

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue pilot's uniform, stands in a living room. She is wearing a blue cap with a white band, a blue short-sleeved shirt with white trim and buttons, a blue skirt with white trim, a blue belt with a silver buckle, white gloves, and blue high-heeled shoes. She has a blue and white polka-dot scarf around her neck. Her hands are on her hips. The background includes a beige sofa, a wooden side table with a lamp, a clock, and a framed painting of a landscape.

Sara  
Desmarais

The Sissy  
Pilot

# **The Sissy Pilot**

by Sara Desmarais

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This book is dedicated to all those boys who were born with a girl inside  
them.

A special thanks to my editor and friend, the incomparable Vickie Tern.

Other books by Sara Desmarais

A Change in Our Marriage

Room and Board

Mother-in-Law's Visit

Short Stories

Three Weeks in Dallas

The Photo Shoot

He's the Bride

The Exam

## Chapter 1 – Unemployment

I was at local coffee shop, laptop open, my iPhone sitting next to me on the table, going through my morning routine -- reviewing my resume, checking the job sites I was registered with, and extending my professional networks. In the afternoon, I would send out resumes to the leads I generated in the morning, hoping one or two would at least result in a call back, maybe even an interview. This was my routine for the last eleven and a half months, since the regional airline where I had been a junior pilot was bought out by one of the big carriers, resulting in the elimination of my job and thousands of others. It was certainly not a good time to be an unemployed, 30 year old pilot.

The coffee shop, as always, was a mix of retirees, a few employed people holding small business meetings, and the unemployed using free Wi-Fi to look for work—home internet access was usually one of the first things the unemployed cast off to ease their financial burden. I was worried, I only had about six weeks left of my six month emergency bank account, and unfortunately, pilot training left one little qualified to do much else but fly.

The stress of looking for work was getting to me physically—I'd lost about fifteen pounds on my 5'9" frame and was down to about 145. And mentally, too. The stress of being unemployed was much more emotionally draining than the stress of my old job. Every day without work was a day I was not a productive member of society. Which would have been tolerable, if not for my fiancée, the love of my life, the girl I was set to marry in less than a year—Tiffany.

Tiffany, when we met in college, was well on her way to earning a doctorate in history, well on her way to finding her dream job of teaching and researching at a small, liberal arts college. The plan was for me to get my degree, which I did, get hired by an airline, which I did, and then finance the rest her education. I did that too, kind of. I put her through her masters program and the start her doctorate. But then I lost my job while she still had two years to go toward her PhD.

Now Tiff was supporting me, supporting us. And just barely. My emergency savings helped, but we had a mortgage payment (taken on when I had a pilot's job), and two cars, and two student loan payments. Luckily one of Tiffany's professors had a friend who ran a company and could give Tiffany a job. As a receptionist. It wasn't a job for a woman with a Master's degree in history, but a job was a job, even if that job was secured through connections

by my fiancée's body.

Don't kid yourselves, I didn't; companies do not hire receptionists for their brains. A high school diploma is all you need to greet visitors, take their coats, and get them coffee. If anything, brains hurt, they don't help. It's a smile, personality, and a smoking hot body that most companies want at the front desk. Luckily, Tiffany had all of those things. Especially the body, as she often joked when getting dressed in the mornings in skirts several inches shorter than she'd ever wear to the university. And blouses cut the same, several inches lower to show off more of the curves of her breasts. All professional, of course, but designed for one thing and one thing only—to serve up a healthy dose of sex appeal to visiting executives – her body in short skirts and low cut blouses and nylons and heels.

All of which was the complete opposite of how Tiffany had dressed up until the new job. As a university student, she rarely dressed except for the rare, very rare, special occasions. Now, sex appeal was a part of her daily life. "I wouldn't want to be treated like a sex object for the rest of my career," she commented one morning when she was stepping into a skirt, "but..."

"But you're so good at it," I immediately responded, a comment that got me a glare. Hey, I enjoyed seeing her get dressed up everyday. What guy wouldn't like seeing his fiancée in short skirts showing off miles of nylon clad leg and low cut blouses showing off her soft skin, her breasts?

"Well, I have to tell you," she retorted immediately, giving me a dirty look, "I kind of like all the looks I get from the guys at the office all day."

Touché! But it was true, though I got to look at her every morning, the rest of the day it was the guys at her office who enjoyed my fiancée's body.

And, as much as I enjoyed watching Tiff get dressed every day, it was grating on me, on our relationship, that I was unemployed. Day after day after day. Maybe it was my issue, not hers—I was supposed to provide for her—but deep in the back of my mind, I knew it bothered her, too, giving up school to support us while I could not. Using her body to be good at her job, her body instead of her mind.

But all that was about to change with an email I received that afternoon.

To: Dana  
Sent: 2:36 pm  
From: Sean P.  
Subject: Job

Hey, Dana, how's it going? I saw on LinkedIn you got laid off and were looking for work. I don't know if this could pan out at all, but a client of mine works for American General, Co. (AGCO), some oil services company, and I heard they were looking for a pilot for their corporate fleet. Salary is in the mid 100's (like 150-160 ish). I sent a link to your resume and they want to set up an interview. Give me a call touch base.

Sean

Sean was Sean Plodesto, a guy I knew in college.

I was on the phone with him in minutes. Seconds, really. Leads were rare, interviews were fucking golden! After talking with Sean and getting the name of the HR person at AGCO, I called them and set up an interview for the next Monday at the company headquarters, about half an hour away from me.

"How'd it go," Tiff asked me when I got home. She'd beat me home by at least half an hour and, much to my disappointment, she was already changed out of her work clothes and into yoga pants and a tee shirt.

"Good," I said, going to the fridge and taking out a beer, giving her a little disappointed look as I passed her.

"Oh stop, Dana," she frowned, knowing exactly what I was thinking since I'd mentioned oh, maybe fifty times, how much I liked looking at her dressed in her work clothes.

"What's wrong with liking to see you dressed pretty?"

"Nothing, Dana...it's just...I don't know...it's like...I'm on display all day and guys stare at me and try to flirt with me all day and, you know, most days I just want to come home and get undressed and unwind. Just like you did when you were flying," she said, unaware I took that as a dig at my unemployment. "I liked seeing you in your uniform, but you changed the second you walked in the door."

"Well you really do look pretty," I said, giving her my soft, boyish smile.

"I know, I know," she softened, "and believe me I love looking good every day. You wouldn't understand it, but, well, as big a pain as it is getting dressed and made up everyday -- I'm not really used to that, you know -- I have to admit that as sexist as it is at it's core, it does make me feel good to look so pretty and feminine."

"See," I said, "that's why I like to see you looking like that."

She rolled her eyes. "Just like every guy. As much as it makes me feel good, Dana, don't think that doesn't start to wear on a woman, having every guy she sees every day mind fuck her."

"Oh, it isn't that bad, I'm sure," I retorted, trying not to laugh, since I did the same thing every time I saw her in her work clothes.

"It is with the perverted old men who visit the office, you pig," she glared at me, "though I grant you it's not so bad with a couple of the cute guys who work there." She smiled, sticking out her tongue.

"Tiff," I protested, "that's not nice." It was one thing to think of old farts hitting on her, mind fucking her—they were harmless—but younger guys, 'cute guys,' was something entirely different.

"I'm just saying, Dana, I get hit on. You like seeing me dressed up, that's why I got hired, so do some of the guys I work with. Like I said, I'm on display, all day, every day. And sometimes I just want to come home and relax.

"Yea, yea, I know. Anyway, I got an interview," I said, changing the subject back to the good part of my day.

"You did! Where? With who? When?" She was smiling now, the smile that lit up my life from the moment I met her.

"You remember Sean Plodesto from school?"

"Sean, Sean? Oh, sure, the Phish dude."

"Yea, that's the one," I said, fiddling with my beer cap, rolling it over my fingers, drawing out the story on purpose just to get back at her for teasing me about guys hitting on her.

"And???"

"And he saw on LinkedIn that I was looking for work and I guess he's got a client that works for some oil services company, American General, and they're looking for a pilot for their corporate jet fleet."

"And you got an interview?"

"Yea. Sean sent my resume to his client who I guess forwarded it to the powers that be at AGCO, that's their moniker, and with a good word, I have an interview on Monday, and from what Sean tells me, though I hate to get my hopes up too much, the job's mine to lose."

"Sean, that's great," she said, and jumped over and gave me a hug. God I loved seeing her happy, loved seeing genuine bursts of pleasure from her, loved touching her and holding her close and smelling her. Even wearing drab clothes, she still had her scent, whatever it was that attracts a boy to a girl, that thing that went beyond her mind, even beyond her body, that familiar smell that was "her".



"I know. I feel kind of guilty, it isn't like Sean and I have kept in touch since school, but I suppose that's kind of the point about contacts like that—I'd have helped him out if I knew he was looking for work." Which was true, didn't everyone lose contact with friends from the past?

"So what would you be doing, exactly," she asked, releasing me from the hug. "An oil services company? That isn't exactly Delta Airlines."

"No, I know." We'd talked about that at length. Obviously working for one of the big carriers was the best of the best for benefits, pay, and professional satisfaction. Only with one of the full service carriers could I work my way up to wide-bodies, maybe work my way up to captain's stripes. But that was a pipe dream, as I'd found out. I wasn't ex-military, and those guys always had a leg up at Delta, American, and the others. Plus, it wasn't like the big airlines were in great financial shape.

So I'd started looking for other pilot opportunities. Other regional airlines. Freight hauling (hauling UPS packages was little different than hauling people). And now, corporate America.

"According to Sean, they have a fleet of ten jets they use to fly around the CEO and a couple of people in upper management, and to send teams to job sites around the country on a moment's notice. So basically, it's hauling around the suits and engineers, mostly."

"Well, work's work," she said, leaving unsaid the tension we had both felt while I was looking for work.

"Tiff, I'd haul garbage from Anchorage to Topeka if they paid me and I got to fly."

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Later that night I was in bed reading a magazine when Tiff walked into the bedroom wearing a very black, very sheer negligee. "Tiff," I frowned immediately when I saw her. Admittedly a strange reaction for a guy to have seeing his girl obviously in the mood to screw.

"Dana," she said with a disappointed look on her face. "Come on, you have a job interview, please, can't we just try?"

There's a side effect to a guy losing his job. It's emasculating. Guys are supposed to provide for their family, or at least contribute. And I felt guilty about so many things. About making Tiffany quit school to support us. About losing my own sense of identity. About making Tiff take a job where she got paid to put her body on display day after day. And that guilt played havoc

with my libido, worse, with my ability to perform. It wasn't that I didn't want to make love to Tiffany, it wasn't that I wasn't attracted to her—I did, I was. It was just that lately, the last few months, things were, well, difficult.

Like "unable to perform" difficult. It wasn't that she didn't arouse me, she did, it was just that despite that I'd start to think, about being unemployed, about having her support us, about her need to use her body instead of her mind. And we'd be in bed and I'd think, and thinking was NOT the thing a guy wanted to do in bed. Using my head was not good for using my other head. So lately, I'd had trouble. Trouble getting in the mood, trouble getting hard, trouble staying hard. And every time that happened it was worse the next time. I'd think about my unemployment and how emasculating that was, and then I'd think about my inability to perform and how fucking emasculating that was, too. And if I did manage to get stiff long enough to enter her, the sensation, feeling gripped by her wetness, brought me to squirting by the third or fourth stroke, when she'd only barely managed to feel me in her at all.

"Tiff, I...you know..."

"Dana," she touched her hair, curled it around her finger, "please, I...I'm so excited for you and...listen, maybe we could just mess around...you know...you don't have to worry about..." she blushed, my sweet girl, "about that...there are other ways to...you know...mess around."

I chuckled. Yes, there were. Other parts of me didn't have to get hard to make her happy. Parts like my mouth and my tongue. Parts of me that, sometimes, I thought she liked more than other parts anyhow. Sometimes I thought she'd rather I lick her than fuck her. Not that I could blame her now, since the fucking part seemed to be out of commission.

"I don't know, Tiff, I..."

"I promise not to push it too far, Dana..."

"Maybe..." Yes, how fucking weird, the girl promising the guy that she wouldn't try to fuck him, the guy hoping that was true, hoping that she'd be satisfied with foreplay alone.

She was in bed in a flash, on top of me, kissing me, nuzzling me, her soft breasts pressing into my chest through the sheer fabric of her lingerie. "I promise, Dana," she said between kisses, "no matter how excited I get, no screwing."

"You sure?"

"Yes," she said, licking my neck, "I mean it, you can lick me but you don't get to fuck me, I promise, really..."

And I did. For an hour I licked her and kissed her and touched her and brought her to orgasm after orgasm. Oddly, with the pressure of fucking her removed, without the mental stress of having to perform, I had no trouble getting an erection. But true to her word, she didn't screw me, didn't try, and when I pushed it, when I started to take it farther, she stopped me. "Remember, Dana," she said, on her back, still shaking from the last orgasm, holding my shoulders so I couldn't move up and try to enter her, "no fucking me tonight."

"Please, Tiff," I started to beg, our roles completely reversed from an hour earlier. But she held firm.

"No," she giggled, finding irony in how horny I now was, "I promised, remember?" I should have been concerned, I should have been worried by the look on her face as she saw me horny, excited, denied, begging. But I wasn't. I should have been, but I wasn't.

If I only knew then what I later learned.

## Chapter 2 – The Interview

The day of the interview came. I was more nervous that night than I was for any interview I'd had to date (hell, more nervous than I'd ever been for any date I'd ever had.) I hardly slept. I may have built things up too much in my mind; Sean's comment that the job was mine to lose didn't do what he intended, inspire confidence, rather it did the opposite and built up my expectations to such a degree that it was as if my entire manhood was to be put to the test. Of course Tiff, without meaning to, played right into my deepest anxieties. I knew it just looking at her, just seeing the hope in her eyes that morning.

"Tiffany," I said. Just speaking her name was a rebuke.

"I know Dana, I know, I'm sorry, I should be one hundred percent supportive. I mean to be, I'm just, well, I really hope we get this."

I looked away, took a deep breath, exhaled. She was only thinking the same thing I was thinking, no more. It wasn't fair to chastise her for having the same thoughts I had.

"Seriously, Dana, just relax and do your best. If the job is yours to lose, being overly nervous will only hurt. Just, I don't know, if you get nervous, picture me." She put her hands on her hips and struck a pose as if modeling for me. She was wearing a matching black-nude bra and panty set, the kind that she would never have worn a year ago but now graced her body every day she went to work. Today's included a non padded balcony bra that lifted her breasts but still emphasized her natural shape. The top three quarters of the bra cups were made from patterned lace and sheer mesh and the straps were decorated with small satin bows. The Brazilian panties were made of the same material, barely hiding her trimmed pubes and flattering her toned ass.

Think of her, I smiled. Think of her. Yea, I could do that. Think of my fiancée, not in the way I had been lately, not feeling emasculated, but just as a woman. An incredibly sexy woman who was striking a pose for her husband wearing some of the lingerie she had taken to wearing to work to make herself feel even prettier, more feminine, sexier.

"Here, this might help," she said opening her lingerie drawer again, reaching in and taking out one more coordinating garment and wrapping it around her waist.

A garter belt.

"Fuck, Tiff," I exclaimed, "where'd you get that?"

She laughed. "A couple of the girls at work started wearing them. One of them has a crush on one of the guys in accounting and thought flashing him a bit of stocking covered thigh would catch his eye. She told us how sexy and feminine she felt wearing stockings instead of pantyhose so I thought I would try it out. I've been saving it for the right day, and this seems like that day. She was right, by the way."

"Right about what?"

"The guy in accounting loved it—he asked her out like two days after she wore it."

I watched Tiff, the woman who up until a year ago wore pantyhose maybe once or twice a year, take a package real stockings out of the drawer, open it, and dump them onto the bed. The kind women used to wear. The kind of stockings that instantly turned any woman into a sexual creature. I watched, in awe, as she easily pointed her toe into one of the stockings and pulled it up her leg as if she had done it hundreds of times.

"Fuck."

"She showed me how to do it," Tiff said. "You like?"

"Um, yea. I just hope you don't catch the eye of anyone in accounting."

She smiled. "No, the guy in accounting is taken now. There's a really cute guy in marketing and I think I've already caught his eye."

"What's that supposed to mean," I asked.

"Nothing," she said as she finished attaching the garter straps to her stocking top, then gave me a light kiss on the mouth. "I told you before, remember, there's this guy in marketing who is always managing to find a reason to stop by the lobby."

"Yea," I said, feeling that strange feeling I always felt when she talked about her day and happened to say something about guys hitting on her. It wasn't anger, it was a little jealousy, but something else, too, a feeling I could not really understand, as if I liked knowing my fiancée was so hot, that other guys found her attractive.

"Oh, don't worry, Dana, he knows I'm engaged."

"That doesn't matter to some guys."

"No, maybe not, but it matters to me," she kissed me again. "Now, think of me if you get nervous, okay? I know things have been tough lately, but if you get nervous, just take a breath and think of me."

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I got to the interview the standard ten minutes early and checked in with the guard in the building lobby. For a company I had never heard of, judging from the lobby they were doing very well, confirming what I had read in their Dunn and Bradstreet report.

"Yes, I have a Dana Sullivan here to see Mrs. Peterson in HR," the guard spoke into his phone. "Huh? Um, okay," he said with a puzzled look on his face when he hung up the phone. "Whatever," he mumbled.

"Tell me I have the right day," I nervously laughed.

"Yes, yes, um, it's nothing. Just, um, take the elevators to your left to the 28th floor, HR is to the left when you get off."

"Thanks," I said, smiling, believing that on interview days, as on any day but more so, I should treat every single person with the utmost courtesy and respect.

I easily found HR, which while often relegated to the back of a small company, was tastefully decorated here.

The HR receptionist was a young, beautiful woman who instantly reminded me of Tiff and what she must do at her job, as this woman was beautifully dressed and made up, model beautiful, showing cleavage, showing leg underneath the table-style desk—I wondered if she was wearing stockings like Tiff.

"Hello, I'm Dana Sullivan, I have a ten o'clock interview," I said in my best, strongest voice, my most pleasant voice.

"Oh," she said, the same puzzled look on her face that the guard had.

I chuckled. "I have the right day, don't I?" It wasn't hard to wonder about that since she was the second person to give me that very look inside of two minutes.

"Um, yes, yes, we are, um, Mrs. Peterson is expecting you. Can I, can I get you some coffee before I buzz her?"

Coffee was forbidden. Too hard to juggle coffee and my portfolio and shaking hands all at the same time. "No thank you." She was clearly more flustered than the guard and now my nerves were starting to fire, humanity's fight or flight reflex kicking in for some reason as the hairs on my neck began to prickle.

"Well please have a seat, um, Mr. Sullivan, Mrs. Peterson will be with you momentarily."

It was all I could do to sit down -- my stomach was turning. Fuck, did I somehow fuck this up already? Sean said the job was mine to lose, how could I have lost it already? So I did what Tiffany suggested. I thought of her and how



she'd looked this morning, smiling and pretty and confident and sexy. I thought of Tiffany the previous night, licking her and tasting her. I thought of her seducing me, later denying me, and I even smiled a bit.

"Dana Sullivan is here, Ma'am," I heard the receptionist say into her headset.

I was not sitting for thirty seconds when the lobby door opened and an older woman, though very attractive herself, in a navy skirt suit and pink blouse, walked into the lobby. The woman looked puzzled for a moment, as if lost, though I read from the receptionist's face that this was Mrs. Peterson. I took the initiative, stood, walked to her hand outstretched. "Mrs. Peterson, Dana Sullivan," I said.

"Oh," she almost gasped, though she took my hand just the same, "you're a man," she said, master of the obvious right before her eyes.

It would be too harsh if I to judged her for her shock; I got that a lot throughout my life, being named with a name that usually was given to girls but could be given to guys, too. There were guys named Dana, though they were in the minority. So, resisting the joke I could have made, which would have been at her expense and might get the interview off on the wrong foot, I played it straight.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered, adopting the title the receptionist used when talking to Mrs. Peterson.

She recovered immediately, faster than the guard or the receptionist. She was in HR, used to dealing with all manner of situations, I was sure. "Well, it's nice to meet you, Dana," she said, taking my hand, shaking it. "Won't you please come back."

I followed her back into the contemporary decorated AGCO offices, into a small conference room. "Please, have a seat," she said, pointing to one of the side chairs. The room was as tasteful as everything I'd seen at AGCO so far. Sparse, clean lines, quality furniture straight out of Crate and Barrel. This was too good to be true, I knew, Sean must have been kidding me, not that anyone would pull a practical joke like this, but still, a job prospect at a successful company, flying, flying fucking planes!

Unfortunately the interview seemed to go less than spectacular. There was nothing I could specifically point to -- we discussed my qualifications, schooling, experience, all of which seemed to be exactly what ACGO was looking for. Yet there was something distant about Mrs. Peterson, something was missing, something that seemed to be costing me this job. I could hear it in her tone—the questions were almost formalistic, there seemed to be no

give and take. I had to ask her what was wrong. I had to break all the rules of job interviews, or at least the rules I tended to follow. I had to show initiative, as if I was interviewing her. I could not let this opportunity pass.

"Mrs. Peterson," I said, interrupting her mid question, "I'm probably speaking out of turn, so I apologize in advance, but..." She raised her hand, twirled her fingers, urging me to continue. "I'm getting the sense I'm missing something, that there's some qualification I don't have. I don't mean to be so forward, but I'm well qualified for the job, what's holding me back?"

Mrs. Peterson leaned back in her chair and crossed her arms over her chest. Her chair made an almost inaudible squeak, soft, but a forecast of doom. She said nothing at first, simply looked at me, observed me, let the silence fill the room. Then she took off her reading glasses, leaned forward, took a breath. "May I be frank, Mr. Sullivan?"

"Please," I said, "I'm very interested in this position, interested in AGCO, I'd like to know what's holding me back. I'm sure we can fix it, address it."

She chuckled in amusement. "Well, to be honest Mr. Sullivan," she said, emphasizing 'mister', "I don't think we can fix it. You see, I had assumed, when I read your resume, that you were a woman."

"I know, I know, I get that quite often, and believe me I let my parents hear about it every time. That shouldn't matter to my qualifications."

She shifted in her chair, obviously uncomfortable.

"What is it?" I asked, having no idea what was wrong.

"We only hire female pilots and female flight personnel, Mister Sullivan," she said, seeming to regret the words the second she spoke them.

"That's discrimination," I instantly responded, feeling my face flush with anger. "You can't discriminate like that, that's reverse...that's illegal," I said, sitting back in my own chair, suddenly feeling a wave of irritation come over me, irritation at Mrs. Peterson, about my lack of a job, about my impending marriage, about my very masculinity.

Mrs. Peterson's face softened, an obviously attempt to deflect my anger, to take control of the interview before things became too heated. "Mr. Sullivan, I apologize, it's not like you think. AGCO does not have anything against male pilots, believe me. You're very qualified for the job, any man would be—from a flying standpoint. More than half our employees are men, certainly most of the engineers, are...that's just the point, though."

"From a flying standpoint? What does that mean? What else is there when you're twenty thousand feet in the air?"

"I really thought you were a woman," she said again, almost to herself.

"Mrs. Peterson, I really don't think that my being a male..."

She laughed to herself. "Let me explain, or try to. You see, AGCO has two main lines of business. Oil well exploration and consultation on working wells. We specialize in problems—helping oil companies explore for oil and then deal with the inevitable well problems, both on land and at sea. Every hour a well is down costs an oil company untold amounts of money."

"What's that got to do with your pilots?"

"We send our engineers out to all parts of the country on short notice, taking them away from their families, their wives. It isn't that we don't think that men can fly our planes or that men can serve as stewards on in our jet fleet, it's just...sometimes this embarrasses me, but it's really no different than a certain chicken wing restaurant chain. Randy Maddux, our CEO, believes in treating his engineers, who, as I said, happen to be almost exclusively men, to certain perks."

"Perks?"

"Mr. Maddux believes, and believe me, though I was opposed to it at first, the company's efficiency numbers convinced me otherwise, that when you send a man out to look for oil, or worse to help put out a well fire, that certain comforts of civilization are good for his morale.

"So, Mr. Maddux instituted certain, um, uniform requirements for his AGCO's corporate fleet, from his own personal jet to those that fly our guys around the world."

"What kind of uniform policy," I asked, not quite understanding, trying to grasp it but not quite able to.

Mrs. Peterson opened one of the manila folders she had in a stack in front of her and took out an eight by ten glossy photograph. She held it up so I could not see the picture, looked at me. "It isn't that male pilots are not qualified to fly for us, Mr. Peterson, it's just that, well, we stopped interviewing male pilots because our uniform requirements were not all that popular with the men."

She dropped the photograph on the table and slid it over to me. My mouth dropped. Pictured was a full body shot of an incredibly attractive, tall young woman in a short (just above mid-thigh), modified shirtdress. The dress was short sleeved, light blue, probably cotton, though maybe linen, with a two inch white detail at the hem, sleeves, and across the front, where it buttoned from the waist to the bust. The woman wore the dress with a darker, though not quite navy, belt at the waist, which emphasized her bust

and her hips. She wore a two-toned matching blue pilot's cap, a blue with white polka dotted scarf, and white gloves. Short, the dress exposed most of her legs, which were encased in grey, almost taupe, hose and dark blue pumps matching the belt. She looked not like a pilot, but like a model.

"She...she's a pilot," I managed to stammer.

"She is. One of our best. Our stewardesses dress much the same—though don't get the wrong impression, Mr. Sullivan, these are all professional women. Much like that chicken wing chain, flirting is allowed, even encouraged, but touching is not—they are not prostitutes. We aim to make our engineers, and of course Mr. Maddux, happy fliers, much the way airlines did back in the 50's."

I just stared at the pilot in the photograph, unable to believe that I was about to lose a job offer that an hour ago was mine for the taking. It wasn't fair, it wasn't fair at all. What was it with today's economy that sex sells, that women who show off their bodies have a leg up in the world. "It's not right, Mrs. Peterson," I said, tossing the photo onto the table, irritated at her, irritated at having to be supported by my fiancée month after month, irritated at life in general. I was tired of being emasculated like this, of feeling helpless and even worthless. "You can't deny me a job because I'm a male!"

"No, no, Mr. Sullivan, you misunderstand," she said, sitting back, looking horrified. "Please, I'm not denying you the job because of your sex, believe me. Earlier this morning I was fully prepared to offer you the job, you're certainly the ideal candidate on paper, but I'm afraid we've had our legal department pay careful attention to this issue and the law is quite clear. Whatever one may think of AGCO's uniform requirements, we have the right to insist upon them."

"Meaning what, you'd offer me the job if not for that uniform?" I pointed to the picture, disgusted. "Meaning, you'd have offered me the job if I was a woman? That sounds like discrimination to me, Mrs. Peterson." I already started to think about what lawyers I knew, guys from school. Fuck this, I NEVER imagined the interview would take a turn like this, but the hell with it, I was fucking tired, frustrated, and now disgusted. I knew I shouldn't be arguing like this at a job interview, but apparently the job wasn't mine anyway. So fuck it. I made the implicit threat.

She sat there for a minute taking it in. Good, let her stew on it, fuck AGCO, fuck her, fuck all of this.

"Mr. Sullivan?"

"Yes," I shot back.

"I...I'm certainly very sorry for the confusion..." She paused, furrowed her eyebrows.

"It's not right, Mrs. Peterson, I have a family, well, a fiancée, and I've been out of work for some time and...I might not be the most assertive person in the world, but I know discrimination when I see it."

"Yes," she said, seeming to half pay attention to my words, instead looking at me closely. "It would be discrimination if I didn't offer you the job because of your sex. I don't disagree with you."

"Well, I think I'll be speaking to my..." Lawyer, I was about to say. But her gaze caught me, her stare, the way she was looking at me, as if seeing me for the first time, appraising me, judging me. "What?" I snapped, barely able to control my anger.

"Of course," she said. "I don't agree that it is discrimination, but even so, it would be only if...if I didn't..." She laughed softly, reached across the table and took back the picture, and returned it to the folder with a smug look on her face. "Mr. Sullivan, I'm pleased to offer you the pilot's position with AGCO," she said, a devilish smile forming on her face.

"What, what do you mean? I thought...the uniform...you're serious? But..."

"I'll email you a formal offer this afternoon, Mr. Sullivan, but informally, the position opens two weeks from today. The starting salary is \$150,000, the usual benefits, though those will be included in the offer. As with the uniform requirements." She pushed the manila folder with the photograph to me.

"I...I don't understand..."

"Take the photo so you get an idea of uniform code, the specifics will be in the uniform policy I'll attach to the email."

"But this is...what's this got to do with me," I asked looking down at the folder.

"The uniform requirements, Mr. Sullivan, apply to all pilots and stewardesses. You're correct, it may be discrimination to deny you the job simply because you're a male. But it's not discrimination if you turn down the job. And the law IS clear on this—an employer CAN mandate uniforms and a dress code. Just ask the gentleman who sued Hooters and won. Hooters was forced to offer him a job, but they were not required to modify their uniform policy. Naturally, he turned down the job under those conditions, but he did win his day in court."

"But...but..."

"Look for the email this afternoon, Mr. Sullivan," she said, standing. "The offer will be open until noon tomorrow. Personally, I doubt we'll be talking

again, but if I'm wrong, don't worry, you're small and have kind of a girlish face—I'm sure you'd look very pretty in one of our pilot's uniforms."

With that she gathered her things. "You can find your way out, Mr. Sullivan," she stuck out her hand which I shook out of politeness if nothing else. As she left the room, she turned, gazed at me, smiled, nodded, as if saying again that I'd look pretty in a pilot's uniform, but perhaps as if also saying, problem solved.



## Chapter 3 – Decisions

I was sitting at home in the dark, a rock glass of Bombay Sapphire gin in my hand, when the garage door opened. "Dana," Tiff called out into the dark, her heels clicking against the wood floor.

"In here," I said half-heartedly.

"Dana," she called again, turning on the light as she walked into the kitchen where I was sitting. Seeing me sitting there, moping, drinking, she assumed the worst. Of course she assumed the worst. "Oh, Dana, I'm so sorry."

"What?" I looked up.

"The job, you didn't get the job, dammit, god dammit!" she swore, tears starting to form in the corners of her eyes. "I'm sorry, Dana, I...I should be supportive, I know." She was rubbing her eyes. "But this is hard on me, too."

"Tiff..."

"I mean, I know, I know, you don't have to say it, I know, I'm here for you, I know, it's just hard for me, too, Dana, it's hard. Every day I go to work and it's hard for me knowing you're out of work. Every day I'm surrounded by men, powerful men, confident men, EMPLOYED men, men who stare at my body and talk to me and hit on me and it's hard to know you're here, sad, depressed, UNEMPLOYED, with no confidence. I just hoped...I hoped this would restore your confidence as a husband, as a man."

"Tiff," I tried again, trying not to laugh it was so comical. "They offered me the job."

"And I was just so sure that you had it, that...wait, they offered you the job?"

"Yeah. \$150,000 a year with benefits, I can start in three weeks."

"Dana! Why are you just sitting here in the dark, drinking, Dana, fuck, that's wonderful!"

My confidence as a man? That's what she thought this would do for me? She was in for a rude fucking surprise. I tossed the folder across the table, watched it slide towards her, almost off onto the floor, before she stopped it.

"What's this?"

"That's how I'm going to restore my confidence as a man." I laughed like a maniac while she picked up and opened the folder.

"I...I don't get it, Dana, what's this?"

"That, Tiff, is the fucking uniform that AGCO requires all its pilots, who up

until now were all women, to wear."

She looked at the picture, then at me. "I don't understand, Dana."

"They agreed to interview me, Dana Sullivan, because they thought I, Dana Sullivan was a woman."

"But they can't discriminate..."

"No, Tiff, no they fucking can't," I practically yelled, then calmed myself by taking a sip of gin. "As I was quick to point out to the HR director. Well, she was just as quick to try to fix a fucked up situation so she was happy to point out that, while they could not discriminate against a male applicant, they certainly could insist that all employees follow a uniform and a dress code. And that, Tiff, is the fucking uniform. For all fucking employees. I'll be happy to show you the dress code, it's attached to the official offer, but it's something out of the 50's, like from that Pan Am show about stewardesses, what with weight requirements, and rules on hair and makeup and even what kinds of lingerie pilots and stewardesses can and MUST wear."

"They don't mean that you have to..."

"That's exactly what them mean, Tiff. The job's mine, albeit with one small requirement, I have to dress like that," I gestured to the picture. "Just fucking wonderful, so damn close and wham, like that, gone, gone."

Tiff had a strange look on her face, but I just said it again, "gone, gone!" And downed my gin, reached for the bottle and poured another.

"You're going to turn them down, Dana? \$150,000 a year? Just like that?"

"What the Hell am I supposed to do, Tiff, they won't hire a guy!"

"You can start by putting down the glass, Dana," she folded her arms, anger rising in her face, in her eyes. "Getting drunk isn't going to get you a job, for Christ's sake. You can start by dealing with this with what little manhood you have left."

Her tone, that tone, that special tone, was that "don't fuck with me tone" and left little room for anything other than doing as she said. Certainly if I wanted her to talk to me any time soon, I knew I'd best listen. Experience taught me that. Arguing with her when she had that tone led to nothing except silence from her, silence until I apologized for failing to listen to her, for failing to respect her. God, how many arguments had we had when my temper had gotten the best of me, leading to her silence, her calm, rational voice, telling me I was in the wrong for failing to respect her, even if I was right in the argument itself.

I didn't want that, not now, not after my day. I set the drink down, took a breath, focused on calm, even speaking. "Tiffany, seriously, what am I

supposed to do?"

"What are you supposed to do? Dana, you were just offered a pilot's job paying \$150,000 with full benefits. What do you think you're supposed to do? You call AGCO up tomorrow, ask for the HR department, and take the damn job!"

"But Mrs. Peterson, she's the HR person I interviewed with, she said, well, she said that AGCO doesn't make any exceptions on their uniform policy."

"No, I don't imagine they do."

"You're not making sense, Tiff."

Tiff glared at me. "For the last ... what, year, I've been dressing like a high class call girl, going to an office job, and watching men slobber all over me and hit on me day after day. All this after quitting school to support YOU. All to support you, us, so you could look for work as a pilot. All day, every day, Dana, I'm eye fucked and mind fucked. I'm a sex object. All day. Now you finally, finally, get offered a job and you wonder what to do. I'll tell you what you're going to do, Dana. I'll spell it out crystal clear for you. YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE THE FUCKING JOB."

Her tone was the worst I had ever heard. I almost said nothing, but I couldn't help it. Luckily I kept my voice calm, even, measured. "Okay, Tiff, I agree. Okay." I let it hang there, my acquiescence. It was better to agree unconditionally, and then, only then, ask her a follow up question.

"Okay. That's settled then."

Just like that, it was settled that I'd accept the job. Simple enough. I paused, waited a beat, two, three. Then I asked, when it was safe to ask. "Tiff?"

"Yes?" she answered, arms folded, obviously still angry.

"May I ask you something," I asked, carefully, respectfully.

"Yes."

"I'll call and accept the job, okay, I get that, you're right, we need the money, I need the work, this has to happen, I understand. It's just, when I take it, seriously, what am I supposed to say about the uniform? How am I supposed to deal with that?"

She raised an eyebrow. "You're going to wear the uniform, Dana," she said in the same tone, the same you'd-better-not-argue-with-me voice that I knew so well. "You're going to follow the uniform policy to the letter."

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We did not talk about it the rest of the evening, I knew better than to say anything for awhile, to let it settle, before we argued, for I knew I was not coming out on the winning end of any argument on the subject.

Finally, at bed time, after I showered, a habit I had before bed, and while brushing my teeth, I willed myself up to discuss the matter with Tiff. I walked into the bedroom, naked, ready to crawl into bed and talk with her.

"Tiffany," I said to her to get her attention just before I climbed into bed. She was on her side, her glasses on, reading.

"What," she turned towards me with a tone and a gaze that froze me in place a good three feet from the bed.

"I...I wanted to talk about...you know...what you said earlier."

"What about it," she said, again in that tone, that fucking tone. I should have waited, should have delayed until tomorrow, until she slept on it, until I could frame the discussion in my mind.

"Um," I said, still frozen in place, awkwardly naked, which only made talking to her more humiliating that it already was. "You...you said earlier that I should...when I asked you how to, what to say, to AGCO about their, um, their uniform policy, that I should just...just wear the uniform."

"Yes," she said, no hint of her thoughts on her face, no hint of what she really meant.

"I guess...I guess I didn't understand. The HR person, Mrs. Peterson, she was, well, she was quite clear that they were not going to waive the uniform requirement."

"Yes, that's what you said, Dana."

"Well, I think she, I mean, I think she means to make me do it, wear it, follow their dress code, if I took the job. I think as a way to scare me away, so they can't say they discriminated against me."

"Yes, I think you're right, Dana. I expect they don't expect you to take the job."

"But, I...I'm sorry, Tiff, I...I wasn't sure what you meant, before, what do you think I'm supposed to say to them, how am I supposed to get around that?"

"I thought I made myself clear, Dana, you're not, there is no getting around that, apparently. So you don't. Christ, it's simple, you take the job and wear the uniform."

"Tiff," I said, even more humiliated now to be standing naked in front of her having this fucking discussion. "But that's...the uniform...that's for...for a woman."

"Yes, yes it is, Dana, I saw the picture," she said, looking back to her book, reading again.

I stood there for a minute waiting for her to say something else, but she just kept reading. What the fuck. I still didn't understand. Take the job and what? Wear a dress? Like that woman in the photograph? What the hell, what was I missing?

"Tiffany," I gulped, afraid to interrupt her, just knowing I was making a mistake even speaking. "But I'm...I'm a guy."

Tiffany slammed her book shut, took off her glasses and glared at me. "You're a guy, Dana? Are you? You've been out of work all this time, not even willing to take any job other than a pilot's job, a job you can't fucking find. You're a guy? You make me quit school and work as a receptionist, which is practically part call girl? That's a guy? Unwilling to even compromise? And now, finally, dammit, finally you get offered a pilot's job, and you want to turn that down? Are you fucking crazy?"

"But Tiff, I..."

"Don't 'but Tiff me' Dana! Don't even get me started on what being out of work has done to this "guy" part of you. Moping around, half depressed. And..." She was on the verge of crying, I could see the tears forming in her eyes. "And it isn't like you've been much of a guy in bed, I...I...you've hardly been a husband to me, Dana, don't give me this 'I'm a guy' shit now."

"Tiffany," I gasped, "please, I don't...that's not fair," I recoiled at her words, at her reference to the problems I'd been having in bed recently, problems getting and maintaining an erection.

"I know, dammit, Dana, I know, I fucking know. Just...just take the job, Dana, take it. Christ, the pay is good, you get to fly again, so what if you have to wear that...that uniform, just take the job, we'll deal with the rest of it later, it doesn't matter what you're wearing, you're still you. Does it matter, really? When I dress up like a call girl to go to work, it's not that bad, it doesn't change who I am. Hell, maybe it will be fun, who knows, I mean, it isn't like you have some bodybuilder's physique, you might be surprised."

"Tiff," I took a step towards the bed, another, sat down on the edge when I got no negative look from her. "Do you...do you really think I should..."

Finally, finally, her face softened. "Well it isn't what I've been wishing for, Dana, but given the circumstances, yes, I do."

I'm not sure how or why I spoke the words, I didn't want to, I didn't want to agree, but I heard myself doing so just the same. "Okay," I said. "But how am I supposed to, I mean, they'll want me to look...to look like..."

"A woman. I know, Dana. I looked at your iPhone, I read the dress code."

"But how?"

She laughed, for the first time laughed. "You think you're the first guy who ever wanted to dress up as a woman?" she asked, though that was a bit much, it wasn't like I wanted this. "Go online sometime and Google it, damn, there are TONS of web sites catering to siss...well, tons that can offer suggestions."

"But I still don't know anything about..."

"Dana, god I can't believe I'm saying this, but don't worry, I'll help you dress like a woman, okay? Did you read the whole offer AGCO sent you? They provide the uniforms, but you get a clothing allowance for everything else. We might as well make the best of it, right? Look at it like this, we get to go on a shopping spree and, well sure, it's kind of strange, yes, but Dana, think of the money, and you can fly again! So it's worth it."

"You're sure, Tiffany, you're really sure about this."

"Yes," she said, touching my arm. "It will be fine, okay, just call them tomorrow, take the job, we'll figure out everything else."



## Chapter 4 – Acceptance

I woke up after Tiffany was gone the next morning—since I now had a job there was no need to get up early and start my work of looking for work. At nine, I sat down at my Mac laptop to draft an email to Mrs. Peterson at AGCO.

Mrs. Peterson,

After review the offer you sent me yesterday, and discussing the matter with my wife, I have decided to accept your offer of employment with AGCO as a pilot for AGCO's corporate jet fleet. I look forward to discussing any particulars with you and can be reached by email or on my cell phone.

Sincerely,

Dana Sullivan

I got a cup of coffee, and was just taking my first sip when my phone buzzed indicating a new email.

Mr. Sullivan,

This will acknowledge your acceptance of AGCO's offer to you yesterday, as outlined in my email below, including your agreement to AGCO's uniform and dress policies. Welcome aboard!

I must admit I'm surprised you accepted the offer given the conditions, but we are glad to have you just the same. Your qualifications as a pilot are outstanding and you will be a welcome addition to our fleet.

As set forth in the uniform and dress policies, AGCO will provide you with multiple sets of uniforms. You are expected to coordinate purchase of the remaining

garments (generally undergarments) as needed to comply with the dress policy, though, as stated in the policy, AGCO will reimburse you for those expenses up to \$15,000 when hired, and up to \$5,000 per year thereafter. While these amounts may be, and are, exceptionally high, we demand and expect the best from our girls.

Finally, as I explained in the offer yesterday, your employment is conditioned on your passing a uniform inspection, which will take place the Wednesday prior to your first day with AGCO. The particulars of the uniform inspection are set forth in the dress policy, including hair, weight, makeup, and dress requirements.

Please submit all requests for reimbursement to me electronically.

Good luck, and I look forward to seeing you two weeks from yesterday for your uniform fitting and inspection.

Judith Peterson  
HR Director  
AGCO, Inc.

I forwarded Mrs. Peterson's email to Tiff's private Gmail account. Tiff must have been signed in for she emailed me back immediately.

Dana,

You're still okay, right? I was looking at some things online this morning (we've been slow—I hope no one watches what I do on my computer—they will be shocked!). There really is tons of information, almost too much, on feminization of guys. I guess cross-dressing is more prevalent that I ever knew. Some of the stuff I found was very helpful, practical tips and how-to's, that kind of stuff; some of it though, whoa, there are some, well, REALLY interesting things out there on the net!

Anyway, I started making a list of stuff we're going to need—you know me with my lists. Some things I can help out with—makeup, for example, your complexion is similar to mine—but other things we'll have to buy, like a wig (for now, until your hair grows out), breast forms (that's what you'll wear to give you a chest, there are TONS to choose from), pretty lingerie, everything.

I know this is all probably kind of intimidating, so I apologize if I'm just jumping into it too quickly, but you know my personality—I just start planning and doing.

I'll show you everything tonight.

Love you, Tiff

Yea, that's my Tiffany, with her lists and plans, as always. Everything came down to lists and plans for her, lists, plans, folders, organization.

She would list and plan and organize me right into the perfect little woman, I was sure. Maybe that was for the best, to let her take care of all that, because there was no way I was qualified to do any of that, nor did I want to, truth be told. Though I was a bit wary of her enthusiasm. Breast forms? What the hell were those? Feminization? There was a word that did little to encourage me that any of this was a good idea, that any of this was going to work out okay. And I was afraid to find out what kind of world was out there.

I started with the simple and googled breast forms. I suppose that wasn't much of a shock, they were basically fake breasts, made specifically for mastectomy patients, but marketed too for guys, who, for whatever reason, wanted to dress as women. I also googled feminization, but like Tiffany warned, just clicking on one web site was enough to scare me away from the internet for the rest of the day. Wow! There were guys who were, well...yea...wow.

I decided instead to put the entire matter out of my mind until Tiffany got home; there was no sense worrying about any of it until I talked to her anyway. Just thinking about any of it, wearing a dress, pretending to be a woman, the new job, it was all too much. Rather than fret over those things, instead I reviewed some flight manuals, brushed up on information I'd need to focus on my job.

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"I...I don't know, Tiff, I mean, yea, it's pretty," I said when she and I were sitting at the computer shopping for things I'd need, "but isn't it, I don't know, a bit much? That set looks like something YOU'D wear." She was showing me a white and nude lace bra and panty set that was far, far from the basic things I assumed we'd be looking for. I understood the requirements, the dress code manual was quite clear on the need for coordinating lingerie, but I didn't understand why anything had to be so elaborate, so overwhelmingly feminine, so sexy, so pretty.

"Dana, read the dress code again," she told me for at least the sixth or seventh time since we sat down. She picked up the copy she had printed off, read from the introduction. "The purpose of the AGCO dress code is ensure that AGCO flight personnel present an attractive, elegant, feminine, confident, and sexy appearance to the passengers, employees, and guests they serve. Nothing about AGCO flight personnel should be boring, drab, plain, or ordinary."

"I know, Tiff, I know, I read it. Twice." I had to read it twice, just to try to take in the AGCO philosophy that was supposed to apply to me in my new job. Elegant? Feminine? Sexy? What was I getting myself into?

"Here, read the section on lingerie, Dana. "Foundation garments are just that, the very foundation upon which the elegant, feminine appearance of AGCO flight personnel is based. As in anything in life, without a solid foundation, all that follows is likely to fail. Thus, the image of an AGCO pilot or stewardess begins with a proper foundation, begins with proper foundation garments."

"I read it, Tiffany," I sighed, looking again at the bra and panty set on the screen before us. But she continued reading.

"A proper foundation, for a woman who hopes to exude elegant, confident, feminine appeal, for a woman who is the face of the company all over the world, begins with elegant, feminine foundation garments. Woe to the common girl who thinks mismatched, worn out, plain bras and cotton panties are good enough. They may be—for the shop girl, for the homemaker, for the lazy—but they are not good enough for AGCO flight personnel.

"On duty and off, for it is just as important for an AGCO girl to be at her best at all time, the pilots and stewardesses of AGCO are always found wearing matching sets, bras and panties of superior construction, superior materials, and superior femininity. Even better when paired with matching or coordinating garter belts, waist cinchers, and of course the girdle."

"The words to always remember are elegance, confidence, femininity."

"Seriously, Tiffany, are they stuck in the 1950's?" I mean, for fuck's sake, who cares what kind of lingerie a pilot wears?

She ignored the complaint. "Dana, look at the screen, this bra and panty set, and the others we've looked at, this is what the dress code envisions."

"I know, I know, I just thought..."

"That you'd do it half assed? That you'd get there and fail? That this would end just like that? Dana, this is your fucking job, do you do your job half assed? Is that how you fly?"

"No," I said defiantly. No one questioned a pilot's commitment to his job. No one. Putting it like that only set me to some grim determination to see this through.

"I'm adding it to the cart, then, the garter belt that goes with it, too."

"A garter belt? Are you kidding me?"

"Half assed, Dana? Are YOU kidding me?"

"Fine, fine," I shook my head, "whatever."

And so it went for the next hour. Tiffany would find something she thought would work, mostly by the process of finding things she liked for herself, and, working with the measurements she'd taken of me before we started, click, click, buy, buy. I could hardly keep track of all the pretty things she added to the on-line shopping cart, honestly I was only half paying attention to the lingerie and various other woman's foundation garments she picked, mostly out of sheer embarrassment, just wanting it to end. It reminded me of shopping for clothes with my mother when I was thirteen. Just let it end, just let it end.

And it did, finally, though not before two other purchases that were as necessary but as mortifying as anything she found for me. Breast forms and a wig.

I'd already been warned that I'd need both—it made perfect sense given the stupid AGCO dress guidelines. But shopping for breasts was the low point of my life. Breasts! I was looking at, being questioned about, giving input regarding breasts. Not what I thought of a woman's breasts, which would have been bad enough if Tiffany asked such questions, but what I thought about different breasts for me.

"Sex sells, Dana, so you'll need something big enough to show off, but not so big to be garish. I think a C cup," Tiffany suggested looking at a web page full of different sizes of breast forms.

"Whatever, Tiff," I agreed, glancing at the screen as little as possible.

"These are the ones with the highest recommendation," she pointed.

"They are pricy, but since AGCO is paying, we might as well get the best. They'll be the most versatile, too, you can wear them with a bra, for support, but they also can be applied with adhesive so they can be worn without a bra too, or with a less supportive bra."

"Just super, Tiffany, I wouldn't want to have breasts that didn't give me the most versatility," I said, my voice dripping with sarcasm, a tone I often employed to cover up other feelings. Like humiliation, embarrassment, even horror. As Tiff knew all too well. "Listen, Tiff, are we about done here? I think I've had all the shopping for women's clothes I can stand in one night." I sat back and folded my arms over my chest, as clear a signal as any that I was done. Maybe I was regretting accepting this job, hell, we were just looking for clothes, I could hardly imagine what it was going to be like dressing in them!

"We still have to get a few things, Dana. Hosiery and..."

"Can't you just take care of it? I need to go run." That would clear my head, five miles lost in no deeper thought than one foot in front of the other, lost in an iPod full of music. A nice run would clear my head, I knew that much from experience.

"I...I suppose," Tiffany said with just a hint of excitement. "I have your sizes in case I find anything else. Yea, go ahead, I'll finish up."

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The run didn't clear my head, didn't even come close. I tried, I really did, to lose myself in the road, but I couldn't. Every time my thoughts drifted, every time I started to just let myself go, mentally, two images flashed into my brain: the picture of the pilot Mrs. Peterson gave me and the first image Tiff had shown me of a white lace bra and panty set. I couldn't let it go because I kept coming back to imagining myself dressed like, looking like, that pilot in the picture. She was beautiful, stunning even. And Mrs. Peterson expected me to look like that. I couldn't let it go, because I was being led to what felt like an execution. I'd felt emasculated enough when I was out of work—though I'd had hope, because I assumed finding work would end those feelings. But now the job itself, by design, was going to emasculate me even further.

Up until two days ago, I was only mentally deprived of my sense of identity as a man. But this was different, combining physical with mental, introducing a physical dimension to the feelings I'd had for weeks and weeks. That wouldn't help -- it would make it much worse. I thought work would restore my masculinity, but it was going to do just the opposite. And all with

my fiancée's fucking support!

I tried to let it go, because there was another thought in my mind, a creeping suspicion, a lingering fear. A stab I felt with each thought of myself dressed as a woman, a jab I felt each time I looked at something Tiffany wanted to order. What if I liked it, what if I LIKED being a girl? No, no, I couldn't think that, no. There was no way. Stop, Dana, stop, I told myself, stop. Run, let it go, run. Run.

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It got no better when I got home. Tiff was done shopping, was sitting at the kitchen bar, a glass of some white wine in hand. Unusually for her, something I'd not really noticed before -- so preoccupied was I with her Internet shopping -- she was still in her work clothes. Today she'd worn a tight fitting light grey skirt suit. The skirt ended at mid thigh when she stood, above mid thigh when she sat, and with her legs crossed as they were now, I could see the darker top of her grey hose, stockings I knew at once. The jacket was short sleeved, tied rather than buttoned in the front, and it covered a pink striped blouse that she'd left unbuttoned enough to show off an almost immodest amount of cleavage.

"I didn't say this before, to be honest my mind was a bit preoccupied, but you...you look nice," I said taking a water bottle from the fridge.

"Nice," she chuckled. "Here I decide to stay dressed in my work clothes and all I get is a nice? Hell, at work today I got two hots, one sexy, and one invitation to a date from that cute guy I was telling you about."

"Tiff."

"I'm just saying, that's all."

"Tiff, you know you look great."

She uncrossed and recrossed her legs, letting her skirt ride up completely exposing the top of one of her stockings, showing a flash of skin above, a garter strap. "That's all I wanted to hear, love." She tilted her head, gave me that tight, playful, cynical smile. "Why don't you go shower, you smell."

"Yea, I know." I went to the bedroom, undressed out of my running clothes, and went into the bathroom to shower, the sexy image of Tiffany still burned into my mind. Nice. I told her she looked nice. Good one, since she was quite the hit at work. What the fuck, a guy asking her out? I was just about to turn on the water and step in when I heard Tiffany's voice behind me in the doorway to the bathroom. "Just a sec, Dana."

"What," I asked, hand on the handle to turn on the shower.

"Well I was thinking," she started then paused. I let go of the handle, waited, but she didn't continue. Finally, knowing what she was waiting for, I turned to face her. Naked again, while she was clothed. I felt the same humiliation, even felt my face flush. It was disconcerting to be naked in front of a woman like this, even my fiancée. Maybe more so. There was a certain lack of power, a lack of equality, yes, even a certain emasculation (there was that word again).

"I was thinking that this is as good a time as any, to..." She paused again, was looking me up and down, until finally her eyes settled on my midsection. It took me a second to realize what she was looking at, that it wasn't my stomach, but between my legs. It had been cold out, 40 or so, and I was shrunken, even shriveled, typical for a run in that weather. But emasculating just the same, emasculating with her staring at me, emasculating with her picking women's clothes for me.

Emasculating.

I swear she giggled.

Feminizing.

Giggled at my now tiny penis.

Neutered.

"Jesus, Tiff, it's cold out," I laughed nervously. "Shrinkage, you know."

She snorted. "I know, I know, Dana. It's okay, small is okay, good even, not for a man of course, but, well, it kind of goes with what I was about to say, though. This is as good a time as any to start, you know, er, getting ready for, um, for dressing like a woman."

"What do you mean," I asked. "You just ordered that stuff and I don't even have to report to AGCO until like next week to get fitted for a uniform."

"Yes," she looked at once both confident and embarrassed. "I know you don't have to start dressing until you start work, I mean, except for next week's fitting and inspection, but you can't just show up to that dressed as a woman for the first time, Dana. You need to start, you know, preparing, start getting comfortable ahead of time. You don't want to just be a man dressed as a woman, hell, they'll fire you, you need to look like a woman dressed like a woman, And to do that you have to be comfortable with it, no? You need to look like a woman, not a man in a dress!"

"Okay," I agreed, that made some sense. "I guess you're right, I assumed that, but there's nothing to wear yet until the stuff you ordered gets here," which I presumed should be early next week, "what, Monday, maybe?"



"So we'll get you dressed when we get the stuff, but there's more than just clothes, Dana. For starters, well, your hair," she gestured to my legs.

I guess I never considered that, though of course it made sense. I wasn't naturally hairy, I wasn't a 'bear' but neither was I baby smooth like Tiff. "I guess I'm supposed to shave my legs, huh?"

"Ha," she laughed. "That's not the same as shaving your face, Dana, you'll make a disaster of it. Plus, I don't know how to say this delicately, but that's not the only place a woman's smooth, or at least trimmed."

"No one's going to see anything but my legs," I said, "what do I need to shave, or trim, anywhere else for," I demanded, thinking of all the places Tiffany trimmed herself—between her legs, between her ass, under her arms.

"Dana," she tightened her face. "Your job, your career, hell, us even, it all depends on you working as a woman. Am I going to have to keep telling you this again and again? You can't do this half-assed! You're not just going to throw on a dress like some Halloween drag queen, Dana, you need to play the part. Totally. Just like any other AGCO pilot. Elegance, Dana, femininity. You can't just pretend to be a woman, not unless you want them to fire you, which is probably what they want. You need to actually BE a woman. Besides, it's just hair, it grows back."

"Okay, okay," I agreed, again. Naked, I just couldn't bring myself to argue with her. "What am I supposed to do if you don't want me shaving, though?"

"You'll have to use a hair removing product," she said as if that was obvious. She opened the linen closet door, where she stored linens and all her bathroom supplies. The closet was filled with all manner of things, she wasn't one of those extreme couponers, but with money tight, she was always stocking up and somehow getting free stuff. The closet had to have a good year's worth of everything she'd ever need. Apparently including hair removal, for she took out and handed to me a green and white packaged tube and sponge.

"Nair shower power," I read.

"Rub that all over your body before you get in the shower, wait three minutes and then use the sponge to rub all over. And by everywhere, Dana, I mean everywhere below your neck. And yes, that means your pubes and even between your cheeks."

"Tiffany!"

"I'm serious, Dana. We can decide how to trim your pubes when it grows back, but for now, everything goes. Everything."

"Fine," I pouted, opening the package, tossing the sponge into the

shower, and squirting a dollop of the cream into my hand and starting to rub it into my arms like suntan lotion.

"A little more there," she pointed when I moved to my chest. More humiliating was when I got to my mid-section. "All the way into your crack, Dana, girls are smooth everywhere, you know that—I want you as smooth as I am."

I know my face reddened at that, I know I was obviously embarrassed at what I was doing, especially under Tiffany's watchful eye.

"Okay?" I asked when I'd finally covered myself from neck to toe with the cream.

She nodded. "Three minutes." She looked at her watch, making me feel like a schoolboy standing in the corner for a timeout. It wasn't helped by her line of vision when she looked up from her watch. Every time, she looked at my mid-section, actually my groin. Stared at me, stared at my still cold, still shriveled, still unnaturally small penis.

"Tiffany," I said the third time she looked at me. "Please."

"What," she asked with a not so innocent look on her face.

"You're making me feel self-conscious, stop staring, it was cold out!"

"I'm sorry, I know," she actually blushed. "Having a small penis isn't always bad, Dana, I mean, if you're going to be a girl, you wouldn't want a man's cock and that bulge, anyway."

I'm sure she said that to make me feel better, for, theoretically, it made perfect sense. What woman wanted a man's bulge? An outline of a cock in her pants or her skirt? Hell, most women's fashions were too tight, something that just dawned on me since I was supposed to wear women's fashions, right? So a small penis was good? Somehow that didn't make me feel all that good; not surprisingly my fiancée calling my penis small was utterly humiliating.

Before I could say anything, she looked at her watch again and told me my time was up. "Go ahead and shower, Dana, and make sure you use the sponge ALL OVER so the hair comes off uniformly. It was odd, really, the physical sensations of literally scrubbing my hair off my body, more so the mental feelings of watching it fall off onto the shower floor, each scrub, each swipe of the sponge, leaving my skin smooth, hairless, and while I might not like thinking it, feminine.

The feelings started off slowly, with my arms, which were mostly hairless to begin with, but intensified as I continued with my chest, under my arms, grew more powerful still as I scrubbed at my pubes, my penis (yes, small

penis), my balls, between my ass. When I was finally done, I just stood there under the warm water, letting it hit me, feeling it run down my now smooth skin, feeling the sensations as if for the first time. My skin tingled, felt alive, felt electric, like each nerve ending was experiencing the sensation of touch for the first time.

As I dried off, each touch of the towel sending shudders through me. Even the air tingled my skin, made me feel alive. Tiffany was waiting for me in the bedroom on the bed. She was wearing a tight pink wife beater tee/tank top and tight pink flowered boy shorts. "What are you doing," I asked, looking at her, thinking that even when she wasn't trying to look sexy she looked fucking sexy.

She picked something up off the bed—a bottle of body lotion, from Bath and Body Works. Japanese Cherry Blossom. "What's that for," I asked.

"I'm sure your skin is sensitive now," she said, "I thought it might be a good idea to moisturize and I thought it might be nice to combine it with a massage."

"Really," I perked up at the promise of a massage from Tiff.

"Yea, Dana. Listen, I know I'm kind of pushing this whole work for AGCO as a woman thing, I get that, for good reason, but, well, listen, telling your husband to take a job as a female pilot, well, that's a little big, out of the ordinary. I know that. And you're being a good sport about it, so, I thought I'd, you know, just kind of show my appreciation. Everyone likes a good massage, right? And you really do need to moisturize, after using the Nair."

Well a massage sounded great; I often gave Tiff massages like this, but it was rare for me to get one from her. "Really," I said, thinking, possibly, it was too good to be true, "that would be nice."

"Yes, really, silly," she laughed, "just spread the towel out on the bed and lie on your back." I did as Tiffany instructed and let her take the initiative, let her pamper me, let her gently and carefully both moisturize and massage my skin. The feeling, like the shower, was different than ANYTHING I'd ever experience before. The sensations were electric and unique. Everywhere she touched came alive, every cell, every fiber, every nerve responded like it was the first time being touched, the first time Tiffany's slender fingers came into contact with me, the first time I felt such powerful sensations.

There was such a mixture of feelings, her hands gliding effortlessly over my now smooth skin, effortless because of the lubrication from the feminine scent of the lotion. She saw the difference, too, commented on it. I don't know why, I was no different except for being hairless; maybe it was simply that,

maybe there was some different mental aspect of it, some shift brought on by my upcoming feminization, but perhaps it was simply that she'd spent at least an hour earlier in the evening buying women's clothing for her fiancé. Whatever it was, Tiffany's touch was definitely different, definitely changed, like she was touching me for the very first time, just like I felt I was being touched for the first time.

She knew it, she could sense it, she even commented on it when she was almost done with my front. She'd rubbed my arms and my chest and my stomach, coming close, ever so close to my penis, which, cold forgotten, was now bobbing up and down erect. Every time she got close to it, I thought she'd grab it, touch it, massage it, but every time she moved her hands away at the last instant. "I can't believe how...how different your skin feels," she said, rubbing my thighs, coming within millimeters of my bobbing penis, deflecting with her words my attempt to move so that she touched me.

"What do you mean," I asked, barely able to talk, so desperate was I for her to touch me.

"I...I don't know Dana," she said, leaning over as she rubbed me, her mouth close to my ear, almost whispering, "without hair, you're so...so..."

"So what?" I asked, again moving my hips, trying to make her touch my erection, somehow knowing, sensing what she wanted to say, afraid to hear it, needing to hear it all the same. When she didn't answer, I pressed her. "So..." I started to ask, but at that moment, her hand, whether on purpose or inadvertently, brushed up against my balls. The contact was brief, too brief really, but even though quick, sudden, it was something, everything. "Ohhhh," I moaned the instant she touched me, my words forgotten, my question forgotten.

"So feminine," she answered softly into my ear before moving down my body and massaging my legs. "It's like...like touching a woman."

I felt dizzy—for a minute, two, five, maybe ten, I was lost, completely lost, the words, feminine, woman, detached me from reality. I don't know why, I couldn't explain it, I didn't want to hear it, I didn't expect it, but it affected me just the same. The whole time she massaged my legs, my head spun and floated and I was gone, lost in thought, lost in the sensations. So feminine. Like touching a woman.

"Dana," I heard, but could not answer. "Dana," she said again as my mind tried to land, tried to come back to the ground, to the bedroom, to her touch.

"Huh?"

"I said turn onto your stomach, hon" she half laughed. Somehow I did,

still lost in the fog of her comments, I managed to flip over, and still hovering, shaking, I felt her begin to massage my back, my shoulders, my arms, down to my legs again, everywhere, rubbing the feminine scented lotion into my smooth skin, everywhere, somehow, reinforcing the word she'd used, feminine, feminine.

Maybe it was because I was so relaxed that I said nothing at first. Maybe because I was just lying there, my mind drifting again. Maybe, just maybe because it felt good. Whatever the reason, at first, when she started massaging the backs of my upper thighs, I just moaned softly, her touch felt so good on my skin. But then she moved upwards, started massaging my ass. And then barely between my ass checks, almost in the crack.

"Tiff," I said, as uncomfortable as any boy would be, as any man surely would be.

"Shhh," she said, continuing to rub lotion onto me. "I told you, it has to go everywhere you used the Nair so you don't have irritated skin," she explained, reasonably enough. "Here, spread your legs a little bit so I can do this, there, just move your knees a little up towards your chest, this will just take a second." She half directed me through her words, half moved me with her lotion covered hands, moving my legs upward, my knees to my chest so that my ass was now slightly raised, slightly spread open.

Open and vulnerable. Like a woman.

"Ohhh," I moaned louder when she started to work the lotion in, her fingers running up and down the deepest part of my crack, over my ass, down to the base of my now erect penis, coming close, but not quite touching my balls or my penis itself. She didn't say anything, she simply kept rubbing, massaging, longer and longer, giving my raised ass more attention that she'd given any other part of my body,

"You look so different, you feel so different," she said again, with wonder in her voice, "so much like..."

"Tiff, don't, please," I begged, not wanting her to say it, wanting her to, yes, no, yes, no.

"So much like a girl," she finished, ignoring my plea.

"Tiffany," I managed to say, now shaking, stomach turning. Her words stung—like a girl? That's not what I wanted to hear, that's not what I wanted my fiancée to call me! A girl? A woman? But what did it matter? Wasn't that the point? Wasn't that what I HAD to look like for this job? Wasn't that good? Maybe, but that didn't mean I had to like it. And the trouble was, that a part of me did! I liked the feeling of being smooth, I like Tiff's hands on my body, I

liked the tingling physical sensations. And I felt warm inside when she called me a girl, a tingling, a confusing pride.

She just kept rubbing my ass, too, she was focusing on the slit more and more with each passing second until her hands were only between my cheeks; one hand holding them open, the other running up and down, grazing my balls, rubbing my perineum, then back up, toying with ass itself. Up and down, up and down, each time she touched my balls, she would linger longer, driving me wild, though she then compensated by rubbing my crack more slowly, spending more time touching my ass, too. She started to use both her hands, one massaging my balls for ten, fifteen, even twenty seconds, while the other continued up and down my crack.

Until once, with one pass, rubbing me, her lotion lubricated finger, instead of running up along and past my ass, slipped inside.

"Ohhhhh," I groaned as I shook, both from surprise and pleasure, from the shock of something pushing INTO me, from the pleasure, too. I wanted to squirm away, to move so she couldn't do that again. But I couldn't. The shock was mixed with pleasure, especially with her other hand still on my balls. So instead of pulling away from her, I did the opposite, I pushed up against her, pushed upwards so her finger went ever so slightly DEEPER into me. "Tiffany," I tried to mumble, "I..." No, stop, I wanted to scream, no, NO!

"Shhhh, it's okay, Dana," she said softly, rubbing, pushing, fingering, encouraging. "You're a girl, Dana, just pretend you're a girl, Dana, just relax."

She stopped touching my balls but her finger stayed in my ass. Oh, she moved it out, just not all the way and only to be followed with her pushing it back in, deeper, longer. "Tiffany," I moaned as fingered me and massaged me. "Tiffany," I said louder, now shaking, pushing back, not wanting to, unable to stop myself, wanting to beg her to stop, instead, moving, begging her to continue.

She laughed, not a condescending laugh—that would have stung, would have made me stop moving immediately, would have shamed me. No, instead her laugh was one of almost pleasure herself, of discovery, of self awareness, of love even, amazement at the pleasure she was bringing me. An amazement I shared. I tried to tell myself that it was her massaging my balls that was bringing me such pleasure, but she'd done that fifty, a hundred times, and I never once acted like this, never once experienced a sensation like this. A sensation caused simply by her fingering me, like a girl, touching me, like a girl. A sensation that was overwhelming as she just fingered my ass and I continued to moan and shake and press back against her like a woman would

as someone played with her pussy.

"Tiff," I said, pushing, pushing, suddenly knowing what was about to happen, suddenly aware, suddenly terrified, but unable to stop it. No, no, I didn't want this, I didn't want this to happen, no, no, but I could not help it. No, no, no. At least if she was touching my penis, even my balls, it would happen as it did to any man when he went past the point of no return. But she wasn't. Her other hand had let go, was nowhere near my erection, was doing nothing to give me the type of pleasure a man wanted and expected. No, the only sensation, the only, the only pleasure, was from her finger inside me, moving in and out, in and out, like she was fucking me!

I felt my penis jump, shake, and then squirt as I tumbled over the edge, as I ejaculated. But the sensation was different, weak, almost as if my orgasm was interrupted. It happened—I felt cum leaking out from me—but it was not the explosion I usually felt. And then, immediately, though my libido never crashed, though I was still as horny as ever, I was overcome by a wave of humiliation, of fear, of shame, of revulsion. It must have been made worse by the weak, half orgasm, but all I could think was, what happened, what just happened, what did I do?

I dropped onto the bed, into the puddle of wet, warm cum on the towel under me and as I did, her finger slipped from my ass. Tiffany touched me, a hand gently on the small of my back; I jerked at her touch. "Don't," I hissed, horrified at what just happened, ashamed. What kind of man let that happen? What kind of man would cum from having his ass fingered like it was a pussy?

"Dana," she said softly, but I turned away from her. "Dana," she said again, leaving her hand on my back, "look at me." I shook my head, too ashamed.

"Dana," she said again.

"What?" I whispered.

"Honey, please, what's...why are you...?"

I turned towards her, unsure what to say, unsure if I wanted to or could say anything. Maybe my flushed face betrayed my humiliation, maybe my eyes showed the shame of orgasming while my fiancée's finger was up my ass.

"Dana, you're embarrassed."

Not just embarrassed, goddamn ashamed and humiliated and totally freaked out. I couldn't say it, that was more humiliating than what happened, I couldn't even try to speak the words.

"Sweetie, it's okay," she started rubbing my back, "there's nothing to be



embarrassed about."

"Nothing to be embarrassed about," I managed to finally speak. "I just...just...like I'm a f...f...a fa..."

"Dana Sullivan, don't you dare say that word," she chastised me. "And that's not true, regardless."

"What would you call it, Tiff," my humiliation was turning to anger, worse, anger at her for doing that, for touching me like that. I was the one who came with my fiancée's finger in my ass, but I was redirecting my shame to her for touching me like that.

"Well, I...I guess I was hoping you'd enjoy it just like a woman, Dana."

"Tiff."

"Well I'm sorry if you didn't get it, Dana, but, I don't know, I was just going to give you a massage and try to help you relax, but," she blushed.

"But what?"

"But you look kind of cute, you know, smooth, and you smell nice, and, I don't know, maybe I got carried away, but you are supposed to dress as a woman for work and..."

"That's not till next week, Tiffany, and then just when I fly." She didn't say anything at first, but looked uncomfortable. "What?"

"Well, yes, you're supposed to dress as a woman for work, Dana, I keep repeating myself—you can't look like a man dressing as a woman, like you're in drag, you, you really have to look like a woman. You know that, right?"

"Yea, but still..." I mean, sure I knew that. Great, I was supposed to pass as a woman, look like a woman, act like a woman. I understood, I knew. "That's just for work."

She chuckled. "You think you just turn that on and off? Just like that? You're a man the days you're not flying and then, poof, you're a woman the next day? And at first? Christ, Dana, you can't lose this job, you can't just wing it, this is, well, this is like flying. You don't just hop in a plane and fly, you train, and then train some more, until it's second nature, that's what you tell me about flying. And the more you do it the easier it is."

"But..."

She shook her head, actually looked angry. "Dana, maybe it will change after awhile, after you get used to it, but to do this, you need to THINK like a woman, ACT like a woman, BE a woman. The more you do, the more you practice, the easier it will be. I'm sorry that I upset you touching you like that, again, maybe I got carried away, maybe I should have waited or said something, but I wasn't trying to freak you out or make you feel, what, gay? I



guess, thinking about it, I was just trying to make you feel like a girl."

Feel like a girl. Oddly, until after she made me cum, leading up to it, I suppose that's exactly how I felt. Like a girl. I turned onto my back, looked at her. "I'm sorry, Tiffany," I said, genuinely feeling bad for getting mad at her. After all we were in this mess in large part because of me, not because of her. Besides, unlike every other time I had an orgasm, right now I was as horny as ever, having flashes of her finger in my ass again.

"Listen, Dana, you think I really want you to have to do this? No, I mean, yes, given the circumstances, it's the best thing, but it's not ideal. We just have to make the best of it, okay?"

"Okay," I agreed. "I...I guess it kind of did feel, um, feel good."

"Good, I'm glad, Dana. I'm not trying to make you feel gay—that's such a horrid thing to say, you're not—I was trying to make you feel like a woman."

I wasn't a woman either, no more than I was gay, so the distinction was lost on me, though I appreciated her efforts. Still...

"Tiff, I don't have to actually dress like a woman until next week when I go get fitted for a uniform, but, um, you think I should start practicing sooner, don't you?"

"Don't you? Honestly?"

"I...I suppose."

"Yea, Dana. Of course. You need to practice grace and elegance...walking like a woman, sitting like a woman, eating like a woman, even thinking like a woman...you don't want to give them cause for firing you, do you?"

"No, no, you're right. When?"

"When should you start?" I nodded. "As soon as the stuff we ordered gets here, Dana. Tomorrow morning. I don't even know if that will be enough time."

"Tomorrow morning," I was in disbelief.

"Yes, I got overnight shipping and I took a personal day tomorrow."

I just looked up at her. Tomorrow? Tomorrow? I was supposed to be a girl, to be a woman, tomorrow? Minutes ago I thought I had until next week, then at least until the weekend, even, but tomorrow? "Tomorrow," I said out loud.

"It'll be okay, Dana, trust me," she touched my chest, my smooth, hairless, soft, scented chest. "Just, well, just get into the frame of mind, it'll be okay, I promise."

## Chapter 5 – Feminine

I was sitting in the kitchen drinking a cup of coffee, waiting.

Waiting for the UPS man (guaranteed before 10:30 a.m. ship).

Waiting for my feminization to begin.

Waiting for Tiffany.

Waiting for a transformation I didn't want, didn't look forward to, but couldn't avoid.

Simply waiting.

Every sound made me jump. Was that the UPS truck? No, just a garbage truck. That? No, a landscaping company. That? No, no, no, still no.

I started playing with my eyebrows, or what was left of them after Tiffany spent the better part of forty minutes plucking them earlier this morning. "I'm not going to shape them like mine," she promised, an obvious feminine shape, "but you can't have them looking like this, either." She was true to her word. At least, I wouldn't call what she did masculine, but neither was it overtly feminine. I suppose it would depend how I was dressed, how they were perceived, as either belonging to a man or a woman.

Then, at 9:50, the doorbell rang. I almost fell off my chair, so startled was I by the sound. Christ, that was the UPS truck, it had to be. I heard Tiffany's heels on the wood floor of the foyer as she left the spare bedroom that doubled as an office. While she may have taken the day off from work, she still got dressed up, I suspect out of some sympathy for me, to set an example for me.

"Good morning," I heard her say when she opened the door.

"Good morning, Ma'am," the driver answered. I could picture him looking at her, looking at her breasts, on display as they were in the tight burgundy ruffled top she was wearing. I certainly did this morning. I could picture him looking at her long, hosed legs, exposed above the knee by her tweed pencil skirt, shaped by her black pumps.

"Just the two boxes?"

"No, no, Ma'am, I have several more in the truck."

