything's so flat," she said, meaning his crotch, though the same could be said for his chest, too, which is how he took it.

"I'm sorry, I, well, Amanda has these fake breasts that..."

Lisa smiled, reached between his legs. "I meant down here, Jamie, where a man would have a cock, you're flat, like a girl."

"Oh, I..." he blushed at her touch, her words.

"Like a girl," she repeated, "that's nothing to blush about, that's how you are, a girl, there's nothing wrong with having a flat, pretty pussy, nothing at all, and up here, well, we can do something about that."

Lisa walked to her dresser, opened the top drawer, took out something, turned to Jamie. "Why look what I happen to have," Lisa said with a cat eating grin as she held out to Jamie two breasts, two silicone breast forms."

"Where did you get those," Jamie asked, surprised to see Lisa holding them in her hand, yet trembling with obvious desire.

"Amanda thought you might be needing breasts here."

"Breasts," Jamie repeated, eyes focused on the objects in Lisa's hands.

"Yes, breasts, Jamie, like you had on yesterday. Breasts, because no man has breasts, but a sissy...do you want them, Jamie, because you don't, you know, have to."

"No, no, I want to," he said quickly, very quickly, betraying what he was.

And so Jamie ended up sitting in Lisa's room, wearing a lovely pink bra to hold his breast forms (how ironic that he had to help Lisa, to show her how they worked), a pink satin chemise over his pantyhose, pretty mule slippers, sitting at her dressing table while she lightly, every so lightly, applied makeup and fixed his hair. Both subtle, not enough that he looked like a woman, but making him far, far from being a man.

And later, he ended up in her bed, for the first time, not the first time wearing lingerie, for she'd asked him to do that before, but the first time truly as a sissy, for the first time, without illusion, without question.

He knew, lying on the bed next to her naked body, that he was emasculated and feminized, pretty and soft, the feeling of shame still present but with no illusions. He knew that he was a sissy.

Lisa knew it, too, when she moved her leg and felt it glide against his pantyhose covered legs, feeling the nylon rub against her skin. She knew it when she leaned close to him to kiss him and felt her breasts press against his. Her boyfriend was a sissy, not a boy at all, a sissy, and it THRILLED her to be next to him, touching him, feeling him, and just the thought sent her heart racing. It thrilled her to feel his softness, to be in the presence of his emasculation, of his femininity. It thrilled her to feel so powerful, so loved.

Overcome with desire, Lisa ran her hand down Jamie's side, letting her skin glide over the satin chemise, then reached over his hips, feeling the nylon of his pantyhose, letting her hand finally come to a stop between his legs, though not her fingers, which danced over his trapped organ. She kissed him, smiling to herself, thinking how Amanda was so right, that with Jamie's penis trapped between his legs, held tight by the pantyhose, it felt nothing, nothing at all the way a man would. That the physical sensation was just like rubbing a woman.

"Oh, Lisa," Jamie exclaimed.

"You like?"

"Yesses," he responded kissing her deeply, reveling in the sensation of her masturbation of him, not caring at all that she was rubbing him gently, like a woman, not stroking him, like a man. More than not caring, enjoying it, thrilled by it, wanting nothing more than to surrender to her.

"Me too, lover, you're just as soft here as you are all over the rest of your body, soft and small and feminine." Amanda had told her what to say, that she was to constantly emphasize his feminine attributes, to emasculate him, to never, ever, let him think with the masculine part of his mind.

"He'll want to," Amanda had said, "all sissies do. They can't help it, for they were born as males, but reinforce the feminine, Lisa, and he'll respond. Remember, sissies are naturally submissive, so he'll want to please you, he'll want to be feminine, for that desire is even deeper."

"Such a good girl," Lisa whispered between kisses, "such a pretty girl."

Amanda was right about the hardest thing, too, Lisa's own desires, her needs right now, this minute, the burning ache between her legs, the overwhelming urge to feel him inside her.

"It will be natural," Amanda had said, for she was a woman, and even though she loved his femininity, "part of your brain knows he's a genetic boy, part of your brain, when you get excited enough, will want him, will want him to fuck you. It's natural, you love him, and in time, you shall have him, but not now, not now."

And she wanted it so badly, touching his throbbing, trapped, penis, she wanted it so badly, wanted to feel him inside her. Even so, she knew Amanda was right. Resist, he's a sissy, a girl, resist, he's not a man, resist, don't think of him that way.

Resist the urge, she was told, resist, resist. He's a sissy. Sissies do not fuck women like men, resist so you don't confuse him. So you don't confuse yourself. Resist.

The words screamed in her ears, resist so you do not confuse him, resist,

resist, resist!

But she wanted it.

Resist.

She needed it.

Resist!

The she saw it in his eyes, the returned hunger, the returned need, the returned want. She saw his burning desire, matching hers; yes, Amanda was right. Jamie was thinking with his penis, he wanted to fuck her. He was thinking with the thing she was touching, wanted to be inside her.

He was thinking like a boy!

Amanda was right, whatever her own hunger, this would confuse him, only confuse what she was doing. It would not encourage his sissy side, it would let him think that maybe, just maybe, he was man, when he wasn't, would never be.

She must not let that happen, must not, could not, would not! She wanted it so badly, but could not. No, she must think of him like a girl, like a sissy, something made easy for that's the way she saw him now, feminized, she saw him as a girl. Strangely, it made her wetter, more excited, it made her want him more. Thinking of him as a girl, seeing him as a girl, made her want him all that more.

As a girl, Lisa, think of that, as a girl.

"Jamie, love," she kissed him, slowly still, rubbing him.

"Yes, yes," her sissy groaned, kissing her deeply, tongue probing deeply, needy, pushing his hips towards her, almost as a boy would, penis seeking her, that part of his brain crazy for her.

