

The Half and Half Man

Was he man enough to be a woman?

Grace Mansfield

PART ONE

"Honey, I have problems."

Lana looked up at her husband. "Your new boss?"

Jesse nodded. "She's...demanding certain things, and I don't know..."

Lana frowned. She said, "Let's have a drink and discuss it."

They adjourned to the kitchen and she poured him a stiff drink of bourbon and Coke. There wasn't much left in the bottle, so she shrugged, tilted it and guzzled.

Jesse laughed. "It always amazes me that you can do that."

"Just hold the nose and do it fast. Hits the belly harder, with a woosh."

"I could never do that." He shook his head.

"Well, I'm just a little more manly than you."

He frowned, "that's sort of what I wanted to talk to you about."

She tilted her head quizzically.

He took a sip and prepared his thoughts, and she waited.

Jesse was a slender man, only five foot eight.

Lana was five foot six, and if she wore heels she was taller than him. Which led to a lot of joking about her being the 'bigger man' in the family.

Add to that the fact that he had a narrow face and expressive brown eyes, and she actually was a bit more manly looking than him.

But not that manly. Her blonde hair, so long she always had to toss it over her shoulder, and her rather amazing bosoms, and she was all woman.

"Well, I know how important this job is to us..."

"Yes."

"And it's a good job. And..."

"Cut to the chase, babe." She could feel the alcohol exploding in her belly. She looked up at the new bottle.

"Margaret is instituting a dress code. Corporate image and all that."

"That shouldn't be a big deal."

"Well, she's insisting that everybody have, uh, longer nails. Well manicured."

"Well, it is a cosmetics company."

"But even the guys?"

"Guys have nails, too, and if customers come in you will be scrutinized."

"But..." he started but she cut him off.

"Is it for all the guys?"

"Well, there's only me and George over in shipping, and he wears gloves all day, so I doubt if he's going to the object of her ire."

Her ire. That was his favorite expression for describing his boss. Seems like Margaret was always pissy where Jesse was concerned.

"I don't see what the problem is...just get a manicure."

"Yeah, but...she's got a salon that she 'recommends,' and she very pointedly recommended it to me."

"Well, go on down, get your nails done."

"With all the women sitting around and staring at me?"

Lana laughed. "It's only nails. Women get them done all the time."

"But men don't."

"Is that all that's got you all flustered?" She slid her chair over and reached between his legs. Yep. As she had expected, Jesse had a big boner. She unzipped his pants and pulled out his meat. For a small man he had a fair sized hunk of pussy pleaser. She began to stroke him.

"Oh," he breathed out.

She stroked him gently, slithered her hand up his pole, and he felt every pore of her hot flesh rub over his most sensitive part. She began rubbing her palm over his head, and he could hardly breath.

"Oh...God..."

She smiled a wicked smile. She loved to get him like this, hot and bothered and out of control...under her control. "Honey, look down at your dick."

He looked down, and he saw her red tipped nails wrapped around his cock, sliding over the skin, and it took his breath—what little he had left—away.

"Now then, you know how important this job is."

He did.

"You know what the big plan is."

For him to learn as much as they could so they could start their own company.

"And I know this might seem embarrassing, but it will only be embarrassing for a while. Then you'll get used to it. Women get used to it. We don't even think about our fingernails." She looked down at his cock, throbbing and turning red. The veins were standing out a droplet of pre-cum was forming at the slit. "Except when I take you in hand and—"

"But I don't..." he was having trouble breathing.

"You don't want to get your nails done? You have pretty hands that customers will be impressed by?"

"But I..."

Lana pulled out the stops. She had been planning her own company for years now, and it was time to get it off the ground. And she certainly couldn't have her husband getting a little squeamish just because he didn't like the idea of having his nails painted. She leaned in to him, her red lips became the focus of her world, and she said, "You're just going to have to 'man up,' or maybe that is 'woman up,' because we have spent a long time getting to where we are. A year of this job and we'll have the bona fides to get a loan. We are right on the edge of success.

She was stroking him faster.

But he was still resisting. "But I don't..."

She stopped.

He was pulsing, and the good, old semen trigger was about to click. In a second he was going to be spurting, but that second didn't come.

He stared at his wife. "Wha..."

She smiled, stood up, and went for the second bottle.

Jesse looked down at his cock. It was actually dripping on the kitchen floor. Spatters of clearish pre-cum formed a little puddle. "Honey?" Desperation was in his voice.

She used a knife to cut the cellophane off the mouth of the bottle.

"Can we finish this?" He pointed to his dick, his voice was whining.

She unscrewed the cap and tilted the bottle. Glug. It slid down her throat, and she thought: *if I keep doing this it will make my voice low and husky. Sort of sexy.* She glugged again. Smacked her lips, and felt the liquor scoring her insides and turning into little flames in her belly.

"Honey?"

She looked at him. "Would you like another drink?"

Then he got it. If he didn't comply, she would withhold, and that was one game he never seemed to win. Women just didn't seem to get as horny as men.

But, if he could have seen inside her head right at that moment he would have been surprised.

Lana was getting turned on.

The liquor was helping. Good bourbon always warmed up her snatch. And pushing her hubbie around was awfully delicious. In fact, that was making her horny, too. And the idea of his slender frame endowed with bright red fingertips was making her downright wet down there.

She poured him a drink. Nothing like a little lubrication to bring him around. She placed it on the table and slid it towards him.

He took it and sipped.

She glugged.

And not for the first time in their marriage she was struck by the differences between them.

He was soft and gentle. Liked wine. In fact, liked wine spritzers, a girly drink if there ever was one.

She was woman all the way through, but she was also an alpha dog. Well, an alpha bitch. Though she didn't usually let the bitch out.

But seeing Jesse weaseling on their plans, it brought out the bitch.

She smiled. She was wet and horny, and she decided to squeeze him a bit tonight. Maybe she'd even make him wear a bra when they made love. That always seemed to bring out the beast in him.