"Great, can you just set them here inside the door?"

I listened while the driver went back to his truck and brought whatever remaining boxes he had into the house.

"You sure you don't need any help with those, Ma'am," he asked Tiff.

"Well, if it's not too much trouble, I guess I was just going to store them

here in the spare bedroom...you sure you don't mind?"

"Not at all, really," he happily said, I'm sure all too ready to take the opportunity to help a young, pretty woman, to have a couple of extra looks at her. Part of me wanted to make some noise, to clear my throat, to let him know that I was there, that a guy was there, that he should back off my fiancée.

But I said nothing. What stopped me? The feminine scent of the body wash? My awareness of my smooth (feminine) skin? Fear that my newly sculpted eyebrows would scream that whatever my genetic sex, today I was training to be a woman? I bit my lip, struggling, wanting to at least cough, but I did nothing.

"So, what's in all this," I heard him ask her. "My...myla? I've never heard of that."

They were just around the corner, just down the hall, I could hear it so clearly, Tiff's little embarrassed giggle, something I was so familiar with, having heard it so many times before. Usually when she felt guilty about something, something that excited her.

"Lingerie," she giggled again.

What? What the fuck? What was she doing? Was she flirting with him?

"No, no, for, um...for my roommate," she answered, giggling again.

"Listen, I really appreciate you helping me, um..."

"John."

"John."

"Anytime, Ma'am, anytime."

I heard the door close and jumped up towards the hall. "Tiffany!"

"What," she asked, an innocent look still on her face.

"He...he was flirting with you!"

"What? Oh, no, maybe just a little...it's innocent, Dana, hell, what do you think I do all day at work but flirt with guys?"

"Yea, but that's work, Tiff," I protested lightly. Maybe she was right, she did it all day so I'm sure she saw it as nothing more than innocent banter. Maybe it just bothered me because her flirtations with a guy only emphasized, in my mind, the feelings of emasculation that I felt. But, on the bright side, at least I was doing something about it, finding work was sure to help. Even if I did have to work wearing a dress.

Tiff let it go, turned to the more immediate, the thing that should have been even more disturbing, the boxes now sitting neatly stacked just inside the door to the guest bedroom. I looked past her, at the stack of boxes.

"There's a lot of stuff," I said with a questioning tone.

She chuckled. "For someone who is so detail oriented in flying, you must have some deficiencies in other areas."

"What do you mean?"

"Dana, for crying out loud, you read the dress code, right? You're going to have to dress as a woman, fully, every day you fly. It isn't like you're only going to need one bra and one pair of panties, Dana, you need everything a woman would need. And like I said before, the only way you're going to get used to this is to spend as much time being a woman as you can, at least at first. I mean, how else are you supposed to do this? You understand this, right?"

"Yes, yes, Tiff, I do, I know. Intellectually, certainly, but, well, it's going to take a little getting used to. You understand that, right," I asked, turning her question back on her. "You keep saying I'm going to have to live as a woman as much as I can, and I get that, but, well, that's like, huge, I mean, I'm not just...how are you supposed to...supposed to...see me as the man you're going to marry?"

"Hon, for starters, no matter how you're dressed or what you look like, you're still the same Dana I fell in love with. Besides, it isn't like, well, like you've ever been the epitome of masculinity. Don't we often joke that you're the girl in the relationship?"

I looked down. She joked about that, or at least she'd started it, though there was a grain of truth to the joke. There was no question, despite my analytical job, that I was more emotional. There was no question that I was, to use the popular term, metrosexual, or just plain metro. There was no question that, while I had guy friends, I was never completely comfortable with groups of guys. There was no question, to use another popular term, that I wasn't an "alpha male".

But that didn't mean I wanted to dress as a woman, I stoutly insisted.

"Well, to be honest Dana, at this point it doesn't really matter if you want to or not. The fact is, you HAVE to. Next week when you get fitted for your uniform. And every day thereafter that you fly. And that means, again, like it or not, you need to start getting used to this now...we need to start getting used to this now. I'll admit, Dana, there's a difference between metro and what, cross dressing—so we just make the best of it. Like, I'll just accept that you really do make a cute girl and...well...maybe it's kind of a turn on...but...who cares about that...I want to get started!"

Turn on? Turn on for who? I started to deny it, to say it didn't turn me on, but stopped. Did she mean a turn on for her, that she was turned on by



feminizing me? Before I could think about it, ask her, she took my hand and tugged me after her towards the guest room and the waiting boxes. "Come on, let's get started Dana, this is going to be fun, trust me." Once in the bedroom, Tiffany pushed me towards the guest bathroom and told me to get undressed while she unpacked a few things. "I don't want to overwhelm you," she explained her desire for secrecy.

"Okay," I said uneasily, curious just what she'd ordered, curious just what the boxes contained, but I went into the bathroom regardless, wanting to please her. I couldn't help but see my reflection in the mirror as I undressed—the wall over the double sink vanity was dominated by a large rectangular mirror.

So I could not help but look at myself in the mirror as I undressed, to see myself at a strange crossroads. Rightfully, Tiffany had insisted I remove my body hair—as any woman must—and I'd let her shape my eyebrows. The effect, when looking at my naked self, was a reflection that was neither male nor female. Rather, I felt myself thinking about building blocks, about unmolded clay, as if I were neither male, not after removing my male clothes, nor female, not the way I look when naked. But the thing was, the uncomfortable thing, perhaps the necessary thing, was that I could more easily see myself as female than male. And I felt, I knew, Tiffany must see me that way, too. Would the world? Would my new bosses? Others? And was Tiffany really okay with this, with seeing me more girl than boy?

Like yesterday, naked, I was slightly cold and my body responded predictably. Like yesterday, my balls shriveled, my penis shrunk, as if it too was preparing to forgo all traces of my maleness, to prepare for the transformation Tiffany had planned. The transformation that, unfortunately, was brought about by my own failings. Ironic, I knew, that my failings as a man were supposed to be overcome by dressing and acting as a woman. And my fiancée seemed not to care. She was, to the contrary, actively participating in the whole fucking process.

Timidly, I opened the bathroom door and stepped into the bedroom. I could see that she had opened several of the boxes and removed several things, which were now sitting neatly on the bed, though she had folded most of the boxes closed again. It was clear the boxes contained much more, that the items sitting next to her were but a sample of what was waiting for me. I walked nervously to the bed, my emotions were jumbled and confused. I was curious what Tiffany had laid out on the bed, but hesitant, knowing the clothes, women's clothes, were for me to wear. Worse, as with yesterday, I

was self conscious about my maleness, really my lack of maleness, about my soft, shrunken, almost hidden penis, as if Tiffany would somehow judge me when this wasn't my fault.

Tiffany was sitting on the bed, patiently, with a selection of clothing and other items neatly laid out next to her in two distinct patterns. First, what would obviously be second to wear and was farthest from her, she had laid out a stylish, but subdued, black pencil skirt, a cap short-sleeved pink silk blouse with a pert bow, and black satin pointed toe pumps, also with a pert bow. Between Tiffany and those clothes were the undergarments, the lingerie that was soon to go onto my body. A romantic looking white lace and sheer mesh bra and panty set, the type Tiffany wore, the type I loved to see her in, that was both elegant and sexy. A pair of nude pantyhose. A blonde wig.

"Don't...don't you think this is kind of extreme," I asked with a nervous laugh, pointing to the clothes on the bed, realizing only as I did so that I pointed with the hand that I'd had hovering in front of my crotch.

Tiffany, who's eyes of course went right between my legs, simply smiled. "The price of being a woman, Dana. This is what I go through everyday. We need to dress you as a woman, Dana, what do you think you need to wear?"

"I...I don't know, I suppose you're right, Tiff," I admitted.

"Dana, I'll say this for the millionth time, hopefully the last time, you can't show up for this job looking like a drag queen, don't think for a second that this personnel woman wouldn't fire you on the spot. You need to follow the dress code to the letter, you NEED to look like a woman and act like a woman and BE a woman."

"I know, I know, I know," I said, not sarcastically, but really admitting what was true, that she was right, and admitting the undertone to her lecture, that this was of my own doing.

Tiffany reached next to her on the bed. As she did, her skirt rode up her legs, giving me a glimpse of her long, nylon covered legs, causing me to shudder. God she was beautiful. Nothing about this should have been sexual, though the way she was dressed, her breasts half on display, her legs, I thought for a moment of the delivery guy staring at her, flirting with her. I thought for a moment that this was how she dressed every day, that guys like the delivery guy stared at her and hit on her every day. This wasn't sexual, yet, yet, somehow it was, somehow she, intentionally or not, somehow she made it sexual, somehow that's exactly what it was.

Sexual.

"Here, start with these, sweetie," Tiffany said, pickup the pair of panties

up off the bed and handing them to me. "It's okay, Dana," she said, seeing my hesitation, "they are just underwear like you wear everyday, just instead of boxers, they're just panties."

Just panties. That was supposed to reassure me? Just panties? That's it, I was just supposed to slip on a pair of panties, nothing to it. Just panties. Sure, that made it completely normal, just panties. Just panties. I opened them up, reached down, stepped into them. Just panties, just panties. I pulled them up my legs. Just panties, just panties. I pulled them up to my waist, pulled them up over my flaccid penis. Just panties, just panties.

Fuck, just panties? Just panties? I was fucking wearing panties, a boy wearing panties, how were they 'just panties'?

Tiffany watched carefully, her eyes never left me, then focused, fixated, stared at the panties. I looked downward, my penis was so shrunken, so flaccid, so utterly small, that the front of the panties almost looked flat, as if there simply wasn't a penis hidden beneath the lace and mesh. In fact, but for the fact that I KNEW I wasn't a woman, and but for the fact that I looked down a flat chest, from my waist and hips down, the vision was certainly, by far, more feminine than masculine.

"Very pretty," Tiffany finally said, using a descriptor reserved for women, not men, not ever for men. In fact, I'm sure it was the first time I was ever described as 'pretty' in a serious manner (I tended to try to block out those times in high school or middle school when I was taunted by the bully of the day as a sissy or a pretty boy).

"Pretty," I repeated.

"Pretty is good," she said as she turned back to the bed, and the word reverberated through my brain. "We want you to look pretty."

Pretty, pretty. We...yes...we want me to look pretty. And then Tiffany picked up the bra, which I realized was covering something. Breasts. Realistic breasts. Breast forms, more accurately. As she had promised. Breasts. For me. Breasts that would make my chest look like a woman's chest, that would make clear to everyone and anyone who looked at me that I was a girl, not a boy. "This bra will look pretty, too," she said, matching bra in hand.

At that instant, the word, THAT word, pretty, stopped rattling around my brain. Instead, it was somehow launched into my body, it somehow shot straight down past my chest, past my stomach, straight into my groin, straight into the flaccid penis held snug by the panties, by the PRETTY panties. And suddenly, without warning, unexpectedly, my penis started to



grow, to fucking grow, to swell.

Tiffany turned to me, bra in hand, looked straight at my crotch again, smiled, thinking, I was sure, how pretty, how pretty I was. But I was horrified, dammit, my fucking penis was GROWING, growing because I fucking looked PRETTY! This was wrong, so totally wrong, something that should not happen to any guy—not any guy who didn't LIKE dressing as a woman, looking like a woman, being pretty like a woman.

Tiffany was saying something about the breast forms, something about adhesive and needing or not needing a bra. I don't know, I wasn't really paying attention, my focus was on stopping, unsuccessfully, the erection that was starting to sprout in my heretofore flat panties. I was focused on stopping it so Tiffany would NOT see it, would NOT see an erection and somehow get the impression that I actually liked this. Because I didn't, I didn't like it at all, not a single bit, not an iota of pleasure, none, none! (God, I look pretty, so pretty, so adorably pretty).

Tiffany was standing, fastening the bra around my chest. "Like this, fasten then spin," she said, rotating the bra so the hooks were at my back, the cups at my front. "Now your arms through the straps, there, like that. I told you," she took a step back and looked me over, "See, very pretty."

"Very pretty," the words rushed again from my brain to my groin and I tried, I really tried, to ignore the sensation her words caused. I don't know if she meant to impart an erotic implication, but, unconsciously or not, that's what I inferred. And as a result, slowly, but steadily, I felt a swelling, a growing, of my once flaccid penis as blood filled my groin, accompanying the words.

"Hmff," Tiffany smiled, stepping back, crossing her arms, admiring.

"What," I asked, self-consciously, sure she saw and was giggling at the swelling in my panties.

"Don't take this wrong, Dana, I just, well, never as a little girl did I ever imagine I'd see the man I'm going to marry standing before me wearing a bra and panties...or that he'd look so damn GOOD in them!"

"Tiff." That was not the thing to say to me—my psyche was fragile enough as it was—I did not need to hear Tiffany's mocking of me. "You think this is something that I dreamed of? Dressing like a GIRL?"

"Dana," she said, her face softening in empathy, "I said not to take it the wrong way. I know you don't WANT to do this, I know you're doing this because you have to. I just, well, I know you never imagined this either. I guess I'm just trying to say that it's okay. And, well, you do look, um, you really



do look cute, Dana, pretty, and...,” her voice trailed off.

“And what,” I demanded.

“Nothing, it’s nothing,” she said, though she must have known that drives me crazy—it’s never nothing, there’s always something.

“Tiffany, what?”

“You...I know this is after you got rid of your hair and we trimmed your eyebrows, and yes, you’re wearing a bra and panty set, so there’s the whole eye seeing what it wants to see kind of thing.”

“Tiff, what?” I repeated.

“Well, again, DON’T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, DANA, but, well, I mean, you’re not, well, you never had the most masculine of physiques—you’re a runner not a weight lifter—I just never appreciated, consciously, anyway, just how,” she paused. “I guess I’m saying like this—hairless and wearing lingerie—I just didn’t realize that instead of not the most masculine of guys, that you could actually be seen as...as...feminine.”

“I’m not supposed to take that the wrong way? That you can so easily see me as feminine?”

“Well no, Dana, I’m not saying that in a BAD way, in fact, as odd as it sounds, just the opposite, really—I think you look cute in a GOOD way. Not just because it’s going to help you with this job, but, seeing you like this, in a more feminine light, I’m kind of forced to focus on your soft side, the side of you I love and adore.”

Well, there was truth to that, I had to admit that much to myself. I knew I had a softer side—again, it was a running joke that I was the girl in the relationship. I also knew that Tiffany really did love the softer side of me. More than once, quite often in fact, I’d hear her tell someone, with obvious pride, how happy she was when I did something attributable to that softer side, when I did something most of her friend’s husbands or boyfriends would never do. Often simple things like cleaning the bathrooms without her asking. Or making the bed every morning. Cooking for her.

Not necessarily because I was a neat freak. If anything, I was the opposite, though not quite a slob. No, I did these things out of love for her. I knew she liked things clean, neat. I knew she liked so-called acts of service I did for her. So, as much as I hated the task, I cleaned the bathrooms. Odd as it may sound, I cleaned the bathrooms, I made the bed, I cooked, and more, all out of love. All of it part of my ‘softer’ side, the side her friends gushed over. I did these things because she liked them. I served her because she liked it.

Some girls might call it a man getting in touch with his feminine side, I

thought at that moment, realizing how close that was to the truth right now as I stood there wearing a bra and panty set. But that troubled me still. "Tiffany, I appreciate what you're saying, and this may sound silly coming from me this moment, all considered, but it's rather emasculating, and truth be told a bit disconcerting."

She considered that and weighed her words before responding. "Okay, I get that, Dana, fair enough, and I might agree, but I guess that's what I'm trying to explain to you. Instead of it bothering me like it would some women, it kind of, well, more than just kind of, makes me happy. Not necessarily, or not just seeing you look like a woman, not really, but ... it's just seeing you differently. I don't know, feminine or emasculated as you say. But it's kind of neat, in a weird kind of way. Like it's the real you, almost."

The real me? Like the feminine illusion was the real me? I had NO IDEA how to respond to that and simply could not, simply could not even wrap my brain around it or process it. There was a big, big difference between being teased about being the girl in the relationship and, well, ACTUALLY BEING THE GIRL IN THE RELATIONSHIP! So I had nothing to say and oddly, neither did she. I could have denied it, but didn't. I could have admitted it, I suppose, but why would I? It wasn't true, or so I thought. But I said nothing, just let her words, her almost accusation, just hang there, awkwardly but unopposed.

Finally, Tiffany broke the silence that threatened to make me, at least, completely uncomfortable. Not that the words she used to break the silence were comforting in any way. "Well, we might as well finish. Are you ready for breasts then," she asked.

Of course, from the moment she picked up the bra and exposed the breast forms sitting on the bed I knew those were to come next. I knew, as I had been told, that I needed them, would have them, would wear them. I knew, as Tiffany had explained the day before, silicone breast forms were the ideal way to give me a chest, to give me the look, the feel, the motion of breasts, both to present to the world when dressed for my new job, but more, to help my frame of mind, to focus my brain, the maleness of it, on something different, on pure femaleness. What better way to make a boy feel like a girl than by giving him breasts?

"I actually had a hard time getting the right size, all those web sites I was looking at about cross dressing focused on the differences between a caricature of a woman and actually passing or blending in as a woman. So, while I COULD have ordered a pair of DD size breasts, that's obviously too extreme. So, these" -- she picked one up off the bed -- "are a simple C cup.

Like mine." She said it as if both of us having the same size breasts was the most normal thing in the world.

I said nothing.

"So," she said, "these work one of a few ways. The easiest way, which we'll do now, is to just put the breast forms in any full support bra. You can also wear them with a special bra, something called a pocket bra, which I'd never heard of before but works like it sounds—a pocket the breast form goes into. I got a couple—they are really sheer, according to the web site, and you'll look and feel like you've really got breasts. Finally, they come with medical grade glue so they can be glued in place for longer wear—days or weeks for when you're dressing as a woman on a regular basis. Here, let's see how they fit."

Tiffany reached forward and pulled the bra cup away from my chest, placed the tear-drop shaped breast form into the space between my chest and the bra. The breast form barely fit, or fit snugly, as it was supposed to I presumed, and as soon as Tiffany let go, I felt the weight of it, the drag, not quite heavy, but obvious—there could be no forgetting that there was something different, something that couldn't help but make me think of women, of the feminine, for crying out loud, that there was a breast attached to me! She repeated with the other; I was amazed, shocked even. "God, you walk around with these every day?"

"Since puberty," she laughed. "Me and just about every other women in like the whole world."

"It...they are heavy," I said, "I mean, not like super heavy, but...they have some weight to them."

"Yea, um, that's why we wear bras, silly."

That's why WE wear bras, she said. We. We. We as in women, yes, though I got the distinct impression that I was included in that we. That she lumped me, her fiancée, her fiancée wearing panties and a bra and who now had breasts into that collective we. I was a part of the we, a part of the gender who wore bras, of course. BECAUSE I FUCKING HAD BREASTS!

And lest you think that was some small thing, one minor detail added to my body after the bra and the panties, I want you to know that you're wrong. They were not a minor detail, they were A FUCKING HUGE DETAIL.

I fucking had breasts. Yes, yes, fake breasts, breast forms, silicone over my skin, not tissue under, but the distinction did not really matter at that moment. Not with the weight of them pulling on my chest. Not with the sight of them, delicately encased in a feminine bra. Not this moment, with feminine



thoughts already running through my mind. These fucking breasts were a HUGE FUCKING DEAL.

God dammit, I had breasts. Breasts that looked real (yes, the bra helped). Breasts that felt real. Breasts that on my hairless body, seemed so fucking natural, like they belonged, physically, like they completed something, like they'd been missing all these years. Not just physically, though. No, no, more, mentally, too. Fucking mentally. Click. Like click. Mentally, click. They belonged. Click. They made something fall into place deep in my brain, something that didn't quite fit before suddenly dropping into a snug little hole. Click. Breast. Click. Woman. Click. Me.

And the click only encouraged the grown in my panties that had been steadily progressing, the click of femininity only made the one thing still close to masculine swell and harden and tighten in my panties. The click of the feminine only quickened the reaction, the swell, the growth, the excitement.

"What," I asked, not quite hearing what she said, too focused was I on the breasts.

"I said I'd love to have you wear stockings like the dress code encourages, but that set didn't come with a garter belt and I think it might be a bit too much at first so we're just going with pantyhose today."

"Okay," I responded, nodding understandingly, for yes, it was completely natural for me to accept that pantyhose instead of stockings are what I should wear today. WHAT SOON TO BE HUSBAND WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT HE SHOULD BE WEARING PANTYHOSE TODAY? The world was at a fucking end, reality suspended, an alternate universe dead ahead.

Tiffany helped me into the hose, actually, she guided me in putting them on. Strangely, it started not with the hose, but instead with my hands, because she had me moisturize them and my legs and feet with a feminine scented lotion. Only then did she guide me in gathering the hose up one leg at a time, aligning my toes with the seams on the end, pulling the hose gently up my legs to my thighs, then working them over my hips, and yes, over the erection I now had in my panties. Still, though, she said nothing about it. She'd look at it, but said nothing, as if it wasn't there.

The pantyhose felt, well, simply amazing, and gave me a tingling sensation all over my legs, even my ass. It was almost like Tiffany herself touching me, running her fingers lightly over every inch of my skin at the same time. And the effect they had on my legs, visually, was stunning to me, especially when Tiffany had me step into the heels. My calves felt and looked tight and smooth and taut. My thighs were trim and delicate. Every inch of

my legs looked (and felt) completely and totally feminine. In fact, except for the visible outline of my erection, my face, and my hair, which I knew were to change soon, I could perceive nothing masculine about me. Nothing. At. All. I didn't look like a man dressed as a woman. I looked like a woman, period, nothing more. Except for the erection, which, oddly, seemed to strain and throb more and more with each passing second, I felt femininity wash over me.

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By lunch, nothing looked any longer like when I started the day as a male. Tiffany had succeeded in her goal—making her fiancée look like a woman. Added to the lingerie were the skirt and blouse to complete what she referred to as a professional look. Makeup and a wig more easily than I thought possible transformed my face, softened the edges, made me look, for all purposes, completely like woman. Tiffany even thought to order fingernails, a beautifully designed "French manicure" she explained as she carefully glued a nail to each of my fingers, supposed to last a minimum of thirty days.

"A month," I said with shock as she glued on the last nail.

"Just till your nails grow out, Dana," she said, the same answer she'd given about my hair. There was nothing temporary about what she was doing, she explained for the dozenth time, "Dana, why do you make me keep explaining this?"

"I don't know, Tiffany," I mumbled, thinking only of the erect penis pressing against my belly, the erection I'd had for hour after hour, the erection that shamed me, humiliated me. And why should it? Perhaps because it was a physical manifestation of my feelings, the feeling that I actually enjoyed dressing as a woman, feelings no male should have. And as I regarded myself in a mirror, it wasn't just feelings of enjoyment, I realized, it was feelings of place, of belonging.

Fuck, I kept telling myself as I looked at myself, as I looked at the blouse pulled taut over my breast forms, as I felt the tightening of my leg muscles as I took tentative step after tentative step in the heels. Fuck, I kept telling myself, feeling the gentle constriction of the pantyhose on my legs. Fuck, fuck, fuck! It was more than just excitement—though that was present in abundant measures—it was something else, something I certainly did not want to admit to Tiffany. It was a feeling of naturalness, of normality. It was as if, deep inside, something felt right, not wrong, like I was in a state of natural

being. This was wrong, this was very, very wrong. I was a man, not a woman; I shouldn't feel normal and natural, I should feel quite the opposite!

I shouldn't look at my legs and see a woman's legs and think how nice they looked.

I shouldn't look at my nails and see a woman's nails and think how elegant.

I should be mortified!

Yet, I was mortified. Not mortified at how pretty and feminine I looked, but rather, mortified that I felt comfortable, that I liked it.

And that mortification made me want to tear off the clothes I was wearing. I wanted to wear them, fuck I wanted to wear them in the worst way, I wanted to keep them on and NEVER take them off and that scared the absolute fuck out of me. And because of that I wanted to rip them off RIGHT THIS SECOND.

But Tiffany would not let me. I don't think she could have known that deep down inside I WANTED to keep these clothes on, well, unless she was paying attention to the obvious—my erection. But regardless, when I asked her if I could change back, she would not hear of it. "No, Dana, you're going to wear them the rest of the afternoon and evening. You can change tonight, although the nails stay on."

"But I have work to do this afternoon, Tiffany, I have to take a couple of continuing ed exams."

"Kind of the whole point, Dana," she shook her head. "You're going to, um, work as a woman, so, you should, you know, work as a woman. Yes?"

Well, leave it to Tiffany to make perfect sense, to be completely logical, to leave me no room to argue with what she wanted. Of course that made sense. Complete, rational sense, leaving me no way to argue with her, no way to deftly argue I should take off the clothes I was wearing. Forcing me to stay dressed as a woman...and satisfy the inner voice screaming at me to do just that, forcing me to do the very thing I wanted to do but did not want to admit to either her or myself—to stay dressed, to spend the day as a woman.

The hardest thing, at first, was a practical consideration, the fact that I had absolutely no idea how to do something that seemed to come natural to Tiffany and just about any woman—how to walk in heels. Standing in them, walking in them, even awkwardly, I understood almost at once why women wore heels. The heels physically changed the shape of my legs, made my calves shapely, feminine. They forced me to arch my back, to stand up straight, to emphasize my chest, my ass. They simply looked feminine and



classy and made me feel dainty and proper. Of course, they were harder to walk in, forced me to take smaller steps, to actually walk more gracefully so as to avoid falling flat on my face.

The second hardest thing? Typing on my computer with fingernails! Hell, this would take some getting used to.

An odd thing happened that afternoon while I did my work on the computer, typing away slowly with my manicured finger nails. I forgot about being a woman. Well, not quite, a better way to put it was that I forgot that I was a male dressed as a woman. I couldn't forget the woman part, not with the way I was dressed, not with the way being dressed forced changes to my posture and movements, not with the breasts and lingerie and hose and heels. But I forgot the 'I'm really a guy' part and just, well, just was, just lived, just accepted, for the afternoon, that I was a woman. I just lived it and simply enjoyed it. For that afternoon, at least, I wasn't a man pretending to be a woman, I was simply a woman.

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That evening, though, as my feet and legs grew sore from wearing heels, as I grew tired, I wanted to change. Not like before, when I wanted to change only out of my fear from how much I liked looking like a woman, but I really wanted to. I wanted to get out of the restrictive clothing, to wind down, to relax, to just be me. Not a woman, me, not a girl, me.

Tiffany saw it, saw the look on my face after dinner, the end of my tolerance, at least for today. "You're tired, aren't you," she asked sympathetically.

"Yes, I know what you're going to say, Tiff, welcome to your world, that you dress like this every day, but, yes, it's tiring."

"Yes, it is, Dana, but you're right, welcome to my world. This is what men demand of us," she said, meaning women, she and I, "it's not easy, it's sexist, but if you embrace it, you'll feel empowered. You have to admit, it feels good to be pretty, doesn't it?"

I frowned. Well, she was only asking me to admit it felt good; she wasn't asking me to admit that I liked it. "Yea, it feels good," I said. "But I'm still tired, the heels alone are killing me!"

"They'll do that for awhile, Dana, but you'll get used to it. Okay, you've done great today, Dana, you have some more practicing to do before you start work, but I think this is going to be okay. Why don't we go upstairs and get

ready for bed. You've been such a good sport today, I thought maybe we could," she looked down and lowered her voice, "you know, maybe mess around a little bit before we go to sleep."

I didn't want to appear to literally jump at the opportunity to change out of women's clothing, though that, and the prospect of 'messing around' with Tiffany was just as bad, making me want to jump, to run upstairs. Of course, I didn't want to appear dismayed, either. In truth, I was in between the emotions, though closer to wanting to put my male things back on, still confused and disturbed at how much I liked wearing women's clothing. I knew there was a certain reality, an inevitability, to the situation. After all, as Tiffany reminded me, I had to dress this way for work. And that was my responsibility to do it, given the economy, to make due the best I could. But the inevitability of dressing like a woman did not have to include liking it. I could accept it without wanting it. Theoretically, anyway. Because the other reality was that all day, deny it as I might, I did like it.

So, I thought, act calm, act tired, act like it was no big deal. Dress as a woman or not, take it or leave it, even though one part of me wanted to take it, totally, and another part of me wanted to leave it, completely. Act neutral, even if no part of me was.

Upstairs, I kicked off the heels—that all of me liked, even the part that loved their look and feel was happy have them off and relax. I took off the blouse, wiggled out of the skirt, and hung them both up, unsure if they were to go in the laundry or not. I peeled off the pantyhose, almost laughing at my movements, so typical were they of Tiffany's when she undressed. I was about to pull the breast forms from my bra, actually feeling the relief building up inside me, the part of me that wanted to be a male, that DIDN'T want to wear women's clothes, rushing forward, seemingly winning, taking control, when Tiff walked into the bedroom behind me.

"Oh, wait, wait, Dana," Tiffany said urgently just as I was about to take out the first breast form. I turned to face her, a questioning look on my face.

She was standing in the doorway looking down, her hands behind her as if thinking; she looked almost sheepish, almost embarrassed. "What hon," I asked.

"Well, I...I didn't mean for you to, um, to, you know, change back to, you know..."

"Tiffany, what," I asked, not sure what she meant at all but knowing she'd spit it out if I prompted her.

She looked up at me, instead of finishing, switched thoughts. "I got you



something to wear to bed," she said, moving her arms from behind her back and holding out in front of her by thin satin spaghetti straps. A short white chiffon chemise with satin and lace cups. This piece of lingerie was beautiful, elegant, sexy, tasteful—just the sort of thing Tiffany would buy for herself, something I would love to see her in. She was holding it close to her body, almost modeling it, hinting visually what it would look like on her beautiful body. But that was tantalizing -- her eyes told a different story; the chemise was not meant for her, she was offering it to me to wear.

"Tiff," I managed to croak, "that...that's...lingerie."

"Yes," she said softly, her eyes holding mine for only a moment before darting away nervously. "I thought, well, that, um, that...you looked so pretty, Dana, dressed up, so feminine, I...I liked it, and, well, I thought that maybe you'd like to wear something pretty to bed, too."

Somehow my brain was categorizing the lingerie I wore all day, the women's clothing, the skirt and blouse and heels and hose that adorned my body, differently than the lingerie Tiffany was now asking me to wear. The lingerie I'd worn all day served a specific purpose, to make me look like and feel like a woman as practice for how I'd have to dress next week when I met with my new employer, and thereafter when I flew, when I worked. But the chemise, the chemise, the lingerie Tiffany had in her hands, related to none of that. I would not have to wear pretty chemises to work. I would not have to sleep in satin lingerie. I would not have to...

Something clicked in my brain, something just snapped. She wasn't just asking me to wear a pretty, feminine, even sexy chemise to bed. Just minutes ago she said we should come upstairs and 'mess around' so she was asking me to wear women's lingerie in bed in an intimate way. She was asking me to slip into a pretty chemise to get into bed and kiss and touch and possibly screw. And that was somehow worse, almost terrifying. She was asking me to wear lingerie the same way I might ask her, asking me to put on something pretty and feminine for her!

"Tiff, I thought we were going to, you know, mess around?"

"Yes," she said, still not meeting my eyes. "You looked so...so pretty all day, I thought that you could...." Her voice tailed off, she didn't vocalize her thought, but rather just left the implication hanging, almost erotically and seductively between us.

I started to stir again, the same swelling from earlier, the same rush of feminine feelings surging from my brain through my body, to my groin. I felt an immediate tightening in the panties I was wearing. I wasn't erect, but my

body was responding to the invitation from Tiffany to wear lingerie to bed and to...to 'mess around' while dressed as a woman.

"I'll wear something pretty, too," she took a step towards me, her words enticing me, drawing my eyes to the chemise in her hands, drawing my entire body erotically towards it, towards her. She was looking at me now, our eyes connected, she pulled me in, mentally, erotically, towards her. "We can be pretty together."

"You sure?" I asked, hardly realizing how easily I had acquiesced to her request, how easily the male part of my brain, the part that had been rushing forward in apparent victory, stumbled, was shoved aside by the part I was terrified to even acknowledge existed, the part that wanted to rush toward Tiffany, grab the chemise from her hands, touch it, feel it, embrace it.

"Since the breast forms aren't glued on yet, for tonight just put it on over your bra and panties," she said in answer to my question, holding the garment out towards me. Yes, part of my mind grasped the implication of what she was saying, the 'yet' and the 'for tonight', words that held the meaning of a beginning, then a continuation. Whether she meant to or not, and I think she did mean to, she was implicitly telling me that this was not being done in isolation, that if I took the chemise from her hands and put it on, I would be doing so with the understanding that it wasn't just for tonight. I'd be wearing it, or things like it, again, that any illusions I had that I would be dressing as a woman in bits and pieces were just that—illusions. I could tell myself I was dressing as a woman to fly, easily enough, but I could not so readily justify away wearing lingerie to bed, being a pretty girl in bed, making love to Tiffany as a girl.

But hadn't she been telling me that over and over again? Hadn't she been telling me again and again that to pass as a woman at my new job I had to intuitively and instinctively think like a woman, to be a woman? Hadn't I agreed to that? Yes, she had. Yes, I had. But standing here in the bedroom now, she was taking things way beyond what I understood I had been agreeing to. I wasn't just agreeing to work as a woman, grasping at the mistaken belief that I could simply play act. By asking me to leave on my bra and panties, to leave on my breast forms, to put on the chemise, by asking me to dress as a woman, to stay as a woman, and come to bed like that to 'mess around', Tiffany was asking me to keep myself mentally and physically a woman in the most intimate thing a couple could do. She was asking me to be a woman with her in way that there might be no returning from.

"Here," she said, perhaps pushing forward before she became too scared

to do what she needed to do, "slip this on while I go get changed."

I took it from her, took the chemise from her hands. As I did, our fingers touched and there was a burn, a charge, almost like static electricity, but the feeling was more mental than physical. The inciting charge shot between us, I felt it, could see in her eyes that she felt it too. She wanted this. And understood I wanted it too. With little reluctance now, I took the garment, trying to hold my hands steady, trying to wrap my brain around what was happening, unable to do either, simply knowing that I was going to wear it for her, that I had to wear it for her. I didn't understand it—why did I like wearing women's clothes so much? Why did I like the sensuous feeling? Why did it feel so right?

"I'll put something pretty on, too," she said, giving me a promising smile, one filled with almost childlike eagerness, though the underlying meaning was completely adult. I watched her walk to the closet, watched every part of her, her legs, her ass, her back, her shoulders, her neck, her hair. Every inch of her. Then, I was left alone, left standing alone in our bedroom wearing a bra, panties, suddenly aware again of the heft of the breast forms, holding the chemise in my hands. I was aware of the softness of the garment, the airy lightness, the overwhelming sexuality, the feminine sexuality of it.

I wanted to slip it on, but still part of me resisted, part of me knew instinctively that I was a male, that the lingerie I was holding was not meant for me. That part of me tried to freeze me, tried to stop me, tried to resist, tried to stay firmly on the blurring dividing line between masculine and feminine. But something else inside my body took control and shoved me, hard, over that line. It may have been simple hormones, sexual eroticism rushing through my bloodstream, the same thing causing the tightening in my panties. But there was something more, too, the same thing that made spending all day as a woman seem almost natural, as if there was a part of me that accepted putting on the chemise, accepted, even wanted, to dress as a woman, to be a woman. It worried me, I wondered where all this was leading. If I looked like this, felt like this, after only one day, how would I feel after a week? After a month?

I couldn't resolve the internal conflict, not now, I couldn't ponder my feelings, maybe later, when I had more time. For now, I just closed off both parts of my brain, the part screaming no and the part screaming yes, and simply pulled the delicate chemise over my head without thinking whether I wanted to or not, I just did it. I just slipped my arms into the satin spaghetti straps, I just let the delicate hem drop heavenly over my head and breasts,



shimmer down my smooth body, I just let it swirl and settle on my hips. I just accepted it, so simply.

Before I could have second thoughts, before I fully even realized how simply I had dismissed the warnings from my mind, all was forgotten. Tiffany walked back into the bedroom.

She had a look of playful amusement on her face, though at the same time, sexuality oozed off every inch of her body. Tiff wore something I'd never seen before, it was a plum satin slip with copper lace detail on the hem and above the bodice, a small satin bow where the delicate straps connected at her breasts. She looked stunningly beautiful and between my own attire and hers, the swelling in my pants moved from a slow growth to a full, throbbing, erection.

"I bought something for myself, too," she said shyly.

"You look, um, beautiful," I stammered, feeling overwhelmed.

"So do you," she responded, "and, well, I never imagined how pretty you could be."

"Tiff," I swallowed, looking down, self conscious from her gaze burning into me.

"I mean it, Dana," she said. I could tell she wasn't going to back down, wasn't going to look away, "I'm serious—you're prettier than most women."

"Tiffany, please," I was feeling oddly proud, part of me felt touched to be called pretty, yet still, the absurdity of it, of being called pretty, prettier than most women, by my fiancée of all people, was discomforting.

"Yea," she allowed, "I know that sounds strange coming, but it's true. Does that bother you," she asked, "me telling you that you're pretty?"

"You're my fiancée, Tiffany, I'm supposed to be, what, handsome and dashing and strong and masculine, not..."

"Kiss me," she interrupted.

"What?"

"I said kiss me, Dana. I don't care what you're supposed to be, I only care what you are, this minute. You're pretty and elegant and soft and feminine, and dammit, you're turning me on and all I want to do is kiss you."

I started to tremble, each word was a challenge to my manhood, a test even. Pretty. Elegant. Soft. Feminine. Each description a slap, a dare to respond. A man would, a man would never accept such a description of himself, from a stranger, from a friend, from a lover, from anyone. Yet I was speechless, literally unable to respond. Her words froze me, and intentionally or not, emasculated me. What man couldn't respond to being called pretty? Or

feminine? By not responding I in essence confirmed her quasi-accusation.

"Kiss me, Dana," she said, almost begging. For an instant more I tried to summon the courage, the masculinity, to try to find the essence of my maleness, my manhood. To lift the chemise back over my head. To throw off the bra and panties. To literally and figuratively step back from Tiffany's challenge. But I couldn't.

Instead I stepped forward, to her, to her words, to femininity, to softness, to everything I shouldn't be. I took her in my arms, my mouth went to hers, pressed, kissed, and slowly dissolved. Everything felt different, everything I'd ever known about her, about women, nothing, no individual sensation was the same. Her lips felt different, softer, wetter, prettier. Part of that must have been from me, from the lip gloss on my lips, from girl kissing girl. But it was more, it was tender and gentle and...I caught a glance of us in a small mirror over Tiffany's shoulder and the image shocked me.

Tiffany was kissing a girl! My fiancée was kissing a girl! And, fuck, the girl was me! The image was fleeting, for Tiffany, without breaking the kiss, moved gently towards the bed and now we were sitting, kissing, holding hands. But even fleeting, it was burned into my mind, the image, my fiancée kissing another woman, kissing me, girl touching girl. Everything, except the tightness in my panties, feminine.

"Wow," Tiffany said, breaking the kiss, struggling to breath. "Wow. I...I feel dizzy."

"Me too," I laughed nervously.

"I never kissed a girl before," she said, "I mean, well, I don't know...how about just wow. I could feel your fingernails on my skin and, it was almost like I was touching myself," she giggled.

"What do you mean," I asked. Touching her felt different, she was right, the nails she had put on my fingers made things feel different, completely different, but I was confused what she meant.

"Yea, you wouldn't quite get it. Did it feel different touching me?"

"Yes."

"Touch your thigh, Dana," she looked down, "run your fingers on it."

Immediately I got it, of course. The nails caused me to touch my leg differently, to keep my fingers straight with my leg, and just naturally, I moved them slower, let my nails glide on my skin. "Wow," I chuckled, "it's like you're touching me."

"Like a woman's touching you," she said, "here, do this," she said, moving her hand slowly up her stomach, to her chest, caressing her breast

seductively. "Rub your breasts, like this, like a woman....wait," she said as I moved my hands inward and pushed me gently backwards onto the bed.

Running my fingers up my stomach produced the same intense sensation as did running my fingers up my legs—the sensation of being touched by a woman. When my hands got to my bra, to my breasts, the sensation became overwhelming, so much so that I gasped in shock. I was being touched by a woman, by a stranger's hands, except the hands belonged to me.

"What?" I asked her, nervously seeing at her staring at me mouth wide open,. "Should I stop?" I stammered, misinterpreting the look on her face.

"Don't you dare," she hissed, voice more husky than normal, deeper, demanding, even shaken. And then I gasped even louder, this time not at the sensations caused by my own fingers, but those caused by hers, by her fingers now dancing around the outside of the panties I wore. "This is how women touch themselves, gently, rubbing, in circles, caressing."

She took my right hand in hers and brought it down to the panties I was wearing, to the throbbing erection covered by my panties, leaving my left to touch and caress my breasts. "Women grab men's cocks, Dana, stroke them, but they gently rub and finger themselves, that's it, just like that, just a finger or two, gently, gently."

I was well, well beyond the point of shame at that moment, well beyond caring that I'd gone so far from simply dressing as a woman. All I could think about was following Tiffany's lead, basking in the an intimate setting, rubbing two fingers over my panty covered crotch like I actually was a woman, like I'd seen Tiffany do. "Women just rub themselves, sweetie, just rub their clits, there, just like that, Dana, that's right, rub yourself, like that, rub your clit."

Tiffany leaned over me, her breasts pressed into me, pressed into my bra, my breasts. I could feel the soft satin of her chemise dancing over the soft material of mine, satin breast cup rubbing on satin breast cup. "I know this isn't...I...I don't what's...seeing you like this...do...do you want me to stop? she asked.

"No," I answered quickly, maybe too quickly, not that it mattered for she immediately kissed me, deeper than before, yet still so soft and gentle, breasts pushing into mine. I reached up to put my arms around her and ran my fingers over her back, through the satin, let my fingernails dance over her softly, seductively. She responded with a gentle moan, a burning desire I never heard from her before.

"I want you Dana," she said between kisses, somehow moving her hands



down to my panties, moving them aside so my erection sprang free. I responded immediately, thrust my hips upward, towards the hot wetness hovering over me, tried to thrust into her. "No, no, Dana," she kissed me moving her own hips upward to match my movements. "Like a girl, Dana, like a girl, not a man, I want you like a girl."

Like a girl. The words reverberated around my brain. Like a girl, like a girl. As they seemed to echo, Tiffany lowered her hips to my erection, not to the tip, like she would to fuck me, like I wanted her to so I could enter her, but onto the base, trapping me between my stomach and her wetness. While kissing me, she began to rub against me, so the tip of my erection, the most sensitive part of me, my clit, rubbed back and forth against her clit, so her satin covered breasts rubbed against mine. In seconds she began shaking, in only seconds of touching she began to breath heavily, in mere seconds she began to orgasm.

I tried one more time to enter her, to shift, to move my hips so I could thrust into her, but she stopped me with her words. "No, Dana, like girls, clit to clit, like girls," she whispered, kissing me, holding my arms down with her hands, rubbing, breast to fantasy breast, clit to fantasy clit.

Her teeth were literally chattering as she orgasmed from simply rubbing against me. I didn't know what caused it, what caused her to have such a powerful orgasm, so quickly. I didn't know if it was a mental image she had, a mental image of making love to another woman. Maybe it was just the soft feeling of our lingerie clad bodies rubbing against one another. Perhaps it was the crush of breast on breast, or, as she said, clit on clit. Whatever it was, she was cumming like she never had before, shaking like she never had before.

For me, it was all of those things. The mental image of two women making love alone was powerful, but the thought that I was one of those women was erotic like nothing I'd ever experienced. The physical sensations only reinforced that mental image, and quickly pushed me to the same edge of orgasm that Tiffany had already tumbled over. I tried to stop it, tried to "last" if only for her. "Tiffany," I mumbled, this time moving my hips not to enter her but to break the contact.

"No, don't, Dana, don't." She pushed down, rubbed, rubbed.

"But I'm going to..."

"It's okay, lover, it's okay," she shook, still cumming, still orgasming, shaking, moaning, "cum with me like a girl, like a pretty girl."

It was too much, the lingerie, the softness, the wetness, the words, the

feelings. I started to shake, as much as she was, I started to orgasm, to feel the release, the rush of pleasure as her wet clit rubbed mine. And then the wetness multiplied, her wetness was joined by my wetness, by the cum gushing out from me, covering her, covering me.

"Oh, fuck, Tiff, fuck," I moaned, "fuck, fuck."

"Yes, Dana, yes, yes my pretty," she said, collapsing onto me.

We just lay there for several minutes, neither speaking. I don't know about Tiffany, but I could hardly process what just happened. For all practical purposes I had just made love to my fiancée as a woman. Yes, with her encouragement, but it happened all the same. Why? Why did this happen? And why did I so easily participate?

"Tiff?"

"Yea," she responded lazily, almost like she had been dozing.

"I...I..."

"Shhh, it's okay, Dana, it's okay."

"No, Tiff, no it's not," I felt my eyes well up with tears and suddenly I start to softly cry.

"Dana," Tiffany said, pushing herself up to look at me, "what's wrong?"

"What's wrong," I asked, tears still leaking down my cheeks. "Tiffany, you...we...we just..."

"Yea," she smiled and kissed the tears on my face, obviously knowing why I was crying. "It's really okay, Dana."

"But I'm not a..."

"No," she kissed my lips this time, "don't say it, Dana, don't."

"But..."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes, but..."

"So did I, Dana."

"Yea, but, Tiff, why..." I tried again only to be cut off again.

"Don't let those thoughts ruin it, Dana, it doesn't matter why?"

But it did matter, it mattered a lot. It mattered why I so easily slipped into the mental skin of a woman. It mattered why it seemed so natural. It mattered that Tiffany not only seemed accepting, but was also encouraging. It mattered that I fucking liked it, that I felt it, deep inside, that it excited me. It mattered that even now, after I had cum, I still felt it, some natural sense of femininity. It all mattered, dammit.

"Tiff, this isn't right, I'm a man," I said.

"Hmmm," she said burying her head in my neck. Oh god, that tone, that



tone, that, sure, whatever you say tone, that, agreeing with me but not agreeing with me at all tone.

"Tiff, what?!"

"I'm a man, says my pretty fiancée with the pretty hair and pretty makeup.

"You know what I mean. 'I'm a man,' says my pretty lover wearing pretty lingerie over her pretty breasts."

Her, she called me her. "You called me her, Tiffany."

"I did," she agreed.

"Tiff, I'm a man," I urged.

"Hmmm," she said again in the same tone, but more lazily. "I'm tired, Dana, we'll talk about it tomorrow, okay?"

With that she stood up and went to the bathroom, returned a minute later with a warm washcloth, and tenderly wiped the mess up off my now shrunken penis and stomach. After cleaning me, Tiffany carefully tucked my penis back into my panties, pushing it gently downward between my legs so that, once again, I appeared flat and feminine and dainty, as if she was toying with me, even mocking me for calling myself a man. "Don't think like a man, Dana," she said softly.

I fell asleep, the doubts swirling about my brain, doubts about the essence of myself, about whether I actually was masculine or feminine, doubts that seemed to resolve themselves clearly in favor of the later. I fell asleep holding Tiffany, my breasts pushed into her back, forcing me to think about the feminine, about the soft, about the woman.

## Chapter 6 – Explanation

When I woke up in the morning Tiffany was on her side staring at me. It's quite shocking to open your eyes and find someone staring at you. It's more shocking to realize that it's your fiancée doing the staring, made worse by the immediate recollection of the previous night's activities, and the awareness that you're wearing lingerie, that she's staring at you, feminized, pretty, a girl.

"Tiff," I said sleepily.

"Good morning sleepy head," Tiffany smiled.

"You're staring at me," I said looking away from her.

"I can't help it," she responded reaching out and touching my face. "You look so pretty lying there sleeping."

"Already with the pretty?"

"You want me to lie?"

"No." I answered. No, but I wasn't quite sure of my answer.

"I know you're confused. I'm not surprised, I have to admit I'm confused, too. I was glad when you found this job, really apprehensive when I learned about the dress code, but figured what choice did we have? I wasn't really surprised how easily you pass as a woman, but I was certainly surprised how attractive you are, how sexually attractive. And how much you seem to like it."

"You keep saying that Tiffany, saying how much I like it, I don't agree."

"Really?" She reached over to me, touched one of my breast forms, smiled. "You certainly seemed to like it last night."

I didn't know how to respond to that. I didn't know how to deny it, it seemed foolish, like denying that the sun rose in the east, but I didn't want to admit it either. "I can't explain it, Tiffany," I said, realizing that nothing I said would begin to capture anything about how I felt.

"I can. Or, I think I can."

"You can, how?"

"I think...and I know you're going to think it's crazy, but I think you might be transgendered."

I looked at her unbelieving. Transgendered? Was she crazy? "Transgendered," I frowned, almost angry. "That's what your fucking psychology minor tells you?" This wasn't the first time I'd said that, dismissed something she was saying as amateur psychology. But I usually said it in jest. This time I was serious.

She looked at me, her eyes as completely serious as my tone was. "That's what my psychology minor tells me, yes, that plus the reading I did on the Internet. Yes. That's what it tells me, actually. Get mad if you want, I understand. Laugh even, if you want, Dana, it won't change the truth of it, if that's the truth. Which I think it is."

"Well, to tell you the truth Tiffany, I'm not really sure what transgendered even means, but I'm pretty sure I'm not it. I'm a guy."

"Sure, on the outside, Dana, and genetically. Yes, I agree that you're a male. But transgendered doesn't have to do with genetics, it has to do with a person's inner gender. What transgendered means is that a person's inner gender doesn't match their genetic gender, the gender they were born."

"What are you saying, Tiffany? That I was born a guy but that there's a woman inside me?" She didn't say anything, she just stared at me. "Tiff, that's ridiculous! For fuck's sake, I'm doing this because of the goddamn job, not because there's a woman inside me."

"Is it, Dana? Really? It is really ridiculous to say that you're not at all turned on dressing as a woman? Because I think the erection you had yesterday morning might say otherwise." I didn't want to hear that, certainly didn't want to admit it, but she just stared at me as she talked, saw the blush, confirmation of what she was saying. "Is it ridiculous to say that considering how easily you took to it yesterday? Because while you were studying yesterday afternoon, I went back and re-read all those transgendered websites that I could. There are lots of different types, I don't know which you are, if any. Let's see, I read all transsexuals and cross dressers and transvestites. I read all about effeminate men who dress and act like women, and about submissive sissy girls who just want to serve dominant women."

My eyes went wide in shock at the words coming out of Tiffany's mouth, words of the sort I'd hardly even heard before, anywhere, let alone from Tiffany. "Effeminate? Cross dresser? Sissy? Tiffany, I'm not any of those things," I protested. "I only dressed like this because of the stupid job, because...because I had to!" Of course, I was acutely aware that even as I denied her accusations, even as I tried to explain, the job had absolutely nothing to do with the erection I had all yesterday morning. Nor did it have anything to do with last night.

And that's exactly what Tiffany pointed out. "Dana, I agree with you up to a point, you dressed as a woman because of the job...you did it for me, for us, for your career. Okay, I get that. I know the job was the catalyst. But don't patronize me, Dana, last night was way beyond dressing for work. It's one

thing to dress as a woman for work, it's something else entirely to do it in bed."

"But you led me on, Tiff, you were pushing it, I just followed your lead."

"You just followed my lead? That's an interesting choice of words, Dana."

"Why?"

"Let me ask you something. Yesterday, not last night, yesterday during the day, did it feel strange to spend the day as a woman, uncomfortable, or was it natural, like wearing a pair of old boots?"

Trying to think of way to answer, I didn't speak right away, instead I tried to make sense of my own feelings, tried to put what I felt into words. I need not have bothered—my pause, my silence was answer enough for her.

"Yea, that's what I thought, Dana. I'm glad you didn't deny it because it was obvious how comfortable, how easy it was for you."

"Tiff, I didn't know, honestly," I said, as if lack of foreknowledge somehow made it different, somehow made up for my tacit admission that I was comfortable spending the day as a woman.

"Dana, I," she started, but seemed to think better of it.

"You what," I asked.

She dodged the question again. "Listen. Whether you knew or not doesn't really matter, Dana. Here's what matters—to take the pilot's job with AGCO you have to dress as a woman, the only way you were ever going to be able to do it and not get fired is to actually look and act like a woman, so we dressed you as a woman and that I think awakened something inside you that you never knew was there."

"What do you mean," I asked her. "You make it sound like you're not surprised," I challenged.

The eyes, the eyes always betray. Her quick look down told me all I needed to know. "Tiffany!"

"I'm sorry, Dana, I'm sorry. I didn't, like, know know, I mean, like I didn't for sure know. I'm not even sure you could say I consciously thought about it. I guess, though, I wasn't surprised, that's all. I took a couple of human sexuality classes in college, you probably don't remember, but we read about transgendered people. It was just one class...I won't say it was obvious, but like we've joked, you're the girl in our relationship...that doesn't just spring from nothing. I guess I've always kind of known you were different, Dana. You've always been the sort of guy who doesn't seem comfortable or at home with masculinity. Just take an example, at family gatherings or when we're with friends, you'd always rather spend the afternoon in the kitchen with the



women, fixing food, than in the den with the guys watching sports?"

She was right, she was so fucking right. But still! "Why'd you agree to marry me then," I shot back, feeling hurt and betrayed. "Why'd you ever say yes if you thought I was...a fucking girl inside?"

"Because I love you, Dana," she responded immediately with utter sincerity.

"Love me? But you thought I was transgendered," I spat back, "you thought...think...I'm a girl!"

"No, that's NOT what I thought. I may have wondered, sure, but it was just idle speculation. I wasn't sure, I mean, it isn't like you did anything. And you know what? So what! I love you, Dana, I fell in love with a person. You, not a gender."

"You don't see me as a man."

"Kind of hard to see you as a man when you're wearing a bra, panties, and a pretty nightie, Dana."

She meant it as a joke, a soft retort, but it stung just the same. As did her more serious follow-up comment. "To answer your question honestly, no, Dana, I don't. I don't see you as a man; but then, you don't see yourself as a man, either."

"I try," I said weakly.

"I know, sweetie, and it's cute." She ran her fingers onto my chest, touched me, my breast, through the soft satin cups of the chemise, through the bra, disarming my apparently feeble attempts at masculinity by simply calling me cute. "But being feminine feels natural, doesn't it?"

I was still reluctant to admit that to her, to confirm to my fiancée that yes, being feminine felt like the most natural thing in the world. And why wouldn't I be reluctant? Seriously, why the hell would any guy admit to any woman he cared about that he felt comfortable, that it felt natural, to dress or act like a woman?

"Dana, don't you get it? I...I'm not mad at you, I'm not upset, not in the slightest. Just the opposite, in fact, I think it's adorable, I think it's sexy, I think...last night was, well," she blushed, but wouldn't look away. "Kind of a turn on."

"A turn on? But why, Tiff," I asked, though I could hardly understand it myself, could hardly explain to her why the same was true for me, why I obviously was also turned on.

"I don't know, I mean, I think I have some ideas if I remember my psych classes right, but I'm not even sure. It's like, I feel like, I'm helping you, helping

feminize you, and it makes me feel, I don't even know how to describe it. Powerful, I guess."

"Powerful," I said, feeling the pull of the exact opposite, feeling weak, feeling emasculated.

"I know it's strange, but yes, powerful, like I have this intense feeling that you're somehow, um, a...a sissy, I guess...and you're submitting to me, and that's like, well, it's a rush, it's exciting, it's like..."

I didn't hear what she said; I started getting dizzy, as soon as she said it, the word. "Sissy," I managed to ask, hormones rushing through me, igniting my skin like I'd never felt before. My reaction to hearing the word was intense, my reaction upon saying it even more so -- sissy, sissy, sissy.

"Yes," she said. "A sissy, a tender, soft, feminine lover, a sweet lover, doing what I want. It makes some sense, emotionally, when you think about it, Dana. Isn't that the best sex we have? The times you're not worried about fucking me, when...when you're not worried about trying to last, when you're not worried about being a man, making me cum when you're inside me? It's like the best orgasms...the times you make me so hot and wet are those times I tell you that we're NOT going to fuck and I TELL YOU to go down on me anyway and just worry about making me cum. Do you know how that makes me feel? Like you're serving me, Dana, and in a way you are, and it's fucking amazing."

"God, Tiff," I said, face flush. Of course I knew what she meant, that was something I'd felt, too. And truth be told, part of me absolutely LOVED those sexual encounters, when worrying about my own sexual pleasure was set aside so I could focus on her. Times she was too tired or bored or not in the mood to actually fuck, but would happily let me, even tell me, to lick her, to make her cum.

"You like that, Dana, you've told me a thousand times, except for the heat of the moment when you lose control, I think you'd rather lick me than fuck me. Sometimes I think you'd like it better—sex—if you didn't ever have to worry about pleasing me the way a man does a woman and instead could simply please me the way you best can."

"Yeah, probably," I said. It was true. I'd go down on Tiff in a second, I'd do it in the living room while she was watching television, in bed while she was reading, in the morning while she was waking up. I'd do it just to do it, to make her happy, to make her scream, to make her relax, to make her cum. I'd promise to do it days when she said she didn't feel like fucking. I'd beg her, please, please, I could just go down on you. And I would, and at the end, when I

was fully charged with sexual hormones, I'd want to fuck her but I wouldn't even ask, I'd just lick her gently, and softly and cover her back up or pull her panties back into place and just be happy that she was happy. I'd be happy even though I wouldn't have cum myself.

"And I love it, Dana, god how I love it. It's so different from any man I've ever known, that's what makes you so different from anyone I've ever known, anyone I've ever been with. Maybe it's why I love you so much. No man would ever do that. Maybe once, just once, but never like you do, never like a..."

The word caught in her throat. She didn't have to say it for my brain to hear it as if she'd screamed it. But still I wanted her to voice it, part of me wanted to hear it. "Like a what, Tiffany?"

She looked at me for a full minute, breathing, but not speaking. Then finally, "like a sissy, Dana."

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We didn't speak of it again the entire weekend or early the following week, though the word seemed to hover over everything we did. Saturday and Sunday and Monday and Tuesday mornings when she helped me dress for the day in something feminine, the accusation was there, unspoken but like a heavy fog over everything we said and did. Every evening when she had some new piece of lingerie for me to wear to bed, I could hear it all over again. "Like a sissy, Dana." Like a sissy.

Like a sissy. Fuck, how can a guy, even one as confused as I was, get that word out of his mind. Sissy? Like a sissy? What did that mean? What was she accusing me of—after all, it was an accusation of sorts. A sissy? That's what other boys often called someone who refused to be daring or take risks. *Afraid to climb onto the roof, sissy? Afraid to play with fireworks, sissy? Afraid to play football, sissy?* Sissy could mean someone who was afraid to take physical risks—a taunt enforcing of 'manhood' carrying out the penalty for not belonging to the right group of boys, being a nobody to a group of guys. *Ignore him, he's just a sissy.*

To some extent, her calling me a sissy reminded me of that schoolboy's taunt—can't get a job? *Sissy*. Can't take care of your woman? *Sissy*. The guy part of me took that personally. But was that what Tiffany meant? Was she using the word to criticize me, the way boys would?

I didn't know.

Was it something more subtle? Girls could call boys sissies, meaning it



similar, but not quite the same way a boy would. *Awwwww, don't worry about him, he's practically a sissy.* I remember a girl in college saying that about me when I asked a friend of hers out on a date. She thought I couldn't hear, but I did. *Dana Sullivan? I don't know, he's kind of a sissy.* She meant effeminate, I think, but not quite the way a boy would. A boy or group of boys who thought another boy a sissy would have nothing to do with the accused sissy. The girls though? They liked me, liked talking to me, hanging out with me, they just didn't see me as a man, as datable material. *He's a sissy.* They saw me as a friend, just not a romantic partner.

Was that what Tiffany meant?

Every time she told me I looked pretty I looked, I'd hear her words. "Like a sissy."

Did she mean it like that? I was a sissy, like, not a man, but cool, still?

And every time I went down on her, which I did at least once a day. "Like a girl." Did that mean like a sissy? That itself was a subtle but significant change. Before, I'd do it more often than not when we were actually making love or when I asked her if I could. Now, she initiated it, she did the asking. Saturday morning when I woke up, she asked, "Know a great way to wake up? Having a pretty sissy go down on you like a girl."

Sunday after lunch, I was about to sit on the couch next to her and read the Sunday Times with her—she was already well into the Arts section. Without looking up from the paper, she put her hand on my shoulder and pushed me gently to the floor and I spent the next hour between her legs, her robe open, licking her to orgasm after orgasm. Naturally, without self-relief. Not like a man. Not like a man dressed as a woman. Not as her equal, like a woman.

Like a sissy.

Monday when she got home from work, when she walked in, told me she'd had a long day, and asked me to bring her a glass of wine. When I brought it to her, she just pointed down at her lap and I knew and I did.

Like a sissy. Every time, like a sissy.

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Tuesday I received an email from Mrs. Peterson:

Mr. Sullivan,



I wanted to congratulate you again on your conditional employment with AGCO. As I explained during the interview and in my previous email, you need to report for a uniform fitting and inspection tomorrow prior to finalization of your employment. The inspection will take place at AGCO's flight headquarters at the address below.

As you know, employment is conditioned on your passing this inspection. The inspection is not particular to your situation; this requirement does not just apply to you, but to all AGCO flight personnel. Please report for your inspection dressed in compliance with the dress policy. Failure to comply with the dress policy guidelines, failure of the inspection, or failure of the uniform fitting will result in a revocation of the offer of employment. I will meet you in the lobby of flight HQ at 10:00 am. The process should take several hours.

Sincerely,

Judith Peterson  
HR Director  
AGCO, Inc.

And so it was, I was to report to work tomorrow dressed and acting like a woman, a situation, several weeks ago, I never could have imagined, certainly never could have imagined actually LIKING!

Tuesday night Tiffany laid out in the guest room the clothes I was going to wear the next morning. Though she wouldn't show me the clothes until the next morning, she said she had taken great care to plan my outfit for the meeting, suspecting, quite correctly as I learned later, that Mrs. Peterson fully expected I would fail the inspection, and so assumed she would be able to rescind the job offer.

Wednesday morning we woke up a couple of hours before I had to leave for the meeting and she had to leave for work. I got in the shower first and was facing the water, letting it run over my face, waking me up, when the shower door opened behind me and Tiffany stepped in. "What are you doing," I asked her, for an instant immediately fantasizing about sex in the shower,

despite the realities, the practical difficulties of that act.

"Just saving time," she said in a neutral tone, switching spots with me and rinsing out her own hair. But her thought must not have been completely neutral, for every time we switched spots under the water she squeezed closely by me, would rub her ass against me, let her hand brush me, until, because I'd not cum in days, I was completely, in a most unfeminine way, totally erect.

Tiffany noticed, of course she noticed, she'd caused it on purpose, whatever she had in mind. "That's not very ladylike," she said, looking at me, taking the erection in her soapy hand.

"Sorry," I said, actually apologizing for having an erection, apologizing for responding as any male would to a beautiful woman rubbing against him.

"It's okay, honey, I'll just assume it's girl excitement," she was moving her hands back and forth now, soaping it up, exciting me even more. "But this is good."

"I like it," I said, head spinning, holding onto the shower wall for support.

"You won't," she said quietly, continuing to rub. "You know, Dana, one of the things that makes a woman, well, a woman, is her sexuality. I want you to use that today."

"Okay," I said, eyes fluttering open and closed, quickly getting close to an orgasm.

"Sexuality, Dana, a woman's sexuality. You'll need it all day, you'll need your potential employers to sense it, like, well, like an animal in heat."

"Hmmmm," I answered, without answering, barely paying attention, instead letting myself tumble closer to orgasm.

"That's why you can't cum, Dana," she said, suddenly letting go of my erection.

My eyes flew open. "Tiff!" My erection was now bobbing on its own, jumping up and down, close to spurting, but unable to, needing more attention, just slightly more attention.

"I know, it's almost mean, isn't it Dana? But it's something women go through, being brought so close to orgasm, left short though. It's usually by a wimpy man, one who gets too excited when he finds himself actually inside a woman and then cums too quickly. You know the kind, don't you?" She was running a finger up my chest, staring at me, accusing me, really. And, justifiably so—how many times had I cum too quickly inside her, to hear her frustrated moan at the realization that was all, close, but that she wasn't going to cum, too.

"You'll feel it all day, Dana, trust me. And when Mrs. Peterson looks at you she'll sense it, trust me. And she'll sense it as only a woman can sense a woman. You'll give off that vibe, it will make you just that much more feminine, that's the power of a woman's sexuality. I just hope you don't run into too many guys." She had finished rinsing off and reached over and turned the water off.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"What's what supposed to mean," she said stepping out of the shower and grabbing two towels, handing one to me.

"That you hope I don't run into too many guys?"

"Well guys...I mean, well, I should have said that differently...I hope you don't run into too many men...you know...masculine guys, real men."

I looked at her with a 'whatever, just explain what you meant' look.

"Guys...masculine guys," she smiled implying, obviously, that she didn't mean me. "Alpha men, they're sometimes called, have this way of sensing a woman's sexuality, sensing when she's, I don't know what to call it, horny, maybe, sexually needy, perhaps. It's part hormonal, driven by ovulation. Some men, alpha men, just sense intuitively when a woman's ovulating and thus, when her sex drive is highest. But they can also sense, again intuitively, when a woman's, well, sexually frustrated, and they have this primal, alpha male urge to have her. I suppose that's why a real alpha man is successful with women, even married women or women in relationships. They just know when a woman's sexually available, just know when to strike. So, I guess I'm just saying I hope you don't run into any alpha men or you might find yourself on the receiving end of some, um, unique attention...but that's just the life of a woman."

I thought for a moment, how did she know this? I understood the part about ovulating, but the sexual frustration? Maybe I should pay more attention to the Cosmo's when they came in the mail. What the hell was in those things? "This is what one of those women's magazines tells you?"

"Yes," she blushed, "something like that."

"What's that supposed to mean," I asked, having my own intuitive moment, already beginning to understand what she really did mean by 'something like that'.

"Dana, I...I didn't mean anything by it."

I looked at her. Obviously she meant something by it.

"Sweetie."

"Tiffany."



"It's nothing, Dana, it's just...I don't know...there are...sometimes you...you've been kind of quick, you know that, and you finish before I can, and I'm kind of like you are now...frustrated and horny and..."

"And," I asked, unable to deny what she was saying, knowing, of course, this was the part, this was the key, sensing the words before she spoke them.

"Well, the guys at work, the so-called alpha males, they know, they somehow know, somehow sense it. Every time. I don't have the first clue why nature made men and women this way, but every time that you...that I'm...frustrated...sexually...they swarm around me like bees to honey...like they know when a woman is weakest and sexually vulnerable and..."

"Weakest, Tiff? You don't mean that..."

"Dana, no, I'd never cheat on you! I'm just saying, fuck, how'd we get on this topic, I'd never actually do it. I'm just saying there are times when I, well, crave...you know, this isn't about me...I was just saying that, well, you'd better hope there are no alpha men around you today, you'll understand." She said it with a conspiratorial grin, but her eyes had something else in them, something less than innocent, something even guilty.

"Tiffany, that's like sexual harassment."

"No, no, it's nothing like that, Dana, it's innocent, it's flattering, like harmless fantasy, it doesn't mean anything, it's just flirting."

"Flirting with an 'alpha man' as you call it, when you're sexually frustrated and vulnerable, doesn't sound innocent."

"It's nothing, Dana, really. Besides, you should be flattered, too. It's your fiancée they're flirting with, you're the one that has me, you're the one I come home to. You might not believe it, but some, um, guys, not alpha guys, but, well, you know, some, um, sissies, actually find it to be a turn on."

"Find what to be a turn on? Guys hitting on their women? How's that a turn on?"

"I don't know, Dana, there are whole web sites about it, cuckolding it's called. I didn't read them, though, I was only looking a cross dressing stuff, though there seems to be some overlap, I suppose it's a power thing, a sissy doesn't feel like a man, deep inside, gives up pretending to be a man, I guess it must feel natural, when thinking like a girl, to give up trying to screw like a man, to let an alpha man do it instead. But fuck, Dana, I don't know anything, I'm just telling you that you'd better watch out for guys today, just like I have to when I'm sexually frustrated."

I was still erect from Tiffany's toying with me in the shower so I really don't know what was keeping me like that, keeping my erection from

subsiding, from shrinking. I couldn't say if it was simply her physical touches, whether it was her nakedness, or whether it was something more, like that word again, sissy. Or worse still, the mental image she had somehow managed to paint in my mind of men, alpha men, flirting with her, hitting on her, sensing her sexual frustrations, wanting to take her, like a animal, like a dog takes a bitch in heat, like a lion takes a lioness, like a gorilla, exerting his dominance over the rest of the troop, subservient males included.

I heard Tiffany say something. "Huh?"

"I said it's time to get dressed, Dana. Quit daydreaming about...just...come on," she said, wrapping her towel around her body, seeming to think, her mind also miles away, but coming back quickly. "Here, we need to do something about this," she took me by my erect penis, tugged it gently, and pulled me by it, as if a leash, from the room.

By do something, she meant get rid of my erection. "Not very ladylike," she teased, leading me out of the bedroom, into the great room. "You need to be small and unobtrusive."

"You could just," I thrust my hips, making it slide in her hand.

"Not a chance, Dana," she laughed, squeezing her grip on my erection, not to the point that it hurt, but enough to stop me from humping her hand. "Sexually frustrated, love, sexually frustrated." She detoured from the path from the master bedroom to the guest room, leading me into the kitchen, to the fridge. She opened the freezer side and took a zip lock bag from inside.

"Ice," I asked.

"To shrink things back to normal," she smiled, tilting her head in that little thing she did.

Back to normal? Yes, small, as she'd said. Back to normal. Unobtrusive, as she'd said. Back to normal. Back to the opposite of an alpha male. To what? A sissy, that's what, that's what she'd implied. Feminized, with a small, unobtrusive penis, too small to satisfy her. The small penis that left her sexual frustrated, much to the excitement of the alpha men at her office? Men, who all I could think of, were at her office hitting on her. Ironically enough, those thoughts did nothing, NOTHING to shrink my penis. Just the opposite, in fact, as she said the words, 'to shrink things back to normal' and as all the erotic thoughts that implied rushed through my brain, I actually got harder, more erect, swelled even more in her tight hand and she HAD to feel it, HAD to realize it, even if she didn't acknowledge it, simply HAD to appreciate what was happening to my penis. She had to be aware that talking about men hitting on her was making me swell even more. She had to understand that

talking about how small I was had the peculiar effect of exciting me.

But she said nothing. Not yet, no, not now, nothing. She simply led me to the guest bedroom, by my erect penis, where today was about another part of me, the feminization of me, where waiting for me was everything to make my first foray into the world as a woman complete.

"Here, we need to start with this," she said, handing me the bag of ice. "I know it's going to be a little cold, but press it up against that for a minute." She pointed to my crotch, to my erection.

Reluctantly, because it was cold as FUCK, not just a little cold, but almost unbearably cold, but that's what she wanted, and as expected, my body responded almost immediately and my erection began to shrink. I looked at her, eyes pleading, enough? Enough?

"A little more, hon," she said. Little, little.

I waited another fifteen seconds. My erection was gone. "Now?"

"Smaller, sweetie," she said with a pleasant smile. "All the way back to its normal size."

I blushed, I may have hissed, shocked. Yes, of course I fucking blushed. Small. Normal size. That was my penis my fiancée was talking about, my goddamn fucking penis, and the "male" part of my brain was not at all happy to hear any woman, especially THIS woman, talking about how SMALL I was, especially how 'small' was normal.

"Dana," she said, turning from the bed with a pair of panties in her hand, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you, I just meant, well...it is small." She looked down. Of course it was, the ice was doing its job. "That's good, Dana, men worry about the size of their cocks, men want big dicks, men, dear, that's an alpha male thing. That's not how YOU need to think—you need to think like a GIRL."

"Yes," I agreed.

"Think like a girl, Dana, today is all about being a girl. Pretty girls don't think about big cocks between their legs...okay, that sounds wrong," she laughed. "They do, just not like that. Let me try that again. Pretty sissy girls don't worry about the size of their penis or whether it's big enough to satisfy a woman, they leave that to real men. Pretty sissy girls WANT to be small, Dana, they want to be small and soft and hidden. So small is good, Dana, think of it that way, small is good."

I think, if not for the ice, her words would have had the opposite effect of what she intended. I blushed, and if not for the ice, likely would have GROWN, for somehow being called small like that, was actually arousing. Thank



fucking god for the ice, thank fucking god, for without it she would have seen it, would have seen that being called small, being emasculated in such a way, was fucking arousing.

"For a girl like you, small is good. A small penis can be hidden, tucked away in your panties, making you look and feel more like a girl. Here," she handed me the black nylon and lace panties she was holding, "put these on."

I set the ice bag down, took the panties, stepped into them, pulled them up over my hips and shrunken penis. They were tight, not too small, just secure. And she was certainly right that there was barely a mound, barely any visible indication that there was something other than a vagina under the panties.

"Just a little adjustment," she walked behind me, "it's called tucking."

"Tucking?"

"Yea, here," from behind me she reached between my legs into the crotch of the panties. "You take these and push them up and in," I felt her push one ball, then the other, into my body, "then pull this backwards and 'tuck' it against the crotch of the pants. Like so. See, flat and feminine, like you don't even have a penis."

I looked down—she was absolutely right. There was nothing now, NOTHING, that would even hint that there was a male organ underneath the panties. Nothing. "It's gone," I said, shocked.

"Now you look like a lady, Dana. And don't feel TOO ashamed. Remember, just think of it like this. Pretty sissy girls leave worrying about cock size to men, okay?"

"Okay," I agreed quickly, not at all comfortable about the topic, neither being called a sissy girl nor the implication, no, the outright statement that I was small. True or not. "Okay, okay, okay." Yes, I'll leave that to the men, to the real men, to the alpha men, to the men who hit on her, men, men, men, because, clearly, I was not a man, clearly. How much more clear could she have been?

"Good, dear, good. Leave the cocks to men. For a woman, so also for a sissy girl, for you, focus should be on breasts. Cocks are hard and masculine and made for thrusting. What could be more masculine, thrusting, like a sword? Breasts are soft and feminine and made for touching and caressing, what could be more feminine than the soft, gentle feel of a woman's breasts? You worry about breasts, darling, you worry about having soft, touchable breasts. Here," she picked up and held the matching bra out to me, "put on your bra, Dana, worry about breasts the way a woman does. Leave the

thrusting to a man. You worry about the finer things."