"We're not...easy does it there," she laughed, moved her leg, stopping him from finding her.

Now, Amanda instructed her, now, when he wanted her the most, when the male part of his brain seemed as if it would take control, then, then, slap him, tell him, push him, do it then.

"I...I have to tell you something," she said between kisses, leaning forward with her chest so her naked breasts pressed against his fake breasts, touching like that, making him think of the sensations all over his body, not just those in his crotch, but here, too. Breasts, something women had, breasts, the breasts he had.

"What, Lisa," he barely heard her, which she intended, his brain so confused as it was by the dueling sensations of his breasts and his trapped penis, which she continued to rub with the tips of her fingers, rub like a girl would a clit.

"Jamie, I...I want to be honest with you," she returned his kiss.

"Okay," Jamie said, looking at her with his puppy dog eyes.

"I want to get fucked," she said between kisses, trying to muster all the resolve she had, to talk like this, to do what she was about to do, must do.

"Yes, Lisa, yes," Jamie responded as she knew he would, pushing himself against her hand, thinking, wrongly, he knew what she wanted.

"Deep inside me," she licked his lips, "god I'm so wet, Jamie, so wet."

"Oh, Lisa, yes, yes, inside you," Jamie returned her wet kiss, shaking, and she knew, he was putty and she had to mold him, putty, to shape to her liking, putty.

"I want," she panted, sensing his heightening desire, "I want...I want..." Waiting, waiting, letting him get to the top, letting the boy in him run free for this moment, the more he anticipated, the more effective it would be.

"I want," she said again, kissing him, letting the kiss be the pause she needed to work up her nerve, to say what she knew she must say, which was so easy, for it's what she wanted, but so hard, for she would have taken him, her sweet, feminine lover, just as he was.

"I want..."

"Yes," he was shaking, so close, thinking he knew. Him, thinking she wanted him.

"I want...", she stroked him, pushing him closer and closer to the edge

"Yes, Lisa, yes," he answered, trembling, thinking he knew, she felt it, he was ready, and she was as ready as she could ever be.

With one finger touching him, rubbing him, she took her other hand, folded her middle finger behind her thumb, pushed one against the other, letting the tension build, and then, let go and flicked her middle finger forward towards Jamie's penis, flicking it as hard as she could, speaking at the same time

"Cock," she hissed.

"Ohhhhh," he moaned and whimpered, immediately, obvious pain, obvious pleasure in his voice, his tone, his urges suddenly different, heightened, and she could tell the difference, could sense the flipping of his internal switch. She did not quite understand it, when Amanda told her, what that would do to him, why it should have such an effect, but...there it was, it did, it really did.

"Trust me, Lisa," Amanda had said, and why would she not trust the woman who had been right all along.

Continuing to rub him, continuing the pleasure, she also repeated the other, cocked her thumb and finger again and flicked just as hard if not harder. "Do you know what I want, my pretty sissy girl?"

He whimpered, of course he knew what she wanted, he whimpered, helpless, what could he say, what could he do? Run? Beg? Scream? Cry? Helpless, he was helpless. And she knew, sensed it, feeling his emotions wash over him as she touched him, could almost smell it, the surrender.

She waited just an extra heartbeat, let him feel the pause, the anticipation, then, as excited as he was, as hot, she answered, with both her finger, striking him, and her mouth, teasing him.

"Cock," she said the instant her finger hit him, "I want cock," she said, her embarrassment at speaking the words overcome by her actual need, and more, by Jamie's reaction, as if something inside him opened and exploded, was it the feminine, the sissy, yes, yes.

She thought to one of their first times together, that dinner, the waiter staring at her, at her legs, hunger for her, remembered the way Jamie

reacted. The night in the middle of the night when she woke and found herself playing with herself, with a dildo, and Jamie, her sweet Jamie, licking her, licking it.

Why did he react this way, why, why?

And why did she? She was wet, absolutely soaked, like she'd never been before, and he had not even touched her down there yet! Jamie's reaction was feeding her, making her want more; she wanted to see him quiver, to shake like a girl, to feel her power over him, the intoxicating power. Could she? Could she continue.

Not only could she, she had to, she must, for she wanted him, but as a sissy, as a girl, as a woman, emasculated, hers.

"A man's cock, sissy, a," here it went, words she hardly could believe she was about to say. "A real cock," she spoke them, flicking him once again.

Any doubt she had that her words destroyed the boy inside, the gender trying to get out, destroyed it in favor of the other, the girl, were immediately put to rest by his reaction, by his moaning, by her sissy lover's obvious erotic hunger. Where a man would assert himself as an alpha, where he would push her over and take her, take the opportunity, the invitation, Jamie seemed to wilt, seemed to somehow retreat, as if knowing his place, his absolute butanes, driven by the feminine, more, the sissy inside him.

"Not this, lover," she touched his throbbing, felt it and the reaction she was having to it. "A real cock."

She wanted Jamie, but not as a man, not as a boy but as a woman. How could she want him in any other way? She didn't see him as a boy, she saw him emasculated, feminized; she saw him as a girl. And she didn't want him any other way. She wondered if she ever could, knew it did not matter, for she loved him this way, he was hers, her lover, her sweet, soft, sissy lover. As much as she wanted to get fucked, and her mind was so torn, for she wanted him, she knew she could not have him this way.

"Please," he begged.

"I want to get fucked," she moaned, every second more aroused, more

comfortable with her role, more dominant, more demanding, and feeling his need as she flicked him yet again.

"I could..."

"By a man..."

"Ohhhhh," he groaned, shaking, shaking, her words, her touch, impacting him, his essence, the feminine, the submissive, the sissy.