The beast being a bit of submissiveness that just simply turned her on.

"Honey," she said. "I've decided you will get your nails done."

"No way," he was going to hold his ground, even if it cost him sex.

She sat down again and took his cock in her hand. "We can do this the easy way, or the hard way."

Then he said something surprising. "I'll just jack off."

She blinked, and then his defiance warmed her up, made her really bitchy. She tightened her grip on his cock. "Don't you dare."

"I'm going to."

So she let go. "Go ahead."

So he took a big drink of courage and took himself in hand.

She watched as he began stroking. For a long minute he stroked, and he was getting close, when she suddenly reached up and grabbed his nipples and pinched and twisted.

"OW!" He let go of his cock and reached for his chest. "What'd you do that for?"

"Real men don't need to jack off."

"Real men don't have their nails done."

"Well, you're going to get your nails done."

"You're trying to make me into a woman!"

She smiled. She liked the thought. She was surprised it hadn't come up more often, their dynamics being what they were.

"I'll make you into a woman if you want," drip...drip...drip...for both of them. "But right now we are discussing fingernails. Drink."

He drank some more. He rubbed his chest. His nipples hurt, she had really twisted them!

She decided to go soft for a while, and she took his cock in her hand again. She stroked him, she kissed him, and she could feel him melt. Sex was the one thing that always worked on him.

"I don't want to," he blurted.

"Hush, honey. Look at your cock. See my finger nails? Red, holding that big tool? You could have nails like that."

"First you say I can't jack off, now you're telling me to."

And that did it. She hated it when he caught her in a contradiction. She stood up, pulled his cock hard, and he yelped and leaped to his feet.

"You come with me. Right now."

He didn't have much choice and he followed her, and his cock felt like it was going to burst, orgasm right in her fist, except that she was holding it too tight.

She pulled him into the bedroom and literally threw him into the chair in front of her make up station. He looked up at her, almost in shock.

"I'm going to paint your nails, full red, right now. And you're going to spend the weekend with them. You don't have to go anywhere, but I might make you do things so you can get the full experience. Do you understand me?"

Oddly, or maybe not so oddly, his cock was at full attention. It stood up and was red in the head and pre-cum oozed freely.

Stunned, he nodded.

She giggled. "Mr. Happy likes the idea."

He looked down at his penis, then back up at her, and he gulped.

She took his hands, finger by finger, and prepared them. Then she chose the longest fingernails she had and glued them in place. She trimmed them, then selected the brightest red she had.

Jesse watched, first in shock, then in awe. His fingers were already slender, but now they were long. And the red...it was...

She coated them with a clear hardener. Then sat and watched him.

He stared at his nails. He kept gulping. And his cock, it was throbbing. Pulsing. He could feel the vein underneath it, the one that led to the slit, pounding, and, despite himself, he felt it creeping up...up...and suddenly he felt all warm, and he gasped, and he came.

Lana stared in shock as Jesse shivered and shook and his cock spewed.

He had actually cum just from having nails put on him!

He sat and slumped in on himself, and he gasped and gulped, and he was so embarrassed. He bent his head over, hung it on his chest in humiliation.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled.

She stared at him with wide eyes, and began to grin. She had always known he was soft, that was why she loved him. He wasn't like other men. He paid attention to her, and he was easy to bring around to her frame of mind.

And now, to find out that special, little kink, it was too much. He had actually cum just from having fake fingernails.

She closed her face up, didn't want him to know how wet this was making her. She put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Well, you broke the rules now. I told you no jacking off, and you managed to make it happen."

"But...I didn't mean to. I'm sorry!"

"Sorry isn't enough, buster. You broke the rules and now you owe me."

"I owe you?"

"Big time. And the first step is this weekend. And you waiting on me. Using those fingernails, and getting used to them. After all, when you go to work you're going to have to be used to them. We don't want you soiling your panties around all those ladies."

He hung his head again, and tried to deal with his mounting shame.

That weekend was a revelation for Lana. All weekend she pushed Jesse around. Do the dishes. Do the laundry. Polish the silverware. Wash the car. Mow the lawn. Vacuum. Fix breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Jesse didn't know what hit him. He was confused, and still embarrassed, over what had happened to him. And, to make matters worse, his dick had come right back up. It was standing straighter than a totem pole, taller than a lamp post. And it was dripping.

In truth, he had never been so horny in his life. And it was all the fault of those fingernails!

But he couldn't stop looking at them. But the more he looked at them the hotter and harder became his cock.

"Look at the bulge in your panties!" Lana kept laughing at him, and feeling him. "Those nails really do turn you on."

Then, when he was out doing the next task on her list, she would rub her pussy and feel how wet it was. This might be making him hard, but what it was doing to her was unbelievable.

Still, he kept saying he didn't want to go to work like this. Especially with red fingernails. And his face was red and puffy with shame. And Lana could tell that he was serious. So she decided to take a drastic step.

"Hi, is this Margaret Trask? Hi, this is Lana Boyd. I'm Jesse's wife, Jesse, from work. Oh, yes, is this a bad time? Or can we chat briefly."

She watched Jesse trundle past the front window, pushing the mower, his hands encased in garden gloves. She smiled and found her hand automatically going to her crotch.

"Well, yes. Jesse told me about the dress code, and that everybody has to have first class manicures, and...no...I like the idea. I think it would be good for men to experience fine looking hands. But, yes, Jesse is resisting the idea. I decided it would be a good idea to liaise with you and see if you had any ideas, and...oh, okay. Well, that would be wonderful. In fact, that's quite brilliant. I'm sure he'll be relieved to find out that he doesn't have to wear fingernails to work...but I won't tell him. No. Not a word. Our secret."

She hung and smiled. She liked the feel of Margaret Trask, and she knew the lady would deliver. In a way, they were like birds of a feather. Alpha bitches, determined to get their way.

Jesse sped past the window again, determined to go fast, and get out of the sun before somebody came over and saw him wearing gloves, and wondered what he had on under them.