The underwire Simone Perele bra matched the panties, had wings of what she called scalloped Leavers Lace accent on the bra straps. I took it from her, fastened it around my chest as she'd shown me before, flipped it around and put my arms through the straps. "Beautiful, but flat, like your panties. We'll slip the breast forms in, the bra will hold them for now, but we'll glue them if you pass the inspection."

After my breasts were installed, after my chest compensated for my crotch, growing where the other had shrunk, Tiffany had one other garment that matched the bra and panty set—a fantasy inducing, completely beautiful, six strap garter belt. "I know, you'll say it's too much, but the dress policy encourages stockings over pantyhose. Probably more for the stewardesses, I'm sure, but why not go the extra mile, today at least, and feel as feminine as you possibly can."

I'd worn pantyhose everyday for several days now, but the difference between the styles of hosiery, the difference between pantyhose and stockings, was simply drastic, dramatic. There was no doubt that both, especially with heels, transformed my legs. But the nude stockings she helped me put on, connected to the garter straps, were feminine in a way I could hardly have imagined. They did more than transform my legs, they transformed my mind. The stockings tugged at the garter straps, and even moving just a foot or two, I realized that with every step, with every movement, they would continue to do so, a constant reminder of femininity, an almost reassuring presence, a silent scream that I was a woman, not a man, a sissy, as much as that word terrified me. I wasn't sure I could wear stockings everyday, especially while flying, and the dress code did not require it, but I knew that I'd want to wear them often. I knew already I'd crave the feminine feelings they caused deep in my soul.

"I can't wait to show you the dress I got you, it was pricy but it's simply adorable and pretty and feminine." She got the dress from the closet. It was magenta in color and, as she explained, an Emilio Pucci wrap dress. She opened it up, helped me put it on like a shirt, slipping my thin arms into the long sleeves, pulled the right side of the dress across to my left side and fastened it closed with a large silver clasp. The dress was short, but not too short, ending just below mid thigh, sure to give the illusion of being shorter once I was in heels. The wrap created a natural break at my waist, pinching in, showing off and highlighting curves of my breasts and hips, the cut emphasizing feminine over masculine, emphasizing curve over straight, girl

over boy.

The shoes, oh, the shoes. Yes, I realized my eyes were drawn to the shoes the way only a woman's eyes could be drawn to shoes. Yes, it slightly bothered me that was the case. But that was what it was and I was supposed to think like a woman, no?

The shoes were Jimmy Choo. Nude patent leather Jimmy Choo Cosmic platform pumps. 4 1/2 inch high-shine patent leather chic platform pumps with a slender wrapped heel. I slipped the iconic shoes onto my nylon covered feet and realized that the transformation was complete. Before my wig, even before my makeup, the transformation was complete. I was woman, at least now, for today, no longer a man, if I ever was. Girl. Woman. Sissy. Feminine. All of them, everything but a man, everything.

And that thought was echoed in Tiffany's last words to me as I walked into the garage. "Dana," she squeezed my hand, kissed me lightly, "relax, be natural; there is a girl inside you, trust me. Relax and let her out. I know you're nervous, but you don't have to be. Just be the best woman you can be today. Let that girl inside you out."

## Chapter 7 – The Fitting

I thought about that the entire ride to AGCO, that here was a girl inside me and all I had to do was let her out. Part of my mind wanted to deny it, of course. I was a boy (*or a male; I couldn't quite bring myself to say that I was a man, even inside my head*), but a large part, a much larger part felt it, felt her, this woman inside my body. Dressing as a girl had unlocked something, a dark recess, an unexplored room in my brain. It was as if there was something lurking, something waiting. I knew it was there, that recess, that room, but I had no idea what it contained. Until now.

Dressing as a woman had magically opened up the secret door to the secret room, let out something that had been locked up and hidden all these year. Or, perhaps, it was simply that the fog lifted, fog that somehow hid part of me from me? Transgendered. That's what Tiffany said she thought I was. I denied it, naturally, but was she right? No, no, it couldn't be, I knew myself—I wasn't transgendered. But...but...

But the door opened, and with it came the rush, the flood, the knowledge, the feelings, the natural feelings, the comfort, the ease with which I donned the cloak of womanhood. The reality was that every moment I'd spent as a woman over the last several days seemed more and more comforting, more and more natural, in ways that I'd never felt before as a boy, a male (*gulp, a man*). Tiffany was right, to some extent at least, everything I did as a man felt forced, felt like pretending, trying to be something I wasn't. I'd never felt comfortable around groups of men, be they strangers in a bar, buddies, or relatives at the holidays. I felt like I was different, that no matter how much I tried, I could never be "one of they guys" and fit in. Never. Oh, I was accepted, but I never felt like I belonged, like that was my natural setting.

It's hard to explain because I did not understand it myself. I was naturally shy and quiet in groups of guys. I couldn't quite banter like they did, hit on women like they did, be loud and boisterous. I never thought to wonder why, I just assumed it was the simple explanation, that I was quiet and shy. But Tiffany's explanation somehow made sense. I wasn't an alpha male, sure, that was easy enough to accept, but was it more, was it not just a mere lack of masculinity, but the actual presence of femininity? Was that why dressing as a woman was so easy, came so natural? Because it was natural? Because there was a girl inside me?

It certainly made sense. At a stop light I looked down, looked at the hem



of my dress, which had ridden up my legs, exposing a fair portion of my thighs, to the very top of the stockings I wore. Physically, I knew what I saw—a woman, and it did feel good, it felt natural to look down and see myself like that. I looked at my hands wrapped around the steering wheel, saw my manicured fingernails, saw the same, then, a woman. I knew that I was born a male, I knew that I'd lived my whole life that way, but what I saw didn't match what I felt didn't match that, either. Fuck, I KNEW that no matter how flat my panties might be, no matter how much they LOOKED like a woman's, there was something inside there. I KNEW, genetically, I was a boy, I knew. But I did not look it in the least. I looked like a woman.

And more, I didn't feel it in the least, either. I didn't FEEL like a man, not at all, NOT AT ALL!

Sissy, sissy. Maybe it was simply the sexual frustration, but sitting there, looking at myself, I liked the way I looked, I liked the way I felt, feminine, soft, pretty. I looked at myself and liked what I saw, liked how I felt.

I looked up into the mirror and the reflection looking back was the same. It was a woman, not a man, it was a woman, not a boy dressed up like a woman. And it felt, much to my embarrassment, right, completely right. I thought again of Tiffany's voice telling me how much she loved it when I ignored my own pleasure and focused on her. How excited she had been the other night fantasizing that I was a sissy, a submissive sissy serving her. I thought these things and felt butterflies in my stomach, a tightening even, a pull, a warmth.

Was it true? Was Tiffany completely right? Was there was a woman inside of me? Deny it as I might, she was there, looking back at me, smiling.

I was slightly ashamed to take so much comfort in my appearance and, looked away, to the left, and let my eyes settle on the car next to me, also stopped at the light. The driver, a man (*a real man*) was smiling at me.

He actually startled me—I had no idea how long he had been watching me, observing me stare at myself in the mirror, look at myself, play with my hair.

Wait? Did I know him? I continued my smile, searching my mind, trying to place him and I couldn't. It wasn't till later I realized he wasn't looking at me and smiling because he knew me. He was smiling at me because he was a man and men smile at pretty girls.

And I was a pretty girl.

Me. A pretty girl.

He smiled at me.

A pretty girl.

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I was full of nerves, full of butterflies, as I walked up to the front door of AGCO's flight operations center on the western edge of the airport. Part of it was natural trepidation about the job, the anxiousness any new employee feels. Qualified pilot though I may be, and there was simply no question I was completely qualified to fly the Gulfstream V that AGCO uses, I was still nervous to make a good impression on my new employer. So I was full of nerves.

But then, there was the matter of my attire. My pilot qualifications notwithstanding, I still had to pass the fucking uniform inspection. The one that mandated I dress as a woman, act as a woman, pass as a woman, practically be a woman. The one that led to me walking into my new employer's office wearing a dress and heels, not to mention incredibly sexy and feminine lingerie.

Yes, just that small matter. No big deal at all, hell, just put on a dress and pass this damn thing with flying colors!

Okay, so I'll admit I was tightly wound sitting in one of the black leather club chairs in the small lobby of the office. I sat there and tried to just breath. I uncrossed and recrossed my legs, positioning them like Tiffany had shown me, so perfectly feminine that she would have been so proud if she was there watching. Doing so felt both natural, inside me, yet unnatural, too. Maybe it was the way I was sitting—the chair sat low so I was leaning back, my knees and legs pronounced, more so with the way the hem of my dress rode up my thighs. But I tried to set the unnatural thoughts aside, tried to focus on Tiffany's words, to find the woman inside me (*I knew she was there*), to bring her forward, to embrace her, to be the absolute best woman I could be. And I tried and I did and it even worked, mostly—because there was still this nagging thought, still this shiver of humiliation. Be a girl, sure, be a girl, for I could, maybe I was. Yet, yet...

I wasn't born a girl, I knew that much, obviously. I was born a boy. Whatever was inside me, however natural it felt, I knew I was born a boy, even if that didn't make me a man.

So what was I?

(*Sissy!*) The voice inside my head screamed, echoing a taunt I'd heard before.

(*Sissy, sissy, SISSY!*)



It was then the door behind the empty receptionist desk opened, then, at that minute, when all I could think was *sissy, sissy, sissy*, that the door opened and Mrs. Peterson walked out.

Immediately I pushed that soft voice deeper into my head, silencing it quickly, *sissy, sissy*.

Mrs. Peterson looked my way, then, with a quizzical look on her face, glanced around the small lobby as if expecting something different from what she saw. I was fairly certain today was the day, not tomorrow or yesterday, but she looked as if she were expecting someone else/ Perhaps did not even recognize me.

"Mrs. Peterson," I asked confused, standing, hopefully gracefully.

"Oh," she responded, even shaking her head slightly. "Oh my...Mr., um, Ms. Sullivan. I, I'm sorry," she walked to me, shook my hand, laughed.

"Is there something wrong, Mrs. Peterson? I...I have the right day, don't I?"

"Yes, yes, Ms. Sullivan, you have the right day, it's just, well, I must say I'm surprised, I never expected that, I don't know how to say this so I'll just come out and say it. I never expected you to look like, like a woman."

That confused me—I had a moment of panic—wasn't I supposed to be dressed as a woman? Wasn't that the entire agreement, the deal, as it were? Had I misunderstood? No, that couldn't be! But still, for a second, even two, I thought perhaps I'd totally missed the point, and now, absurdly, was standing before the HR director, foolishly dressed as a woman! I had a moment of panic to think that I was about to lose the job, lose this opportunity, because of the way I was dressed. Like a woman.

She saw the reaction on my face, though she had to have misunderstood it, could not have known the panic now overtaking me. "What I mean to say, Mr...Ms. Sullivan, is that, well, to be honest, I didn't take you seriously. I never expected you to actually look so good, to look like, well, like a woman, like you..."

It dawned on me what she meant. I was never supposed to get the job—they made the offer, of course, but Mrs. Peterson never, in a million years, thought I'd actually look the part, act the part. "Mrs. Peterson, I don't mean to be crass, but I took your job offer seriously."

"I can tell, Ms. Sullivan, I can tell."

"I've been honest, I really have. I need this job and I think my fiancée and I have worked hard to make sure that I meet all of AGCO's dress code requirements. You may have offered me the position thinking you'd be rid of

me easily enough, that I'd never pass, but...we worked hard, Mrs. Peterson," I said, tearing up, "and I...I mean to make this work."

Mrs. Peterson crossed her arms and stared at me. "You mean that, don't you?"

"I do," I said firmly.

"You're right about one thing, Ms. Sullivan, I never expected this to work. But I can see I was wrong. Clearly wrong. And I apologize for not taking you or your dedication seriously. You're a well qualified pilot, why wouldn't you take all aspects of your job seriously? Can I make you a deal Ms. Sullivan?"

I nodded.

"Let's start over then, shall we? I'll take you seriously from now on, I promise. I'll, well, I'll just assume you're a woman and I'll treat you like I would any new woman we've hired into our flight services division, okay? I certainly owe you that for the trouble you've gone to—you're an excellent pilot and you certainly make a very beautiful woman and, assuming your uniform fitting goes well, you'll be a welcome addition to the team."

I sensed she meant it, all of it. The compliment, the welcoming attitude, the addition to the team. I sensed it and felt it and practically beamed in pride. "You're sure, Mrs. Peterson?" I asked, shyly brushing my hair behind my ear.

"Yes, Ms. Sullivan, I do. I'm shocked myself, really, but you're certainly the most stylish, even the most pretty, of the pilots I interviewed, the female pilots," she said by way of emphasizing how pretty I was. "It seems to...to come natural to you."

I blushed, how could I not? She had paid me the highest of compliments...for a girl, anyway. And I blushed. Just like a girl. Just like there was a girl inside me, just like I was transgendered, just like I enjoyed being a woman (*a sissy*).

"Come now, let's go back," she turned towards the door she came from. "We're going to meet with Anne Bradbury, our head stewardess. While you'll naturally report to Captain Monica Fisher, the chief pilot, for all flight matters, all stewardesses and pilots report to Ms. Bradbury on uniform matters."

I raised my eyebrows in question—pilots, obviously, do not generally report to stewardesses.

"Yes, I know, it's a bit different and takes some getting used to, but Mrs. Bradbury has full authority over uniforms, the uniform policy and the physical attributes of both pilots and stewardesses."

My face must have betrayed my nerves. Mrs. Peterson shook her head

and smiled. "You have the same look on your face that every new girl has, Ms. Sullivan. Most of them remember their cheerleading or dancing days, the weigh-ins, the measurements, the uniform fittings and inspections. It's funny, since I assume you never went through any of that..."

No, of course I didn't. Since I wasn't a girl. But I felt anxious just the same, like I was facing judgment on my body. Fuck, no wonder every woman seemed to have body issues!

I followed Mrs. Peterson back into the flight offices of AGCO's flight operations, towards the back, into a room that contained multiple racks of flight uniforms—all dresses, of course, in all manner of short, sexy, even fantasy flight wear—and what I presumed was Anne Bradburry, given that she was dressed in a short stewardess's uniform.

Ms. Bradburry, like Mrs. Peterson, was older, and while not quite matronly, I recognized she was pretty, in fact, very pretty, though likely not as pretty as she had been when she was younger. Like when she was my age, I thought.

"Judy," Ms. Bradburry said when we walked in, a puzzled look immediately coming over her face. "I thought you said that we were meeting with that...um...with...you know."

"Yes, Anne. We are, and this is, and I had the same reaction. Ms. Bradburry, meet Dana Sullivan. Ms. Sullivan is, as you know, a new first officer with AGCO."

"But...I thought..."

Mrs. Peterson chuckled. "Yes, I know, I know, I'd just assumed. Apparently that's not the case, as you can see. I'm afraid we're going to be here a little longer than I assumed—this isn't going to be just a formality, is it?"

Ms. Bradburry looked me up and down, slowly, carefully, clearly appraising me, critically. "Well in that case, I guess I'd better get my clipboard and a measuring tape. I just assumed that...well...yea, okay." She walked out of the room and Mrs. Peterson turned back to me.

"I apologize again, Ms. Sullivan—I've been calling you that and I assume you don't mind 'Ms.' Obviously you're going to be a first officer and are entitled to the formality and 'mister' isn't really appropriate." She continued when I nodded. "Anyway, again, I never thought that you'd actually be able to even come close to complying with the uniform policy—obviously I was mistaken—so we just assumed this was a formality. And it's not. And as I promised, we will take this seriously."



"It's okay, really."

"Thank you. And I promise you this, too, if Ms. Bradburry approves you, and she will evaluate you like any other girl, I'll treat you like any of the other girls, okay?"

"Thank you Mrs. Peterson. I...I really do need this job and I really am committed to it. My fiancée kept telling me I needed to do that, to commit, to think like a woman. To be honest, she suspected you were going to look for a way to pull the offer, so she..."

"Made sure we couldn't. She's a smart woman, Ms. Sullivan, I'd hold onto her. And she was right. And tried to make sure that couldn't happen. Ms. Bradburry has the final say, but I've seen enough girls come through here to pretty safely say your fiancée did the job—you're as pretty and naturally feminine as any girl."

I blushed, was about to speak, but Ms. Bradburry walked back in.

"Shall we try this again," she said waltzing into the room, walking up to me, right hand extended, left hand holding a clipboard and a pen. "Ms. Sullivan, I'm Anne Bradburry, the head stew for AGCO."

I shook her hand. "How do you do, Ma'am," I asked.

"Ma'am." She laughed. "God, Judy, are we really getting that old that the girls think of us as ma'am? Even the pilots?"

"Wait another ten years, Anne, at first it's just respect, for now. Only later do they look at you like you're an old lady."

"Wonderful, I can't wait." She turned to me. "Now, I understand you're coming on as a new first officer, correct, Ms. Sullivan??"

"Yes, Ma'am." I smiled when I said it, almost flirtatiously, though not quite, and certainly respectful.

"Excellent. I'm sure Judy—Mrs. Peterson—explained things are a bit different here at AGCO. For starters, we have some unique uniform requirements," she waived her hand around the room, "which you're familiar with? Good. Now, unlike the commercial airlines, where even in today's day and age a pilot would never answer to a stew even a head stew, here, all of AGCO's stews and pilots report to me on all matters concerning uniform, dress code, and interactions with our passengers—which is one, though not the only reason we only hire women."

"Yes, Mrs. Peterson went over everything with me. I understand," I nodded brightly. While I may not like or agree with AGCO's "passenger first" philosophy, while I might not like being eye candy, that mattered no more. Now it was just about getting the job.

"It's important, it really is. Not all the girls get it at first, some never do, but our executives work hard, our engineers on assignment all over the world even more so. While it may not seem like much, giving them a pleasant flight is one of the ways AGCO can hire and keep the best."

"I understand."

"Good. We're professionals—that's important—we hire women with an eye to the glamour days of air travel—I want to make sure all the new girls understand this—it's kind of my motto—glamour, glamour, glamour. Meaning, we're not looking for, nor would ever hire any girls who think they are on the same level as strippers or prostitutes or anything like that. Glamour, glamour, glamour, isn't that right, Judy?"

Mrs. Peterson laughed.

"She's heard this before. Now, let's see, you're what, five nine, five ten?"

"Five ten, Ma'am."

"Perfect," she made a note on her clipboard. "Now, let's get you undressed, down to your undergarments—just take off your dress and heels, so I can weigh you, take some measurements, check, um, one extra thing, and make my evaluation."

I hesitated. Get undressed? That wasn't particularly shocking—I knew I was to be evaluated and fitted for a uniform—but the reality was, of course, much different. Undressed? Get undressed? In front of these two women? Down to the lingerie I wore? Not shocking, but the prospect was frightening, terrifying even. Being feminized was conflicting enough, showing these women was almost too much.

Ms. Bradburry tried to break through the paralysis of fear and shame. She tried to be tender, understanding. "Ms. Sullivan...Dana, if I may. I know you're feeling self conscious, but you have to realize, every girl that's in your position feels the same way. I did when I was first hired and stood there and was asked to undress. So does every potential stewardess and pilot we are thinking about hiring. And I know you feel like this is different, but trust me, it's not. Everyone gets evaluated this way, every girl we hire."

I swallowed. Not different? Of course this was different; I was not like every girl that stood here before Ms. Bradburry—I wasn't a fucking girl! There, the emotions flooded through me, almost overwhelmed me. No matter what Tiffany said, no matter what seeds were sprouting inside me, there was no escaping the sudden flurry of the screaming from part of my brain—*YOU'RE NOT A GIRL!*

"Ms. Sullivan, you need to undress—now." She spoke, this time less



tender, in fact, just the opposite, her voice now icy, authoritative. Perhaps she was used to dealing with all manner of applicants, perhaps she simply tried different tactics until she found the one that motivated whichever woman was before her. Or, perhaps she knew something specific about...people like me (*Sissies*). What had Tiffany said? Something about sissies submitting? Something about fantasizing about me (*Sissy*) submitting to her? Whether she knew what she was doing did not really matter, for the result was the same—my immediate attention and cooperation, an immediate pull, need, desire to submit. *Sissy*.

I responded as demanded. "Yes, Ma'am," I said meekly, yielding to her demand by undoing my dress. As I removed it, I looked at the floor, bashful, feeling their eyes on me, burning into me.

"I'll take that," Mrs. Peterson said in an cold, commanding tone matching her co-worker's, apparently picking up on the less than subtle clue that I responded to an order easier than a request. Years of experience and training, years of HR, she knew, would know, how to motivate, how each person would respond differently to different approaches. (*You're a sissy, you do as ordered.*)

Ms. Bradburry approached me with the tape measure unrolled. "Raise you arms. I did as ordered and for the next several minutes I was measured from head to toe—around my bust, my waist, my hips, my legs, which placed her cold fingers close enough to my crotch that I felt myself pushing against my panties, even against individual fingers.

When she was done, she turned to Mrs. Peterson. "You want to know what I think, don't you?"

"Of course, Ms. Bradburry!"

"She's five pounds overweight, needs to lose a inch, maybe two, in her waist and gain it in her hips, probably has some baby fat on her upper arms, and has the posture of a draft work horse."

I felt my stomach tighten and my hopes plunge and every minor body issue I had ever had as a boy was magnified as I was appraised as a girl. (*Sissy!*)

"But..."

I looked up, eyes pleading, trying to tell her how much I needed this job, trying to salvage some hope. But? But? But?

"I'll give her this—she's got gorgeous skin, a figure we can at least work with, better legs than any of the girls we have working for us now, and I think a naturally submissive personality that some of our passengers will find

absolutely charming. I'm half tempted to have her pull down her panties because, well, I don't know how it's hidden—it must be adorably small—and if you hadn't told me ahead of time that she was born a male, I don't think I'd ever have suspected."

I blushed, both at the praise for my feminine appearance and the corresponding degradation of my male anatomy, which, while completely humiliating, was also somehow, for some reason, erotic.

"So?"

"So, Judy, I think you've got yourself a new pilot..." I looked up at Ms. Bradburry, surprise, joy in my eyes. "But," she looked at me sternly. "But, Ms. Sullivan, from my end, there are a few conditions. First, you'll think I'm a broken record, Judy, but I expect you to lose five pounds in the next two weeks. Preferably ten so you don't struggle. Second, you needs to take at least an inch off her waist, preferably two—we'll ponder what to do about the hips, they'll have to do for now. Third, like every girl, I expect Pilates four times a week to keep that figure."

"Anything else, Anne," Mrs. Peterson asked, a smile spreading across her face.

Ms. Bradburry looked at me. "Yes, two more things. First, like any of my girls, I expect you to dress, look, and act ladylike at all times that you're on AGCO business. It doesn't matter if you're flying or just here for a meeting. I know what you are, genetically, but that doesn't mean anything to me—you'll follow the same rules as all of the girls. And while I don't have any authority over you off duty, I'll tell you the same thing I tell them all—it's easier to dress, look, and act ladylike and glamorous on duty if you dress, look, and act ladylike and glamorous off duty. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Good."

"There was another thing, Anne?"

"Yes, Judy. The other thing isn't something I have to tell the other girls, but I suppose I must tell you, it must be said. Ladies do not have bulges in their panties, so that" -- she pointed to my crotch -- "will be flat like that at all times. Are we clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I swallowed. (*Flat like a sissy*).

"Good. Now, let's get you into some uniforms..."

For the next two hours I tried on several AGCO pilot uniforms. There was a light blue modified shirt-dress, the same I'd seen an AGCO pilot wearing in the picture Mrs. Peterson originally showed me, shorter than the dress I wore

that day, ending above mid-thigh. A second blue dress of the same shade, though in a stretch satin material, hugged every curve of my body, as did a similarly tight pink dress with a swoop neck and a wide, black belt. There was also a more traditional pilot's uniform—or at least a skimpy outfit based on a pilot's uniform—with a form-fitting white jacket with gold piping and buttons and a tight mini-skirt that did not conceal my stocking tops in the least.

"Most girls wear pantyhose with this one," Ms. Bradburry explained. Ultimately, I was provided with seven different uniforms and shoes for each, with instructions to go check the flight schedule each day before reporting to work to confirm what was the uniform of the day as well as the backup uniform for overnight trips.

Before I left Ms. Bradburry's clutches, she had one last reminder. "I check all the girls before each flight, Ms. Sullivan, pilots and stews alike. I expect full compliance with the uniform policy from all my girls and I'll expect no less from you—including keeping that," she pointed, "flat."

*(Flat like a sissy, flat like a Sissy!)*

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Home, I left the uniforms in the car, wanting to let Tiffany know the good news—assuming I'd be telling her that yes, I had a job where I had to dress, act, and look like a woman was a good thing. Or that my employer had informed me that, like all the girls they hired, I was essentially expected to dress, act, and look ladylike at all times. (*'Glamour, Ms. Sullivan, glamour'*) Assuming she'd want to hear, even if it wasn't surprising, that I'd spent several hours half undressed in front of two other women. (*Yes, other women, because you're a woman, too.*)

Tiffany, luckily, was already home, was in fact sitting in the study, curled up on the couch, drinking a glass of wine, reading a book. "Well," she asked, looking up at me eagerly.

"I passed."

"Oh, Dana," she beamed widely. "I'm so proud of you! What did they say, tell me everything, sit down...no...here, go get us some wine first, then sit down and tell me!"

I came back with two filled glasses of Riesling and sat next to her on the couch. She turned to face me, effortlessly curling her legs up onto the cushion, exposing a fair amount of nylon covered leg as she did so. Unconsciously, I mimicked her actions and quickly found my leg resting against hers, soft



nylon touching soft nylon, and as I talked, it became harder to ignore the soft feminine eroticism of our nylon covered legs touching.

"So, tell me, tell me, what happened, how'd it go?"

I recounted everything from Mrs. Peterson's shock, to Ms. Bradburry's status with AGCO and the measurements and critical eye she cast on me.

"You were okay getting undressed in front of them?"

"Not when she first asked me, but, she was, I don't know...insistent".

"Insistent?"

"Yea, you could say, she asked at first, but quickly, I don't know..."  
(*Ordered you, sissy, ordered you to obey.*)

"And what'd she say about you when she inspected you?"

"At first? She was kind of cruel. She said...well...she said something like I was five pound overweight, my waist was an inch or two too big, my hips were too small and, I think, my arms are flabby."

Tiffany giggled.

"What?"

"I think I've got you looking absolutely beautiful and she finds every tiny flaw. I'm kind of hurt, I thought I did pretty good."

"She wasn't all critical, she did pass me after all."

"Well, what'd she say then?"

I blushed. "That I had great skin, better legs than any of the other girls, and..."

"And?"

"A naturally submissive personality that some people would find charming." I wondered if I should have said that, but saw a flash of a smile in Tiff's eyes.

Tiffany was silent for several moments. "Anything else?" She looked downward, as if reading my mind, as if knowing what I was going to say.

"She said, um..." I paused, ashamed to say what Ms. Bradburry had said about my flat panties. As strangely humiliating it was—and believe me, to have my penis called small was almost beyond humiliation—part of me, when she called me small, twitched. Erotically. So I just blurted it out. "She was looking at my panties and said if she hadn't known ahead of time I was a male, she'd never have suspected because she didn't know how I kept it hidden and that I must be...adorably small."

Tiffany again said nothing for several moments, then, a simple, "I see."

"See what?"

"She's right, you know."

"She's right about what?"

"That you have a naturally submissive personality."

"Tiff," I looked down, bit my lip.

She lazily rubbed her leg back and forth across mine, let her nylons slide against mine. "She's right that some people find it charming...more than charming." (*Submissive sissy*).

I sucked in a quick breath, thinking again of what she confessed to fantasizing about, about me being a sissy and submitting to her.

"She's right that," she looked at my crotch, "you're adorably small."

I couldn't help but think it over and over, the word jumping around my brain, rattling, crashing, jumbling. (*Sissy, sissy, sissy.*)

Hormones were flooding through my body, ironically, flowing right into the very thing she had just called adorably small, causing it to swell, causing it to press against the panties holding it in place, trapping it, holding it tight as if in a cage. I was breathing heavily, moving my leg too, nylon, glorious nylon, rubbing, rubbing.

As if reading my mind, she challenged me with that word. "You liked when I called you a sissy."

It was a statement, not a question, not even an accusation, just a simple statement of what she thought was an irrefutable truth. "I'm your fiancée, Dana," I said in pained response, neither admitting nor denying what she said. "I...I'm supposed to be a man." (*You're a sissy, Dana, you know it, you're a sissy, a pretty sissy girl!*)

"But you're not a man, Dana. You realize it now, you must. You're transgendered, Dana. Don't deny it. Don't. You're a sissy." She had an icy look on her face, similar to Ms. Bradburry's when she ordered me to undress. Solid. Resolute.

"Tiff..." I started to say, blushing, ashamed, even horrified. But I couldn't finish my thought because in a flash Tiffany was on me, kissing me with hunger, desire, passion, pressing me backwards onto the couch.

"You think I hate it? My god, Dana, do you know how much it turns me on? Do you have ANY idea?"

I couldn't answer whether I did or I didn't think she hated me because her mouth was all over mine, kissing my lips, sucking my tongue, almost swallowing me. Without breaking the kiss, Tiffany pulled her skirt up, pulled the hem of my dress up, so our legs were pressed together, more, so her soft, panty covered mound was pressed into mine, flatness against flatness, mound to mound, girl to girl.



"Say it, Dana, say it, say it," she begged when she finally broke the kiss to breath. "Please Dana (*Sissy*), please, I want to hear you say it, please, Dana, please."

"Tiff..."

"Please..."

"I...I'm a sissy," I said softly, tentatively, so quiet I'm surprised she heard me, but she did because she moaned and kissed me again and rubbed herself against me, establishing in an instant my future erotic connection to the word, to the feeling.

"What did she say about this," she asked, reaching down, rubbing the front of my panties, the still smooth, flat front of my panties, my penis tucked, safely, hidden, carefully

"That...that I'm adorably small," I said, a small moan escaping my lips, a moan I never wanted to make, never wanted to have her hear.

"I can't feel it, Dana, I can't feel it at all against me, you're just like," she kissed me softly, "just like a girl."

I moaned again, I simply couldn't help it. However much I found what she said abhorrent—and believe me a not insignificant part of my brain did—the undeniable truth was she was turning me on like I'd never been turned on before. (*Like a submissive sissy*).

As Tiffany kept rubbing up and down, her kisses became softer, her eyes fluttered, and she retreated deep inside herself, pushed there by the sensations of rubbing against me. "Say it again," she moaned, shifting, sitting up so her pussy was pressed directly against my trapped penis (*clit, your clit*). "Say it again." She rubbed and rubbed and, in this new position, she was rubbing directly on the tip of my penis (*clit*), directly on the most sensitive part of me

I knew what she was asking, what she wanted to hear, but I wasn't sure I wanted, or even could, say it. I felt like she was asking me to admit to something that might not be true. But was it? Was I a sissy? What else described me, a male, who not only looked like a girl, but who so easily acted like a girl, felt like a girl, acted like a girl, and more, who so easily accepted being a girl. But how could I continue to admit this to her, to my fiancée? What was she thinking about me? How could she possibly like this? How could she possibly want me to be...(*a sissy, A Sissy*).

She continued shaking, a sure sign she was close to the edge, close to orgasm. And I was, too. The friction of her against me, through two layers of soft material—her panties and mine—was intense. I wanted to be erect, I



Tiffany let go of my garter strap and moved her hand casually to the crotch of my panties, lightly touched me, teased me. "Say it again, Dana," she instructed me.

"Please, Tiff," I begged.

"Say it, Dana." She lifted her fingers from my crotch.

"I...I'm a sissy," I said softly and was rewarded with touching me again, lightly petting me, rewarded for my admission.

"Tiff, you act" (I breathed heavily), "You act like you're so sure." (*Because she is, sissy, because she is.*)

She continued stroking me, to the point it was painful—my penis wanted to swell, to grow, to throb, but couldn't, trapped by panties, safely tucked. (*Safely tucked, sissy, because sissy clits SHOULD be tucked, hidden where they cannot hurt anyone.*) "Why does it bother you to say it, Dana?"

"I...I'm your fiancée, Tiff, I...I'm supposed to be a man...how are you supposed to...to...love me if you think I'm...?" (*A sissy?*)

"A sissy? You don't get it, and I guess I didn't until I saw you like this, but I, well, I've never seen you as a man, Dana, I've always KNOWN you were different, I just never quite understood how. Until you got this job. But it's all so obvious now, so fucking obvious."

"You never saw me as a man," I asked, stunned. "But...but...you like guys, you're not a lesbian?"

Tiffany laughed like that was the funniest thing she'd ever heard, a genuine laugh; she wasn't being condescending, she just laughed. "Of course I like men, Dana, god knows I like a hard cock inside me when I can get it, just like any other red blooded woman."

"Uugh," I moaned, shaking, even though she wasn't even stroking me, was simply pressing her fingers against me. I didn't cum, but was close to it, would have if she had rubbed me even in the slightest. Something about the way she said that, said she liked cock, touched me in a deep, dark secret place, deeper and darker than the place where the girl inside me lived, somewhere instinctive, primitive.

"But that's what I LIKE, and I miss it, sure, but what I LOVE is you, Dana, my sissy—the most tender, sweet, passionate lover I've ever had and could ever imagine having."

(*She misses it because I'm a sissy, she misses cock because all she has is me.*)

"Tiff," I started to say, then gasped. She had squeezed the crotch of my panties, squeezed the flaccid, but pulsating penis inside the panties, twisted,



and freed me from the tight confines of the panties where I'd been imprisoned all day. "Ohhhhhh," I groaned as blood immediately flooded me, swelled me. "Fuck, Tiff, fuck!"

"Say it again, Dana."

"I'm a sissy," I whispered.

"Yes, Dana, yes."

"Please, Tiffany, please, can we...can I..." Fuck, I wanted to ask, please, can I fuck you, please, fuck, please, please. But she said it for me.

"Fuck, Dana? Can you fuck me? Like a man fucks a woman?" She said this while rubbing her fingers over the tip of my penis, rubbing in circles the way a woman would masturbate herself, the way I'd touch her.

"Tiff, please, it's been so long, I..."

"Men fuck women, Dana," she interrupted, circling, circling.

"Men," I said questioningly, shaking as her fingers teased me.

"Yes," she smiled approvingly, a teacher pleased with a student's answer. "Men. And what are you, Dana?" she asked, rubbing, circling, toying, teasing. "Go on, you've already said it."

"A...a sissy," I said, swallowing. She didn't even have to say it out loud, her eyes locked on mine, and I could see it in them, see everything. See every disappointment I'd given her in bed, every premature ejaculation, every attempt at pleasing her by fucking her, all ending in disappointment, every single one. Conversely, I could see the opposite in her eyes, too, every time I went down on her, every orgasm, hour after hour licking her, massaging her, touching her. She didn't have to say it out loud for her eyes screamed it—men fuck women, sissies don't.

"You understand, don't you?"

"Yes." And I did. I don't know if I agreed, I don't know if I liked it, though I was right on the brink of orgasm, so part of me must have, simply must have.

"Cum like a girl, sissy, cum like I do." She was masturbating me with one finger, circling the head of my erect penis like it was a clit, inducing sensations into me I'd never experienced before. And just before I exploded, as I came to the edge, she stopped touching me, let go of me, cut off all sensation.

"Tiff," I humped the air where her fingers had been a moment before. And I felt warm wetness before I felt an orgasm, or at least before I expected to feel it. Because I never really did. Strangely, it was like hearing thunder before seeing lightning. I was physically cumming, it was leaking from me, not squirting, leaking, but an orgasm, usually powerfully centered on my

crotch, had not yet started. As cum continued to leak—and that's the appropriate description, it leaked and dribbled, it didn't squirt or shoot—I realized that I was tingling all over, that every inch of my skin was alive with sensation, as if I was being tickled, lightly touched everywhere at once. The orgasm I was waiting for in my crotch was never going to happen because it was already happening everywhere else on my body, everywhere at once! It was weak and diffused instead of strong and centralized.

I looked up at Tiffany, my mouth open in shock, my eyes wide. "I...I feel it everywhere," I managed to gasp before shaking uncontrollably.

"Like a girl, Dana, like a sissy girl."

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I must have fallen asleep. Or maybe blacked out. I'm not sure of the difference, at that point, if there was one. All I know is that I jerked awake, startled by something, a sensation on my face. It turned out to be Tiffany, on top of me, lightly running her fingers on my cheek.

"Sorry," she smiled, "you looked so peaceful."

I looked at her, half dazed, and felt the sensation of a cold, wet spot in my underwear, my panties. I then remembered where I was, who I was with, what happened. I looked away, immediately feeling ashamed, feeling color rush to my face. Like a sissy girl, she'd told me, absolutely correct. I'd cum like a sissy girl, feminized, humiliated, teased, and I was completely ashamed.

"Dana, what," she asked.

"Nothing," I mumbled, unable, unwilling to look at her, to even talk to her.

"Dana," she responded, her voice soft, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing," I mumbled again, a lie, which I knew she'd know, making her inquiry only worse, more persistent.

"Sweetie," she asked softly again.

"Nothing, Tiff, nothing," I tried again, turning when she tried to look at me.

Tiffany sat straight up on the couch next to me, just looked at me. She said nothing for a minute, an uncomfortable minute. I refused to look directly at her, though I could see her from the corner of my eye. Finally, she crossed her arms and spoke.

"I asked you to tell me what's wrong...sissy." The word was added at the end, perhaps as an afterthought, but more likely for emphasis. Her voice was no longer soft, no longer tender, no longer even asking. Rather, her voice was



cold, strong, insistent, even dominating, much like Ms. Bradburry's when she finally ordered me to undress. This time, despite her words, there was no asking. There was simply a command.

And it worked, again, as it had with Ms. Bradburry. I had no desire to answer her question, no desire to even look at her—I was as ashamed as I had been minutes ago—but I couldn't help myself. Her tone left no room for questioning, no room for anything other than doing as told. Which was ironic, for the very thing that was wrong, being looked at as a sissy, and thought of and called a sissy, was the very thing that prompted me to turn to her, to answer her question.

"It...it's that, Tiffany," I looked at her, however briefly. "That...that word."

"Sissy." Her tone was perfectly balanced between a question and a statement. A question: 'you mean the word sissy?' A statement: 'you're a sissy.'

"Yes," I looked away, unsure which I was answering. One, the other, neither, maybe both.

"What's wrong with it, Dana?"

"It...it bothers me when you call me that," I quickly said, once again unable to meet her look.

"Does it?" she raised her eyebrows. "Okay. Why? What is it, Dana? You don't agree with the characterization? Or you don't simply don't like it being pointed out to you?"

"I...I don't know," I said, honestly.

"Look at me, Dana."

I turned towards her, shaking. "What?"

"It seems to me, everything considered, there's little question that it's an accurate description. Which, leads me to believe it's the latter, not the former, that you agree with it, the description, but you don't like hearing it."

"Of course I don't like hearing it, Tiffany! You're my fiancée! I don't like dressing like this, I don't like being like this in front of you, I don't like you seeing me like this, I don't like..."

"But you do, Dana." She cut me off, uncrossed her arms, moved her hand to my panties and let her fingers rest on the cold, wet spot. "That's the thing, you DO like it. I don't think there's any question about that, Dana. And it's not just like this." She rubbed the wetness, emphasizing the sexuality of it. "You like dressing like a girl, Dana, that's so fucking obvious. Are you deluding yourself? Are you telling yourself it's only because of your job? Dana, YOU LIKE it. My god, don't seriously tell me any different. It's not that, Dana, it

isn't that you don't like it..."

"I'm your fiancée, Tiffany, I'm supposed to be..."

"A man, yes, yes, I know what you THINK you're supposed to be, some ideal you picture in your head. But you're not that, Dana, you've never been that, don't you get that?"

"I asked you this before, Tiffany—how could you ever love me?"

"That's more honest. That's what bothers you, Dana, isn't it? You feel guilty about what you are. You feel, what, that I'm lying when I tell you I love you? Well I'm not, Dana, I'm not. God, how can I make it any clearer? You're a sissy and it doesn't matter, in fact, that's part of the reason I love you."

"I still don't..."

"Dana, I know, I know. Believe me, it's about as confusing to me, too. I mean, don't think I haven't sat there and thought, what the fuck, Tiffany—he's fucking dressed like a girl and acting like a girl, why in the hell are you getting so...excited? And I don't know, fuck, I don't know. I just know I am, that this fantasy, this, he's a sissy and he's submitting to me, it's so...so hot. I can see it in your eyes, both how much you like it and how ashamed it makes you and that just makes me even more..."

"I'm supposed to be a man," I interrupted, "not a sissy."

She breathed in, quickly, losing her measured composure. "God, Dana!"

"Tiffany, I'm serious, I'm supposed to be a man!"

"Fuck," she moaned. I realized her hand wasn't on my panties anymore, it was on her. She was rubbing herself, masturbating herself, furiously, making herself cum over and over and over.

I just watched. Enthralled. Ashamed even more. Shocked. Fascinated. She looked at me, her eyes calling for it. I knew, I just knew what she wanted, what her eyes begged for, what she needed to hear. "I'm supposed to be a man," I said softly, somehow working up the courage to hold her eyes.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned, cumming harder, harder, eyes, desperate eyes locked on mine, wanting more, wanting me to continue, obviously,

"But I'm," I swallowed, overcome by the moment, by watching her cum, not wanting to say it, but unable to stop. "I'm a sissy."

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh, yes, Dana, yes." She was shaking, the shaking that overwhelms her when she cums the hardest.

It took her several minutes to come down, to calm down, as it often did, the afterglow of an orgasm was long lasting in her, and this one was particularly strong and particularly long lasting. "What?" she finally asked, for the first time looking away from me as if she was the one who should be

ashamed of the last hour, the last week.

"You...you came so hard."

"Stop," she moved her head to the other side, still looking bashful.

"You're embarrassing me."

But I couldn't stop. "You really like seeing me like...like this...feminized."

She nodded bashfully.

"But, Tiff..."

"I know, Dana, you're confused, I know, I know. Me too, really. I can't really explain it, but, but, well, seeing you like this...feminized...and when you do what I want, when you...submit..." She looked at me. "It gets me so...so excited."

"I get it, Tiff, it does the same to me, but..."

She raised an eyebrow.

"How am I supposed to...how are you going to see me as...as a man?"

She didn't answer, she just looked at me. Maybe she was afraid to say it, but her thoughts were clearly telegraphed. She couldn't. She didn't. And maybe never would.

## Chapter 8 – Sissy Takes Flight

My first flight with AGCO was on Friday, two days after the strange, odd, uncomfortable, exhilarating sexual encounter between us. We had little time to discuss any more of the encounter, as she worked Thursday and I spent most of the day doing paperwork and going over flight plans. I might have liked to talk more about it that evening, but Tiffany put me off and promised to chat when I got back from the overnight flight on Saturday evening, reminding me that I needed to lay out clothes and pack.

Thursday night, before packing, I checked my email to confirm the flight status and the uniform requirements. The flight schedule called for two different uniforms—the light blue shirtdress I identified with AGCO for Friday's flight and a skirt suit for Saturday, designed in the style of British Airways. Saturday's uniform featured a dark navy skirt suit, the skirt ending just above mid thigh, a figure flattering three button jacket, a crisp white shirt, and a navy/red/white silk scarf. The same navy pumps went with both uniforms.

Tiffany watched me lay the uniforms out on the bed. "What are you thinking?"

"About what?"

"Hose and lingerie, silly," she said, somehow making 'silly' sound so close to 'sissy'. "If you ask me, I think you should wear nude pantyhose with the dress—it's your first flight and the dress is rather short—and a garter belt set and black stockings with the suit. But that's just a suggestion, you can do what you want, sweetie."

*(You can do what you want, sissy.)*

"No, that's fine, I guess."

"Can I make another suggestion?"

"I...I suppose, if you want." What could I do about it anyway, even if her suggestions sounded more like commands to my ears.

"Well, for lingerie—you'll need panties, obviously, to keep things in place, a bra too. Maybe a white bra and panties for tomorrow, and either a short slip or even a teddy to smooth the lines of the dress. For Saturday, I'd go with something black—I got you a couple of black bra/panty/garter belt sets, and certainly a slip. The blouse is heavy enough so you can wear black under it, though you won't be able to with most white things."

She spoke in such an even, matter of fact voice, there was little I could say



in response other than to agree.

"Good. Now, I've got a makeup bag packed for you. I know you're still learning, so it's basic, simple. The glue on your breast forms will be good for at least another week, so no worry there. I assume the only other thing you'll need is something to wear to bed, yes?"

"I...I suppose." I hadn't considered that—what to wear after the flight and before the next day, but we were only getting the minimum down time required by FAA regulations, so it wasn't like I'd be spending time going out and exploring.

"Great, why don't you get a hanging bag, Saturday's uniform should go in there, and I'll get a small case for your makeup, lingerie, and pajamas." I got the garment bag from the closet and carefully hung Saturday's uniform in it. While I was doing that, Tiffany packed my makeup and other things into a small carry-on, and, when done, set all my bags—garment, the carry-on, and flight—in the hallway for the morning.

And just like that, it was time for bed. I did have to fly tomorrow, and I wanted a good night's sleep even if I did also want to talk to Tiffany about yesterday. I needed to discuss with her what everything meant, the feminization, the living as a woman, her unexpected reaction to all of it. But when I tried in bed that night with her cuddled up against me, she put me off.

"Hon, you really should get some sleep, we can talk when you get back," she said, rubbing her hand on the silk chemise I was wearing to bed as a part of the 'living as a woman' thing that I, that we, were doing. The chemise, like the bra, like the breasts, like the panties, were all part of the 'Dana isn't a man' thing, the very thing that was bothering me, the 'Dana is a woman' thing that I could not stop fixating on day after day.

"You promise? It's important, Tiff, it really is. I mean, this...this isn't normal. I won't deny liking it, but it's just..."

"When you get back, Dana, I promise," she said, sealing the promise with a soft kiss, "I promise."

"Okay," I answered, sleepily. We were both right. We needed to talk but I was tired and had to fly and now wasn't the time.

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There's a significant difference between understanding that one is going to spend the next two days working as a woman, or the next week or the next month, a difference between knowing it and the reality of it. The getting up in



the morning and getting dressed of it. The doing of it—makeup, lingerie, skimpy uniform, heels. Actually walking out the door. And while Friday was not my first day dressing as a woman, that was every day, nor my first day leaving the house and going to AGCO as a woman—I'd just done that two days earlier—it was so much more REAL on Friday morning.

I'd actually be flying, which was real enough and exciting enough and something to look forward to. Flying and working, things I was beginning to wonder if I would get to do again. But there was not just flying and working, there was feminization and soft and pretty and sissy. As soon as I awoke and felt the chemise wrapped around me, my other constant thought was I'd be doing it as a woman. Meeting people as a woman, interacting with them, looking at them, talking to them. And the reality was that few would have any idea I wasn't actually what I looked to be. Which of course, in some way, absolutely thrilled me. I hated to admit it, but part of me was looking forward to spending the next two days simply being a girl. Not a boy pretending to be a girl, simply a girl.

Of course, part of me was as ashamed as hell that I was looking forward to being a girl, to two days of pure femininity. The same part that woke up feeling my fiancée's hand around me, cupping my breast form, as I might do to her. The part of me that wondered why she so easily accepted me like this, wondering what it meant for us.

But that was for a later day—today I got to fly. As a girl. And there was no question, none at all, that today was all about me being a girl. Today was about me being soft and pretty and feminine. Today was about me being a woman.

Being a woman, being soft and pretty and feminine meant carefully tucking my penis between my legs, which, in my mind, reinforced both the absence of masculinity—men want to know they have hard, thick cocks, not soft, little boy clits—and the presence of femininity. Once tucked and hidden by a pair of pink and white embroidered mesh and delicate lace mid-rise panty briefs with dainty, feminine accents, my crotch looked, even felt, just like a woman's.

Soft and pretty and feminine meant a matching bra, the lace giving just a hint of my breast forms, making them look as real as Tiffany's, as real as any woman's.

Soft and pretty and feminine meant sheer Wolford 15 denier seamless matte pantyhose that made my legs look long, smooth, flawless, feminine. (*You have better legs than most of the girls*).

Soft and pretty and feminine meant a pretty, delicate, white nylon and lace slip that was so soft it dropped over my body like liquid, the dainty lace hem just barely covering me, the slip itself hugging every feminine curve.

Soft and pretty and feminine meant a wig perfectly coifed and arranged; it meant carefully applied makeup, light, almost transparent, there simply to highlight my feminine appearance.

And finally, soft and pretty and feminine meant my uniform, the short shirt dress, light blue with white trim at the short sleeves, the collar, the hem, and a wide dark blue belt, white gloves, a Polka Dot scarf, a jaunty hat, and dark blue heels.

"Well," I asked Tiffany nervously, seeing her standing in the doorway watching me. She said nothing, just stared for a moment, eyes wide, mouth about to open, then shaking her head. "Tiff, seriously," I said, feeling her eyes burning into me, my self confidence shaken, afraid she'd changed her mind, afraid the reality of a transgendered lover was too much for her to take.

Finally, she laughed, as if not knowing exactly what to say. "I don't know what to think, Dana. I mean, fuck, I think you look amazing. I think you're prettier than me. I think not only will no one suspect you aren't a genetic girl, I don't think anyone would believe it even if someone told them. I think you're lucky you have to fly or I'd throw you onto the bed this second."

I blushed at that, feeling like a woman, feeling soft, feeling feminine, taking some sort of pride at her comments. "Tiff," I looked away.

"I'm serious, Dana. Oh, and I think one other thing, well, two other related things," she said, giving me her head tilt, her I really am serious and love telling you this head tilt. "I think I NEVER want to hear you deny that you're a sissy ever again. And I think I NEVER want to hear you claim to be a MAN ever again. Those issues, my love, are obviously settled."

Never deny it (*because you're a sissy*), never claim to be a man (*because you're a sissy*).

"And I think, Dana, that you are going to do an amazing job."

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Driving to work, to AGCO's flight services building at the airport, was at the same time both strange and uneventful. Strange, of course, since I looked like a girl, felt like a girl, acted like a girl. But uneventful, too, as those feelings just felt so...natural.

Strange, of course, for from the moment I walked into the office, I knew I was being watched and observed, obviously, as any new employee would, and,

just as obviously, as any woman would be who was dressed so overtly pretty and feminine, so put onto display sexually. I was eye candy, just like the other girls, just like all women, just like Tiffany, just like my co-workers. I, was now living as a girl, was looked at like a girl, eyed like a girl, and lusted for like a girl.

It dawned on me, the moment I walked into the office and found a man in a mechanic's uniform waiting for me, watching me, that I didn't know the answer to a simple question that I might have thought to ask earlier. What did Mrs. Peterson tell my co-workers? Did they know? Did they know what I was, what I really was?

Did this man, this older man who was intently watching me walk into the office, know I was a...I caught myself thinking, *know I was a man* and IMMEDIATELY thought of Tiffany and quickly amended my own thought to...*Does he know I'm a sissy?*

Did he know I a boy...a sissy...a feminized male? Did he know? Was he told? Was he laughing at me at this very moment? What was he thinking? Did he hate me already? What does a man think of a sissy? Did he know? Suspect? Wonder? Was he told?

And then I saw him look at me as I approached him. He was clearly waiting for me, before I was in speaking distance I saw him look at me. His eyes traveled up and down my body, starting with my legs, lingering, then to my waist, to my chest, to my face, back down to my chest, legs, chest. He looked at me like I've never been looked at before, like a man looks at a woman, like a man takes a mental evaluation of a woman's body. He looked at me sexually, like an object, like something to own, possess, use. He cataloged me, compared me to every other woman he knew, ranking me.

I realized, instantly, that this is how men look at women, young, pretty women. This is how men look at women dressed like me, women who WANT to be looked at and evaluated and appreciated. Women who are soft and pretty and feminine and even sexual. And I knew, pilot or not, this is how I'd be looked at by him and by every single man who saw me all day, every day, at this job, even elsewhere. If I was going to live like a woman, dress like a woman, act like a woman, this is how men would view me.

It was odd, very, very odd, because I had no attraction to men, none, NONE. I liked, no, loved women. I looked at women the way he looked at me. I appreciated their beauty, their sexuality, their softness and femininity. I mean, I NEVER looked at a man the way he looked at me.

Men were...rough (*God, he's looking at me*).



Men were...hard (*Me, he's actually looking at me*).

Men were...masculine (*Do I really look that good? That pretty?*)?

Men were...unemotional (*Is everything okay? Is my hair right? My makeup?*)?

As I got closer, and this all happened in five seconds, maybe ten, he stiffened up formally, started to raise his hand. His face became a mask, though his eyes easily betrayed his quite inappropriate thoughts. And my face was a mask too, feminine, welcoming, soft, compliant, ready to say hello, to introduce myself. But inside I was a jumble of unfamiliar thoughts, overwhelmed by the flattery from his eyes, by being found pretty and attractive and feminine, overwhelmed by the attention—attention I didn't even want, not from a man, but attention I basked in just the same. Attention I drank greedily.

"Miss. Sullivan," he said pleasantly, adopting a tone I knew instantly. I knew who he was. The chief mechanic, of course, using the tone a chief mechanic gives a junior officer who is technically above the chief mechanic in rank but well below in years of experience. An almost fatherly tone—except for his eyes, which were not at all fatherly in any way at all.

"Yes," I said, deftly setting down my bags and removing my gloves and taking his extended hand into my own and struggling to keep from jumping when his skin touched mine, gripped his hand the way a girl would, silently thanking, for this moment only, my natural submissiveness, my natural beta self, my demure nature.

"I'm Danny Bennett, the chief mechanic for AGCO," he said, shaking my hand carefully, not as a man would shake a man's, establishing strength and dominance, but softly, tenderly, as a man would a woman's.

"Dana Sullivan," I smiled, actually feeling it, feeling disarmed by him, by his obvious, easy charm, "the new pilot."

"Yes, we're very glad to have you, Miss Sullivan," he said, calling me by my junior officer's title, my junior officer's feminine title, "Miss."

"Glad to be here, Chief," I said, addressing him by his title, and unable to stop myself from smiling warmly. It was as if being recognized by him as pretty and feminine and sexy made me want to be nice to him, wanted more of the same recognition from him, the same attention. And I didn't even like men!

"Here, let me take your things for you and we'll take you back to the hanger. I'm sure you're eager to see our G-V," he said in the proud voice every chief had for every plane under his control. "Captain Fisher's already back



there doing her first walkthrough."

Captain Fisher was Captain Monica Fisher, the head pilot for AGCO, who we found in the hanger walking around the gleaming white Gulfstream V. The first word I'd use to describe Captain Fisher, who was dressed almost identically to me, though in slightly darker hose and with captain's epaulets on her uniform, was beautiful. Simply, stunningly beautiful. She was obviously older, as a captain would be, likely in her early 40's, but she looked as good as any woman I'd ever seen at any age. As good as, if not better, than Tiffany, certainly better than me.

The Chief left entered the plane to put my bags away, leaving me somewhat awkwardly alone with Captain Fisher, who continued walking around the plane, for the time, ignoring me, to the point where I began to get uncomfortable. But, a junior officer, in the quasi-militaristic world of flying, does not approach a senior officer in this situation, does not speak until acknowledged.

Finally, with the Chief still inside the G, Captain Fisher broke off her examination of the aircraft and approached me, her heels clicking smartly on the concrete. "Miss Sullivan," she said, her mocking expression of 'Miss' telling me instantly that while Chief Bennett might not be aware of my true nature, Captain Fisher operated under no misconceptions about me, knew what I was (*sissy*) and that I was a pretender, an impostor.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answer carefully, coming mostly to attention.

She looked me up and down, much like the Chief had, though her eyes contained no sexual longing—quite the opposite, they were harsh, critical, worse than Ms. Bradburry's first inspection. She took a step, walked and circled me, slowly, judging, how harshly I have no idea.

"Well at least you look the part," she said, coming back in front of me. Her eyes were close to burning—I found no comfort in her gaze. "Just to be clear, Miss Sullivan, from the beginning," she said with a tight expression, "I don't question for a moment, not a single moment, your qualifications to fly—from a flight operations standpoint, I have one hundred percent confidence in your abilities."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

She nodded, pilot to pilot, giving me that at least.

"It's the other part I disagreed with. I understand how this happened, but I don't have to like it. I told Mrs. Peterson and Ms. Bradburry I don't like it, not one bit. It's...well...here you are."

"Captain Fisher, may I say something?"

She looked at me. For a moment I thought she would say no, her prerogative, if she wished. But she finally nodded, giving me permission to talk. "I understand where you're coming from, I do, but you should know too that, well, this isn't exactly what I have wanted, either, Ma'am. But..."

"But here you are," she finished.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You really didn't know when you applied?"

"No, Ma'am, I had no idea. None. I just needed the job, I just wanted to fly again, surely you can understand that?"

She looked me up and down, then looked over her shoulder towards the aircraft, looking, I presumed for the Chief, for she lowered her voice. "Let's leave it at this then, Miss Sullivan. I'm not thrilled about this, though obviously I've little choice in the matter, so my thoughts are not relevant. You're qualified to fly, as I said, and I have to admit, you certainly look as good as any of the girls, so I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. But—we all take great pride in our job, every pilot and every stew, and I expect the same from you. We all expect the same from you. The mechanics don't know, the passengers won't know, only Mrs. Peterson, Ms. Bradburry, the CEO, and the flight crews know. So, I guess take this as the deal. I hear you're engaged, so you're obviously not into guys, but you had better be a better woman than any of us—you'll smile at them, you'll flirt with them, you'll put up with them—the men we fly. Not as much as the stews, of course, but pilots do all that too and I can't emphasize this enough, we take pride in it. Look at it like you work at Disney World, Miss Sullivan—you'd better not break character, not once, not for one second, ever. Are we clear?"

"Absolutely, Ma'am."

"Good. So, Chief," she raised her voice, hearing the Chief exit the plane behind her, "what do you think of our new pilot?"

"I think I have the best job in the world, Ma'am," he looked at us, laughed loudly, making it clear he found me quite attractive. "But then you already know I thought that, Captain."

"I do, Chief," Captain Fisher turned towards him and smiled a flirty smile. "But I also know you're almost old enough to be her father."

"Like I've told you a thousand times, Captain, I'm happily married, but if AGCO wants to hire the prettiest pilots and stewardesses in the world for our passengers to look at, how am I not supposed to do the same."

Captain Fisher shook her head, looked to me. "The Chief is a dirty old man, Miss Sullivan, but he's the best mechanic I've ever known, and, except for

that lustful look he'll give you now and then, he looks out for all of us."

I turned to smile at the Chief. Captain Fisher said, "Now, if you'll excuse us, Chief, I want to get Miss Sullivan into the cockpit, we leave for the west coast in just under two hours."

The flight prep was uneventful, though it was while sitting in the cockpit that I was grateful I wore pantyhose with this particular uniform—the hem of the dress would never have covered my garters. Captain Fisher commented on this, her only non-flight words during the initial run through. "I see you wore full hose," she nodded, running down her checklist. "Most of us do with this uniform."

"I have stockings and a garter belt for tomorrow," I said matter-of-factly to her nod and return to the checklist. I heard some commotion behind us which she said was today's flight crew, coming on board.

"Captain Fisher," I heard two voices from behind us say in greeting before moving quickly back into the plane in laughter.

"You're all the talk of the stews," she said shaking her head as she closed the checklist.

"I wish I wasn't." I suppose that explained the giggles.

She turned towards me, showing off her legs in the process. "Hard to avoid, Miss Sullivan, hard to avoid, but you had to have known you'd cause quite a stir. They're all young, I doubt any of them met a cross dresser before. Hell, they might not even know that that means."

"But I'm not..." I started to say something, but two things stopped me. Tiffany's warning to stop denying it, that I was a sissy, a cross dresser, whatever. And the look on Captain Fisher's face. So rather than do as I immediately wanted to do, I said nothing, just looked down. Unfortunately, right at Captain Fisher's legs, which were probably as shapely and sexy as my own.

"I thought so, Miss Sullivan. Thank you for being honest with me, it's something." She started to get up. "We should get back inside for uniform inspection while the Chief gets the hanger open."

"Wait," I said suddenly. "How...how'd you know?"

I saw the first smile from her. "That you're a sissy?"

I blushed at her use of the 'harsher' term for cross dresser, her casual use of it.

"It's too natural, Miss Sullivan." She stood, smoothing her dress. "Too natural to be an act. I get the impression that you're new to this, but it's clear you're more than simply complying with the job requirements, that you're



embracing it. Now," she said before I could respond, "Ms. Bradburry's waiting, I'm sure, let's get going so we can get flying."

She was indeed waiting back in the uniform room where I first met her, as were the two young stewardesses, who once again giggled despite themselves when Captain Fisher and I walked into the room. "It seems, Captain, our new pilot is the object of some interest." The two girls giggled again. "Ladies, go ahead, introduce yourselves to Miss Sullivan."

The two stewardesses, both beautiful, both basically younger versions of Captain Fisher, stepped forward. They each wore a uniform identical to mine and Captain Fisher's, save for the officer markings and pilot wings. "Miss Sullivan," the gorgeous twenty something to my left said, obviously fascinated by me, trying hard not to giggle again. "I'm Lindsey." She introduced herself with a small curtsy.

"And I'm Tyler," said the other, also with a curtsy. "I'm sorry we're acting like this, but we've been looking forward to meeting you and seeing if..."

"Seeing you in person," Lindsey cut in, meaning, I took it, seeing if I really fit in. Seeing if I really looked like a woman.

"It's nice to meet you, too," I looked at both of them, "I'm looking forward to flying with you."

"Alright, girls, let's come to attention," Ms. Bradburry cut in to our introductions, "we're running late."

I followed the lead of Captain Fisher and both Lindsey and Tyler and lined up, Captain Fisher on my right, Lindsey on my left, Tyler at the end, each of us about three feet from the other. Ms. Bradburry walked amongst us, giving a slight tug to a uniform here and there.

"Pantyhose," she asked Captain Fisher.

"Yes, Ma'am," she answered formally, surprising me at the level of respect a head pilot would give a head stewardess.

She walked to me next. "Miss Sullivan? Garters or pantyhose today?"

"Pantyhose, Ma'am," I answered with the same tone used by Captain Fisher.

"Let's see, lift your hem, Ms. Sullivan," she ordered.

I did so without hesitation, embarrassed to do so, but doing so just the same, assuming, correctly, that Ms. Bradburry had that power over me.

"Wolford, Miss Sullivan, very nice. Very flat, too," she said, looking at the front of my hose where a man would have a cock, but I had nothing. Suddenly she looked over to Lindsey, raised her voice, "Eyes forward, Lindsey!"



"Yes, Ma'am," Lindsey quickly answered. I was afraid to look her way, afraid to get chastised myself, but I assumed Lindsey was looking at me, looking down to see me with the hem of my dress raised, to see what was flat, and I felt my face flush in embarrassment.

"You're apparently quite the item of curiosity, Miss Sullivan." She just stood there, looking down at my crotch while I just stood there, exposed, waiting for what I knew I was supposed to wait for—her permission to lower my dress. "Let's try to be professional, girls, shall we? Miss Sullivan obviously fits in as well as any of you or she wouldn't be with us."

"Yes, Ma'am," they all agreed, even Captain Fisher.

"You may lower your dress Miss Sullivan, you pass. All of you do. Have a good flight girls. Oh, and I know you all like pantyhose with this uniform, but I hope at least some of you will be wearing garter belts on tomorrow's return flight." Ms. Bradburry finally said, which was followed by more giggling from Lindsey and Tyler.

"Miss Sullivan, a moment," she followed up when we started to leave.

"Yes, Ma'am?" I wondered if I'd done something wrong, felt butterflies in my stomach, but that wasn't it at all.

"I just wanted to, well, wish you luck with the company, Miss Sullivan. Obviously we all take great pride in what we do and hiring a...well...hiring you...was a big risk, and I suppose I just wanted to say that...don't let us down, Miss Sullivan." She said this as almost an order, almost in the same tone with which she ordered me to undress when she first inspected me, the same tone she'd used to order me to lift my hem and to scold Lindsey.

"I won't Ma'am, I really mean that. I," I almost got emotional, no, I was getting emotional. "I don't know if I could have said this when Mrs. Peterson offered me the job with the conditions it had, but, well, it means very much to me, being, well, being the best woman I can be."

She tilted her head and her expression softened. "I believe you mean that, Miss Sullivan, I really do." She nodded her head, silently dismissing me, but said one more thing as I turned to leave. "I'm not sure what the girls think of you, Miss Sullivan—Lindsey and Tyler—I haven't had a chance to talk to them and they're giggling and blushing every time they see you. But, just ignore them. They're very pretty, very good at what they do, but they're just young women, barely more than girls. Win them over by being a professional, just like you are with Captain Fisher."

The surprise must have shown on my face.

"Yes, Miss Sullivan, she might not show it, but I know Monica—you've

already got her respect as a pilot or she'd never fly with you and I can see it in her face—she's impressed with you as a woman, too. Win them over, Miss Sullivan, by doing what you're doing—being the best woman you can."

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Ms. Bradburry's words went through my mind as I walked through the body of the G on my final internal inspection and passed Lindsey and Tyler sitting comfortably in two of the G's seats. Both had their legs crossed, so, as I did when I sat, showed miles of nylon covered leg—naturally my eyes were drawn to that, away from their faces, from their eyes. Just as well, as I found myself blushing when I looked at either of them. Not that this was uncommon for me, shyness in front of pretty girls, pretty women. This was something I knew emphasized, even when I was dressed as a male, just what a beta male I was. Knowing they knew what I really was made things worse, really.

"Hello," I said softly walking by them.

"Miss Sullivan," they both answered, respectful of my status as a pilot, but I wondered if I detected a hint of sarcasm from both.

The cockpit seemed like a refuge from the rest of the plane. Though she was professional, especially now that we were close to takeoff, I at least understood that Captain Fisher accepted me as a pilot, even if not as a woman. Our final preflight checklist complete, both Captain Fisher and I were in pilot mode, professional mode. And with the exception of the occasional glance down at the instrument panel, where I couldn't help but notice my own nylon covered legs, I simply lost myself in flight, oddly, not thinking about it, also losing myself in womanhood.

It was a several hours into our flight before Captain Fisher addressed me in anything less than a professional voice, anything different from what I thought of as "Captain Fisher's pilot voice." But even that started as a professional compliment. "Nice flying thus far, Miss Sullivan," she said, glancing my way.

"Thank you Captain," I responded, pride swelling at her compliment of my skills. "You, too."

She nodded curtly, issued a command, which I quickly complied with. "I must say, Miss Sullivan, I wasn't happy to hear we hired you, and the circumstances, but...and I mean this as a compliment...you fit in nicely, and not just as a pilot."

"Thank you, Ma'am," I turned to her, "that means a lot to me."

She nodded again. "Don't think I'm thrilled by it, Miss Sullivan, I'm just saying what's done is done. While I doubt I'd have hired a sissy, here you are and I'm okay with it."

"I don't know everyone agrees with that." I thought of Lindsey and Tyler.

"I told you before, I doubt they've ever met a sissy before."

I turned away the second time she used that word and she noticed.

"Does that bother you, Miss Sullivan? That word? I apologize if it does, but..."

"That's what you think..." I thought of Tiffany's admonition again, not to deny that I was a sissy, "I am?"

"I'm right, am I not?"

"Yes," I said softly, "apparently so."

"I won't use that word again, if you'd like me not to."

"It doesn't really matter, Captain Fisher, it seems accurate."

"You didn't know before, did you, Miss Sullivan? Before getting the job offer, right?" she asked, something coming over her face. "I just assumed you didn't know about the uniform requirements, but it's not just that, is it? You didn't know you were..."

"A sissy? No...no, Ma'am."

"Oh, my," she looked at me, a surprised look on her face, but some sense of clarity, too. "I'm sorry, this is personal, this has nothing to do with the job, so I shouldn't even be asking you this, but..."

"Yes," I nodded, knowing what she meant. Pilots. It would come out sooner or later, hour after hour in the cockpit, she might as well ask sooner.

"You never dressed before, did you? I mean, until, well, until now?"

I shook my head.

"Your fiancée? You're engaged, I understand? She's okay with this?"

I laughed. "Yes, you could say that. I think, well, she said she always thought I might be different. She said she had her suspicions that I was transgendered, but no, she didn't really know, either."

"You didn't know, though?"

"No," I whispered, feeling very self-conscious now the closer Captain Fisher got to the uncomfortable truth of the matter, especially with her mention of Tiffany, her knowledge that my fiancée had just recently learned the "man" she was going to marry was nothing of the sort, that the "man" she was betrothed to was, in reality, for lack of any better word, a fucking sissy!

"Oh. Oh, my. I...I'm...I'm surprised."

"She said she always suspected," I blurted out in defense.



"I...I'm sure she did," she said, looking forward, not making it clear if she agreed that Tiffany suspected or if she was just saying that to make me feel better.

"She said she always wondered, given the way I am, how I always hang around the women at family gatherings, how I'm kind of..."

"Miss Sullivan," Captain Fisher laughed. "I don't doubt it—this will sound like I'm being mean, and I'm not—I don't care. I can't picture any, what, male, that's as pretty as you ever being mistaken for, you know, a guy's guy. I'm just saying, what am I saying, maybe that there's a difference wondering if your fiancée's, um, different, and actually experiencing it. But, if she suspected, well, I'm sure she's okay finally knowing for sure. You're lucky, then. Not all women could deal with that, most of us are biologically programmed to want men. Masculine men. Hell, why do you think we always fall for the guy who treats us like shit when we're young? It's biology trying to make us mate with the alpha male."

I bit my lip. Maybe she was touching on something that bothered me, something I wondered about too. Why a woman would fall for someone like me? I wondered, not for the first time, why Tiffany would be attracted to...to a sissy. Maybe I craved validation for my own relationship, reassurance that this really was okay with Tiffany. Something else bothered me, too, her assertion that women were programmed to want men, not sissies.

"Captain, you make it sound like only the proverbial "alpha" male has a chance with women."

She chuckled. "Among most species, that's true, Miss Sullivan, but you're right, it's different with humans, I guess. We pair off and marry. It's not simply about sex, it's about love and companionship and becoming life partners. Even beta men, that's the term, I guess, grow up and get married. I should know, my ex was kind of a beta—not a sissy," she said defensively, "just mousy."

"See, there's hope for me," I said, trying to lighten the mood.

"Of course. And I'm sure your fiancée loves you very much, Miss Sullivan. It's just...well, never mind, I've probably said too much."

"What?"

"Well, I think a woman can find great happiness with a beta guy," she made air quotes. "I don't think every woman ends up with an alpha male, if for no other reason than there are not enough of them to go around. Not to mention that they are not always the best companions, day to day. I just think that, and this is from my own experience having been married to a beta, no



matter how happy a woman is with a guy, well, a beta guy, she always this inner craving—biology or instinct or just plain animalistic drive, whatever you want to call it—a craving for a man, an alpha male. It's not something most women want to admit to the tender, sweet, caring guys they settle with, because they really do love them. But, and I should NEVER be telling you this, women are not supposed to talk about this to anyone other than other women, so I'm saying this is a testament to how convincing you are as a woman...but...most women who settle with a beta guy would be lying if they denied having a deep, almost animalistic craving for an alpha man now and then."

My eyes were wide open with shock at hearing Captain Fisher talk like this, talk about something so...so base, so taboo. Was she really saying what I thought she was saying? That most women crave, what, was there any other way to think it? That they crave a GOOD FUCK every once in awhile. Not from their beta husbands, their beta boyfriends, (*their sissy fiancées*), but from a MAN? Was she implying that Tiffany, who worked around men who hit on her all day, fantasized about them?

"Captain Fisher, I..."

"God, I really have to remember you're not really a girl...Listen, maybe your fiancée is different, I don't know her, so I'm not saying she, well, I'm just generalizing, but I wonder, I know from experience, I wonder if she..."

She started to explain what she meant by that, what she knew from experience, what Tiffany thought, but just then there was a knock at the cockpit door. One of the girls. I turned, opened the door, but couldn't help but wonder what she meant.

Maybe Tiffany...what? Really didn't think it was okay I was a sissy? That didn't quite seem possible. After all, Tiffany herself seemed to think, or at least suspect, that I was different before we got engaged. More than that, Tiff said she suspected I was transgendered before I suspected it, really. So how could she not mean it when she said she was okay with me being a sissy? After all, she implied, no, more than that, she said she fantasized about it. About me being a submissive sissy. I thought about the sex the other night—she was not faking that.

So what? Did she mean to say that Tiffany had some internal desire, too? That she was perfectly happy with a beta, with me, with a sissy, but did Captain Fisher mean to say that she wondered if Tiffany craved an alpha man? That Tiffany craved sex with a man? No, no, she couldn't have meant that, she...

"Dinner, ladies," Lindsey was at the door carrying a tray with a light supper—small salads, sandwiches, coffee.

Dinner? I didn't want dinner? I wanted to ask Captain Fisher what the fuck she meant! I surely didn't want to see either Lindsey or Tyler, who I could barely look at without blushing. Lindsey, of course, made it worse with every word she said to me, with every look, with every glance, with every "Miss Sullivan."

But the moment seemed to pass as we ate—Captain Fisher was once again businesslike, professional, serious. Watching her now, one wouldn't know that minutes ago she was talking to me about something so intimate, so personal. And after we ate, we began our preparations for approaching our destination. There was no time to ask Captain Fisher if she thought my fiancée fantasized about men (*real men*).

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We landed without any further discussion about Tiffany, me, or Captain Fisher's personal life. At discrete moments now and then, I'd wished I could talk to her again, bring it up again, but those thoughts quickly vanished, replaced by the realities of landing the G-V.

After we completed our post-flight routine, Captain Fisher walked with me to the waiting AGCO flight services van, which, she said, contained our luggage, but to my chagrin, she said that Lindsey and Tyler were also waiting in the van to go to AGCO's corporate residential quarters in San Francisco.

I followed Captain Fisher into the van, trying very hard not to stare at her long legs and her ass, which were practically in my face as we climbed aboard. The van, like all transportation vans of its nature, had perimeter seating so once Captain Fisher and I sat down on one side we faced the girls, who were chatting and giggling about something (*me, I was sure*) on the other.

I sat there, fidgeting nervously, adjusting my hat, fixing my white gloves, then crossing, uncrossing, and re-crossing my legs absentmindedly, enjoying the sensation the nylon made each time I moved, trying to let the comforting physical sensations distract me from the two beautiful women sitting directly across from me and laughing at inside jokes.

