

THE TRANS ULTRA COLLECTION VOL. 4

A TEN STORY TRANSGENDER CROSSDRESSING FEMINIZATION BUNDLE



URSULA LOVELACE

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By Ursula Lovelace

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THE MIRACLE

Chapter 1

It rained outside the hospital room. I guessed it was just my bedroom now. I couldn't leave it even if I wanted to.

A few fractured vertebrae in your spine could do that to you.

Without a working spine, I couldn't walk. I couldn't clean up after myself. Hell, I couldn't even get my prick up.

I guess I should've been thankful for the fact that I didn't feel much pain. I didn't really have any sensation down there. I just needed to shift my legs every few hours to avoid bedsores. Instead, the only thing hurt was my pride.

Some researchers working for a Fortune 500 pharmaceutical company were coming over to visit me today. They promised a wonder drug that would improve my condition. I was the perfect candidate to test their latest version. I wasn't as convinced.

As far as I was concerned, I, Andy Hendricks, was going to be a cripple for the rest of my life.

I had been subject to more experimental treatments and surgeries than any other paralyzed man in the ward. All of them had failed to give some semblance of feeling and control in my legs. I almost wanted to reject any more clinical drug trials that came my way.

Then again, many of these companies were supporting me through my participation in their experiments. As an unemployed baseball player, I didn't exactly have any income to pay my endless list of hospital bills. I would be bankrupt from the medical payments if I hadn't submitted myself to these research experiments. I just didn't buy into scientific mumbo-jumbo about a miracle drug.

I couldn't get checked out either. I would need around the clock care in case I got into an accident at home. I had gone from a star athlete to someone who couldn't even look after himself.

It wasn't always like this.

I almost felt something in my toes whenever I thought back to the past. It was always my imagination. Nostalgia could be a powerful drug for the brain.

Back in my youth, I was your average kid. I wasn't a model student but I wasn't a problem student either. I never excelled at anything.

Except baseball.

I lived and breathed America's favorite pastime. In the Pee-Wee leagues, I was an absolute terror as a pitcher. I was just as good with a bat at the home plate. I had the highest batting average and number of runs in the league up to high school.

I simply loved the sport. I spent every day practicing and honing my innate skill. My allowance went towards renting a spot at the local batting cages. Whenever I wasn't training, I devoured everything about the sport. I collected baseball magazines and watched DVDs of old games. While my parents wanted me to get a boring desk job, I knew I wanted to become a baseball player.

With my natural gifts, it didn't take long before the Major League Baseball eyed me with interest. By then, I had already torn a path through the Minor Leagues. I had crushed my opponents and was eager to move up to play with the big boys.

Of course, I was in a good position to bargain with the big teams. I was a top prospect according a number of sports commentators. I was an all-around talent with plenty of years left in him. I could bat, pitch, and field with the best of them. In particular, they praised my 'baseball sense' for a lack of a better term.

Whether I was in front or behind the plate, I knew how to read my opponent. I could nail a slider just as easily as I could read a walk. Like I said, I was a hot prospect that was only going to get hotter with experience in the Major Leagues.

Or so I thought.

Thing changed after a fairly unremarkable Minor League game. We were already a shoe-in for the finals and the game would help our final standings at best. I was just there to pad up my stats. It didn't hurt that a few MLB scouts were watching the game. They had their eye on me and I didn't want to disappoint.

It was a day like any other. I came up to bat at the bottom of the fifth inning. I didn't score a home run but I got us two runs from the other bases. We were six runs ahead of the opposition. I just had to sit tight on third base and bring it in home when the time was right.

I wasn't showboating for the scouts. I just wanted to do well enough to get through the day. Unfortunately for me, the pitcher on the opposing team had something to prove. He had been playing poorly this game and the past few matches to boot. Rumor had it that he was going to get his playing time cut. Worse, he could end up getting kicked off the team. There was nothing worse than being a third-string pitcher in a minor league.

It's sink or swim in the big leagues.

The man had to make his mark. One of my teammates came to bat. His name was Gabe and he was a power hitter. Sure, he didn't have the best batting average but he could make a baseball fly like a cruise missile when he hit his mark. I expected Gabe to either hit a homer or strike out. There was no walking a guy like him.

Hitting a baseball with a bat is a strange thing. The ball is coming at you at nearly a hundred miles per hour. It looks like the point of a needle in the distance. In less than a second, the pitcher will send it flying against you.

You can't think about what you're doing for a split second or else you'll strike out. You need to let your body take control and rely on your instincts. To think is

to die in baseball.

It's why I didn't blame the pitcher or Gabe for what had happened next.

CRACK!

The pitcher had thrown a slider. Gabe had expected a clean fast ball but the bat made contact anyway. The ball was airborne but not heading into the right direction. I knew that it was going to be a foul ball. I started to turn to watch it fly on the wrong side of the foul pole.

Big mistake.

I heard a second crack like the sound of a boxer hitting the head of his opponent with a haymaker. At first, there wasn't any pain at first. There really wasn't any sensation but I knew something was wrong.

The ball had hit my spine.

It hadn't just hit it. It had shattered it. I couldn't feel my legs and lost my footing. I was face first in the dirt as my teammates raced towards me.

A medic cleared the way. I could hear the crowd explode into hysterics as the medical team examined me. Still unable to control my legs, I used my arms to prop myself up. From the look on the medic's face, I knew the news was not good.

In an instant, I had gone from a shoo-in for the big leagues into a permanent member of the disability ward at St. Mary's Hospital. I wasn't even a set of damaged goods who could live out the rest of my life in the minor leagues. Baseball and I were done forever.

An overweight forty year old catcher had a bigger chance of playing in the MLB than I did. It would take a miracle for me to get back on the plate. Hell, even walking again would take an act of God.

As for Gabe and the pitcher, they quit baseball soon after the incident. The pitcher ended up in an asylum after a failed attempt to take his own life. As for

Gabe, he went for therapy and struggled with alcohol from time to time. It was funny to think that I might have come out the situation in the best mental condition.

The baseball commission paid me a hefty settlement to make things square between us. I could have gotten more money if I wanted to. However, I didn't want to get into a lengthy court battle when they were offering a generous payout. Besides, it was a freak accident. No one was at fault.

The settlement money meant that I would have enough to pay for hospital care. My fans and fellow players chipped in as well for my medical bills. Some even set up research grants in my name for a cure to my condition. However, nothing could bring back my legs.

By the age of twenty-four, I had effectively retired from baseball. I couldn't even get work as a sports caster or assistant coach. My treatment meant that I rarely left a hospital for long. I had enough money to live comfortably but that didn't mean much when I couldn't play.

I resigned to my fate as a human guinea pig for longshot spinal treatments. These ranged from drugs to physical therapy and surgeries. I never had much hope in these treatments. I contented myself with getting paid handsomely for being a test subject for a bunch of quack doctors.

In any case, I was relatively pain-free. The worse I suffered was a bit of stiffness in my upper body. I almost wished I could feel pain in my legs just to feel anything.

One day, I got a call from a private Chinese company that specialized in stem cell research. At first, I wasn't sure if I even wanted to talk to them. The field was controversial and full of dead ends. However, I learned that their owner, Mr. Jun Chen, was a fan of baseball. He had been following my fledgling career for some time and was interested in helping me get back on my feet.

Literally.

Chapter 2

The offer was too intriguing to pass up. It felt refreshing to meet with someone who spoke the language of baseball. Mr. Chen wasn't just a casual fan of the sport. The guy lived and breathed baseball.

The man's company, Chen Industries, sponsored a major baseball team in China. They had even bought out and sponsored an entire stadium. This guy was certainly loaded.

Since it would be too much trouble to fly me to China, they decided to come over to America to do their work. They paid a pretty penny to buy up floor space near my hospital and transfer all of their equipment to it. Mr. Chen knew I was in bad shape but he was confident that he could get results.

I had heard that their treatment had shown success with some test subjects but it had never been used on a severe case such as mine. I didn't risk getting my hopes up. After all, I had gone a whole year without as much as moving my little toe.

Mr. Chen was outrageously rich from his success in a number of industries. The man had his thumb in everything from airlines to health clubs. Now, he had turned his eye towards medical science.

This was a different attitude from the other medical groups I had worked with in the past. They were after patents or getting their name in the newspaper. Mr. Chen simply saw this as another mountain to conquer. He was in this for the challenge rather than the money or fame. At the very least, I owed him my full support.

Rocking my trusty wheelchair, I rode a handicap accessible van to their American research center. I had spent so much time cooped up in the hospital that sunlight and fresh air was shocking to me. After a half hour of driving, we ended before a large office building.

To my surprise, the big man himself was waiting for me. "Mr. Chen?"

"Call me Jun," he replied in English. The middle-aged Chinese man's accent wasn't half bad. His English was way better than my Chinese which was completely nonexistent. "Mr. Chen was my father's name."