"Okay. You win." Lana said.

Jesse blinked. He rarely won an argument with his wife, and it felt good. In spite of the fact that he had so embarrassingly shot his load the night before.

"I do?"

"Yep. I know that when you really dig your heels in...well. You win."

So they ate dinner, and it being Sunday night, Lana took his nails off. And smiled the whole time.

House of Chimera was located in a big warehouse downtown. It was remodeled, a real treasure of architecture, and a main office for the company. It served the whole west coast.

The main office was located in a place called Stepforth Valley, and it was supposed to really be something. But it would have to be to outdo this office.

At eight in the morning Jesse entered the building. He was clean and presentable, and his nails were just regular, old male nails. Looking a little better for being cleaned by Lana the night before, but nothing to celebrate.

He greeted the ladies as he walked back to his office. Being the only man in the company, outside of the shipping boy, who was actually an old man, he was popular. Take men away from women, even bitchy women, and the women start to miss them. Way of the world.

Jesse arrived in his office and began sorting through tasks to be done. There were important things, which had to be done now, moderately important things, which could be done sometime during the week, and not important things which could be filed in the circular file immediately.

He was just finishing up his sorting, and ready to begin the heavy lifting, when the intercom buzzed.

"Jesse, Mrs. Trasker is holding a meeting in five. Room one. You're invited."

"Thanks, Shiela," he hung up and set everything aside and stood up. Get there early and get a good seat was his motto.

But when he arrived he was surprised to find that everybody was already there. He tiptoed across the room, heading for a chair in the rear, when Margaret called his name out.

"Ah, here he is. Jesse, come on up front."

Surprised, but not alarmed, Jesse strode up the aisle. The ladies began to clap, which made Jesse blush. And, truth, he liked recognition. What man doesn't like to be appreciated? And he had no idea that Margaret had instructed the ladies how to act towards him. Now, at the meeting, and from here on out.

"Have a seat here, Jesse."

A make up station was set up. It faced the audience, again, not alarming. They frequently did demonstrations of new techniques and products.

"Now, it is fortunate that we have Jesse here," Margaret Trasker walked behind him, placed a hand on his shoulder. She was middle-aged, and quite the stunner. Grey was forbidden in her personal hairstyle, and she had beautiful auburn locks. In addition, she was immaculately made up, and had a stunning, full breasted body. Exactly like one would expect from the head of a cosmetics company.

"Fortunate, because I have just received word from the main office, Chimera is planning on releasing a male cosmetics line."

Jesse watched the ladies ooh and aww. He smiled. He didn't know why he had been singled out, but he wasn't worried. He just liked the way the women smiled at him.

"So, using techniques and advices handed down to me, we are going to experiment with Jesse a little, and see where it goes. Is that okay with you? Jesse?"

She turned his shoulder slightly so he could look at her. She gave him a big charmer of a smile.

"Of course," he responded. He still hadn't figure it out. Then Margaret dropped the other shoe. Or, rather, boot.

"We're still waiting for male product to arrive, but we can use our regular cosmetics on Jesse."

That's when it started to penetrate. Regular cosmetics. Which meant cosmetics normally used on ladies. Which meant...

"Let's start with his hands. Norma will do his right hand, and Jeanie will do his left. Nancy, turn on the projector so we can watch his hands on the big screen.

The lights went off and the wall to right lit up with a picture of Jesse's hands. Small cameras were located above each hand, and the wall split them into two giant hands.

"Now, then, notice that Norma is using our special cleanser, that will prepare Jesse's nails for..."

Margaret continued talking, and Jesse suddenly turned a brilliant, bright red. In fact, he wondered that he wasn't glowing.

What was worse that, as the the girls handled his mitts his boner grew. Just a little at first, but soon it was a raging monster that threatened to split his pants. He hoped it didn't show to the ladies in the front row.

"Jeannie is using our special trimming tool for the precise cut, and she will..."

He watched his nails be trimmed and sanded and prepared. Lana had already prepared his hands the night before, but it was still interesting. In fact, downright fascinating.

"Fortunately, she doesn't have much to do, Jesse apparently keeps his hands in good shape. A hand for Jesse, please."

A brief explosion of claps, and even one wolf whistle, and Jesse was redder than red. He felt like he was so hot his skin would melt. And, what was worse, he knew he was dripping. His pants would be damp in the front.

Yet, the clapping, the appreciation, had felt good.

He was conflicted, and on many fronts. He didn't want his nails done. He didn't want his nails done female style. He was ashamed. He was terrified that the lights would go on and everybody would point at his pants and giggle...yet what could he do?

And he had no idea that Margaret had proposed this demonstration specifically to get him to wear nails.

"These nails are gel, the most durable on the market, and we have selected the female equivalent of 'super glue.' You'll be wearing these nails home, Jesse. A hand for our hero, ladies."

More clapping, and even cheers. It felt good to Jesse, but he also felt like he was swooning. He was dizzy and faint, and terrified by the pictures of his giant hands on the wall screen.

And he was now afraid he was actually going to cum.

He began to think of baseball. Ninth inning, full count, don't cum...don't cum...the wind up...and the pitch...

"We have selected a bright red for this little experiment. Note how his hands look so sexy."

A few comments, designed to make Jesse feel sexy.

But he was squeezing his toes in his shoes, praying to God...

Foul ball! It dribbles in the dirt and the catcher picks it up. He exchanges it with the umpire for a fresh, new ball. The catcher throws the ball back. The pitcher looks towards first base. The crowd is tense. The wind up...the pitch...

"And this hardener will effectively end chips and cracks. The total effect of this..."

CRACK! Jesse heard the sound in his mind, of a baseball being tagged. But it was really the trigger in his groin. The first spurt was coming.

It's a hit! Runners are rounding the bags, the first runner crosses the plate!

Jesse bit his lip and tried not to groan. The first spurt erupted in his pants, and the second spurt was on the way.

The second man crosses the plate!

The second spurt felt bigger than the first, a long, juicy stream of white, right into his jockeys...and starting to seep through.