It wasn't easy, of course. Every time I even tried to look anywhere but directly at the floor I caught sight of one set of legs or the other, Lindsey's or Tyler's, one set of smooth arms or the other, even one set of firm breasts or the other. Worse was the giggling. It seemed that every time I looked

anywhere near their way, one or the other giggled. It seemed that every time I moved my legs the hem of my dress rode up another inch or two and when I tugged it back down, one would whisper and the other would giggle. Every time.

Finally, as we crossed a particularly bumpy stretch of road, Captain Fisher was jolted towards me, which left her mouth close to my ear. "Just ignore them as best you can, Miss Sullivan, they don't mean anything by it, really, they don't. They are just curious."

I nodded every so slightly, not wanting the "girls" to know she said anything. But their giggling stung, every time. I just pictured them whispering to one another. Sissy, sissy, sissy. He's a sissy. She's a sissy. A freak. Not a man. What's his fiancée see in him? Of course she wants a man. Sissy, sissy, sissy. Would you ever date a sissy? My god, no, yuck.

By the time we got to the AGCO corporate residence, part of me wanted to yell at the stupid girls, part of me wanted to ignore them, and part of me—the largest part—just wanted to go to my room and hide and never see them again, at least not until tomorrow when I had to fly with them again, thankfully with them distracted by passengers.

When we got to the AGCO corporate residence, an apartment building converted into a private hotel for AGCO personnel, the four of us exited the van and entered the lobby, and a porter came out to get our luggage. The lobby had a check-in desk, where a friendly, smiling Brit was waiting for the four of us. Maybe he was smiling because, as I saw in the mirror behind him, the four of us, in our sharp uniforms, our sexy uniforms, in heels and hats and gloves with miles of leg showing, made one of the most fantasy evoking sights I'd ever seen. Like something from a movie, four beautiful, glamorous women in uniform were striding across his lobby.

So, as the clerk checked us in, he was professional, yet without question looking, even leering. And quite frankly, who could blame him?

"Captain Fisher," he greeted the captain by sight when she approached the desk first, a perk of rank.

"Good evening...or morning...or whatever it is now," she smiled, flirting, the perfect woman.

"Let's see," he typed in his computer, "we have you in Suite 1015, I believe you stayed there last time, Captain."

"Thank you so much," Captain Fisher said, taking the electronic key from him.

I stepped forward next. "Miss Dana Sullivan," I introduced myself.



"Ahhh, Miss Sullivan, welcome to San Francisco," he smiled at me as much as he did at Captain Fisher. As he did so, I couldn't help but notice his eyes drift downward, to my chest, just for a moment, before settling on my face.

"Thank you."

"I understand you're our new first office?"

"Yes, this is actually my first flight."

"Well, welcome to the company, then. As I'm sure Captain Fisher mentioned, junior officers bunk with the stewardesses..." I tried not to look shocked when he spoke, but inside my stomach dropped. Bunk with the stews? With Lindsey and Tyler? He had to be kidding, he had to be fucking kidding! For an instant, I looked up at the mirror behind him, caught Captain Fisher's eyes, but she quickly looked away, almost embarrassed. And I swear I heard Lindsey and Tyler giggling, I swear it, though I didn't dare look at them.

"We have the three of you in Suite 803, it's three bedrooms, three baths, so you'll all have some privacy. Your bags are all taken care of and waiting in your rooms."

I took my key from him, trying to keep my emotions in check. Three bedrooms, three baths, and we'd already eaten dinner, so I didn't even have to see them, I could get myself settled in my room and cry myself to sleep while the mean girls made fun of me. I rode in the back of the elevator, next to Captain Fisher, not knowing whether to shake from fear, anger, humiliation, or even pride. Every second or two on the ride up, one or the other of them would lean over and whisper and they'd both giggle, I'm sure talking about me. "Hey, we're rooming with the sissy," or something like that, I knew it, I knew.

When the elevator doors opened, Captain Fisher, in a gesture of support, of tenderness, of compassion, took my hand, squeezed ever so slightly. "I enjoyed flying with you, Miss Sullivan," she said, perhaps for the girls' benefit, perhaps for mine, perhaps for both.

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Trailing behind Lindsey and Tyler, watching them walk, sway, laugh, giggle, I knew the only thing to do, sharing a suite with three bedrooms, was to find mine and hide myself in my room until morning. Tyler got to the door first, used her key to open it and let us in. Once inside, the heavy metal door closed loudly, ominously behind us, as if sealing a tomb.



The suite was well decorated with contemporary furniture and looked, actually, quite comfortable and livable, not surprising, I suppose, not that I'd enjoy any of it. The bedrooms were past the living area—I saw no bathrooms so I assumed, gratefully, they were all in the suites so I really would not need to come out until time to leave tomorrow. Both Lindsey and Tyler were still ahead of me, their heels clacking on the wood floor. Lindsey looked in the first room to the right, then looked back to me.

"It looks like your things are in here, Ms. Sullivan."

I gave her a look, a thanks for nothing you bitch, look, though I smiled just the same, walked by her into my room, and shut the door, creating my own refuge from the hell of my two forced roommates. Before changing, before anything, the first thing I did was to try to call Tiffany, seeking a kindred soul to unload to. I rummaged through my purse for my phone, turned it on, waited for it to do whatever it did to find a signal in a strange land, and called Tiffany.

One ring and right to voice mail. I calculated the time, something like 11 or midnight back home. She was either on the phone, not likely, or sent me to voice mail, for if she was sleeping it would have rang four or five times first.

"You sent me to voice mail :)" I texted her.

Surprisingly, an answer came immediately. "Sorry, loud here, out with some people from work. How was flight?"

"Flight was good...nice to fly." Out with people from work? Who? Maybe it was nothing, but she didn't say she was out with some girls from work. No. People. People meant guys. Okay, stupid, Dana, stupid, it was nothing.

"Was thinking about you all day."

"Smile. Me, too." Flatter her, I knew I should flatter her. "Thinking about the best fiancée in the world." I set the phone down, opened my garment bag and hung up tomorrow's uniform.

"Flattery will get you everywhere! I was thinking about the prettiest sissy in the world."

I swallowed. "Talk later?" Waiting, I took off today's uniform, hung it up, too, leaving me in just my short slip, my heels and hose, and of course my bra and panties. The bra holding but emphasizing my breasts. The panties similarly holding but instead hiding my penis. Because I was a sissy, a sissy!

"Don't know what time I'll be home, didn't drive. I'll text when I'm home safe. Gotta run...getting dragged to dance floor!" Dragged to the dance floor? By who? A man? An alpha man? Some guy who hit on her every day? Some guy the total opposite of me. (*Stop thinking like that, Dana, stop it.*)

"Okay...love you."

She didn't text back. I'm sure it was nothing, that her friends dragged her to the dance floor. I assumed it was her friends—girlfriends, who liked to dance together. But Captain Fisher's voice rang in my head. "Women have a deep animalistic craving for an alpha man now and then." I thought this just as I caught my reflection in a mirror. The reflection of one thing—a woman. The reflection had a woman's calves, a woman's thighs, a woman's curves, a woman's breasts, a woman's face.

Alpha male, sissy, alpha male, sissy, alpha male, sissy.

Why would she want me? Rather, why wouldn't she want a man? The knock at the door startled me so much I practically jumped. "Miss Sullivan," I heard Lindsey's voice.

I quickly looked around, realized I was embarrassed at how I was dressed, she couldn't come in here and see me like this, though part of me knew I was barely more covered wearing my uniform dress.

"Miss Sullivan," and she knocked again.

"Just a second," I quickly said. I opened the small suitcase—Tiffany said she'd packed something to sleep in. Part of me assumed I'd find flannel pajamas, though as soon as I opened it I knew that was unlikely—the bag had lingerie for tomorrow, a baby doll nightie skimpier than the slip I was wearing, and, thank god, a robe!

"Miss Sullivan, can I come in," Lindsey's voice asked.

"One second," I called out and without looking more closely, I pulled out the white satin robe, hoping, foolishly, it would be long and proper and cover my body. It didn't—the half sleeved white satin robe was short, an inch or two longer than my slip, ending as it did above mid thigh, but it was too late to worry about that, I simply tied it around my waist and went to the door.

"Lindsey," I said to the girl still in uniform.

"Miss Sullivan, can we...can we talk?" I looked behind her, assuming by we she meant Tyler, too, but she was alone. By we, she meant the two of us. And her tone was timid, respectful, she was not at all the giggly girl of half an hour ago. I would have shut the door but for that tone, but for the respect. If not for that, I never would have let her in.

"I...yes, come in," I stood aside and let her into the room, leaving the door open behind us. "What is it?"

She sat on the bed, crossed her legs, folded her hands in her lap, and looked up at me. "Miss Sullivan, I...well, we...Tyler and I...did we...did we do something wrong, Ma'am?"

"Something wrong? What do you mean?"

She swallowed, seemed to gather her courage. "Well, Ma'am, you seem...you seem angry with us and..."

"Angry," I said, realizing she was right. For the moment, Tiffany was forgotten, all I could focus on was Lindsey, the perfect young woman who spent all day mocking me and laughing at me with her little friend. "This is hard enough for me." I crossed my arms. "A new job, and...this." This fucking dressing as a woman and this admitting I'm a sissy and now, thanks to Captain Fisher, this wondering what in the hell my fiancée was doing. "I didn't need to hear you two laughing at me and giggling and mocking me all day."

"Laughing at you," a voice from the doorway said. Tyler, still in uniform like Lindsey, was standing there with a shocked look on her face. "Miss Sullivan, why would we laugh at you?"

She had a genuine look of confusion on her face and before I could stop myself I answered her question honestly, saying what was on my mind. "Because I'm a sissy," I blurted out still angry.

"But Miss Sullivan," Lindsey said. "We...you think...Ma'am, we were not laughing at you."

"I heard you two giggling all day, Lindsey, please, don't patronize me."

"Ma'am," Tyler walked into the bedroom, looking very concerned. "Oh God, please don't tell Ms. Bradburry that! Don't tell her we were laughing at you, please, we weren't, I swear!"

"You were, I heard you."

"Miss Sullivan," I looked at Lindsey who was blurting out quickly, "we were giggling because we were so excited to get here and we knew we were sharing a suite with you and we couldn't wait to talk to you. We were giggling because we were excited, not because we were making fun of you."

"Talk to me," I eyed her suspiciously. "Why?"

"Because we think you're beautiful, Ma'am, neither of us...we've never met a..."

"A sissy," Tyler finished Lindsey's thought. "We weren't making fun of you, Ma'am, we...we were so excited to...to see you...to talk to you...god, we have so many questions!"

"Questions? Questions about what," I asked suspiciously.

"Well, like, my god, you're so pretty, how long have you been dressing as a woman? Every since you were little? What's your style? What's it like being a boy living as a girl? And," she blushed, "this is stupid, but..."

"Do you have a boyfriend," Lindsey asked quietly.



I just looked back and forth from one to the other, then finally burst out laughing.

"What, Miss Sullivan? See, Lin, I...I told you we should have..."

"No, no, Tyler, it's okay, really. I thought you two were making fun of me, really, I never thought you...you'd actually want to talk to me."

"We do, Miss Sullivan, really, I'm sorry we made you feel bad, honestly, but we really do."

I realized they were being honest; they really did want to get to know me, really did seem to accept me. Suddenly I started to blush as I became aware of my state of undress, the heels and pantyhose, the slip and robe barely covering me. I tugged at the hem of the robe and slip, half covered my chest with one of my arms, and said the stupidest thing. "I don't have anything else to wear, I should put my uniform back on."

They both giggled. "Miss Sullivan," Lindsey stood, "we're all girls here, we walk around in lingerie all the time, it's okay."

"I...I don't know..."

"Here, maybe this will help?" Much to my surprise, she started to unbutton her dress, doing it as if she was undressing completely alone, and quickly lifted it over her head and kicked her heels off. "See," she said nonchalantly standing in the middle of the room dressed much like I was—pantyhose and a sky blue nylon slip. "No big deal." She jumped onto the bed, got comfortable. Tyler quickly followed and just like that there were two half naked girls on my bed, making any lingering thoughts I had of Tiffany and what she might be doing vanish from my mind. "So, come on, tell us, Miss Sullivan, do you have a boyfriend?"

I shook my head and blurted out, "No!"

"I know, me neither...good guys are hard to find. I know a couple of guys back home, maybe I could..."

I was shocked—this conversation wasn't going how I thought it was going to go, not at all! "Lindsey, no, my goodness no, I..."

"It's okay, Miss Sullivan, they really are nice, I'm not sure if they are into," she blushed, "sissies, but I can ask," she said helpfully. Sissies? So she accepted the word, at least.

"Lindsey, no, you don't understand...I'm not gay!"

Her eyes went wide in surprise. I half expected them both to jump up and get dressed as quickly as they undressed, but neither moved. "You...you mean you like girls?" I nodded. "Oh, Miss Sullivan, I...I'm sorry, we didn't know, we just assumed..."



"You can get dressed," I said, trying to cover what I assumed was her uncomfortableness. She looked away, Tyler, too. "What," I asked. "You want to, it's okay, you thought I was, um, gay."

"It's not that big a deal, Miss Sullivan, maybe if you were a man," Lindsey said, then looked guilty. "I'm sorry, I don't mean to say, well, you know, that you aren't a man, it's just...the way you look and act..."

I sighed, sat on the edge of the bed, smoothly crossing my legs, "Oh, fuck it, girls," I sighed, "Tiffany says the same thing—that I'm not a man—she's right, don't feel bad saying that."

Lindsey reached over and rested a hand on my thigh. She meant it as a comforting gesture, and I resisted jumping, but it was difficult, after all she was an incredibly attractive woman and was half naked, like me. But I knew she was trying to be sweet, not sexual, of course—I wasn't a man! "I didn't mean it to be mean, Miss Sullivan, I just, well, we assumed, um, we don't know anything about sissies and we thought you'd like being thought of as one of the girls."

I looked up at them, their tender, beautiful faces, their incredible bodies, and felt, hell, knew I was as pretty as them. Why shouldn't they see me as one of the girls? Isn't that what I wanted? Wasn't I trying to fit in? "I do, Lindsey, I do, really."

"Who's Tiffany," Tyler asked, also reaching over and touching me gently.

"You'll never believe this, but Tiffany's my fiancée."

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So I told them everything, not from the beginning, I jumped all around with jumbled thoughts as my emotions got the best of me. I told them about dressing for the first time, why I did it, how I got the job, Tiffany's suspicions. All of it. I even cried a little, maybe more than a little, as I simply unloaded everything I felt to these two semi-naked women, feeling at ease with them, like they cared. I told them about my shame at discovering this woman inside me and my concern how Tiffany could love me. I even told them about my new fears about what Captain Fisher had said about women wanting alpha men—something neither girl denied. "So it's true, obviously."

Tyler answered that one. "I've dated mousy guys, Miss Sullivan," she tried to comfort me,. But that only made me feel worse.

"And yet you still crave men?"

She frowned. "Sometimes," she finally said. "But...it's different...I don't

know how to explain it, I guess I like, what, softer, tender guys—I mean, if you want someone to give you hours of foreplay, trust me, there's nothing like a mousy guy. But I guess Captain Fisher is right, I guess sometimes a woman wants a good, hard fuck."

Wonderful, I thought, then that's what Tiff wants, a good, hard fuck.

At least they listened well, asked some questions, gave some real advice. It was like getting inside knowledge from the other team, listening to these two young women give me advice about myself, my own woman. At one point Tyler went to get a bottle of wine—we had fourteen or more hours before our flight so we could safely have a glass or two. "And so," I said, my tale mostly concluded, "you can see how fucked up things are." I was relaxed now, the girls were wonderful, they really were. We were still all in my bed—Tyler and I were both leaning against Lindsey who was rubbing my arm; my nylon covered legs were entwined with Tyler's, who absentmindedly rubbed hers against mine.

It was strange, to be so relaxed with two beautiful women, and while I felt a tugging sexual tension, it was different from anything I'd experienced before. It was so opposite from a normal man/woman sexual tension. "This is strange," I commented, "I mean..."

Lindsey giggled, that cute giggle I'd heard all day. I glanced up at her. "Dana," Lindsey said, obviously on a first name basis now. "It's strange for a man, maybe, but women to do this all the time."

"Just relax half naked? It's like the ultimate fantasy for a guy."

"That's because guys imagine that all a couple of women need to make them happy is a big masculine guy—which sometimes they do. But sometimes girls like to just relax with other girls. Like no man can imagine cuddling with one of his guy friends like this. Or lying around in their underwear. Girls have pajama parties, not guys."

"You know, guys all fantasize about girls at pajama parties," I said. "Girls not just lying around talking and giggling, but, like, kissing and..." Lindsey looked away from me over to Tyler. "What?" I asked quickly. "I'm sorry, that was stupid to say...it's just what they fantasize about." They both giggled. "Seriously, what?"

"Girls know what guys fantasize about," Tyler said, "they fantasize that if a couple of girls are half naked and cuddling, suddenly they're going to turn into wild lesbians, who somehow turn back straight if a cock shows up."

"Yea, something like that. I know, stupid men, right?"

"Just because girls kiss or mess around doesn't make them lesbos."

I looked at her, wrinkled my face. "What'd you mean kiss or mess around?"

She had an impish smile on her face. "Men never kiss their friends because they have this whole gay complex, this whole, I have to be a man complex. Girls don't have that, Dana. A girl can kiss another girl and it doesn't mean anything."

"Okay, I agree, I suppose I see women kiss hello and goodbye all the time."

"Yea, there's that, but that's not what she means, Dana," Lindsey said. "Girls can like, kiss kiss, you know, like, make out and mess around a little without having this huge complex about it."

"Okay, funny, fucking hilarious funny. Make fun of the new 'girl', I get it."

"I'm serious, Dana. It isn't like guys fantasize that we're like these wild sex addicts just dying to go down on one another, but I don't know, sometimes when the mood's right, girls do kiss and mess around, and do things guys would NEVER do with one another. I'm just saying, fuck, how'd we get on THIS topic? I'm just saying girls are different, that's all."

"You really kiss other girls—like...like that?"

"Well yea, lots...most girls do. It doesn't mean we don't like guys, I mean, fuck, I'll take a hard cock any day when I want, like, sex, but I suppose touching another girl is kind of like sex, but it's not sex sex. Fuck, it's hard for me to get through my head you're not a girl girl, but you say you think like a girl, so I think you get it. Doesn't Tiffany ever want you to just, you know, like mess around, like, get off without fucking? Or sometimes she just wants to make out and mess around a little, she doesn't really want like real sex, you know, she doesn't want to, for lack of a better term, fuck."

I blushed. "Yea. She does. A lot, actually." The girls exchanged a look. "What? What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, Dana, it's nothing really," she said, though her eyes betrayed that it was something, something important.

"She seems to like it better that way, when we don't actually screw, but, you know, just mess around."

"Like girls."

"I don't know, maybe," I said, thinking. Maybe, maybe. She likes to mess around like girls, like she thinks of me as a girl, like...

"No, I wasn't asking, Dana, I'm saying. It sounds like she likes to mess around with you like girls, not like, you know—sorry, the only good word again—fuck like a man and a woman."



"Like girls," I repeated. Of course that was true, but part of me still wanted to deny it, part of me felt like I had to defend whatever small shred of masculinity I had. "Sometimes we...screw," I said weakly.

"She doesn't really like it though," Tyler asked. Said. Stated. Knowing. I swallowed, blushed. "I don't know."

"Dana," Lindsey half pushed me, "what's the matter with that? You said she sees you as a girl, right? So she wants to mess around like girls. Honey, you should be HAPPY about that."

"I suppose, Lin, I suppose I am, but it's, I don't know how to explain it. I FEEL like a girl, I really do, like there's a woman inside me. I know I'm not a man, I suppose I've always known that. But part of me also feels like—I'm not REALLY a woman, and it kind of bothers me I can't, like, satisfy her like that...like a man would."

They were both silent, like they were unsure if they were supposed to comfort me or sympathize or what? Finally, Tyler asked it. "It's hard being a sissy, isn't it?"

"Yes," I agreed right away, so easily admitting I was one. "It really is. Sometimes, anyway."

"Can I, um, make a suggestion?"

"Sure, why not."

"She seems to like to, well, make love to you like girls do, right? So just, I don't know, embrace it, Dana. Stop trying to be a man for her, it doesn't sound like it's working anyway, nor is it what she wants. Instead, just be a woman."

"Maybe."

"I think you're fucking lucky, Dana."

"Lucky? Why?"

"Because it sounds like she loves you very much."

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After several quiet minutes, Tyler spoke up, hesitant, as if she had to work up the courage to ask. We were all still lying there, the two girls in their slips and pantyhose, me in the same, along with my robe, which had fallen open at some point and covered nothing. "Miss Sullivan...Dana," she looked at me, then down to my midsection, down to the flat area between my legs. To the spot where a man's cock would be outlined in the pantyhose and the slip (assuming any MAN would be caught dead in pantyhose and a slip). She finished her question softly, quietly. "Lindsey and I were wondering...can



we...can we, um, can we see it?"

"See what?" I asked carefully, suddenly very aware of everything my senses were taking in. The smells of the room, of the women. The sound of my breathing, theirs. The sight of the two, no, three beautiful women. The feeling of Lindsey's hand on my arm and the realization that her fingers were resting on the side of my breast. The similar feeling of Tyler's nylon leg on my nylon leg and her hand on my stomach, mere inches from my crotch. Where those physical feelings felt innocent moments ago, they now suddenly took on all sorts of different meanings for me.

Tyler's hand moved slightly downward, closer, pointed. "Can we see...you know...it's just so...so flat, so smooth, so feminine, I guess we just wondered how..."

"How you do it,," Lindsey finished. "I...I gather it's small...but..."

"Will you show us, please, Miss Sullivan?" Tyler had gathered a bit of the slip's material in her hand and was slowly pulling the hem of my slip upward. "Please, it's just us girls, it's okay."

I thought of the position I was in, wondered what Tiffany would think. Tyler's 'it's just us girls' comment rang through my ears. Tiffany didn't want my thinking of myself as a man, only as a woman, as a sissy. So it really was 'just us girls' right now, wasn't it? But still, what would Tiffany (the woman out with people from work, the woman who apparently, like all women, craved men), what would she think? "I...I have a fiancée," I managed to stammer.

"Who would be quite unhappy with you if you were a man and you were naked with a woman, but it's just us girls..."

"Please Miss Sullivan?"

"She'd be mad if you were a man and fucked some girl, but you're not, Miss Sullivan, you're not a man—she knows it, you know it—you're a sissy, right? Just one of the girls, it's okay."

"Please, Miss Sullivan," Lindsey whispered in my ear, her hot breath melting my resolve.

"I...I don't know," I mumbled, but I made no move to stop Tyler, I did nothing as she every so slowly lifted the hem of my slip up to the top of my thighs, to my panties, up, up, over, to my hips, to the hem of the pantyhose.

"Oh," Tyler gasped.

"Oh my," Lindsey whispered into my ear.

"It...it's flat, it's like really flat," Tyler half cooed, half giggled, like a virgin seeing something sexual for the first time. "Like there's nothing there."

"There's something there, it's just tucked away," I said semi-defensively.

"Can I," Tyler asked, letting go of my slip, sliding her hand towards the flatness of my pantyhose and panties.

I flinched, "Tyler, I don't know."

"It's okay, really, Miss Sullivan," Lindsey said softly. "It's just us girls, she won't mind, I'm sure, we just want to learn..."

"Ohhhhh," I gasped when Tyler's fingers found their way between my legs and came to a rest on the soft flat mound of my panties, on the soft, tenderness that resembled a woman, not a man, a vagina, not a cock, not even a penis.

"Lin, feel it, god, it's so...so soft...so little...like...like..."

"Like a girl," Lindsey said the obvious, "no wonder your fiancée doesn't want to...fuck."

"Ohhhhhh," I swallowed, too much, too much.

"I mean it, Miss Sullivan, I really do..."

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I'd like to say that Tyler and Lindsey and I started kissing and licking and touching and had wild, lesbian sex all night long. But we didn't. Not at all. Strangely, after they both felt me, explored for a few minutes, all we did was fall asleep together in the king sized bed in my room. Lindsey was on one side with my arm around her cupping her breast, her satin covered ass pressed backwards against my crotch. My penis was free when we fell asleep, free, anyway, from the confines of being tucked in my panties, though it was not free, exposed, ready to be used. Tyler was on the other side of me, her arm around me cupping my fake breast the same as I cupped Lindsey's.

That's how I...we...all of us...fell asleep. Spooning. Chest to back, chest to back. Breasts touching back, one girl to the next. Arms around one another's waists. Pantyhose covered leg touching and intertwined with pantyhose covered leg. Lindsey's lingerie covered ass nuzzled up snugly against my erection. Tyler's lingerie covered vagina nuzzled up snugly against my ass. "Just cuddling like this is so cute," Lindsey whispered over her shoulder as we snuggled, ever so gently rubbing her ass against my erection. "So girl-like."

"Yes," I whispered softly.

Lindsey turned her head towards me but kept her body, her ass, pressed against me, rubbing ever so slightly, enough pressure to tingle me, to make me almost moan, but gently enough so I couldn't even get close to the edge, let alone over it. "I've never felt something like this before," she whispered.

"Like what?"

"Even, um, hard—hard seems like the wrong word—even swollen, it's so small and soft in your hose, your little girl penis," she giggled in a way I now knew was innocent, wasn't mocking. But it felt humiliating just the same.

I gasped softly, starting to say something, Captain Fisher's earlier words echoing in my mind about women, Tiffany in particular, wanting a man, an alpha man. But I was afraid to move, afraid to wake up from this beautiful dream, afraid to say what I was thinking, afraid the discomfort in my mind would shatter the pleasure I was having being a girl at this moment.

"What, Miss Sullivan," she asked, sensing I wanted to say something, asking it softly.

Alpha man, alpha man. The phrase went through my mind over and over and over until I couldn't stop from saying what I wondered. "What...what if she wants a man, Lindsey," I blurted out, loud enough for both girls to hear. "What if Tiffany wants a man? I...I can't be..."

It was Tyler who answered, snuggling tight against my back. "Shhhh, don't worry about it, Miss Sullivan, you just be her girl, just worry about being her girl."

As I drifted off to sleep sandwiched in-between two scantily clad women, my swollen penis rubbing against them through layers of lingerie, I kept thinking that, just be her girl, just be her girl. And, as sleep washed over me, I thought of something else—she hadn't called or texted me to tell me she'd gotten home safely. I was sure she was home, she had to be, she must have forgotten to call, that's it. Tyler told me to just worry about being Tiffany's girl—but I couldn't help but forget that earlier she'd said something else, that sometimes a woman wants a good, hard fuck. And if I wasn't supposed to worry about that, who was? Who was?

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The return flight was to bring several engineers who had been on temporary duty in California back to the headquarters. Luckily, though I thought strangely, I slept well sandwiched between the two beautiful girls. I woke up a number of times—turning over between them was strange, though they seemed to sleep more easily—but each time, cuddled by one woman pressed up against the other, I quickly fell back into a deep sleep. I couldn't help but notice that each time I awoke, each time I turned over, my penis was, remained, swollen, remained that way the entire night. I would turn from



pressed against Lindsey to pressed against Tyler, and each, even when asleep, would caress me for a moment, like a cat getting comfortable, would rub themselves against me, making it impossible for the swelling to go down. Apparently, as 'just one of the girls' I slept well in the tangle of lingerie, pantyhose, breasts, and legs.

After the girls got up, one right after the other, each gently touching my face and telling me it was time to wake up, I showered and dressed for the day's flight. The breast forms stayed perfectly in place, held snug by the medical grade glue, and looked entirely realistic when once again wrapped by the black lace and nylon bra Tiffany had packed. I took more time tucking myself—wearing stockings, I would not have the protection of pantyhose to give me extra support—but the black matching bikini panties tightly held my penis back between my legs. Of course, I couldn't help but think, true or not, that I was small, undersized, not fit to be called a man. And I couldn't help but think that Tiffany of course wanted, desired, fantasized about a man. What woman wouldn't when her fiancée was transgendered, was a sissy, was small (even if only partially true), and was quick to ejaculate (certainly true for me)?

Later, dressed in my dark blue skirt suit, with its form-fitting jacket, walking through the lobby with Captain Fisher and the girls to the waiting courtesy van, heels clicking on the wood floor, I again thought how exquisite a garter belt and stockings actually felt. With each step I felt the garter straps tug at the light black nylon encasing my legs, a very subtle, but very real reminder that I was wearing not only hosiery, but the most feminine of hosiery, a garter belt and stockings. Each step did more, though, it reminded me of something much more significant. Each step, each and every step, one after the other, quietly, softly, reminded me that while I was born a boy, I was most certainly not a man. Each step. Each tug. Each whisper of nylon. I wasn't a woman and I wasn't a man dressing as a woman, I was something different, something unique. Sissy. Sissy. Each step reminded me of that simple fact, each tug said it over and over. You're not a man, you're a sissy, a sissy.

For no man could ever feel the emotions the rushed through me each time I felt the garter straps tug my stockings. No man similarly dressed would feel the rush of excitement, the overwhelming sense of femininity, no man would feel this surge of happiness dressing as a woman. A woman might, but I was no woman either, not born one, anyway.

I was a sissy.



The flight itself was generally uneventful. Tyler and Lindsey tended to our passengers, though of course Captain Fisher and I were on hand to welcome them aboard, to stand there and smile and say hello. And most important, to look pretty, to look glamorous, to look sexy, to be the perfect image of a classic sex symbol, giving the appearance that even we, the pilots, were there for the pleasure of the men around us.

As they walked by me, said hello, it was apparent on the faces of both men that they had flown with us before, that they loved (LOVED!) the scenery, and that they took me for nothing more than "one of the girls." Which I was, quite obviously, again reinforcing that I wasn't a man dressed as a woman, I was a sissy, quite naturally, a sissy, not so much playing the part as becoming the part.

The most interesting part of the flight, from my perspective in dealing with other AGCO employees rather than flying, was a trip to the lavatory, which, of course, necessitated me passing by the two men we were flying home. When I passed through the cabin, both Lindsey and Tyler were in the galley preparing a meal for them, and for the crew, too, so I was alone with the passengers.

Both, wearing shirts and ties, were middle aged men, in their late 40's or early 50's, and looked tired and drained, as long overseas assignments could do. Both were awake, reading, one on a Kindle and the other on an iPad, both had on headphones, and both looked up—and perked up—when I walked into the cabin.

"Captain," the man to my left smiled and nodded as his eyes looked me up and down once again as I was about to pass by his seat, focusing most intently on my legs.

I had not intended to interact with them, except maybe to smile, but his misidentification of me made me stop short and actually blush at being thought of as the captain of the aircraft. "No Sir," I said, turning towards him and giving the smile I'd intended, "Captain Fisher is in charge today, I'm Miss Sullivan, the Flight Officer."

"Miss Sullivan, then," he smiled back in a non-threatening, yet undeniably flirtatious smile. I nodded appreciatively, forcing myself to hold the smile as I realized that my back was to the other passenger, that my ass, my barely covered thighs, the tops of my stocking, my garter straps, were practically in his face. I was about to continue backward, towards the galley and lavatory,

to give myself some distance from the two men, but he continued to talk. "How long have you been with AGCO, Miss Sullivan, I don't think I've flown with you before?"

"Well," I smiled the smile of a pretty game show host, trying to swallow my nervousness, "I'm new and this is actually my first run."

"Welcome to the company then, Miss Sullivan—I know the girls," he nodded back towards Lindsey and Tyler, "spend more time with us, but you're a sight for sore eyes just the same." He said this glancing over to his traveling companion, most certainly exchanging a look with him, confirming that I was getting stared at from both the back and the front, confirming that both found me feminine, attractive, sexy, as much as any of the women who work for AGCO.

"Thank you," I said, practically, if not actually blushing, looking away demurely. Looking away from his eyes, but unsure where to rest them, trying to avoid any other part of him, most especially his chest, his trousers, the FIRST place a shy girl may look, but the LAST place I wanted to look. I settled on his hand, his strong hand resting on the armrest of his chair. The aisles are fairly narrow so his hand was a mere few inches from my stocking covered thigh, close enough that if he flexed his hand open, he could easily graze my leg with his fingers, innocently, or at least without outright groping me. And if he moved, if he chose to, which he wouldn't, I hoped, he could have just as easily had his hand between my thighs, under my skirt, against the flat crotch of my panties.

And so too, I knew, could the man behind me, and I was suddenly very nervous, very scared, instantly aware of how every pretty woman must feel each and every time she was this close to a man, any man. I knew I was off-limits, intellectually I knew it. AGCO flight services did not run a brothel, not even a strip club. I was a professional pilot, neither man would dare assault me, that was beyond question. I was safe from that, from...

It was the slightest bit of turbulence, one I'd hardly notice seated in the cockpit, but standing, in the middle of the cabin, it was just enough to jostle me forward an inch, two. It was just enough to push me towards him so that the thing I was silently wishing he wouldn't do—touch me, my leg, any part of me—happened in reverse. He didn't touch me, instead, I touched him. My thigh, the part uncovered by my skirt, simply protected by sheer 15 denier nylon stockings, easily the part of me he stared at the longest, that part of me pressed up against the side of his hand for one, two, three seconds, until the plane corrected and I stood straight again. For those several seconds, the

jostle also moved my eyes, instinctively, to his face to protect myself from falling further, so we looked at one another the entire time I was touching him.

Three seconds. So quick, but those three seconds seemed to stretch on for an equivalent in hours, three hours while my soft, nylon covered thigh brushed his skin. My thigh burned, it seemed, where his hand touched me, burned. Uncomfortable emotions flooded my brain in those seconds that seemed like hours. I knew I was not a woman, not a real woman, and I knew with absolute certainty I was not attracted to men, not in the least. Even acting as a woman, feeling like a woman, living like one too, it was other women who I loved, adored, lusted after. But in those three seconds, with his eyes locked on mine, with my leg touching his hand, I realized the lust with which he was looking at me. The hunger. The sexual desire. And while I didn't want it, didn't welcome it, was even repulsed by it, part of me felt as womanly and as feminine as I'd yet to feel. Part of me, even the part that was unwelcoming, was thrilled by the lust with which he looked at me.

This man, this admittedly handsome man (even if not attracted to men I know when men are handsome), was touching me -- well, I was touching him - - and looking at me like he wanted me. Wanted to touch me more. Wanted to have me. Wanted to possess me. Wanted to fuck me. He looked at me the way a man looks at a woman he desires, needs, must have. All for only two seconds, but still, enough for me to realize that it felt GOOD to feel like a woman. While I didn't want him, not at all, it felt GOOD to be wanted by him!

"No, thank you, Miss Sullivan," he replied when I straightened up, carefully so I wouldn't fall back into the lap of the man behind me, terribly afraid of what THAT would mean, how that would feel.

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"You okay?" Captain Fisher asked me when I stepped back into the cockpit and into my seat behind my controls.

"Uh?"

She chuckled. "You took awhile, is everything okay back there?"

"Oh, yes, um, yea. I, um, I was talking to one of our passengers."

She turned to me, looked at me closely. "You know, they're really okay, the guys we fly."

"I guess," I said, still reeling from the effects of his hand on my thigh, of his eyes looking into mine, of his aura, of—it just hit me—his utter alpha



attitude. He was simply the complete opposite of me. Simple enough, he was a man, I was a woman.

"Don't worry, it's just going to take a little getting used to, Miss Sullivan."

"What is?"

"Well, the looks you get from men. I don't mean this offensively, but, you're kind of new at this?"

"This?"

"This living as a woman thing."

"Well, I suppose," I agreed, finding myself explaining how I'd never felt particularly masculine, quite the opposite, but that it wasn't until I was confronted with the reality of flying for AGCO, the dressing as a woman, that I even began to understand the feelings of femininity inside me.

"I can't even imagine," she said with genuine sympathy.

"I don't know, I just never thought that, well, I was...was..."

"What'd you say your fiancée called it? Transgendered? Or, as I'd call it, a cross dresser? Or a sissy?"

"Yea," I said softly, "all of those."

"Well, anyway, my point is that you're new to actually dressing as a woman, actually getting to be a woman. And this I mean as a compliment, looking as pretty as any woman. So, you're new to the looks men give women."

"He...he looked at me like, like..."

"Like he wanted to fuck the hell out of you," she finished, laughing.

I blushed something furious.

"Yes, that's how men look at women, Miss Sullivan. Especially men like those guys. Masculine guys, alpha guys. They look at you like, well, like if we still lived in the wild, they'd drag you back to their cave."

"Yes," I agreed, realizing that was exactly the look.

"You have to realize, Miss Sullivan, Dana, that women get that look a dozen times a day."

"Are men really that bad? I mean, it's kind of unsettling."

"They are, but like I said, it's harmless, it's a look, nothing more—they can't even help it. Most guys, all the guys I've flown, are harmless. Even the alpha guys. They look like they might throw you down and fuck you if they had half the chance, and who knows, ten thousand years ago, they would have. But now it's just looks. I mean, unless you give them more, they'll act polite, respectful."

"I'm not attracted to men, Captain Fisher," I said, feeling like I had to tell



myself as much as tell her.

"No," she asked with some hint of disbelief in her voice.

"No, really, no," I said with conviction, without any doubt.

"Well, it doesn't matter, not to them. They see you as a woman, not as a sissy. They don't know the difference, anyway. You'll get those looks, quite often, certainly every time we fly, but you'll get used to them, trust me." I didn't answer, just looked shyly towards the controls. Not that she was going to let me get away with that, she wasn't done just yet. "You're not attracted to men?"

"No, Ma'am, not at all."

"But it made you feel good, didn't it? The way he looked at you, the desire in his eyes?"

I stayed silent, for she touched the very nerve that terrified me. I wasn't sexually attracted to men, not in the least, but she was right, one hundred percent right, it did make me feel good. The hunger in his eyes, his slow gaze over my body, and worse, his hand pressed on my stocking covered thigh. I wasn't attracted to him in the least, but the way he looked at me like he wanted me, like he wanted to fuck me, made me feel good.

"Miss Sullivan," she asked, obviously wanting, demanding, an answer to her question. I nodded. Why deny it, it was obviously true.

"It's not about him, Miss Sullivan, it's not about being attracted to him, it's about his validation of your sexuality as a woman. Don't be ashamed, be proud. You liked the way he looked at you for the same reason I like it when men look at me, the same reason your fiancée likes it when men look at her. Even men we're not at all attracted to. It's an affirmation of womanhood, that men, again especially those masculine, alpha men, want us, desire us. His desire for you is a testament to how pretty you look, to how much of a woman really is inside you. Think about it, Miss Sullivan, there's a man back there who has no idea you're a cross dresser, all he knows, all he sees, is a woman. And he wants her—you. Whether you want him in the same way doesn't matter, he wants you all the same."

I remembered what Tiffany said the other day, that she hoped I didn't run into any of those very men, those masculine, alpha men, who would literally sense the feminine sexual energy I was giving off. He certainly did just that, especially when I was pressed against him. "I'm not attracted to men," I kept telling myself over and over. I knew this as true, as a certainty. But just the same, I couldn't get over my reaction to his looks, and more, my reaction to his touch. Captain Fisher was right, I didn't want him, but I sure wanted him

to want me.

What I most knew was that flying for AGCO, living as a woman, all of this, was going to be much more difficult than I'd ever imagined.

## Chapter 9 – Discoveries

The two conflicting emotions hit me the minute, and I mean the absolute minute I walked into the house. My own guilt and shame for sleeping with Lindsey and Tyler, because it was quasi-sexual, and the sense of dread and fear (and some strange sexual excitement I hardly wanted to acknowledge) I had that Tiffany had spent the night with, fucked, some guy from her office. That she had so easily replaced me, her sissy, with a man. The more powerful of the two, the one that weighed me down the most, was my guilt at sleeping with the girls. It was this emotion that cast a cloud over everything I did from the moment I closed the door to the garage. While I was conflicted about Tiffany's actions, I wasn't sure she'd done anything. I just suspected, whereas I knew what I'd done.

It was late when I got home, sometime between ten-thirty and eleven in the evening, and the house was dark. I found a note on the kitchen counter:

I'm in the bedroom. Waiting. Anxiously. Bring wine. Tiff.

Waves of everything, every emotion, washed over for me. Waiting? Anxiously? Why? Was there something she had to tell me? About last night? Was it true? She craved a man, a real man, an alpha man, a cock, a good hard fuck? No, no, please no, please. Yet, just the slightest thought of her fucking some guy from her office made me dizzy, made something jump in my panties. No, dammit, no, no, no, what kind of thing was that to get excited about?

Just be her girl. That's what Tyler said. Just be her girl. I certainly wasn't her man, was I? Could I blame her for wanting a man? Did she get a warm feeling inside when men looked at her, eye fucked her, just like I did? Did she feel the affirmation of her feminine sexuality, just like I did? The difference, of course, being that she, unlike me, must crave a real man. That's what Captain Fisher said!

And what right did I have to get jealous? I fucking slept with two other women! Besides, all women crave a good fuck from time to time, something I sure never did.

But she was my fucking fiancée!

*(Yea, and you slept with two other women, you hypocrite.)*

I walked into the bedroom carrying the wine, I'd left my bags in the kitchen, and found Tiffany, fucking goddess-like Tiffany, relaxing in bed dressed in sexy, provocative, lingerie. She wore a black chiffon baby doll with

an empire waist and a satin bow between her breasts, what looked to be matching panties, and most exciting to me, black thigh high stockings. I must have gasped in excitement.

"Well, well, there's my good little sissy," she said, resting the book she was reading on the table beside her, her descriptor of my behavior not at all matching my actions. Good? I wasn't good.

"Tiff," I stammered, thinking both thoughts, that I was certainly not good, not having slept with who I slept with, and that I was certain, absolutely certain, she had not been good either. "You, um, you look," good, I wanted to say, or beautiful, or sexy. But that wasn't the word that I grabbed onto. "Sinister," came out of my mouth, because I realized her makeup was heavier, mostly her eye shadow, because her hair was pulled back, and she had an almost evil, yes, a sinister look on her face.

"Sinister," she repeated. "Well, I was going for something like that, strong, I thought, perhaps severe, or sexily harsh. Something to draw out this little fantasy I have."

"Fantasy?"

"Yes, darling, you recall, I'm sure, the one where you're my submissive little sissy, doing as you're told." she said, almost holding the slightest of grins off her face, but not quite able to, not completely. But not completely grinning, either, tossed somewhere between playful acting and absolute seriousness.

"You mean it, don't you," I asked, for a moment forgetting about the pangs of guilt and jealousy rattling throughout me.

"Yes," she said in a whisper, looking at the glasses of wine as almost an island of safety from perverted fantasy.

"Sorry," I said, walking towards her, setting the glasses of wine down on the end table.

"Thank you." She looked up at me, desire in her eyes, reached over to me, of course innocently, touched my leg as she thanked me for the wine. I jumped, almost. Of course she couldn't know, but her hand touched me lightly on my thigh in the exact same spot a man's hand had touched me hours earlier. And my reaction to her look, her touch, was as strong as it was to his, the only difference being I wanted to drop to my knees and worship Tiffany's body. "How was your trip," she asked, her hand lingering in that spot, almost burning me, as his had.

"Good," I said, telling both a lie and the truth at the same time.

She regarded me with a strange look. "Good? You're sure?" My guilt must



be written all over my face, I must be drowning in it. "You don't sound like it was good," she said.

"Well," I started to say.

"No, hold that thought. You need to get changed into something more comfortable, sweetie."

I knew that meant out of my uniform and, likely, into something soft and pretty and feminine. I knew, instinctively, that my days of wearing boy's clothes were all but over. I knew, by her tone, by her look, by her expressed fantasy, that regardless of my continued employment with AGCO, I was her sissy, I was going to remain her sissy, that she was never, NEVER going to see me as a boy again, certainly never see me as a man. "What do you want me to change into," I asked, just wanting to get it over with, just needing to hurry through so I could unburden myself to her.

"Hanging on the back of the closet door—and be quick about it, love," she pointed, picking up her book and her wine.

I found in the closet matching lingerie like Tiffany's, though of a much softer, much more innocent variety. On the back of the door was a soft pink chiffon flyaway baby doll with embroidered white lace on the bra cups and a racerback halter, matching mesh bikini panties, and white lace-top thigh high stockings. I carefully undressed and re-dressed, carefully so my thing, my girl penis, my boy clit, was free for the briefest of moments. I feared if I let it free for anything but an instant, it would instantly swell and I'd never be able to tuck it into the pink panties.

Color is fascinating. As sinister as Tiffany looked dressed in her black lingerie, I was quite the opposite, the picture of feminine innocence, even submission, dressed in soft pink lingerie and white stockings. I was mentally and physically in a state of submission to my fiancée, the very thing she wanted, the very thing she lusted for. And it made my guilt for sleeping with the women hurt even more, the same with my fear that Tiffany, my dear Tiffany, had done the same.

"So, your trip? It wasn't good?," she asked when I came back into the bedroom, feeling much more demure thanks to the innocent, feminine lingerie.

"No, it was fine," I said, dodging, or attempting, to dodge the question.

At first her concern was for my safety—she was engaged to a pilot after all. But I explained that from a flight standpoint, everything was top notch.

"How was the captain?"

"Captain Fisher is an excellent pilot and I think I'll enjoy flying with her."

"Pretty?"

That went without saying, it was AGCO, after all. "Yes, she and the stewardesses are all very pretty, though they all said I was as pretty as them." I said the last part with a nervous look—they'd said it. But under the circumstance I was ashamed by it at the same time I was proud of it.

"So, now we're getting to what's bothering you. Come on, what's the matter, Dana?"

I looked at the wine glass on the nightstand. I looked at the bed skirt. I looked at the wood grain in the floor. I looked anywhere, everywhere, just so I didn't have to look at her. Anything to avoid the guilt.

"Dana," she said in a slightly more insistent tone, which might not have been enough to make me overcome my fear of opening up to her, if not for one other thing—her foot. It wasn't just her foot, not simply the foot itself, though her foot alone was a thing of beauty. Nor was it the black nylon encasing her soft, delicate, feminine skin. It was what she'd done with her foot when she spoke my name; she'd casually, almost absentmindedly, stretched her leg out, forward and to the side, so that her foot, her delicate, nylon covered foot rested gently on the front and underside of my panties. Her foot rested carefully against the folds of my flaccid penis, my hidden girl penis. It rested, then moved, an inch this way, and inch that way, massaging me ever so slightly.

"Dana," she asked again, "what's bothering you?" She stopped moving her foot.

"Tiffany, I..." The foot again, nylon foot on panty covered boy clit, massaging, moving against my organ. The sensation was so powerful, so intertwined with my confusion, the thought of cuddling Lindsey and Tyler, the jealousy (and shameful excitement) of even thinking of Tiffany craving a real man, let alone wondering what she did last night, that I gasped in pleasure, the words frozen.

Just like her foot. The second I stopped talking her foot stopped moving. "Tiff," I started to say, started to tell her it was nothing, I didn't want to talk about it. But the second my mouth opened and sounds came out, she moved her foot again, using it as a sort of truth serum for a sissy, coaxing the words out of me. "The...the flight was fine," I continued, trying not to shake at the pleasure her foot was bringing me, "it wasn't that."

"What was it then, did they accept you? This Captain Fisher and the rest of the flight crew?"

"Lindsey and Tyler," I said quickly, not wanting to bare my soul but also

not wanting the gentle rubbing of her foot against my crotch to stop, despite the dull pain it brought as my girl penis tried to swell, couldn't, tucked at it was. "That's their names. The stews."

"And they didn't accept you? That's what's bothering you?"

I thought for a moment how to answer her question. A moment too long, for quickly her foot came to a rest, ceasing the pleasure, yet, partially swollen, not the pain. "No, no," I spoke again, was rewarded again. "They did—I wasn't sure at first, but they did. I thought they were being cold to me, even laughing, maybe they were, but later they seemed genuinely interested. Captain Fisher said they'd probably never met a, um, a sissy before."

"Probably not," she agreed, continuing her gentle massage as if priming a pump, this pump being physical and mental, my boy clit, my mind, my mouth, my words. "So?"

"They, AGCO, have a residential building in the city. Captain Fisher had her own suite, but junior officers and the rest of the flight crew, the stews, share a suite. I mean, we each had our own room," I quickly added, not that that counted for anything.

"I see," she said neutrally, but nevertheless continuing to rub. "Go on," she instructed. But I didn't. I said nothing. I didn't know how to say it, if I wanted to say it, if I could say it. So I said nothing. Nor did she, either. Instead, after five seconds of silence, her foot slowed; after ten seconds of silence, the movement of her foot ceased. Fifteen seconds. Twenty. Thirty. Her foot moved an inch and stopped again, the carrot and the stick, a reminder.

I sighed, needed, it, needed the movement back of my sinister clad wife's foot on my feminine attired boy clit. I needed it physically, mentally, I needed her, too, couldn't resist. I didn't want to tell her, but the guilt broke through, guilt for what I'd done, guilt for wanting her touch on my crotch. So I finally blurted it out. "We, Lindsey and Tyler," I said as her foot moved again, "I, we, I...I slept with them," I said quickly, ready to cry in shame, ready to flee the room, ready to be yelled at, screamed at, cursed. Ready for her anger, her hurt, her sense of betrayal. Ready for anything.

But there was nothing. She simply had no reaction. She just sat there, leg extended, foot on my crotch, continued to rub. And rub. And rub. She glared, but continued to rub. She looked angry, but said nothing and continued to rub. Finally, foot still moving, harsh expression unchanging, she spoke. "You mean that in the conventional sense, Dana? You mean that these two young girls who'd never met a sissy before in their lives, girls who could go out to



any club in the city and have any MAN they wanted, let this," she pushed her foot upwards into my crotch, "little thing inside them? You mean they let you fuck them?"

"Fuck them? What, no, NO, god no, Tiffany, no!" Rub, she kept rubbing, foot to swollen penis, nylon to crotch. I should have known, that second, that nothing, NOTHING then, later, ever would surprise her. I should have known she was leaps and bounds ahead of me, leading, actually leading me to something I'd never have discovered on my own. "We didn't fuck, we didn't do anything like that. We, well, we actually just did that...slept together. Sleep. I mean, we shared one room and simply spent the night talking and, um, and well, cuddling, I guess. Tiffany, I didn't mean to, really, I don't know what happened, I don't know why. I tried to call you, to tell you, I didn't mean to, to hurt you," I said, a tear forming in my eye despite the pressure in my panties.

Again, I realized, in part of my brain, she was still rubbing her foot on my crotch, still teasing me, pleasing me, despite my admission of betrayal. But the rest of me simply focused on stopping myself from bursting out in tears. And then she asked me a question, instead of yelling at me or scolding me or shouting at me, she asked a simple, unexpected question. She asked it while continuing to rub, quite erotically, my crotch. "Did you wear the nightie I packed you for your slumber party?"

I was so surprised by the question I answered it without thinking about the ramifications of it, about what it implied. "No, we didn't actually get changed for bed, we all just kind of wore our slips and hose and fell asleep like that." Rub, she rubbed, I swelled in pain, she rubbed, didn't say anything. Rubbed, teased, while I waited for the anger that didn't come, only realization, slowly, slowly. "Wait, you asked that like, like you expected me to..."

"To have a sleepover with your new girlfriends?"

"You knew?"

"Ahead of time, Dana? No, of course not. But I wanted you to have something pretty to wear just in case."

"In case? In case what? But how could you...how could you even think to..."

"Girls love sleepovers, Dana; do you know how many I've had over the years?" Not like this, I thought, no way like this, with such intimacy, no way kissing or messing around. Of course she saw the doubt on my face. "We sometimes called them kissing parties in college, just going to first base, second base, sometimes third. Don't get me wrong, we were all into guys and



a good fuck now and then, but sometimes girls just want to relax. I didn't know if you'd get to have one or not, but I wanted you to have something pretty to wear just in case."

"You're not mad," I asked, though obviously she wasn't or she wouldn't be continuing to rub my crotch. "We, like, cuddled...half naked."

"Tame, by sleepover standards, but I'm glad they accepted you as one of the girls."

I was incredulous that she wasn't angry, I don't know why, but I was. "But we, I mean, we fell asleep spooning, Tiffany, don't you get it? I fell asleep holding onto Lindsey's breast! I was...I was un-tucked, Tiff! I was" (I couldn't quite say erect) "swollen and pressed up against one or the other all night."

"I'm sure it felt nice to be snuggled in your pantyhose up against one or the other girl."

"You knew," I said softly, the erotic pressure from her rubbing building, straining, in my panties, in my brain, all over my body. "You're not mad?"

"Mad? Not in the least."

"Weren't you worried that we would...you know...that we'd..."

"Fuck," she laughed. "That one of your new friends would be overcome by your masculinity and her need for a man's cock? Are you serious, Dana?" I looked away, answering silently. "Dana, when a girl wants a good fuck, she wants a man, a masculine man, an alpha man. Not a sissy."

Wham, just like that she hit the real core of what was bothering me, though she didn't know it yet, wasn't aware of the cord she'd struck. But she sensed something. "What?" she prodded me.

I wanted to ask, I wanted to, desperately, but I was terrified to, utterly terrified of her answer, so I said nothing. I don't know how she did it with just her foot, just one nylon covered foot, but somehow, quite deftly, she tugged at the crotch of my panties, freeing my penis from between my legs and up towards my stomach. Instantly, blood flowed into me, swelling me completely. She was now rubbing my full erection with her foot, taking her teasing to an entirely different erotic level.

"What is it, Dana, what's the matter," she asked, rubbing, but slowly, implicitly threatening to stop if I didn't instantly answer her question

"Captain Fisher and...and the girls said," I started to answer instantly, not because I wanted to say what was bothering me, but because I did not want the soft motion of her foot to stop for a second, not for an instant, "they...they said that, that no matter who a woman is with, mousy guys," even sissies, my eyes said, "a woman that settles for...that's with...that sometimes a woman

craves an alpha man, that sometimes a woman just wants a good, hard fuck." There, I said it, I said it, I finally said it, at least half of it, anyway.

Tiffany sat there for a minute looking at me, letting the tension build before answering. "Well, they're right, we do."

"You do, too," I blurted out, half question, half accusation.

She increased the speed, so slightly, of her foot rubbing against my penis, the pressure too, a reward for my answer. "Do I crave a *real* cock?" she said as she pushed mine slightly, as if mocking it, as if emphasizing that mine, even erect, was not what she wanted. "Do I get excited when an alpha man flirts with me? Do I sometimes crave a good, hard fuck from someone who can hold out longer than thirty seconds? Yes, of course I do," she said softly, keeping her eyes on me the entire time. "Of course," she said, matter-of-factly admitting it. "Of course."

"You...you didn't call or text last night." Her foot kept up its torment of me, moving enough to keep me hard, to keep hormones flowing through me, but slow enough to keep me well away from the edge of orgasm, teasing me, no more.

"Huh?" she responded, the first uncontrolled emotion she'd shown, stopping her movement of her foot. "What do you mean?"

"You were, you were out with people from work. You didn't say girls from work, you said people," I spoke quickly, still panting from the excitement, from the hormones and erotic emotions pulsating through me. "People means guys, too. You...you admit you crave a man, a real man, that you crave cock, Tiffany, and you didn't call or text, you've never done that. Ever."

She sat up, an incredulous look on her face, quickly changing to surprise, then, seemingly just as fast, understanding. "You think I cuckolded you, Dana."

I didn't know the word, had a questioning look on my face. "What?"

"Cuckolded you, that means, well, you think I didn't call you because I fucked a real man last night. You think I didn't text you because I gave in to my craving for real cock, don't you?" She was sitting on the edge of the bed now, inches from me, at eye level with my panties.

"Didn't you," I demanded.

She ignored the question, just looked at my panties, chuckled. "My god, Dana, look at that little swelling in your panties. You're not swollen just because my foot was touching you, are you? You think I had a man last night. You've been thinking about that all day, maybe even all last night at your little

slumber party? You sound like you're mad at me, but I think you're also excited."

"You didn't call or text, Tiffany!"

"You don't know whether to be angry and jealous with me, like any real man would, or excited at the thought of a real man's cock inside me," she reached out now, was running her finger over my panties, over my throbbing, swollen, girl penis. "Does that make you excited, sissy, imagining me fucking a man?" I started panting, the sexual excitement unlike anything I'd ever felt, more powerful than anything I'd ever experienced. "Does it, sissy? Does it drive you wild thinking about a man's cock filling me like this," she flicked her finger against me, "never, ever could?"

I started panting, shaking.

"Is that why your little thing is so swollen, sissy?"

"Yes," I said, feeling dizzy, answering before I could stop myself, before I could even think about the question. "Yes." My answer surprised me, fuck, what was I saying? Excited thinking of her fucking a man? That's fucking crazy.

She looked just as surprised, though the look on her face was not the same as the look on my face. Mine, I could feel it, was one of shock, of torture, of anguish, of fighting against oneself. The surprised look on her face was one of joy, delight. "Dana, my god, you WANT to be cuckolded, you ARE a submissive little sissy; you're not just indulging me, you really are! Thinking about me cuckolding you ...."

"Yes," I whispered again, understanding from the context what that term meant, admitting it once again, unable to stop.

"Do you know what I did last night, Dana? Do you want to know? Do you really?" She was rubbing my erection with her finger, a gleam in her eyes.

No, no I didn't. I didn't want to know at all. I had no goddamn interest in knowing what she did last night, none at all. "Yes," I said, even as my brain screamed no.

"Do you know what I want right now, Dana? Do you know what I have been fantasizing about for months, even years? You, sissy, you, submitting to me. You, sissy, you, dressed like this, on your knees. You, sissy, you, with your face between my legs, begging just to lick me. You want to know what I did last night, sissy? You want to hear about it? On your knees," she said, her voice shaking with excitement. "Earn the right to hear it with your tongue and your mouth, sissy. Earn it, earn it!"

I immediately collapsed to the floor before her and in less than three



seconds, rabid with desire to taste her, overcome with the need to hear the truth of last night, buried my face between her thighs. At first I simply licked her over her panties; it was good enough, to start, as she was soaked, literally soaked with excitement. Within thirty seconds, her hips were buckling as a powerful orgasm swept over her, an orgasm that came on quicker and more powerfully than any I'd ever seen her have. As I licked, part of my mind wondered—was it from last night, from memories of a man, a real man, fucking her? Was that part of her desire for me to submit to her? Or was it simply the excitement of hearing from me that her presumed infidelity was similarly driving me to the edge of orgasm, too.

I'd expected her to insist and demand that I lick her for minute after minute, even hour after hour, but strangely, things did not last that long. Her orgasms came one after another, almost without pause, without reprieve from the last one before another crashed over her. She had five, six, seven, eight all in the span of half as many minutes, each more powerful and longer lasting than the last. She was still shaking from the last one, uncontrollably shaking, when the next started, causing her to moan and collapse backward onto the bed.

"Get up here," she barked to me, looking at me like she was possessed.

"What?"

"Get on the bed and get that little thing inside me!" She tugged me off my knees by my shoulders, onto my back on the bed. Almost hurting me, she rolled on top of me, reached between her legs, and with one motion moved both our panties to one side and slipped my erection into her, into the wetness, the warmth, the softest, best place I knew. "Don't you fucking move," she hissed, "don't you fucking move an inch and cum before I do, not this time."

I almost laughed, almost took her admonition as a joke, but the look in her eyes instantly silenced me. She meant it, she deeply and truly meant it. Tiffany fucked me like an animal possessed, but not like we'd ever fucked before. The way she moved, the way she pushed onto me, sideways, down, backwards, wasn't simply short of pleasurable, it came close to hurting, actually hurting. And then it did hurt. She wasn't so much fucking me, she was assaulting me, fucking me in a way that was making her cum, but doing the opposite for me.

It hurt me, though only me. Because she loved it, she was shaking, as a final orgasm, the longest, most powerful yet, tore through her. Then she dropped to my chest, her face wet with sweat, her mouth to my ear, her ass



up, almost letting go of my erection. "Do you want to know who I fucked last night, sissy? Do you want to know whose cock was inside me while you were having your little girlie slumber party?"

"Yes," I gasped, "yes, yes." I was too horny, too desperate to cum, too turned on, too far past safe, to do anything but say yes.

"Do you want to know who filled me? Who fucked me? Who made me cum like...You. Never. Have?" She remained perched, barely holding the tip of my penis between her wet, swollen lips.

"Yes, Tiffany, yes," I almost sobbed, wanting nothing of the sort, but saying it, because when the layers were peeled away, I did, I did want to know, I did want her to say it, I did want her to confirm that she fucked a man, that she, to use her word, cuckolded me.

"You want me to fuck a man? You want me to cuckold you, sissy?"

"Tiff," I swallowed, shaking.

"Yes, or no, sissy, yes or no," she practically growled.

"Yes," I said one final time "Yes, Tiff, yes."

Her last words came out in a rush as she lowered herself down onto my erection. "I didn't fuck anyone, Dana,. I was home by ten, and called you and texted you. But I'm certainly going to think about it now that I know you want me to."

The room started spinning. What? What the fuck was she saying? Wanted to? I didn't want her to. That was the last fucking thing in the world I wanted. I started to tell her that, to deny everything, to take it all back, but I couldn't form any words now after she dropped onto my penis. Then up, back down, up, down again. That's all it took, three thrusts, for me to explode in an orgasm as powerful and overwhelming as any of the ones she'd had. To cum inside her so hard that I'd never, ever be able to deny anything that happened tonight. Anything. Ever.

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For a minute or two I was lost in the haze of my orgasm, just the pure physical and emotional sensations of my release inside Tiffany. But that bliss was short lived, quickly replaced by intertwined emotions of shame and anger. Shame at my lack of masculinity. Shame at my reaction to Tiffany's aural teasing. Shame for the way I was dressed. Shame that I wasn't a man. Shame that I was a sissy. Shame that, once again, I could not last even thirty seconds once inside her. Shame at the knowledge that every single time, I

failed to physically please my fiancée. Shame that I was aroused by thoughts of cuckolding. Shame. Shame.

And then there was the anger. Anger at Tiffany's acknowledgment that she fantasized about men. Anger that she seemed to want, to push me to dress and act as a woman. Anger that she demanded my feminization, my submission. Most of all, anger that, despite her admission to doing nothing the other night, that she'd now think about it, that she'd actually even THINK about fucking a man!

Post-sex, Tiffany's mood was different. She was cuddly, tender, softly kissing my neck, telling me she loved me, over and over. Soft tender kisses followed by expressions of love. Her mood was the opposite of mine; I just wanted to push her off, even tried. "Dana," she said, rolling with me, running her lips on my neck.

"Don't Tiffany," I scolded her.

"Dana," she said, softly again, her voice too soft to match the emotions I felt. "What's wrong?"

What was wrong? What the hell did she mean? What the hell did she think was wrong? "What do you think is wrong? You...you said you fantasize about men, Tiffany," I snapped.

"Really," she said, flatly.

"Yea, really," I snapped again, misunderstanding her tone. "That...that's wrong, Tiffany."

She pushed herself up on her elbows, looked me right in the eye. "Well if that isn't just the most selfish thing I've ever heard."

"Selfish, how am I being selfish? You're the one who fantasizes about a good fuck."

And then I realized the depth of her feeling. "Selfish? Selfish? This from my fiancée who is dressed up like a woman? Who spent last night at a slumber party with two other women. Who's been transgendered as long as I can remember. Who spent the day fantasizing that I did fuck a man—when I didn't? Don't you dare tell me I'm being selfish, Dana, don't you dare. I fantasize about fucking a guy. So what? It isn't like I'm getting that at home."

I looked away, my own shame starting to overcome my feelings of anger. "Tiffany, I..."

"No, no, don't you say anything. I'm being selfish? I let you dress like this, I encourage it, I even welcome it, welcome you to let you be the real you, to let the *man* I'm going to marry be a *woman*. Yet you call me selfish? Do you know the last time I had an orgasm, a real orgasm? Not from you tonguing me or

licking me, those are nice, but it's not the same as...as a man fucking me!"

"But...but I thought you liked it, Tiffany."

"I do, Dana, don't you get it? That's the thing, I DO like it. Just like I liked kissing parties when I was in college. I do. I missed a woman's touch, the softness, the tenderness. I missed it...a lot. And now I've got it again with you and I fucking love it. But your co-workers were right, women crave men, too. When I was in college, I loved cuddling with some of my girlfriends, but that doesn't mean I didn't love men, too. Girlfriends are fun, sometimes even better than men, but it's nothing, absolutely nothing like a good, hard fuck. There's nothing wrong with that, I'm not going to be ashamed that I like cock just as much as any other girl."

"You don't like sex with me."

"No, Dana, fuck. No. I love sex with you, love it, I just don't like getting fucked by you. No, let me rephrase that, I like that you like it, it's just that I don't get enjoyment from getting fucked by you. So yes, I fantasize about men. And I have for a long time, Dana. Do I like it when men hit on me? Yes. Do I feel special? Yes. Do I sometimes daydream about a few of the guys at work? Yes. But I have NEVER done anything about it so you have NO RIGHT to be mad at ME."

I felt ashamed. But was she right? I took a job working as a woman because in today's economy, jobs were scarce, few and far between. But I didn't know when I took it that I would like it. If anything, she did, not me. True, I was the one who wasn't really a man (no value judgment, simply the truth). I was the one who emotionally, at first, now physically, was more comfortable as a girl than a boy. And yes, I was the one with the smallish, certainly hair-trigger penis. I was the one with fantasies of her, what was the word, cuckolding me. But this wasn't something I was comfortable arguing with her about—I still felt guilty about the girl inside me. Maybe I just couldn't confront it. "You really fantasize about men, about fucking a man?"

"Yes," she said evenly, looking me right in the eye. "Like all women. And, apparently, if the last hour wasn't a dream, like you do for me."

I bit my lip, wanting to deny it, not quite able to, for she was right, obviously. No matter what, no matter how strange, perverse, weird, outlandish, I couldn't deny what had just happened. I couldn't deny the powerful orgasm I'd had simply THINKING about Tiffany fucking a man. I couldn't deny the heat, the excitement, the passion. Not even if I wanted to, really wanted to. My body, my actions, my reaction all spoke for themselves, all betrayed my fantasies, my hot buttons.



"You agree?" she asked. She was going to make me say it, force me to acknowledge my fantasy. The problem was, I knew once I said it, once I admitted it, I could never, ever take it back. Never. How does one do that, take back admitting that you got off thinking about someone you love fucking someone else? She raised her eyebrow, demanding an answer. "Have you been fantasizing about me fucking a man, Dana?"

Un-welcomed, though present just the same, hormones were once again coursing through my body. Erotic hormones. Have I ever fantasized about her fucking a man? No, no, not really. I thought about it, all day, but I wouldn't say I fantasized about it. No, no, I had not.

But then I felt her hand between my legs, wrapped around my flaccid penis. Wrapped, touching, massaging. "Ohhhh," I moaned ever so softly. Still, even if I hadn't, I was, then.

"Have you ever," she asked softly. No, no, NEVER!

Except for last night. Except for several times when I woke up in the middle of the night and my pantyhose covered penis would rub against one girl or the other. When I would try to go back to sleep. And somehow did imagining Tiffany fucking...fucking a man. Except for that.

And except for today, too. While I was inside her thinking that very thought, thinking about a man inside her, filling her, making her cum. That, too. And except for now.

I swallowed, licked my lips. "Yes," I said softly.

"You've fantasized about me cuckolding you?"

"Yes, yes."

"Earlier, inside me?"

"Yes."

"Now?"

"Yes, Tiff, okay, yes," I said, unsure if I actually enjoyed the fantasy, or alternatively, was terrified of it.

"See, sissy, see, there's nothing to be mad at me about, nothing. It's okay, really."

"But it's not, Tiffany," I said weakly as my growing erection filled her hand.

"It is, it is. You know you're not a man, you know you're not masculine, you know it, and all you're doing is accepting that and selflessly wanting me to be happy. Just like I want you to be happy by being a woman. You want me to be happy as a woman, too."

"But I don't *really* want you to..."



"Shhhh, it's just fantasy, lover, it's okay, it's just fantasy."  
But was it? Was it really?

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How does one put *that* genie back in the bottle? How does one simply pretend that hearing one's fiancée say she fantasizes about fucking someone else didn't happen, that's is mere fantasy and no more? Hearing that would be bad enough under any circumstances. Perhaps a normal man could write it off to simply a desire for variety, for something different—not better, merely different.

But I wasn't a normal man, not by far. I wasn't even a man, truth be told—born a male, yes, but not really a man. I didn't see her fantasy as a desire for a dab of something slightly different, I saw it as a repudiation of my masculinity, a finality, a foreclosure of any ability for either of us to deny that I was a sissy, utterly inadequate as a man.

I didn't make her happy, sexually, as a man. She'd said as much, hadn't she? Sure, she softened it by the implication that I made her happy, sexually, as a woman, but *not* as a man. Could I blame her? Forget the transgendered part of me—assume I was mentally a man. That wouldn't transform my penis into a cock. It wouldn't turn my beta-ness, my naturally occurring submissiveness into assertiveness. That wouldn't cure my premature ejaculation problems. Maybe I was like that *because* there wasn't a man inside me.

The next few days were single days of working for me—a flight there and back in the same day—so I had no opportunity for overnight visits in any city, no more opportunity for slumber parties. What I did have was time with Tiffany each evening.

On Tuesday, she brought up again the issue of cuckolding, though not the way I expected.

"You know, Dana, I've been thinking about something," Tiffany said, sitting on the couch next to me reading a book. "About what we were talking about the other night. You know, cuckolding."

"What about it," I said apprehensively, crossing my nylon covered legs, trying to ignore the instant straining in my panties, knowing how easily that would betray my true thoughts on cuckolding.

"Well, I really meant what I said, that I love making love with you like two girls. I mean, I liked it before, you know, before you got the job. I guess inside

it really did remind me of the kissing parties I'd have with my friends in school. Even before you dressed like this, when we made love, I fantasized you were a woman. I guess I want to say, I always liked that, making love to you like that."

"Okay..."

"But as much as I love the emotional part with you, the feminine physical part, too, I really do miss the other thing."

"The other thing?"

She looked away, almost shyly. "You know..."

"A...a man?"

"Yes, and" -- now she was fully blushing -- "cock." She whispered the word.

I gulped, was almost started by the word, her casual use of it, even if she appeared herself to be hesitant to say it. "What about it?" I asked carefully.

"I...I miss it, Dana and I...I thought that maybe we could..."

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, no, she wasn't going to say it, she couldn't. Okay, I'd fantasized about it too, I guess, in a way, but that was much different from actually doing it! Fantasy was always different than reality and I wasn't sure if I could...

"Buy a new, you know, toy."

I stared at her. A sex toy, buy a fucking sex toy? I said nothing for a second, then smiled, giggled, laughed, half relieved (*one quarter disappointed*). A sex toy? Fucking Christ, heart, start beating again! I thought she was going to suggest actual, real cuckolding, and all she wanted was a new vibrator. I thought she was going to say we could try something different, that she could date a man, that she could actually do it. But all she wanted was a sex toy. "A sex toy, Tiff?" Suddenly, she seemed embarrassed to have spoken, like it was a mistake. Of course, I laughed at her, why shouldn't she feel strange. "A sex toy? That's all?"

"That's all? What do you mean, that's all? What did you think I was going to say, that...oh...oh," she said apparently realizing what I was thinking. "You didn't think I was going to...to say that we should...that I..." she giggled, too, lowered her voice, "should cuckold you."

I swallowed hard, held my breath, feeling myself on the verge of shaking, conflicted, confused.

"Sweetie, I was just thinking, I don't know, we have that vibrator we play with sometimes and it's great, like, on the outside...on my clit...I just thought maybe we could get something different, you know, maybe a little bigger, that

would work on the inside, too, that's all."

I exhaled loudly, perhaps sighed. Her vibrator was a slim, discrete metal thing, perfect, really, for stimulating her clit, though she was right, it was no bigger than my penis, too small to really do anything substantial with. Fun, yes, but like me, not for fucking.

Tiffany looked at me strangely. "You weren't hoping I'd suggest that, were you?"

"What? No, no, of course not," I denied it easily, my words coming much smoother than the emotions I felt inside, where a small, but loud voice was screaming, yes, yes, yes!

"Dana," she laughed, "seriously?"

"No, no, of course not," I lied, or at least half lied.

She looked at me strangely, tilted her head, studied me. "Okay, okay. Well, anyway, I was just thinking, you know, something a little different, it might be fun...you always like using the vibrator on me."

That much was certainly true, in fact, I loved using the vibrator on her, loved teasing her with it, loved watching her squirm, shake, cum. I loved alternating licking her and touching her with it, how each made her cum in a different way. But she was right, if I liked that, why wouldn't I like one that was larger, that I could use both inside and out.

"That might be fun," I agreed.

"Great," she sat up, a huge smile on her face, "I'm sorry, I," she giggled, "I was afraid you'd say no, or wouldn't be into it, or...or might feel threatened by something like that."

"Threatened by a toy? Why would I be; I like using your vibrator on you."

"Well," she started to say, paused, then rushed ahead. "I don't know, I guess I'm being silly, can I...can I really look for one? I don't want to seem too anxious, but...I guess I'm kind of anxious...it's been so long..."

"Sure, I guess."

"Great," she said excitedly, "wait there, let me get my laptop."

"Your laptop?"

"Yea, so you can look with me, I want you to help me pick it out, silly," she said, getting up from the couch. The words sounded so similar— *silly, sissy, silly sissy*.

A moment later, Tiffany plopped back down on the couch and handed her MacBook Air to me. "Here, you do it."

I took the computer, opened it, started Safari, and realized I wasn't exactly sure that 'it' was. "Um..."

Tiffany laughed. "Yea. Sorry. Some girls at work were talking about this, they suggested a couple friendly website called Eden Fantasys. Try that, Google that." I did and sure enough, the first result was a sex toy shop. "Yea, that's it, click that."

I did and up came a tastefully presented website. Without waiting for Tiffany, I clicked on a link to the left, 'vibrators' bringing up a page of colorful toys in all sorts of interesting and unique shapes. "Wow, there's so many," I said, having no idea there was such an assortment of things like this.

"Yea," Tiffany said looking at the screen. "Scroll down. More. More." She looked back and forth across the computer. "Hmmm."

"Anything you want me to click," I asked. "How about one of these," I said, pointing to a row of purple and pink traditional vibrators, like what she had, only slightly larger.