She thought again of the dinner, the waiter, revisited the evening in her mind, replaying the way he'd looked at her, the way she'd teased him, remembering the powerful feeling it gave her, just now understanding it. She, like any woman, wanted to be wanted, of that there was no doubt. But there was more, the feeling that Jamie wanted her to be wanted.

"Do you remember that night we went to dinner, that waiter, the way he looked at me?"

"Yyyeeesss," he squeaked, barely, the sound almost inaudible to her.

"He wanted me, Jamie, didn't you? You remember, don't you?"

He didn't answer, but the look in his eyes spoke for him, the flicker, of course he remembered, and the look, his reaction, told her all she needed to know, that not only did he remember, but he thought of it often, he often went there, to a secret place, a fantasy, somewhere that he could picture her in his mind.

"He wanted to fuck me, a man, he wanted his cock inside me, and that turned you onnnnn," she flicked him, overcome by the look in his eyes, the hunger, the obvious excitement.

"Yes," her feminine lover whispered softly, again unable to deny what was so obvious, afraid to admit it, but unable or unwilling to deny it, either then or now. How could he, the thought had been put into his head again and again, by Amanda, by Lisa, by Imelda, by Julia. Over and over again he was told how much Lisa wanted a man, wanted cock, told that he was not man enough, that he was a sissy, and what more could a sissy want than to let his woman be free to find a man.

"You remember that night, lover, you remember, coming home, watching

me, thinking of me, licking me?" Lisa rubbed him with her finger, rubbed him so he came back to the edge. She barely understood it, but she was reinforcing the combination of his humiliation with his sexual excitement, teasing him, teaching him. But she did not need to fully comprehend what was happening to him psychologically to be effective, for the links were already in place, the path started by Amanda, the training.

"You remember, sissy?"

"Yes, god, of course," he groaned, that night never far from his mind.

"You remember licking me, Jamie, making love to me like a girl?"

He didn't answer; he didn't need to, as he was lost in the connection between the moments, then, now, crossing the gap in time before she knew he was a sissy, to know, when it was everything.

"Remember how hard I came, Jamie? Know what I was fantasizing about while you licked me? Why I came so hard? I was fantasizing about that waiter fucking me!" She flicked him again, and far from protesting about the abuse his poor, trapped, sissy penis was taking, he moaned louder, shook harder.

Lisa was as lost in fantasy as he was. As much as she loved Jamie, and she loved him with everything she had, she would not let him escape, never, ever, he was hers. But as much as she loved him, loved her sweet, soft, feminine sissy, all she could think of was cock.

"Jamie, what I wanted to tell you, I mean, well, when we...when we broke up, do you remember running into me when I was on a...out with Mark?" She felt him stiffen, a physical reaction to the name, a jealousy perhaps, but while his body stiffened, his penis did too, as much as it could pressed up against the pantyhose.

"Do you remember," she asked again, though it was clear he did. But she wanted to push him, push his boundaries, push him to places he was afraid to go, where he must go, where she wanted him, needed him to go. "Do you remember seeing us?"

"Yes," he answered weakly.

"When I saw you when I was out with a man, when I saw you, you know

what I thought about? That night at the restaurant. This...this is what I have to tell you, Jamie...I wasn't...we were just out...I wasn't...I had no intention..."

She had to tell him, for he had to know, and more, she wanted him to know.

"I fucked him." She said it this time without flicking the poor boy's penis, without the physical sensation; she wanted to see how he reacted to her admission, what he really felt for her. Not that she had anything to apologize for, or even feel guilty about, though she did. They were broken up and she no more answered to him than she did to anyone. Even if Jamie was the love or her life, she, at that point, did not answer to him.

She waited for him to say something, anything, waited for his reaction to her confession. At first he just remained still, not moving, not speaking, but after several seconds, his body, stiff from her first mention of Mark's name, began to relax, even to soften.

"You...you fucked him," Jamie said more than asked. As he relaxed, his pelvis moved forward slightly so that he was touching her again, his bent, swollen penis, pressed slightly, then harder, against her hand. "Did you...did you like it?"

Jamie's question surprised her. She expected him to be mad, maybe jealous, maybe angry. She did not expect him to ask her if she liked it, but then, why should that surprise her? Nothing about Jamie was normal, nothing about Jamie was what she had expected. "Did I like it?"

Her hand had not moved, but Jamie's hips did, rocking back and forth, gently, very gently, rocking up against her, his pantyhose trapped penis on the soft skin of her hands.

"Jamie, we...we were broken up," she answered, not really answering, afraid to answer.

Jamie would not let it go, though, asked her again. "Did you like it when...when he fucked you?"

She looked at him, felt him rubbing her fingers, her hand, almost humping her. She saw the begging in his eyes, the anticipation, and realized that it was not anger, it was something different, that his emotions were nothing to

fear.

"Jamie, you know I love you, don't you? I told you before, a man like Mark, any man, that, they, that's not what I want. All that masculinity, all that testosterone, all that, everything that comes with a man, that's not what I want in a lover, in a partner. I want soft, I want feminine, I want tender, I want...you."

Jamie had the most tender and loving expression on his face, one of love and devotion and even surrender. She knew he loved her as much as she loved him, she knew that. She also realized that his question was one of, what, acceptance, even need.

"Did...did you like it when he, when he...fucked you?" He was still rubbing on her, humping her hand through the pantyhose, the anticipation written all over his face, the desperate longing, the need.

What should she say in response to his question, that she hated it, that it was nothing like making love to Jamie, the one she loved, who was tender and kind and selfless and devoted? Is that what he wanted to hear? It was true, she'd take making love to Jamie any time, that was what really, truly touched her, emotionally as well as physically.