“Okay, Jun,” I said. He reminded me of the type baseball team owners who weren’t afraid to come down to the field rather than stay holed up in an office and count their money. “I’m just shocked to see a guy like you come out and greet someone like me.”

“I want to see to this, personally,” he stated. “This project is a cornerstone of our strategy for the next ten years. A success with a patient like you would be a significant milestone. Besides, I am a fan of your work, Andy.”

I smiled. “Maybe when this is done, I’ll sign a baseball bat for you.”

“Whiskey?” he said, taking a bottle from one of his assistants. “It’s from our beverage department. We’re rated number one in Asia!”

I chuckled at his enthusiasm. “It might not be the best idea to drink before a medical experiment.”

Chen pointed to the wheelchair accessibility ramp. “Right this way, Andy. With some luck, this will be the last time you ever use this.”

They took me in and gave me a full checkup. I had already transferred all my medical records to them but they wanted to start from the ground up. They did an MRI on my spine. I didn’t understand Chinese but they were oddly optimistic about their findings.

I couldn’t help but wonder if they could really pull off a miracle. It would mean I could play baseball again. I wouldn’t be in great shape due to being bed-ridden for a year. I would need to hone my skills from scratch. It was a nice fantasy but I couldn’t help but feel a little excited about this procedure. It beat being depressed for the past year.

Next they shuffled me into an examination room for a full body checkup. The physical examination was more boring than anything else. They poked and prodded me. They took blood samples. I almost wished I could feel pain to make the procedure more bearable.

Finally, I ended up in a small doctor's room. I knew Mr. Chen was outside speaking with scientists and medical doctors. He seemed strangely enthusiastic as far as I could tell. I didn't know whether or not the man was leading me on. I figured a guy like Jun Chen didn't get to where he was by making empty promises.

Whatever happened next, I was happy to meet a guy like Jun. It made me feel revitalized despite the fact that my legs were still paralyzed. I thought of getting into sports again. People in wheelchairs could still be athletes. Some clubs even held baseball games for a man like me.

Finally, an American doctor came in. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Hendricks. I was just going over some last minute details with Mr. Chen."

"No problem," I replied. "And call me Andy. I figure I'll be coming back here from time to time."

He smiled. "You may not have to."

That startled me. "So any additional disclosures I have to sign? This whole thing was hush-hush."

"We've taken care of all the necessary paperwork, Alex," the doctor answered. "It goes without saying that this procedure is strictly confidential. You won't be able to talk about this trial with anyone outside this company. It has to stay confidential until we can bring it to market."

"What is it exactly?" I asked. "I know that it's not an invasive surgery."

He gestured to the syringes on a nearby tray. "A series of injections to stimulate your body's natural healing abilities."

I chuckled. "For once, I'm happy I can't feel anything back there."

"Beware," he continued, taking out a few bottles of some clear liquid. "There could be some side effects. We'll monitor your progress throughout the test but you'll need to let us know everything you experience, Andy."

I was no stranger to hearing about the risks I would be undergoing by participating in experimental trials. It was more of a way for a company to cover their ass than look out for me. They could get sued for millions if their drug harmed me. Nonetheless, I signed away my rights without a care. I had already lost my ability to play baseball.

What more could they take from me?

"I know all the risks," I replied, looking at the syringes. "So how many times will I have to take it?"

"We'll start with one injection per week," the doctor answered. He took the needle of the syringe and broke the seal of a bottle. Then, he filled it up with the mystery substance. "Then we'll monitor your progress and make changes from there."

I was curious to know what was in that drug. Most of the science mumbo-jumbo was above my head but I knew that the idea was to repair my damaged cells. The drug was supposed to enhance my natural healing abilities. It was cutting edge stuff and Mr. Chen said they had made significant progress. However, it had never been used on a guy like me before.

Just having any sensation below the waist would be amazing. Nonetheless, I didn't want to get my hopes up. I had hardened myself after one too many failed experimental procedure. If they managed to cure me, then Mr. Chen would end up in the history books.

At the very least, he was willing to provide full accommodations for me. It seemed to be out of a love for my brief career as a baseball player than anything else. Some of his optimism was starting to rub off on me.

With the injection ready, the doctor instructed me. "Let me take your shirt off."

With his help, I took my shirt off. That revealed my broken spine. From looking at it, you wouldn't notice any damaged other than a few surgical scars. All it had taken to cripple me was to shatter and dislodge a few vertebrae with a baseball.

The actual injection happened with me barely noticing it. Like I said, I couldn't feel anything back there. I hoped for a slight tingle but there was nothing.

I wondered if this miracle drug was the real deal or a placebo. Mr. Chen could've arranged all of this to trick me into thinking I was taking an actual drug. It made me sound paranoid. It was probably better if I didn't second guess everything that happened.

"That wasn't so bad," I laughed, rubbing my back. I couldn't even tell where the shot had entered me. "How many more of these do I need?"

"One more next week," he said, properly disposing of the needle. "Then we'll scale up or down depending on your progress."

I wasn't as convinced. "You sure that a few shots will help out a guy like me?"

As reserved as I was about the drug's effects, I wasn't sure what I was getting into. Mr. Chen made it seem like the drug was safe enough to be used on a guy like me. However, there were no guarantees in this line of work. I could easily end up losing control of the upper half of my body.

"Positive thinking can help," he replied, hitting a buzzer on his desk. "I'll call in someone to help you get settled into your room. You'll be staying here for the duration of the experiment."

I chuckled. "Free food and a room. Are you sure I shouldn't be paying you?"

That got a laugh out of the doctor. "Does it look like Mr. Chen needs the money?"

I smiled. "Nope."

I got placed in a room that looked like it was out of a five star hotel. It was still handicap accessible. I could even press a button to get someone to check

up on me at a moment's notice. This place had around the clock care. I wouldn't have to worry about anything.

Other than seeing if I could ever walk again.

Chapter 3

I woke up the next day after a rather peaceful night's rest. Someone like me never went to sleep easily. I had to get used to shifting around to avoid bedsores. I spent more time resting during the day than at night.

Strange as it was, I felt like a million bucks. It was as if a veil had been lifted off of my head. I had half expected to wake up with an adverse reaction to the drug. Instead, I felt completely refreshed as if I had taken a nice shower.

Stranger still, I felt a slight tingle in the lower half of my body. The sensation was dull like trying to feel your mouth after a massive dose of Novocain at dental session. I couldn't move my legs but there certainly was some feeling down there.

I never felt so alive since the last day I walked. I wanted to go sprint around a racetrack. However, I still couldn't move my legs.

I decided to see if my mind had been playing tricks on me. There was only one way to be sure. Taking the covers off, I reached down to touch my toes.

There definitely was a difference.

In the past year, I couldn't even feel a needle pierce my skin. Now, there was at least some dull sensation down there. I wasn't sure if I would make progress enough to walk but I had my sense of touch restored within a day of taking the drug.

That's when I noticed something interesting.

I had an erection. "What the fuck?"

I couldn't get my prick up as far as I could remember. Now, I was having a bit of morning wood. I couldn't help but reach under my boxers.

I immediately felt the heat and hardness of my erection on my hand. As for my cock, there was the dull sensation of my shaft rasping against the fabric of my boxers. Relatively speaking, a minor case of morning wood after a year of paralysis felt like a raging hard-on.

Soon, I began to touch myself everywhere. There used to be a sort of equator around my waist where all sensation dulled before ceasing. Now, it was starting to come back. I didn't have full body control but I had feeling where there once had been none.

My cock was definitely getting harder and harder. I couldn't remember the last time I had such a reaction. Even my upper body felt more sensitive. Despite my disability, I had still kept in shape at the gym at the hospital. I may have no longer been MLB material but I wasn't going to let my broken body go to waste.

With each passing minute, it felt like my legs were becoming more sensitive to touch. I couldn't believe what was happening to my body. It was like a blind man seeing color for the first time in ages. I still couldn't move my lower half but it felt like something was definitely going down there.

With my erection begging to unleash its load, I used my hand to stroke it. It was strange to say the least. There was a sensation from my hand but not in my prick. It felt like I was jerking off another guy.

Regardless, my long dormant shaft shot its load against the roof of my boxers. I shivered as long forgotten passion wracked my body. My hand kept stroking my erection until it was drained of its entire cargo. More importantly, I felt a powerful electric buzz around my groin.

I definitely felt that.

It was like finding an oasis after wandering a desert for a year. I had forgotten how wonderful it was to come. I was still a long way from recovering but it was a hell of a way to start the day.

Whatever they had given me, I wanted more of it. It sure as hell wasn't a placebo. Thankfully, I didn't have to wait too long for the next dose.