The third man crosses the plate!

The third spurt was as big as the second. It felt sloshy in his pants already. And even as he tried to control his shivering the fourth spurt began to shoot up his tube.

And the batter crosses the plate!

Jesse relaxed his muscles. He had automatically tightened up. The girls doing his nails looked at him, not knowing that his penis had just erupted, then shrugged and went back to work.

None of the ladies in the audience could see the strain on his face, the mix of heaven and terror in the darkness.

Only Margaret had any inkling of what had happened, and that because happed to be standing right behind him, one hand on his shoulder, and she heard him groan, and being a woman of the world, she knew what it sounded like when men had their little orgasms.

She smiled and tightened her grip on his shoulder momentarily. She hadn't known he was one of those kinds of men. Or maybe she had. She had hired him, after all.

Jesse felt her hand tighten and then let go. Oh, God! Did she know? How could she?

But, then, when the lights went on everybody would know. The lights would go on and he would be sitting there with a big cum stain on the front of his pants. And he was a pretty big cummer, so it might be a big stain. No mistaking that puppy. No, sirree.

His face so hot you could cook eggs on it, his dick now a slug, but already threatening to erect again, Jesse was in a full state of panic.

Yet what could he do?

Finally, the end of the terror, and the beginning of a new terror, and being exposed for all to see, a namby pamby man with bright red fingernails, the demonstration came to an end.

"Lights, please?"

Miraculously, Margaret was standing right in front of him, blocking the view of any in the audience.

"Norma, Jeannie, thank you. I'll schedule a demonstration for next week. Full facial."

There were a few 'thank yous,' and some muted conversations, but the ladies all filed out, and Jesse just sat there, his face redder than his nails, his embarrassment quotient turned up to the highest setting, and he knew that Margaret knew he had squirted. That was why she squeezed his shoulder. That was why she stood in front of him until everybody had left.

And that meant his job was done.

Now he not only had those nails...he had lost his job. And he knew that Lana would be pissed.

But right now, he was more worried about the coming confrontation with Margaret. And, right then, she turned around.

She turned around and smiled at him.

He was afraid to look at his pants. He was afraid she would look.

She turned and grabbed a chair, pulled it around and sat down facing him.

He was frozen, afraid, didn't know what to say.

She smiled, a tight smile with just the corners of her mouth. And, she finally looked down.

And Jesse allowed himself to look down.

His pants were a sticky mess. The semen had seeped through and was totally visible for what it was. Not pee. Not spilled coffee. But white, sludgy semen.

He groaned in despair.

She looked up at him.

"Why, what do we have here."

Jesse said nothing. His eyes were round and his heart was pumping.

"Did having your nails done actually make you...cum?"

"I...I..."

She leaned forward and placed her own well manicured nail on his lips. "Did you get so excited that you squirted your load?"

He wanted to say something, to beg, to explain, but her finger was in place and he said nothing.

But his dick was starting to grow hard again.

"Well, this is a shocking state of affairs. Are you a girly man? Or a manly girl? Or just a girl waiting to happen?"

She stood up then, and his mouth was free to speak. But how does one speak in the face of such accusations?

She turned around, took two paces, then stopped. Her back to him, she said, "I'm waiting."

He opened his mouth to speak, she turned half way around, looked at him sideways, and brought out her cell from behind her back and snapped a picture.

Jesse was shocked. His mind stopped working.

Click, click, click...

His hands came up to his mouth, his red tipped hands.

Click, click, click...

Then he realized that he had to move. He covered his face, a sob leaked out of him, he turned his head away.

She stopped clicking and laughed.

He dared to peek at her, and she was tapping her finger on her cell.

"There we go, all uploaded." She lowered her phone and smiled at him.

"What are you...what..."

"Now, one more thing." She lifted her cell phone and tapped on a number. The sound of ringing.

"Hi, Lana. Margaret here. Say, I hope I'm not speaking out of line here, but your husband just had a little cosmetic accident. No, nothing serious. Yes...he was having his nails done and he came in his pants. Uh huh. Oh, he did. So you knew. Well, we need to discuss the situation. Maybe you could bring him some trousers this afternoon, and we could all sit down and have a chat. Upset? Oh, no. Quite the contrary. I have dealt with men like him before, and I quite enjoy it. I just want to make sure everything is all right with you before I bring out the big guns. Okay. Say three-ish? No. Make it four. The girls will be winding down and going home and we'll have plenty of time to sort through this. Oh, no problem. Thank you and we'll see you then."

She hung up. She smiled at Jesse, and Jesse felt like the world had come to an end.

"You can wear an apron to your office, then hide behind your desk. She placed her hands on the arms of his chair then, and looked him in the face. Her red lips and grey eyes took up his vision, and she said, "We're going to have fun, Jesse. Are you ready?"

But Jesse wasn't. He could hardly breath, and his mind had purely stopped working.

PART TWO

"So good to meet you."

"Likewise."

The ladies shook hands, very professional, and sat down.

Margaret was wearing a pencil skirt, black and a black jacket. Her high heels made her calves stand out, and her breasts, though hidden under the jacket, were obviously sizable.

Lana was wearing, interestingly enough, a similar outfit. A black pencil skirt, but with a blue jacket. Neither woman had on a blouse, and their bras were visible and quite sexy.

It wasn't going to be the only similarity they shared.

Jesse sat next to Lana, but slightly to one side. But then the meeting was between the ladies, and he was just an accommodation to the situation.

The ladies chatted briefly, coffee was brought in, and they got down to business.

"Now, about this problem of controlling his orgasms."

Lana sighed. "Yes. He's always been a little...premature," Jesse blinked, he hadn't heard that before! "but this new thing, of just shooting his seed at the slightest provocation, and I think we agree that a simple set of nails is not much of a provocation."

"I'm glad we're in agreement. Let's be honest. What do you want?"

Lana tried to play coy for a moment. "Want? Well, Jesse loves his job, and I—"

"Jesse is over qualified."