But that wasn't the whole truth, was it? No, she knew better, she knew that there was more, that she didn't hate it, she didn't hate getting fucked by Mark, that while it was completely different from sex with Jamie, different from sex with the one she loved, it wasn't terrible. Just the opposite, actually. Should she tell him what it was like, that while she had absolutely zero interest in being in a relationship with Mark, or any man for that matter, that, that the sex, that getting fucked by him was...

Simply amazing.

That Mark started like Jamie, tender, gentle, but unlike Jamie who remained tender and soft and gentle as he made love to her, Jamie, who was feminine from the first kiss to the last, that Mark, as the minutes went by, was the exact opposite. That the more aroused he became, that with each passing minute, he became less soft, less tender, that he became harder, physically, harder, sexually harder, emotionally became all man, masculine, dominant, possessive, at least sexually, and that once he was inside her he was an alpha male, he was a dominant gorilla, a stud, that once inside her,

he was on top of her, his weight bearing down on her, pushing into her.

He did not make love to her like Jamie does, is that what she should say, that once inside her, he...there was only one way to describe it, once his cock was in her, he fucked her, completely and totally and without quarter.

He fucked her, unlike Jamie, he fucked her thinking only of himself, he fucked her, obviously not caring anymore if she enjoyed it, if she came, if she even cared He fucked her to own her, for that brief moment. All he cared for was himself, not her, himself.

Should she tell him, that while emotionally, it was nothing to her, nothing at all like Jamie, physically, he fucked her harder and deeper and rougher than any man every had. That from the first moment the head of his cock entered her until the last thrust, the last, deepest thrust of all, a man's biological need to drive his cock deep inside a woman, to release his sperm as far inside her as possible, she had been in a constant state of orgasmic bliss, that she had cum longer and deeper and harder than she ever had in her entire life.

Should she tell him that Mark's last push, his last thrust, that his cock, his thick, hard, masculine cock, touched a spot inside her that no man before, certainly not Jamie, had ever touched, and that her orgasm was so powerful, so overwhelming, that she yelled his name and dug her fingernails into his back, and at that instant, he erupted, she could feel it like any woman can, he erupted and held his cock there, against that spot. That she could feel Mark's cum filling her, that each squirt, each eruption, hit that spot again and again and again.

Should she tell Jamie that while emotionally it meant nothing to her, physically it was everything, amazing, everything, and while not thinking of it at the time, she held Mark to her so his cock could not move, so it would stay on that spot inside her, so her orgasm would never end, so his cum would be deep, deep inside her.

Finally, she looked at her tender, sweet sissy, and knew she had to answer the question posed to her.

"I loved it," she said and she told him why, everything about it, everything. And from that moment, she owned him, heart and soul, completely, totally; he was hers, forever, to be hers.

But ownership was not a one way street, for Lisa was Jamie's just as much. Jamie owned her heart, possessed a part of her that no other could ever have.

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The wedding was to be a simple affair, which, given the nature of the bride and groom and the commitment they were making to one another, was appropriate. That neither had much by way of family simplified matters and allowed a measure of uniqueness that might otherwise be inappropriate for some guests.

Despite the uniqueness of the wedding, Jamie's proposal to Lisa had been as traditional as one could expect, with the nervous young man on bended knee asking for a young woman's hand in marriage. That the young man in question just happened to be quite feminine in appearance, even if wearing trousers, did nothing to reduce the overwhelming feeling of joy his gesture produced in the young lady's heart when he took to his knee.

The ring he slipped onto her finger was paid for by the savings he had accumulated in the employ of his patron, the room and board she provided him allowing him to purchase a lovely diamond ring for Lisa. His patron had helped him select that ring, not without some feelings of jealousy that her sweet, feminine houseboy was soon to leave her for another.

Of course, Amanda's feelings of loss were more than compensated by two things. First, she was pleased, more than she could ever explain, that through her direction and influence, Jamie was put on a path that her own love never could walk. Second, she was thrilled by the relationship with the girl, for Lisa filled a need that Amanda did not know existed until she took the young woman into her life.

Ironic, really, as she had assumed that it was going to be the emasculated boy Jamie who would become for her what her man never could. When she met the boy, she would have sworn that it was he who she wanted, he who she would instruct, he who she would hold dearest to her.

But it was the girl, it was Lisa, who somehow made her realize that the relationship she longed for was more like the one she had actually grown up with, hers with Julia. The long time student was now the teacher, allowing

the wheels of time to continue as they always had and always would.

A week after her former object of desire proposed to his lover, Amanda once again went ring shopping, this time helping Lisa find an appropriate token of her affection for the boy.

Though nothing that could be found in the section of jewelry reserved for men.

No, Lisa and Amanda were of one mind on this point. They might disagree on a minor point, one that would be resolved by Lisa's thoughts on the topic at the wedding, but they both believed from the moment Lisa showed Amanda her engagement ring, that a similar object, something feminine and pretty, should be worn by Jamie.

So two weeks after watching Jamie take to a knee and ask for her hand in marriage, Lisa surprised her beau (really belle) by doing the same, presenting him with an elegant platinum cathedral ring with pave set diamonds in the band, a ring that was unmistakably feminine and would make all but a casual observer wonder about the orientation of the wearer.

Just as Lisa wanted. Her love emasculated. Her love feminine. Her love, no matter how he was dressed, no matter where he might be, to know, to always know, to remember, to NEVER forget, that he was not a man.

The small ceremony was to take place at Amanda's home, for her estate offered room for the few guests to spend the weekend in luxury and in privacy. Lisa had her own suite of rooms in a private wing to prepare in, rooms that would double as the couple's honeymoon suite.