After cleaning up, I met with the doctor again to report back on my improvement. He didn't seem the slightest bit surprised at my improvement. "That's quite interesting, Andy. I didn't expect to see results so soon."

I chuckled. "I feel like I just won the lottery, doc."

He began writing down some notes. "Any unusual side effects? Loss of appetite or sex drive?"

"Just the opposite," he said with a smile. "I got morning wood for the first time in a year. I can't believe I'm happy to have a tent in my pants!"

The doctor laughed and took more notes. "Anything else?"

"Like I said, I can't move my legs but I definitely feel something down there," I replied. "Other than that, I feel great. Seriously, what was in that shot?"

"Mr. Chen prefers to keep it a secret," the doctor replied. "He doesn't want the drug to go public unless we are sure it's perfectly safe. More than that, he doesn't want the competition to know that we've made so much progress in this field. It's why there is so much cloak and dagger around this business. Remember your non-disclosure agreement?"

I raised my hand in mock seriousness. "I won't say a word to anyone outside of this place. Scout's honor."

He returned to his questions. "Have you noticed any changes to your voice?"

I raised an eyebrow. "My voice?"

"One of the common side effects is the change in the patient's voice to that of a higher pitch," he answered. "Others include a loss of facial hair in our male patients. Changes in your body's shape isn't unheard of. Of course, the

treatment is still rather early. Just keep an eye out for any changes to your body.”

Maybe it was my head but my voice did sound a bit different. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

I couldn’t imagine that the drug was making me feel worse. If anything, I never felt more alive. I wanted to go break out into a sprint like I was back out on the baseball diamond. “Doc, when do you think I can start exercises? I really want to push my body to its limit.”

He smiled. “One step at a time... literally. Now, time for your next injection.”

This time, I definitely felt the needle pierce my skin. “Hey, ow!”

“That’s a good sign,” he said drolly. “We might increase the dosage depending on your progress. Now, time for physical therapy.”

Even though I felt I was in peak condition, I still had a long way to go before I could even stand on my own two feet. It was one thing to have sensation. It was another thing to have control.

Day by day, we tried to reestablish my motor skills. As much progress as I had made in one day, I still had a mountain to climb. We started a series of massages and tests that determined the level of sensitivity I had in my legs. In addition to the mystery drug, we used various techniques to help establish motor control.

The first was a technique called continuous passive motion. I had done it before during the operation after the accident. Now, it was supposed to help stimulate my body’s natural healing ability. We used a device that constantly moved my legs past my knee caps. It was supposed to help fluids and nutrients enter damaged tissue.

Well, that was the plan anyway.

My other treatments involved electrical muscle stimulation. The doctors hooked me up to a machine that used electrodes to simulate my nervous

system. It was supposed to help my muscles get used to moving while my body was still healing. I was familiar with the system since I had used to for training back when I was still healthy.

The experiment fell into a predictable pattern. Every week, I would get at least two injection straight into my spine. Each day, we would perform a different exercise. Little by little, I gained more feeling in the bottom half of my body.

With Mr. Chen footing the bill, I could focus on getting better and building up some muscle mass. I was certainly making progress. The stimulation exercises were restoring my muscles back into working order. Then, we had a breakthrough.

I could move my toes.

I nearly cried when I saw my left big toe bend around the joint. For the past few months, I had given up all faith about walking again. Now, I was revitalized with hope. Perhaps, I could play baseball again.

I wondered if the other test subjects were as successful as me. I knew that I was considered as an extreme case. They didn't expect me to recover so quickly, if at all. I was certainly betting the odds.

This drug was transforming my body. Sensation had returned to my legs. I remembered how it was to feel pain and discomfort. I welcomed these once distance sensations. It was a necessary step for what would come next.

I could finally walk.

I needed some assistance at first but I could at last walk on two feet. It was like riding a bike. You still remembered how to do it after a long absence. The physical therapy combined with the drug meant that I was on the fast track to recovery. After a few days, I was able to get a good jog around the place.

That wasn't the only change in my body.

I noticed that my face looked different. It was soft like that of a woman's. At first, I chalked it up to clean eating and my new exercise regimen. However, it had changed too much for it be caused by a shift in my diet.

The rest of my body had undergone changes as well. Although I had been exercising more, my physique had changed dramatically. My waist was shorter which made my hips seem a bit too wide. Everything about my body felt baby smooth.

That's when I remembered the side effects from earlier. A lack of facial hair was one of them. I didn't have to shave since I started taking the injections. I didn't mind since shaving without two working legs was a hassle. In fact, I seemed to be shedding body hair from my limbs and armpits.

My voice had changed as well. That was another side effect. My voice was high as if I had swallowed a bit of helium. It made me sound a bit like a woman. All things considered, it was a small price to pay for getting my legs back.

Then, there was the other stuff.

Perhaps it was the long absence of feeling but my skin felt extremely sensitive. Just flicking my nipples would send a ripple of pleasure throughout my body. My cock made up for lost time by becoming hard at the slightest touch. Strangely enough, it didn't grow very long but it did get very hard. I chalked it up to a lack of practice.

After a month, I was good enough to walk on my own. I couldn't sprint very well but I had made great progress. It was enough that the doctors let me walk around town on my own.

It was a good thing too since I needed a change of clothing. Half of my clothes were too loose and the others were too big. I needed to do a bit of clothes shopping since I was tired of wearing hospital gowns all day. Although, my dress size had gone haywire.

Well, that wasn't the only thing that was different about me.

For a lack of a better term, I had tits.

Chapter 4

I had been so preoccupied with my legs that I didn't notice my budding chest. My nipples had grown longer with a sizeable bump underneath them. They were the size of a pre-teen. On its own it was a pretty big shock. However, there was another change between my legs.

I didn't have a cock either.

My once mighty prick had shrunk down to the size of a sewing thimble. My balls had disappeared as well. In their place was an honest to goodness vagina.

I couldn't believe that I had a cunt. It had practically happened over night. It seemed to function like the real deal but I was hesitant to explore it. I'd have to ask the doctors about this.

Nonetheless, I had more important things on my mind.

Namely, baseball.

With a fresh pair of legs, I headed to local batting cages. I was out of practice and I wanted to make up for lost time. Whatever was happening to my body, I didn't care much about it. I just wanted to play baseball.

I went up to the counter and paid for an hour in one of the batting cages. "Here you go."

The man handed me back some change. "Ladies get a discount."

I raised an eyebrow. "Ladies?"

He smiled at my confusion. "We're having a promotion for women. Interested in softball?"

The guy actually thought I was a woman. I had to admit he had a point. I had lost quite a bit of weight over the past month. My facial hair was gone

which highlighted my rounded features. “I’ve always been more into baseball.”

He handed me a bat, a helmet, and a set of baseballs. “No problem. Enjoy your stay!”

Afterwards, I headed to the batting cages. It was late at night so I wouldn’t have too many people to distract me. I wanted to focus on getting back into the rhythm. It didn’t take long before I was back in the swing of things.

Literally.

After I shed the rust, I played like I was back in my prime. I hit home run after home run like it was nothing. In fact, I was batting like an MLB pro for a guy who had been paralyzed for the last year. It may have been a combination of the drug and the extensive exercises I had done over the past month. In any case, I was back to full fighting strength ahead of schedule.

The next day, I decided to shop for some new gym clothes. Batting in a cage could make you sweaty. I needed new clothes that fit my changing body.

The strange thing was that I was shopping in a women’s clothing store. It made sense considering my new feminine look. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I didn’t see Andy the jock baseball fanatic.

I saw a woman.

I didn’t just pass as a woman. I was rather pleasing to the eye as well. With my short hair and athletic look, I had this tomboyish look that many men liked. Hell, I used to love athletic women back in the day.

Even women mistook me as a card-carrying member of their gender. An attendant at the store greeted me. “Welcome, would you like to look at our swimwear? We have the latest sets.”

“No thanks,” I replied. I would look damn good in a bikini but I was here for sweat pants. “Where is your sports section?”

“Down the corner and two your right, miss.”

I was here for some sweat clothes but I couldn't help but be distracted by garments on display. My new, curvy body wanted to try on everything from dresses to lingerie. It beat wearing hospital clothes all day.

With Mr. Chen paying my bills, I had a tidy war chest built up over the past month. Having been a cripple, there wasn't much for me to splurge on. Now, I wanted to make out for lost time.

I walked around the store and picked out whatever caught my eye. I picked up a full length dress and a set of lingerie. They were all soft and satiny. I picked up some athletic wear before returning to the good stuff.

I tried out a dozen different outfits in the changing room. It was a good thing they were unisex since I kept forgetting that I was a woman now. I needed to be careful and learn the finer details of being a member of the fairer sex.

Thankfully, my looks did most of the work. The women I passed by looked at me with either admiration or envy. I couldn't blame them for being angry if their husbands eyed me up. It was strange being envied for my looks rather than my athletic prowess.