Lana stopped talking and tilted her head slightly. The conversation had just taken a left turn.

"When we hired him I knew that he knew way too much about our business. He knew cosmetics forward and back. He knows about applications, though you wouldn't think so to see his red face right about now."

Jesse blushed harder, and the ladies smiled briefly at him.

"So Jesse shows up, takes a position he is overqualified for, and the first thing I thought was...corporate spies."

Lana blinked. Definitely a left turn. "I can assure you that we're definitely not corporate spies."

"Yes. I kept a close watch on Jesse, and his work is good, his knowledge is good, and he really enjoys this."

Suddenly Lana turned to Jesse. "Tell me, Jesse, have you ever heard of Andreja Pejic?"

"No." He seemed a little confused by the odd question out of nowhere. Lana, however, caught her breath. She suddenly knew where this was going.

Margaret studied Jesse for a long second, then turned back to Lana. "But you have."

"I have."

"We are considering something like that. It would mean lots of money, exposure, a whole new life, really."

"And you're considering Jesse in this new venture."

"Yes. Representing the house of Chimera. But two things stop us. First, his little problem with over anxious squirting."

"A delicate way to put it."

"And the other is...what do you want? And by that I mean...why was Jesse willing to accept a job he was so over qualified for?"

Here it was. A moment where the roads crossed and new paths were taken. And a moment of brutal honesty, and risking everything. If Margaret didn't like their motivations...they were gone. On the other hand...Andreja Pejic?

The thing that finally made up Lana's mind was that she and Margaret were so obviously alike. Alpha bitches. If it were different circumstances they would cut each other tits off and feed them to the dogs.

But in this situation, two alpha bitches aligned...the world, baby. The world was theirs.

"Who's this Andrea person?" Jesse mixed up the name.

"Shush, dear." Shush, as in...the adults are talking.'

Jesse frowned.

Lana: "We want to start our own cosmetics company."

Margaret: "Ahh," and she leaned back in the swivel.

Then, for a long, long moment, the two women regarded each other. They sized each other up. They studied the hooded eyes, the close to their vest thoughts, their every little nuance.

Jesse was getting nervous. He didn't understand where this conversation was going.

Margaret cleared her throat. "Well, then, there's only that one, little problem of his.prematureness. Can you handle that?"

I can handle it, but it may take time and a certain degree of...experiment.

"Say six months? Time enough for him to learn the mannerisms, time enough for any hormones to take effect...I assume you are going to go that route?"

"That or plastic surgery. But I've always believed natural is better."

"We can certainly explore both options. Size is not crucial, but it is important."

Jesse was totally lost. It was as if the two women were speaking a foreign language. He looked back and forth between them, his head swiveling as if he was watching a game of tennis.

"Well, then." Margaret touched the intercom button on her phone. "Janice, bring in three glasses and a bottle of Roederer Cristal, please."

A minute later the secretary pushed in a cart with three flutes and a bottle of light colored champagne. She poured quickly, placed the tray on Margaret's desk, and left the room.

All the while the two ladies watched each other.

Then, Margaret raised a toast.

"To both sides of the coin."

The three tilted their glasses.

And Jesse was thoroughly in the dark.

"Who is this Andrea person?" They were home, and Jesse was playing catch up. And Lana was having a hard time keeping her eyes off his long, red fingernails. God, they made her wet.

"Andreja Pejic. The world's first androgynous model. He walks the catwalks in female fashion, and outshines even the highest paid of the girl models."

"Wow. Must be some kind of a freak."

"Freak? No. Just a person. But he, or perhaps I should say 'she,' she had gender reassignment surgery, makes more money than a bank. A big bank.

"Huh. Well, good work if you can find it. But what does that have to do with us?"

"Maybe a lot, maybe a little. Come, pour us some drinks and I'll explain the situation to you."

Jesse poured bourbon and coke for both of them. While he mixed she watched his red tipped hands working the glasses, figuring out how to get the ice cubes out of the tray without breaking a nail, wrapping around a bottle like it was a dick. Her thighs actually felt slippery.

And Lana smiled as she watched him take his first sip. *No wine spritzers for you, husband of mine. I need you drunk enough to make the right decision.*

They sat on the patio, it was a beautiful day, and sipped their bourbon and coke, and Lana put on some good music, Pink Floyd, very sexy, that, and the day waned.

"So what are we waiting to talk about?" asked Jesse. He was on his third drink and feeling no pain. But he also wasn't so drunk that he was incapable of thought.

"Take off your clothes."

He blinked. She had been hiding something since they left Margaret's office, and her tone had been very no nonsense, even when they chatted about day to day stuff. but now...this was an out and out command.

Still, he liked being naked with her, and, truth, he actually got a little boner when she talked tough to him.

He kicked off his shoes and slithered out of pants and shirt.

"Stand up, right in front of me. Show me yourself."

Weirder and weirder. But he did as she asked.

She inspected his body. A bit too angular, which was why Margaret suggested hormones. And if he didn't get big enough tits, they could go the plastic surgery route. That was an open door waiting for them.

And his face. He had a wonderful complexion. Clear and smooth, and the skin texture and color was just perfect.

And, of course, the piece de resistance...his fingernails. Long ovals. She wanted him to go full stiletto. The idea of those long, sharp nails trailing over her body gave her the shivers.

And she could see how he would take to make up. His face was a perfect blend of shadows and lines. It could be made very feminine.

"Well?"

She softened her tone.

"Put a cushion on the cement between my legs, then get down and eat me."

And, in her mind: *the best negotiations take place with one party at a disadvantage.*

Frowning, but happy to finally move into a more sexual phase of their conversation, Jesse did as she asked. Shortly he had his hands on her thighs—she was brought to a new level of horniness by his beautiful finger nails resting on her flesh—and his tongue laving her pussy. He licked, long up and down strokes, stopping every once in a while to nibble on her clit.