An hour before the ceremony, Lisa was standing before a full length mirror, attended to at the moment by Imelda, who was kneeling next to her, carefully attaching the garter straps of the lace-embellished ivory corset to the embroidery at the tops of her ivory stockings.

Both were focused on dressing, so neither heard Amanda walk in behind them, nor knew how long she had stood watching. Finally, Lisa caught the movement in the mirror, looked up, and saw Amanda standing, watching. Amanda wore a high-waisted, light blue silk and taffeta sleeveless, A-line dress with open-toe shoes.

"My, my, my don't you just look lovely," Amanda said, meeting Lisa's eyes in the mirror.

"Thank you," Lisa said lowering her eyes with a hint of shyness in her voice, a hint of vulnerability that positively made Amanda's skin tingle with desire, especially seeing her dressed just so.

"I brought you something," Amanda said, holding her arm up, showing Lisa the ivory garter she held in her hand. "Something borrowed and something blue," she turned the garter in her hands so Lisa could see the blue and ivory ribbons tied to part of the band.

Lisa looked back up. "It's pretty," she said, feeling slightly humiliated to be half naked in front of Amanda, slightly humiliated in a way she did not feel just a moment ago with Imelda helping dress her. Not that it was the first time she had been half dressed, or even naked for that matter, in front of Amanda. Not the first time by any means.

"Imelda, please go see how Jamie is coming along, will you, I've some things to discuss with our fair bride here before you finish getting her into her dress."

"Yes, Ma'am," Imelda said excusing herself.

Amanda sat in a chair to Lisa's right. "Come, let's get this on you, dear."

Lisa walked silently towards Amanda, eyes still downcast.

"Here, darling," Amanda turned towards the side, leaned forward and patted the edge of the chair where she wanted Lisa to lift her leg and set her foot.

Lisa reached out and set her hand on Amanda's bare shoulder, the contact with Amanda's skin on her fingers sent shivers through the nervous bride, sent urges of longing, set every nerve on fire.

Amanda opened up the garter as Lisa delicately slipped her heel covered foot up to the edge of the chair and held steady while Amanda worked the garter over her heel and so slowly, so sensually, up her calf, up towards her knee.

"You really do look lovely, Lisa." Amanda heard her suck her breath in, knew that her fingers tracing up her stocking covered leg were setting the girl's

nerves on fire.

Luckily for Lisa she was holding onto Amanda's shoulder, for she would have fallen. Her eyes were closed now, her touch on the reality of anything except the here and now, except Amanda's fingers on her inner thigh, gone. She felt the familiar touch of Amanda's fingers on her stocking tops, straightening the garter, but her hands did not stop there, were now on the bare skin of her upper thigh, Amanda's right hand half cupping Lisa's rear, her left hand just below her panties.

She felt her hands slacken and shift towards her right, towards her left leg, felt her tug the top of her right stocking, Amanda's left hand then settled up against the other side of Lisa's rear, against the bare skin of her ass, uncovered by the cream thong.

And now Amanda's right hand was where her left hand had been moments ago, between her thighs, so close to, almost touching her panties, almost touching. Lisa could feel the heat radiating off Amanda's hand.

"These panties are the 'something new'?" Amanda asked, running her thumb over the satin and lace crotch as she spoke, seeing the moistness left where her thumb touched her.

Lisa couldn't answer. She wanted to answer, but she could not, not while she was shaking from Amanda's touch, not while she was half naked, standing before her mentor half naked, exposed, vulnerable, confused, yet so obviously in need.

It was a feeling that Amanda was well familiar with, having experienced it herself many years ago, the struggle with the internal conflicts Lisa felt about submitting to another woman. It was that conflict that made Lisa irresistible to Amanda, that made her want the girl even more. Unlike Jamie, Lisa was strong and submission did not come naturally to her. She fought her urges, fought the desire to surrender to Amanda. Fought them but lost every time.

Just as Amanda knew she would, just as Amanda had. But in submitting to Amanda, submitting only after fighting, Lisa was learning, each time learning how to be strong, how to be loving, how to take what was inside her and become like Amanda, learning how to assume her proper role in her relationship with Jamie.

Amanda watched the struggle playing out over Lisa's face, watched the young bride fight yet again against surrendering to the her. She knew part of Lisa's mind must be screaming, telling her this was wrong, that she was a bride, this was her day, demanding that she step away from Amanda.

But Lisa didn't move away. Quite the contrary, despite her internal conflict, if anything, she moved ever so slightly closer to Amanda, moved her hips ever so slightly downward, rocked, so that Amanda's thumb rubbed against her again.

Amanda smiled, so pleased with the girl, so proud, and if not for the girl's makeup, she would have had Lisa on her knees that moment, begging to lick her mentor. Instead, she took Lisa's damp mound between her thumb and her forefinger and squeezed, gently at first, then increasing the pressure, rolling her lower lips between her fingers and just watching as Lisa began to shake, as her eyes fluttered, open, closed, open, closed, begging Amanda to stop, begging her to continue.

In some ways, this was Amanda's favorite thing to do to Lisa because Amanda was only a conduit at the moment. It wasn't Amanda making Lisa shake, it was Lisa herself. Amanda was simply squeezing, the pleasure, the sexual feelings, the orgasms, they came from Lisa, squeezing inside, squeezing her kegel muscles and making herself cum. Lisa could deny her wants, deny her needs, but both knew Lisa would be lying, that this instant, Lisa, however humiliated, was making herself cum.

"I've had Imelda put the items you'll need for tonight in the nightstand next to the bed, Lisa."

The girl's eyes flew open and she instantly glanced towards the bedroom, her genuine tenderness and shyness so obvious in the expression that briefly flashed over her face until an orgasm overtook her.

"You'll use it on him just like I taught you," Amanda ordered in the middle of the orgasm.