My inexperience did show in picking out make up and lingerie. I didn't what something was or what occasion to use it for. In particular, bras were a problem. I didn't know what cup size I was or how big I would grow over time. I decided to take a little bit of everything.

The male cashier chuckled when I brought my haul to the checkout counter. "Will this be everything? We have a great sale on designer chemises."

Not knowing what the hell a chemise was, I giggled. "Maybe next time."

As the cashier scanned the items, he glanced up to admire me. I couldn't remember the last time I got so much attention from a service employee. The man even used his employee membership to save me quite a bit of money. "Here you go, miss!"

I gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "Thanks!"

When I got back to Mr. Chen's compound, I was actually stopped by security at the front desk. They thought I was a female interloper. This place was locked up tighter than Fort Knox. I had to give them my security clearance to get through.

"Sorry about that, Andy," the security guard said, looking embarrassed. I couldn't blame him considering that I had a bust line. "You look like a new man."

I laughed. "Tell me about it!"

Once I got back into my room, I locked the door and took out my new clothing. I undressed and looked at my reflection in the mirror. I had the bust and hips of a woman. A dress would only complete the illusion.

It seemed as if my breasts were firmer. That was perfect for my new bra. Likewise, my cock had shrunk down even further. It looked like a clitoris. Hell, I wanted to rub it as if it were one.

I began by taking out a matching pair of bra and panties. The latter was a thong that fit nice and tight. There wasn't any sort of bulge in them. They were rather revealing and highlighted my buttocks and hips.

Then, I followed up by putting on a lacy bra over my budding chest. I clasped the hook like a natural and marveled at how full my breasts looked. You could even see my hard nipples through the fabric.

I went on to put on a sexy one-piece dress. Its long, flowing fabric was perfect for my athletic build. It highlighted my curves and musculature in equal measure. I would make heads turn in this.

Especially men.

It wasn't that much of a strange thought. I may have been a heterosexual man before but I was something else entirely now. That guy back at the clothing store was kind of cute. This was something I would've never considered a year ago. However, my previous life felt like a distant memory.

I was a new woman now.

And a woman needed a good cock in her.

Unsure of where to go, I decided to head to the batting cages. It tended to attract athletic men who wanted to hit baseballs or pick up a girl. Even if I couldn't find someone I liked, I could still go for a few rounds in the batting cage.

I wore a set of athletic wear including a tight set of sweatpants. It really pronounced my ass. When I started hitting home runs at the cage, I started to gather a crowd. I wasn't sure whether they were here to watch my swings or my backside.

In any case, I liked the attention. While a few of the men had beer guts, a number of them were in great shape. They reminded me of my competition days. These men eyed me with interest.

A woman was a rare sight in these places. Rarer still was a woman who could hit fast balls with casual ease. I may have been off the baseball field for a year but I was batting like a top hitter. It wasn't long before a man in the cage next to mine began chatting with me.

"Nice form," he said with genuine admiration. This man was tall and broad-shouldered. He looked more like a pitcher than a batter. "Did you learn that from a pro?"

"I'm mostly self-taught," I replied impulsively. "My name is... Mandy."

"I'm Derrick," he introduced himself. "I play for the local minor league team, The Hawks."

I smiled. "Thinking of joining the big leagues?"

He chuckled and shook his head. "Not any time soon. I like playing in a small pond. Anyway, we won a game the other day. We're having a party this weekend and you're free to join us."

Derrick wrote down the location on a slip of paper and gave it to me. "I'll see if I can make it, Derrick."

After finishing up batting practice, I went back to the compound. My new look was successful beyond my wildest dreams. Men were lining up to admire both my baseball skills and my good looks. It would be easy to find a man and find out how this pussy worked.

I spent a few days getting ready for the party. I had the tomboy look down but looking like the belle of the ball took some practice. This was going to require a bit of research.

I decided on wearing a rather stylish tank top and mini-skirt combo. I removed most of my body hair to bring out the physique of my bare skin. A set of silky lingerie finished the look.

Then, I read up on some makeup tips. I learned how to apply lipstick and mascara. The tutorials made me appreciate the use of eye shadow to bring out my natural eye color.

Once I was satisfied, I headed to the party. I hadn't gone to a party since I lost my legs. This would be the first time going to a party as a woman. I was about being discovered as an imposter.

It turned out that my apprehension was unfounded. Men treated me like a lady. They offered to fetch me a drink and got up if I wanted to sit down.

It didn't take long before I found Derrick. He brought me in for a hug and said. "I didn't think you would make it, Mandy."

I giggled. "I love free drinks."

Chapter 5

Over some alcohol, Derrick and I got to know each other. He was surprised at the depths of my knowledge of baseball. I remembered to be careful about what I said to him. I came up with a fake backstory about being raised in a family of baseball fanatics.

Derrick's teammates joined in the conversation. These young, virile men eyed me up from head to toe. I wasn't used to attracting so much attention. Then again, I wasn't used to being a woman.

Nevertheless, I stayed close to Derrick. He had the courage to invite me to this party. I guessed I was the type of girl who valued loyalty above anything else.

And it didn't hurt that he was cute.

It was strange flirting with a man. I never had much success talking with women back when I was a man. Derrick was different. We bonded over our mutual love of baseball.

I played my part well. I laughed at his jokes and teased him with a brush of my hand. I wanted him to get a clear message that I was interested in him for more than just his baseball knowledge.

He easily fell for my charms. Soon, the music track changed and we took to the dancefloor. We moved slowly and spent more time just embracing each other.

Derrick rested his hands on my hips as his lips brushed against my neck. I could feel his hot breath upon my skin as if it were a gust of steam. I moved up to kiss him square on his lips.

His lips were warm and moist. I felt my clit and nipples hardened as if they had been hit by a bolt of electricity. Blood churned sluggishly in veins as we kissed.

I wasn't the only one getting worked up over this. Derrick's cock grew hard underneath his pants. I could feel its outline press against my abdomen. I wanted it freed just as much he did. We ground our bodies against each other as his cock grew thicker.

When we finished the kiss, we were both on the same wavelength. "Mandy, do you want to come back with me to my place?"

My body burned with desire. I needed him inside of me right away. "I'd love to Derrick."

After a short walk, we ended up at Derrick's apartment. Even though he was in the minor leagues, he was paid well for his work. It showed from how spacious and lavish his apartment was. It was a much better idea to come here than go back to my hospital room at the compound.

It didn't take long before we got down to business.

Derrick kissed me with the force of a hurricane. Going for a year without intimacy made this encounter feel even more intense. I was hungry for his cock in a way that made me feel like an animal.

There was no grace to how he undressed me. He simply pulled down my panties and groped my buttocks. My pussy was already dripping wet. It just needed the right touch so I could finally get off.

Thankfully, he wasn't green at this. Derrick knew where and how to touch me. I was unfamiliar with my new body so it helped to have an expert making love to me.

I felt his agile fingers enter my sex. My pussy walls clamped down on them. I shivered with delight as his thumb teased my clit. I coated his entire hand with my wetness.

I ground my cunt against his hand. The excitement and novelty of the encounter meant that I wasn't far from my climax. When it arrived, my orgasm was positively earth shattering.

I was a coming machine. Derrick held me as I became feverish with bliss. It felt as if a supernova had gone off inside of me. Thankfully, my new body was made for delivering one explosive orgasm after another.

The friction between our bodies was hot like a car's tire on a long stretch of road. My skin felt like heated leather. After a good minute of finger-fucking, I was ready for the real deal.

First, I decided to show thanks by taking off Derrick's pants. Within seconds, his clothing came off and his cock sprang up. It was monstrously large with a bulbous head. His tool was much thicker than mine back when I actually had one.

Letting instinct guide, I grabbed the base of his shaft and began stroking him. In less than a minute, he was hard as a rock. It was my cue to guide his prick into my mouth.

I immediately tasted the salty tang of his skin. His cock pulsed in my mouth like a time bomb. I suckled the length of his thick phallus. With each passing motion, I took more of him inside of me. Soon, he was deep within my throat.

I used my fingers to play with his balls. Having had a set myself not too long ago, I was careful not to hurt him. A groan of approval told me that I was on the right path. I knew where to touch him so he fucked my mouth even harder.

My clit throbbed between my legs. It was more intense than the biggest erection I had in recent memory. I wondered if this sensation was from the experimental drug I was taking or a woman's natural reaction. In any case, I was coming from just giving a man a blowjob. I loved being able to climax over and over again.

Derrick, however, looked like he was about to go off. He pulled his cock out of me and guided me onto the bed. I lied on my back as he positioned himself above me.

"Fuck me!" I chanted. "Fuck me with your big prick!"