Lana sat back and reached inside her jacket. She lifted one boob out of her bra and began to play with the nipple. She sighed. She had had a couple of drinks, not as many as Jesse, but she was feeling pretty darn good. And so damned warm and ready.

She actually wanted a dick in her right now.

To have this door open for them, right now, at this time...she moaned as the fire went from her nipple to her crotch.

Jesse looked at her, his brown eyes almost sad as he kissed and tongued her sacred palace.

She spoke, a low voice, chopped up by sexual feelings exploding in her: "You made me so hot today. I swear, I was so wet I was afraid I'd slide right off that chair and splash on the floor."

Jesse blinked. Once again he was confused, but horniness made it all right. Besides, at least she was talking. No more of that sphinx thing she was so good at.

"So, my dear husband. We are going to make you the next Andreja Pejic."

His head popped up. "What?"

She grabbed his head and shoved it back into her pussy. He continued to eat, but now he was listening, and hard.

"A little make up, a few hormones to give you breasts—you don't need big ones, but they must be adequate—and then you can be making the big money."

"I don't want—"

She grabbed his ears, hard, interrupting his objection, and looked into his face. "But I do. Now continue eating, and don't interrupt me again."

She pushed his face into her snatch, thrust her hips a little bit, felt his lips chewing on her in the most delightful manner, and she continued.

"I will be your manager. Margaret will use her contacts and provide many services that will exploit you to the fullest. We won't have to wait for the money...it's coming."

Jesse was frowning, but still keeping her happy.

"We will travel the world, eating the best foods, drinking the finest wines. And, yes, you won't be drinking bourbon after tonight. It's wine spritzers for you, or just simple ginger ale."

He raised his head and opened his mouth, but she was quicker, and once again she jammed his nose into her crotch, and this time she clamped thighs around his face. He couldn't hear, but she didn't care. She was having the daydream of her life, and it was all going to come true.

But finally, Jesse managed to push back to escape her iron thighs, and he stood up. "What if I don't want to be a girl?"

Lana blinked, the idea actually surprised her. "Don't want to be a...dear, EVERY man wants to be a girl. That's why they lust after us, to be like us. To experience love in its purest form, to have the ultimate orgasm, and, of course, to wear our silky clothes and our high heels and...to wear make up."

"But I don't want to."

"You just think you don't," Lana smiled. "Underneath that male exterior is a female just waiting to get out."

"Well, I'm not going to do it." And he stomped into the house.

Lana stood up and followed him, and the click, click, click of her high heels was loud, like gunshots. She was pissed.

He went into the bedroom. He was loopy and upset and he was going to take a shower and go to bed. He didn't make it into the shower, however, before Lana grabbed his cock and literally threw him on the bed.

"You will."

"I won't."

And then, realizing that she had hit a brick wall, and that her normal alpha bitchiness wasn't going to work, she went soft on him.

She got on the bed, knelt over him, and took his penis in her hands. "Honey?" And she grinned.

"No," he said. But he knew he was already at a disadvantage.

"You are going to do this for us. Wouldn't you like to be rich? And famous? And travel the world?"

"Money isn't everything, I don't feel like people gawking at me, and the world can come to me if it wants."

She laughed, a gentle sound that always delighted him. "You're right of course," she rubbed his penis, stroking the shaft and swirling the head. "But if you ever want sex again, in this whole wide world, you'll go with the flow. I mean, think of..." and she began talking, and talking, and talking. And his second head grew bigger and bigger, and soon he was dripping pre-cum. A lot of pre-cum.

"But...I like being a man!" He was now protesting, and explaining himself, which was a weaker point than just saying 'no.'

"Of course you do. And on your off time you can be as manly as you want. Heck, you can even take hockey lessons and smoke cigars. And with me, in bed? Baby, you're going to be the most man a man ever was. And do you know why?"

He didn't.

"Because all the money you make is going to make me so horny. The more money you make the hornier I'll get. Pretty soon it'll be me who is exploding in delicious orgasm just at the sight of you."

He frowned, "And that's another thing. What's this premature BS you told her about?"

"Well, honey, you do tend to shoot off a little too soon. And that trick with the fingernails, cuming just from getting your hands made pretty, that's pretty premature."

"Yeah, but...is it really that bad?"

"I'll tell you this...rich men can keep it up longer. Men with money don't have to worry about premature ejaculation."

Which statement was a total lie, and maybe even the opposite of the truth, but Lana's hands working his cock was getting to him, and Jesse was starting to buy into the fantasy.

"Well, I don't care." But he did. He had brought it up, and now there was no simple way to put the toothpaste back into the tube.

"Don't worry, honey. One of the first things we'll do is help you learn to control your penis."

"What if I can't?"

And, spontaneous, she blurted, "Then we'll control it for you." Such a simple statement, spur of the moment, yet, if there was any argument that most contributed to Jesse changing his mind, it was that one. Simply, there was something about being controlled that appealed to him.

And he squirted.

No warning. No sudden intake of breath. No muscular contractions. Just...squirt.

And Lana looked down at her hand in surprise.

And Jesse looked down at his penis, too. He hadn't expected that.

They looked at each other.

And she thought, *he likes to be controlled.*

And he thought, *uh oh.*

The next day at work, Jesse had barely settled in when he received a call from Margaret's secretary. "Margaret would like to see you in room. one."

Jesse walked down the hall, and he was dreading it. He was tired, had a very slight hang over, and was very uncomfortable with the change that was coming.

He had been talked into it, but...he was scared.

To put on make up. To be the girly man that real men laughed at.

And, a thought: *not that any real man had ever done anything for him. No, everything he had gained, seemed to come from women. Women liked him and wanted to help him.*

Did they see something in him that he didn't?

He entered the room, and it was the same as the day before. Rows of women staring at him. Margaret at the front of the room, smiling and waiting. But the make up table was set up a little differently.

Uh oh. They were going to do his face.

"Welcome, Jesse. Have a seat."

He was already starting to get red in the face.

Margaret faced the women. "Ladies, I have a special announcement. You may have heard of Andreja Pejic, the world's first androgynous model.