Lisa remembered it easily as the waves of pleasure ran their course. Amanda had found it just weeks ago when she was at Lisa's apartment, helping her with some last minute wedding things, including deciding what to pack for the honeymoon. "My, my, what's this?" She turned to Lisa holding the

cock-like dildo she had found in Lisa's drawer.

Lisa's face had reddened instantly, for she had forgotten that the toy was in that drawer or she certainly would have moved it

"Bring this with you to dinner tonight." Amanda shook her head, shut the door.

Watching the girl's face, Amanda was not about to let her off so easy; she had a few minutes before Lisa had to finish getting ready, so she continued to squeeze, to instruct the girl. "He's a sissy, Lisa, use it on him just like I showed you."

Lisa wanted to stop, wanted to step back, wanted to break the connection between her and Amanda, wanted to, but could not, not thinking of Amanda showing her how to really use a dildo, how a harness worked. She shook in pleasure again, squeezing her pelvis, feeling her clit, hidden between the folds of her pussy, stimulated, over stimulated. She thought of Amanda as she let herself cum, remembering being naked, sitting nervously on the edge of Amanda's bed, watching Amanda across the room buckle the straps around her waist, then walking to Lisa with the dildo pointing directly at her.

"Turn over," Amanda had told her, then teaching her, showing her, exactly.

Lisa had never felt so embarrassed and ashamed in her entire life as she did on her hands and knees with Amanda behind her, fucking her.

But she came harder and longer than she thought possible and never wanted it to end.

Finally, Amanda slowly released the girl's mound, pleased as always. "I think it's time you finished dressing for the ceremony. Amanda stood, kissed Lisa on the cheek. "I'll see you a bit later, oh, and don't forget, dear, just like I taught you, just like I showed you."

Lisa stood still for several minutes after Amanda left the room, shaking, ashamed as she always felt after Amanda touched her, ashamed for letting herself be touched like that, ashamed at the pleasure it brought her, ashamed at how much she wanted it again and again. Yet still, as she shook with the aftershock of her orgasms, she felt delight, too, as much delight in

the attention she received from Amanda as she did in anything.

And delight that today she would wed Jamie, delight that today was special in it's own way, and delight that Amanda was there to share it with her.

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At about the same time Lisa first noticed Amanda walk into her room, Jamie was in another part of the house also getting dressed, though while helping him look pretty as Imelda was helping Lisa, the woman assisting Jamie was not nearly as respectful as Imelda.

"So," Julia Irwin asked Jamie while she carefully applied eyeliner to his eyes, "your Lisa decided to marry you,. Pity, you know -- here I was still hoping that Mandy would let me have you. You'd be in such demand, I'd have men lining up to fuck you."

Jamie wanted to look away, but could not, she was holding his face still to apply the makeup, yet he felt his face flush at her words.

"Oh, sissy, sissy, so ashamed at the thought, are we? You think you'd be the first boy I cock trained? Trust me, dear, a week, that's all it would take before you BEGGED me to let you suck cock. You know it, too, there's no need to deny it to me. Well, pity, like I said, that the girl settled for you."

Julia ran her finger over Jamie's eyes, softening the look by smudging the line with her finger, looked at the boy's face, then up and down his body in the lingerie he wore. "Well, your bride may arrange that kind of satisfaction for you whenever, now and then, she's satisfying herself the same way." He shuddered at her words, at the implications for both Lisa and him, the thought of cock, for him, more so, the thought of cock, for Lisa, cuckolding her pretty boy.

The first layer of lingerie served as a foundation. A pink nylon bra with black lace trim to support his breasts, which were still silicone forms glued on with surgical glue. Amanda was leaving to Lisa, who was undecided, the decision whether to continue with forms, start him on hormones, or get implants. Meanwhile a pair of matching panties, his little penis properly folded and tucked hidden away in them. Over that he wore a pink waist cincher with black ribbon beaded through lace running vertically from the six garter straps and the hook and eye closure and lace up ties on the back,

giving him an enhanced bust and a trim, feminine waist, while holding up the sheer black stockings he wore.

"Not that I totally disagree with marrying such a beautiful creature such as yourself," Julia added. "After all, sissies make wonderful spouses, and I'm sure she'll take a lover to do the things you simply can't."

Jamie looked up at her, eyes practically begging her not to say such a thing, yet at the same time, mentally picturing Lisa with Mark, with that waiter, picturing her getting fucked, picturing her on her back, a man on top of her, cock inside her, moaning, turning to her side, looking at Jamie, her face filled with pleasure, "Jamie, his cock feels soooo good inside me."

Julia saw his expression and was pleased by it, and again wished she had the boy to herself, but knew she would not, not that it mattered as it was clear Amanda had started his training well and more clear that Lisa was in love with him. "It's only a matter of time, sissy, only a matter of time."

The ironic thing was that Jamie thought she was right, and moreover, deep down inside, secretly hoped she was right. Something else Julia knew all too well.

Makeup complete, it was time for Jamie to dress for the ceremony. This was one of the few areas of disagreement between Amanda and Lisa. Amanda believed that a sissy should only dress one way when getting married, in a wedding dress as feminine and beautiful and pretty as the actual bride's. Lisa disagreed, so much that she actually defied Amanda for the first time since she had been taken under Amanda's wing. This was something that actually pleased her teacher more than she knew, seeing that her student could be assertive when it came to Jamie.

Lisa disagreed about a wedding dress for Jamie for several reasons, none of which had anything to do with the principle of the matter -- Lisa had no issues with Jamie's feminization. First, and quite selfishly, Lisa did not want her groom to be prettier than she was. Not that Jamie could actually be prettier, but there was little question that fully feminized, he was certainly as pretty as most women and Lisa wanted no question who at the wedding was the true bride. Vanity always must run its course.