He happily obliged by spreading my legs and pressing his cock against my wet pussy. Derrick didn't enter me just yet. He used the head of his prick to tease my nether lips. It was completely unbearable. I felt an electric sensation wherever he touched me.

I pleaded with him. "Please... I want you inside..."

Finally, he thrust and entered my cunt.

It was a miracle I was walking.

It was a miracle I had a pussy.

It was a miracle than I was having the best sex of my life.

Derrick filled me with his massive cock over and over again. I couldn't believe I was able to take so much of his length. The brief pain I felt at the beginning was replaced by hot pleasure. He may have been my first cock but I was hungry for more.

He thrust and I replied back by grating my hips. It was a predicable rhythm that let me focus on my body's reaction to getting fucked senseless. My breasts heaved with every thrust. His prick stretched me to my limits.

Derrick held onto my hips as he drilled deeper into me. Whenever I felt like I was at my limit, the man found a way to drive his prick into the depths of my pussy. He was a fucking machine that seemed to go on and on. My body shifted and contorted to meet his powerful thrusts.

I felt my final climax swell up inside me. I reached down to help it move along by rubbing my clit. However, I wasn't the only one on his way to an orgasm.

Derrick gritted his teeth and yelled. "Mandy... I'm going to cum!"

His thrusts became fast and hard like the piston of a car engine. He was in and out of me with blinding speed. My soaking wet pussy made this action practically frictionless. His power and intensity grew with this final series of thrusts.

With one final motion, Derrick came hard inside my cunt. I felt his hot semen coat the walls of my sex. He kept his prick inside of me until he was completely drained.

After a few minutes of cuddling, he kissed me and said. "Mandy... that was fucking amazing!"

I smiled. "Would it surprise you if I said that I am a rookie at this?"

He chuckled before kissing me again. "You're full of surprises."

I spent the night at his place before coming back to the compound. It gave me time to reexamine my life. I had an amazing night with Derrick but I wasn't sure how long that would last.

Whatever this miracle drug was, it was changing me into a woman as well as repairing my broken body. As much as I enjoyed being able to walk again, I loved having a pussy even more. I had the most amazing time being a woman. People loved talking and being with me.

It didn't hurt that sex as a woman was amazing.

I didn't mind the side effects of this drug. I wanted to stay as a woman forever. Hopefully, I could come to an agreement with the doctors about my treatment.

Later that day, I had a checkup schedule with the doctors. The security guards and other staff barely recognized me. Between my new legs and hourglass figure, I was a completely different person than Andy Hendricks.

I had changed in other ways as well. I still loved baseball but becoming a star player was no longer my obsession. I was happy to enjoy life day by day. I found pleasure in the small things, such as going shopping or partying with friends. Most of all, I learned that I loved being a woman and making love to a man.

I couldn't allow it to end.

Thankfully, the doctors and Mr. Chen were just as flabbergasted at my transformation.

"We've seen changes like these before but not to this extent," Mr. Chen said, smiling so wide that it stretched his cheeks to their limits. "It's been a month since you started treatment and you're already a woman!"

I raised an eyebrow. “Wait, I thought this drug was supposed to fix my spine. Not give me a world class set of tits and pussy.”

Mr. Chen nodded. “Yes, it was originally supposed to repair damaged cells. It does this by changing cells in the body into unspecialized stem cells before replacing the original cells with healthy ones. This allowed us to repair severe damages to the spinal cord. However, a side effect was that it also changed male patients into female.”

“Whoa, this is heavy,” I said rubbing my head. “This happened to every guy who took it?”

This time, the doctor pitched in. “While other male subjects displayed primary and secondary female sexual characteristics, you were different. In previous cases, we noticed higher pitched vocal patterns and a loss of facial hair. It was almost as if they were going through a young girl’s puberty. As for you, Mr. Hendricks, you’ve blossomed into a full-grown woman.”

“I guess it’s now Miss Hendricks now,” I laughed. “So am I healthy enough to be discharged?”

“More than healthy,” the doctor said proudly “You’ve proved that my drug is safe for use. We just have to isolate a chemical that causes the development of female characteristics in our subjects.”

“Wait, what made me so special?” I asked. “How come I ended up looking like this?”

“The dosage we gave you was our latest concoction,” he continued. “Since your spine was so badly damaged, we focused on the rejuvenating aspects of the drug. We used a new chemical compound that created more stem cells as a more aggressive approach. A side effect was that it caused your body to go back to square one before becoming more... womanly. It looks like you’ll keep looking like this unless we use a new drug to change you back.”

Mr. Chen added. “If we remove the offending element, then we have a drug that fixes broken bodies with no side effects. We’re already seeing positive

results in new test subjects. You've proven years of research right!"

It was a lot to take in. However, I wasn't eager to going back to being a man. "Does that mean our arrangement is over?"

Mr. Chen slapped my back. "We'll want to continue studying your unique condition. There is much for us to learn the drug will be years from going to market. Having you around would be a big help."

That's when an idea popped into my head. "You have a deal, Jun... but on one condition."

That got the billionaire's interest. "What is it Andy?"

"First, it's Mandy now," I began. "Second, I'll agree to your terms as long as I keep my new look."

He offered his hand. "You've got yourself a deal, Mandy."

We shook.

I had come into this experiment as a broken ex-baseball player. I had once hated my body and myself. Now, I would leave it as Mandy, a proud and self-confident baseball loving gal.

And she was here to stay.

TELL ME YOUR WISH

Chapter 1

I loved browsing through the local flea market. You never knew what could catch your eye. The candleholder of your dreams could be hidden among the riff-raff. Or a nice Afghan rug would catch your fancy.

To be honest, most of the items on display at the stalls weren't worth very much. The merchants peddled more trash than treasure. Nonetheless, I loved hunting for a bargain. It lit up all the right parts of my brain.

Going from stall to stall, I scrounged up every display. Every now and then, a shop would want to get rid of excess inventory. That was when I made my haul. I could pick up a perfectly fine vase for pennies to the dollar.

Sure, my house was full of useless junk but I loved going on the hunt for trinkets. Unfortunately, nothing really caught my eye. I already had a perfectly good ottoman as well as a fourteen piece golf set. I didn't plan on playing golf any time soon but the set was a steal. One downside of hunting at flea markets so often was that you tended to run out of suitable prey.

I stopped at a small stall that was helmed with a man I knew all too well. Eddie never failed to offer something that caught my interest. I was rarely unhappy to check his offerings even if I didn't plan on buying anything.

The man waved at me as soon as I walked across his stall. "Gordon, good to see you! Interested in a Persian rug?"

"Maybe a Persian cat instead," I joked. I watched as the balding, middle-aged man rummaged through his collection. He was well known for his ability to sell you junk that you that you actually didn't need. For better or for worse, I had a closet full of these purchases. "Find anything unusual?"

He smiled. "I've got a deal for you! It's an antique from the Middle East."

I had heard this song and dance a thousand times before. However, I was a sucker for antiques from the East. “What is it exactly?”

Eddie took out an antique oil lamp. The piece was a bright gold color that almost made it look like a fake made of tin with some spray paint. Only the intricate chisel work on the exterior told me that it was handcrafted. “This fine lamp came from Iraq. I’ve seen quite a number of lamps in my time this one is rather unique.”

It looked to be in relatively good condition for an antique. There weren’t any dents or discoloration on it. “That thing looks like it was shipped fresh off the boat from a factory in China. How do I know this isn’t some mass produced piece?”

“I thought so too until I saw the engravings,” he replied, pointing to the handcrafted engravings. “That’s too intricate to be machine-made. Still, it’s in good condition for something that’s supposed to be hundreds of years old.”

I couldn’t help but be intrigued. “How much?”

“I’ve got some cans of oils a well,” Eddie said, preparing to barter. The man could spend an hour arguing over pennies. “I’ll throw them in with the lamp for ten dollars. I’m sure we can come to an agreement, Gordon.”

I rolled my eyes at the price. “It sounds like you know that I just got my paycheck this week.”

He chuckled. “Well, are you interested?”

I paused. “Not for ten dollars. I could buy three of these for ten bucks off the internet.”

“But not with the oil included,” he chided. The man held the lamp with both hands. “And you won’t have to wait for a delivery. Tell you what, I’ll drop it down to nine dollars. An absolute steal.”

I chuckled. “Seven dollars, Eddie.”

“Eight dollars,” he quickly replied. “For the lamp, the oil, and the knowledge that you’ve cheated a good deal out of me.”

We could’ve gone on for hours but I decided to end it before we died of old age. “Deal.”

We shook hands before I paid him and he wrapped the lamp in a bag for me. “I hope enjoy the lamp as much as you enjoy putting me in debt.”

I rolled my eyes as he squirreled away my money. “I don’t know what I’m even going to use this damn thing for. I could always use something like an ottoman or rug. A lamp is useless when we have electricity.”