"Andreja has changed the world. He has shown us a new type of female, and he has elevated men, and women, everywhere. The man, now he is a woman, has courage.

The ladies in the audience were glancing at each other. They had been prepared for a make up lesson, a demonstration, and now Margaret had left the script.

"But we of the House of Chimera have our own courage. We have a man who is willing to break the barriers and help us launch cosmetics for men in a whole new magnitude."

The ladies were buzzing now, figuring it out.

"Ladies of Chimera, I give you Jesse, our own androgynous model...and the future of Chimera!"

And now the audience burst into applause. At first tentative, and then growing, and then the women were standing up and cheering.

Jesse sat as frozen. The applause, the cheers, it felt good, but his face was so hot that if he perspired he would steam. But he didn't perspire. He was too scared to sweat.

Jesse arrived home late that night. He had actually been too scared to drive. His face was fully made up, his eyes were shadowed and scintillating, his lips were plump and red and moist looking, and he didn't want any other drivers to see him. So he waited in the parking lot, shaking with terror, until dusk settled in, and then he drove quickly, trying to time his way through lights so that nobody could see him.

At that, he still beat Lana home.

He quickly poured himself a spritzer, all he was allowed, but, damn, he needed some alcohol, and began dinner.

And watched his nails. Red tips almost flashing as he figured out how to work the can opener.

Using a nail to cut cellophane.

The awkwardness and light clicking sound of them.

"Honey! I'm home!"

She stopped and looked at him. "Oh. My. God!"

He turned eighteen shades of red and began to sink into himself.

"No! No!" he said, coming to him, hugging him, "You're beautiful! I just didn't...you caught me by surprise."

"I'm not...you don't..." he didn't know what he was really saying.

"Honey." She kissed him, gently so their make up didn't smear, and it was a very restrained sexual move that made his dick wake up. "If you knew how wet you were making me you'd buy stock in a sponge factory."

He managed a small laugh at that.

And, of course, his dick got just a little bigger.

"So, after dinner, and a modeling session, we're going to..."

"Modeling session?"

"I bought the most darling outfits. Lingerie, dresses, even a few pairs of shoes."

"But we don't have the money for that!"

She smiled, "Margaret is investing in you. Whatever you need, you got it."

That surprised him. Just the night previous they were talking about more money, and it was already showing up.

"But, as I was saying..." she cupped his balls with one hand. "You have made me so hot that I can't wait to get that big dick of yours into my..." she frowned. "Did you squirt today?"

He looked down. Shamed.

"Oh, don't worry. We'll figure it out. Maybe it will make you last longer tonight. Now, let's eat...and talk...and get ready for the night of your life."

They spent the night with him changing and learning to model.

"Here put your bra on like this. Time is important when you're on the catwalk."

Red-faced as always, Jesse nodded and tried to duplicate what Lana was teaching him.

Arrange your clothes before hand.

Get used to buttons being on the wrong side.

Avoid putting make up on before getting dressed.

And on and on and on. Jesse had never imagined there were so many things to remember. Heck, he had always thought being a woman was simple. Slap a little color on, paint your lips, and go out on the town. but now he was learning differently.

And, to complicate matters, Lana was having a hard time keeping her hands off him. He realized that she really was made horny by his look, and he was starting to relax and think that there were some benefits to losing his masculinity.

Finally, having changed his outfits dozens of times, having pranced about the house in some low heels that Lana had bought him, learning how to do the simple act of walking, they got ready for bed.

"You'll be getting extensions this weekend," mentioned Lana.

"Isn't my hair long enough?" Jesse stood in his slip and saw his dick growing downright huge. It was even making a damp spot on the front of the material.

"We want to make you as female as possible. No bobs for you."

"Huh," he slipped under the covers.

"Hold on. Did you take your make up off?"

"Uh, no."

"Let me show you how to use cold cream."

"But don't I have to go to work all made up tomorrow?"

"We'll try to put you back together tomorrow, but if we can't, then I'm sure Margaret will help out."

Later, in bed, he lay staring at the ceiling.

She held his penis and stroked it. They were just warming up, and settling the last thoughts of the day in their minds.

Jesse's thoughts were flights of panic, moments of terror, wondering how he was going to get through this.

Lana's thoughts were of money, and she turned on her side, the better to stroke Jesse and kiss his nipples, and she said, "You know, I never realized the close relationship between sex and money. I mean, sex is power...and money is power...and..."

"They all go together." Jesse was ready to pop. He had cum at the make up table earlier that day, but now he was already starting to feel the pulsations running up his dick.

"Yes," she threw back the cover and mounted him. It felt delicious to feel his penis penetrate her, open her up. It was a good sized weenie, and she always enjoyed it.

He squirted.

"Oh, shit."

She laughed.

"It's not...what?"

She got off him. "We have several roads we can go down."

"Such as?"

She ticked off her fingers. "One, make you cum so much you're empty. Two, tie your dick back. Might not stop you from cuming, but at least the mess might be 'catchable.' Three, aversion."

"What's aversion?"

"Associating unpleasant memories with squirting."

"I don't think I like that."

"We'll find out the hard way. Get down and eat me."

"Now? But I just came in you! Yuck!"

"Exactly. And every time you cum you have to lap it up. On the floor, in your panties, on the lip of the toilet...you make it and you lap it. Now...get down there."

She had to tug on his head a bit, but he finally slid down and found himself smelling his own sperm.

Yuck, he thought. Then he stuck his tongue out and tasted the first dribble.

Interestingly, it wasn't bad. 'Yuck' was in the mind. The fact was that his sperm tasted bland, but with a touch of salt.

And, the bad news...he liked it.

The next day Jesse made himself up, and then was remade up by Lana, and then went to work. He was wearing a dress, and when he entered the building ladies kept coming up to him and complimenting him.

"You look wonderful today, Jesse."

"Nice legs, sweetheart. when are you going to try some high heels?"