"Those are interesting, but I don't really think that's what I'm looking for...the girls at work were talking about something else...go back to the homepage." I went back and she pointed. "Click on that," she said, her finger resting on the word below 'vibrator' on the screen, the word 'dildos.' I did as she asked, seeing little difference from the first screen, again, simply a cornucopia of colorful, tasteful sex toys. "Yea, there, that's what the girls at work said to look for, there it is. Click there, Dana, on that second picture.

The picture was small, just a tiny thumbnail, but the word was gigantic, at least as it assaulted my brain.

*Realistic.*

"Um, this one," I asked, hovering the mouse over the word.

*Realistic.*

"Yea, that one, that's where they said to look."

I clicked on it and after a second, the page opened. I gasped, I had to have, I had to take a quick intake of breath at what came up on the screen. Cocks. *Cocks!*

Row after row after row of cocks.

Picture after picture after picture of cocks.

Flesh colored, black and white.

Realistic in shape, in size, in texture, in appearance.

Cock after cock after cock. And that's what they were, cocks. Nothing I'd think of as a penis or a boy clit, as I sometimes thought of mine. Nothing soft, nothing limp. No, cocks. Picture after picture of realistic cock dildos.

"Yea, that's the right page," Tiffany said, memorized by the images on the screen. "Look at all of them," she reached over, hit the spacebar to scroll



down the screen, clicking on 'show all' so more and more appeared.

"They're all so...so big," I mumbled, still stunned by the visual assault of cock after cock as she scrolled downward.

"Not all of them," she said softly, pointing to a small, flaccid pink one at the bottom of the screen, "see, they even have one like yours." Her finger rested on a dildo named 'Mr. Limpy extra small,' a two inch flaccid pink penis that, true enough, looked like mine in its current state. "Here, go back to the top," she said before I could respond to her cutting words, true as they may be. "There's one up there I saw that looked interesting."

Hand shaking, I moved the screen to the top, cock after cock after cock flowing downwards past my eyes. Cock after big cock, the blur of each reinforcing what she compared me to, 'Mr. Limpy extra small.' Cock after erect cock, the cock of men, not the limpy penis of a sissy.

"There, click on that one," she pointed excitedly, gesturing at a dildo, a *cock*, named 'Johnny VixSkin.' Shaking more, I clicked on the link and watched as the page opened up, as the picture enlarged and I was confronted with a very realistic, very life-like, very erect cock. A cock with a bulbous head, veins, and two balls. A cock that was large, curved, pointed, real. A cock any man, *any* man would be proud to have, proud to pull out, proud to show off, proud to use. A cock any woman, *any* woman would lust for, lust in that moment of lust when she wanted a man, when she wanted animalistic sex, when she wanted to get fucked, when she wanted to cum.

A cock that was the opposite, the complete opposite of 'Mr. Limpy extra small' and by implication, the complete opposite of me.

"Wow," Tiffany said, mouth open, almost drooling. "Look at it."

"It...it's big," I blurted out.

"Yea," she sighed, "I know...like a man. The girls were...wow. Seven inches, the description said, and six inches around. I looked at the picture again, the detailed head of the cock, the ridges of the base, the veins. "Can you imagine me touching it? It would be like watching me touch a man's cock."

"Tiff," I said a little too loudly, squirming, suddenly thinking of her soft hands wrapped around a man's cock."

"What, you've never fantasized about me with a man."

"I..." I stopped, felt my face redden at the sudden directness of her question, at her inadvertent stumble onto a deep, dark fantasy, one I'd never confessed to.

She opened her mouth. "Oh my god, you HAVE."

"Tiffany, I..." I didn't know what to say.

She just looked at me meaningfully, for a long time, silent. I wondered what she was thinking, was prepared for her to yell at me—who the hell fantasizes about his woman getting it on with a guy? "I...well, never mind, I mean, just," she pointed back to the computer, "it...it's something, isn't it?"

"I...I guess...if you're into that kind of thing."

"Or if you want that kind of thing into you," she chuckled, seeming to recover. "So seriously, what do you think?"

"Think about what?"

"That's the one I want, Dana, that's what I want you to buy."

"I...I thought we were looking for a vibrator," I said carefully, staring at it, wondering, really, if this was the kind of thing she dreamed about and fantasized about.

"No, Dana, I want a cock."

"It's so big," I said, though I'd already said that, didn't know what else to say. "I mean, compared to..."

"To you? Dana, you're not a man, don't compare yourself to a man, it's not fair. Sissies are not supposed to have big, thick cocks. You don't have to always be Mr. Limpy extra small; I know you get all excited sometimes, but you're not going to be this, either. Don't try to be, just be yourself."

"Are you sure, Tiffany, are you sure about this?" Be myself? Be Mr. Limpy extra small.

"Yes, Dana, I'm sure. Go ahead, add it to the cart, order it. No, no, not the vanilla color, get the darker one, the caramel. Yea, that one...the Latin kind of one...it's cute."

## Chapter 10 – Johnny

I didn't have to fly on Friday as I had a Saturday flight to Houston and back, so I was home when the doorbell rang. I was doing chores at the time—Tiffany had left me a list of things she wanted me to take care of, laundry, dishes, dusting. I frowned when I heard the bell, knowing exactly what it was, the UPS driver delivering the realistic dildo, the cock my fiancée had picked out, the cock she'd gone on and on about for the last two days, so anxious was she to get it.

"It will be so nice to have a man in the house," she giggled on Friday morning when we were getting dressed, she for work, me for cleaning the house. She was, as usual, stunning; maybe even more so than usual. I'd watched her dress in her lingerie in the bedroom—a black mesh and lace padded plunge bra that set her breasts on display with a matching Brazilian thong that did the same for her ass. She completed the lingerie with similarly matching wide garter belt and black stockings. For effect, presumably for teasing effect, she slipped on her heels before she finished dressing, so that she walked around the bedroom and bathroom, where she did her hair and makeup, clad only in lingerie.

"There's something on the bed for you," she pointed as she walked into the closet to finish dressing.

Naked save for a towel wrapped around my chest over my breast forms like a girl, I looked at the pile, the bra and panty set, the nude pantyhose, slightly disappointed. "I...I thought I'd just take a break today," I called to her, "you know, just wear jeans and a tee shirt."

Tiffany came out into the bedroom, still only in lingerie, head tilted, putting in an earring. "We haven't bought you any jeans," she said looking puzzled.

"My old jeans," I responded, thinking it was obvious.

"But those are for men, Dana."

"Yes."

She stood up straight, folded her arms, frowned. "Dana, you're not wearing men's clothes."

"But I don't have to go anywhere today, Tiff," I protested, already half mentally abandoning the weeks of femininity that had enshrouded my brain day after day.

The frown stayed on her face. "And so you thought what? That you'd just

lay around all day in jeans and a tee shirt and drink beer and fart and be a slob?"

"No, I thought..."

"That you'd pretend to be a man all day? That's it then?"

Pretend. "No, Tiff, no, I thought..."

"You're not, Dana. A man." She spoke slowly, quietly, yet with conviction, cutting off my response. I looked at her, saying nothing in retort, having nothing to say. "You get that, don't you? This isn't just pretending, Dana, you're not just pretending to be a girl for work, this is real. You're not a man, Dana, you're a sissy and I'll not have you thinking or acting otherwise."

Her words stung; they were a complete rebuke to emotions and I felt conflicted. Part of me thought, assumed, all morning, that I'd be able to 'rest' today, to simply relax, to be myself, well, my old self. To that part of me her words were a verbal slap, the cold water of reality washing away the veneer of pretend that had started to come over me. The pretend being that I was, deep down inside, a man who was simply living a daily existence as a woman for reasons having nothing to do with my gender identity.

She saw the pain on my face from the sting of her words. She saw the rich source of confusion, the conflict between what I thought I should feel about myself, about my manhood, and what I really felt. And instead of comforting me, she pushed me away, speaking with finality. "Get dressed, Dana," she ordered without a hint of sympathy, turning back towards the closet. "I'll bring you the rest of your clothes after I finish."

Just like that, her back was to me, then she was gone, in the closet, giving me no chance to answer, to protest, to challenge her. Nothing. I was simply to obey. Which was exactly what she professed to want from me, exactly what she had said turned her on—a submissive sissy.

The bra was simple yet feminine, basic white, though decorated with delicate lace appliqué, the panties the same. I hurriedly started with the panties, instinctively knowing if I did not get them on quickly I'd never be able to successfully tuck my penis, which was starting to swell, not just from the thought of dressing in the pretty lingerie, but also from the tone of Tiffany's voice, the commanding presence, the sense of submission. The bra quickly followed, wrapping, protecting, holding, and caressing my breast forms, which were now as much a part of my body as anything I was born with; the pantyhose, too, shimmering up my smooth, feminine legs.

I looked at myself in the mirror, the image confirming what Tiffany had asserted moments earlier, that I wasn't a man, that I was foolish to pretend



otherwise. Even half dressed, albeit in lingerie; even without makeup, albeit it with smooth, feminine skin; even without a wig, albeit with hair that was growing longer and was now the perfect short style to look adequate on a man, though much more appropriate for a woman; even unfinished, I looked and felt and KNEW that masculinity, if it was ever present in me, was far, far behind me.

"Admiring yourself?" Tiffany's voice sang out from behind me? I blushed, caught doing just what she said.

"Yes, a little," I admitted, turning toward her, suddenly rendered speechless. "Tiff," was all I could say, seeing how she was dressed for work. She normally wore sexy clothes, revealing clothes—as a receptionist it was part of her job—but today's outfit took things to level of beauty, of outright sexual energy that I'd never seen.

"You like?" she asked, an evil smile on her face, a dominant smile, a strong smile. Her black skirt was short and tight, ending slightly above mid-thigh, showing off mile after mile of her legs and her dark hosiery, made longer still by her high black pumps. Her cap sleeved, collared blouse, tucked into her skirt to maximize her figure, was red with black accents and fastened with black buttons BELOW her bust line, showing off the full half-moon curved side of each breast.

"Fuck, Tiff," I mumbled, knowing that as she sat, her skirt would struggle, likely unsuccessfully, to cover the tops of her stockings, that her breasts would be on full display, that man after man after man would be lusting after her all damn day. "Why bother with clothes?"

An innocent, "who me?" look came over her face. "Too much? I mean, it doesn't bother you that men flirt with me all day, does it?" Without the pantyhose and panties holding me taut, I would have exploded instantly at her question. As it was, I strained tightly against garments trapping my tucked penis, the thought of men staring at her breasts and her legs overpoweringly erotic.

"Nnnnoo," I mumbled.

"You're sure," she asked playfully, walking to me, touching a finger to my breasts, "it doesn't bother you knowing all those men, all those real men, will be looking at me, eye fucking me all day?"

I swallowed hard, closed my eyes.

"I don't know how I'll get ANY work done today, what with all the attention I'll get from all those men I could cuckold you with."

"Tiffany!"

"What? I...I thought that turned you on? I'm just teasing you. Mostly."

I looked down, blushed, she was right, of course it turned me on.

"Sweetie, it's nothing to be ashamed about, it's perfectly normal for a sissy to get turned on by cuckolding. Really."

"It's not normal, Tiff."

"Oh, but it is, Dana, it really is. Especially for betas, especially for sissies, most especially for smart people. It's psychological submission, I've been reading about it, I mean, it makes sense, what's more submissive, what could cause more mental anguish, then imagining a man fucking me, making me cum harder than you ever could?"

She obviously meant it as a real question, as an explanation of the psychology of it. But her simple words betrayed the truth, that a man, a real man, COULD make her cum harder than I ever did. And the real truth behind that was that it DID turn me on, it really did. "It turns you on submitting to me as much as it your submission turns me on."

"But that's fantasy."

"Cuckolding, maybe, but not your submission, not your feminization, not the fact that you're a sissy. That's reality, Dana."

I looked down, accepting that as true.

"Sweetie," she touched my arm again, "I know it's fantasy, it is for me, too. There's nothing wrong with having fantasies like this."

That may be a fantasy, but there was reality, too. The sissy part, the feminine part of me, the fact that I wasn't a man, would never be a man. That was real. I was dressed as a woman, that was real. I was her sissy, that was real. I was turned on by the mere thought of men looking at her, turned on by the thought of men fucking her, that was real, too.

"Dana, sweetie," she said softly, "you need to finish getting dressed so I can get to work."

I looked at her, my fiancée, my beautiful fiancée, nodded, mentally floating about the room, swirling. "What am I supposed to wear," I asked, feeling foolish. She took my hand and led me to the closet to get dressed.

The clothes were like hers, in fact, they were hers, just like those she wore today, though not quite as revealing. She first handed me a white, short sleeved cotton button up blouse, which unlike hers covered my breasts, though it was cut in at the waist, giving me a very feminine appearance.

Next was a black pencil skirt that went almost to my knees, though shortened up several inches when I stepped into black pumps. I was struck, if anything, by the plainness, the utilitarian look of the outfit.

Until she turned back in the closet, picked something up, and quickly, effortlessly, wrapped it around my waist. I looked down, saw it was a white cotton and lace apron, and was puzzled for a moment. Until she handed me a piece of paper. "Here's a list of things I'd like you to get down around the house today."

I looked at the paper. Laundry. Dust. Vacuum. Change sheets. The list was the missing piece, caused the click of understanding. The plain white cotton blouse, the simple black skirt, the practical yet feminine apron. I was dressed to do housework. Like a retro housewife, like a...

"I...I look like a servant," I stammered.

"Yes," she smiled. "A bit more practical than what I'd like, certainly less fun, but it makes the point for now."

"The point? What point?"

"That submissive sissies take care of housework," she said matter-of-factly. "I'd like to dress you up in a proper French Maid's uniform, but would need to get one first, this is the best I could do on short notice."

"French Maid's uniform," I said half in shock, thinking of every sexy, scantily dressed French Maid fantasy I'd ever seen on television, in the movies, in magazines. "But that...that's like frilly and sexy and...and...revealing...and..."

"I know," she smiled. "I looked at some available online and found one that's absolutely adorable that I'm going to order; I'll show you a picture, later, if you like."

"A French Maid," I said again, softly. "I...I can't do that." I was thinking how emasculating that would be, how utterly and completely humiliating it would be to dress as a French Maid, how unmanly, how degrading, how...

"Oh, Dana, Dana, Dana," she shook her head, reached up and touched my face. "You simply don't get it yet, do you?"

"Get what, Tiffany."

"You can't do that because it's too feminine? Silly, you don't get that I don't see you as a man, that I never will?" Her tone was intensified by her revealing clothes, clothes she was wearing to work where there would be men, men who stared at and flirted with her all day. "That you're a sissy, through and through. That you're going to remain feminized. That you not wanting to do it makes it all the more exciting to me, makes it all that much better when you do submit to me. That this isn't a game anymore, Dana, this is serious; you've awoken something inside me and you will submit, you will. Do you have any idea how excited it makes me? Do you? To think of you all



day, dressed like a servant, a female servant, cleaning house? I...I don't know how to describe it, love, I really don't, but it's so fucking powerful, so fucking intense!"

Well of course I understood that part of her feelings, for it was just as powerful and intense to me—the submission to her, anyway, the emasculation, the embracing of the woman inside me. "What...what do you want me to do," I asked breathlessly, succumbing to the power of Tiffany's emotions, to the eroticism she felt, that she transmitted to me.

"What do I want you to do...sissy?" She laughed. "It's so fucking simple. Do the things on the list. Do what you're told to do. That's all. But...but...remember, while you're doing them, that you're not a man, Dana, you're a sissy. My sissy, Dana, my pretty sissy maid. Just do that and I'll be," she lowered her voice, blushed a little, "I'll be wet all day."

"Fuck, Tiffany," I said, half shocked at her face, more so at her words, at her dirty mouth.

"Hmmm." She put a finger to her lower lip, opened her mouth, grinned, a dirty, provocative, sinister grin. "Think anyone will know, sissy? Think any of the men flirting with me will know how soaking wet I'll be?" Tiffany ran her finger down her chest. "How bad I need it?" Her finger was lower, to her waist, her thighs, under the hem of her skirt. "Cock, Dana, how bad I need cock? How long it's been? How badly I want to get fucked by a MAN?"

I was panting, dizzy, overcome, hyperventilating.

"Think they'll know, sweetie, think anyone will have any idea?"

"Fuck, Tiff."

"No, Dana, you won't be fucking me tonight, there's going to be a real cock in the house tonight. Now you be a good girl and do your chores, knowing that while I'm at work I'll be wet, flirting with all those guys that want to fuck me."

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So, when the doorbell rang later that morning, I knew immediately, instinctively, intuitively who it was, what it was, who, in fact, was at the door, with what. I knew from the kitchen, hearing the tones of the doorbell, that the UPS man (yes, man, he was a man, a 'real man' as it were), was ringing, was waiting for me to answer. I knew what he had, too, of course, the other man, the other man Tiffany had invited into our house, the dildo, the cock.

I thought of the picture on the internet, the high resolution picture of the



realistic cock that so titillated Tiffany, that so excited her, that made her fantasize about getting fucked. As I walked down the hall, heels clattering on the hard floor, I saw the UPS man through the side glass, in his brown uniform, his chiseled face, scruffy with a day old beard, something that would take me weeks, even months to grow—if ever. He was holding a cock in his hands, whether he knew it or not, a cock that soon would be inside my fiancée, pleasuring her in ways I never could, certainly never would. For a moment, another vision flashed through my head, the UPS man, the man in brown, holding not a packaged cock, but instead his own, delivering a real cock for Tiffany.

Did he call on her office? Was he one of the men who would see her today? Who would hit on her? Who flirt with her, make her wet? Did she want his cock? And if not his, whose? What man at the office did she fantasize about? Or was it a man she saw in the store? At the gas station? What man made her wet? What man did she dream about? What man did she want to satisfy her?

"Good morning," I managed to say when I opened the door.

"Ma'am," he nodded politely, taking an extra second or two or three to gaze at me, obvious attraction in his eyes.

Cock. That's all I could think about. Cock.

Cock in the package he held in his hands.

Cock in his pants, so close to me, so close, so uncomfortably close.

Cock all around Tiffany, young men, middle aged men, old men, all wanting one thing, to feel the inside of my fiancée's pussy, take her, possess her, use her, fuck her. Cock, cock, cock.

"Would you like it inside," he asked with a completely innocent look in his eyes.

I tried not to gasp, tried not to shudder. Inside? Inside Tiffany. Or, fuck, inside me??? "I'll...I'll take the...take it," I stumbled verbally, so fixated was my mind on cock that I almost said 'I'll take the cock', meaning the package, not the real thing, meaning take it into the house, not take it like a woman would take it, like Tiffany would.

"Well, enjoy," he smiled, handing it to me. Enjoy? Fucking enjoy? He didn't know, he couldn't know. Enjoy? Could he tell by the package, somehow, who sent it? What it was? Enjoy? Who? Me? Tiffany? I didn't want to enjoy it, I didn't like boys, I didn't like men, I didn't like cock.

"I'm sure we...she will," I said, not meaning to, distracted by the burning on my hands, the burning where his fingers were touching mine.

"Huh," he responded, looking at my chest, keeping his hands touching mine.

"I said I'm sure she'll enjoy it, she's been waiting a long time for...for this...she missed it."

"I bet," he said, looking at me like he knew what I meant, though he couldn't have, right, he couldn't have known it was from a sex toy company, and even so, he certainly could not have known it was a cock.

I signed for the package, for the cock, for Tiffany's cock, and started back to the kitchen, not sure what to do with it, whether to open it, even where to put it. I was just about to the kitchen when I heard my phone chirp, an incoming text.

—Did you get it, did you get it?

Jesus, did she have ESP?

—It JUST got here!

—I've been watching UPS on-line, Dana, I'm so excited, there's a man in the house, THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE!!!

—YES

—Where is it? Put him in the bedroom and DON'T OPEN him yet—I don't want you playing with him without me.

—Fat chance, Tiff, it's a cock!

—So?

—So? So I don't like guys, Tiffany, duh!

I was starting to shake again, telling myself that over and over, I don't like guys, I don't like guys. Fuck, it was true. It was fucking true!

—You're so cute, my little sissy not wanting to be admit to fantasizing about cock like all of the other girls.

—TIFFANY!

—Fine, fine, you don't like men. Well, you wouldn't want to be here with me then this morning; I don't think I've had a moment yet that a man wasn't hitting on me. I'm soooo fucking wet, Dana!

—Yea?

—Yea, fuck yea! It's a good thing I'm a receptionist and don't have my own office or I swear I'd shut the door and let the next guy that hits on me throw me over my desk and fuck me silly.

—Tiffany!

—Fuck, and speaking of men I'd like to fuck, look who is walking down the hall right now. Gotta go!

I didn't hear from Tiffany the rest of the day, not until about 4:30 when she texted me again.

—I'm leaving, be home by 5:00. Have a gin and tonic waiting for me like a good sissy maid. Have one yourself before I get home if you want, it's going to be a long night.

Fucking damn, I muttered to myself, reading her text. I'd finished the chores hours ago, taken a short nap (good thing), and was catching up on some reading for work. At about ten to five, I made two gin and tonics, quickly downed one myself, got a silver platter for the other, and right on time heard the garage door open.

I tugged and adjusted my shirt, my skirt, my apron, and hurried to the door, carrying the tray with Tiffany's drink. Just that simple act, of course, on top of the work I'd done all day, but now, just that act felt like the most submissive of things. Simply meeting my fiancée by the door with a drink, something so small, so mundane, felt so significant.

She walked in the door and just stared at me, saying nothing at first, just looking at me with a look so powerful, so intense, it scared me. I guess I'd forgotten how incredibly sexy she looked today, how short her skirt was, how revealing her blouse was, how she was just barely this side of the line of hooker, stripper, not slutty, not in the least, but classy, high class. That's what the men at her office looked at all day, that's what they drooled over, that's what they wanted to fuck, over and over.

"Ma'am," I thought to say, somehow managed to say before looking down, partially in submission, partially in humiliation.

"Something a girl could get used to," she dropped her purse on the floor, took the gin and tonic off the tray, sipped at it. "Why are you just standing there, sissy," she asked icily.

I looked up, confused, sure I hadn't missed anything, either some earlier instruction or something she'd just asked me to do. "Ma'am?"

"I believe a kiss is the proper way to greet your Mistress." She tilted her head, that tilt, always that fucking tilt, that taunting, that subtle mocking that drove me crazy.

"I'm sorry," I said, and started to step forward to move my lips to hers. But I was blocked. She lifted her left hand and put it against my chest, stopping me, while casually taking another sip of her gin and tonic with her right hand.



"Not that kind of kiss," she said with a growing tone of dominance in her voice, as if she was feeling more and more comfortable in this role, as power swept over her. "That's not the kind of kiss a sissy greets her mistress with." She read the confusion on my face, answered it with lazy gesture towards the floor. "On your knees, sissy, on your knees."

Of course, of fucking course. A kiss on the mouth? From her servant? From her sissy? What the hell was I thinking? A kiss on my mouth would be nice, pleasant, wonderful. I'd love it, I'd love to have my lips and tongue touching hers. I'd absolutely love it. But far more, I'd love and crave an act of submission, the act of kneeling before Tiffany, of surrendering to her. And that's how she'd feel it, too. The power over me, the thrill of her feminized fiancée kneeling before her, reverently tonguing not her mouth but her pussy.

I lowered myself slowly to my knees, watching her body as I moved downward, her neck, the swell of her breasts all but spilling out of her blouse, her flat stomach, then her thighs, her stocking covered thighs. It was there that it hit me, the smell, the overwhelming power of it, the utter stench of Tiffany's particular scent, her wet, excited scent. I recoiled—how could I not—the smell was so fucking strong, so fucking powerful, so all consuming.

She looked down at me, smiled when she saw the look on my face. "I told you, sissy. Wet. All. Day. How many guys do you think sensed it? Smelled it? Every guy that hit on me made me wetter than the last, made it harder and harder to just flirt, harder and harder to wait till I got home to finally get fucked instead of just giving in to the next guy that wanted me." She set the drink down on a hallway table and lifted the hem of her skirt up to her hips, fully exposing me to the sight and smell of her absolutely drenched panties. She looked at me with an expression of disbelief. "Do you think I'm kidding, Dana? Do you think I'm lying?" She took my head in her hands and roughly pulled my face to her wet panties. "Smell me, Dana, smell me! What do you think this is from? Fantasizing about your little sissy clit inside me? You think this is all a joke, Dana? I'm this wet because I've been thinking of cock all day. I've been thinking of getting fucked by a REAL cock all fucking day. This is how wet just thinking of cock makes me, Dana, this fucking wet. Now lick me Dana, greet me properly, lick me and be glad I didn't give in to any of the men at work and come wet from something else."

"Ohhhh," I involuntarily moaned when she said that. "Ohhhh," I groaned and stuck my tongue out and leaned closer to her, touched her pussy, her soaked pussy, licked her violently through her panties. Licked her desperately, hungry to taste her, to worship her.



She pulled my head against her face, hard, deep. "Oh fuck, Dana, fuck, that's it. Fuck. Maybe you'd like that, maybe you're just like most sissy cuckolds I read about, maybe you'd like it if I came home full of a man's cum and made you lick out every last drop." She didn't wait for me to answer, she just pulled my face harder against her and let my tongue do the answering. While I was silent with my words, while I could NEVER, FUCKING NEVER admit to liking or wanting to do that, I was practically screaming with my tongue, screaming, yes, fuck, yes, yes, yes.

"I want cock, Dana, I fucking want cock, I don't care, I want it."

I gasped, licked, sighed, licked, shook, licked.

She was holding my head, humping my face, pushing her panty covered pussy against my lips, my mouth, my nose. "You want it, too, don't you?" I almost said no, I thought she was asking if I wanted cock, too, no, no, no. I almost answered, looked up into her eyes, begging with mine, almost shook my head no, but she continued. "You fantasize about me having have cock, Dana, you fantasize about a real man making me cum, don't you?"

"Yes," I whispered, looking her in the eye, "yes, yes, yes."

At my last yes, she did just that, she started shaking, moaning, cumming, holding my face tight against her, using it, rubbing her panty covered pussy over my nose and mouth and chin while she shuddered and shuddered and shuddered. Finally, she pushed me back, pushed my face away from her pussy as her orgasm subsided. "Where is it...where's the cock...where is he?"

"In...in the kitchen," I pointed, realizing I'd never put the cock in the bedroom as she'd asked.

"Good, get up," she motioned, not seeming to care, "we...we need to go get ready for him, come on." She took my hand, led me down the hall, turned away from the kitchen and into the bedroom.

"What are we doing, Tiffany," I asked, wanting to simply follow her lead but curious, and, her description, her verbal taunting was as much a part of the tease and excitement as anything, part of the game.

"Women are driven by emotions, Dana, but Men are visual creatures so we're going to prepare ourselves for him by slipping into pretty lingerie for him to gaze at."

It was quick for her—she simply, though seductively, removed her blouse and skirt and unhooked her bra, dropping all onto her dressing table. She just as easily stepped out of her soaked panties, though these she set on the night stand just before she opened a drawer and took out lingerie. She slipped over her head a flirty 60's inspired baby doll in sheer tulle with multi

colored embroidery flowers and leaf design and paired it with matching sheer panties. The baby doll was so delicately sheer that nothing was left to the imagination, not the curve of her breasts, the hardness of her nipples, or the already apparent damp spot on her new panties.

I took just a bit, though not much, longer. She had me remove my uniform and pantyhose, but instructed me to keep on my bra and panty set. "Keep yourself tucked, sweetie, he doesn't know you're a sissy and even if he did, he wouldn't want to see than any more than I," she said from behind me as I undressed.

I turned to look at her. "But...I thought...you know...that I...that we would...that I'd...get to, you know..."

"Cum," she raised her eyebrow. "Is that what you thought? No, Dana, no, no. Not tonight, love, not tonight. Tonight is about me. You'll have your turn, love, don't worry, but tonight you only need to worry about me."

"You're serious," I asked, though it was obviously so.

"Completely, Dana. Tonight's about me, about you serving me. Now here," she went back to her lingerie drawer, "I want you to wear these." She handed me pinkish camisole and tap panty set, a French knickers set I'd bought for her in the past. It was silk with delicate cream French lace around the bust and leg openings, and paired well with cream lace top thigh highs, which I was also given to wear.

While I sat on the edge of the bed and slipped into the stockings, Tiffany took her dressing table chair and moved it into the center of the room. "What are you doing?"

"He's going to sit here while we put on a little show for him, Dana. I told you, men are visual, he'll love watching two girls mess around before he fucks me. Now you wait here while I go get him." She spoke of it, the cock, the dildo, as if it were a real person, a real man with feelings and emotions and erotic desires. She shut the door behind her and for a moment a crazy thought went through my head—what if the dildo was just a tease, a rouse? What if she kept calling the dildo him because there was a real him? What if she actually met someone at work and fucking invited him back to our house? What if, when she opened the door, it wasn't the dildo in her hands, the ruse, the beard, what if there was a man on her arm, an actual, real, flesh and blood, man???

I felt my pulse quicken and, without thinking, my eyes darted around the room, looked for somewhere to hide—the closet (how funny, in the closet) or the bathroom. No, no, she wouldn't do that, not that, it just wasn't possible, right? Not a man, not a real man!

Right?

Fuck, what if there was a man standing with her when she opened the door? What would I do? What the fuck would I do?

"Dana's in here," I heard her voice talking to someone just on the other side of the door. A man? A fucking man? Fuck, fuck, fuck. I started shaking; too late to run, even if I wanted to, which I didn't know if I did. Fuck, fuck! FUCK! She wanted to fuck a man, fine, fuck, fine, fine.

The door opened slowly, fucking too slowly. But when I could see from my spot on the bed where I waited patiently, scared, but patient, hoping there wasn't a real man, there wasn't a flesh and blood man, there was simply Tiffany and the large, realistic cock she held in her hands. I sighed, I fucking sighed out loud, a heavy, and I hate to think it, but almost disappointed sigh.

The head tilt again. Not the same as the knowing, almost fuck you head tilt, but still one of recognition. For an instant, confusion, but then recognition. She knew what I'd been thinking, what I was terrified about, but all the same, she knew I'd sat there on the bed waiting, waiting. She realized I'd actually thought she might be opening the door to introduce me to a man, a real man, not a dildo, yet there I sat, waiting. She knew I'd sat there, patiently, waiting for her to bring a man into our bedroom.

She fucking knew!

Fuck, she knew I was waiting for her and a man, a REAL MAN. She knew it, knew I was worried about it, had waited for it, didn't run, didn't hide, didn't yell, didn't complain, didn't beg. Knew I'd just sat there waiting. She knew my fantasies were more than fantasies, that they were close to the edge of realities, that I'd sat there waiting for a MAN. I'd sat there, so I must have had to, I must have wanted it!

"Johnny, I want to introduce you to my roommate, Dana. Dana, this is Johnny." She held the dildo...the cock.....Johnny...carefully in her hands. "Go ahead, say hello, Dana, he's nice, trust me."

"Hell...hello," I said uncomfortably to the cock in her hands. In person it was even more realistic than online, the perfect manifestation of a man's cock (a man's), thick, erect, even intimidating.

"I told Johnny he can just relax with a drink for a few, that we want to put on a little show for him, don't we," she asked me, adding in sotto voice, "You know how men love to watch two girls kissing."

"Um, yea, yes."

"You just sit here and enjoy, Johnny." She set him (fuck, I thought of the cock as 'him' -- why?—it was an inanimate fucking object, not a real man!), set



the cock down on the chair facing the bed, then climbed up next to me so that we were on the bed, half sitting, half kneeling, facing one another, sideways to him...to the cock...to Johnny.

I know the whole stupid thing was fantasy, that there really wasn't a man sitting there watching us, that there really wasn't a man with a hard, throbbing erection getting turned on by my fiancée, by knowing he was going to fuck her. I know that Tiffany wasn't really going to fuck a man tonight, that the COCK was simply a toy. Intellectually, I knew that, but emotionally, there was no difference, there may as well have been a man sitting there. There may as well have been a man with his cock out, totally visible from the corner of my eye as Tiffany started to kiss me and touch me—she'd set the scene, the fantasy, so carefully, so realistically, that the fantasy was reality to me. We were kissing in front of a man. There was a cock right there, hard, erect, throbbing, waiting. He had every intention of fucking my fiancée tonight. She knew she was going to cum harder than she had in years.

And, most importantly, as we kissed she knew what I felt, could sense my emotions, my erotic thoughts, my reactions, my excitement. Fantasy though it may have been, I reacted as if it was real, not by stopping her or telling her to slow down, or simply screaming, 'no.' I reacted quite the opposite—I kissed her and touched her and moaned as my own tucked penis began to swell in the confines of my tight panties. My penis. The penis that couldn't fuck her, the penis that was small and quick and entirely inadequate. The penis that was trapped, that not only would not cum that evening, but would not even grow erect.

"You want him to touch me, Dana," she whispered between kisses, "you want him to have me, you want him to fuck me?"

I breathed heavily, kissed, tried to stay quiet, tried to ignore the eroticism of her question.

"You have to tell me yes," she whispered, kissing and kissing, "You have to tell me you want him to fuck me. I want it, Dana, but you have to want it, too."

"I...I..."

"God, I want it so badly, Dana, I want his cock, I want him, I want to get fucked, I want to cum. But you have to want it, too," she whispered in my ear, "you have to want him to fuck me."

"I...I know, Tiffany, I know...I..." My voice cracked, for her hand had worked it's way down the front of my camisole, to the front of the tap panties, and she was rubbing my semi-flaccid penis like it was a clit, like she rubbed herself,



feminizing me, over and over, by her mere touching, her simple movements, reinforcing that I was a girl by touching me like a girl.

"Do you want him to fuck me?" she asked, glancing at the cock, asked in a loud voice as if a voice intended for him, not for me, for the cock, for the fantasy man. But before I could answer the only answer I could possibly give, for I did, she whispered in my ear again, for me, only for me. "Remember, you don't get to cum, sissy." She said what she'd said before, what I already knew and had agreed to, but this time she changed the terms, made them MORE difficult for me, more enticing, more challenging. "If he fucks me, sissy, it's all about me."

"I know, Tiffany, I know..."

"No, no, Dana, you don't understand," she whispered in my ear, continuing to rub me. "I'll let you un-tuck this, I'll let your sissy clit free and rub you till you cum, I'll even kiss it and lick it like a clit until you cum in my mouth." My eyes went wide -- she'd never, not one single time, she'd never ever let me cum in her mouth. Never. "You heard me, lover."

"Tiff..."

"But then I won't fuck him, Dana, only one of us is going to cum tonight. You, in my mouth, or me with his cock. So," she continued to rub my trapped, semi-swollen penis, "do you want me to go down on you and lick your little boy clit? Or do you want me to leave this safely tucked away where it can't disappoint anyone and watch him fuck me?"

If I said no, she was going to suck me, suck my sissy clit, suck me until I exploded in her mouth. If I said no, I'd experience a sensation she'd never once let me enjoy. If I said no. All I had to do was say no.

A normal man could never understand the conflict she'd presented me. A normal man could never even begin to contemplate the confusion in my brain. A normal man, given the choice of his fiancée or girlfriend or wife giving him a blow job and swallowing his cum or else fucking another man, wouldn't even THINK about the question. A normal man, an alpha man, would laugh, break off the kiss, push his woman downward, and guide her mouth up and down his cock while he, quite literally, fucked her mouth.

But I wasn't a normal man. I was a sissy. Offered the choice between a blow job and cumming in her mouth and getting cuckolded by a realistic cock and left sexually frustrated, my head hurt, the room spun, and I had trouble breathing. A man would take the blow job. Every time. But a sissy...

"Do you want me to make you cum or do you want him to fuck me. One or the other, sissy, one or the other."

"I...I want a blow job," I finally managed to say. Except I didn't.

I thought it, that's what part of my brain told my mouth to say, but those were not the actual words that came out, much to the shock of my ears. My ears heard what I actually said, the words, the fateful words I could never take back.

"I want him to fuck you."

She kept her fingers on my swollen penis, rubbed, but pulled her face back and looked at me with all sincerity. "You want a man to fuck me, Dana?"

"Yes, yes, please, yes." I looked at the cock, standing straight up, challenging me, us.

But she asked one more time. She turned my head towards her, looked me straight in the eyes and asked me with all the seriousness that she'd ever asked me about anything. "Dana, do you want a man to fuck me?"

I sensed the tone, the look. She wasn't simply asking me if I wanted this now, tonight, this plastic cock. She was asking me more, about a man, a real man. She was asking me if I really wanted her to cuckold me. If I really wanted to share her. She was asking me if I really wanted to surrender any shred of masculinity I'd ever had. She was going to fuck the dildo, but she'd asked for more, wanted my permission for more, much more.

I know the setting was so erotic, that I was so turned on that the timing of her question was almost unfair. But my answer would not have changed, not earlier, not later. My answer didn't change, in fact, because the reality was that I wanted to be her cuckold, I wanted a man to fuck her, I wanted to surrender everything, to submit, to serve. I wanted it as much, as she did. I wanted it for her sake, too, for her happiness, for the pleasure she could have, the greater pleasure, than with just me alone. It was, if anything, something I wanted because I loved her, a gift I wanted to give her because I loved her.

"Yes."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, Tiffany, yes, yes, yes."

Instantly, she stopped touching my penis. Instantly, she stopped kissing me. Instantly, she backed away from me, not just physically, but I could sense emotionally, too. It stung for a moment, and the sting maybe even lingered for quite some time, but wasn't that the nature of cuckolding—the substitution of him, albeit a dildo, for me? She turned to the dildo, addressed it as if it was a real person, a real man who had been sitting patiently, watching two girls kiss and touch. "Looks like you really do like watching two girls, don't you Johnny?" She crawled over to the edge of the bed with feline

like movements, with a grace that was heavy in seduction. "But you want to do more than watch, don't you, Johnny."

She got to the edge of the bed, shifted to a sitting position at the edge, then got down onto her hands and knees, head up, and looked at the cock. "I want you to do more than watch, too, Johnny, I need you to do more than watch. I need a man, Johnny, I need a man, it's been far, far too long." She looked back at me for a moment. "Hasn't it Dana?" she asked me before turning back to him.

"Ohhhh," a small gasp escaped from my lips and then I witnessed the most erotic thing I'd ever seen, topped only by everything I've seen since that moment. She crawled forward, eyes locked on the cock, took it into her hands and, without preamble, without hesitation, without any additional thought of me, leaned forward and took the bulbous head into her open mouth, and sucked. "Ohhh," I gasped again, having never seen Tiffany do such a thing before, because she'd certainly never done something like that to me. I mean, we'd had oral sex before, quite often, but exclusively with her on the receiving end.

She almost, no, certainly, never went down on me, never just gave me a blow job, most certainly not like this, so submissive, so reverential, so thrilled to have cock in her mouth. No, the times when my sweet Tiffany's lips or tongue or mouth touched me, which were rare, very rare, they were almost an afterthought.

Often, when I'd pleasure her orally for hour after hour, she'd reach over and touch my penis, casually, lightly, using her soft fingers to encourage me, especially if I began to tire. Just light caresses would send flashes of sexual energy through me and I would lick her with renewed vigor. She'd use her fingers like a good jockey would the whip, sparsely, just enough to direct me here or there, coaxing orgasm after orgasm from my mouth.

But on rare occasions, very rare occasions, if I was positioned just right, if my penis was near her face, not touching but near, instead of using her fingers she might use her mouth. Not like this, not like she was doing to Johnny, not as if a blow job, not like she was sucking cock. And certainly not if I asked ("I don't like that," she'd tell me) or if I touched her face with it first ("Dana, get that out of my face, I don't like that," she'd tell me, pushing it away). She NEVER let me initiate that kind of contact, NEVER, not one single time. She might kiss me, even lick me (yes, like a girl), but she never sucked me, not like she was sucking that cock now.

So this was a first for me, the first time I ever saw Tiffany so thoroughly



engrossed in something like this, so thoroughly absorbed in this erotic dance. "God I missed this," she said, half to Johnny, the ever hard cock, half to me, the semi-soft sissy. I started to say something, that she'd said she didn't like doing that, never would do it to me, but she anticipated the question, glanced my way, and answered it for me. "Missed a man's cock, missed sucking a real cock." With that she took much, if not most of the cock into her mouth, deep throating it in a way she certainly had never done for me. I didn't know she knew how! Taking it, moaning, sucking, passionately, with obvious desire, with lust I'd never seen from my sweet fiancée.

"I want you, Johnny," Tiffany said after several erotic minutes, finally letting the cock slip from her mouth. "I want to feel you inside me. Her? No, Johnny, you're not fucking her, too, you're all mine, Johnny, all mine. What? In front of her? Of course she can stay, of course you can fuck me in front of her, in fact, I want you to fuck me in front of her, I want her to watch. I want her to help."

"Help," I mouthed, whispered. Help? Help? What did she mean, help? Help what?

"Yes, help, just for a moment, just while I get into bed, lover, men don't like to be left alone."

My eyes widened, she didn't mean...she didn't want me to...

"Shhhh, it's okay, Dana," she whispered, "you don't need to do what I was doing," she wrapped her hands around the dildo, was stroking it, jacking it off. "All you need to do is this for a minute, come on, it's okay, just keep him hard for me."

"Tiffany," I started to protest.

"Shhhh, it's okay. She hasn't been with a man, Johnny, she's shy, be nice to her."

"Tiffany!"

"Come here, Dana, just be gentle, just for a minute, it's okay, he'll be careful, I promise."

"Tiff, please," I balked verbally, though I still moved towards her, my eyes fixed on the erection in her hands. Unattached to a body, looking at the totality of what I saw, it was easy to comprehend that the dildo was just that, simply a dildo, something fake, a reproduction, divorced from reality. But when I focused simply on the visual of my fiancée's hand wrapped around it, stroking an erection, it was far too easy to see something else, to imagine that the fantasy she'd created was reality, to see her hands wrapped around a cock, a real cock. It was easy to see a different reality, to envision her asking,



almost demanding, that I touch not an inanimate object, but instead flesh and blood, a cock, a man's cock.

"You don't have to suck him," she said quietly, stroking as she whispered. "Not this time; just touch him, just for a minute, here, like this, Dana, like this," she stroked his cock...stroked the dildo, up and down, her hands working seductively. "Just keep him hard for me," she said, looking into my eyes with absolute lust. "See, see how much he likes it? Just keep him hard."

The reality, of course, was that 'he' was a dildo and would be forever hard no matter what we did or did not to do 'him' this evening. But there was other realities, too. There was the reality that making out with Tiffany in front of Johnny made me, even though I was tucked, as horny as I'd ever been. There was the reality that seeing my once demure fiancée unabashedly sucking a realistic dildo turned me on so much I'd do anything she asked at this moment, including, though I didn't want to, suck it myself. There was the reality that I desperately wanted to see her fucked, fucked hard by a man, that I wanted to be cuckolded, that I wanted her to want cock.

"Here, Dana, it's okay." She kept one hand on the cock, stroking it, took one of my hands in her other, and brought it to the cock. I couldn't stop her, couldn't resist, couldn't do anything except let her guide my hand to the cock, let her put the cock against my warm skin, and reflexively, close my hand around it.

"It...it's thick," I said without thinking as my fingers wrapped around it, as the veins pressed against my palm.

"That's because it's a real cock," she leaned over and whispered in my ear, "not a sissy clit." She had her hand wrapped around the back of mine and started moving it up and down over his cock...no...the cock...up and down, slowly, up and down, up and down. "Gentle, squeeze him, but not too hard."

It couldn't be...this wasn't really happening, was it? I wasn't really stroking a cock (a thick, hard cock!) with my fiancée's help, no, it was a dream, a fucking dream. This was wrong, totally wrong. Real or not, I shouldn't be stroking a cock, no fucking way. I looked at it, closely, while I touched it and stroked it, looked at the thick, bulbous head, at each bulging vein, at the balls. Fuck, fuck, I'd never been so close to a cock before, and yes it was fake, yes, I knew that, but fuck, it was cock, modeled after a man, a real man—there was a man out there with this very cock—I was stroking a real man's cock.

"Oh, Dana," Tiffany whispered in my ear, carefully letting go of my hand, "that's perfect, god, you're making me so wet, yes, keep stroking his cock,

Dana, keep his cock hard for me, keep stroking, doesn't he have such a beautiful cock? Keep him hard so he can fuck me." I'd never heard such language come from her before. Sure, she'd talked dirty before, very dirty on occasion, but nothing like this, nothing close. I was stroking and breathing, aware of Tiffany watching me do both, aware that there was no doubt about my thoughts, my excitement. "That's it, Dana, keep him hard." I moved my hand up and down the cock, feeling the veins slip through my fingers, lubricated by Tiffany's mouth, feeling the realism of it, feeling the images of fantasy and reality blurring, stroking dildo, stroking cock, stroking something fake, stroking something real.

She climbed on the bed, her baby doll spread around her like liquid, smoothing over every curve, over the swell of her breasts, her taut stomach. She watched me, quite obviously enjoying the sight of me stroking the cock for her, enjoying the show, enjoying me getting cock ready for her. Finally, she spoke, "Bring him here, Dana," she beckoned me with her finger to follow her onto the bed, "just keep stroking him, though, keep him hard for me."

I got up, carefully, moved to the bed, focusing on moving my hand up and down the dildo, up and down the cock, up and down him. Was it strange, was it uncomfortable? For fuck's sake, I was stroking a cock that, though 'fake', was so realistic, so brought to life by Tiffany's calling it 'him' that in my mind I might as well have been touching the real thing. In my mind, I was touching the real thing. In my mind, I was stroking a real cock, and whether by my excitement at Tiffany's excitement or simply by my stroking the cock itself, I was literally straining as hard as I could against my panties, my boy clit, my tucked penis was desperate to swell, desperate to grow from the excitement.

Oddly, I didn't know which was worse, which was more humiliating—my excitement at imagining this cock inside my fiancée or my apparent excitement from the simple act of running my hands up and down the cock. The first was an acknowledgment of my own inadequacies, my own emasculation, an admission that I was not, and never would be, man enough to please her, sexually. The second was acknowledgment of something equally disturbing, that while I thought I wasn't attracted to men, not in the least, something, some part of me obviously thought otherwise. And I understood neither, could not begin to comprehend why I was excited.

"Dana," I heard her say, almost amused. I looked up from my trance, from watching my hand move up and down the cock, from the hypnotic state I was in, stroking him. "Amazing, isn't it...a real man...a real cock...how he feels...how he looks...how he makes you tingle inside...how he makes you want him like

you've never wanted anything before...like you could never even imagine wanting anything before."

It dawned on me, as my hand continued to stroke the cock, that she meant me, that she was implying that I wanted it, wanted him, wanted the cock, not her, me. "You...you don't mean me! Tiffany, I...I don't like men, I..." Before I could finish my thought, she shifted her leg so her foot, her stocking covered foot, was between my legs and rubbing my crotch, stroking the bugle in my panties caused by my half swollen boy clit.

"Well something's gotten you all hot and bothered," she teased coyly, looking down at the cock. "Maybe she doesn't like men, huh, Johnny? Maybe she just," she lifted a finger to her mouth, licked it slowly and seductively, "likes cock."

"Tiff, I...I..." I couldn't finish, didn't know what to even begin to say.

"What's the matter, darling, cock got your tongue?" Her tease was accompanied by her foot stroking me harder, leaving me unable even to respond. "Dana, you're blushing," she smiled. "That's so cute, but there's nothing to be embarrassed about, I'm just as turned on by his cock, too."

"But...Tiff..." I started to protest, to tell her that was different, that she WAS a girl, of course she was turned on by cock. To say anything that would save my dignity. But she wouldn't let me, she cut me off before I could finish.

"Lick me, Dana."

"What?"

"Lick me. I want you to lick me before he fucks me. Lick me. Get me wet. Get me ready...for him...for his cock."

"Tiff," I breathed, still, dammit, still stroking that fucking cock, still feeling my hand go up and down the shaft, over the veins, from the balls to the head.

She reached to her hips, lowered her panties, and kicked them off back towards the night table with her other pair. Then she pointed directly to the neatly trimmed triangle between her legs, her properly trimmed hair. "Lick me, Dana, get me wet for him."

I looked to the cock, thinking, oddly, what about him? What about keeping him hard? But she read my mind. "Don't worry, Dana," she held her hand out, "I'll make sure he'll enjoy the show, now lick me, get me ready for him."

I handed her the cock and, without hesitation, lowered my head between her legs, opened my mouth, stuck out my tongue and reached for her pussy. She said she'd been wet all day, so I should have understood what that really



meant, practically, but I didn't, so I was overwhelmed magnitude of her excitement. Get her ready? That certainly didn't mean get her wet; her own body had taken care of that to a degree I'd never seen before. And it wasn't just the sheer volume of the wetness, it was the strength of it, too, the taste, the smell—everything was intensified, was stronger. It was a taste and a smell I loved, that I could literally not get enough of. No matter how often or how long I licked her, I never stopped, never, until she told me to stop, until she'd had enough. Minutes or hours, it made no difference to me, I would lick, making her cum over and over and over, until she, only she, had enough. Whether I had enough was immaterial; it wasn't about me, it was never about me, which, perhaps, was the genesis of her desire to dominate me.

But tonight's licking, I assumed, as it turned out only partially correctly, would not go on for hours and hours. Tonight's licking was not the central activity, the only activity I could do that would make her cum. My oral worship was a mere overture to the symphony of activity, the virtuoso performance that tonight would be performed not by mouth, but by cock. Like all great overtures, my performance lasted under ten minutes—seven minutes, possibly eight—but what precious minutes they were as I licked her, showered her with devotion, with love. Yes, I licked her with love, I prepared her for cock with love. All for love.

Finally, as her last orgasm subsided, she looked down at me, an evil smile on her face. "That's enough, Dana, I want him, I need him, I need Johnny, I need cock." Our look spoke volumes to one another, the hungry glance we exchanged. She wasn't just acting, simply indulging whatever fantasies I had, though that was part of it. She was emphasizing her now true wants, needs, and desires. And given what we'd discussed, the depth of her fantasy, her needs were for more than just simply to get good and fucked, there was a darker need, one beyond mere cock. She had a need to do it here, with me present, in front of me, where I could watch, where I had to watch. She had a need to cuckold me, not just to enjoy cock, but to enjoy it in front of me so I could see just how much joy and pleasure it brought her.

So I could submit.

She'd said it before and meant it now. She wanted her sissy, she wanted her sissy to submit to her. And what better way to experience it than by taking cock in front of me.

"Help, Dana."

"Help?" What did she mean, help?

"Guide him."



"Guide him?"

"Into me, Dana, take his cock, help guide him into me." Experience it, she wanted me to experience it, intimately, totally. She wanted me to take the cock into my hands and help guide it into her, she wanted her love, her sissy, to surrender, totally, by helping ease a man into her, a cock into her.

Helplessly, for what could I do but obey, I took the cock from her, wrapped my hands around it, felt the thickness once again, every vein, could almost feel it pulsating. I sensed it, what a man feels when ready to fuck a woman and another man touches him gently and leads him to it, leads him to what he needs—pussy. Not thinking about it, I stroked him...it...while I brought him...it...to her, brought the large, thick head, the large, thick cock to her wet, swollen lips. I rubbed the head against them and her wetness easily coated the cock, his cock; the motions were effortless, enough to make her cum immediately when the tip of the wet cock touched her clit. Before he was even inside her, the cock, Johnny, was making her cum.

"Oh, fuck, Johnny, fuck, fuck," she started shaking, the shaking she does when she cums the hardest, after hours of me licking her. She was shaking before it, he, was even inside her. Orgasming as hard as she ever did from the moment he touched her. "Don't tease me, please, not now, not the first time. Fuck me, Johnny, fuck me." She looked me in the eye as she said it, speaking both to me and to her fictional lover.

I rubbed the head of the cock against her outer lips one more time, eyes fixated on the cock as I did so, appreciating once again her desires as aroused in part by the obvious differences between man and sissy, between cock and boy clit. I stopped, the head pressed again her lips, at the spot I'd been time and time again, but it wasn't me she was begging for, it wasn't me she pined for, it was cock, Johnny, a man, real cock.

"Fuck me, Johnny," she moaned, needing it.

I couldn't help it, couldn't resist her call for cock, couldn't hold back any longer. I started to push from the base of the cock, where I was holding it, the balls, the bottom of the shaft, started to push the large, bulbous head against her wet pussy, watching it spread her lips open as it started to enter her. It wasn't easy, not that she wasn't soaked, but I had to apply steady pressure from the base of the cock to spread her, to make the head enter her. It wasn't easy because he, it, was large and thick, it wasn't easy because it was so different from when I pushed into her.

"Ohhhhhhh," Tiffany started to moan the instant the head was inside her, filling her. I realized instantly the difference, how this cock must simply fit

different, how it filled her completely, totally. This cock, a real cock, filled a woman from side to side, edge to edge. I realized the whole cock would do this, in fact, any cock would fill her, touch her everywhere inside all at once. Every millimeter, every cell, every nerve. Just the head, before any of the rest of it was inside her, before the cock even began to fuck her, touched more nerves than I did with my whole boy clit inside her.

I pulled the head out, tight, it was as difficult as pushing it in, but she didn't respond in pain, far from it. She responded with a second moan, shaking as if she was cumming again. "Ohhhhhhhh," she grabbed my arm, squeezed just as I pushed the head back into her, farther this time, an inch, two, then back out once again. I heard her teeth rattling as she squeezed my arm and convulsions washed over her, making her shake the way she did with her most powerful orgasms.

I knew that shaking, that clattering of teeth well. I'd made her cum like that many times licking her, but never, not once, not ever inside her, never fucking her. Johnny was barely inside her, not even a third of the way, and she was already having a deeper, more powerful orgasm than ever with me. Of course, the reality was that her orgasms were not simply less powerful with me, they were absent totally, non-existent, not just rare, but extinct when I was inside her.

I could tell, how I didn't know since I'd never made her feel this way, but I could tell she was through with the tease, through with seduction, now she simply wanted cock. Like an animal. She wanted cock. Like a bitch in heat. She didn't want to be toyed with and teased, she wanted to be fucked. That's what this was about, not seduction, not making love, not tenderness—those were things for her and me, for Tiffany and Dana, woman and sissy. This was about sex, about getting fucked, slammed, pounded, filled. All the descriptors used in pornography to describe the base act of a woman taking cock. That's what she wanted.

There was only one way to respond to my fiancée's desperate need for cock—give it to her. I pushed, knowing this time there would be no pause, no tease, this time, this thrust, I meant to fill her, meant to push Johnny's cock as far into her as it would go, as if punishing her for wanting such a thing inside her, maybe even wanting her to beg me to stop, to beg for something small and soft like me. I pushed the cock hard and fast, the way a man would enter a woman who teased him, hard and fast, fucking her, hard and fast, taking her, hard and fast, possessing her. But it wasn't me, it was the cock, it was Johnny.

She didn't scream in pain, she didn't mouth regrets. She didn't beg him,

beg me to stop. Just the opposite, she moaned louder, louder still, squeezed my arm harder, harder still, and affirmed him, affirmed the cock filling her. "Yes," she gasped, "yes, yes, yes."

When it was all inside her, I stopped, held it there for a moment while she shook, cumming yet again, impossibly so soon, yet, again. But she didn't want me, want him, to rest, she wanted it again, the same again. She didn't regret the cock filling her body, she simply wanted to feel the same feelings and sensations yet again. "Do it again, Johnny, fuck, like that, hard, fast, do it again, fuck me, damn you, fuck me!"

This wasn't the way my Tiffany was supposed to talk, it wasn't the way she ever talked, begging for cock, begging to be fucked.

When I was inside her, I never heard her scream 'Do it again!' I heard her ask, 'Is it in yet?' When I fucked her, I didn't hear her beg me, 'like that, hard, fast,' Instead, the first few times we fucked, I would hear the surprise in her voice, the 'Oh, that was fast' or 'Oh, already?' or 'Oh, maybe next time' or 'Oh, don't worry, that's okay.' That's what I heard.

And later, when she was used to me, used to the quickness of the act, after two or three hours of me licking her I'd beg her to let me fuck her, and she'd yawn, but relent. 'I suppose' or 'Just be quick, like always' or 'Sure, why not, it will only take a few seconds.'

But tonight she begged to be fucked, tonight she begged for cock, begged for him, begged him to take her, begged him to make her cum over and over and over and over.

It hurt to watch him fuck her, even though 'he' was no more than a silicone cock. It hurt to see the sexual ecstasy a real cock, a real man, a real fuck, brought her. Part of it hurt because I knew, fake or not, Johnny represented something I could never be—a man with a hard, masculine body, a long, hard, thick cock and the ability to fuck, to really fuck a woman. Watching her cum yet again, I wondered how she would ever be satisfied with just this, when the world was full of men, alpha men, real men to whom this, a cock like this, was attached. I knew, just KNEW, that she must feel the same way, that she MUST want a man, not just a silicone cock, but a real man. It hurt because I knew my fiancée found me lacking and now knew that there was something to fill the void, as it were.

Part of it hurt for another, more basic reason. It hurt because watching Tiffany get fucked by a cock, watching it thrust into her, watching the reactions on her face, was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen. It hurt physically, because my own tucked, trapped penis was absolutely straining



against the crotch of my panties, desperate to be released and fill with blood, so fucking erotic was watching her get fucked! Tiffany's mouth was open, she was breathing heavily as I moved the cock in and out of her. Her eyes had a look mixed of desperation, pleasure, and otherworldly hunger as she orgasmed so hard I thought she might lose consciousness.

Finally, with my last thrust of the cock deeply and fully into her—yes I still guided each thrust, had my hands wrapped around that cock every second, and yes, that was part of the reason for my excitement, fucking her with the cock—Tiffany grabbed my hands and pressed them and the cock against her, holding it in her, leaving it there as a man would when he cums. "Fffffuuuuuuccccckkkk," she hissed through clenched teeth, her entire body shaking. "Fffffuuuuuccccckkkk."

I wanted to cum, too, more than I had ever wanted. I wanted to cum with the cock inside her, wanted to cum as she did, wanted to cum at the absolute peak of her pleasure, wanted to cum as that cock made her cum, as a man made her cum. But I couldn't, she wouldn't let me, I couldn't, she'd seen to that, made sure that tonight was about her pleasure, only about her pleasure. I'd made my choice, I'd given up her offer to let me cum in her mouth for the opportunity of seeing her fuck a realistic cock. And at that moment, as she rode her wave of pleasure, I realized just how smart—or evil—Tiffany was.

Because I couldn't cum, my libido couldn't crash. Because I couldn't cum, there was no outlet for my erotic thoughts. Because I couldn't cum, I was left at the height of my sexual arousal and awareness. Because I couldn't cum, I couldn't think about what had just happened with clarity, without my brain flooded by hormones, clouding everything. I couldn't contemplate the physical act, the fact that my fiancée just had the best sex of her life because of that cock—something she absolutely must have known. I couldn't feel guilt. I couldn't have regrets—my excitement left no room for such thoughts, thoughts that might have overwhelmed me post-orgasm. Because I couldn't cum, I was left free to enjoy fully what just happened. If I could cum, it would have been ruined, but denied, I was free.

I couldn't think that what just happened was wrong and should never, ever happen again. All I could think was that it had to happen again. I couldn't think that Tiffany should be making love to me, not getting fucked by a silicone cock. All I could imagine, fuck, all I could think about was how much more she would have enjoyed a fucking real cock, a real man, a real fuck. Instead of regrets, I pictured a real man fucking her, filling her, cumming inside her.



And because I was so turned on, still, all I could think about was how badly I wanted her to cuckold me, how badly I wanted her to fuck a real man!

I didn't think we should never do this again. I only thought we need, no, that we must do this again, but with a man, with a real fucking man.

Damn her, she knew that, she had to know that, had to have known how this was going to make me feel. She had to have planned it purposely.

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I don't know if I really slept at all that night, but Tiffany did. Soundly, peacefully, every minute—while every minute of my night was consumed by thoughts of her fucking a man, how badly I wanted her to fuck a man. How badly I needed her to fuck a man.

## Chapter 11 – John

"You're quiet today," Captain Fisher said after we were in the air and had climbed to cruising altitude, "everything okay?"

"Yea," I said absently, standing to take off my red jacket, part of the skirt suit we each wore for today's uniform. I was going through the motions of flying, on proverbial autopilot, still thinking of last night, still bothered by the thoughts running through my head at watching the realistic cock dildo go in and out of my fiancée, the cock making her cum over and over. Bothered that every time I took hold of the plane's instruments, every time I wrapped my hands around them, I thought back to wrapping my hands around the fake cock, thought about the excitement I felt at the time, the humiliation of it mixing, even causing my excitement.

Captain Fisher left me to my thoughts for awhile, thoughts of excitement, thoughts of guilt, thoughts of shame, the confusion, excited at seeing Tiffany cum, shamed just the same at that very excitement. It wasn't normal, any of this. I shouldn't be dressed as a woman, it shouldn't come so naturally, I shouldn't crave it, want it, need it. I shouldn't be excited by the mere thought of my fiancée, the love of my life, getting absolutely and thoroughly fucked, even if by a fake cock—that was wrong, so wrong.

"Miss Sullivan," Captain Fisher's voice broke through the fog after we checked in with air controller.

"Yes, Ma'am?" I turned towards her still half lost in thought.

"You didn't think it would be easy, did you, flying like this?"

I had a moment of panic as my eyes shot towards the controls, searching the instruments for sign of a problem, for an impending alarm. Even lost in thought, I was good enough, I thought, to take care of my assigned flight tasks. "Ma'am," I asked confused, seeing nothing to alert me to anything out of the ordinary.

"Not this, as in this particular flight, Miss Sullivan," she almost laughed, "things are fine. I mean this as in flying like this," she emphasized, motioning her hands over her body, "as a woman?"

"Oh," I said, looking down, self conscious.

"I shouldn't have been so harsh to judge you, Miss Sullivan, I'm sure it was hard enough for you and your fiancée being offered the job under these circumstances."

"Well it wasn't exactly what we were looking for."

She looked surprised at my statement, considered it for a moment. "Having to admit to her that she's engaged to a sissy couldn't have been easy, either—though you've said she's okay with that, right?"

"She...she is," I said, biting my lip, thinking again of the previous night. Sure, she was okay with it, okay with a sissy, sure, so long as she had a cock to give her what I couldn't.

"I'm sure," Captain Fisher nodded in a tone that suggested she was anything but sure.

"You don't sound like you believe me," I challenged her.

"You don't sound like you believe it yourself, Miss Sullivan."

"You said something like that the other day, Captain? Didn't you tell me that all women crave a real man now and then? Crave an alpha man?"

Before she could answer, she received instructions from flight control and made the proper adjustments, confirmed by me. Finally leveled off at our new altitude and heading, she turned back to me. "Yes, I believe I did. Is that it? Is that's what bothering you? She admitted that, didn't she?"

My silence was all the answer I needed to give.

"I'm sorry, Miss Sullivan I...I shouldn't have brought this up—it really is none of my business and it, well, it obviously bothers you."

"That's the thing," I said, looking forward, it does bother me, I mean it does, but...she's come right out and said she craves a man, but it...it..." I felt a tear rolling down my face, was thankful we were on autopilot, thankful the cockpit door was closed.

Softly, she spoke. "Quite the opposite, I gather, Miss Sullivan. It doesn't bother you, it excites you, doesn't it?"

At first my eyes went wide—she knew? How? Then I nodded. Heavily. Defeated.

"Have you told her this, have you told her how you feel?"

"Not in so many words, no, Ma'am, but I think it's obvious." And so I told her about the previous night. Everything.

"You think you're the first person to have these feelings, Miss Sullivan? To feel jealous, but something else? Excited, too?"

"It's not normal," I protested.

"Not for the average man, no, I'll grant you that, but neither is being a sissy, but what's certainly more normal is for one to accompany the other."

"Why, though, Ma'am? Maybe that's what bothers me so much; I shouldn't get excited thinking of her fucking another man, that's certainly not normal."

"A man."

"What?"

"A man," she emphasized the first word."

"That's what I said."

"No, Miss Sullivan, you said 'another man' not 'a man.'"

"Whatever, that's the same thing."

She laughed. "No, that's not the same thing, not at all, which, if I understand the psychological aspect of it, makes all the difference in the world. Deep down inside you don't see yourself as a man—obviously—you identify yourself as a woman, or at least a sissy. So, you don't see her with 'another man' which implies you're a man, which you're not, which would make you terribly jealous, if you were. Instead, you fantasize about her 'a man,' different from you, the thing you're not. That's what makes the fantasy, again, as I understand it, so powerful. Mentally, you're not being replaced, instead, you're allowing the woman you love to experience something you can't give her. That is what makes it so powerful, it's an act of love, of allowing her to experience something different from you."

"That's not normal, though, Captain Fisher, that's weird."

"I guess I disagree, at least in this context. I mean, isn't it normal to want the woman you love to be happy? Isn't it normal to want the woman you love to be sexually satisfied? How's that at all abnormal? I can't think of anything more normal in the world. Listen, I understand you're new to this, confused, but you should read about it, like a kind of self-discovery, learn what makes you tick, why the emasculation of cuckolding is not simply tolerable, but exciting. There's tons of stuff on the web about this, Miss Sullivan. But most important, believe me, for any relationship, is open, honest communication and to remember that you love her, and she loves you."

"You seem to know a lot about this kind of stuff," I said suspiciously, turning towards Captain Fisher, looking at her in a different light. "You didn't..."

She chuckled. "No, no, Miss Sullivan, at least not quite like this, trust me. I...I don't mean to give offense, but I wouldn't be in a relationship with a, um, with a sissy. I've dated my share of betas, though. And I suppose like your fiancée, no matter how much I liked the emotional aspects of the guy I was with, and believe me, beta guys are the most tender, sensitive, loving, caring guys, I, well..."

"Craved a man," I said, remembering what she'd said before, what Lindsey and Tyler said, what Tiffany herself had said.



"Sex with a man, certainly. I guess I liked the relationships with more sensitive guys, which was almost exclusively beta guys, but I just enjoyed the sex with alpha guys better; it was always much more, I don't know, physical, more intense, more...base than sex with a sensitive guy—that was always tender and sweet, but it was too much like making love to a..."

"To a woman," I finished when she paused at the last word.

"I didn't mean it like that, Miss Sullivan."

"No, you did, Captain Sullivan," I said softly, looking down at my hands, at my fingernails resting on my shapely, nylon covered thighs, at the silhouette of a woman.

"I'm sure your fiancée is different, I mean, I know some women, even hetero women, like to mess around with other women—I hear some of our stews do." I blushed at that, though she did not seem to notice. "I assume she loves you, I assume she loves being in a relationship with you, I assume you make her happy. I assume, Miss Sullivan, that she tolerates—no, that's not right at all. I assume she likes that you're, you know, like this. I assume she wouldn't have it any other way."

"But she still fantasizes about..."

"Being with a man?"

"Yes."

"Physically, not emotionally, Miss Sullivan, there's a difference, a, no pun intended, a huge difference."

"Yes, but...", I said, ignoring the cock reference.

"But nothing, Miss Sullivan, because so do you. You fantasize about the same thing. You fantasize about her with a man. You fantasize about her cuckolding you. And, to me, as a woman, the most important thing is that you and she talk about this. Trust me, that I know. Secrets like this destroy a relationship—that I know from experience. I give your Tiffany credit, Miss Sullivan, you too. Cuckolding isn't for everyone, it might not even be for you, it takes trust, communication, openness, love. But I wonder..." Her voice cracked, the raw emotions vibrated through the cockpit.

"Captain Fisher?"

"I think," she stared off at the horizon, "I think it's easier, much easier, to find someone that's sexually compatible than to find someone compatible to share your life with. I think, for many couples, hell, maybe more couples than would admit it, especially if the male is transgendered, cuckolding is a good, even maybe the optimal, state of affairs. Cuckolding, as opposed to cheating. Cuckolding, which involves both partners in a loving relationship and

communication and understanding. Cuckolding allows a woman to experience greater sexual satisfaction, to fulfill a need, a physical longing, yet still enjoy all the other aspects of a loving, emotional relationship."

It dawned on me, finally, why she seemed to so easily understand the dynamics and emotions. Of course. Of course, of course, of course. "You cheated," I said, not as an accusation, not even judging, just a simple statement of fact.

She nodded.

"And he..."

"He left me, Miss Sullivan. And why should he have stayed? I cheated on him, I betrayed him. And the worst part, god, the twisting of the knife, was after he asked why and I told him, he simply looked at me, before walking out, and said that what hurt him the most was that I wasn't honest with him, that it wasn't that I'd fucked someone else, and that's what it was, just a fuck, just sex, it was that I simply wasn't honest with him.

"Well, I threw that right back in his face, believe me, I practically screamed at him. 'What,' I snapped, 'I was just supposed to tell you that as much as I love you sometimes I crave a good fuck and you'd let me?' That's when he hurt me the most, my own fault, but that's when he crushed me, as I deserved. He looked me in the eye with those deep, blue eyes, that tender look, and said, 'Yes, Monica, of course I would have.'

"So yes, Miss Sullivan, I cheated. I was a goddamn fool and cheated on a man who loved me so much he would have let me fuck someone, would even have encouraged me to fuck someone, to find sexual fulfillment. It wasn't the sex that destroyed what we had, it was the secrecy and betrayal, the cheating, my cheating."

"So..."

"So? So be honest with one another. Talk. Communicate. God, she's dealing with you being a sissy, surely you can deal with her inner needs, can't you? Especially when they correspond so well with your fantasies."

"I suppose."

"Talk to her, Miss Sullivan," she reiterated, "be honest. I...I like flying with you Dana, I don't want to see you—or her—hurt."

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We were in bed together several days later, each reading, each seemingly detached from the other, though all I could think about was the night with the

dildo and my conversation with Captain Fisher. Tiffany and I mostly avoided one another since the other night, not physically, but emotionally and certainly we were not communicating—we were hardly talking. This wasn't going to work, Captain Fisher was right, we needed to talk, to be honest, before these unspoken desires destroyed us.

"Tiffany," I started to say, closing my Kindle

"Dana," Tiffany said at the same time, mimicking my action. "Sorry," she chuckled, "go ahead."

"No, no, it's okay," I demurred, waited for her, though neither of us spoke for several seconds, each waiting for the other, until finally, we both spoke at the same time.

"We need to talk."

I laughed, as did she. "Okay then, I suspect we both have the same thing on our minds, don't we."

"Probably," I said, looking away, yawning, feeling guilty, for what I had on my mind, at this moment, was a vision of her on her hands and knees with a look of pure ecstasy on her face, a man behind her, taking her.

"Listen, it's late, I know," she responded to my yawn with one of her own, "and it's clear we both know we need to talk, but maybe now isn't the time."

"I agree," I said, not sure if I was ready either, this moment, this late, for an hour discussion on how I constantly fantasized about my wife fucking a man or why the fuck that even excited me to begin with. "But we do need to talk, Tiff."

"Why don't we have dinner tomorrow? You're not flying, right? Wednesday afternoons are slow, I'm sure I could get out right at five."

"You want me to cook something?"

"Actually, I was thinking, maybe...maybe we could go out. I know we need to talk about, you know, stuff, but, I'm being selfish, I know, I'd love to go out to dinner—it might be relaxing, a nice quiet place, a bottle of wine, kind of a treat while we...talk."

"Oh," I said, just assuming we'd have this talk at home, but maybe she was right, maybe a nice dinner would put us in the mood to be open to one another, to be honest. It wouldn't be the first serious discussion we had at a dimly lit table in a quiet, romantic restaurant. "I suppose that would be nice. Where do you want to go?"

"Up to you, Dana."

I suggested a seafood restaurant we both liked, one set up seemingly perfect for quiet meetings, be they couples like us, business executives,



whatever.

"That's perfect, Dana. Seven? That would give me time to get home and freshen up."

I nodded. "It will be weird to wear a suit and tie," I laughed, not having worn any male clothing for some time, to some extent looking forward to it, even just for an evening.

"What do you mean?"

I smiled. "I haven't worn any of my clothes, you know, my regular clothes, for so long, it might be nice to just relax in normal suit and tie for a night out."

"Oh," she said a look of understanding coming over her face, quickly followed by a hardened look.

"What," I asked uneasily.

"A suit and tie, Dana? Really?"

"Too much? I can forgo the tie," I said, thinking that might placate her, though completely misunderstanding her meaning.

"And the suit," she said, giving me a 'what the fuck' look. "Maybe we have more to talk about than I thought. Dana, you don't think you're going dressed like a boy—is that what you want? Really?"

"I...I don't know," I stammered, because that's exactly what I thought. "I just assumed that, well..."

"Dana, no! I want you to look nice!"

"Really? Even...even just going out to dinner?"

"Well of course, Dana," she reached over and lightly touched the folds of the pink satin baby doll I wore to bed. "You still don't get it, do you, or at least, you still don't believe me. Dana, I like you this way, I prefer you this way, I want you this way. I want to go out to dinner with the real you, not the you pretending to be a boy."

I looked away, not entirely surprised, I suppose, for she was only telling me what she'd told me time and time again, that she wanted me this way, she wanted me feminized, she wanted me as her sissy. Why should I be surprised? She'd reinforced my femininity over and over and over the past month plus.

"Isn't that what you want, too, Dana? You know you're pretty, you know you're adorably feminine. You don't really want to go out as a boy, do you? Pretending that you're something you're not?"

No, of course fucking no, not put like that, not when I have to think about it like that. "No, I guess you're right, I mean, yes, you're right."

"I want you to look pretty, Dana. Not just when you fly, not just in bed, all



the time. I want you to look pretty just sitting around the house and just the same, going out. You get that, right? This is how I want you because this is how I see you because this is who you are! This is who I love, Dana, this," she toyed with the fabric of my baby doll, "and this," she moved her hand upward slightly and touched my breast form so tenderly and lovingly that I felt ashamed. Not that I wore breast forms, but that they were not real, if only they were real.

"I mean that so much, Dana," she looked me straight in the eyes, "I know it's strange, fuck, I know, but I fell in love with the girl inside you, not the boy you were pretending to be, the girl." She turned fully to the side, reached her face up towards mine and kissed me deeply. "The soft," kiss, "feminine," kiss, "girl."

She pushed into me, pushed her breasts into mine, making me once again pine for real breasts, like hers, so soft, warm, feminine. She kissed—we kissed—the tender kisses of two women, two soft, loving women. We kissed and smelled and enjoyed. Kissed and toughed and licked until one of us shook with pleasure (her) until we fell asleep in the arms of one another, satin against satin, breast against breast, smooth leg intertwined with smooth leg.