Second, also selfishly, Lisa loved to see Jamie not just feminized, but emasculated. The difference was that when feminized, Jamie was pretty

enough to look completely like a woman, something Lisa enjoyed without question. But there was a subtle difference. Simply emasculated, Jamie was stripped of his masculinity, but denied the safe harbor of complete feminization. Instead, he was trapped somewhere in the middle, no longer a boy but not quite a girl, either. It was here that Lisa found fulfilled an erotic hunger, for it was here that she sensed Jamie felt most humiliated. He knew he could pass as a woman, now, that when out he was safe, his secret was safe, few if any people realized he was not a girl, but rather a feminized boy.

But emasculated and feminized without going so far as to ensure he passed, he was trapped somewhere in between genders, obvious to every man that he was not a man, obvious to every girl that he was not a girl.

Lisa realized the difference and the different reactions he got, and her reactions to those reactions, one day when she took him to the mall to get his nails done at a Korean nail salon. She had insisted he dress feminine, but not as a woman, that he wear women's trousers and blouse, lingerie, and Mary Jane heels, but wear very little makeup, no breast forms, and his hair purposefully androgynous.

Walking through the mall, they passed a group of girls who looked at Jamie and giggled as they walked by. But it was the boys and their quiet taunts that, much to Lisa's surprise, made her excited, that caused her pulse to quicken, that dampened her panties as they walked side by side.

The first she heard was from a guy, obviously some frat boy in a group of several frat boys, who walked by them and coughed into his hand before bursting out laughing with his friend.

"Faggot," he had coughed when he passed by Jamie and Lisa.

Lisa was dumbstruck and continued walking next to Jamie without comment, though seeing out of the corner of her eye that he was clearly embarrassed. It happened again, just before the nail salon, another group of guys, another not so subtle cough into a hand. "Sissy!"

The girls in the nail salon were happy to give the boy a manicure and pedicure; Jamie was not their first male customer, not their first sissy customer, not their first emasculated customer.

"You don't mind," Lisa asked, the comments of the guys still ringing in her

ears.

"No, no, we no mind," the Korean woman said, looking at her co-worker next to her.

"We do gay boys all time," the other said.

"I'm not gay," Jamie whispered, though the Korean women paid him no attention.

But Lisa did, Lisa was paying attention. She saw Jamie almost shrink within himself, ashamed to be mistaken for gay. She saw him bite his lip, protest weakly at the accusation. She saw his vulnerability and had to use all of her willpower to keep from reaching down under the hem of her dress, between her legs, and fingering herself right then and there. Instead, sitting there next to Jamie, getting her nails done, Lisa let her mind drift, squeezed her pelvis muscles while looking at her emasculated boyfriend and did her best to push herself to the edge of orgasm, beyond it, tried, so hard, got so close, to do something Amanda would later teach her.

An hour later they were on their way back to their car when it happened again. Three guys this time, three men, three alpha's, clearly, the kind of men women swooned over, Lisa included, though only sexually, not emotionally or mentally. Lisa and Jamie had stopped at a coffee stand in the middle of the mall and were waiting for their chai tea to be made when the guys got in line next to them.

Lisa paid them no attention, did not notice them even next to her and Jamie, did not notice them staring, giggling, noticed nothing until one of them coughed, like the guy before.

"Faggot," one coughed, saying the word as clear as one could.

"Sissy," said the second.

Lisa saw Jamie shrink again, as before, with the first guy. Again, seeing her boyfriend, her emasculated, feminized boyfriend act like such a beta, like such a...wimp, caused her insides to tumble, her pelvis to quiver.

"Cock sucker," the third guy coughed into his hand and they all laughed.

The thoughts in Lisa's mind shocked her. On the one hand, the guys were so

self assured, so alpha, so assertive, she felt a biological desire to fuck one of them, all of them. To fuck them, one after the other, hard, raw, rough sex. But on the other hand, their taunting of Jamie made her want to protect him, to stand between them and him, and that want, that need, that desire, made her want Jamie, her soft, sissy, lover all the more.

"That's enough, leave him alone," she heard herself say firmly, a command, given to one of them, all of them. The three guys were taken aback at first, as who was she to order them around. But they looked at her, studied her, intently. She was more than half a foot shorter, at least fifty pounds lighter, and there was only one of her to three of them. But they looked at her with respect, with a look they would not give Jamie.

One of the guys turned to the others, gave a slight, "okay" nod, a "knock it off" nod, and looked back at Lisa. "Fine," he said, nodding, acknowledging to her that she was in charge of Jamie and that he'd respect that. "Come on, let's go," he said to his friends, still giving Jamie a look of disgust as he walked away.

"Forget the drinks, Jamie," Lisa said, tossing a ten dollar bill on the counter and literally dragging him out of the mall, to the car, to the safety of home.

The short car ride did nothing to diminish the stirrings inside Lisa, if anything they increased with each passing second she sat next to her emasculated, feminized boyfriend. Faggot. Sissy. Cock sucker. The words repeated themselves in her mind over and over and over.

Faggot. Sissy. Cock sucker.

Jamie did nothing, said nothing to defend himself.

Faggot. Sissy. Cock sucker.

It was left to her to defend him, to end the mocking of the last group of guys, to be the alpha, to defend her emasculated, sissy boyfriend.

Faggot. Sissy. Cock sucker.

Home, she continued to take the lead, was desperate now, sexual needs overwhelming everything, and took her confused boy right to the bedroom where she lifted her dress over her head and threw it across the room as he looked at her dumbfounded.

"Christ, Lisa," Jamie said watching her take off her bra and panties and toss them onto the bed.