And a hug here, a hug there, and one girl even patted his ass.

All of which made him feel great...except for the fact that his face was red all the time.

Just barely sat down in his office when he was summoned, but this time to one of the private rooms where beauticians worked.

"Nice job, Jesse. Your wife help you?"

"Yes," he mumbled, all tongue tied at being addressed while feminine.

"Well, she did good, but we have to do better. Here's some cold cream, and I'm going to get some more permanent make up."

Permanent? He was distressed, but, oddly, he felt a surge of excitement, and, his dick, of course, grew again.

"Oh, Jesse," the beautician chided him. "Don't you ever go down?"

And he didn't. At least not while wearing make up.

But, boner notwithstanding, he learned a lot, and knew that within a very short time he would be better at putting on make up than just about anybody.

That afternoon he was schooled in fashions, and real models came in and gave him advice.

"Cross your feet over, it makes your rump sway more than just a straight line."

"Hold your hands like this, they will point to your face without being obvious."

"More haughty. People people what looks down on them."

Jesse's mind was spinning. And he suddenly squirted.

The two models working with him stopped and stared.

"Did he really...?"

"Oh my God! He did!"

Margaret was called in and a long discussion occurred, and Jesse was embarrassed the whole time. He kept looking at the ground, and he was afraid to tell them that Lana had made him eat his own cum. But a part of him wanted to.

Finally, the models done for the day, Margaret turned to him. She was frowning.

"What are we going to do, Jesse? We can't have your dick spitting as you walk down the runway."

"I don't know."

But Margaret did, and the very next day Jesse had to see the company psychiatrist.

"I don't know," he said. "I've always been, uh, quick on the trigger."

They talked about his mother and father and girls he had known, masturbation, even his pets. But there was no resolution, and after several meetings the good doctor had to tell Margaret that she was stumped.

Still, Margaret wasn't willing to call it quits. Jesse was absolutely perfect, and though he was always red in the face and his dick erupting at unfortunate times, she was determined that he succeed. So she made up her mind. She called Lana, and the decision was re-enforced.

ONE YEAR LATER.

Jesse sauntered down the runway. He, or she, was a knock out. The gown was long, but slit in the right places to show off the beautiful curves of his legs.

His waist was svelte. A thin ripple of flesh that swelled into his large breasts. He didn't have the largest breasts in the game, but, aided by corsets and tummy shapers, they swelled to a firm expanse of loveliness.

His face was impeccable. Hormones had redistributed his fat and his face was oval shaped. His lips were plump and always red. His eyes sparkled with color and life.

Over the course of the year he had changed, and greatly.

He now lived full time en femme. He was polished in make up, fashion, and all the subtle mannerisms that make up a beautiful woman.

Truth, on the street he was never recognized as a man, and many men gave him the look, the whistle, or even asked him out.

Now, glaring haughtily at the audience, he captured their imagination, and a thunder of applause.

He had, in fact, surpassed Andreja Pejic as the single most important androgynous model in the world.

And the money...it was so much they had to hire people to invest it for them. Millions and millions, just for striding down a runway and staring disdainfully at wealthy people.

I'm better than you, you might have money, but you'll never touch my standards, but I'll allow you to wear my dress, my gown, my underwear...for a veddy, veddy expensive price.

Finishing his walk, and the show, he smiled at his wife as he changed his clothes. It was warm today, and he was wearing a halter top and a short skirt. And, of his dick, there were no problems. No traces, no spurts, no embarrassments.

Lana drove, she usually did, and they made their way towards an exclusive restaurant.

"You did wonderful today."

"I did, didn't I," and Jesse giggled. His voice box had been shaved and his voice was perfectly feminine.

"So, how are feeling sexually? Want a little?"

"Oh, God, I've been dying for you to ask!"

"Want to eat...or just get straight to dessert?"

"Oh, dessert by a mile. A bit of the old in and out and the appetite soars."

So they returned to their hotel room.

Jesse got undressed, then slipped into some lingerie. He wore garters with nylons and a bra. He so loved the feel of sexy clothes when they fucked.

Under the stretch of garters his dick was miniscule. It was barely an inch long, and totally slack. It was no problem to tuck it in panties, and even to wear those panties down the runway. The slight bulge looked more like a clitoris than a cock.

A year before Margaret had arranged for him to receive a shot of medroxyprogesterone acetate. It wasn't the normal drug, used to chemically castrate sex offenders, but a derivative that would not effect the libido. In reality, the drug had proved to actually enhance the libido, though the cock shrunk and became useless.

Lana put on the strap on. She asked: "Do you miss it?"

"The cock? Not really. I thought I would, but, as a woman, let me tell you dearie," he put on affectations, "a cock is over rated."

They giggled. Then Jesse lay back on the bed and spread his legs. Sometimes he liked to turn over and be taken like a dog. And sometimes he liked to look at his wife, enjoy her loving eyes as she plowed him.

She moved up between his legs, her cock brushed against his thighs as she patted a big glob of lube into his hole. He groaned at the sensual feeling, and then her finger made him gasp with pleasure as she rimmed the lube around his rectum.

"Oh, God! I love this!"

"Me, too, honey baby."

"Are you wearing the cock with the nub on the back?"

"Wouldn't be without it." The nub would rub on her slit, and by grunting and groaning and turned and tilting and slithering, she would be able to fuck herself with the nub even as she fucked him.

And, in the moment before she slid the big dildo into him, he asked, "Do you miss it? The cock?"

"Hah!" she said. "Didn't you know? I'm an alpha bitch. Better to fuck than be fucked, I always say."

They smiled, and then she pushed forward and Jesse gasped. Her size always stunned him, and the feeling when she began to slide in and out was exquisite. And he wouldn't cum, but he would be sated. A good dicking and he would be satisfied, and the build up of semen would be expelled, and he didn't even require the big O. In fact, sex was better without the orgasm.

And he wondered. Maybe in a few years he would get off the drug. His dick might stay small, but it would squirt again. If he cared.

END