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I wasn't sure why I didn't think of it earlier in the day, though perhaps my mind was simply preoccupied by paperwork for AGCO, but at around four in the afternoon, when Tiffany texted me and said she was really looking forward to dinner, that I realized I had no idea what I was supposed to wear.

"Me too. BTW, what am I wearing to dinner?"

"LOL. Didn't we talk about this? I thought a dress?"

"Which dress?"

"I'll show you when I get home. Just be showered and have your hair and makeup done, okay?"

"Okay, see you at...?"

"By 5:30, love!"

On the nose, the garage door opened and the butterflies started churning in my stomach. The conversation we were going to have was serious, like relationship make or break serious, not simply an erotic discussion of fantasy. "Tiff," I said when she walked into the house. I was ready to get dressed, having done my makeup and hair and checked my nails, and was sitting in the living room reading a magazine, wearing a simple bra and panty

set and short satin robe; the bra to hold my breast forms and the panties to hold my girl penis or boy clit or whatever the hell we were calling it.

"I'm just going to rinse off and touch up my hair and makeup, which shouldn't take but a few minutes, so just sit still," she smiled breezing past me. "No, on second thought," she turned, "why don't you start getting dressed, you change into lingerie, something black, black hose, too, stockings, of course, and, yea, black heels, the Stuart Weitzman's with the crisscross straps, you know." I nodded.

While Tiffany was in the shower, I went to my chest of drawers, opened the top where my boxer and socks used to be but now contained set after set of lingerie. After considering, I picked out an embroidered bra, thong, and garter belt set that were all beautifully adorned with flocking and intricate lace. As was my habit, I quickly stepped out of one pair of panties and swapped them for the other, giving myself mere seconds un-tucked, lest my little thing begin to swell making re-tucking impossible. Yes, a real problem for sissies. I took more time with the bra, fastening it around my breast forms just so, positioning my breasts perfectly in the embroidered cups. Last, I carefully wrapped the six strap garter belt around my waist, securing the hook and eye closures in back, and sat poised on the edge of the bed to put on my sheer black stockings and four inch heels.

I stood just as Tiffany walked into the room. "Fuck, Dana."

"What? Not right?"

"Not right? Are you kidding? I have half a mind to throw you on the bed right now. Fuck because you're beautiful, like holy shit beautiful."

"Tiff," I blushed.

Without saying another word she walked up to me and took me in her arms and kissed me deeply. "I mean it, Dana! And you wanted to go to dinner dressed as a boy? I know this has been a quick transition, from boy to girl almost instantly, but believe me, this is the way I want to see you. All the time."

"I know, Tiff, believe me, I...I like it like this, too, I really do, it's just, I feel like, I don't know, that I'm pretending to be something I'm not."

"More than you did dressed as a boy?"

"No, yes, hell, I don't know, it's so confusing."

"Yea, Dana, I know, but we should save this for dinner, come on, I have just the dress for you." She broke off the embrace and led me by the hand to the closet. "Close your eyes," she said, obviously excited, "I don't want you seeing it until you have it on." I did as she asked, feeling her infectious

excitement, then raised my arms over my head as she slipped a soft dress over my head and arms and let it settle on my shoulders.

I could tell it was sleeveless and light and airy and short—I felt the hem dancing across my thighs above my knees. "Okay, okay," she said excitedly, "open your eyes."

I did, looked at myself in the closet mirror and was instantly stunned at how incredible I looked, how pretty, how fucking hot! The chic polyester dress was black with an asymmetrical neckline, feminine ruffles descending on the left side of the bodice, a gathered ruffle on the left side, and a sheer chiffon overlay that hit above the knee. In heels, in makeup, in sheer hosiery, with my hair done, I looked prettier than I ever did, more feminine than I ever did, simply stunning. And I felt the same—feminine, sexy, pretty—the ultimate sissy, the ultimate woman.

But I was nothing like what Tiffany was soon to look like—as pretty as I was, an ugly duckling to her beauty. "Wait here for minute," she said, reaching down under a shelf and picking up a pair of black, open toed, platform pumps. I could hear her rummaging around in the other room, assumed she was looking for something sexy, yet still gasped when she walked back into the closet. She was, naturally, dressed in lingerie, or at least partially dressed, for she wore simply a black satin garter belt with pink French lace overlay, a matching thong, sheer black stockings, and the pumps, leaving her ample, firm breasts bare, invitingly exposed.

"Wow," I finally said.

She smiled seductively. "Be good tonight and maybe my pretty girl will get to play with them later." Watching me watch her, she took a dress from the back of the closet, something I'd never seen before, and slipped it over her head. It was ruby red, cranberry red, crushed stretch satin, with a pleated, plunging v-neckline, making it immediately apparent why she decided to forgo a bra—she'd never have hidden it, the neckline plunged too far, exposed the curve of the side of her breast, the curve of the bottom of her breast. "Couldn't have you getting all the attention, could I," she smiled as I stared at her, "some, yes, just not all."

"I...I don't want attention, Tiff."

"Really," she raised an eyebrow. "It doesn't make you feel good to have men staring at you?"

"Tiff," I said, horrified, "I don't like men!" I was genuinely shocked at her implication.

"I know, I know," she held up her hand to calm me down. "I'm not asking



if like men, I'm asking if it makes you feel good when you get a man's attention. I'm not asking or saying you want to be with a man, but whether it makes you feel good when men do stare at you—it happens at your job, just like mine, I know it does, doesn't it make you feel good?" My blush was my answer, thinking of the men I'd flown, who'd looked at me, who had even, albeit accidentally, touched me. "See, Dana," she said, "you don't have to like a man, you don't even have to be attracted to a man, to like it when he finds you pretty."

"I suppose," I offered in compromise.

"She supposes," Tiffany laughed. "Surely you've had men you've flown with look at you with that look a man has when he finds a woman attractive?"

"Maybe..." She raised her eyebrows. "Fine, yes, yes."

"And don't tell me you didn't like it, Dana, it made you feel sexy and pretty, didn't it?" I nodded. "All tingly inside." Another nod. "Warm between your legs."

"Tiff."

She laughed, touched my bare arm. "Dana, darling, a woman doesn't have to want to fuck a particular guy to get all hot and bothered by that look."

"But I don't want any guy," I protested.

"Hmmm," she dismissed me, "don't worry about that, just appreciate the looks you get, love, appreciate that men see you as a woman."

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And it happened in real life, outside of work, too. It happened when we pulled up to the restaurant in Tiffany's car and the valet opened my door for me and unabashedly stared at my legs as I got out of the car. It happened when we walked into the restaurant hand in hand and an older man stared at us both like we were on the menu. It happened when the headwaiter showed us to our table. Each time, Tiffany pointed it out with a whisper to me, "he thinks you're pretty, that guy thinks you're hot, look who's checking you out." Each time, each time.

It happened when our waiter took our order for a bottle of wine, though his eyes were on Tiffany, not mine, something I hastened to point out when he walked away. "He thinks you're hot," I said snidely, mimicking her.

"He thinks my breasts are hot," she laughed, turning to the side, giving me the view the waiter had—a view of just this side of full, naked breast. I knew her dress was low cut, but I guess I was so self-absorbed at how pretty I



looked, I didn't realize that she was practically naked when turned the right way.

"Tiff."

"What, he's cute," she smiled, brining to the forefront the reason we were out, at a secluded restaurant, the topic of the evening. Seeing my reaction, understanding that she broached the topic, she reached out, touched my hand. "Dana, honey, you know I love you, right?"

"Yea, of course," I said. "And I love you, but..."

"And I'd never," she continued, "and I mean it, NEVER do anything to hurt you. Never."

"Yea, I know that, too, this, though, this is...so much, Tiffany, I mean, two months ago everything was so...so normal."

"That's debatable, sweetie."

"How do you mean?"

"I guess I'd say things were normal in the sense of society's norms, but I don't think they were normal for us. I mean, I know this came about rather abruptly, but I think this is normal, for us."

"It's normal for a guy to live as a girl," I half laughed, half meant seriously.

"Again, not for everyone, no, but for us, yes, I think so. I think this," she pointed to me, meaning this woman sitting across from her, "is perfectly normal for someone who's transgendered."

I flinched from the word, though I didn't mean to, because I knew she was right in her initial assessment of me, that I was transgendered, like it or not.

"You don't disagree, do you? I mean, that's the start, Dana, everything builds from the fact, which is what it is in my opinion, that you're a sissy."

Again I flinched, that word harsher than the other.

"I know," she continued, "that's a harder one to swallow, but it's just as true. You are a sissy, you are transgendered."

I didn't disagree, but sidestepped instead, "I spend my whole life trying to be a boy, Tiff, trying to fit in."

"But you never did, sweetie."

I shook my head.

"I know," she reached over again, took my hand in hers. "You know lots of sissies feel like you, feel conflicted—I think that's what's part of what makes so many sissies so naturally submissive, so eager to please a woman. It's like a recognition that they can't be a man, a strong, masculine, dominant man, so they emasculate themselves, mentally."

"And why does that turn you on, Tiff? I mean, you fantasize about men,

you've said that, does it really turn you on, I guess, do I really turn you on? I...I just have trouble buying that."

"As a male, Dana? Do you turn me on as a man? Honestly? No."

I immediately frowned, who wouldn't when the love of their life tells them something like that.

"Wait," she said, "as a man, no, as a male, no, as a boy, no. I'm sorry, but no, no you don't. But as a girl, my god, yes. As a woman, fuck yes. As a sissy? Fuck, Dana, seeing you sitting across from me looking like you do right now, it's all I can do to keep myself from throwing myself over the table and taking you right here! Like that, Dana, as a woman, you turn me on like nothing else ever has. Even men."

"Tiff," I blushed, then jumped as something touched me under the table. I realized immediately it was her foot, her nylon covered foot, now sans shoe, touching my calf, rubbing nylon over nylon, caressing me.

"I told you what I fantasized about, Dana, what I want, I told you how wet it makes me to think of my sissy on her hands and knees submitting to me." She worked her nylon covered foot up my nylon covered calf as she spoke. "I mean that, Dana, I really do—I never would have fallen for you if you weren't like this, if you weren't soft and pretty and feminine and so deliciously eager to please. I would never have fallen for you if you were just a male, just a boy, but the girl in you..."

"Why," I swallowed, intoxicated by pure sexuality of her soft foot rubbing my soft calf, by the eroticism of it, the overtness of her toying with me, "why do you fantasize about men?"

At that moment, that very moment, just as the word escaped my lips, just as her foot reached the top of my bent leg, my knee, and started up my thigh, the waiter returned with the wine.

"Ladies," he said, looking at me and smiling, eyeing my chest with eager eyes as if I were a delicious appetizer, but only briefly, before looking over at Tiffany, staring at her breast, her openly displayed breasts with hunger and desire, seeing the main course, the thing he really wanted.

"Are you good with that thing," Tiffany responded, her own gaze going downward, either to the wine opener he was holding near his stomach, or, if he noticed that her eyes were an inch or two lower, to his crotch, asking the question not about the cork screw but about something far more primal, far more erotic than a mere wine opener.

He cracked the slightest of smiles, the smallest of alpha man, shit eating smiles, the smile of a man for whom a flirting woman was second nature, an

everyday event. He took the bottle of wine around the neck, pointed it towards her, inserted the screw and started turning without looking. "Never had a woman complain about my technique, he said with utter and complete confidence, flirting right back.

Tiffany's foot, hidden from him under the table, pointed towards me, ran up between my thighs, sliding over the nylon under the hem of my dress, towards the tops of my stockings, and then, just as she spoke again, she pushed her leg forward and touched the front of my panties. I tried not to gasp as she answered, tried to remain neutral, though it must have been impossible, hopeless, I must have let at least a small moan escape my lips.

"Don't all men say that...Marcus," she asked, reading his name tag while she pressed against me. "Don't all men think they know what their doing?"

Again without hesitation, he answered her question, continued to play her game. "They might say they know what their doing, Ma'am, but they don't..." Tiffany's foot pressed tightly against my tucked penis, as if emphasizing what he was saying, and, coincidentally, at the same moment he looked back towards me, remembering there was another woman present, finished his thought as if talking to me. "And they know it."

He may not have meant it, may not have actually addressed his accusation to me directly, but it felt like he did, it felt like I was being accused, directly by this stranger, of being unable to satisfy my fiancée.

And it was true, too, completely true. Every word he spoke was completely true. "You sound very, er, confident, of your, um, abilities, Marcus," Tiffany literally batted her eyes at him, leaning forward slightly, so much that her breasts were simply about to spill out of her dress."

Still without looking at the bottle of wine, still looking directly at my fiancée's chest, he deftly pulled the cork from the bottle with flourish. "What can I say? Some men know what their doing and are in great demand, others just pretend. Now," he held up the bottle, "who wants to taste it first?"

"Oh definitely me," Tiff slid her glass over, "I haven't had a good, um, bottle, in quite some time." Her foot continued to press against my tucked penis as she spoke, as she took the glass to her lips, and seductively sipped. "Excellent, Marcus, just excellent."

He poured our glasses, took our orders, all the while Tiff was massaging me with her foot, teasing both our waiter and I at once, though for very, very different reasons. When, obviously reluctantly, he left the table, Tiffany picked up her glass of wine, sipped from it, again somehow making it wonderfully erotic.



"I could never be in a long term relationship with a man, never. I'm too attracted to the softness, the submission, the femininity of you, Dana. I'm too entranced by this," she waived her hand towards me. "Men are too harsh, Dana, too masculine, too alpha. I don't want that day to day; it would drive me crazy, it would be too confining, trapping me. I really, really adore what I get from a soft pretty girl like you, the emotions, the massages, the cuddling, that beautiful mouth. You are the best lover in the world, Dana—you get that, right?"

I couldn't respond—I wanted to, I tried to, but after seeing her flirt with Marcus, with her foot, her nylon covered foot rubbing my half erect penis my brain was clouded, my mouth frozen.

"But you want to know why I fantasize about being with a man, don't you??"

I couldn't talk but I could nod and I did.

"For the same reasons, ironically. Because men are harsh and masculine and alpha. Because they are strong and muscular. The things that make men terrible to be in a relationship, day to day, make them amazing in bed. Isn't it the same for you, Dana? Isn't that why you fantasize about me with a man? The physical and the emotional? And wouldn't a man simply emphasize how adorably feminine you are?"

"Is that what you really want, Tiffany? Do you really want to fuck a man?"

She sipped her wine, seemed to consider the question carefully, letting my anxiousness build. Just when I could take it no more, just when her stroking of my panty covered crotch was too much, she set her glass down, looked straight at me, spoke. "Do I want earth shattering orgasms, not from your mouth, but from a man inside me? Yes. Not instead of you, not if I lost you. But, in addition? Do I want a swarthy, rapacious man? Yes. Do I want to be ravished sometimes? Yes, Dana, yes, and if what my foot feels is any clue, it's the same thing you want, too, isn't it? You want me to fuck a man as much as badly as I want a man to fuck me, don't you?"

I looked down, knew that I was moving my hips, ever so slightly, matching the movements of her foot, knew that I was swollen from watching her flirt with the waiter, knew that denial was foolish.

"Isn't that what you want, my sweet sissy? If I understand anything about cuckolding, it's that you should find the thought of man fucking me it as exciting as I do...so the question is, quite simply, do you?"

"Yes," I exhaled loudly, perhaps too loudly, as Marcus was suddenly next to us cleaning his throat, setting down our salads, again staring at Tiffany's



breasts.

"Maybe I should take him next door," she said, referring to the Hyatt on the corner, eying Marcus as he left the table with a lingering look at her. "He's cute...seems willing," she smiled, still constantly rubbing her foot on my crotch, the bulge leaving no question of my thoughts on the subject.

We'd crossed the Rubicon, just like that, so easily, so effortlessly, with such little thought. Suddenly, mentally, it wasn't mere fantasy—whether or not she thought about fucking a man, whether or not she fantasized about cuckolding me, whether or not I wanted the same, suddenly it was a matter of some sort of reality—whether or not she wanted to fuck that man, whether or not she wanted to cuckold me with him, whether or not I wanted the same with that particular guy.

"Tiff." I started to protest, thinking that, for fuck's sake, she had no idea who he was, knew nothing about him, he was a random stranger, merely our waiter.

"God, just think about it Dana—you could just call me a cab in the morning and after Marcus gets off work I could have him for dessert."

"Tiff...I...I...don't know." I wanted to continue my original thought, that he was a stranger, that doing something like that was CRAZY, even if in principle, but my intellectual capacity was overwhelmed by the hormones flooding my body, at the mental image of Marcus, fucking confident, masculine, Marcus, fucking her.

She tilted her head, regarded me with a strange expression, almost amusement. "Oh," she said seriously, "oh. You...you want to watch."

"What?"

"Well of course, how foolish of me, of course, of course, you don't want me to go to a hotel with him, you really do want me to take him home so you can see, so you can watch, so you can..."

"No, Tiff, no."

"You don't want to watch?"

"No, I mean yes, I mean no, I..." I pictured the scene, however briefly, my fiancée dropping her dress to the floor, standing before him wearing just her lingerie, the embrace, the tumble onto the bed, his masculine presence dominating the room. I imagined him taking her, not like she and I made love, not tender and soft and sweet, not filled with hours of kissing licking and laughing. I imagined him taking her hard and fast, almost violently. I imaged her standing by the dresser, looking over her shoulder at him as he entered her from behind. I imagined her on the bed, on her hands and knees, on

display on the white ruffled duvet cover, Marcus behind her, grunting, thrusting, Tiffany moaning as he enters her, fills her. I imagined her on her back, he's now on top of her, both with a sheen of sweat, he's holding her legs, pushing them over her head, so every inch of him is inside her, in and out, every inch fucking her, deeply, making her shake and shudder with each deliberate, long, hard push into her, each thrust a piston firing into her.

"You don't want to watch, Dana?"

There was nothing in my life this moment except Tiffany. The restaurant receded from my vision, other tables were lost in a fog of erotic fantasy, there were no longer ambient sounds of activity, no longer smells or sights—the kitchen, the diners, the food—everything was lost, leaving nothing but the lovely woman sitting across from me asking me if I wanted to watch a man fuck her. That, and her stocking covered foot slowly and methodically rubbing the swollen, albeit tucked, penis in my panties.

"You don't have to answer, Dana, I know you do."

"Tiff," I shook my head, as if that would clear the visions dancing merrily before my eyes, "we...we don't know him," I stammered, almost incoherently.

She grinned, waited a minute, then raised the fingers of her left hand to her mouth, grazed her lips slightly, then twisted. "Of course, lover, I just want know what you fantasize about, I'm not really going to fuck a complete stranger, as much as you want me to, as much as I want to, too."

I exhaled, too loudly; I'd been holding my breath waiting for her to respond and finally breathed, both to get oxygen again, and emotionally, a loud sigh of relief.

"God, I love you, Dana," she moved her foot backwards, towards her, away from my crotch, slowly tracing it down the path it followed up my leg. "I love you just like this, Dana. Just. Like. This."

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We ate the rest of our meal in relative silence, each seemingly alone in our respective thoughts and the implications of what we both fantasized. I knew that even the mere thought of Tiffany being with someone else, someone more masculine, some bigger, someone better should repulse me, but it didn't, just the opposite. Being feminine was, to some extent, a discovery in self awareness, an inner awaking of the woman lurking inside me. That, I understood.

But there was more, much more, it wasn't simply about feminization, it

was about emasculation, too. Tiffany alluded to my diminished stature, my small size, my premature ejaculation—all things that emasculated me, humiliated me, made me realize my deepest fears were true, that I wasn't man enough for her. But there was more, still. It wasn't just about Tiffany finding physical pleasure—there was no question that I brought her immense physical and emotional pleasure—it was the unspoken humiliation, which oddly only made me want to submit to her even more. And I wanted this, I wanted her to humiliate me—and face it, what was more humiliating than being told that you're inadequate as a lover—I wanted her to cuckold me, I thought about it constantly, despite the jealousy, despite the humiliation, likely because of it.

Likely because of it.

Sure, submission was part of it—that's what Tiffany wanted, the submission of her sissy, the submission of me, to her.

But the humiliation and jealousy, rather than repelling me, rather than revolting me, excited me like nothing ever had in my life. Humiliation excited me. Jealousy excited me. Instead of repulsing me, they actually turned me on.

Tiffany wanted to fuck a man (yes, as did I). If she did, what would that mean, what would I lose? Physically, it would mean a man touched her, licked her, maybe kissed her, certainly fucked her, and conversely, the same for Tiffany—she would touch a man, lick a man, maybe kiss a man, certainly fuck a man.

I would lose her faithfulness.

I would lose her body.

I would lose my equality.

I would lose my dignity.

I would lose my sexual partner.

These things, exclusively mine up until this point, would all be given to another, would all be the province of some man. Some of those things, once lost, could never be regained. Faithfulness, once gone, was gone forever. Even if she fucked a man once, one single time, her faithfulness to me would be forever lost by that single act, just like her body. Just like my equality and dignity. These things would change, forever, irrevocably. Once she fucked a man, she could never, ever take that back.

But instead of revolting me, the recognition of the jealousy did the opposite—it excited me like I've never been excited. So too the humiliation. The thoughts of knowing that she wanted a better man, a more well endowed



man, a better, more masculine lover.

But then again, I pondered something. Was I really losing her faithfulness? Was I, if she was doing what I wanted, what I craved, too? How could I think she was unfaithful when she wasn't cheating on me, when she was living out my fantasies as well as hers?

"Dana," I barely heard her voice, didn't respond, lost in thought. "Dana," she said again.

"Huh?"

"Almost done?"

I saw the check sitting next to her, realized that Marcus had come back, had flirted again, had lusted for her body, and that it was watching him interact with her that set my mind wandering. "Um, yes, yes."

"Dana," she said my name again, this time reaching across the table and taking my hand in hers, "you okay?"

"Yes," I said and it wasn't a lie, it was the truth, mostly. I was okay, just... "A little scared, I guess."

"Yea, so am I. But are you..."

"Yea," I read her mind, looked down at the table submissively. Turned on, she was about to ask, was I turned on.

"So am I, Dana," she ran her finger in circles over my palm, "and since we're not getting, um, carryout," she shifted her eyes to our waiter across the room, "I want to take you home, my pretty sissy home and I want to..."

"Tiff," a man's voice interrupted her, "Tiffany, hey, how are you?"

I followed her gaze to the man who was walking by and suddenly stopped by our table. He was tall and muscular, like Marcus, but older, with salt in his dark hair, bronze skinned, and much better dressed.

"Oh, oh," Tiffany said, surprise in her voice, "good, good, how are you?"

I sensed something wrong with Tiffany, something unexpected, wondered who he was and why she was afraid of him. I looked back at her but didn't see anything alarming in her face, if anything, her eyes radiated with attraction, different than looking at Marcus, the waiter, instead with familiarity—obviously, since he knew her name, she knew him, too.

"Good, great," he smiled warmly, his eyes, just like the waiter's earlier, drawn to the soft curves of her breasts. "I don't mean to interrupt your dinner, I was supposed to meet someone and plans changed, we can talk..."

"No, no we're finished," she said, on the verge of blushing, "um, this is, um, we..." Tiffany was stammering, caught off guard by his sudden appearance, unable to form a sentence, like she was both smitten and



embarrassed.

"I'm Dana Sullivan, Tiffany's roommate," I said with a soft, feminine smile, hoping he didn't realize that I was really a boy, not a girl, knowing that was unlikely since no other guy seemed to sense that.

He held out his hand politely. "Nice to meet you, John Gonzalez, I work with Tiffany."

My hand was in his before it clicked. My soft, tender, feminine hand, my girlish hand was taken in by his strong, masculine hand before I got it. My skin tingled, like it did every time, every single time a man touched me, brushed against me, addressed me, and was still tingling when my brain processed the significance of him, of his name.

John Gonzalez.

John.

Johnny.

I almost jolted with stunned surprise. His bronze skin, his Latin skin, the tone, not quite exact, but close to the tone of the dildo sitting in our bedroom.

John Gonzalez.

John.

Johnny.

Tiffany's surprise, his eyes, my tingling.

She didn't expect to run into John Gonzalez at dinner tonight, that much was readily apparent from her reaction. Meeting him was as surprising to her as it was to him and I understood at once that this was certain not a setup, that this wasn't part of some plan on her part, that this meeting was pure chance, unexpected, almost a stunning coincidence.

But I was just as sure about something else, too, something that rocketed throughout me as he held my hand in his—she, without a doubt, wanted to fuck him, fantasied about him, got wet thinking about it, about him, fucking her. She, without question, had him, this man, the man holding my hand staring at my own chest, she had him in her mind when she bought the dildo, when she touched it, licked it, fucked it. She thought about, fantasized about John, not some random stranger, not an unseen, faceless man, she imagined and fantasized about him, about this man, the man standing right here, unexpectedly, before us, holding my hand.

I looked back to her, saw two things in her eyes, two unmistakable emotions—lust and shock. Lust for John Gonzalez and shock to see him standing next to us holding my hand. It was the lust that spoke to me, the overt lust with which my fiancée was staring at the man holding my hand, the

lust, the unmistakable lust, and it was that lust that made me speak, made me say it before I even thought about saying it, made the words suddenly blurt out from my mouth, made me want push, to test, to tease.

"We were just leaving," I said, willing my voice not to shake, "but if you're plans changed, would you like to, um, get a drink with us?"

He looked at me with an amused look, looked back to Tiffany, actually to her breasts, to speechless Tiffany. "Sure," he said, letting go of my hand, at the same time glancing at his watch, "I have to make a couple of calls tonight, but I always have time for a drink with two lovely ladies, why don't I go find a table at the bar."

The instant he walked away, the second, while his cologne still lingered between us, while my skin still tingled where he touched me, Tiffany looked at me, snapped out of her daze, hissed, "Dana, what are you doing?"

"John Gonzalez," I answered in response, trying to keep my voice even. "John? Johnny?"

She stiffened, momentarily unsure how to respond to my soft accusation, quickly regained her composure, even the upper hand. "He's been flirting with me for months, Dana, more than other guys at work, if we go have drinks with him, nothing is happening tonight..." She paused, left the 'but' unspoken.

"But," I said.

"I...I can't promise I can stop..."

"What does that mean, Tiff?"

She looked towards John who was talking to someone at the bar. "You know what he wants, Dana."

"You," I said softly.

"Well I want it, too, him, that it. I can't say for sure I will, I can't say that he's the one, I don't know, but if we go over there, if we follow him...you'd better want it, too, because...because...I...I might not be able to stop...you have to know that, Dana. We can leave if you want to, we can say something came up, we can...we can stop this now, we can wait, think about it, because if we don't..."

"I...I want to have drinks with him, Tiff."

She looked at me, thought, then smiled, half shaking her head as if to say 'fine.' "So do I, Dana, so do I."

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I swear I remember nothing of the conversation between the three of us

as we sat in three small leather club chairs in a corner of the bar, so fascinated was I by simply watching the dynamics, by simply observing a man so openly flirt with my fiancée. Of course, he had NO idea of our relationship, so to him, overtly flirting with and hitting on Tiffany was completely normal, so natural, so easy. Then again, what if he did know? Tiffany gave no indication that he was doing anything inappropriate and I wonder if a man like him, even if aware that she was my fiancée, would have acted different, so strong was his alpha essence to my beta.

But he was encouraged by Tiffany. Simply by the way she sat—the nature of the chairs left the hem of her dress just barely (not at all when she crossed and uncrossed her legs) covering the tops of her stocking and her garter straps. Like Marcus the waiter, the way we were sitting gave John full view into her dress, full view of her breasts, as if she was naked.

Though while his attention was on Tiffany, not me, every so often his gaze shifted back to me, lingered on me for a moment, before going back to her. Every time he looked at me, I felt a tingle inside, a strange tingle. It bothered me because I was not attracted to men—given the choice between he and Tiffany, I'd want her every time, a hundred out of a hundred, a thousand out of a thousand. Yet still, every look my way made my stomach lurch with a rush of excitement, every time he inconsequentially brushed against me, my skin burned, my face flushed, because every time he looked at me, I thought about the dildo in my hands, the hard, thick dildo, and of course, his cock. Yes, every time he looked at me, while I didn't want to, I thought of cock.

I tried to focus on the conversation, but realized that even ignoring and setting aside the fire kindling inside me, I was still barely conscious to their spoken words, instead I focused on the undertone, on the subtleties, his confident manner, his ease in leading the discussion with her, his enticing looks at her breasts. Each opened up Tiffany's mannerisms, her personality, each had the obvious effect on her—she laughed, she toyed with her hair, she leaned forward, she did all but beg him to fuck her. And yes, I realized this as I leaned forward towards them, as I had my own hair twirled around my fingers, as I crossed and uncrossed my legs, exposing more and more stocking covered leg.

Abruptly, in fact, quite suddenly, John leaned back and set his drink down. "Well Tiffany, Dana," he said, "as much as I'd love to stay and continue this, as much as it pains me to leave the company of two pretty women, I really do need to get home and make some calls."



The look on Tiffany's face was priceless, must have mirrored mine. Even though we both knew this, tonight, would not end in his bed, our mutual expressions were ones of utter helplessness, utter, no, no, please no, I need to get fucked tonight helplessness, utter, wait, wait, don't let it end disappointment. She reached over and touched his arm, practically letting her breasts spill out of her dress. She told him how glad she was that she ran into him, her disappointment evident, and practically begged to see him again outside of the office.

"Oh, I'd like that very much," John said as we all stood. Without invitation, with urbane smoothness, he took a step towards Tiffany, took her upper arms in his hands, pulled her towards him, and kissed her on the cheek. "It was great seeing you Tiffany," he said. "I know some of us are going out on Saturday, hopefully we'll see one another out again."

He released her, turned towards me, and again, without any hesitation, repeated his movements, taking my bare arms into his strong hands, and before I could protest, before I could think, before I could do anything, pulled me towards him, and kissed me on the side of my face. I smelled him first, a mixture of cologne and musk and simple masculinity, then felt him, first the stubble of his face, scratchy, then his lips, rough, touching my smooth skin. "It was nice meeting you, Dana," he practically whispered in my ear, his warm breath caressing my face, making it tingle, just like my arms, where his skin touched mine.

"Yes," I said, fighting the urges swirling around inside me, feeling weak in my knees, hopeless, helpless.

"Saturday, Tiffany," he asked, releasing me, looking back again towards my love, seeking confirmation already of plans just announced.

"I...I'd love to," she said, seemingly as breathless as I was, "Dana will be out of town, so I'm home all alone." She touched her hair again, looked down.

"Wonderful—well, again, goodnight ladies." With that he turned and walked towards the elevator, not once looking back at the two girls watching him, dumbstruck. One, me, a sissy, a girl who loved girls, a girl who loved the girl next to him, stunned at her reaction to a man. The other, Tiffany, a woman, a woman who loved a sissy, a woman who loved me, clearly caught—by John, yes, but something unexpected, too, caught by me, caught with real fantasies about a real man, not hypothetical, real, him, that man we watched leave the bar.

Finally, I broke, the emotions swirled, I turned towards her and broke. "John," I asked, one simple word conveying everything, asking everything,



demanding everything, accusing of everything.

"Dana, I...I...," she started with a guilty tone, a recognition that the simple word conveyed so much, but she paused, looked at me, read my face, read my emotions, read my reactions throughout the evening. Before finishing her thought, she transformed herself, the shy woman with a crush on a man changing to the woman of earlier, the strong woman, the woman who wanted to, who in fact did, possess someone like me, a submissive, sweet, tender sissy. "Yes," she stood up straight, "yes," she said again, her guilty look transforming into a confident look, "yes," she said one more time, now smiling. "John."

"Tiff...you...you..." She wanted him. She wanted to fuck him. She wanted to touch him. She wanted him, that man, that specific man.

She looked around the bar, at the other patrons, thought for a moment, then leaned towards me, touched her soft lips, her feminine lips, her woman's lips, to my ear. "Yes, Dana, I want to fuck him, is that what you want to know?"

"Uuummm," I part moaned, part grunted. She took my hand and led me through the bar towards the elevators John took moments ago. I saw the looks of a couple of men as we walked by their table, hand in hand, men who sensed the sexual desire written all over our faces, men who pictured two women making love, who obviously would be only too happy to join in, men who could not know one of the women was a sissy.

The second the elevator doors shut, Tiffany turned on me, pressed against me, reached under my dress between my legs. "I wanted cock tonight, sissy," she growled, emphasizing that word, that mind bending word, "but all I have is this." I moan again, part from her hand on my panties, part from the hunger in her voice, part from that word, that forbidden word. "Cock, Dana," I moaned yet again.

"Cock." Moan. "Cock." Moan. "I wanted him inside me, his cock. I wanted him touching me, I wanted him fucking me...I wanted cock...but instead I have to make do with you."

Every time she said the word, I pictured it, a cock, a man's cock. I pictured a cock in her hands, a cock in her mouth, a cock in her pussy. Cock. Not penis, not what I had, but cock. Real cock. John's cock. I pictured his cock touching her, in her, fucking her. But we didn't have that, not tonight, that was gone. Tonight, we had me, a sissy with a small, premature, soft penis—a clit.

And the dildo, fuck, the dildo, the fake but realistic dildo quietly waiting in her drawer, waiting, just waiting to be in her hands. Waiting to be taken into her mouth. Waiting, even, for my feminine hands to hold it for her.

Waiting to go inside her, to fuck her. Waiting to show her, to show me, that even it was better than me.

Cock—I wanted to hold it and touch it with her, I wanted to help guide it into her again, I wanted to fantasize with her this time—imagining not an unseen face, not a random stranger, but that it was John, her co-worker, throwing her down and fucking her, that John was filling her, that John was making her scream, that John was making her cum.

I wanted the dildo, I wanted the fake cock, I needed it, soon, as soon as we got home.

"The parking garage is that way," I said when we exited the elevator and she turned to the left instead of the right.

"Where're not going to the car."

"Tiff, please," I started to beg, following her down the wrong hallway, away from the car, away from the house, away from the cock.

She abruptly stopped, turned towards me in the deserted hall. "Do you want me right here, Dana? Do you want me to throw you on the floor here, in the hall? I can't wait half an hour, Dana, I need your tongue now, so we're either getting a room or you're doing it now, here, on the floor."

I looked over her shoulder, saw the sign on the wall, 'Hyatt', and realized she was dragging me away from the parking garage toward the Hyatt hotel, away from the car, away from home, away from the cock. "But...but Tiff," I started, not sure how to finish, how to beg to go home so we could use the cock.

Her eyes hardened, set, "there's no but, Dana, no talking, the only thing I want coming out of your mouth is your tongue and the only question is whether it will be here," she spread her arms, "or in a room."

I lowered my eyes, wondering if she was crazy enough to do what she threatened, to actually ride my face here, in the hall, where people could see. I wondered if she was desperate enough to cum , to do just that—and I was afraid to find out because I was! If she had ordered me onto my hands and knees right here, I would, instantly, get down, open my mouth, reach out, touch her, lick her. Here, right here, right now.

"Let's go," she took my hand again and led me down the hall, around the corner, to the lobby of the Hyatt.

For a moment, I wondered if we'd make it past the concierge desk, thinking that, with a large measure of justification, without luggage, we looked less like two hotel guests and more, much more, like two high class call girls. As we walked by him, he eyed us up and down, giving us the same

hungry look that the men at the bar gave us, that John gave us. He looked to be on the verge of saying something when Tiffany veered off the path to the hotel elevator and towards the front desk.

"Wait here," she said to me, leaving me right next to the concierge, leaving me right where he could not help but continue to leer at me with an animalistic look of hunger. At least I was used to it, at least it was a part of my job, because there was no doubt that the old, slightly overweight Hyatt concierge wanted nothing more at his moment than to fuck me silly.

"Dana," Tiffany was suddenly next to me again, taking my hand, leading me to the elevators, "stop flirting with the man, let's go."

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Strangely, on the elevator ride up to the room, when she told me how badly she wanted to cum, when she kissed me and told me how desperately she needed to cum, I began to wonder, began to think, should expect to see John sitting in the hotel room. I wondered if this was all set up, if the meeting was not a coincidence, if she planned this all over the course of days, even weeks. In fact, I managed to convince myself that he WAS waiting for us, that she had been leading me down a path that would conclude tonight, that there would be a man, there would be cock, that John would be waiting for us.

On the elevator ride up, I was consumed with these thoughts, consumed with preparing myself for becoming a cuckold, now, here, tonight, consumed with not just it happening, but watching it, too. "I can't wait to feel your tongue on me, sissy," Tiffany kissed my ear as the car went up, but it wasn't my tongue touching her that got me so hot, that made my boy clit strain, made me need the relief I'd been denied for so long. It was cock, it was John's cock that I imagined him touching her, entering her, that's what was driving me wild. Not the need to cum myself, which I so desperately needed—it had been too long, but wanting to see him, John, a man cum fucking my fiancée, that's what was driving me wild.

But when she opened the door to the room, there was nothing, no one waiting, no man, no John, nothing. "It's empty," I thought to myself, though realized too late that it wasn't just my thoughts, I spoke the words, too.

"What," she asked, surprised for a moment, then quickly, as the door slammed shut, her face changed, recognition came over her, she heard, she understood. "You thought someone...you thought," she snickered, smiled, "he was going to be here."



"Fuck, Dana, do you know how badly I want to cum? I was taking you up here to feel you inside me," she grabbed under the hem of my dress and took my panty covered mound in my hand, "I was going to let you try to fuck me, sissy, I thought you knew that, I thought you were excited because I was going to let you inside me, I thought you were excited because it had been so long, but that's not it, that's not it at all. Fuck, Dana, fuck, you're excited because you thought he was going to be here."

"Tiff, please," I begged, trying to move towards the bed as she squeezed the swollen, but only semi-erect mound, as I realized I was close, so close to being in her, to feeling the warmth, to cumming, squirting between her legs, inside her. "Forget it, please," I said, moving my shoulders square to the king sized bed, trying to move there, trying to keep things on what she thought, on that goal, the wetness between her own legs.

"I thought you were excited at the thought of fucking me, Dana," she smiled again, smirked again, mocking me. "I thought you were excited at the thought of getting your small, little sissy clit inside me—you've been such a good girl, I thought you deserved a reward."

"I...I was, Tiff, I...I do..."

"You thought he was going to be here," she accused me again, squeezing me harder still, even painfully, which, since I'd not cum in weeks, was a mixture of a large measure of pain combined with desperation for her touch, her attention.

"You thought he was going to be here." She challenged me, twisting my semi erection so forcefully that it popped free from the crotch of my panties and, though still held against my stomach by the panties, was suddenly pointing upwards, filling instantly with blood and hormones.

"Yes," I gasped, eyes rolling back in my head as she stroked me through the soft material, as her fingernails tickled against my stomach, as she masturbated my erection, free, finally free from the tight tucking, finally free to grow, expand, feel pleasure.

"You weren't excited because you thought I was going to let you cum inside me, were you? Which I was."

"Please, Tiffany," I begged again, trying to lean forward, trying to take a step towards the bed, for whatever I thought before, now, right now, I wanted that, I realized I was so close to that, so fucking close, feet, just a few feet, from the wall to the bed, from my penis in her hand to my penis inside her. But she pushed back, the hand holding my penis through the soft panties pushed back, held me in place, against the wall.



"Answer my questions, Dana," she stroked me, her hand touching me through my panties the most powerful of all truth serums. "You weren't excited because you thought I was going to let you cum inside, were you," she repeated, stroking, stroking.

"No," I huffed through pained moans. "No." That's not what I thought at all.

"You thought he was going to be here, didn't you? That's what got you all excited. Answer me, Dana," she insisted.

"Yes, Tiffany, yes," I moaned.

"You didn't think YOU were going to fuck me, you thought HE was going to fuck me."

"Yes," I threw my head back groaning, unable to lie, unwilling to lie, not caring, just wanting her, needing her.

"You thought he was going to cum inside me, not you, love, not sissy, no, a man."

"Yes, Tiffany, yes, yes."

She kissed up the side of my face, kissed my neck, licked, whispered in my ear. "You wanted to see him fuck me, didn't you, you wanted his cock inside me, a man's cock, not this," she asked, squeezing and stroking, kissing and licking. "Not this sissy clit, a man's cock. You wanted to watch me cuckold you, didn't you, that's what you thought was happening?"

"Yes, I'm sorry, but yes, yes."

"Sorry? Sorry? Don't be sorry," she immediately answered, "don't ever be sorry, love, okay."

"O...okay."

"Such irony, though," she said, stroking me, toying with me, making me squirm.

"What's ironic," I managed to ask when she stopped talking.

"Well it's been sooo long since you've cum and it's been sooo long since you've been inside me and here I was all ready to let you inside me, all ready to let your little clit squirt inside me...and..." She let go of my erection, "you...don't...even...want...to..." With each word, she paused, with each pause she flicked a finger back and forth across me, for emphasis.

"Tiff, no, I...I do...I do..."

"I was going to let you inside me, sissy, I was going to let you cum."

"Please, Tiff, I do, I want to, please, please, I do want to."

"I know, sissy, I know...and I was going to let you, that's what's so ironic.

"We...we can...please...Tiff...please..."

"I was going to let you inside me, Dana, I was going to let you cum, too."

"Tiff," I begged, disliking the change in tone in her voice, disliking the direction of this conversation, desperate now, desperate to have something I didn't expect, didn't previously want, but now that it was in front of me, now that it was so close, needed unlike I've ever needed anything before. "You can, you can."

"No, sissy, no, not now, not now that I know what you really wanted, no, no, not now. I'm not going to let you inside me," she whispered, flicking me again, harder this time, playful, yes, but hard enough to sting. "And I'm certainly not going to let you cum." A second flick, just as hard, just as stinging.

"Tiff, please, PLEASE!"

"No, sissy, no, no...no...no..."

And she didn't. Once again I made love to my fiancée without any hope, without any thought, of my own physical pleasure. Mentally, the pleasure was immense, kissing her, touching her, licking her, everywhere—her breasts, her legs, her feet, her neck, her stomach, her face, her pussy. And having her do the same for me. Everywhere, that is, except for my penis, kissing me, licking me, touching me, and telling me, over and over, how badly she wanted cock, how badly she wanted to get fucked, how badly she wanted a man, how badly she wanted John. Over and over and over, again and again and again.

How much she loved ME and how much she wanted HIM.

Over and over and over, until my face was slick with cum from her pussy, over and over and over, until my jaw sore from licking her to orgasm, over and over and over.

At the end of the night, after bringing her to so many orgasms I lost track of the count, didn't care anymore, until merely blowing on her clit the lightest of breaths made her writher on the bed, until a single lick of my tongue was all it took, at the end, she cuddled me. We were intertwined, my arms around her chest, one hand on a breast, hers the same, but a hand resting on my still erect, still straining, still jumping, still demanding for release boy clit. I looked at her, silently begged her to stroke, to rub, to finish, knowing it would not take much, not minutes, mere seconds, a dozen strokes, less. I mouthed the word, "please."

"No," she whispered, holding as still as she could, fingers encircling me, but not moving a millimeter, knowing that even the slightest of movements would make me explode.

"Please, Tiff," I asked softy, "I...I can do it myself."

Her brow creased, her face hardened, a decision was made. "No, Dana, no, no, you...you're not allowed, no, no, you...sissies...sissies do not get to...to do that when they want. No," she said again, firmly, internally coming to some decision. "I don't want you to just, to just pleasure yourself whenever you want. No. That's for me to decide, that's for me."

"Tiff, what's for you to decide?" What did she mean, that she decided when I could touch myself? When I could cum? It was bad enough that she would not let me fuck her, but for her to decide when I could cum! "You mean it's for you to decide when I can, you know...inside you."

"That too, yes, but more, Dana, not just inside me...anywhere."

I was taken aback. Anywhere. "You don't mean it's for you to decide if I can touch myself."

"No, not that, not really, I mean it's for me to decide if you get to...squirt," she smiled, pleased, obviously, with her word choice. "You're my sissy, Dana, that's for me to decide, that belongs to me, you're giving that to me. Look at me, Dana, I mean it, promise me. You don't cum...you don't squirt...not unless I allow it, that...that's for me to decide now, me."

"O...okay," I said uncomfortably.

"I mean it," she said with conviction.

"Okay," I sighed, resigned to be content with what hours ago I incorrectly assumed the evening would bring—orgasm after orgasm for her, none for me. I had just assumed it would be from John, from a man, a man's cock, not from my hands and tongue and mouth. But I'd gotten my hopes up, started to think that I would get relief, that I would get release, only to have those hopes snatched away, replaced by devotion to her, and then, at the end of the evening, to learn she wanted more, that not only did she want to fuck a man, but that she wanted, insisted, demanded, control over my own orgasm, control she would never permit me over hers.

"I mean it," she said again, starting to drift off to sleep, her hand still firmly wrapped around me, holding me, controlling me, "it belongs to me, Dana, it belongs to me."

## Chapter 12 – Worlds Collide

Of course we made a walk of shame in the morning, early, through the hotel lobby, Tiffany's hair askew, both of us with makeup streaked, now looking even more like two call girls leaving after a night at work. Garnering stares from several businessmen in the lobby who were wondering, perhaps, how they could hire us in the future.

I didn't need to fly until Friday; and Tiff called in sick from the car, no way in condition to get to work on time. She needed a shower and needed sleep. She did wonder aloud if John would notice her absence and whether he would comment on it, and concluded that he would not. "He's trying to fuck me, after all," she said seriously. "I doubt he's going to tell anyone he saw me out."

After our showers, after we woke up from napping, Tiffany asked me to make her some tea. I took a short black satin robe off the chair near my side of the bed, went to the kitchen, and made jasmine tea for two, then served both of us, not noticing until I sat back down on the bed next to her the small, silver box with a blue bow sitting innocently between us.

"What's this," I asked, reaching for what I assumed was a present for me.

"Wait," she said firmly, not yelling, but solidly commanding. "There's something we need to talk about, Dana."

"Okay," I said, pulling my hand back, feeling like a child scolded by his mother for reaching for dessert before eating his soup.

"We talked last night, about your, you know, about your orgasms."

I immediately blushed, not that I'd forgotten about that conversation, but because of the subject itself, especially now in the proverbial cold light of day. "I...I said that I wouldn't," I swallowed, used her word choice, "squirt without your..."

"I know, Dana, I know." She held up her hand, stopping me in mid sentence. "But I want you to understand, it's more than that—it's not even that at all."

"What, then? You don't want me to masturbate," I said, verbalizing the word. "Fine, whatever, I won't...I mean, I'll try not to, I won't, Tiffany, really. I understand what you want, submission, and I want it too, I might not have realized it before, but I do, I...I like it. I mean, submitting, so if you don't want me to masturbate—squirt—I won't."

"No, sweetie," she reached out and touched me. "You're adorable, but that's not it—it isn't that I don't want you to masturbate or that I don't want



you to have an orgasm, I mean, that is it, but it's not just that, it's more, much more. Saying I don't want you to masturbate makes it sound like I don't want you to have pleasure. That's not true, not at all."

"What then, Tiff, I don't get it."

"You think I want to deny you sex, maybe even intimacy, but that's not it at all, Dana. I don't even want to deny you the ability to orgasm, I just want to limit them, I want to decide when and how often and how. I don't want you to never squirt, I just want you to give your power over that," she pointed, "to me."

Control...that's the word that jumped into my mind. She wanted control, she wanted to control me, thus, for some reason, she wanted to control my orgasms. "But why?"

"Why? Why? Two reasons, one of which should be obvious, Dana, because, as I've said again and again, I want you to submit to me, I want to make the decisions as to when you orgasm, how often, and how it happens. Last night I wanted to decide whether or not you got to cum, I wanted that control." She used the very word I'd thought of. "I mean, let's face it, I mostly decide that anyway. While you always asked if we could, I was the one who decided whether we'd have sex. So to some extent your orgasm was partially in my control. But you could still masturbate, and to be honest, that bothered me a little, almost as if you were subverting my decision. So, it's partially about control—a man decides when he cums, but a sissy? No."

While my immediate reaction was displeasure, in a strange way it made sense to me, giving control over something so intimate and personal to Tiff. "The other reason?"

"Well this one is obvious, too, but maybe only in retrospect. A man experiences a dramatic loss of libido when he cums, and so does a sissy. Sexual energy crashes, often to nothing, and too often a sissy, after she cums, is ashamed of what she is, finds herself disgusted, resentful of his partner. And thus un-trainable. When a man cums, his libido may crash, but it doesn't matter to him, he's a man without any feelings of guilt. A sissy, though, based on what I've read, almost can't avoid feeling guilty after she cums. So, a sissy that's teased and denied the ability to cum over and over becomes hyper-sexually aware, hyper-submissive, even hyper-feminine."

"Teased and denied, like...like..."

"Yes, like last night. Did you feel ashamed to be a sissy last night?"

"I don't think so. No."

"Because you didn't cum," she said as if educating me. "And now?"

"No."

"Were you excited last night?"

"Yes," I grinned, not just last night, but still now.

"I want you to think carefully before answering these next questions. Were you fantasizing about me fucking a man last night? About fucking John? Did you want him to fuck me? If he was there, in the hotel room with us, would you have wanted me to fuck him? Like for real?"

She asked the questions quickly, so they ran together, leaving no individual questions with individual answers. Only one, a yes to all or a no to all. And as soon as she asked the first one, I thought yes, so each successive question, each answer built on the last. I thought yes to each, one after another, so by the time she asked the last question, it too was yes. "Yes," I admitted, somewhat ashamed to tell her what I fantasized about, what might have happened if she pushed it.

"And now? What about now, Dana? What if he was here now?"

"Maybe," I said, looking downward.

She reached over, touched my thigh close to but not directly next to my panties, to my penis, causing me to suck in my breath, causing my penis -- now tucked again -- to immediately swell. "What if he was here now, Dana?"

"Yes, yes!" I folded easily with just the promise of sexual stimulation, without even the stimulation itself. All she needed to do was touch my thigh, touch close to my penis, and hormones flooded my brain, intense, erotic hormones.

"And that, my dear, is why orgasm control is important. If you'd just squirted you might never have admitted to it, as much as you want it. I know you feel ashamed sometimes, but you shouldn't. Not ever. That's why it's so important for me to be in control of your release. I want you to understand something, and you may wonder why I'd even tell you, but trust me, it's not a secret, knowing won't make any difference and it might even help. I'm not insisting that you forgo orgasms, Dana, not at all. I'm only telling you that they are going to be denied unless I want you to orgasm, that they will be limited. I'll let you have them when I think the time is right, be it for a reward or as a way to motivate you. Dare I say it, to train you.

"How...how limited will they be?" I asked, acquiescing immediately to her demand, agreeing easily, without argument, without discussion.

She smiled. "Now that is a secret, love. You don't get to know when or how many or how often, but what I can tell you is that no matter how frustrated you get, how often I build you up only to tell you 'no,' that you can

hope for and anticipate release because I promise you, I will let you finally squirt, I promise — just, well, it won't be as often as you might like and certainly not as often as a real man would want to squirt. Frustration, hope, anticipation, and finally orgasm — when and how I let you."

"I...I'm very frustrated right now," I admitted. "I promise to try, I really do, but...it's hard, Tiff, hard not to...you know..."

"Hard not to play with yourself? You mean to try, but you don't know if you won't be too weak?"

"Yes," I blushed, "I mean, I won't...I'll try not to, I really will, I just, well, I feel like you have unrealistic expectations, it's something I can't live up to, even if I want to, especially, well, I know it sounds stupid, but the prettier I look the more I want to, and it's been like two weeks which is so long..."

"You need to go longer, Dana."

"It's been two weeks, Tiff, I...I'll try, it's just, I feel like I'm making a promise that I can't keep if it's too long, that I'll fail. I'm afraid I won't be able to stop myself at some point, and soon. And...and then you'll get mad and...can't we...I mean...now? Just, like, reboot? Start from scratch today?"

"No, Dana, I'm afraid we can't."

"I...I'm going to fail, Tiff...and I'm worried you'll...be mad..."

She laughed. Threw her head back, tried to cover her face and hold it, but laughed just the same.

"What? Tiff, I'm serious...you don't know how..."

"No, no, Dana, I'm sorry, I shouldn't laugh, but, fuck, it's like, fuck, like you're reading from a script."

"What are you talking about?"

"You're agreeing to this, right? I just want to make sure, you're agreeing that I decide how and when you squirt."

"Yes, but..."

"But your only hesitation is that you're afraid you won't be able to live up to your promise?"

"Yes, Tiffany. Fuck, it's already been two weeks and like I said, I can promise, but...at some point...what? What are you laughing at?"

"You."

"Why? I'm serious!"

"I know you are, Dana, really. Go ahead now."

"Squirt?" My face lit up.

"No," she said. "The box, open it." She was excited, almost unable to contain herself.



"The box?"

"Yes, yes, silly, the box!" She clapped her hands, "Come on, open it please," she said anxiously. "Fuck, open it, open it, open it!"

I reached for the box, picked it up. It was light, something rattled inside. "What is it," I asked, shaking it, having no idea.

"Dana, come on, just open it!"

I untied the ribbon carefully, slowly, fuck it, letting the anticipation build up in her for once. Finally, I opened the box and found inside --- several half moon plastic rings, some kind of round plastic container, a small padlock and key, and some other assorted plastic pieces. "What is it," I asked naively?

"The CB-6000S; 'S' standing for short or small."

"Um, okay...I don't know what it is, Tiff."

"It's a chastity cage, Dana."

"A what?" I asked, knowing vaguely what chastity was, what a chastity belt was—something women supposedly wore during the Crusades when their Knights went off to years of war. But I had no idea what the pieces of plastic in the box had to do with any of that.

"A chastity cage, sweetie."

"What's it for," I asked, the tingling in my brain and my penis, the look in my eyes, betraying the fact that I intuitively knew exactly what it was for, I just couldn't quite put it all together.

"Look at it Dana, the cage, the lock. You may not understand how it works, but I think you know exactly what it's for."

I reached into the box and took out the plastic tube-like piece, the biggest piece, though big was relative -- it was at most two, two and a half, maybe three inches long. "This...this goes on my...my...."

"On your boy clit? Yes, it goes inside there."

"But it's so small, I...how would I even fit?"

She laughed. "The 'S' stands for small, it's almost an inch smaller than the regular size, and you'll fit because you're small, Dana, it's made especially for a sissy's small penis, like, you know, your boy clit."

"Okay, fine, I'm small, I know that, Tiff, but I'm not that small, what's that, three inches?"

"Two and a half. And you are that small flaccid."

"But I won't be able to grow or...or..."

"Get an erection? Yes, that's kind of the point, sweetie. Because then you can't squirt. And those other rings, they lock your balls in so you can't pull out of it without opening it. And the lock locks it so you can't open it without the



key, without me."

I looked at the small tube again, stunned at how small it was, realizing she was one hundred percent right, that if it worked, and there was no doubt it would, that I'd never be able to get an erection so long as I was wearing it.

"You really want me to wear this?"

"You said it yourself, Dana, you can't promise that you won't play with yourself." She smiled, apparently pleased that I'd walked right into her logical trap.

"When? When do you want me to wear this...for how long?"

"When? Why now, of course. For how long? I don't know, until I decide you should be released...I don't know exactly...a few days, a week...two, maybe more. I honestly don't know yet, Dana."

"Two weeks! Tiffany, that's..." And then something else hit me, something beyond the length of time between orgasms. I'd be flying tomorrow. Flying! And not a day trip but overnight, at least over Friday night, maybe Saturday too. "Tiffany, I fly tomorrow...overnight..."

"Yes."

"But...but I...I can't wear this, I..."

"Oh, you can, love, you can and you will. Especially tomorrow, especially when you go overnight."

"Tiff, there...there are uniform requirements, I...I'm supposed to have, you know...a flat, a flat front." I looked at the plastic tube, the part of the chastity cage that was supposed to encircle my penis. Small as it was, it would never be as flat as my penis tucked — there was no way that... I knew what to say.

"Ms. Bradburry will never let me fly wearing this, Tiffany. I can't wear it."

"She will, Dana." She crossed her arms, grinned. "In fact, she's already approved it."

"What?"

"She's already approved it Dana, I've already talked to her about it."

"Tiffany, you're kidding...you did not," I stammered, wondering how that could possibly be the case. There was no way, no fucking way, Ms. Bradburry would approve it, no way Tiffany could have asked her about it. Simply no way.

"I did, Dana," she said with a smug look on her face.

"How... how could you, Tiffany?" I crossed my arms, peeved. "That's my job, she's...she's one of my supervisors, you...you had no right, you..."

"Dana Sullivan!" Tiffany's face hardened as she interrupted me, not letting me finish my complaint. "I had every right! You're not in charge of this

relationship, you're not the man, no longer, if you ever were. You're the sissy, I'm the...the mistress." She said the word tentatively, but then repeated it with more conviction. "I'm the mistress. I make the rules, I decide what's good for you and what's not. Me. Me alone. I'm not comfortable with you flying overnight, having your slumber parties, without some assurance that you'll remain chaste. That, Dana," she pointed to my crotch, "belongs to me and me alone. And I, and I alone, control when it, when you, may squirt."

I suddenly felt concerned, as if I'd done something wrong, that I'd displeased her. "I...I thought you were okay with me, you know, doing girl things, Tiffany, I...I didn't mean to...to betray you."

"I am okay, Dana, with girl things. I'm not okay with anything more. While I trust you, and I do, the longer you go without release the less comfortable I am that you can maintain control. You might want to pleasure yourself or take things too far when you're out of town. So, like it or not, you will wear it Dana, starting today. You'll wear the chastity cage, you'll wear it and you'll keep wearing it until I decide otherwise. And if you want to be one of the girls when you're flying, which I'm okay with, if you want to have your slumber parties, which I'm okay with, you'll do it on my terms—wearing this." She took the cage from the box, held it up. "Are we clear?"

I was shaking slightly. Were we clear? Of course we were clear—what choice did I have, really? Defy her? Not likely. Argue with her? No. Reason and logic? Impossible since her reasoning was not, well, unreasonable, and in part it was based on my own admissions. "Yes," I finally answered, looking down at the cage in her hands.

"Now, as I said, several days ago I called Ms. Bradburry, who, by the way, is a very nice woman, and explained to her that I was going to have you wear something not contemplated by the uniform policy. She was hesitant at first, but we met for lunch..."

"You had lunch with her," I interrupted, struggling to keep my voice from rising too loudly.

"Yes."

I watched her talking, so calmly, so matter-of-factly telling me that she had called one of my supervisors to discuss me wearing a chastity cage. "What...what did you tell her," I stammered, terrified at what she might have said.

"The truth, Dana, what else?"

"There's lots of versions of truth, Tiff," I said softly.

"Well, I told her that you were a sissy, not such a great shock to her, that

you're submissive, also not a stunner, and finally that I was going was insist you start wearing a chastity cage. Naturally, she wanted to know what it was and how it worked and how it might impact your uniform. Seeing, it," she held up her hand, stopping me before I could ask, "yes, I brought it with me, seeing it she didn't think it would be any problem with anything so long as you wore a girdle with your tighter uniforms."

"She didn't want to know why?" I asked with some relief, thinking that at least the truth wasn't the entire truth, there were some omissions that were more humiliating. Like that I fantasized Tiffany fucking a man.

"Well of course she wanted to know why, Dana, my goodness, who wouldn't, and I told her that, too. I know you feel ashamed by it, Dana, but I wasn't going to be anything less than honest with your employer."

I thought about Tiffany and Ms. Bradburry calmly eating lunch and Tiffany telling her that I was small and ejaculated prematurely, that I didn't satisfy her with my boy clit, that my orgasms were now controlled by her, no longer subject to the whims of when I wanted to masturbate but instead the property of her, of my mistress. I looked down, blushed, feeling the shame she knew was there, and grasped for the last thing, the only thing. "You...you didn't tell her about, you know...."

"She didn't ask, Dana, not directly, but I could tell she wondered, so I only told her that chastity was not bilateral."

"You have this all planned out, don't you?" I asked, amazed, even awed by the extent of her planning, but asking in a tone suggesting that I thought she was a little too smug. Not that she noticed.

"Yes, Dana, I do. I know this is new, that I'm just telling you about this today, but I've given this a lot of thought and didn't come to this decision lightly. I've done my research—there's tons of information on the internet and I've had some email exchanges with a couple of other women. This is very important to me. I know it's hard for you to understand, but I want you emasculated, I want you feminized, I want you to obey, and I want that" -- she pointed to my crotch -- "under my control."

After a minute's silence, silence she correctly took for acquiescence, she reached over with her hand and raised my chin. "You understand?"

"Yes."

"And you agree? I'm not forcing this, Dana. I love you, in fact. I want it because I love you. I think it's what you want, too, correct?"

"Yes," I swallowed.

"Emasculation and feminization?"



"Yes," I answered, feeling my penis twitch.

"Obedience to me?"

"Yes," I answered again, penis twitching again.

"Chastity?"

I looked up, looked directly in her eyes. "Yes," I said softly, my eyes welling up with tears as I surrendered control over my body, my penis, my release, my orgasms to her.

"Come here," she said opening her arms, reaching for me, pulling me towards her in a tender embrace. "Do you know how much I love you, Dana? Do you?"

"Yes," I said softly, feeling a tear trickle down my face, "I...I couldn't do this if you didn't, Tiffany."

"I know, sweetie, I know."

"I...I'm afraid," I said, looking down at the chastity cage now sitting on the bed, "I...I'm..."

"Shhhh, I know, Dana, I know. Of course you're afraid, of course the boy part of you doesn't want to be locked up, I know." She stroked my lengthening hair. "But you still want to, don't you?" I nodded. "That's the girl part of you, the sissy part, the part that wants to be emasculated and feminized, that wants to obey. Men get to cum whenever they want, sweetie, men get to fuck women, men get to pleasure themselves. Even if a man is alone, for whatever reason without a woman to fuck, he can always jerk off, he knows that. But that's not for you, sweetie, is it, that's not what you want, you don't want to be like a man, do you?"

"Nnnnoooo," I said, shaking, sniffing.

"Sissies don't get to fuck pretty girls, do they?"

"Sometimes," I sniffled, laughed a little, looking at her, a pretty girl, a pretty girl I had fucked. "If a pretty girl lets them."

She laughed, too. "You're sweet. Yes, sometimes sissies get to squirt inside a pretty girl, though it isn't really fucking, but what I mean is that sissies don't get to go to bars or clubs or coffeehouses and pick up pretty girls and take them home and fuck them, do they? Men do that, alpha men, real men, not sissies. Sissies may get to kiss and cuddle and fool around a little, and once in a great while even squirt inside a girl, but that's not the same. Sissies don't get to fuck pretty girls, do they, not like men do?"

"No, I guess not."

"And sissies shouldn't get to cum whenever they want, like men, should they?"



"Nnnn...no."

"You're my sissy?"

"Yes," I said, meaning it, all of it, yes, yes, yes! I was her emasculated and feminized sissy. I was her pet, devoted, submissive, obedient. And I was controlled, my little penis, my boy clit, my relief, my release, my orgasms belonged to her.

"Why don't you pull your panties down, then, so I can put this on."

I looked at the cage, now in her hands, the solid, clear plastic she meant to use to lock me up, to control me. "Tiff, I...I can't," I started to say.

"Dana," her face hardened as she tilted her head, "I know you're scared, but..."

"No, not that. I mean, yes, I am, but...I want to, well I don't want to, but, you know, I mean, I want to, but..."

"Sweetie, you're babbling, it's okay, you're just nervous..."

"No, yes, no, Tiff. I want to, really, it's just that, well, it's...it's," I looked at the cage, "it's so small."

"Dana," she said, suddenly a tender look on her face, "honey, you're small, too. Trust me, the small version is all we need sweetie, don't worry."

"Soft," I protested, "soft I might fit. But," I blushed, "but I'm...I'm, you know, swollen." I started to say hard, caught myself, since that wasn't quite right and I knew it. She implied often enough that men get hard, but sissies get swollen. And swollen, small as I may be, I wasn't that small. Soft, yes, but not swollen.

"Of course, Dana, of course. I'm sorry, sweetie, I know, I should have thought of that—all this talk of sissies and chastity and cuckolding—of course you're swollen. We need to...to make that swelling go down first, don't we?"

"I...yes, yes," I practically yelled. Did we ever!

"Do you want to do it yourself or do you want me to help with it?" she asked, moving her foot towards me, touching me gingerly.

"You'll help?" I asked, a little too eagerly, quite frankly, surprised that she'd let me cum, more surprised that she'd help.

"Of course, honey," she smiled.

"O...okay," I said, smiling, first picturing Tiffany's soft feet rubbing against me, then thinking of her feminine fingers wrapped around me, stroking me, finally, picturing something much more erotic, Tiffany taking me into her mouth, licking, sucking.

"Why don't you go get a towel, okay?" I jumped from the bed—if she wanted a towel, her mouth was out, but that left her soft feet or her soft

hands, either of which would be heaven. When I came back into the bedroom from the bathroom, towel in hand, she wasn't there.

"Tiff?"

"Right here, hon," she said, walking back into the room, a quart zip lock bag full of ice in each of her hands. "Just had to get the ice."

"Ice? What's the ice for?" I asked, confusion showing on my face.

"Ice makes swelling go down," she answered, looking surprised at the question.

"Ice?" I repeated. Ice? Ice?

"Well yes, of course ice, to put on your swollen boy clit...what else would..." She stopped, saw the look on my face, the confusion, the sudden understanding. "...Oh...oh...sweetie, you...you thought I was going to let you...squirt?"

"You asked if I wanted you to help," I said, trying to explain my confusion.

"Help with the ice, Dana, that's all, to help hold the ice on. Oh baby, I didn't mean that you could squirt, not now, it hasn't been long enough yet, especially not a few days before I'm going out with, with people from work." She didn't say his name. "Oh honey, I'm so sorry...I thought you understood."

"Ice," I said it again.

"It will make the swelling go away so you're down to your normal size."

"Ice."

"Small enough to fit."

"Ice," I swallowed.

"Sweetie," she said tenderly. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to give you the impression I was going to help you squirt, but I did tell you, not now. Here, take off your panties and get on your back on the bed, okay?" she said, taking the towel from my hands and adjusting and wrapping the bags of ice so the towel was between the bags and her hands, so she didn't feel the coldness of the ice. Leaving only half the bags uncovered, the part that was to go on me.

I lowered my panties, and my penis, my boy clit immediately jumped at freedom, at the lack of constraint. Erection bobbing, I got onto the bed, nervous about the ice, nervous about chastity, but still trusting in Tiffany. She sat next to me, and as soon as we were both positioned she asked if I was ready. I nodded, and she pressed the ice to me, one bag against my balls the other to my penis.

"Whoa, cold," I jumped, hands reaching to cover myself, not even thinking, just doing, just protecting.

"Dana, hold still," she said firmly.

"Sorry, sorry."

Again, the ice on my balls and my penis, again I moved to cover myself, tried to will myself not to, unable to stop.

"Dana!"

"I'm sorry, Tiff, fuck, that's cold."

"Of course it's cold, Dana, that's kind of the point. Fuck."

"I'll try, Tiff, seriously, here," I reached my hands over my head and took hold of the headboard. "There, I'll just hold on, okay?"

"Oh," she lit up, "that's a great idea."

"What is?"

She set the ice and towel down, reached over to me, took the satin tie to my short robe in her hands, and yanked it, pulling it out from underneath me.

"Push your hands back a little, through there, touch the wall, yes, like that."

"What...whoa, Tiffany," I exclaimed as she took the satin tie, threaded it through the headboard and then around my wrists and tying it securely.

"Perfect," she smiled, moving back down the bed, sitting astride my thighs, "now that should keep your hands out of the way." She arranged the parts of the chastity cage next to her, picked the ice back up, once again applied it to my swollen balls and penis.

"Damn, Tiff, that's still fucking cold," I protested, pulling uselessly at my arms, now unable to block what she was doing.

She removed the bags once again. "Christ, Dana if you keep interrupting me, if this all melts, I'm going to have to go get more ice; are you going to keep complaining?"

"It's just cold, Tiff, I'm sorry, I'm trying."

"Fine, fine," she laughed, "let me refresh this, be right back."

She got up, left the room, then was back quickly, before I had too much time to look at my penis bobbing up and down on my stomach. But instead of coming right to the bed, she went to the closet first, and returned with the towel and ice in one hand and a pair of her panties in the other.

"What're those for," I asked, instantly recognizing the panties she held, the panties she wore to work the day the cock was delivered to the house, the panties that were soaked all day, soaked from her fantasizing about real men.

"Remember these, don't you? Remember how wet they were? Can you put it together now? Why I got so wet? Who I was thinking about all day? Oh, is that making your little boy clit swell even more?" She smiled playfully, seeing it bounce up and down on my stomach. "The ice will take care of that. I just don't want you complaining any more—open up, sissy."

She held the panties forward, towards me; I opened my eyes wide—she meant to stuff those in my mouth? She meant to gag me with those? "Tiff, those are...those are..."

"Soiled, yes," she giggled, "dry now, but I'm sure once you start salivating, you'll taste every drop of me."

Salivating I was, part of me, anyway, for I did love the taste of her, loved the taste of her pussy, the smell too—I'd sniffed her panties, didn't all guys, I'd just never tasted them, never thought about that, until now.

"Want to taste them, love? If not I could get a clean pair, or even a washcloth or something..." She waived the panties over my face—I could smell them, inhaled the strong scent, the musk, the pungent odor. "I just thought you might like these better."

"No, no, the panties," I moaned, intoxicated by the smell of her.

"My dirty panties for my dirty sissy?"

"Yes, please, Tiff, please."

"Open...wider..." I did, and she pushed the soiled panties into my mouth, the crotch to my tongue, the most pungent part right against every taste bud I had. They were suddenly overwhelmed by Tiffany's strong, powerful, wonderful taste. "Hhhmmmmfff," she laughed when the panties were fully stuffed in my mouth.

"Wffggff," I asked. What? What? What?

She leaned down and whispered in my ear, "I was just thinking, sweetie, it's too bad." Her tongue was in my ear, wet, hot. "Too bad I didn't let John fuck me that day, isn't it?" She grinned as my eyes went wide, "If I had, you'd be tasting him, too, my pretty sissy."

"Ohhh," I moaned, my eyes fluttering back into my head at her taunting words, her fucking EVIL words. By tasting him, I quickly realized, she meant tasting the mess that would remain after sex, tasting the mix of both of them, tasting her wetness, her excitement, the taste I now tasted, but more, tasting his mess, too, tasting the mess left by a man.

Cum.

She meant tasting his cum.

"Gggmmmmffff," I moaned, I groaned, pulling at the bonds holding my hands, the shock coming over my face at the filth, the nastiness of her suggestion.

"Hmmm," she purred, touching my bobbing penis with her hand, teasing me, feeling me jerk at the thought. "You think you'd be the first sissy cuckold to do that? It'd be ironic, no? Tasting a man's cum at the same time you were



being locked in chastity? Wouldn't you like that?"

I shook my head, no, no, fucking no, god fucking no, no I would most certainly NOT like that at all. I would NOT like tasting a man's cum, no, no, NO.

"No? Maybe not, maybe that's too much." She looked at me. I mumbled something, focused on her eyes, tried to tell her through my eyes that she was right, it was too much, tasting a man's cum was way, way too much. "It's funny, though...you're shaking your head no, but down there, you're shaking your head yes. Looks like someone's confused about what they want to taste."

I glanced down, saw it, what she meant, saw my erect penis slowly bobbing up and down, up and down, saw it for what she saw, my other head saying yes, nodding up and down, slowly, yes, yes, yes.

"Well let's get that confused little thing locked up, shall we? Poor thing doesn't know what it wants. Locked up, maybe it will remember that it's certainly not a man—men get to cum whenever they want, men are big, men can please women. Little boy clits, especially ones like this, don't get to squirt, and are small, and can never please a woman, can they? Can they sissy?"

I shook my head no; of course the irony was that the reinforcement that I was small, true or not, only made me swell more, the reinforcement that I was not allowed to cum only made me want to cum more, the reinforcement that I could not please a woman only made me want to be inside her even more.

But she was going to take care of that, wasn't she.

"Mmmmmmmggggggffffff," I yelled through the gag when she put the ice to my balls, "Lllllldddd."

"Yes, I know it's cold, sweetie, I'm sorry, it will only take a minute. But you know, if I could trust you not to touch yourself, maybe I wouldn't have to use this, though I'd still probably insist...just to be safe, you know."

"Mffffff!" I was shaking after a minute, and looking down I could see that I was shrinking, true, but that I was shrinking slowly and still too swollen to fit in the cage.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, almost done, I didn't think it would take this long but your boy clit was soooo swollen. I don't know what caused that. I mean, maybe when I was talking about..." she looked up at me with a knowing look, momentarily taking the ice off me as she did so "oh...I don't want to say it and have to start all over."

Talking about her getting fucked by John, talking about his cum inside her, leaking onto her panties, talking about me tasting that cum on the panties stuffed in my mouth gagging me, taking about cum, cum, talking about cum.

"Oops." She looked down at my penis, seeing that the bag was no longer touching me. "Dana, you're starting to swell again." She quickly pushed the bags onto me. "Stop thinking about whatever you're thinking about, it's getting you all excited."

No, no, it wasn't getting me excited, no, it wasn't possible, not what I was thinking about, no, no, it couldn't. Tiffany just watched me, a small smile on her face, a 'gotcha' moment, an 'I know what you're thinking about, sissy' look, one I couldn't deny through the gag, couldn't deny because, fuck, because she was right!

Suddenly it wasn't cold anymore, though when I looked down, Tiffany still had the bag covering me. "Can't feel it?" I shook my head. "You're numb," Tiffany said, "and back to your normal size," she took the ice and towel away, "well, maybe a little smaller, but it doesn't matter, sissies don't need to worry about size, the smaller the better." I was nothing, an inch, maybe, just maybe two, but that's it, and given the two and a half inch limitation of the cage, that's about all it would be for the foreseeable future. Small, locked, shrunken, confined.

With seemingly practiced hands, Tiffany started to install the cage. First, the half moon plastic went under and around the back of my balls, then a plastic piece with small posts through the half moon, completing the circle around the base of my penis and balls. Next was the cage itself, quickly slipped over my flaccid penis, quickly connected to the posts holding the ring around me, and finally, a small brass padlock, a click, and the cage was snapped shut, literally and figuratively, my freedom gone, my penis, my orgasms, now property of Tiffany, no longer belonging to me.

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Can one adequately describe the feeling of being in chastity to one who has never been in chastity? What it's like to be locked up, literally, to have one's penis caged, trapped, taken over and locked, actually locked with a real lock and key? The feeling is at first, immediately and unequivocally, emasculating. Not feminizing, which comes later, but at first simply emasculating.