“Hey, you can still use it as a working oil lamp when there’s a blackout,” Eddie replied, completing the transaction. “Another happy customer!”

I laughed again. “So what makes this lamp so special? It looks pretty fancy but the thing also seems practically brand new.”

“I did a bit of research on the internet,” Eddie said. “Its design is from a long extinct Arabic dynasty. It’s either the real deal and has survived for centuries without a scratch. Or it’s a very convincing fake that you can still use as an oil lamp. In any case, I don’t know why anyone would make such a believable fake.”

That was interesting. Perhaps, I could do some research on its origins myself. “I might look into it.”

“I have a few knick-knacks from Afghan coming my way, Gordon. There’s a nice set of Afghan rugs in the shipment. How many should I put you down for?”

“Not falling for that one again,” I chuckled. “See you around, Eddie.”

My philosophy with the flea market was making as much of my purchases as I could. It didn’t matter if I paid one dollar or a hundred for them. If I could make them last a lifetime, then I would get my money’s worth.

I just needed to find a use for an ancient oil lamp.

I went back to my house. It was picked to the brim with various oddities I had collected over the year. The landlord complained about my place being a fire hazard but everything was well within the rules of the lease. If you couldn't tell by now, I was a bachelor since no one else wanted to put up with a pack rat like me.

After settling down, I decided to give the oil lamp a test drive. The piece itself was rather pleasing to the eye. In particular, the intricate metalwork was rather striking. I traced a path across its various engravings. They were written in a long dead language I couldn't even begin to translate.

Taking off the lid, I filled the lamp with the oil that Eddie had given me as a bonus. I had never used an oil lamp before. Thankfully, the cans of oils came with instructions with how to use it without burning your house down.

That's when I heard a feminine voice call out to me. I stopped dead in my tracks when I heard it. It almost sounded like someone was whispering something into my ear. I chalked it up to my imagination.

Then, I heard it again. "Tell me your wish..."

This time, it was clear.

I looked around to see if I had heard a voice for outside. I knew it had come from within. My apartment's walls were too thick for me to overhear anything. Strangely enough, I felt an overwhelming inclination to light the lamp and wish for something.

My brain went into overdrive trying to think of a wish. Looking around my room, I realized what I desired. I always wanted to experience life from a different perspective. It was why I was a collector. These trinkets allowed me to see the world through the eyes of another. That was what I wanted.

Lighting the lamp, I said. "I wish to have the time of my life..."

"Wish granted."

Suddenly, a puff of smoke emerged from the lamp. It blinded my vision but it didn't cause me to break out into a coughing fit. It didn't take much time for the smoke to thin out. When my vision cleared, I saw a woman standing in the middle of my living room.

Not just any woman.

This woman was drop dead gorgeous.

She wore oriental silks and intricate gold jewelry that left little to the imagination. The woman was flawlessly beautiful as if she had been carved out of marble. Only the slow rise and fall of her breasts told me that she was alive.

The woman's face as exotic as if were from the Mediterranean or the Middle East.

As attracted to her as I was, I couldn't help but ask. "Who the hell are you?"

"It is I... Soraya, Master," she said in that familiar voice. Her words were melodious as if she were singing. "Do I not please you?"

She reached out to touch my face. Her skin was soft as a silk pillow. The wide smile on her lips was captivating. It was as if her lips had been made to perform heart-rending smiles. I felt my cock grow hard inside my boxers.

"Soraya, is it?" I asked. I was equal parts intrigued and confused. "How did you get inside my apartment?"

She giggled. "You summoned me so I could grant you your wish. I will make all of your erotic desires come true."

I wondered if I was dreaming. A beautiful woman had appeared in my room and offered to perform all manner of sexual services for me. Maybe the smoke from the lamp had made me hallucinate.

Perhaps, she was a hooker going from door to door around the apartment complex. It wasn't exactly legal but I wasn't about to complain if the price was

right. "Do you do this thing for a living?"

She nodded. "I exist for your pleasure."

I chuckled. "Hallelujah!"

Soraya giggled as well and covered her mouth as if she was a lady from Victorian times. "Perhaps, a demonstration is in order."

The mysterious woman snapped her fingers.

Chapter 2

I waited for this crazy woman to work her supposed magic.

Nothing happened except a cool breeze against my skin.

That's when I noticed I wasn't wearing any pants. My erection swung up now that it had been freed. Soraya took it as an opportunity to grasp it with her hand.

I groaned as I felt her cool fingers encircle my cock. She slowly began to stroke it with casual ease. With each passing second, I grew larger and larger underneath her hand. "Ah... that's good..."

With her other hand, I felt her trace a path across my balls. I sighed when I felt her gently squeeze my sack. Soraya knew where to touch me and applied just the right amount of pressure. It was uncanny how she knew my body better than I did.

I felt compelled to lean forward and kiss her lips. They were warm, plump, and inviting. Her hand didn't stop stroking me as we kissed. Her tongue probed every corner of my mouth. I reached out to cup her soft face and feel her warmth.

Down below, she had a powerful grip on my erection. I felt it swell to a larger girth under her grasp. Its tip was wet with pre-cum. She was stroking my cock

as if to squeeze my semen right out of it. I couldn't help but groan. "God, you're amazing!"

The mysterious woman then positioned herself between my legs. "That was just a taste of what I have to offer, Master."

To emphasis her point, she guided my shaft to her wet lips. I immediately felt the coolness of her hair against my bare skin. It contrasted well with her warm mouth. Her tongue lapped up the head of my cock as her silky hair brushed against my pelvis. Her saliva trickled down my shaft like maple sap.

Soraya was like a tigress on the prowl. I couldn't help but feel like her prey. I wanted her to swallow me up whole.

She began to rapidly bob her head up and down the entire length of my erection. I felt like some delicacy that she endlessly craved. I placed a hand on the back of her head. She didn't need guidance but it prompted her to increase the pace of her suckling. With each motion, she took in more and more of my shaft.

It wasn't before the woman took my full length. My pubic hair rasped against her soft chin. I wasn't sure how much more my body could take. Soraya was supernaturally talented at sucking cock. Every inch of my erection was lavished with care and attention.

Her tongue seemed too flexible to belong to a human. Soraya somehow knew I liked to be gently bitten down there. She had this psychic ability to know my sexual peccadillos. I didn't even care how she had gotten into my apartment in the first place.

I felt my orgasm build up to fruition in my cock. Letting go of my erection never so slightly, she made enough room for her to grasp my shaft with both hands. My prick pulsed from my incoming tectonic orgasm.

My cock vibrated in her hands before shooting its load deep into her mouth. The woman expertly held onto my erection as her hands milked me dry. I kept coming and coming but she had a bottomless appetite for my semen. Soraya even dug her fingertips into my balls.

That got me off. “Oh God! I’m coming!”

I kept spurting my heavy load into her mouth like I was a Gatling gun. I fired pointblank at her throat. She swallowed down my load like a champ. Soraya was casual about it as if she were drinking down a glass of warm milk. Her eyes never stopped looking at mine as she lapped up my semen.

Finally, I finished coming and slumped back in my chair. Soraya coolly wiped off the hot come on her lips with her tongue before asking. “Did you enjoy my performance, Master?”

Watching my warm come drip onto the floor, I took a deep breath. “Damn, I made a mess.”

Soraya smiled and lifted her hand. “I will take care of it.”

She snapped her fingers.

In a split second, both her face and my shaft were completely clean of semen. I felt completely revitalized as if I hadn’t just been the recipient of a stupefying blowjob. Hell, I wanted to go for another round.

“Who the hell are you?” I asked in bewilderment. This was too out there to be some parlor trick. “You made everything change with a snap of your fingers!”

She smiled. “I am your Genie, Master.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. “A Genie? Like from fairytales?”

Soraya gently shook her head which sent her hair tumbling against her bare shoulders. “I am not a creature of myth. I am real and I exist to make you happy.”

I put a hand to my forehead. “Whoa, this is heavy. I actually bought a magical lamp!”

I wasn't sure how the world would react to this news. I could end up in an insane asylum. Worse, people could abuse Soraya's powers. I had to keep this a secret.

It felt odd being worried about a woman who could perform miracles with a snap of her fingers. Perhaps, my attraction to her was something deeper. I had just met Soraya but she had certainly made quite an impression on me. I didn't know if it could be called love but I felt a need to take care of her.

Not that this sexy genie needed to be looked after.

Looking pensive, Soraya sat next to me and asked. "Master, have I pleased you?"

I chuckled. "If a man isn't happy after that performance, then no one is."

The Genie sucked in her lower lip. "Strange, it doesn't seem like I have completely satisfied you."

My cock stirred between my legs. "What do you mean?"

"I do not merely please the flesh," the Genie said proudly. "I pleasure your soul as well. I reach out into the deepest parts of your mind to understand your hidden desires."