Something about his reaction pushed her over the edge she'd been teetering on since the mall. She stepped over to him, roughly untucked his blouse from his trousers, unbuttoned the buttons, practically tore it off him, his pants too, leaving him standing before her in all his emasculated, androgynous glory, in a lilac bra, panty, and garter belt set and nude, sheer stockings. She then pushed him roughly backwards onto his back on the bed and climbed on top of him so that her naked, soaked, pussy was directly on the swelling mound in his panties and her lips were planted firmly on his.

"Oh, Lisa, careful," he whimpered as she ground onto him.

His half-hearted begging clicked the final piece into place, sexually, erotically for her, clicked a dominant need, a mindset, a fulfillment by her emasculated lover. She spoke the words she'd intended to speak later, not really knowing or understanding how she'd let herself voice the thought. Later she felt embarrassed she could say such a thing, as natural as it seemed at the time. "Don't you like a naked woman on top of you, or were those guys right?"

"Right about whattttt?" his voice trailed off as she reached between them and pulled aside his panties, freeing his trapped, now hard penis. She pulled it towards her, put it on the edge of her lips. They were so wet that she actually dripped on the head and on her fingers without even spreading herself. She knew she was so wet and Jamie though erect small enough, that she could impale herself on him without doing anything more.

"Right about what, sissy?" she asked, leaning to one side, kissing her way to his ear, never allowing this penis to leave the spot where it rested. "Were they right that you're...that you're a faggot."

As she said the last word, she quickly pushed her pelvis down, impaling herself on his small though erect penis. And even though it was nowhere near long enough or thick enough to compare to any man's cock, to any cock that had been inside her before, at this instant, it didn't matter, for she was so wet and so horny and so in desperate need to feel him inside her that with every inch of his just under five inch penis, her insides exploded with pleasure.

She was hesitant to say the word, even though she wanted to, she was afraid of Jamie's reaction, even though her own body was overcome with spasms of pleasure immediately. Yet she should not have worried, for her sissy lover responded much as she did, groaning for an instant in shock immediately followed by moans of ecstasy.

"They were certainly right that you're a sissy, weren't they," she asked, pushing herself down on him again. With the second stroke, she pushed back as she pushed down, inadvertently angling herself in a way she had never done before, somehow twisting slightly to one side and...

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned as his penis touched her in a spot she'd never felt Jamie touch her before, somewhere deep inside her that immediately, powerfully, caused her to cum.

"Oh, Lisa, oh, owwww, ohhhh." She saw that the pressure she was putting on his penis must be twisting him in an awkward position, that she was actually hurting him, though he wasn't telling her to stop, and quite frankly, she did not know if she could, not now, not here, not like this. No, now she had to finish, wanted to finish, needed to, could not, would not stop.

"Were they right that you'd suck cock," she almost screamed as she humped him, hurt him, yet made herself cum as hard as she ever had fucking him. He'd accepted that he was a sissy. She wanted him also to accept and deeply enjoy the humiliation that went hand in hand with that. Her words were spoken not out of cruelty, oddly just the opposite, out of love for him, recognizing an understanding that the humiliation satisfied him, fulfilled him, just as it did her.

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And so Lisa would not allow Jamie to wear a wedding dress as Amanda had first insisted to her tender pupil, no, she stood her ground, insisted that he be feminized, but not completely so. And Amanda had come to respect Lisa's desires for her sissy. After all it was her wedding day, her decision.

Rather than a wedding dress over his lingerie, instead he would marry the love of his life dressed not as a bride, but not quite as a groom either. Close, but not close enough that anyone would mistake him for a groom (nor for a man, Julia taunted him.) Certainly, the lingerie, the breast forms, and the

carefully tucked away penis gave him the figure of a woman, though the light makeup and androgynous hairstyle did not quite make him appear to be a woman, not when he was fully dressed for the ceremony. For rather than a wedding dress, Lisa insisted her "groom" wear a tuxedo to the wedding.

Hearing Lisa's thoughts on the matter, Amanda admired the girl's promise as the woman in a female led marriage and knew at once what must be done.

So while Jamie did indeed wear a tuxedo to his wedding, the tuxedo was cut like a woman's pant suit, not a man's suit. He wore black strappy heels, showing off his stockings and his painted toes. Combined with the makeup and his feminine figure, there was just as much chance he would be seen as a feminized boy (sissy or faggot or cock sucker, to use the vulgar terms used by the guys at the mall) as he would a masculine woman. There was just as much chance he would be seen as a boy trying to be a girl as a girl trying to be a boy.

And when he walked down the aisle before Lisa, though the guests all knew who he was and what to expect, there was inevitably a mummer of snickering at the emasculated groom.

But most of all, perhaps best of all, though unknown to Jamie at the time, was Lisa's reaction standing at the back of the room, seeing her bridegroom standing at the front, his masculinity missing, yet not quite granted the gift of womanhood. Lisa quivered seeing him timidly standing there, ready to surrender to her, to submit, ready to pledge devotion, for while she was to pledge to love, cherish, and guide him, Jamie was to pledge to love, honor, worship, submit to, and obey Lisa.

So seeing him standing there, emasculated, ready to pledge to submit to her, submission being the focus of her immediate thoughts, Lisa thought of the thing mentioned by Amanda, the dildo, the strap on cock that she had felt inside her as wielded by Amanda, and of her bridegroom and his submission to her later, in her room, kneeling before her, submitting with lower parts as well as his mouth on the bed, submitting to her as a woman. Lisa thought of this, looked to her side where Amanda held her arm, ready to walk her into the room, and felt her insides flip, a quivering between her legs, and knew that she was home, was happy, was in love, and that things, everything,

would work, was right, was natural.

The End

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5 highlighters