To be emasculated is to feel a loss of manhood not replaced with something else, something feminine. Just pure loss of manhood. Historically, physically, this word referred to castration, though there can be emotional emasculation, too, loss not of the physical essence of masculinity but the

mental and emotional feeling of being a man. I immediately experienced both. Physical emasculation from the loss of my penis—truth be told, even small, even told over and over how it did not please Tiffany, how it was basically worthless, that was simple mental emasculation. Locked in chastity, I now experienced real and true physical emasculation. My penis, part of me, perhaps part of my essence, was gone. Attached, yes, but gone just the same. The instant Tiffany clicked the lock shut, my penis, for all practical purposes, for all sexual purposes, ceased to exist—that's how I felt. As if I no longer had a penis.

It was strange, for at first the sense of emasculation did not push me to a comfortable feeling of feminization. Before, when I tucked my penis, I quasi-physically made it disappear, but the loss of masculinity was replaced by an overwhelming sense of femininity. My manhood, always diminished, was removed and replaced by womanhood. But now, at first, all I felt was the loss of my manhood, replaced by nothing, just gone, yes, as if castrated, gone.

"Doesn't look like anything is pinching," Tiff said, adjusting my balls, lifting, moving from side to side. Already the numbness from the ice was wearing off, already I could feel certain sensations, awareness that the cage was touching the tender skin of my penis, the sense of Tiffany's fingers on my balls, the movements. She moved her hands from my balls to the shaft itself, gripped the plastic. "It looks so cute all small and locked up." She was holding me, circling one of her fingers, and where I should feel arousal by her touch, erotic sensations from her skin on mine. I felt nothing, nothing at all, nothing.

I felt emasculated; I felt castrated; I felt nothing, like my penis did not even exist. "Can't feel that?" she asked, looking up at me, knowing that I couldn't.

"Nnnfff," I said through the panty gag, my tongue getting a large taste of her, the sensation of taste already seemingly enhanced by the loss of the sensation of touch between my legs. The taste of her cum.

She bent down, kept her eyes locked on mine, "How about this," she grinned evilly, then bent her head further down, stuck out her tongue and seductively and sensually licked the length of my penis through the plastic cage. "Or this," she asked again before opening her mouth and taking the plastic cage between her lips and sucking.

"Nffffff," I groaned, sucking hard on her panties, instantly driven wild by the sight of Tiffany going down on my, by the visual sensation of Tiffany sucking me, licking me, blowing me. But at the same time, I was frustrated, completely sexually frustrated, because I couldn't feel it, not a thing, my penis



was in her mouth but I felt nothing, nothing at all.

She laughed, clearly enjoying my frustration, enjoying tormenting me and teasing me. "No? That's because only men get to enjoy something like that, men with cocks, men who can please women...not sissies with little boy clits." She started crawling up my body, licking my stomach as she advanced. "Sissy clits get locked up because sissy girls like you can't be trusted, you said so yourself." She was up even with me, her breasts touching mine, kissing my neck, making my skin tingle with every flick of her tongue.

"You can't be trusted not to touch yourself, can you? You'd play with yourself the second I turned my back, wouldn't you sissy?" I was breathing heavily, sucking heavily. "Wouldn't you?"

"Hmmmffff," I was panting, eyes fluttering. She started moving her hips back and forth, caressing herself against the chastity cage, carefully and gently touching me, at least touching the cage, for I could feel her weight, but could feel nothing of her wet pussy. But there was something else I could feel, a certain pressure, a tightening, like when I was tucked into my panties.

"Wish you were inside me, don't you?"

"Hmmm, hmmmffff, hmmmffffg," I moaned, yes, yes, yes, fuck yes. The pressure was building and building and I suddenly realized what it was, realized that I was swelling, that the pressure was my penis swelling to the confines of the chastity cage, swelling to where it had no room to grow.

"Wish you could just push inside me?"

"Uggh, uuuugggghhh," I started to hurt, not a sharp pain, but a dull ache.

"Sissy girls don't belong inside women, Dana, you know that. Women need to be fucked by men, women need to feel real cock inside them, not little sissy clits."

Breath in and breath out, in and out, in and out

"That's why you're in a cage, Dana, because sissies can't be trusted to not try to stick their little boy clits inside a woman...and, you know this, right? You know you're not allowed inside me or any other woman."

"Ohhhh," I shook, overcome by emotion, by erotic thoughts, "Ohhhhhh," I moaned, the dull ache taking over, controlling.

"Do you know how wet it makes me knowing you're locked up, Dana? Knowing you can't cum no matter how badly you want to? Knowing your boy clit belongs to me? Knowing that you won't cum again until I let you? Knowing how badly you want to, knowing you can't. Do you?" She planted tender kisses all over my face and neck, licked, toyed, teased. "Thinking about your little clit



locked inside that cage begging for release makes me almost as wet as thinking about a real man's cock inside me, Dana. Almost."

I looked into her eyes, desperation, ache, desire.

"Your boy clit is not allowed inside me, Dana. I only want a man.." She kissed my ear again, her tongue once again lighting my face on fire as it passed over me, whispered in my ear. "Guess which one's going to happen first, sissy? That you'll be unlocked or I'll have a cock inside me?" She moved her head to my other ear, rubbing her breasts on my breast forms, rubbing her pussy on the cage. "God I wish you had real breasts," she said before answering her own question. "I'll give you a hint lover, which shouldn't come as a surprise, it won't be you getting unlocked."

My eyes opened wide, the strain from the swelling was close to unbearable, caused by everything, by my feminization, my emasculation, my chastity, my fiancée's body and mind, and most, by the thought of her cuckolding me.

"That's what you want, isn't it love? For me to feel a man inside me, filling me, fucking me, making me cum. You want me to have cock, don't you? Real cock?"

"Ggmmmmfff," I moaned, eyes barely open, straining—against my bonds, against the sides of the cage, at the panties in my mouth.

"You have to answer out loud, sweetie. Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot about my dirty, cum filled panties in your mouth. Well, it doesn't matter, I know what you want, I know you want me to cuckold you, don't you? You can just nod," she said, nodding her head up and down. "You want me to cuckold you, don't you?"

I nodded with her nods, I mean, I didn't want her to cuckold me, but I did. Desperate, I wanted it, needed it, had to have it.

"That cage isn't coming off for awhile, weeks, maybe months, and by the time it does I'll have had cock inside me. I'll have had a man's cock in me, sweetie..."

I was getting dizzy, felt like the room was spinning out of control. Every time the word 'cock' escaped her lips, a jolt of electricity shot through me, from my brain to my boy clit, boom, boom.

"I'll have had John's cock inside me, sweetie..."

John's cock...fuck...not a pretend cock, not some unseen fantasy of a man, a real cock from a real person...John...John...

"John's cock in me over...and over...and over..."

"Mgffff," I moaned in ecstasy, my head moving back and forth, making it

easier for her to whisper in one ear then the other.

"By the time I unlock your little clit, sissy, by the time I finally let you squirt just once, John will have cum inside me, I promise you, maybe again and again and again. And maybe next time I gag you with my panties, it won't be just my cum you're tasting."

I started thrashing on the bed. If I wasn't bound, if I wasn't in chastity, my hand would be on my penis in a flash—and that's all it would take, a moment, an instant, a stroke, maybe two to make myself explode.

"Oh fuck you make me soooooooo hot, Dana, fuck, fuck," she shook her head, "fuck...this is everything I wanted...everything...and you know what makes me so fucking wet right now, besides cock, besides dreaming of John fucking me?"

I shook my head no, afraid to even imagine what she meant, what got her hot this instant, afraid, needing to know, but afraid.

"Knowing that in just a minute I'm going to climb on your face and you're going to lick me until I cum a dozen times and that it's going to be days or weeks or even months until you get to cum yourself!"

Fuck, I think I may have passed out, I don't know, but it's possible, for the next thing I knew, she was on top of me, the panties were out of my mouth, replaced by the soft folds of her pussy and she was riding my face to orgasm after orgasm.

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I stood between Lindsey, the only stewardess assigned to the flight, and Captain Fisher, anxiously waiting for Ms. Bradburry to perform her inspection. We were all wearing red uniforms, short-sleeved knit dresses with plunging neck lines and gold accents, nude hose, and red heels. I didn't know, couldn't tell, what lingerie the other two wore, but I had on pantyhose over a sheer white bra and panty set, all, of course, over the chastity cage safely held close to my body and hidden by the flair of the dress. A girdle was packed in my overnight bag, needed for tomorrow's uniform, which included a tight pencil skirt. There was no mound today, nothing visible on the front of my skirt, but tomorrow, without the girdle, there would be.

Needless to say, the chastity cage was foremost in my mind, so I was a nervous wreck, fidgeting from heel to heel, thinking again and again of the predicament I found myself in.

Locked in chastity, my orgasms were under the control of someone else

—someone I loved, someone who loved me back, but certainly under her control. And it wasn't simply that Tiffany, literally, held the key to my boy clit, it wasn't just that she alone now determined when I would be unlocked, when I would be released, when I would 'squirt' as she called it. It wasn't even that by locking me up, she'd brought me from thinking about sex often to thinking about it constantly, which was strange, for she was adamant that I would not be released for some time, so thinking about it was self-torment.

There was also the constant thought about the other aspect of my chastity, that the next time I was unlocked and allowed to 'squirt' I would be a cuckold. That's what she had promised me. "By the time I unlock your little clit, sissy, by the time I finally let you squirt just once, John will have cum inside me again and again and again."

That's what she had said. That's what she had made clear and unequivocal. I was not going to orgasm (squirt) until she cuckolded me. I was not going to orgasm (squirt) until she had fucked a man, John, not once, but again and again. I was not going to orgasm (squirt) until he was inside her, I was not going to orgasm (squirt) until she'd felt his cock inside her, I was not going to squirt until he'd fucked her, I was not going to squirt until he'd filled her with his cum over and over and over.

She had been vague on something—the manner of my orgasm, my 'squirt'. She specifically did not promise that I was going to squirt inside her. In fact, she specifically promised that I was not going to actually fuck her. She'd said over and over again that sissy girls do not fuck women; she'd said over and over again that I did not bring her sexual pleasure when I was inside her; she'd said over and over again that she wanted a man, John, to fuck her. I inferred from this, quite naturally, that I was not going to fuck her when I was finally unlocked, a thought that oddly drove me wild with desire to be unlocked. The more I thought about her telling me I couldn't fuck her, the more I wanted to fuck her.

Odd, because every time I thought about cumming, squirting, or having an orgasm, something I thought about constantly now that I was in chastity, all I could think about was how badly I wanted to be inside Tiffany, and how it seemed unlikely that was going to happen.

Standing next to Lindsey and Captain Fisher, I thought of it again, Tiffany unlocking me, and begging her to let me inside her. "No, sweetie," she would answer, "I only let men inside me now. Men. Men."

"Miss Sullivan," a voice shook me from my dream, Ms. Bradburry's voice as she strode confidently into the room from her office.



"Yes, Ms. Bradburry," I straightened up.

"I want to see you in my office," she said, walking up to me. Giving the other two women a cursory glance, she dismissed them without further thought. "You two girls are fine, have a safe flight. Miss Sullivan will be along shortly, Captain Fisher. Miss Sullivan, with me," she strode quickly too her office, too quick for me to even keep up.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, nervously walking into her office, where she waited leaning up against the front of her desk.

"Shut the door, Miss Sullivan." I shut the door behind me, stood in front of her, eyes averted.

"I understand from your fiancée that you're not in compliance with uniform regulations today, Miss Sullivan."

"No Ma'am," I said, looking at the floor.

"And that you won't be for the foreseeable future."

"No, Ma'am, but...but maybe just for a week or two," I said hopefully.

"Well, I got the impression that it was going to be longer, more like a few months, but that's neither here nor now. What matters to me, what matters now, is that you look like a woman at all times. And quite frankly, I've been concerned for some time about you having an accident, suddenly one of my girls displaying a very unladylike bulge."

"Nothing like that has happened, Ms. Bradburry," I protested, thinking that even when I was turned on, nothing like that happened.

"Perhaps not, Miss Sullivan, but I wouldn't want something to slip however accidentally, and one of our passengers finding a bulge in the line of your uniform."

"I'm very careful, Ms. Bradburry, I really am."

"Yes, I'm sure, Miss Sullivan, but again, it only takes one accident, one cute guy, and..."

"I'm not attracted to men," I folded my arms in protest.

"Really? Is that the case?"

"Yes!"

"Well that's fascinating—it seems some are quite pleased with you. I've had several passengers email me and tell me how much they liked flying with our new pilot. One in particular was quite smitten with you."

Of course I knew exactly who she meant, which passenger was smitten with me, and blushed as the memory of his hand touching me ever so gently and briefly flashed into my mind.

"Ahhh, you seem to remember—Tiffany certainly thought it was cute."



"You told her?"

"She asked how you were doing. I told her just fine, that you fit in very well with the other crew, and the passengers all seemed to like you, that you flirted very well. She asked what I meant. I told her that several were smitten with you. Like I said, she thought it was cute that you fit in so well."

I looked down at the floor, embarrassed that Tiffany had heard about the man who was hitting on me, ashamed that she found it cute. "I...I'm not attracted to men, Ms. Bradburry," I said.

"I wouldn't worry too much about it, Miss Sullivan, there's always sexual tension between our flight crews and the passengers; that's kind of the point, isn't it? The problem is, I've been concerned about that tension turning into something, well, visible, but that's apparently something I don't need to worry about anymore."

"No, Ma'am, you don't."

"Let me see it, Miss Sullivan." I had assumed it would come to this, but that did not make it any easier. So, after a moment's hesitation, I reached for the hem of my dress, felt my face redden. It wasn't as if I had much choice—no one flew without Ms. Bradburry's okay. And it wasn't like she hadn't seen me like this every other time I flew. So, I raised the hem up my thighs, up to my waist, exposing the crotch of my nude hose and sheer panties, exposing the chastity cage, which I knew from looking in the mirror earlier was quite visible through my lingerie.

"My goodness, it's much smaller than I imagined, it can't be any longer than...."

"The cage is two and a half inches, Ma'am," I said helpfully.

"Cage," she nodded at the description. "Two and a half inches," she smirked, "I don't mean to offend you, Miss Sullivan, but I'd been wondering how a woman, how Tiffany, could, um, do without, you know." She glanced down at my crotch. "But it seems she won't be missing much, will she?"

Just as I started to say something, she held up her hand. "Again, I apologize, this isn't of my concern, my only issue is how it fits in with your uniforms, but, well, that small a cage." She almost laughed at the word. "That size, it won't be much of an issue, will it now?"

"No, Ma'am," I agreed, watching her stare at the cage, still lifting the hem of my dress. "May I," I asked, wanting to lower it.

"No, not just yet, Miss Sullivan," she answered, leaving me holding the hem up, leaving me still exposed. "I'm sorry, this is purely prurient on my part, but..."

"Ma'am?"

"It's just so adorable, I'm sorry, I just don't see how your fiancée would ever want to, you know, how you'd ever make her, I mean, why she doesn't just..."

She didn't say what she thought, though what she meant was clear enough, she wanted to know how Tiffany could ever want my little boy clit. She didn't. How I'd ever make her cum. I couldn't. Why she didn't just take a lover. She was going to. But I didn't want to say these things, I didn't want to confess to Ms. Bradburry that I couldn't sexually satisfy my fiancée, that she intended to cuckold me and I wanted her to, that I found the mere thought of Tiffany fucking a man so fucking erotic that I swelled constantly in the cage, constantly because I thought about it constantly. I couldn't tell Ms. Bradburry this. Maybe Lindsey, maybe. Maybe Captain Fisher, doubtfully, but maybe since I did fly with her, but certainly not Ms. Bradburry.

"Well, that's none of my business, I suppose, mine is just making sure my girls are pleasing to our passengers, and, well, not only are you still adequately flat, but I think the cage solves the potential problem, too. So," she smiled, "I'll approve you to fly."

The second I boarded the plane, Lindsey was there by my side as I entered, likely waiting for me. "What'd she want?" she asked. "Is everything okay?"

"Fine," I answered, a half truth, half lie, walking past her towards the cockpit to start the preflight routine. "It was...nothing." She raised her eyebrows, clearly catching my pregnant pause, clearly understanding that it wasn't nothing, that it was far beyond nothing, but she then let it go. For now.

"We'll talk tonight," she said, reaching over and touching my arm.

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Lindsey was true to her word, as less than a minute after we checked into our suite, before I could do anything but set my bags on the suitcase stand, she was at my bedroom door, knocking softly, opening the door, and coming in before I could tell her not to.

"Lindsey, I...I don't want to..." I started to say, started to tell her to leave, that I didn't want to talk about it. But I couldn't finish, simply sat down on the bed, mentally tired.

"What did Ms. Bradburry want," she asked, anger rising in her voice, protective anger.

"It's nothing, Lindsey," I said. But she wasn't about to accept that.

"Miss Sullivan, sometimes she thinks she has more power than she actually does. You can't let her bully you, you can talk to Mrs. Peterson or..."

"It's not her, Lindsey. I mean, yes, I talked to her, but it's not about her, she just wanted to check something on my uniform, something she had to approve. She was fine, really."

"You look fine," Lindsey said, looking me up and down. "You look great, everything looks great, what could she possibly want?"

I sighed, frustrated at Lindsey's concern when I shouldn't be. After all, she really did seem to care about me, seemed to genuinely see me as one of her girlfriends, someone to look after, look out for. "It's ... fuck, Lindsey," I sighed again, knowing that she wasn't about to let this go. Though part of me was relieved, I think I wanted to talk to her, wanted to confide in someone. "It's something Tiffany wanted me to wear; Ms. Bradburry just had to approve it, it was nothing," I said, knowing she would press for an explanation, perhaps wanting her to press, needing her to if I was going to tell her, since, in a way, she was partly responsible for Tiffany's decision, having started my slumber parties.

"Something Tiffany wanted you to wear? I...I don't understand," she said, again looking me up and down, seeing nothing amiss with my uniform, seeing nothing that would need Ms. Bradburry's approval.

"I don't even know how to explain it without making it sound crazy, Lindsey."

"Crazier than all this," she laughed playfully. "Crazier than you're a boy working as a girl?" She touched my arm again, her warm skin sending tingles up my arm. It was strange—of course I was attracted to her, she was a beautiful woman, but I wasn't attracted to her like I was Tiffany, whom I longed for, pined for, needed, couldn't imagine life without. I really saw Lindsey as a friend, a girl friend, a girl friend the way women were friends, not at all the way I thought of Tiffany. And it was apparent that Tiffany, for whatever reason, understood this, even encouraged it, perhaps realizing that I needed someone to talk to. That I needed a girl friend. With everything that implied. I realized how smart Tiffany was, how kind, how considerate, giving me this...this gift of someone like Lindsey—how much I needed it.

Perhaps as much as Tiffany needed a man. Not to love, not to fall for, but in a different way than she needed and wanted me. Of course, Tiffany now saw me as a girl, and to some extent we were both girl friends and girlfriends. The kissing friend I had in Lindsey was, in large part, much like part of the



relationship I had with Tiffany. The differences being that I was in love with Tiffany and that I wanted, even needed, to submit to her. I was both her girlfriend and her sissy, both her lover and her submissive. I realized that the chastity was part of that distinction, that Tiffany would allow me, even encourage me to have girl friends, but the chastity cage was an ever-present reminder that I belonged, emotionally and physically, to her.

"Lindsey, I..."

"Crazier than my new kissing girl friend is a sissy?" She sat down on the bed, scooted behind me, started rubbing my shoulders. "Listen, Dana, I'm not a fool, I think I get it more than you think I do, I understand that a woman doesn't fall in love with a boy like you, with a sissy, without their being some, um, unique aspects to your relationship."

"That's an understatement," I said, relaxing as her fingers kneaded my shoulders.

"You're submissive to her, aren't you," she blurted out.

"Lindsey!" I was shocked to hear something like that come out of her mouth, even more shocked that she seemed to grasp the roles of my relationship with Tiffany.

She continued to rub my shoulder, the massage so easily diffusing my anxiousness. "I told you I understand more than you think, Dana—not that I came to some divine understanding, but it isn't too hard to read about stuff like this on the net. I mean, hell, all I had to do was Google 'sissy' to learn that a sissy often assumes a submissive role to a dominant partner—that's straight out of Wikipedia." She continued to massage my shoulders and upper arms, her touch relaxing me, lowering my guard. "I'm right, aren't I? You're submissive to her?"

"Yes," I lowered my head, "I...I am."

"That's nothing to be ashamed about, at least not to me, I think that's so, I don't know, romantic."

"You're just saying that."

"No, I'm not, Dana, really. She loves you, obviously, and you love her just as obviously, and I think it makes you both genuinely happy that you're her sissy and submit to her. That's what's so romantic—it doesn't matter if it is right or wrong for anyone else, it's romantic because it works for the two of you."

"I never even knew until I got this job; she says she knew all along, but I never knew, Lindsey—I never felt quite right, as a boy, but I never knew, you know?"



"I don't think it matters, Dana, what you knew, I only think it matters what you know now, what you are." I felt her take the zipper of my dress into her fingers and lower it part way down my back, to the band of my bra, as she massaged lower. "What did she want you to wear, Dana? What did Ms. Bradburry have to approve?"

Dammit if she wasn't so fucking persuasive—it was a shock that a beautiful woman touching me, massaging me, undressing me, could have such influence over me. I looked down at my lap, "It's...", I started, unsure if I could say it, if I wanted to say it, how to say it.

Lindsey lowered the zipper on my dress, pulled it off my shoulders and down my arms without resistance. "Why don't you just show me, Miss Sullivan," she suggested softly, "it's okay, really."

"I...I don't know, Lindsey..."

"Shhh, you already showed that witch, Ms. Bradburry, it's okay to show me, it's just us girl friends, it's okay, really."

I swallowed, stood up. The dress fell off my arms, gathered around my waist, still covering my pelvis. I was shaking, more ashamed to show the chastity cage to Lindsey than I was to show it to Ms. Bradburry, more worried about how Lindsey would judge me than anyone else. "Lindsey..."

"Shhhh, it's okay, Dana, you can show me, it's okay, I promise." Still shaking, I looked down at the floor, lowered the dress over my feminine hips, dropped it to the floor, stood before her in just my sheer bra and panties, my hose, my heels. At first she said nothing; I was looking at the floor but I could sense her just staring at me, at it. "Oh," she finally spoke. "Oh," she repeated, "it...it's a...", she paused, searching for the right word, clearly not knowing its name despite her internet research about sissies that she earlier alluded to.

"Chastity cage," I said helpfully

"It's locked."

"Yes," I swallowed, unable to say more, too busy fighting the overwhelming urge to cover myself, to hide it, to end her inspection. It felt much worse than Ms. Bradburry's.

"I assume she has the..."

"Key? Yes," I said. I saw her hand rise, reach forward, so I froze, locked my knees in position to keep myself from taking a step backwards.

"It's so small," she said softly, even sympathetically, meaning the cage, I assumed, as her fingers rose, touched it through the lingerie, but of course meaning me, too, meaning my boy clit, too.

"Two and a half inches. It's the...the short version."

"I guess...I guess you wouldn't need a longer version, would you? I mean, you're small, too, but, well, there's nowhere to grow in there, is there?"

"No, not at all," I half laughed.

"So you can't...I mean...without her..."

"No, that's kind of the point, she...she gets to decide when. If and when."

"You're submissive, I assume this excites you, doesn't it? Giving control to her?"

"Yes, I mean, that's part of it."

"How long?"

"She didn't say exactly. A few weeks, a couple of months, I don't know, not until..."

"A couple of months, how can...wait...wait. Until what?"

"It's nothing, Lindsey," I said, looking up at her.

She switched topics, letting it go, for the time being, anyway. "She knows about this, right, that we have..."

"Yes," I laughed. "Slumber parties. That's what she calls them. This is part of that, too, to make sure, I don't know, that things don't get...out of hand, I guess."

"They wouldn't, Dana, you're one of the girls, I'd never want to do that. I'm not tempted by a little, ah, you know...I'm sorry."

"It's okay, Lindsey," I swallowed, knowing what she was getting at.

But she finished anyway, nodded, understood, smiled. She flicked my boy clit softly, smiled. "I wouldn't want a little one of these. I want a cock, a real cock, just like any other...woman," her voice trailed off and she got a quizzical look on her face.

"What?"

"Nothing, it...it's nothing," she finally said. "You were enjoying the back rub, weren't you," she asked, looking up at me with her doe like eyes, biting her lip. Standing in front of her with her on the edge of the bed, there was little of her dress covering her swelling breasts and little of the hem covering her thighs.

"I was," I nodded, looking at her in a way that might be considered improper, a way that many women, even most, would be upset by if their boyfriends or fiancées looked at a woman that way. But Tiffany had given me permission to be here, to do this, to have a 'kissing girlfriend.' She had even set the parameters, something the chastity cage painfully reminded me every time I looked at Lindsey.

"Why don't you lie down on the bed and I can continue then, I think you

could use the relaxation. Besides," she said reaching for and touching the chastity cage, smiled "it seems that your fiancée would agree that you're allowed some pleasures, right?"

"I suppose that would be okay," I said moving slowly to the bed, stretching out, feeling my fake breasts and my confined up penis press down into the soft duvet cover. I heard another zipper and looked over my shoulder to see Lindsey reaching around the back of her own uniform, undoing it and letting it drop to the floor, reaching around again, and quickly letting her bra follow, leaving her standing there in just pantyhose. "I'll keep mine on since you have yours on. Besides, I feel guilty admitting this, but this is a little fetish of mine, rubbing against another woman in hose."

Without waiting for any reaction from me, she climbed onto the bed, her pantyhose covered legs on either side of mine, slid up my body, her hands starting at my lower back moving quickly up to my shoulders, to my arms, kneading, rubbing. "Can I undo this?" she asked, fingering the back of my bra. "Will they stay on?"

I nodded, "They're glued on" I said, already feeling a growing, swelling, strain in my cage.

After she undid my bra she continued to crawl up my body, continued to rub her nylon covered legs over mine, and I heard and felt the soft friction of our hosiery rubbing together. I felt warmth on my back -- she was bent over, her breasts resting and rubbing on my back. I felt her crotch on my ass, rubbing, circling, and silently thanked Tiffany—if I could not cum, if I was not allowed, unlike Tiffany who could and would soon with John, at least I had this, at least I had something. In large measure, the chastity cage heightened my excitement and alleviated some of the guilt I felt. Not only had Tiffany given me permission to do this, but by placing me in chastity she had guaranteed that I could only do so much, only go so far. Fucking Lindsey would be impossible no matter how hot I got, how badly I wanted it, no matter how much effort I put into seducing Lindsey. In chastity, nothing my fiancée did not pre-approve could happen. I thought about the irony, about Tiffany wanting, needing to fuck a man, compared to my relief that I couldn't fuck another woman. If anything, Tiffany's insistence on me wearing the chastity cage freed me to simply be a woman.

Yes, the chastity cage, her imprisonment of my boy clit, allowed me to feel free. It was like she was there whispering to me, "do whatever you can with her, sissy, but remember you belong to me." And that's what I did remember. Tiffany was there with us, ever-present, through the prison of the



chastity cage, ever-watchful, controlling me, and in some small measure controlling Lindsey too. But freeing us to be women together.

"Feel good, Dana," Lindsey asked with an erotic whisper in my ear.

"Oh, fuck," I moaned as her body pressed against mine, as her bare breasts massaged my back, "it feels great." She moved slightly and I felt her right leg cross over mine and settle in-between my legs; then, as she moved, she bent her knee and slid it between my legs, moved upward, and touched my exposed, swollen balls through my hose and sheer panties. "Ohhhhhh," I gasped as she massaged them with her nylon covered leg. They were sore, so sore from almost constant arousal and constant denial, sore as she touched them! Yet, it felt wonderful.

"I can see it, why she'd lock you up, it's so erotic knowing you can't get an erection, knowing you can only be a girl."

"Hmmmm," I half moaned, half grunted as she continued to softly caress my balls through my pantyhose and panties, her own nylon covered leg moving effortlessly against me.

"Does that hurt," she whispered in my ear, "when you get excited?"

"Yes, a little," I said, eyes closed, trying to focus on the pleasure Lindsey was bringing me, not the pressure Tiffany's chastity cage caused. Tiffany...Tiffany...though a beautiful woman was on top of me, caressing me, seducing me, it was Tiffany who was at the moment foremost in my mind. Tiffany, my loving fiancée. Loving for allowing this, allowing me to be a woman, allowing me to experience the soft, intimate touches of a girl friend. Loving for insisting on locking me in a chastity cage, freeing me to be a woman. Loving for denying me the ability to orgasm, for ensuring that I would remain aroused, supercharged, denied, while she was fantasizing about a man, about a cock, about cuckolding me. Some might accuse her of being cruel, but she wasn't, she loved me. And I loved her.

"Hmmmm," I heard Lindsey moan, a full moan, not one mixed with pain like mine, a full moan of pleasure. Absentmindedly, I realized she was rubbing herself against the back of my leg, dragging her pantyhose covered pussy back and forth, masturbating herself along my thigh.

Tiffany, my mind returned to Tiffany, my loving Tiffany. And fucking smart! Giving me permission to fool around with Lindsey, she must have known I'd be in a state of constant arousal, that Lindsey would toy with me, tease me, as if Tiffany herself were here doing it to me. But in chastity I could not cum, I could have no release, no crash of libido, no real second thoughts about what she was doing. Just the opposite, the more I was aroused, the



longer I was denied orgasm, the tighter my chastity cage felt, reminding me I was to have no release. The more I thought about her, Tiffany, the more I thought about her touching a cock, sucking a cock, fucking a cock.

Lindsey could not make me cum no matter what, all she could do was play with me. Tiffany knew this, perhaps counted on it. If she had not locked me up, I would have swelled, I would have cum, either from Lindsey's toying with me or by my own hand. Then crashed, crushing my sexual desire. Without that, what would I be thinking about Tiffany's desire to cuckold me? Would it startle me, scare me, revolt me? Yes, of course, yes.

Tiffany was so fucking smart! Simply denied orgasm, I would have thought about Tiffany with a man, there is no question. Simply denied, I would have wanted it, but not like this. With Lindsey thrown in the mix, I didn't simply want it, I fucking craved it. Feminized, teased, denied, a beautiful woman caressing my balls, I didn't think what a real man would have thought about, throwing Lindsey on the bed and fucking her, fiancée be damned. Instead, I thought about the things only a sissy would think about, a submissive sissy. Instead of thinking about slipping my boy clit into Lindsey, I thought about a man shoving his cock into Tiffany.

I would want it in any state. Denied but not aroused, I'd want it. Even if I could cum, I'd still want it -- I'd be terrified and question everything about it, but I'd still want it. But like this, denied and in a hyper-state of arousal, I didn't just want it, I fucking craved it, I fucking wanted to beg Tiffany to fuck John, beg for it, beg to be cuckolded.

"I can stop if it hurts too much." Lindsey's voice broke through my mental picture of Tiffany on her hands and knees getting thoroughly fucked from behind by John.

"No, no, don't stop," I begged, answering Lindsey, but mentally screaming at Tiffany, don't stop, don't fucking stop, let him fuck you while I'm denied the same.

"It's a good thing you're locked up. I don't know if I'd have the willpower to stop otherwise. I haven't gotten laid for two weeks, Dana, and it's killing me, I might have even let a little penis like yours inside me, you know, just to feel something, anything."

"Oh, fuck, Lindsey, fuck," I groaned, through the ache and excitement in my swollen balls.

"I don't know how she does it, Tiffany, how she can go weeks or even months without anything. Even this would be better than nothing." I was deep breathing, in and out, slowly, one breath at a time, focusing on staying

conscious. Better than nothing, yes, but better than a man? Better than a cock? Better than John? "Or can't she?"

I gasped hearing Lindsey dance around the truth and she must have realized it. "Oh my god, Dana, she can't can she? She wants to, fuck...has she fucked a man yet?" Lindsey asked in my ear. My eyes flew open, looked back at her. She knew, she fucking knew! I don't know when she'd figured it out, but she had figured it, and my reaction was confirmation enough that she was right. "My god!" Lindsey murmured, sliding over me, her pussy over my leg, her breasts over my back, her mouth over my neck.

"No, no, she hasn't!" I stammered.

"She's going to, though, isn't she? Of course, fuck, I get it now, fuck, Dana, fuck, I mean, fuck! And you want her to, don't you, you want her to fuck a man, it turns you on, doesn't it? It turns you on thinking about her fucking a man, doesn't it?"

I was about to answer, I don't know if I was going to admit it, deny it, or avoid the question altogether. I opened my mouth to speak, but the words never came.

"Of course it turns her on, Lindsey, she's a sissy."

Captain Fisher!

I immediately turned my to the other side of the bed, towards the sound of the voice. There she was, Captain Fisher, standing next to the bed and watching us. "Cap...Captain Fisher," I stammered, startled, no, shocked, to see her standing next to us, but just as quickly realizing that Lindsey did nothing. She just continued to grind on my leg. I realized that she had been facing that way, must have known Captain Fisher was there, watching us.

"Cuckolding is the ultimate submission, letting a man fuck her because she wants it; the ultimate emasculation, acknowledging you're a sissy, you can't satisfy her. The ultimate act of love."

"Love?"

"Yes, Lindsey, love. Unconditional love. You do love her, don't you Miss Sullivan? That's why you want her to fuck a man?"

"Yes," I moaned, still in shock that Captain Fisher was standing there watching us. She nodded, arms crossed, simply watching for a moment as Lindsey continued to rub herself on me, pleasuring herself, tormenting me.

"She means it Lindsey, she really does. I...I apologize for interrupting, the door was unlocked, I thought ... I just stopped in to tell you girls that our flight was moved up, we're leaving first thing the morning, so you two should...finish up and get to bed." Without waiting for a response, Captain

Fisher turned and left the bedroom, leaving us as she found us, as she'd caught us. But any remorse I might have felt, should have felt, was overwhelmed by my sexual desire, even if that desire would go unfulfilled.

"Is she really going to fuck a man?" Lindsey whispered in my ear, never stopping humping my leg, never slowing down her grinding between my legs. "And do you really want her to? Do you really want her to feel a man inside her, filling her, fucking her, making her cum? Because you love her?"

"Yes," I shook, wanting to cum so badly that I was starting to feel dizzy, desperate, hopeless. "Yes, Lindsey, dammit, yes."

A light must have gone off in Lindsey's mind, a sudden understanding, realizing where all the pieces fit together, the pattern. "She's not going to unlock you until..." Lindsey's voice got caught in a moan as she rubbed against my leg, as she started to shake.

"No," I quickly answered, not wanting her to say it, I was so swollen, the cage now hurt, I couldn't take it, couldn't take much more.

"Until she's...ohhhh," she started shaking again, now digging her fingers into my shoulders, "ohhhh..." She was cumming, shaking and cumming against my leg.

"No," I confirmed again, jerking in a mixture of pleasure and torment, "no, no."

"Until she's..." she started to say it, shook, stopped, almost didn't continue, but did, had to, simply had to. "You're not going to cum until she's fucked a man...ohhhhh." She was cumming, cumming hard, humping my leg, thinking about Tiffany and me, enjoying it, maybe even enjoying my excitement over the torrid situation. Regardless, she was cumming, something I couldn't do, wouldn't do, not now, not tonight, not later, not for some time. Lindsey collapsed onto the side of me, one bare breast pushed into my side, one on my arm, her pantyhose covered legs intertwined with mine, and I once again fell asleep cuddling her, denied as before, this time by the chastity cage, this time by Tiffany. I fell asleep with Tiffany's voice in my head, speaking the words Lindsey uttered as she exploded, "You're not going to cum until I've fucked a man!" I fell asleep thinking of Tiffany going out the next night, meeting friends from work, flirting, seducing. I fell asleep fantasizing about Tiffany getting turned on by the charms of a man. I fell asleep dreaming of my love, happy, satisfied.

## Chapter 13 – Tease and Teased

Much to my disappointment, Tiffany was gone by the time I got back home, the garage empty and the house dark. I'd hoped to have caught her before she left for her evening out, hoped she would have waited for me so we could talk one more time before she went out. I might have but for delays getting airborne, and once we were in the air I wasn't able to text her and ask her to wait, though I don't know if she would have anyhow, since she was supposed to meet her friends from work at 7. Her friends including John. She left a note, though, on thick white stationary in the middle of the kitchen counter.

Dana,

I waited as long as I could. I'm supposed to meet the girls (and the guys...and John) at 7, so I can't wait any longer. Not sure what time I'll be home so you don't have to wait up until I get home.  
Love you sooooo much,

Tiff

I wish I'd seen her, wish I'd seen how she'd dressed, wished I could picture how others were seeing her tonight, how John was seeing her tonight, how she was dressed when she flirted with him. There was a PS to the note.

P.S.

It's complicated, I know, Dana, all of this, but remember, no matter what, that I love you, I love you so much. And I love making love to you — like two girls, of course — it gives me great joy. And I never want to lose you, my special girl. At the same time, Dana, I love just as much the way you submit to me, I love the thrill of controlling your orgasms, I love thinking of you getting excited by the thought of me with a man — it's so fucking intense. I guess I'm just saying that these are some of the



reasons I love you. I love how sweet you are, I love how sensitive you are, I love how soft you are, I love how feminine you are, I love how submissive you are, and I love how much you want me to be happy. No matter what I'm doing, I'm ALWAYS thinking of you!

## T

I know, such a note would send a normal man into a tizzy, a jealous rage, just the mere thought, the suggestion, of one's woman with a man would be enough to send him to emotional, even physical war. But I wasn't a normal man, I was barely a man, perhaps not a man at all, something quickly confirmed by my manner of dress, my manner itself. As if for confirmation, I looked at my body, at the low cut three-quarter-sleeved white blouse I wore, cut in at the waist to emphasize a woman's waist to hip ratio, to emphasize her breasts. The blouse was tucked into a belted light blue pencil skirt, flat even on me despite the chastity cage I wore because it was held in place by an open bottomed girdle. My uniform was accessorized by a blue and white scarf around my neck, a pretty hat, and high heels giving my legs that taut, feminine appearance. Not only was I feminine, I was a 1950's airline ad brought to life, femininity on display, sex on display, not a single part of me giving any hint that somewhere, anywhere, was I anything other than a complete woman.

No outward hints, though there was one small, hidden clue. Underneath the girdle, a small penis, a boy clit, was locked up in a two and a half inch plastic chastity cage, the smallest of cages keeping the smallest of boy clits dainty, feminine, and under control. I tried to put that thought out of my mind, because thinking about the chastity cage only made me think about Tiffany, and right now, thinking about Tiffany made me think about John with Tiffany, which only made me swell with excitement in a futile effort against the imprisonment of the cage. I could take it in small blocks of time, take the pressure, take the desperation for release, but I couldn't take it for hour after hour. I couldn't be semi-erect for the rest of the evening, it would simply be too much.

I was tired after two days of flying and thought it best to unpack my bag and change out of my uniform into pajamas, hoping the routine of unpacking and getting ready for bed would make me forget about the date my wife was on (if date was the right word—she was meeting friends, including John, so perhaps it was really a pre-date, a harbinger of things to come, a last chance

to change the course, to give me time to talk to her once again). After taking my bag upstairs to the bedroom and unpacking, all I wanted to do was slip into something pretty and comfortable, or as comfortable as I could get wearing a chastity cage, then have a glass of wine and wait patiently for Tiffany to come home so we could talk.

Of course there is irony in that, richly deserved irony. My fiancée was out flirting with a man, a man she was attracted to, a man she admitted she wanted to fuck, and for the moment my mind was focused on which pretty piece of lingerie I should wear while I waited for her to come home. I thought for the moment only of which delicate silk or satin nightie would look best, how could I look especially pretty and feminine for the love of my life, the love who was at this moment thinking of me, but out flirting with a man. I thought only of what pretty, feminine lingerie would flatter my figure, would hide my little locked up boy clit. Yes, the irony, knowing at that very moment, when I was trying to be soft and pretty, John was likely doing the opposite, effortlessly being strong and masculine, interacting with Tiffany as a man, impressing her, seducing her with the essence of an alpha.

And I was only a sissy waiting for her to come home. Not allowed to cum, to take care of her. 'Your orgasm belongs to me,' she'd said, I'm a sissy. As a sissy, I was allowed to pamper her. Unlike a man, unlike John, my pleasure was in serving her, making her happy.

I thought of the irony of what I was doing as I pulled a pair of nude pantyhose from my drawer, intending to wear them to bed so as to hide my chastity cage, much as I'd done when wearing pantyhose under my uniform the day before, much as I'd done when wearing them to bed with Lindsey the night before. It was ironic that I was hiding my boy clit, hiding it to appear more a woman to Tiffany, when what she wanted was the thing John would make no effort to hide and likely could make no effort to hide — cock. Pointing my toes and slipping the hose up my legs, I caught myself actually admiring myself, admiring the soft, feminine shape of my legs, the sheen from the nylon, the dainty look, and realized how wonderfully erotic it was to wear pantyhose to bed, for the softness on my legs, for the snugness in my crotch. To make me feel like, look like, a woman.

Suddenly, smiling, I knew just what lingerie to wear, something Tiffany had bought for me, showed me, still unworn in the back of my lingerie drawer. Yes, the delicious irony of a sissy suddenly quite pleased, knowing exactly what lingerie she wanted to wear to look pretty for her woman, who at the moment was out flirting with a man.

I went to the drawer, rummaged through, found what I was looking for, and gasped softly as my fingers touched the soft, delicate teddy, as I caressed the pink and lavender silk, the French Chantilly lace. I pulled it from the drawer and let the silk glide through my fingers as the garment opened up like a delicate flower. The teddy was loosely cut, like a camisole and tap panty set as opposed to a bathing suit, the Chantilly lace at the leg openings and the top revealing the hips and bust. I stepped into the teddy, guided the soft fabric up my nylon covered legs, and pulled the elastic waist over my hips, the bust over the bra covering my breast forms.

I looked at myself in the mirror, turned to see my rear, stood on my toes simulating wearing heels, and saw the most beautiful and delicate of feminine creatures looking back at me. In fact, despite dressing as a woman and living as a woman for some time, I don't think I ever felt more feminine than I did at that moment. Maybe it was because day after day I was accepting that my gender orientation was truly that of a woman, that I was a GEM, a gender enhanced male. Maybe it was because, as horny as I was, locked in a chastity cage, the only part of me that was even remotely male—barely at that, small, quick to squirt—was effectively gone. Maybe it was because I knew that at that very minute my fiancée was out flirting with a man, fantasizing about him, reinforcing that as much as she loved me, it was as a girl, not a boy, that she loved me.

I looked at myself again in the mirror, at the swell of my breasts in the pink/lavender silk, reached up, touched them, caressed them, cupped them, toyed with the realistic heft and feel. For a moment, then another, then longer still, I realized I wished they were real, that I had real breasts to play with, to touch, to share with Tiffany. I looked down between my legs, could see not a trace of my boy clit or the cage that secured me. Oh I knew it was there—I could feel the pressure, the sides of the cage from my swelling — but I could not visualize it, so well hidden was it by the hose and the folds of silk. Still cupping my breasts, I wanted them to be real and my boy clit to be fake.

I walked down to the kitchen, sashayed, pranced, half on my toes, swaying my hips as if trying to seduce Tiffany (or a man, I foolishly thought), and poured myself that glass of wine I so desperately needed. Tiffany would not be home for some time, for hours, longer, so I sat down on a love seat in the sunroom off the kitchen, intending to drink my wine, to unwind from two days of flying and generally relax before going to bed, to wait for my fiancée to come home.

At least that was my plan, for while sitting there thinking of her — how



could I not — my eyelids grew heavy and I let them blink slower and slower, thinking to wait just one more minute until I went to sleep, another minute, another minute...

\*\*\*\*\*

Bam!

My eyes flew open at the strange sound and I was immediately disoriented by the dark, by the seemingly unfamiliar surroundings. Where was I? A hotel? A flight? I felt the constriction of the cage, the tightness of pantyhose, the softness of lingerie and a certain ringing of familiarity. Fuck! It came to me! I was home, not in bed, but home; I'd simply fallen asleep on the love seat in the sun room. I'd fallen asleep and something had woken me up? What was it? The garage door? Was Tiffany home? No, I realized not the garage door, something else, something...

Bam!

There it was again, a car door, the first sound had been one, now another, from outside, not from the garage. Presumably our neighbor. I started to stretch, to get up to go upstairs to wait for Tiffany, not quite sure what time it was, just late, not sure how long I'd slept, when I heard voices. Voices coming up the walk towards our house, not the neighbor's. What the hell, who would be coming to our house? It was the "just waking up" daze that made me freeze, that and a complete lack of understanding of who would be coming to the door. I waited for the doorbell, tried to think what to do, knew it was dark in the house, that no one would see me even if I walked across the room quickly to the bedroom.

I was ready to move, tensed myself, thinking stay or go, stay or go. But the doorbell didn't ring. Instead keys went into the lock. Keys, fucking keys! I looked across the room—I could see the door from my spot in the sunroom — could I run across the room, could I still make it, could I move now? Who the fuck was breaking into my house? Where the fuck was my phone?

Before I could will myself into action, the door started to open, to slowly move. I tensed, terrified, fuck, oh fuck, fuck, fuck, what was I going to do, fuck, fuck!

"Shhhh, I told you she'd be sleeping."

Tiffany? Tiffany? Tiffany. Tiffany's voice. Tiffany coming into the house. Tiffany? Tiffany! But who was she talking ...



"Are you sure?" the male voice asked. The only male voice it would be, it could be, would be.

John.

It was too late to move now, they were halfway through the door and there was no way I'd ever make it past them unseen, but I didn't know what to do, where to hide now, what I could do. So I did nothing. I simply sat there, unmoving, hoping, I don't know, hoping at least they wouldn't come into the sunroom, that they wouldn't walk to the kitchen. Just hoping not to be seen. Ready, if I had to, to say hello, then to quickly get away.

"Yes, she flew today, I'm sure she was exhausted. As long as we stay out here, it's fine, she'll never wake up."

Tiffany moved for the light switches; I held my breath, fuck, fuck, fuck...but only one light came on, a small over the couch in the living area, bright enough to illuminate the immediate area but focused enough to leave the rest of the floor, including the sunroom, in shadows and darkness. I knew from experience that I was in one of those shadows, in the darkness, that unless they came right up to me, I was hidden from view.

Hidden from view. Safe, barely, hidden, safe, so long as I was silent, unmoving.

"Thanks again for bringing me home," my fiancée said as the two of them walked quietly into the light illuminating the couch, "I shouldn't have had that last drink...I was probably okay...you didn't have to..." Her hand was on his chest, a gesture that would mean one thing to John, that of course he didn't have to, that bringing her home was a pretext on her part, an expression of interest, of attraction.

"Better safe than sorry, Tiffany," he said. He fully entered the light first, pushed back towards the couch by Tiffany's soft touch on his chest. The sight of him, the contrast between me, feminine in silk and hose, and him, so masculine in a trim dark charcoal dress shirt that emphasized his muscular frame, tucked into black slacks, was simply stunning. Stunning enough that my boy clit jumped in its cage, twitched in embarrassing feminine attraction to the man slowly walking backwards with my fiancée's hand on his chest. "Besides, I was more than happy to."

I'm not attracted to men, I told myself, I screamed at myself, and I wasn't, yet, yet, the contrast between the masculinity of John and the femininity of myself was startling in its power, making me think of sitting next to him, even kneeling, looking up, surrendering, submitting. Part of me knew that's what it was, knew deep inside it wasn't the man I was attracted to, not really, it wasn't

John himself, but rather the contrast with me. My contrast to John's steady confidence, his self-assured masculinity, his display of power. Unlike Tiffany (or Lindsey or Captain Fisher), whose utter feminine beauty enchanted me, with John I was drawn to the power, to the contrast between him and me, his manhood such a contrast to my femininity that it actually enhanced my feelings of being a girl. And since I was horny and in chastity, it only made me feel the contrast in an uncomfortably sexual way.

But then Tiffany walked into the light and I immediately forgot about John.

She was wearing what a woman might describe as 'going out clothes' or 'flirting clothes' or 'catch a man by his toe clothes' because of the effect they would have on men. Maybe 'fuck me clothes.' Her black sequin wrap skirt was short, ending at mid thigh, short enough to show and showcase the majority of her off black hose covered legs, lean and taut in her heels. Her top was also black, a slim-fitting tight halter top that wrapped around her neck, crossed over and under her breasts, and tied in back. While completely covering her breasts, the slim cut and the crossover ties emphasized them in a way that was at once sexy and classy.

They looked like they belonged together as a couple, an older man, strong, assertive, confident, and a slightly younger woman, sexy, smart, classy; a woman, it was hard to believe, who not that many months ago had been to me a mousy, quiet, reserved, jeans and sweatshirts kind of girl, not this sexual creature floating through the soft light fifteen feet from me. Yes, they looked like they belonged together, like they were in a magazine shoot, a movie, US Weekly — George Clooney and whatever fashion model he was dating at the time.

"Whoa," John said when the backs of his legs hit the couch causing him to fall backwards into it, Tiffany falling with him, giggling as she landed on top of him.

"Shhh," Tiffany said resting on him for several seconds, clearly enjoying the feel of his body touching hers, "Not too loud, you'll wake Dana..."

"Sorry, sorry," he tried to whisper, talked too loudly still.

Tiffany pushed herself up off the couch, looked confused as to whether she wanted to stay in his arms or stand, whether she wanted to touch him or put some distance between him. She opted for a compromise. "Glass of wine?"

"Sure," he said, turning to the side and watching her body as she walked away and out of view, walked through the room directly towards the kitchen,

which also happened to be directly towards me.

I started to panic again, was afraid to move from my position, half curled on the love seat, feminine pantyhose covered legs folded back, the teddy emphasizing my breasts as it hid my boy clit, afraid that even breathing would betray that I was there, would startle her, would ruin everything that had happened, that may happen yet. I hoped the dark shadow would protect me, that she would not see me, that she would walk right by me.

She almost did, it was so close. She was looking where she was walking, the kitchen, not at the sunroom, not where I was sitting unmoving, barely breathing. And then the cushions shifted. I don't think I moved, I could not have, I was tensing every muscle in my body, trying to remain absolutely still, but I must have, or maybe the tensing changed something ever so slightly. Whatever it was, it wasn't loud, even I barely heard it, certainly John could not have, but Tiffany did — she was within two feet of me — and she reacted, the lizard part of her brain reacted to the sudden, unexpected sound, the fight or flight that was deep within all of us took over for an instant, and her head shifted from the kitchen to the source of the sound, towards what our ancestors would have perceived as danger. She looked directly at me.

She paused, just for a moment, surprised. Without the sound she would have walked by, perhaps would not have even seen me if she'd glanced my way. But the sound changed everything, drew her head my way, her glance, her eyes. And she must have seen me, she must have. She didn't say anything, she didn't verbalize any acknowledgment that I was there. In fact, she looked away almost as quickly as she'd looked at me, but she still paused, still stood there, staring for a moment.

Staring at me.

"Everything okay," John called out to her; I could see him glancing this way.

"I didn't ask if you wanted white or red," she smiled, looking over her shoulder at him, speaking softly.

"Either," he whispered from the light of the couch. "I'm sure I'll like whatever you bring back."

Tiffany looked my way again. "I'm sure you will," she said in a soft voice, a voice too quiet for him to hear, but loud enough for me. "I'm sure you will." She stared in my direction for another half beat before walking into the kitchen and getting a bottle of wine and glasses without turning on any lights. "Say, John," she said when she walked back past me, this time not looking my way, "why don't you move over to the chair," she pointed with the wine bottle



to an upholstered armless slipper chair off to the side of the couch. He looked over his shoulder at her, the confusion in his face, obviously thinking he was going to be sitting with her on the couch, perhaps touching, even cuddling as they drank wine, not on a chair, not away from the couch, away from her. "Trust me, John," I heard her say as she walked to the wall, flipped light switches, plunging the couch—and John—into the dark, lighting up and illuminating the chair with the same type of focused spotlight that had lit the couch.

Like the light over the couch, the light over the chair gave off little indirect light, so John was mostly gone from my view as he stood and walked over to the chair, until he was a foot or two from it and stepped into the light and sat. Tiffany had set the wine and glasses down on a table and was over at the bookshelf; suddenly soft music filled the air and Tiffany slowly walked into the light, pausing a foot from him. "I told you to trust me," she said, moving rhythmically to the music, taking a step forward, spreading his legs as she stepped between them.

The chair was perpendicular to me, so from my vantage point in the dark, I could see them both clearly. Tiffany was moving her hips back and forth, her nylon covered legs moving between his, from the inside of one of his thighs to the other, her hands at first on her hips, then moving to her stomach, upwards to her breasts, which she cupped, touched (again making me jealous mine were not real).

"Fuck," he growled as she danced for him. "Fuck," he said again, the disappointment in his eyes quickly replaced by excitement and desire he hardly imagined minutes ago. "Fuck," he said a third time, his hands moving from his lap towards my fiancée's thighs.

"No, no," she said, smiling, wagging a finger and taking a step backwards, still dancing. "You know the first rule of a strip club don't you? No touching."

"Tiffany," he reached for her. "Come on ..."

But she shook her head, to one side, away from me, then to the other side, looking right at me, talking to him, talking to me, both at the same time, "No touching!"

"Okay, okay," he agreed, dropping his hands to his side. "You're a fucking tease!" Was she ever?

She ignored him, but took a step forward again, again pushing his legs apart with hers, stepping closer to him, her knees practically rubbing his crotch as she sashayed from side to side, even touching him ever so slightly, judging from the reaction on his face. "You like?" she asked him, again looking



towards me as she spoke, and both John and I nodded our heads at the same time—he liked her seductive dance for him, I liked watching her seductive dance. Tiffany reached for the hem of her short skirt, lifted it seductively upwards, to her crotch, showing him for the briefest of moments her pantyhose covered pussy, then dropped the hem, covering herself again, as her hands continued upwards to play with her breasts. As her hands reached the tops of her breasts, she moved them downward again, this time leaning forward towards John, her knees spreading his legs more, she leaned forward, touched his chest with her hands, leaned more, planted a light kiss on it, and then dragged her hands downward, down towards his crotch, bending, squatting, her mouth almost touching him as she came to the edge of his pants, released, stood up dancing again.

"Fuuuck," he growled again, lifting then dropping his hands, thinking better of touching her and having her step back again. She just smiled at him, flashed him a seductive smile, turned to the side facing me, ran her hands over her hips and lifted the hem of her skirt again, up and down, flashing him her legs, her hips, and this time clearly rubbing the side of her leg against him, teasing him, toying with him.

"Should I get that wine now," she asked, one hand on her breast, one simulating touching herself between the legs, "or is this good enough for you?"

"Fuck the wine," he said. "Keep dancing for me."

"I thought that's what you'd say." She turned a quarter turn again so she was facing away from him, still rubbing her breasts, lowered herself while shaking her ass slowly, and ground her hips to the left, to the right, back to the left, to the right again, ground her ass across his lap. He threw back his head, making it clear she was grinding on his cock through his trousers, teasing, toying, feeling what must be a raging erection, something I couldn't get, couldn't achieve, not locked as I was, not sissified, not feminized. Raging erections were for men, I knew, men only, not sissies, not ever sissies. "Feels like someone's enjoying?"

His hands were on his legs, touching the sides of her nylon covered thighs, breaking the rules, not so blatant that she yelled at him, but pushing the boundaries, as any real man would with any woman, be it in a bar, in a strip club, or in a setting like this. "Pull," Tiffany told him looking over shoulder, down her back, "yes, untie it."

She meant the fabric of her blouse that encircled around her body, covered her breasts, went around her neck, wrapped to the back. He did as

she told, wasting no time, undid the ends of the fabric, which fell to the sides, into Tiffany's hands, giving her something to hold as she turned and faced him, teased him with the fabric now merely draped over her breasts. She danced, lowered herself, running her leg over his crotch, then leaned forward, letting go of the fabric, which dropped, immediately freeing her full, perk breasts right in his face.

I swear I grunted, the cage was tightening around my boy clit as I swelled, grew, as I got more and more excited watching my fiancée dance, seduce, slowly strip for a man. It tightened around me as Tiffany danced facing sideways to him, facing me, giving both of us a full view of her breasts, though he was the only one close enough to touch her, the only one she was touching. I swelled as she reached for the hem of her skirt again, pulled it upwards, all the way over her ass, and sat on his lap, rubbing, grinding, now only his pants and her pantyhose between his cock and her body. It was clear he was fighting the urge to touch her, to grab her, to feel her body the way she was feeling his, but he resisted, let her continue with her teasing, let her continue with her erotic dance.

She stood, turned again, looked my way once again, reached down and took her blouse off, and tossed it aside, across the room my way. She leaned into him, let her perfect bare breasts fall forward to his face, to his now open mouth. She may have warned him against reaching for her and touching her, but she was the one letting her breast, her nipple come to a rest on his mouth, ever so briefly on his tongue. Briefly because she started to kneel once again, this time kissing her way down his chest, planting kisses on him through his shirt, kissing lower, lower, to his stomach, to his belt, lower still, looking him in the eyes as she kissed below his belt, kissed down his zipper, simulated performing oral sex on him while rubbing her hair, her head, her hands on his crotch, before kissing back up his stomach, dragging her breasts across him as she did so.

This time she reached up with her hands and took the first button of his shirt between her fingers, undid it, kissed his chest, moved to the next button, undid it, kissed, repeated, working her way down his chest, undoing his shirt as she went. When she got to his waist, she pulled his shirt from his trousers, undid the last button, pulled the shirt apart, and started licking and kissing his muscular, masculine chest. When she got to the top, she turned again, her back to him, sat again, her skirt bunched around her waist as she rocked back and forth, up and down, on the obvious erection pushing against her.

I saw it, his hands move, touch my fiancée's thighs, rubbing the outside

of her legs through her hose. I waited for her to say something, to remind him again that touching was not allowed, but she stayed silent, simply rubbed herself against him, against his erection, swayed to the music as his hands moved up the outside of her thighs, following her pantyhose to her hips, to her waist, upwards still over her stomach until he finally cupped both of her breasts in his hands and massaged them.

I don't know how it happened, why, but suddenly their positions were reversed — for the moment she was no longer teasing him but being teased by him, losing her edge over him as his hands moved downward again, down her stomach to the front of her pantyhose, losing to him as his fingers found her and teased her and stroked her through her hose.

Tiffany's eyes were closed as she rocked back and forth across his cock as he fondled her, first through her hose, then as he reached down underneath the waistband of her skirt and hose. "Ohhhhhh," Tiffany moaned sharply, sucking in a breath as his fingers found her and touched her. She rolled her head to the side, opened her eyes, looked directly my way, stared at me as he made her cum within seconds of his fingers finding their way inside her. "John," she moaned, teeth chattering so loudly I heard them two rooms away, "you...you're not supposed to touch."

He ignored her...actually...he did more...he did the opposite of what she said...he must have spread her open with his fingers, found her wetness, and pushed a finger, two, maybe three inside her. "Ohhhhhh fuck, John," she moaned again, louder still as she shook with pleasure. It was all I could do to keep from moaning myself, from the pleasure of watching her being touched, made to cum by a man, and from the dull pain I experienced in the chastity cage as I swelled completely to fill the two and a half inches inside the cage.

Effortlessly, John lifted Tiffany's ass off

his lap and pulled her skirt off, her hose too, leaving the love of my life sitting naked on his lap, legs spread, one of his hands pulling her back to his chest by her breast, the other inside her, wetness finger fucking her slow enough that she had to push against his hand, physically begging him to fuck her harder and harder with his finger, at the same making her slide back and forth across his lap.

It suddenly dawned on me, as she looked my way, as she stared at where she knew I would be, as she fucked John's hand, that she was barely in control



anymore, that whatever she intended to happen this evening was a distant memory. She may not have intended anything to happen, truth be told, but the reality was that something was happening, was going to happen, that she wasn't going to stop him from pushing her further and further. If he wanted to fuck her, he was going to, she was going to let him, that's how easily, how effortlessly he had taken control of the situation. She was no longer teasing him, no, he was the one teasing her, touching her, controlling her.

Unless...unless...

She was looking at me, she knew I was there, staring at her, at them.

She was going to fuck him...

Unless...unless...

Her eyes were desperate, cloudy, begging.

She was going to fuck him...

Unless I said something. That's what her look meant, that's why she continued to stare at me as he fingered her. Now was the time. To cough. To moan. To 'wake up.' To call out. Now was the time to do something, anything, that's what her look told me. Because she wouldn't stop it, more likely, couldn't stop it, not even if she wanted to. But she didn't, of course, she wanted him to continue, to keep touching her, pleasuring her.

I wanted to shout, part of me really did. "Stop," I wanted to scream, "fucking stop, STOP. FUCKING STOP." I did, I wanted to, but I couldn't, I fucking couldn't. Watching him finger her, watching her cum, all, fucking ALL I could think about was cock, was my fiancée filled with, stuffed with, fucked by, cock, his cock.

She looked at me and I said nothing.

He fingered her and she moaned and she had an orgasm and she did it while looking at me and I said nothing.

I fucking said nothing. I could have stopped it right then and there but I said nothing.

She moaned again, desperate eyes locked on the shadow that she knew was me, waiting, cumming, waiting, shaking, waiting, groaning.

And I said nothing. Fucking nothing. My mouth opened and closed a dozen times, but I said nothing. I just watched him finger her pussy, make her cum.

Finally Tiffany turned towards John and whispered something in his ear, something that made him laugh and grin and finger her harder. "Please," I heard her say in a begging tone, "please." He laughed again, told her to stand up, to keep dancing. She did as he ordered while he watched her dance for



him, naked, dance almost as if a slave, dancing to beg him, dancing to gain her master's favor. Dancing not to tease him, but to beg him to fuck her.

"What do you want," he asked her. She looked down at his pants. "What do you want," he asked again.

"I...I told you," she said shyly.

"What do you want," he demanded.

"Please," she said, eyes darting my way ever so slightly, ever so quickly, too fast for him to understand, but enough that I saw it, that I understood she was looking at me.

"Tell me again what you want...last chance, Tiffany..." She whispered something, too soft for me to hear, too soft for him to hear, too. "What was that, Tiffany?"

"I want your...your...cock," she said, louder this time, loud enough for both of us. "I want your cock," she repeated, louder still with more conviction.

"Better," he nodded. I was biting my lip, hard, biting it to keep from screaming out, from making any sound, to keep from gasping at hearing my fiancée beg for a man's cock. "I want to hear it again," he ordered her.

"I want your cock," she said once again, looking him directly in the eyes, then lowering them again, a gesture of submissiveness like one I might give to her, but one I had never received from her myself. This was something reserved for him, for a man only, not for me. She acted like she sensed the power shift, the not so subtle change from her teasing him to him teasing her, from her controlling when and where he touched her to her begging for him to touch her. Now. Anywhere. And watching my fiancée first tease and then be teased by him was torture. Erotic torture. Every second was a struggle for me to keep quiet, but struggle I did, knowing this magnificent play being acted out before my eyes would come to a quick end if John knew he and my fiancée were not alone.

He waited to respond to her, waited, thus made her wait, made me wait. How badly did he want her? The bulge in his pants answered that, of course, but he was disciplined enough and confident enough to make her wait, to make her stand before him, naked, having already begged for his cock, to make her wait, to make me wait. His actions were a subtle reminder of how easy it was for him, how secure he was in the knowledge that women wanted him. The look on his face, the look I could clearly see from the light above him, the one Tiffany must also see, was one of disinterest, as if the lovely, beautiful, enchanting creature standing naked before him was somehow merely plain and passable. If Tiffany had told me she wanted my...boy clit...I would have

jumped up and down and probably squirted before I was even inside her. John, though, just sat there.

And it had a palpable affect on Tiffany, a woman fawned over day after day, who was not used to disinterest from men; John's calmness was quite simply driving her wild with desire. I don't know if she intended to fuck him when she walked in the door, but it was patently obvious now that she wanted him, desperately wanted him. Whatever she wanted half an hour ago, I understood now that I was going to watch her fuck a man — without doubt, if he allowed it, she would fuck him, in front of me.

There was nothing that terrified me more in my entire life; my stomach was in knots, and spasms of anxiety washed through me. But there was nothing I ever wanted more in my entire life, either. My boy clit was straining against the edges of the chastity cage and waves of sexual pleasure also crashed over me.

Inside, I silently begged him as she had done verbally, begged him to let her have his cock, begged him to let her touch him again, begged him to fuck my fiancée.

Finally, he relented, smirking, he called her name softly, "Tiffany," he said, and when she looked up at him, expectantly, told her, "you may take it out." Tiffany took a step towards him. "Slowly," he instructed her, the smirk still on his face, "and on your knees."

His instructions, his tone, brought her up short, but she did just as he asked, as he ordered. Slowly, she took one more step towards him, between his legs, and, back straight, she knelt on the ground, eye level with the hardness in his pants.

"Go on," he said, pointing casually to his erection, "you may take it out."

Tiffany, slowly still, reached up to his trousers, hands trembling, not from fear, I knew, but from base desire, base needs, base urges. I knew from the pit of excitement in my own stomach, but I also knew from the look on her face—even from where I was I could see the hunger and desire with which she looked at him, at his pants, at his waiting cock. As she took his belt in her hands and started to unbuckle him the eroticism of the power exchange between them was overwhelming. She was serving him, she was submitting to him, the same as I submitted to her. Her nakedness reinforced her submissive status just as my feminine attire reinforced mine.

Belt unbuckled, Tiffany reached for the clasp of his pants, undid it, and slowly, as she had unbuttoned his shirt, slowly unzipped his pants, giving the bulge of his cock room to push upward to the top of his boxer shorts. "You're

shaking," he observed.

"I'm sorry, I...I guess I'm nervous, I...I don't usually...," she explained, eyes darting towards me.

"Suck cock?" From twenty feet away her blush at his spoken words was obvious. "No, I imagine you don't," he nodded, obviously not knowing that part of the reason she didn't was that I didn't have a cock, part of the reason was she simply didn't like to do that for me, never had, never would. He reached for her, took her chin in his hand, lifted her face so she was watching him. "You're going to, though, you know that?"

She looked him steadily in the eyes. "Yes, I...I want to."

"Of course," he smiled, the smile of a man who was used to having a woman's lips wrapped around his cock. He reached down, took his pants in his hands, lowered both them and his boxers. "Help," he said simply. She did, for a moment the view was blocked by her arms and his, so I watched as she pulled his trousers and boxers down, watched her watch lower his pants, neither one of us looking at what was being unwrapped. Instead I was simply an observer to the erotic unwrapping as she lowered his pants down to his ankles, which allowed him to keep his knees spread, allowed easy access to...

Tiffany inhaled quickly and I did the same. I couldn't help it, no more than she could, couldn't help gasping at the sight of the cock, yes, the cock, mere inches from her face. Neither Tiffany nor John looked my way, both too focused on the area around the chair bathed in light. She was staring at it, staring like I was, at the erection before her. It — John's cock — wasn't obscenely long, seven inches I guessed, give or take (mostly give), but it was thick, remarkably thick, long enough, thick enough that even if he were flaccid, it would laughable to think he'd ever come remotely close to fitting in the cage I wore. I knew instinctively it wouldn't fit, ever. As soft as he could be, it wouldn't fit in length or girth, no, never.

I stole a glance up, at Tiffany's face, watched her for a moment watching the cock; she was enthralled by it, looked at it with eyes full of desire. And why wouldn't she? He was a man; power and masculinity simply oozed off him, spread around her, around the room. He was as masculine as I was feminine, as powerful as I was submissive, as strong as I was weak. He was a man, without doubt, as I was a sissy, without question. I felt a tingling just looking at his cock, the same tingling I'd felt when he touched me the other day, when touched by any man. And I thought again, yet again, I'm not attracted to men.

Fuck, look at that cock.



I'm not attracted to men.

Hard and thick and throbbing.

I'm not attracted to men, I'm not attracted to men, I'm not attracted to men.

"No," John's voice rang out sharply, startling both Tiffany, who was slowly reaching for him, and me, too, as I unconsciously licked my lips. Tiffany looked up at him, confused, the same look I had. "You ask first, Tiffany," he instructed, turning the tables on everything I'd ever thought about women, reversing the power I'd always assumed women possessed, the power they did possess over someone like me, a sissy, a beta. Power, it seemed, women did not have over a man like John.

She looked up at him, just as startled as I was about the power shift—I always begged her, usually, almost always unsuccessfully, to go down on me, to give me the rare blow job, even for a moment or two, to just lick me. But John wasn't asking Tiffany to do that, he wasn't about to beg. Just the opposite, he seemed he couldn't care less if she sucked his cock. He presented it as something she wanted to do, something she should ask to do, something she should beg for. The look on her face registered the surprise she must have felt, but the thing was, her eyes also betrayed her true feelings—she would beg him to suck his cock because she knew that she wanted it more than he did. I understood from where I sat; he must have had women willing to suck his cock on a regular basis but Tiffany had not had this opportunity for as long as she'd been with me.

So I watched her, watched Tiffany look at his cock, look at his erection, then look up into his eyes. I watched the mental dance between them, watched Tiffany's sexual reaction to a man, to a cock, to the power. I watched, thinking, she wants his cock because he's a man, she doesn't want my boy clit because I'm a sissy. I watched knowing that she knew I was watching, she knew she was emasculating me, she knew I was in chastity, she knew I was feminized, she knew I would be swollen and in discomfort watching her cuckold me. And she knew I would be thrilled, too.

She knew all of this—just before she said the words, just before she asked, her eyes flickered my way every so briefly. He would have taken her look for nervousness, anxiousness, even a sign of submission, but I took it for what it really was, an acknowledgment that I was watching and listening, that I was emasculated, that I was a sissy.

"May I," she swallowed, "may I suck your cock?"

I felt my stomach tighten as she spoke the words, I felt the room tilt, I felt



a massive twitch in the cage. My fiancée, the fucking love of my life, asked in the sweetest voice possible if she could suck a man's cock. She asked him if she could suck his cock. He just stared at her, though, didn't answer, just started, waiting.

Waiting for her to understand.

Waiting for her to ask properly.

Waiting.

"Please, may I please suck your cock?"

He looked her straight in the eyes, satisfied. "Yes, Tiffany, you may."

She swallowed again. "Thank you," she demurred softly, slowly once again reaching for him. This time was for real, this time I knew he would not interrupt her, this time I knew she would touch his cock—not just through his pants, this time she would take it in her hands and in her mouth.

As I watched her hands move toward his erection, towards his cock, the conflicting emotions I'd felt for weeks did not resolve themselves in the slightest—if anything each emotion grew more powerful. Part of me was horrified at what was happening, an emotion that was almost overwhelming, for the fantasy of Tiffany being with a man was one thing but this reality was something altogether different. She was about to touch a man's cock, for goodness sake, a man's fucking cock! What the Hell was I thinking, this was madness, fucking madness, she needed to fucking stop this. Right. Now.

But another part of me saw the scene differently. That part originated in my brain and ran directly downward to my emasculated, chastity-caged boy clit. That part of me involuntarily raised my left hand to one of my breasts and similarly lowered my right hand to the cage and touched it with two fingers the way a woman would her clit. That part of me wanted nothing more in the world than for Tiffany to take and stoke his cock, to open her mouth and suck it, remembering what it was like watching her suck a dildo, now wanting and needing to see her do the same with the real thing. That part of me didn't care that I was watching my future wife about to touch a man's cock. Quite the contrary, that part of me couldn't think of anything more erotic.

Tiffany took his erection, his cock, into her left hand as I squeezed my fake breast with mine, wishing it was real. She took it in her hand, wrapped her fingers around it, smiled, a smile of pure joy, a smile I often saw when we were in bed, but only when the roles were reversed, when I went down on her. The smile, full of hunger and lust for his cock, was something I'd never seen when she touched what was between my legs. And it excited me, it fucking

thrilled me! I wanted her to have him, I wanted her to have his cock, I wanted her to experience the sexual thrill of being with a man, a real man.

Tiffany took his cock in her hand, leaned forward, looked him directly in the eyes, opened her mouth, and lowered her lips onto the head of his cock. My fiancée took a man's cock into her mouth, she fucking took a man's COCK INTO HER MOUTH! That alone was incredibly emasculating, seeing that alone with a finger on my caged boy clit, seeing the mushroom head of his thick, erect cock pass between her lips destroyed any delusions of masculinity I harbored. But coupled with my attire, pantyhose and a bra and a lovely teddy, coupled with the breast in my hand, watching her did more than simply make me a eunuch, it made me into a sissy permanently. Never again would I feel like a man, never, ever again. Not after seeing Tiffany suck on the thick, bulbous head of John's cock, take it in and out of her mouth, just slightly deeper each time, getting it wetter and wetter, one hand stroking him, another cupping his balls. Not seeing her glance my way, her eyes communicating what I was thinking, that I wasn't a man, that I would never be a man, that I was a girl, that I was a sissy.

And not after imagining, god, why, why not, after fantasizing, just for a brief second or two, that his cock was in my mouth, parting my lips, touching my tongue.

Looking at him, I understood why she thought I was transgendered from the beginning—I'd never be what John was, never in a million years. I'd never be a man, never. It wasn't just about his thick cock, though that was part of it; it wasn't just about his muscular frame, though that was important, too. It was about his aura, his aura of masculinity, the alpha qualities that oozed from him. These were things I'd never had, would never have, whether or not I had a cock like John's cock. Which of course I did not. I no more had his alpha, masculine aura than I had his thick cock. I simply wasn't a man, not like him, never would be, ever.

I was a fucking sissy. She loved me, but I was a sissy. She loved me totally, but I was always going to be a sissy.

And now, watching Tiffany continue to suck the head of his cock, I was a cuckolded sissy. Exactly what she wanted, a submissive, cuckolded sissy. Exactly what I wanted, too. A feminized sissy, excited, thrilled to see his woman on her knees sucking a man's cock, on her knees submitting to a man, on her knees enjoying the thrill of an alpha man.

He was an alpha man, too, doing things I'd never, ever imagine doing to Tiffany. He reached out, took the back of her head in his hand, and guided her

mouth deeper onto his cock, not quite fucking her face, not quite forcing her, guiding her. But his movements, his attitude made it clear—she was to take more of him, of his cock, into her soft, eager mouth. That was something I'd never do, make a demand like that, a sexual demand. Never. But I wasn't him, I wasn't a man.

I was a sissy and he was a man. I begged her to play with me, he demanded it. I was happy with whatever she did, he took what he wanted. I was a sissy and he was a man.

It wasn't like he raped her—she was a willing participant, an eager participant, and the way she looked at him as she took more of his cock into her mouth confirmed how willing and eager she was. She wanted cock. She wanted his cock. Needed it. Was hungry for it.