"Huh, so you know all of my deepest darkest desires?" I asked rhetorically. It felt strange for her to peer into the recesses of my soul. Then again, she had already sucked my cock. "Well, my body is more than satisfied."

"Hmm... it doesn't seem that I've fulfilled your wish," she stated, looking disappointed. "This wasn't the adventure you were looking for. You need a new perspective, Master."

Shifting the subject, I asked her. "Why do you call me, Master?"

"You freed me from my lamp with the strength of the desire in your heart," the Genie said with a smile. "Now, our fates are bound as one."

I processed the information for a moment. "Call me, Gordon."

She didn't miss a beat. "Yes, Master."

I chuckled. "Well, we'll get to that later. Is there anything else I should know?"

She crawled onto me like a jungle cat. The Genie looked like she was head over heels in love with me. I felt a need to cradle her in my arms. "I will do whatever your heart desires, Master."

I ran a hand through her silky hair. The woman had a body to die for. I wondered what it would feel like to rock her heavy breasts and rounded buttocks. "I don't need you to do anything you don't want to do."

She leaned down to nuzzle her cheek against my chest. Her skin was warm like a heated pillow. "There is nothing I desire more than to please you. It is my purpose."

I sighed. "Look, I'm confused as hell. One minute, I'm lighting a lamp. The next, you come out of it and ask me to be your master."

"That is correct, Master."

"Call me, Gordon," I groaned. "It's weird getting called 'Master' all the time."

She paused for a moment as if about to commit a crime. "Yes... Gordon."

I laughed. "Well, that wasn't so hard, was it?"

Soraya giggled. "No!"

With tension dissipating, I asked. "So, is there anything you want to know about me?"

The Genie paused again. "How did you come across my lamp? I have slumbered for thousands of years without being awakened."

“Dumb luck,” I said sheepishly. “I’m a bit of a collector.”

I punctuated the statement by pointing to my cluttered apartment. The Genie leaned forward in rapt interest. “I would love to hear more.”

“I’ve always loved to collect antiques,” I began, Soraya hanging onto every word. She was utterly mesmerized about my boring life. “It’s a habit I picked up from my mother. I mostly get castoffs from a flea market a couple blocks from here. That’s where I came across your lamp.”

Soraya clasped her hands together in excitement. “What a wonderful story, Gordon.”

I shrugged. “Like I said, it was dumb luck I came across you. Speaking of which, what were you up to before you met me?”

Her sexy outfit had caught my eye. It looked to be Middle-Eastern in design with its embroidered silk. A silvery pattern could be seen along the length of the revealing outfit. It exposed a good deal of her cleavage, midriff, and legs. Thankfully, she had toned physique that was meant to be shown off.

The Genie snuggled up next to me. “Do you have any more questions, Gordon?”

I thought about her powers for a moment. “What kind of wishes can you make?”

“Only those of the erotic sort,” she answered with a giggle. “To prevent the abuse of my powers, I am unable to grant wishes that could endanger you. It was common for Genies during my time to accidentally kill their Masters by granting a wish beyond a human’s control.”

“So it’s a failsafe,” I replied, soaking in the details. “So what kind of erotic wishes can I make?”

“Anything your heart desires,” she answered before a pause. “However, you can bend the limits of my power. I can grant any wish as long as it is erotic in nature and not a danger to you.”

This was like trying to decipher the rulebook of a sport I never played before. “Okay... so could I wish for a million bucks?”

She shook her head. “It must directly satisfy an erotic desire.”

Well, there went my dream of living easy off the magic of a Genie. I thought for a moment. “How about an object? Like a book?”

“A book?” The Genie said before a bright smile appeared on her face. “Yes, I can do that! However, it must be an erotic book.”

“An erotic book?” I chuckled. “Okay, how about a sex manual?”

Soraya snapped her fingers and old, dusty tome appeared on my lap. “Wish granted!”

Chapter 3

“What is it?” I said, scanning the ancient book. It was old as the Genie and written in a language I didn’t understand. “I can’t even read it.”

“It is the Kamasutra, a sex manual from India,” she explained, flipping through the pages. While I couldn’t read its words, I could understand the diagrams I saw. It depicted all manner of sexual positions. “It is written in Sanskrit. Allow me to translate it for you.”

She snapped her fingers again and I could immediately decipher the text. Of course, the erotic illustrations were of more of an interest to me. While Soraya was no stranger to them, I was awestruck at the various sexual positions I saw. I was the type of guy who did missionary all the time. “Wow...”

The Genie smiled at me. “Some of them are advanced techniques. You’ll need to be double-jointed for that one. This one requires the woman to have a very long tongue. Fortunately, that is not a problem for a Genie.”

My gaze lingered on an illustration of a woman riding a man. I wondered what it would be like to be on top of another man as he railed you from below. I

didn't know why I was having these weird fantasies. Something about being around Soraya was making me have these strange thoughts.

"Speaking of which," I began, returning my attention to the Genie. "Are there more Genies like you?"

She paused before answering. "Those who grant erotic wishes?"

"Of any kind," I replied. I wanted to know just how deep this well went. "The fact you exist and can grant magical wishes changes everything about human history. Are there more Genies like you?"

Soraya looked like she was in deep thought for the first time I had met her. "If I survived over these past few centuries, then it is possible that others of my kind have survived as well. Of course, it is just as possible that the Genies have died out and I am the sole survivor."

She didn't seem bothered but I was concerned about her being the last of her kind. "Wait, you think the Genies are extinct except for you?"

"We can sense each other over great distances," she answered. "Either they are hiding or they are dead. We were not an uncommon sight during my time. Now, it seems that our numbers have thinned out."

"What do you think caused that?" I asked. "I mean, there hasn't been a recorded sighting of a Genie outside of fairytales. If they existed like you said they did, then something must have happened to them."

"They may have been destroyed during a great war and passed into myth," the Genie said nonchalantly. The death of her people didn't seem to bother her the slightest bit. "Sultans, Sheiks, Caliphs, and other powerful men had the right to wield a Genie's power. No one else had such an honor. These powerful men would often war against each other with the power of a Genie at their side. Only a Genie can kill or trap another Genie. It's possible that they destroyed each other in a great war."

I exhaled in disbelief. "Wow, so you might be the last Genie?"

“It is possible,” she said with a shrug. If anything, she sounded more embarrassed over not knowing the answer than sad about being the last of her kind. “I slumbered in my lamp for centuries. A great war may have claimed the lives of Sultans and Genies alike. It would explain why my kind have become legends in this age.”

I patted her on the back. “I’m sorry.”

She giggled. “Thank you, Master but I am not sad at all. It doesn’t matter what era I live in as long as I can serve a man like you.”

“How can you serve me?” I asked before realizing I needed to be more specific. “I mean other than granting erotic wishes.”

Soraya sat cross-legged as she said. “As I mentioned before, my primary duty is to keep you from harm. I have provided you a number of protective charms. They are meant to defend you against other Genies and magical beings. I doubt we will encounter any but I will defend you all the same.”

“Thanks!”

“I also cannot grant any wishes that would harm you, Master.”

I chewed on that piece of information for a little bit. I could make any erotic wish I wanted as long as it wasn’t a danger to myself. “Why have all these safeguards against wishes if they’re just kinky in nature?”

The Genie looked serious since the first time I met her. “It is to prevent you from granting wish beyond your control. If you were to grow old, drunk, or insane, then you could accidentally make a dangerous wish. Your well-being comes before anything else. With that said, I can grant anything as long as it meets these requirements.”

“Wow, I never thought about stuff like that,” I said, stroking my chin. Even with these limitations, there was so much power at her fingertips. I had to be careful how I used it or else I would attract a lot of unwanted attention. “I didn’t expect to find you when I bought that lamp. Speaking of which...”

My eyes looked at the lamp on the table. "What is the matter, Gordon?"

"I got your lamp from my local antique dealer," I said, retrieving it from the table. "I was wondering how come I was the one to finally awaken you. It must have changed hands a number of times before it got to me."

The Genie smiled. "I sensed great desire in your heart. That was all that is required to free me from my slumber."

"That's all it took?" I laughed before getting serious again. "Still, if that's what you needed to free you then more of your kind might be trapped in lamps. We could search for them. With your help, I'm sure we could find at least one."

Soraya wasn't as convinced. She gently placed a hand on my arm as if to stop me. "Perhaps, this is for the best. In the wrong hands, the power of the Genie is dangerous. There could be a reason why my kind have become a myth."

I blinked in confusion. "There might be more like you. Don't you want to find them?"

"I am only interested in you," she answered proudly. "I exist to serve you. Besides, I cannot account for the personality of other Genies. They may try to harm you. If they're more powerful than me, then I cannot protect you. It is better if we avoid any unwanted attention from mortals and Genies alike."