As she sucked his cock like a woman who'd never had cock before, I was struck by something else—his relaxation, his enjoyment minute after minute of the pleasure she gave him. He watched her go up and down, looked at her directly when she looked at him, and simply enjoyed. Why did this strike me as odd? Because the few times, those rare, rare times, Tiffany took me into her mouth, one thought went through my mind over and over. Don't cum, don't cum, don't fucking cum, don't fucking cum prematurely after five or ten seconds of being in her mouth. Every time she touched me, I worried, literally every time, I worried that I'd cum within seconds.

Because I often did. Oh, not in her mouth, she was careful to be ready for that, but my worries, my attempts to keep myself from doing that often took away the pleasure I received, turning a blow job from something good to something bad.

But John clearly didn't worry. He simply enjoyed her mouth on his cock. Just sat there and enjoyed it, enjoyed her enjoying it. He enjoyed watching it like I did, obviously confident he wasn't going to cum, confident she could do this for hours and he could control himself. I wasn't going to cum because I was locked in a chastity cage. He wasn't going to cum because he was a man and he wasn't going to cum until he was ready.

He was a man and I was a sissy. Simple as that.

He was a man so he could cum when he wanted.

I was a sissy, in chastity, no longer -- but never really -- in control of my orgasms. I couldn't last thirty seconds if Tiffany did that to me, let alone minute after minute so relaxed, simply enjoying a woman like Tiff. Tiffany was giving him a blow job like I'd never experienced, sloppy and hungry and wanton and slutty. Here I thought she didn't like to give oral sex like this but I



was wrong, she did, she liked it, loved it, not sucking boy clit, but instead sucking cock.

Finally, he pushed her away, not really, not hard, not far, just enough that his cock popped out of her mouth unexpectedly. She reacted instantly, without any thought, instinctively protecting what was hers, what she wanted. She pulled his cock towards her, opened her mouth wide, lowered her head. "No," he said, holding her head back. She looked hurt, she looked desperate, she looked needy, she looked like an animal in heat. She started to ignore him, started to lower her head again, mouth searching for cock.

"No," he said again, holding her head more firmly. "Stand up."

Tiffany looked hurt, for a moment, but then understood what he meant, understood as I did, why she was going to stand, what he wanted, what she was going to do.

"You like that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, blushing slightly.

"Turn around."

She turned, immediately, turning so she could look my way as she did, so I could see her eyes, how badly she wanted him, how much she wanted cock inside her, fucking her. The blow job was nothing, a literal appetizer, cock inside her, filling her, that was the main course. Cock inside her pussy.

"What do you want, Tiffany?"

"Your cock." She answered without hesitation, but still with a hint of innocence in her voice, the shy girl I knew and had fallen in love with.

He laughed at her. "I love it."

"What?" she asked shyly.

"When good, proper women admit how badly they want cock." I had to bite my lips from crying out. Tiffany, who didn't have the same need to stay hidden as I did, did just that.

"What do you want, Tiffany? Say it again, I love hearing it."

"I want your cock," she answered immediately, playing his game, but honest just the same.

"It's been some time, hasn't it?"

"Too long," she glanced my way before looking over her shoulder into his eyes. "Way too long."

"What do you say?"

"Please? Please, John, please may I have your cock."

"Come here," he said by way of answer, reaching for her, taking her by the waist and pulling her roughly towards him onto his waist. My eyes went



wide, my stomach plunged—I assumed he was pulling her onto his cock, which would have been quite a shot, but judging from her reaction, that was not the case. If anything, there was disappointment on her face, not the outright pleasure I thought I'd see when he entered her.

"John," she groaned, disappointed, apparently expecting the same thing I expected, disappointed to land on him without his cock finding its way inside her.

"You're a hungry little slut, aren't you," he laughed. I was taken aback by his comment, by his characterization of her as a slut. Tiffany was anything but a slut. She was prim and proper despite her recent provocative attire; she never simply fucked; she was always a steady, loyal girlfriend — to me and others before me. She was, quite literally, the exact opposite of a slut, and it kind of bothered me to hear him call her that.

I know, how ironic. My fiancée was naked, sitting on a man's lap, begging him for his cock, begging him to fuck her, and I was upset because he was calling her a slut. She wasn't a slut, was she?

Sure, because all engaged women beg men to fuck them, all chaste women beg any man for his cock.

"Yes," her soft voice answered with a subtle moan, as she rocked her hips carefully back and forth. I looked down and saw his cock between her thighs, realized it was pressed, albeit gently, against her and by rocking she was rubbing his cock against her pussy, against her clit.

"Yes what?" he asked, hands squeezing around her trim waist, the muscles in his arms tensing, the pressure forcing her hips to stop rocking, forcing her backwards towards him so his cock was no longer pressing against her.

"John, please," she begged, looking back at him, trying to move her hips forward, unable to budge against his strong hold. Every time she looked back at him, she swiveled her head my way in doing to, eyed me, spoke to me just as she spoke to him.

"Yes, what, Tiffany? You need to say it to get what you want."

"Please John," she said, trying again to move her hips forward, stymied by his strong hand, "I'm desperate."

"Yes, yes you are, Tiffany, that much is obvious, but desperation alone won't get you what you want."

"Please, John, I...I..." She hesitated, couldn't bring herself to say it, but he was ready for her reluctance, ready to guide her mentally and physically. When she wouldn't finish her sentence, he pushed her forward, his hands

holding her just as tight, moving her hips forward so his cock once again touched her clit. "Ohhhh," she moaned as she felt the pressure of his cock against her, as he teased her, held her for a moment against him, then pulled her back, held her tight again.

"Now, Tiffany, I can push you off onto the floor, stand up, and walk out the door," Tiffany looked back, this time not even glancing my way, the word NO written all over her face. "Or you can admit you're a slut and get what you want. But," he cautioned her as she bit her lip, "don't you dare lie, don't you dare say it if it isn't true."

I had one hand on my fake breasts (wishing yet again they were real), rubbing all over the satin teddy, drinking in the femininity of the material, my other hand rubbing the front of my thighs, the luxurious softness of the pantyhose. Looking at them, feeling myself, I was hyper-aware of the three distinct genders—man, woman, and sissy. I watched the man hold the woman steady, denying her the pleasure she so clearly wanted. I watched the woman struggle, physically and mentally, with her urges. And I felt the sissy body, the observer, the interloper, who waited for the resolution.

"What's it going to be, Tiffany," he asked, "do I stay or do I go?" She mumbled something—I only knew it because I saw her mouth move, but I couldn't hear it, fuck, I couldn't hear what she said, I couldn't fucking hear her answer! But neither could he. "What was that, Tiffany?"

"I want you to stay, please," she said, obviously trying to push forward again, but still held firmly in place by John's strong grip.

"So, you're begging for my cock because..."

She turned her head as if looking at him, but her eyes were focused directly on me, on her lover, on her sissy. She was looking directly at me, deeply, answering his question, but at the same time talking directly to me, too.

"Because I'm a slut." Was she a slut? A real slut? Was she promiscuous, fucking anyone and everyone? No, no, and no. But there was one thing she was a slut for, one thing she wanted, needed.

John's cock. "Yes," he said, relaxing his grip on her waist, releasing the tension that had been holding her back, causing her hips to immediately jerk forward so that once again her pussy pressed up against his cock, rubbed him, made her dance with pleasure.

"Oh god," she moaned, rocking her hips the second she touched him, humping his cock, shaking, clearly in orgasmic pleasure.

He let her rub, let her bask in the pleasure, then tightened his grip once

again and pulled her back. "What do you want, Tiffany," he demanded, almost laughing, taking obvious pleasure in my fiancée's wanton disregard for her normal chaste behavior.

"Your cock," she purred, begged, moaned, trying to push forward again, unable to.

"Why?"

"Because I'm a slut...ohhhh..." As soon as she said the word he pushed her forward, let her rub again, pulled her back. "Please, John, please...stop teasing me, please...ohhhhhh, fuck..." Forward and backward, forward and backward.

"Stop teasing you? Who started the teasing, Tiffany? Who's been wearing low cut blouses and short skirts? Who's been flirting? Who's been teasing?"

"Me," she said softly, "me."

"Were you planning to fuck me when you started teasing me tonight?"

"I..."

"Were you?"

"I...I don't..."

"You don't know? You thought you could just tease a man, tease me, like I was a sniffing, wimpy beta who begs pretty girls for a chance to touch them? Were you planning to fuck me tonight, Tiffany. Don't lie."

"I...I hadn't decided," she said, straining to push herself forward, to touch his cock again.

"And you want me to stop teasing you, slut?"

"Ohhhh," she threw her head back, shaking as he again pressed her to his cock.

"I know there's a slut inside you, Tiffany...now tell me again, what do you want?"

"Your cock," she begged, "please, I...I want your cock...inside me, please John, I want you to fuck me, please...please..."

"Were you teasing me before, Tiffany," he asked, ignoring her pleas, holding her tight, preventing her from moving forward.

"I...I don't know, maybe...I...I...yes"

He moved suddenly, lifting her off his lap effortlessly, standing as he did, twisting her around without telling her what he was doing. Instinctively, she reached out for balance, grabbed the only thing within reach, the chair he'd been sitting on, taking the edges of the seat in her hands so she was standing, yet bent over, her ass, thus of course her pussy too, on display.

"What are you," he asked assertively, positioning himself behind her dominantly, and for good measure slapping her across the ass, not hard, but



not playfully either, with enough force that she jumped.

"A slut," my beautiful fiancée hissed, while at the same time I gasped in shock at seeing him smack, no, spank her ass. He spanked her, he fucking spanked Tiffany, spanked MY WOMAN. A man, no matter what had happen so far, a man would have jumped from where I sat and screamed at John. A man would have leapt up to defend her and protect her. A man would have immediately, without thinking, taken action to protect his woman. But I didn't move, I just sat there, eyes wide, mouth open, just sat there and watched, further reinforcing that I wasn't a man, wasn't a man at all. Fuck, not only didn't I do or say anything at the sight of John spanking and dominating Tiffany, quite the opposite, I rubbed my hands over my feminized body with an increased speed. I felt my breasts (I wished they were real, I wished they were real) through the satin teddy, I rubbed my small, chastity-encased clit, hating and loving what was happening.

Part of me thought Tiffany would revolt at the way he was treating her, at the way he was assertively dominating her, that the slap, the spank would be too much. But it wasn't, quite the opposite. In fact—Tiffany responded just the same as I did, not in horror at being spanked, but with increasing need and excitement and desire. "Oh, fuck," she moaned, "fuck, fuck," moans of pleasure, need, desire, not shock but wanton need.

He was standing closer to her, his erect cock close to her body, close, almost touching her. From the angle they were to me, I could see so much of her—the expressions on her face, her beautiful body, the obviousness with which she wanted him—and so much of him, too—the ease with which he had taken control of the situation, taken control of her, the smile on his face at the physical and mental game, and most of all, his cock, erect, hard, thick, all of it pointing at Tiffany, needing only a single thrust of his hips to push into her.

I realized I was staring, realized what I was staring at. Her, yes, at first, at her beautiful body, at her face, at her expression, at her quick glance over at me. At first I stared at Tiffany, at my wanton fiancée whose every action begged him to fuck her. But I kept coming back to something else, too, to something that drew my attention from Tiffany.

His cock.

I kept reminding myself that I wasn't attracted to men, yet I couldn't help but stare at his cock. I couldn't help picturing myself reaching out for it—my hand even left my waist, hovered, as if I was trying to touch it. I couldn't help opening my mouth, which was watering, as if I was kneeling behind her, next to him, her pussy to one side, his cock to the other. I thought of the day the



dildo, Johnny, came in the mail, thought of Tiffany making me 'help' keep the dildo, Johnny, hard before she fucked it, thought of her watching me stroke it. And now I couldn't help thinking of myself doing the same to the cock, to John, kneeling between them, touching his cock, taking it in my hands, stroking him, getting him ready for her. I couldn't help opening my mouth wider, imagining myself taking his cock into my mouth, at Tiffany's urging to get him wet for her, to keep him hard for her.

"I don't like men," I thought over and over as I thought of his cock going into my mouth, "I don't like men, I don't like cock, I don't like men, I don't like..."

"What do you want," he asked, demanded, spanking her ass again, making her moan, jump.

"Cock," I whispered before I could stop myself.

"Cock," she moaned at the same time, louder, much louder, covering any sound that escaped from my open mouth.

Cock.

Cock.

"What are you," he growled, spanking her one final time, making her jump, me jump.

"A slut...oooooooooooooooooooo," she just managed to get the word out before he thrust his hips forward and the word turned into the biggest moan I ever heard from her, before he entered her, not gently, not slowly, but with one full push forward, one thrust of his hips, his cock found her pussy, opened it, entered it, and pushed all the way inside her.

How fucking wet she must be, how utterly soaked that he could so easily enter her without getting his cock wet first. How wet and excited, how desperate she really must be for him, for cock, for John, how badly she wanted it. His hips were touching the back of her legs, he was buried inside her, standing there, holding her hips against him, holding his cock deep inside her, just holding, just filling, not thrusting or pumping or fucking, just waiting, waiting.

Tiffany looked over her shoulder, her face towards John, but her eyes directed towards me. She was breathing heavily, her teeth chattering, her eyes fluttering, and muttering, "oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," over and over. Why? She was having an orgasm, of course, and not just a little, hey, I think I can feel that orgasm, no, a powerful orgasm, strong, one that ravished her body, one that literally set her teeth to chattering. It was the type of orgasm I gave her all the time.

With my mouth.

Never once while fucking her, never once merely being inside her. Yet he was doing this, he was giving her this physical pleasure by doing nothing more than thrusting into her and holding still, making her cum simply by filling her, making her orgasm simply by having his cock inside her.

This went on second after long second, her eyes on the shadow where I was safely hidden the entire time, just watching me, knowing I was watching her cum, knowing I understood all of it, everything he was doing to her, everything she was feeling. Knowing that her sissy was watching a man make her cum like she'd never cum before. It went on for close to a minute, him just holding his thick cock inside her, waiting, feeling her cum. Then, slowly, very slowly, he started to pull backwards, started to pull out, slow, slow, slow, until just the head of his cock was in her, touching her where she was most sensitive, pausing while she shook again in orgasm, pausing, letting just his head, just that two or three inch head make her orgasm even harder.

Two or three inches making her cum harder than she ever has. Two or three inches, the same size as I was, trapped in the cage, his masculine two or three inch head doing more for her physically than I ever did, ever could.

Finally, pulling out, the head of his cock now glistening with her wetness, making an audible pop as it left her, holding there, his cock, wet, shiny, several inches behind her. "Oh fuck, John, fuck, fuck," Tiffany shook.

"What do you want," he asked her yet again, obviously enjoying hearing her beg for him, getting off on her submission to him, getting off on her begging for cock.

"Cock," she practically yelled in desperation.

"Cock," I whispered softly this time, my eyes never leaving his wet erection, licking my lips, trying to remind myself I wasn't attracted to men, knowing I wasn't, yet imagining tasting his wet cock, imagining licking Tiffany's juices off it, fantasizing about it just the same. Fantasizing about him pushing his cock into my mouth, tasting both of them, sissy submitting to her, to him.

The second time he entered her he did it slowly, savoring himself every inch his cock traveled entering her. His second thrust was slow, not necessarily sensual given the contortions of his face and the animal pleasure he was receiving, but certainly deliberate, easing into her, making her moan louder and louder the farther in he went. Slow and deep, deliberate and constant, until he completely filled her again, made her cum again, two strokes, one fast, one slow, two orgasms, explosive for her, gut wrenching for

me.

Gut wrenching because I was watching a man fuck my fiancée.

Gut wrenching because I was a fucking sissy, sitting less than twenty feet away, wearing a bra and pantyhose and a teddy and breasts and a chastity cage.

Gut wrenching because the look on Tiffany's face was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen in my life.

Gut wrenching because, while I knew, KNEW I wasn't attracted to men, I couldn't get out of my mind the thought of licking Tiffany's wetness from his cock.

Gut wrenching because I wanted him to fuck her harder and faster and deeper and make her cum again and again and again.

Gut wrenching because I wanted to see the look on her face, the look of pure sexual pleasure she got from being taken and filled and fucked by a man, from a cock inside her.

Gut wrenching because that moment, that very moment, if she'd stopped and turned to me and offered to unlock me and let me fuck her instead of him, I would have said, no, no, fuck no, because I wanted him inside her, him, not me, I wanted him inside her, fucking her, making her cum. That's how submissive I truly was. I would have said no and begged him to fuck her.

Not that anything like that was going to happen—no, Tiffany was going to get fucked, continued to get fucked by him. She wanted a man not a sissy, she wanted cock, not boy clit, she wanted to be taken and filled and fucked.

Not that anything like that was going to happen—no, John would never allow that, never. He was an alpha man and no alpha man, no man like him would ever, ever let a feminized sissy like me usurp his desire to fuck a woman.

The third time he pushed into her he pushed slightly quicker, the fourth time quicker still, and by the fifth thrust into Tiffany's wet pussy he was establishing a rhythm, a methodical in and out pulse, warming up like a diesel engine, each thrust into Tiffany more powerful than the last.

Once he got going, he paused, only for a moment, letting go of her hips, reached forward and took her upper arms in his muscular hands, pulled her arms back and up, off the chair, taking her forearms into his hands, she the same, and started again, starting fucking, faster now, harder, and if possible, deeper. He was supporting her, thrusting his hips forward as he pulled her backwards, my naked fiancée now entirely in his control, getting fucked, literally slam fucked, moaning, groaning, lost in the moment. Her arms



behind her, bound to him, she wasn't able to support herself, was dependent on him to hold her while he fucked her, surrendering to him, to his masculinity, to his cock.

As much as I wanted physical pleasure, too, as much as I wanted to reach down and diddle my clit, the chastity cage precluded that. By design. All I could do now is watch—thinking about my own inability to cum was counterproductive—and realistically, all really wanted was watch the most erotic sexual thing I'd ever seen in my life, a man fucking Tiffany, taking her, possessing her. And her loving every second of it.

Finally, he let go of her arms, without warning—luckily he grabbed her waist, but she still fell forward and to the side, half guided by her, so that she was now on her stomach, draped over the chair, facing me while he straddled her and entered her and fucked her from above and behind. It seemed with each thrust she was sent to and over the edge of orgasm, each time he buried his cock fully inside her she moaned, grunted, shook, cumming again and again and again. Facing me, she held her head up so I could see the reaction in her eyes, in fact, all over her face, so I could watch her clearly cum again and again in ways I'd never seen before.

And I could see his face, too, the sternness with which he started giving way to the building crescendo as he fucked her harder and harder, his intensity increasing, bit by bit until...Oh fuck, I suddenly thought, fuck, fuck. Why hadn't I thought of this before, why hadn't I contemplated it, why hadn't we discussed it, set ground rules. Why? What did I realize? His thrusts were building up, he was getting closer and closer, he was about to explode.

He was going to cum inside her.

John was going to cum inside her!

If possible, the chastity cage suddenly tightened. Or at least my boy clit swelled even more at the realization a man was about to cum inside my Tiffany's pussy. He was going to cum in her like an animal marking its territory, he was going to cum, fill her, he was going to get closer and closer and make one last, hard, violent thrust and explode inside her. It was one thing that his cock was inside her, but fuck, another thing altogether that he was going to cum inside her.

She knew. I saw it on her face, on her eyes locked where mine were. She knew, she felt him pumping faster and harder and heard his grunts. She knew he was close to cumming, knew a man like him was not going to pull out, he was going to do it inside her. She knew, she knew all along what I just then realized, she knew but said nothing to me, simply let me learn on my own. A



man was going to cum inside my future wife. She knew, too, how excited I would be, how turned on and horny, not having cum myself in weeks, how erotic it would be to see this, to see a man take her, cum in her, mark her.

Men had cum in her before, I was not so foolish to think otherwise, but she wasn't the love of my life then.

"Arrrr," John grunted, pushing down on her, pushing her into the chair, straddling her legs, fucking her so hard, so fast, so violent, I was sure she was going to lose consciousness, not from pain, not from any suffering, but from the constant pleasure, from the orgasm that seemed to go on and on and on. "Ohrrrr, fuck," he growled again, grimacing, straining, pumping with abandon, each full stroke somehow seeming to be more forceful and deeper than the last.

Finally, his grunting, his thrusting, came to a thunderous head as he pushed deep into Tiffany, let out a primal growl, and without question, erupted. For a moment, he just stood over her, holding his cock deep inside her, biology at play, a man pushing his cum, his seed, deep into a woman. And Tiffany, far from being horrified at the realization that a man was cumming inside her, arched her back, pressed upwards to hold him there, to let him fill her, to let him cum where he wanted, where he needed, as far and deep inside her as he wanted. Her head was up, her eyes were closed, and her mouth open as she moaned; she breathed heavily, shaking, cumming violently with him, a true orgasm, a true release at the same time he did.

The image burned into my consciousness, a man's cock buried inside my fiancée's pussy, holding it steady, so as to cum as deep inside her as he could, his cum marking her forever. After ten seconds of so, he pulled back, but not out, his cock dripping wet, then shoved it into her again, causing her to again groan in orgasm as he undoubtedly shot a second load of cum inside her. And then a third. And finally a fourth. With the last thrust, he dropped on top of her, this time simply holding his cock fully and deeply inside her as she continued to shake and sputter with pleasure, her eyes fluttering open and shut and open and shut as she shook and moaned.

"Oh fuck, John," she said over and over, her teeth chattering as she shook. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck."

He laughed, playfully bit the back of her neck, and asked one last time. "What are you, Tiffany?"

She answered without hesitation this time, but kept her eyes open as she spoke, her head up, seemingly to answer him, but I knew better, to look at me, so I'd see her, so she could speak to me, too. "A slut, oh fuck, I'm a slut."

I would have cum that instant, if I could. I would rubbed my boy clit if it was erect, if it wasn't trapped in a cage. I would have touched myself, diddled myself, pleased myself until my sissy juices squirted all over me. She looked right at me, couldn't see me herself, but looked in my eyes just the same. Still shaking in orgasm, John on top of her, his weight pushing down onto her, his cock buried deep inside, full of his cum, she told me directly that she was a slut. As humiliating as it was, perhaps because it WAS so humiliating, I would have cum, I wanted to cum, seeing Tiffany fucked, seeing her shake, seeing her orgasm, seeing the pleasure a man gave her drove me wild with desire and need.

"For what? A slut for what," he asked as I played with my breast and the cage through the soft fabric.

Still looking at me, "Ohhhhh," she shook, pressing upwards, letting his cock shift inside her, touch her, "for cock, a slut for your cock."

"Don't forget,," he bit her neck again, "when you see me at work," he ground his hips, moving his cock, making her spasm, "that I know what you are. And I know what you want." With that he started to rise, started to pull out of her, his cock still throbbing, still fully erect, still thick, still wet, even wetter, covered in his cum and her cum, glistening in the light. I licked my lips again, not wanting to, but doing it just the same.

He started buttoning his shirt; Tiffany just lay there watching, still shaking slightly, still overwhelmed with orgasm, eyes glazed; I just lay there watching, still shaking with lust and need from the orgasm denied, my eyes wide open, fully alert. John reached for his trousers, started to pull them on, a grin on his face, a satisfied grin. "Don't get up too quickly, Tiffany, I don't want you getting dizzy and passing out."

"You...you're leaving? Already?"

He laughed. "Disappointed? You can't handle it twice—not the first time, trust me—no woman can, not after years of bad sex. I'd fuck you so long and so hard, you'd literally pass out. It's something you have to build up to slowly. Give it time, Tiffany—something to look forward to."

My mouth was open, watering, thinking of him fucking her again, thinking of him fucking her harder and longer, somehow making her cum over and over, with an intensity I'd never seen. And the tease, his final tease, all but promising to fuck her again, to make her his slut again, to make her beg for him again. I could see the look of wonderment in her eyes, the lust, at the implication that no matter how much she liked what happened today, that there was more, that it could be better still. Perhaps if he'd said nothing else,

she might have been satisfied, but he didn't leave it at that, no, he promised her that there was more, so much more. And unknowing, he promised the same to me, too, promised, in effect, that he was going to fuck her again.

As he finished buckling his pants, he stood over my naked fiancée, feet apart, hands on his hips, the perfect picture of a dominant, alpha man. "What are you Tiffany, say it one more time before I go," he ordered, clearing wanting what she was to say to be the last words out of her mouth, the last thing on her mind.

She looked up at him this time, fully at him, not me, at him. "I'm a slut for your cock," she said, simply and unabashedly direct.

"Hmmm," was all he said, looking down at her before turning and leaving.

Leaving Tiffany draped over the chair on her stomach, naked, still shaking from orgasm after orgasm.

Leaving me sitting in the dark, in lingerie, in chastity, turned on, frustrated, on edge from seeing Tiffany call herself a slut, from seeing her fucked, from seeing her satisfied.

Leaving us alone to contemplate what had just happened.

Leaving us, lives changed, forever.

## Chapter 14 – Pampered

Finally she spoke. "Are you going to just sit there in the dark?"

I didn't answer. In fact, I did just that, sat there in the dark for five minutes, staring at her, mind reeling, dizzy, wondering if what just happened had really happened. Wondering if I had really just seen my fiancée fucked like an animal. If I had really seen her call herself a slut over and over again. If I had really just seen her beg for John's cock. If I had really just seen him cum deeply inside her.

She spoke again. "Come into the light, sissy, come here, let me see you." It wasn't a question, nor a request, her soft voice to the contrary. It was a command as sure as any command she'd ever given me. I stood, slowly, I was stiff from the way I'd been sitting for the past few hours, felt the satin teddy move fluidly over my body as I rose, heard the pantyhose make a subtle sound as my legs moved over one another, felt the weight of my breast forms pull downward.

"That's it, come here, sweetie," she beckoned me, responding to the sounds of my movement. "Let me see my naughty sissy girl."

I took a step towards her, another, focusing on her face, on the warm glow of her skin, still flush from pleasure, the pleasure of getting fucked by John. One foot, the next, each step bringing me closer to her, closer to my just-fucked fiancée, until I reached the edge of the light cast off from above. The light that had illuminated her and John now illuminated me, shone off the nylon encasing my legs, shimmered off the bottom part of the satin teddy covering my body.

"A little closer." She lifted her arm slightly, wagged her finger at me. "All the way into the light, sissy." I took a final step towards her, let the light fully wash over my body, show every inch of my feminine legs, every satin covered curve. "My, my, my, the contrast is amazing."

"Contrast," I whispered, the word almost inaudible. I'd been silent for so long.

"Oh, my, yes, sissy," she said lazily. "The contrast between the two of you—you're as feminine as he is masculine."

I sucked in my breath, reminded of him, could not hold my tongue. "You...you fucked him," I said, an accusation, almost a taunt.

"Yes, kind of. I think 'he fucked me' is a more accurate description."

"Fine...you...you let him fuck you," I stammered, accepting without



comment her re-characterization.

"Yes. I don't think there was any stopping him," she said, smiling with her eyes. "Not that I wanted to. And besides, you didn't want him to stop any more than I did."

"Me?"

"I didn't hear you trying to stop him, Dana. Why? I wonder if someone was too excited watching?"

"You let him fuck you," I said again, "you.." I stopped, picturing him behind her, pushing his cock into her over and over and over.

"And so did you, Dana, because you were too busy enjoying it to stop him." I just stood there for a moment, not wanting to admit it, but unable to deny it, either. "Am I wrong, Dana? Because you didn't say anything before, when I danced for him? You didn't say anything during, when his cock was inside me. And you're not saying anything now."

"He fucked you," I said, not answering her question.

"Am I wrong, Dana?" she asked, for a moment the lazy, post-orgasmic bliss on her face replaced by apprehension, by fear. In fact, she started to push herself up, adopting however inadvertently the pose she'd been in when he'd fucked her the hardest, when he'd came inside her. Her pose triggered the memory which triggered my hormones which triggered my concern. Love and concern for her. I couldn't have her feeling guilty -- she was right. I'd said nothing because I wanted to watch him fuck her. "Dana..."

"No," I said softly, "No, no...you're not wrong...I...fuck, Tiff...that was...that was," I struggled to say it, needed to, wanted to, for it was the truth. "That was the most erotic thing I've ever seen," I said at last. Oddly without struggle, suddenly easily admitting that watching John fuck Tiffany, watching her cuckold me, watching a man take her and fuck her as I never could, never would, suddenly admitting that far from revolting me, it had thrilled me.

Tiffany rolled over onto her back, half sat up in the chair. "Kiss me," she said. "Kiss me."

"What?"

"Kiss me, dammit," she said, looking deep into my eyes. "Do you know how badly I want to kiss you? How badly I wanted to kiss you the whole time, knowing you were sitting there... knowing that my pretty girl was watching me. Do you know how badly I wanted to fucking kiss you, Dana?"

She didn't get to finish what she was saying—I was on my knees in a microsecond, kneeling next to her, taking her mouth into mine, her soft, woman's lips pressed against my soft, feminine lips. Her hands were on my

shoulders, simply resting, touching the satin straps of my teddy, circling as we kissed. Suddenly I broke the kiss off, pulled my head back slightly, looked down at her mouth, remembering, of course, picturing, thinking, pondering. "You..."

"Sucked his cock. Yes, of course, Dana. That's what a man wants from women, what a woman wants want to do for a man. It's the most natural thing in the world."

"But..." I thought of two very different things. She never did that for me, not like she did it for him. And I was kissing her, deeply, kissing the mouth that not too long ago had been wrapped around a cock, his cock.

"You're not a man, Dana," she said like a teacher instructing a student, delivering in a perfect tone the perfect response.

"But...but you..." I said again, thinking again of the cock going in and out of her mouth, thinking of the enthusiasm with which she did it, thinking that, by kissing her, I was practically kissing his cock, tasting his cock, sucking his cock myself.

"Sucked his cock. Yes, and now I want to kiss you, Dana. I want to kiss my pretty girl, I want your mouth and your lips on mine, on the same mouth and lips that were wrapped around his cock. And you want it too, I see it in your eyes." She pulled me towards her, not roughly, but with insistent need, pulled me to her, my mouth to her waiting mouth, my lips to the lips that had touched a man, touched his cock. "Fuck, Dana, kiss me," she said, opening her mouth and tasting and licking and sucking and kissing.

This time while I was kissing her, her hands did not stay on my shoulders. Instead, at first, they moved onto my back, massaged me through the satin lightly, the way I'd always pictured a girl touching another girl. "God, you're so fucking beautiful, Dana. So soft, so pretty, so feminine," Tiffany said between kisses. "You're getting me so fucking excited again."

"But I'm not a..."

"I don't want you to try to be a man," she cut me off. "Never, Dana. Never." She pushed me away slightly, enough to break the kiss but still close, her mouth so tantalizingly close.

"But you said...you kept saying you were...that you wanted..." Cock. That's what she'd said. That she was a slut for cock.

"Do you know what I kept thinking about when I was sucking his cock," she asked, looking at me with eyes that were at once innocent and naughty, sweet and devilish, chaste and slutty.

"What?"

"You, Dana, you sitting over there watching. You. You getting excited. My sweet sissy, watching me, letting me do this, how much you must love me to let me experience this. I thought about sharing the moment with you. I wasn't going to do anything with him, just have a drink. But when I saw you sitting there, I realized I could do it with you watching, that you could be a part of it."

I kissed her again, unable to resist of course, unable to stop, unable to think of anything else. Still thinking of cock, still thinking of his cock in her mouth, I kissed her, deep, hard. Her hands, not needed to pull me towards her, moved around the front of my satin teddy, to my breasts, touched and caressed them. "I love your breasts," she said kissing.

"I...I wish they were...."

"Real."

"Yes," kiss, "yes."

"They will be, sweetheart," she said. "They will be." Kiss. "And as beautiful as mine, too."

I didn't know what she meant. All I could think to do was kiss her again, pressing my lips to hers, as if consenting to anything. As if grateful for the promise.

"I wanted to share it with you, sissy," she said, kissing me back. "I wanted to share it with you."

She meant, of course, everything—her infidelity, her fucking him, her submission to him, her temporary descent into the persona of a slut. But her spoken desire could be—was—taken for something more, something very specific, not the scene itself, but John too, his cock. Was that what she was saying? That she wanted to share his COCK with me? Wasn't that what she was doing, in effect, by kissing me like this? Sharing his cock with me, making me experience it? Not quite literally—he wasn't even here. But certainly figuratively, because while kissing her all I could think about was her mouth wrapped around his cock, the feel of it, the taste. And it was like he was right there, right then, between us.

She broke off the kiss, her hands pushed me back slightly, and then one went to her mouth, to her lips. "When I took his cock into my mouth," she said seductively, actually pausing, wetting her finger, rubbing it over her lips, "I thought about sharing it with you."

"Ohhhh," I shook, telling myself over and over that I wasn't attracted to men.

"My lips, Dana, his cock was on my lips. Kiss me. Kiss me where his cock



was, share it with me." She didn't have to pull me back to her to kiss her, my mouth went there on its own, immediately, almost violently, and I kissed her as I'd never kissed her before. She knew it, she had to, had to sense the hunger in my kisses, the passion, the desire.

"My breasts, Dana," she said softly as she licked my lips. "His hands were on my breasts." I looked at her, knowing, but looked anyway, my eyes pleading, no, no, don't say it, please don't say it, but she did, she said it anyway. "Kiss me where his hands were, Dana. Share it with me."

"Oh, oh, oh," I breathed in and out, trying to stop, trying to pull back, trying to disengage. But I couldn't, I was too enthralled, too turned on, too engaged, too horny. Helpless, I bent my head down, kneeling in front of her, took one of her breasts in my mouth, swirled my tongue around her nipple, pictured him touching her, pawing her, groping her, possessing her, sensing his scent, his marking of her, his possession of her.

"Share it," she moaned as she shook from orgasm, from the simple pleasure of my tongue on her nipple, "share it with me." Her breathing was heavy, like mine. "Oh Dana, oh Dana," she moaned over and over with each flick of my tongue on one of her nipples, with each lick, running her fingers through my hair, stroking me, petting me. And then, she took my head between her hands, pulled my mouth away from her nipple.

"Dana," she said between labored breaths, "Dana my sissy." I looked at her, looked in her eyes, shaking, straining. I was, at that moment, the embodiment of a submissive sissy, dressed in lingerie, because I wanted it, because I wanted to be dressed like this, to be a woman. I was dressed so pretty, so feminine in the lingerie I'd picked out, I wanted to wear, dressed in a satin teddy, a bra, breast forms, wearing pantyhose, locked in a chastity cage, licking my fiancée's breasts, licking where a man had touched her. I was, I knew, the embodiment of her fantasy too, her submissive sissy, bowing to her, submitting to her literally and figuratively. "Dana," she gasped, "Dana..."

"Tiffany..."

"Dana, my...my..."

"What, Tiffany, what?" My sissy, I assumed she was going to say my sissy, my beautiful sissy, how much she loved me, her sissy. And I wanted to hear that, I did, I did. But that wasn't what she was trying to say, I realized, as soon as she spoke, for as soon as I heard her next words, my stomach lurched in horror even as my brain raced and my boy clit jumped and swelled as much as the constricting cage would let it.

"My pussy, Dana." She licked her lips as my breathing quickened, became



rapid and shallow. No, no, she wasn't going to say it, she wouldn't, she couldn't. No, fuck, no, Tiffany, no, no, no, don't. That's what I thought. Mostly. For there was a softer voice inside my head, too, a quiet voice whispering yes, hoping she'd say it, wanting her to say it, realizing what I feared was also something I wanted, something I needed.

"My pussy," she repeated. "My pussy, Dana, his...his..." she panted, "his cock was in my pussy, his cum is in my pussy, Dana..."

"Tiffany," I found myself gasping, "no, please, no..."

"Yes, Dana, yes...you have to, you know it, you want to, you need to."

"Tiffany..."

"You need to, sissy, you know it. Look at me, Dana, look at me. His cum is in my pussy, Dana..." I looked at her, my eyes admitting the truth, surrendering, helpless. Please, my eyes begged, please, please, please. But she continued. "Kiss me where his cum is, Dana, share it with me."

I tumbled over the edge, the disgust I felt at what she asked, the horror at the thought of my mouth on her pussy, of tasting cum, overwhelmed by the need and desire to submit to her, to do as she asked, to do what she wanted.

To share it with her. Not just his cum, yes that, but more, the entirety, the whole of her being fucked, the full magnitude of her submission, everything my feminization and her cuckolding of me meant.

"Kiss my pussy, Dana, share it with me, share it, share his cum with me." As she said it, she gently, ever so gently, pushed my head downward, down towards her pussy, down towards his cum, down towards the last thing I wanted, but the one thing I could not resist.

I could lie, I could say my head moved not of its own volition, but only because she pushed me. I could lie and say she was forcing me, making me do something I did not want to do, did not want to experience. But the truth was, while she was directing me and guiding me, she was not forcing me. The truth was, I knew, I painfully knew, that if she moved her hands from my head, I would not have stopped, my journey towards her cum filled pussy would not have been interrupted in the slightest.

The truth was, after watching him fuck her, after watching him make her orgasm over and over, the truth was, after watching him cum inside her, the truth was, after kissing her mouth where his cock had been — sharing it with her — after kissing her breasts where his hands were — sharing it with her — I had, HAD to finish. I had, HAD to share this, too, I simply HAD to share with her where he'd fucked her, where his cum was.

I simply had to kiss and lick and fucking taste the last place, the last

thing. Maybe I would not have if I hadn't seen the actual act, if I hadn't seen him fuck her. Maybe I would not have had to do it if I hadn't already practically shared his cock with her, kissing her mouth. Or shared his hands kissing her breasts. But I had, and those two experiences unlocked some deeper desire, some deeper need to be emasculated, to submit. For what was more emasculating, what was more submissive, than licking a man's cum from my fiancée's just-fucked pussy? I had to do this, I wanted to do this. I was doing it for her, yes, but I was doing it for me, too.

Her hands must have sensed how I paused. Again, she wasn't pushing me, but holding my head, she must have felt the hesitation, the last chance to stop. Sensing it, she pushed, not physically but verbally, her words much more effective than anything she could have done physically. "Share his cum with me, Dana."

"Ohhhh," I groaned, melting, surrendering, backing up, dropping to my knees, sticking my tongue out, licking her stomach, her belly, as I lowered my head downward towards the scent, towards the musk, towards the combination of Tiffany's sweetness and the mess, the absolute mess, left behind by the man who fucked her.

When I reached her pussy, when my mouth was level with her wetness poised on the edge of the chair, when I saw it, the hot mess of goo, the juices, the cum, hers and his, when I smelled it, when it was staring me in the face, I paused once again, looked up at her. I could never go back, I knew, never from this. Once I opened my mouth, once I leaned forward, once I placed it on her pussy, once I licked, once I tasted the cum, I could never, never be seen by her as a man. Never.

"Lick me, sissy, lick me, share his cum with me, share it," she said panting with anticipation, looking down at me, need and desire written all over her face. She wanted a sissy, she wanted submission, she wanted to see it now, to feel it, to experience it. I leaned forward, opened my mouth, stuck my tongue out and licked. Licked her pussy from the bottom to the top, licked it like I was licking an ice cream cone, stopping it from dripping, from melting. "Ohhhhhhhhhhh, fuuuuuuuuuck," Tiffany moaned, getting louder the closer my tongue got to her clit, culminating in massive shaking as my tongue, top, bottom, my lips, then even my chin rubbed against her, tasted her, tasted him.

The taste, the strong musky taste was apparent from the instant my tongue touched her. I knew Tiffany's taste, I'd tasted it over and over and over, and it was there, it was present, her sweetness and softness, but mixed with it was something powerful, something masculine, something very

different.

Cum.

It wasn't just the taste that was different, it was the texture, too. It was sticky, like oil, thick, dominant, like John, like the man who left it there.

Cum.

"Oh fuck, Dana, fuck, fuck, fuck," she moaned as my tongue traveled up her pussy again, found her wet, cum covered clit again, tasted it, her, again, made her orgasm again as I licked John's cum from her. I was sharing it, sharing his cum, sharing him, sharing being cuckolded. I was sharing everything with Tiffany, sharing the experience fully. Sharing her submission to him through my submission to her. Sharing, sharing.

Tiffany held my mouth over the opening to her pussy, held me there, "kiss it, Dana, kiss it." And I did, French kissing her pussy, licking my tongue all around the opening, through, over, and in between the folds of her vagina, finding musk everywhere, finding cum everywhere. Kissing the opening, licking up to her clit, flicking to make her shudder, then repeating, tasting. Licking her, licking him. Tasting her, tasting him.

I felt Tiffany pushing and pulsating, felt, with my tongue, her vagina squeezing. She held my mouth steady, held my tongue on the opening of her pussy, looked at me, "Lick," she hissed, "lick now, now!" I did as she said, realized, as soon as it happened, what was happening. She was squeezing then relaxing, over and over, pushing, until finally it passed from her pussy to my mouth.

Cum.

John's cum.

She squeezed out, fed to me a large dollop of his cum, not like all of it, but still, a real mouthful, enough to notice, enough to know, enough to appreciate with no uncertainty that she was feeding me the cum from the man that had fucked her. And as I took it in my mouth, as I swallowed it, without complaint, even eagerly, swallowed the cum, tasted it while she rode my face, while she pulled my mouth deeper into her, fed me all that she could, tasted it, while she took me, she owned me and possessed me.

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We were in bed drinking coffee; Tiffany touched my arm tenderly. "You... you look troubled, Dana, are you...are you okay with," she lowered her voice, "you know, last night?"



I looked over at her, at my beautiful fiancée; she was no longer naked, having slipped on before we fell asleep a pink soft satin slip that was decorated with black scalloped lace trim. Like me, wearing a negligee. Her slip was short, barely covering her ass when she stood, and but it was the soft satin cups I focused on now, the way they covered her breasts, the way her nipples, hardened, were visible through the fabric. "I...I don't know...I guess," I said softly, unable to tear my eyes away from her breasts, admiring how beautiful they were, how fucking real, how jealous they made me.

She saw my gaze, read my mind. "You could have them, you know."

"I...I know." She didn't mean have them like John had them, of course. She meant have them like she had them. That I could have my own breasts.

"It's up to you, Dana, there are ways."

"Wouldn't you...."

"Love them? Yes," she said, stroking my breast form. "As much as you would."

"I don't know, Tiff, I...."

"Dana, let me ask you something. If, I don't know, if your old airline called and offered you your job back, would you? Would you want it?"

"To fly as a boy again, is that what you mean?"

She nodded.

I hadn't thought about it, not often, not long and hard, so I was surprised at how easy the answer was. "No."

"Oh, Dana," she sighed.

"Tiff, I...I can't...."

"I know, Dana."

"I don't want to...."

"Sweetie, I don't want you to either, you know that, but...this has to be for you, for what you want."

"It is, Tiff, it...I can't, I mean, I...I'd feel like I'd be pretending...."

"Yes, Dana."

"Pretending to be something I'm not."

"A man."

"Yea, I mean, this...."

"This is you."

"Yes."

"Oh, Dana," she said, kissing me, long, deep kisses, making out, just kissing, touching. Finally, we stopped and just lay there, breast to breast form.



"You'd like it?"

"Breasts," she asked, reading my mind. "Yes, god yes, I mean...that's up to you, but yes, yes."

We dozed for a few hours, intertwined. Woke up.

"Dana?"

"Yes?"

"About last night...."

"Yes," I said, looking down.

"I just want to make sure, you know, okay, like, in the proverbial morning after. I mean, you seemed okay last night...sharing me with him," she said, rubbing my skin softly as I started to blush, thinking about him with her, touching her, fucking her. "And...," she started, paused. I looked up from her breasts to her face, waiting for her to finish, regretted that she was able to see my eyes, my reaction to her next words. "And sharing him with me."

I quickly looked away, my partial blush immediately blossoming fully, completely, totally. "Tiff, I...I...."

"Shhhh," she stroked my arm, "it's okay, Dana. I know we didn't talk about that ahead of time, but it's okay, really." The look in my eyes said I didn't believe her, and why should I, why would I? I kissed her after she sucked John's cock, I licked her breasts after he touched them and fondled them. And worst of all, most shameful of all, I got on my knees, I went down on her, licked her, sucked her, tasted her, TASTED HIM. With every kiss, with every lick of my tongue, with every slurp I kissed his cum, I licked his cum, I slurped his cum. Eagerly. Without abandon. After he fucked her, after he dominated her, after, I got down on my knees and licked up every drop of his cum that I could at the time, loving every second of it. Not ashamed to at all. Not really.

"But Tiffany, I...I..."

"You shared him with me, Dana, you shared him with me, all of him."

"But Tiffany, that's..." Disgusting. Unnatural. Perverted. Horrifying. These are the words that came to mind, but I didn't say them because only part of me felt them, the rest of me, most of me, still loved it, would do it again this second.

"The most beautiful thing you've ever done."

"Tiffany!"

She leaned over, kissed me. "The most erotic thing."

"Tiff, please."

She rolled over on top of me, her pussy directly on top of my chastity cage, moving slowly over me through the satin teddy, through the pantyhose.

"The sweetest thing a sissy could ever do."

"Tiff," I exhaled loudly, all but melting from the sensations of our breasts touching through our lingerie, from the knowledge that her pussy was so close, so fucking close to me. And from the memory of what I did last night.

"Did your boy clit swell when you tasted him, sissy?"

"Tiff," I exhaled again, feeling the swelling begin anew, as it did last night.

"Did it?"

"Yes."

"You were so eager, weren't you, to lick me, to share him with me?"

"Tiff," I said a last time, eyes closed, helpless, hopeless. "Please."

"Was my little cuckold eager to taste my man's cum?"

"Yes," I moaned, barely audible, but enough, just enough for her to hear, to know.

"Are you okay with last night, Dana," she asked me again, "sharing me with a man and sharing a man with me?" Maybe it wasn't fair, after all I hadn't had any release in weeks, had not cum in weeks, had been sexually frustrated for weeks, but the truth was I was as excited that instant as I had been the night before. And last night, watching it, participating in it, I was as excited, more excited than when I had been fantasizing about it or talking about it.

"Yes," I whispered, my admission driven in part by my chastity, by the excitement that had built up, was building up. But that wasn't all of it, I wasn't just fueled by raw sexual desire from my lack of orgasms. It was more, so much more.

"Are you okay being cuckolded?"

"Yes, but Tiffany...but I...."

"Shhhhh," she kissed me deeply, "shhhhh, I know what you're going to say, what you want to know, what you want to ask. Don't worry about it, not now, not today."

"But..."

"I know, Dana," she kissed me again, "I know what you're thinking...and I don't know...maybe...probably...I don't know...I loved it, god I loved it, being with a man, touched by a man, feeling a man inside me."

"Tiffany," I begged.

"Shhhh, Dana, don't worry, don't worry, I loved IT...but I also love YOU." She followed that with a hungry, passionate kiss, deep, wet, honest in the expression of need it showed, the love, the desire, for me. "I loved being fucked by a man, I loved getting fucked by John, but you're the person I love, you, Dana, my sweet sissy, my girl, don't worry, love, don't worry."

"You...you mean it," I asked.

She didn't answer verbally, at first. Instead she kissed me, long, deep, licked my lips, sucked me eyes closed with passion.

"I didn't kiss him, Dana."

"What," I responded, though it was true.

"He didn't kiss me, Dana, he fucked me, but he didn't kiss me, like this," she kissed for another minute. "On the mouth. He touched me and fucked me, but he didn't kiss me. That's," kiss, "for the girl," kiss, "that I love." Kiss, kiss, kiss. "No one will ever kiss me like this, no one but you. And I will kiss no one but my sissy, I promise, no one. Ever."

"Tiffany, please," I begged, my groin sore, swollen, my mind desperate, driven to the edge, "please, I...I need..."

"I know Dana, I know, you've been so good, too. I'm sorry, I am, but I needed you like this. Focused. You...you understand, don't you?" she asked apologetically. "I needed you focused."

"Yes," I said, knowing I would have masturbated if I hadn't been in chastity, knowing too that if I had been allowed to cum, I might have reacted very differently the night before.

"You understand now, don't you Dana? Why it's important, critical, for me to control your orgasms?"

"Yes," I blushed, hating the thought of being controlled, hating it, yet loving it, craving it. It was as ridiculous then as it was when she first told me she was doing it, as embarrassing, yet oddly, as exciting too.

"It belongs to me, Dana; I know it's unfair, but...."

"No, Tiff."

"No?"

"It's not unfair, I...I want you to have it, you're right, it's liberating, in a way, and it makes me focus on you and that's what I want, plus, I just don't want the temptation when I'm ...."

"Flying overnight?" I blushed. "Do any of them know? Besides the head stewardess?"

"One of the stewardesses, Lindsey, she saw it yesterday."

"And?"

"She thought it was cute."

"I'm sure she did. Just so long as she understands who you belong to, who this," she touched my cage, "belongs to."

"I'm yours, Tiff, it's yours."

We lay still for several minutes, just touching, smiling. "It's been long

enough now, hasn't it," she asked, rubbing her breasts on mine, eyeing me seductively.

"Yes," I said eagerly, begging with that simple word, admitting how badly I wanted to cum, admitting once again how much it turned me on to be her sissy, to be her cuckold.

"Do you want to squirt?" she asked.

"Yes, Tiff, yes," I squirmed wildly on the bed, involuntarily humping her, "please, please can we...you know...screw?"

"Hmmm," she laughed.

"What, Tiff, come on, please, please..."

"I don't know, I was planning on waiting awhile."

"Tiff," I begged, "please, Tiffany, I...I can't take it...it...I'm so sore, please...please..."

"You really need to squirt, don't you?"

"Yes, please Tiff, I...I do, I really do...please...it...it hurts, please, please can I...squirt," I asked, using the word she used, hoping that helped. For I was telling the truth, it was close to too much, my desperation to cum, my horniness, my desire, and the constant swelling since last night especially, watching him fuck her, licking her after.

"Yes."

"Please, it's...yes? Yes? You mean that? Yes?"

She nodded her head. "Yes, Dana, I mean it."

"Oh. OH! Oh, fuck. Fuck."

Reflexively, I started humping her, as if that would work, as if my boy clit locked in chastity, hidden beneath a layer of pantyhose, a layer of satin teddy, could possibly find its way inside her without considerable help. "Sweetie," she laughed, "What are you doing? I told you a woman doesn't want a little sissy clit inside her."

"I know, I know, I just...you said..."

"That I'd let you squirt, and I will, not inside me, though." Honestly, at this point I was so desperate to cum I hardly cared how, at least not yet, anyway, not quite yet. "Besides, you're not really dressed for it."

"Dressed for it?"

"For what we're doing. I mean, even if I wanted your little thing inside me, which I don't, I couldn't even get to you under your lingerie."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Wear something more appropriate, more practical." She rolled off me, off the bed, wrapped a short, flowing satin robe around herself, and started for



the closet.

"I meant, if I can't...you know...be inside you...."

"Just a sec, hon."

"What's that," I asked when she came back into the bedroom, carrying an elegant silver box with a white bow.

"Here," she said thrusting the box to me, smiling. "Take it into the bathroom and get dressed and then we'll take care of the rest...and hurry, Dana, please."

Brow furrowed, I took the box without question, took it to the bathroom, assuming quite correctly that there was pretty lingerie inside the box, not at once realizing how incredibly pretty it was.

How sexy, how elegant, how feminine, how beautiful.

Opening the box, seeing the name of a small, local bridal boutique embossed on the inside of the lid, I realized under the cream tissue paper must sit the most beautiful, exquisite lingerie a sissy boy could ever hope to wear. Layered carefully below were a mesh and leaver lace balcony bra, a matching wide garter belt, wide lace top pure white stockings, and mule heeled slippers—conspicuously missing were panties, which I was happy to forego, having spent weeks hiding my boy clit I was happy to let it free, let it be, to be unlocked, to grow.

I carefully dressed in the lingerie, letting each piece pull me deeper into the illusion I was a blushing bride, ready to be deflowered on her wedding night, ready to come out of the bathroom to be with her man. For a moment, hand on the door handle, I froze—she wouldn't, I assumed, she wouldn't have invited John back, there wouldn't be a man waiting, no, that was too much, this was about me, about us, but fairly or not, mostly about me.

Nervous, I stepped out of the bathroom back into the bedroom where Tiffany was, thankfully, by herself, sitting on the edge of the bed in her lingerie, legs crossed, waiting, sitting there alone, gloriously alone. The relief on my face must have been obvious; she smiled knowingly, but said nothing, just smiled, watched me. "I thought about having you dance for me like I did for him," she said, immediately setting the tone of dominance, of strength, of power.

Without thinking, I did just that, subtly, carefully, moving to music heard only by me. "You're so beautiful," she said, tilting her head, watching me. "Come here."

I was shaking as I crossed the room towards her, so anxious, so eager to finally be unlocked, released, allowed to squirt, finally just standing before

her. “Do...do I unlock it myself,” I asked, mouth dry, looking towards her hands to see if she was going to do it or hand the key to me. I was anxious not only to be unlocked, but to do it quickly—I was starting to swell and knew it would be difficult, even impossible, to remove in a mere moment.

“Unlock it?”

“The...the cage,” I stammered. “You...you said I could cu...squirt.” She’d said it, right, I didn’t imagine it, she’d actually said it, right, RIGHT? “Right,” I was about to start shaking, remembering her words about teasing me, about denying me, thinking this wasn’t fair, she couldn’t possibly be taunting me, tantalizing me.

“Sweetie, yes, of course you can squirt, but I don’t, I mean, I wasn’t going to...to unlock you—I don’t even have the key.”

“WHAT???”

“Well I don’t leave the key here—I wouldn’t want you to find it and be tempted to use it or be tempted myself—I keep it at the office.”

“Tiff! You said I could squirt,” I said, panic in my voice, desperation, panic, fear, confusion brought on by the now desperate need to cum.

“You can, sweetie, I meant it, I know you want to, and you can, I meant it.”

“But you don’t have the key, Tiff,” I swallowed, “how am I supposed to squirt?”

“Like you did before, Dana, you remember? Like a girl.”

My eyes went wide, I blushed, embarrassed to think of it let alone have her remind me of it and promise more.

“It’s called a milking, Dana. You squirted before doing it, you can do it now.”

“But...but I...I wasn’t in a cage then,” I protested, wanting desperately for her to unlock me so I could masturbate, so she could touch me—with her hands, her mouth, my hands, I didn’t fucking care. I just wanted to be unlocked, released, allowed to cum, to squirt. “Tiffany, please, I won’t be able to, Tiff!”

“Oh you will Dana, trust me, I’ve no doubt that I’ll be able to massage your prostate and drain all that nasty sissy juice out of you. You remember from before, it isn’t the same as when a man cums, of course, but you’re not a man anyway. Besides, you enjoyed it just the same. We don’t have to if you’re afraid, Dana, but...”

“No, no,” I shook my head, swallowed, looked to her right hand resting on her left hand, both resting on her lap, picturing her fingers inside me, probing me instead of wrapped around me and stroking me. Probing me like a girl

instead of stroking me like a boy. "No, I...I want to squirt, please, you...you can do that," I said, looking, staring at her soft hands, at her fingers, needing anything, not caring.

"I thought you'd agree," she started to move her hands, paused. "But I suppose I should tell you, it will be a little different since you're wearing the cage, it might take a little more massaging, so I don't want to use my fingers this time."

"What do you mean," I asked, confused, still staring at her hands in her lap.

Tiffany unfolded her hands, moved each one to a thigh, uncrossed and spread her legs, all in one fluid, sensual movement. Shifting her body, her satin robe shifted too, spread slightly, the folds flattening, the soft satin outlining a lump, a shape beneath her lingerie.

An unmistakable lump. A shape that looked like one thing, only one thing.

A cock.

An erect cock.

"Tiffany, no," I gasped, understanding instantly what it was, not knowing how it got there or how it stayed there, but knowing, immediately, that underneath Tiffany's satin robe and satin slip was Johnny, the dildo, the realistic cock she had purchased and sucked and fucked, Johnny, the cock the eerily resembled John's cock. A cock she meant to use on me, meant to push into me, meant to milk me with, to make me cum, to squirt with.

"Yes, Dana," she said, tugging at her robe with her hands, separating it further so that it opened, exposed the cock held against her by some metal and leather, I got it, straps, for what it was worth something around her waist holding it there, hard, erect, pointing at me. "Yes, Dana. Like I did last night, Dana, share it with me, share the experience with me. Ask, like I did, ask, Dana, ask. You ask first."

"Tiff," I whispered, unable to tear my eyes away from the cock jutting from between her legs, unable to look anywhere but at the realistic cock bobbing, waiting, almost throbbing. Johnny, the dildo that to me was the silicone equivalent of her lover.

"Ask Dana, just like I did last night, ask. Unless you don't want to...but you do...so ask, ask."

I knew what she wanted me to ask for, the same thing she did last night. I knew it. If I was going to squirt, I had to ask, she wanted me to ask like she did.



"May I suck your cock?" I heard a voice that sounded like my voice ask.

She said nothing, no answer, no response, maybe I didn't actually speak it, maybe I just thought it, maybe it wasn't me. But then I remembered last night, remembered her ask the same thing, understood the game, the rules, hers, all hers. "Please," I swallowed, literally the saliva building up in my mouth, figuratively any last pride I might have had left. "Please, may I suck your cock."

"Yes, sissy, you may," she answered, spreading her legs wider, waiting patiently as I took my only option, my only choice, surrendered, and kneeled between her legs, opened my mouth, took the cock, her cock, John's cock between my lips.

"Oh fuck," she gasped immediately when the head of the cock passed between my lips. "Oh fuck." I looked up at her, knew I was looking at her the way a woman looks at a man when she's sucking his cock, submitting, pleasing, tasting him. And now I was the woman, I was the one sucking cock, I was the one submitting, I was the one pleasing, I was the one tasting. The cock was in my mouth, sliding over my lips, touching my tongue. It was bad enough that Tiffany rarely (read, never), sucked me, but now I was the one sucking cock, and, as I saw in her eyes, she LOVED it! Both the raw power, the dominance over me, and the physical pleasure I gave her, the movements of the base of the dildo rubbing her as I sucked.

Without thinking about it, without consciously deciding to delve into the moment, I did just that, mimicking what she did to John yesterday, mimicking every blow job I'd ever seen a woman give. Without pause, effortlessly, I let my mind go, focused on sucking cock, slurping cock, kissing cock, licking cock, thinking only of cock. Sucking, I thought of Tiffany sucking John's cock, I thought of his erection, his masculinity, his power, I thought of kneeling with Tiffany, kneeling before her, kneeling before him. I thought of sharing it with, Tiffany. Cock, cock.

"Dana," Tiffany moaned, putting slight pressure to my head, slowing me down, keeping me from taking the cock, her cock, his cock, as deep and far into my mouth. At first, though I heard her, I didn't respond, instead leaned forward, tried to continue taking as much of her cock in my mouth as I could. "Dana," she laughed, increasing the pressure on my head, stopping me with just the head of the cock, her cock, in my mouth. "It's nice, isn't it, sucking cock." I blushed, the head of the cock filling my mouth, stopping me from talking, from agreeing or disagreeing.

She held my head steady, moved just her hips, slowly and sensually



sliding the cock into my mouth. "Careful with your teeth, but get it nice and wet, there, that's a good girl, in and out." With the last slow push into my mouth, she pulled back, all the way back, pulling the cock from my mouth with a pluck.

"That, Dana," she said, breathing heavily, obviously excited, holding my chin up so she could look right into my eyes, "That was pretty good for a first blow job, far from perfect—you really need to be careful with your teeth—but I'm impressed!"

"Thank you," I said automatically, slightly embarrassed, but still feeling oddly proud at receiving her praise, even if it was for my efforts in sucking cock.

"Don't worry, we'll practice, you'll get better, trust me." I looked up at her, confusion again coming over my face. Practice? Better? Why? "Hmmmffgg," she chuckled, seeing my confusion and concern, stroking my hair, "we'll talk about it later, sweetie. For now, get up on the bed, you've earned a squirt."

"I...I'm scared, Tiffany," I said, standing.

"Turn around," she twirled her fingers, "on your back."

"Tiff," I said, begged, softly, climbing onto the bed, eyes never leaving the cock between her legs, feeling presumably just as she intended, every bit the nervous, blushing, bride. "I...I'm scared."

She had opened a drawer, taken out a small tube of some kind of lubricant, and was rubbing it onto the cock. "Every girl is scared her first time, Dana -- it's natural."

"Will...will it hurt?"

"Maybe, a little, yes, but that's not what you should be scared about, Dana."

"What should I be scared about, then?"

"Here, on the edge of the bed, sweetie. There, like that, legs up, just like you've seen me do," she said, ignoring my question, picking up something from behind her, lubricant, dripping it onto her cock, then coming closer to me, taking my right, soft, stocking covered calf in her left hand, reaching between us with her right hand, moving the cock until I felt it, the cold, hard bulbous tip on the edge of me, on my ass (pussy), touching my ass (pussy) lightly, encircling my ass (pussy), getting me wet, lubricated. She pressed lightly, ever so lightly, opening me up with just the very tip of the cock, ever so slightly.

"Tiffany, please," I breathed heavily, "what...what should I be scared about?"

Tiffany pressed forward, pressed what felt like the whole head of the cock into me, stretching me, opening me, leaving every nerve around the opening pulsating, touched by cock, transforming me!

"Tiffany...oh fuck...what should I be...fuck...scared about?" Each word was a struggle, difficult to form, to speak, a struggle to use the intelligent part of my mind to form words and thoughts when my brain was being flooded by hormones, when erotic currents ran throughout my body. Tiffany stopped, waited, watched me, watched my face, my expressions, my fluttering eyes. "Tiff," I mumbled before being reduced to helplessness by the movements of her hips, as she slowly moved ever so slightly backwards and forwards, letting the head of the cock almost come out then pushing it back in slightly more, out, back in slightly more, out, in...in...out...in...out...

She pulled back, pulled almost out, looked at me, smiled lovingly. "You shouldn't be scared by how much cock may hurt, Dana." She then pushed forward, back in, farther, pushed the entire head of the cock past my outer muscle. "You should be scared by how much you're going to enjoy cock!"

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh," I groaned, feeling an inch, then two of the cock inside me, knowing that was only part of it, that there was more, much more. I groaned not because it hurt, which it did, though only dully. I groaned because the feeling of her cock inside me was unlike anything I'd ever felt before. Physically, the sensation was making me shake, making me feel like every inch of my skin was on fire; but mentally, fuck, mentally, all I could think was there was a cock in my ass (pussy), there was a cock in my ass (pussy), there was a cock in my pussy, that I was a girl getting fucked and it felt better than anything had ever felt in my entire life.

"Dana," she called, singing as much as speaking, her voice, though right over me, seemed to come from much farther away, seemed to need to cut through some haze, through the erotic sensations overwhelming my body. "Dana, my sissy, see, see," she said, pushing forward, the head of her cock now fully inside me, the shaft following, well lubricated, sliding in, filling me, pushing the head farther inside, deeper, deeper.

"See?"

I managed to groan, opening my eyes, barely, looking at her hovering over me, holding onto my legs, connected to me, inside me, taking me.

"See how good it feels to have a cock inside you? See what it feels like to be a woman, see what it's like to be filled with cock, to be fucked by cock?" All the while she spoke, she moved, she rocked her hips, forward, back a little, forward more, back a little, forward again, deeper, each time deeper and

deeper, each time pushing her cock farther and farther inside me. "See, Dana, why you're not a man, why you never were, why you never will be."

As she pushed the cock into me, she leaned over, pressed her body against mine, pressed her satin covered breasts against mine, looked me in the eyes, let her words sink in, "Tiff," I started to say, blushing, ashamed, humiliated, yet, alive, aroused, thrilled. "Please, I..."

She cut off my words with a kiss, a deep, passionate, loving kiss, using the kiss to mollify me, using the passion of the kiss to tell me what she'd told me again and again, that I was what she wanted me to be, a sissy, a girl, feminized, a woman. Then, mouth still pressed to mine, she pulled her hips back, pulled the shaft of the cock from me like a piston reversing it's path, pulling the head of the cock with it, leaving a void as pulled from me, until the head was on the cusp of exiting my ass, my pussy. My eyes went wide—I thought she was going to keep pulling out, I thought she was going to stop, that somehow it was done—and she saw it, was waiting for it, waiting for my eyes to confirm what she hoped was true. "I can see how badly you want it, sissy. Men don't like cock inside them, but women do, sissies do," she whispered, pushing her hips forward again, a little faster, pushing the head of the cock back inside me, filling me.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh," I groaned again, shaking as head of the cock opened me, filled me, held inside me again, shaking almost uncontrollably, like Tiffany when she starts to cum.

This time she didn't keep the cock pressed in me; as soon as she was all the way in she pulled her hips back again, once again slowly withdrew the cock from me and once again pushed it back inside, fucking me, actually fucking me. "See how good a cock feels? A real cock, not a boy clit, a cock? See why I don't want you inside me?" Her hips rocked rhythmically, slowly, but steadily, in, out, again, in, out. "Why I wanted cock?" In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. "Why I wanted a man's cock?"

In.

Out.

In.

Out.

She slowed, kissed me, licked from my mouth, across my face to my ear. "Why I wanted John's cock inside me?" I breathed heavily, I was panting, realized I had pressed my hips forward as if to try to take more of the cock inside me. "Can I tell you something, Dana," she asked, and continued talking without waiting for my response. "Can I tell you what I thought when John



pushed his cock into me? What I thought when he started fucking me?"

I expected her to tell me how good it felt, how great it was, how she missed it, something like that. Instead, she breathed in my ear and whispered something different. "I thought how similar his cock was to this dildo, in length and girth, and how close the sensations were." She was fucking me harder, barely, but harder the same, in and out, in and out. "You like me inside you, sissy?"

I nodded, yes, yes, yes, fuck yes.

"You like me fucking you?"

Yes, yes!

"You like cock inside you?"

"Yes," I groaned, gripping the sheets, thrashing.

And then she mind fucked me. Before standing up, before really fucking my ass, my pussy ass, she mind fucked me first, gave me a lasting mental image that stayed with me the rest of the day, longer. She leaned over to my ear and whispered, "Remember, sissy, remember, what you feel now, this is exactly, EXACTLY what it would feel like if John's cock was inside you!"

My eyes went wide as I pictured not Tiffany standing over me, holding my legs, pushing cock into me, but John instead. As I pictured not my beautiful, feminine wife, but a man, not a dildo, but cock, real cock. I saw them both at once, Tiffany with the dildo fucking me, John with his cock fucking me, my fiancée fucking me, her lover fucking me.

"Tiffany!" I shook, losing touch with reality, dildo, cock, dildo, cock, Tiffany, John, one, the other, each inside me, fucking me.

She stood straight, had a leg in each hand, bending me, using my own body as leverage to thrust her hips into me, to fuck me, driving her cock (John's cock I couldn't help but think) in and out, in and out. It took me a minute of this to realize the strange sensations I felt, orgasmic sensations, though unlike any orgasm I'd ever felt (though I would grow accustomed to them in time, as they became the only way I would ever be allowed to cum). I realized, belatedly, that I was shaking, that every fiber of my body was on fire, was alive. My penis, my boy clit, in chastity, was merely a small part of the pleasurable sensation, in fact far overshadowed by the cock inside me. The sensations of getting fucked were beyond anything I'd ever felt -- they were simply magnificent.

"You're squirting, Dana," I heard Tiffany giggle.

What? What was she talking about? Squirring how? I didn't feel anything, I didn't feel the sensation of cum shooting from me, of the violence of an



orgasm. "No," I denied, thinking she was confused.

"Yes," she giggled again, looking directly at my locked penis, continuing to fuck me as she did.

I looked down and to my horror, saw she was right. I did squirt, in fact, was continuing to squirt, as a small, very small, but steady dribble of fluid escaped from the tip of my clit. Oh fuck, fuck, she was right, she was fucking right! Untouched, my boy clit not only locked but ignored, too untouched, I was leaking cum.

Like a girl. I leaked cum like a girl, my orgasm causing sensations all over my body, not just in my clit, but everywhere. Like a girl.

"Like a girl," she repeated, confirming what needed no confirmation. "Cumming like a girl with a cock in her pussy."

If I'd cum like a boy, that would be it, my libido would crash, I'd stop, I'd want to roll over, I'd be tired. But none of those things happened. I didn't even simply squirt, no, the cum continued to leak from my locked up, throbbing clit, dribbling out a little at a time, minute after minute as Tiffany fucked me and I orgasmed continuously for five, ten minutes, maybe longer, I don't know, I lost track of time, of space, of everything but the cock inside me and what it was doing to me as a girl. The cock fucking me, in and out, fucking me.

Dressed like a girl, fucked like a girl, thinking like a girl, acting like a girl, cumming like a girl.

Like a girl.

Like a girl.

"You like it?" she smiled.

"Yes," I moaned, my head moving back and forth, dizzy, breathing heavily, tearing at the sheets, trying to stop and look at her, hardly able.

"The feeling of cock inside you?"

Part of my brain screamed no, no, no, why did she keep saying that, keep making me admit it. I didn't want to admit that she was right, that I liked her inside me, that I like COCK inside me, so confused was I by the images of her, the images of John. That part of my brain, the part that was still a male, revolted at the thought of a cock inside me, was horrified even more that it felt so damn good. No, I tried to say, no, I tried to grunt, no, I tried to yell. But the word did not come close to escaping that dark, deep place. Because with each thrust, each time the cock pushed into me, every nerve ending in my body shook with pleasure, with orgasm.

"You like the feeling of cock inside you, sissy."

"Yes," I whispered, ashamed, but unable to deny it.

"Cock inside your pussy...."

"Yes, yes...."

"Cock fucking you...."

"Fuck, Tiff, fuck...."

"Getting fucked like a girl..."

"Yes," I said louder, "yes, yes."

"This is how a man fucks a woman," she said, thrusting hard, imitating a man, speeding up, fucking me like she was a man, closing in on the edge of a man's orgasm, the opposite of what I was feeling, a woman's orgasm. "This is how he fucked me, Dana," she said, contorting her face, pulling the cock back and slamming it into me again and again, making me visualize John fucking her, making her cum, on the edge himself.

Finally, she thrust once, twice, three times, grunting like he did, grunting like a man would, pausing with each thrust in, holding it, cock, her cock, the cock, inside me at the end of each thrust like a man cumming inside a woman. Each time, I felt a spasm of pleasure and small leak from my clit, each thrust made me shake, though in a way I never had before today, for each thrust made me cum like a girl, not a boy, not a man, like a girl. Each thrust was a final reinforcement of everything over the last days and weeks and months, each a powerful reminder that I wasn't a man, that my happiness came as a woman, as a sissy.

Finally, she relaxed, essentially collapsed onto me, just holding her cock inside me, watching me continue to orgasm and squirt, shake and shiver, as if proving the point, that cock could make me cum, that getting fucked would make me cum, that cock inside me did make me cum, longer and better than I ever did when my own boy clit was inside a woman.

"My girl made a mess," she said after a few minutes, as the shaking started to subside. I looked down at stomach, at my boy clit, no longer swollen to the edges of the cage, saw the puddle, the wetness covering the cage, the cum that had leaked out of me. It was odd, in a way, predictable, but different—cum had not shot out of me, there were no long streaks of it on my chest as there might have been if she had simply masturbated me. Instead, the pool of it, the majority, was around the base of my boy clit, dripping both ways, onto my stomach and down to my ass (pussy), to the cock, her cock.

"It's...I'm..."

"Wet like a girl," she said, moving a hand to the mess, rubbing her fingers in it, "wet just like a girl. You know one of the best things about cumming like

a girl, Dana?"

"No," I shook my head, dazed still.

"It's the difference between a man and a woman. When a man cums, he loses his libido...he's uninterested in sex—after all, he got what he wanted, he got to cum." She was still twirling her fingers in the puddle, coating her fingers with the wet goo, my juices, my cum.

"You've felt this, right? When you've cum like a boy?"

I nodded. Of course, I knew what she meant, the explanation why after a man cums he wants to roll over and go to sleep, he's done.

"A man's done thrusting, done with anything erotic, just done. He doesn't want to kiss, he doesn't want what he loved in foreplay, he doesn't want to lick a woman's breasts or go down on her, nothing.

"But a woman, when she cums, it's different, which makes sense, because her orgasm is different. A woman can cum over and over, so her libido remains high. After she's fucked, after she's cum, she'll take it again—if she's into that kind of thing, she'll let another guy fuck her." As she said this, she pulled her hips back, pulled the cock from my ass (pussy), pushed it back in, did it again.

"Fuck, Tiff," I moaned, shaking yet again, orgasming yet again.

"I mention this," she smiled, "because a man, after he's cum, would NEVER want a woman to play with herself," she continued to swirl her fingers, "would never want her to coat her fingers with the mess," she started to bring her fingers up between us, "and would NEVER want to lick them." As she said it, she did just that, she put her fingers in her mouth, tasted them, licked them, cleaned them of the mess she'd collected from around my boy clit, literally licking up my cum. "And a man certainly would NEVER want to share it with a woman."

I felt her move her fingers back between us, back into the mess, the soupy mixture, gathering up more it onto her fingers. "A man would never do that after he cums," she said, whispering the words into my ear, "but a woman would, Dana." Her fingers moved back up, towards us now, towards their inevitable destination, and while I waited for my mind to scream, to protest, for reality to set in, it never did. "Prove to me you're not a man, Dana, share this with me, share your cum with me."

I opened my mouth, as eager for her fingers, for the wet mess, as I was for anything. I lay there, feminized, cock in my pussy, mouth open, eager for it, eager to share, to taste, to lick, eager for her to feed my cum to me, eager to clean the mess off her fingers.

"Ohhhh, that's right, Dana, lick," she lowered her fingers into my mouth, "lick them, taste it, show me you really did cum like a girl, show me, share it with me, sissy, show me." I licked her fingers, greedily slurped the cum off them, fully aware it was my own cum she was feeding me, not caring what I was doing, needing to do it, wanting to do it. I lay there, cock in my pussy, licking cum off my fiancée's fingers, surrendering forever, becoming her girl forever, her sissy forever and ever.

I didn't know at that minute, what was going to happen to us, neither did she, but a few things I knew for certain:

She was the love of my life, always would be.

I was the love of her life just the same.

And I would never live, work, or be a man again.

—Dana Sullivan, *The Sissy Pilot*



From Sara

I hope you all enjoyed this book. Again, a special thanks to Vickie Tern for all her help in editing this, and my other books, and for giving me inspiration, wisdom, and guidance.

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