"I guess you're the expert," I admitted. "I might be playing with fire if I tried to search for other Genies. It'll be just you and me for now."

Soraya had a million watt smile on her face. "Excellent! Allow me to make you happy."

I returned her smile. "You made me very happy with your mouth."

She gave me an impish look. "I satisfied your flesh but not your heart. I see your deepest desires. I can grant your most desired wish. It will help me fulfill my purpose."

I chuckled softly and ran a hand through my hair. "Well, you're looking wound up like a yo-yo. I guess a little wish wouldn't hurt. I'm curious about my deepest desire-"

Before I could even finish my sentence, the Genie snapped her fingers. "Wish granted."

There was no fanfare with the wish. I didn't notice any change in Soraya or the room. I had expected a sexy massage table or some erotic paraphilia. My clothes felt a little weird but nothing else had changed. "Hey, Soraya... are you sure you granted my wish?"

With a mischievous look, she giggled. "Look below, Master."

I did as I was told. "What the hell?"

I found out why my clothes were so tight.

I had a pair of tits.

Soraya enjoyed the look of confusion on my face. "Perhaps this will help."

She snapped her fingers again and my clothes vanished. I immediately felt the cool air touch my bare skin. I expected my cock to grow hard from the cold but it didn't.

Because I had a vagina instead.

The Genie had made into a woman.

With wide-eyed disbelief, I reached down between my legs. I had cunt where my cock used to be. My new clit was just as hard as my nipples. "Soraya... I'm a woman!"

"This was your deepest desire," she replied, looking amused. "You were always interested in being a woman. You just didn't see it in your subconscious."

“Wow,” I said breathlessly. That’s when I noticed that my voice’s pitch was higher. “Hey, my voice is different.”

“I was very thorough with the details,” the Genie said proudly. “I hope you enjoy your new body.”

I stood up to examine my new look. Using my blank television screen as a mirror, I saw a gorgeous woman walk towards it. I couldn’t believe it was really me in the reflection. As Gordon, I was an average looking a man with a few extra pounds. The woman before me was curvy and sensual.

My breasts were full and firm. The bounced with the slightest movement. I cupped them with my hands and felt them pulse with life. My hard nipples were sensitive to the slightest touch. I was too nervous to explore my new pussy.

There were a few things about me that were the same. My eyes didn’t change but they worked better with a rounder, more feminine face. Likewise, my short hair gave me a Tomboyish look that was rather attractive. The new me looked better than old me by a country mile.

I felt like a million bucks. I wasn’t eager to go back to being a man just yet. I wanted to take my new body through its paces.

“Wow, Soraya,” I said, still marveling at my reflection. “I feel great. How did you know that this was what I wanted?”

“It is my purpose to know you better than you know yourself,” she answered. “I know this is a surprise but I hope it is a pleasant one.”

“I didn’t think you were capable of doing anything like this,” I said sitting back on the couch. I knew I wanted to experience life from a new perspective but this was incredible. “I thought it was just kinky stuff like blowjobs. You can actually change a person’s gender.”

She nodded. “As long as it fulfills your desires and doesn’t harm you, I can grant any erotic wish.”

“How many wishes do I have?”

“As many as your heart desires,” Soraya said with a warm smile. “I will serve you until your final days.”

Hopefully, I had a long and fruitful life. “And then?”

“I will slumber again until I am awoken by a new master,” she answered with a smaller smile. I could tell she wasn’t eager to leave me any time soon. “Hopefully, my next master is as kind as you.”

I kissed her on the cheek. “Well, let’s make hay while the sun is still shining. Why don’t we try out this new body of mine?”

The Genie replied by placing a hand on the back of my neck. I felt spellbound as if she had cast a hex on me. Perhaps she had because I felt like the most precious thing in the world. Without so much as a word exchanged between us, I felt her kiss me.

Chapter 4

I was immediately lost in the warmth of her lips. The sheer sensuality nearly bowled me over. It felt like every fiber of her being was made to cherish me.

Technically, it was.

Our kissing became more and more passionate. Our tongues wrestled but I could never overpower her. She had the supernatural ability to slip under my tongue.

My hands up and down her sexy body. I felt her fingers rasp against her silky clothing as I cupped her buttocks. Sensing my thoughts, Soraya snapped her fingers and her already sparse clothing disappeared.

The Genie stood before me in the nude. As sexy as she looked with her clothes on, Soraya looked even better with nothing on. I began to knead her bare buttocks which elicited a soft moan from her.

For a creature of myth and legend, Soraya acted like any other woman when it came to sex. Well, that wasn't entirely true. I hadn't ever met a woman who knew how to kiss me like this.

Curious about the extent of her skills and magical abilities, I asked her. "How about we try out some of those positions we saw earlier in the Kamasutra?"

Taking charge, Soraya pushed me onto my back. She aggressively kissed every inch of my new body. I felt our breasts touch each other nipple to nipple. The woman peppered my neck with soft kisses. We rotated on the all too narrow couch. I was on top. Then, she was on top. We tried a number of different positions.

Finally, we settled on an upright position. The Genie brought my legs around her waist before I locked my ankles behind her. Soraya then leaned over to kiss my hard nipples.

I loved the sensation of her wet tongue on my soft breasts. The Genie teased me by focusing on the cleft on my rack before flicking her tongue over my nipples. I could only lie back and submit to a very skilled exhibition.

I loved looking at a nice pair of tits and I loved having a pair even more. My breasts were large yet well-suited for my body. It was a thrilling sight to look down and watch my tits bounce. The only pair nicer belonged to Soraya.

The Genie caught me staring at her impressive rack. "Would you like to play with them, Master?"

She pressed her heavy breasts against my face as they were bait. I took the lure and began to suck her nipples. My voracious licking elicited a giggle out of her. As much as I was her Master, I still wanted to make her happy in return.

Soraya looked like she had come out of a Renaissance painting. Her large breasts worked well with her voluptuous body. They were full and unbelievable firm for their size. I reached out to cup the swell of her tits. Her skin was baby smooth.

I also admired her shapely backside. Her body was just the right mix of curvy and athletic. She was pretty powerful her size from the way she pushed me onto my back. "Touch me, Master."

I looked up with a smile as she straddled me. "With pleasure."

The gorgeous woman's frame took up my entire view, especially her lovely rack. I could tell that her nipples were just as sensitive as mine. The slightest touch against would send a bolt of pleasure through her body. I gingerly began to tickle her as if I were playing with her feet.

Her face contorted with both pleasure and laughter. The Genie wasn't just some instrument for my pleasure. I wanted to make her just as happy as she had made me. My tickling was equal parts pleasurable and agonizing. I found a particularly sensitive spot between her cleavage that had her break out into hysterics. I couldn't help but wonder if there was psychic connection between us that told me how she would react to my touch.

Nevertheless, I touched her soft flesh as if I were a bumblebee collecting nectar from a flower. We felt a strange sense of serenity as I skirted around the edge of her areola. Soraya moaned in appreciation of my patient touch.

I decided to kick things up a notch by digging my nails against her skin. My nails weren't sharp and I was careful not to hurt her. Nonetheless, the Genie moaned in approval as poked and pinched her. "Yes, Master... touch me like that!"

I loved hearing a woman squeal. It was music to my ears as I traced a pattern across her erect nipples. They were longer and thicker than mine. You could hang a necklace off of them if you wanted to.

Soraya moaned from my sensual attack. I began to pinch her nipples once I understood her limits. A soft sigh escaped her lips and echoed in my head. Having such control over a Genie's pleasure made me feel powerful.

I kissed her bare flesh and loved its soft texture. I flicked my tongue between the valley of her breasts. I took her nipple into my mouth and lavished it with my tongue. The Genie took a breast in each hand and squeezed it over my head. I couldn't help but laugh as she pressed her tits against my cheeks.

Soon, her nipples were slick with my saliva. My tongue had practically been milking them for the past few minutes. I even squeezed her breasts for good measure.

I knew the telltale sign of an impending orgasm on her face. I didn't have a cock but I did have a set of eager fingers to please her with. I brought my hands down between her legs. For a moment, I waited and basked in the warmth of her pussy.

Finally, my finger entered her over and over again. "Ai! Ai! Ai!"

She gritted her teeth as my hand overwhelmed her. Her pussy was warm and wet. I felt her clit grow hard from my motions. I felt supernaturally talented at this as if the Genie's magic had possessed me. Being a woman made me enjoy pleasing another member of my sex.

Her clit was as hard as stone. Her supple body was the perfect canvas for my hand. The Genie was the outlet I needed for my deepest fantasies. She murmured in a foreign tongue as I stroked her. Each passing second sent her into a higher echelon of bliss.

That went for both of us.

I saw spots in my eyes as if I had looked directly into the flash of a camera. Whenever I entered her, I would feel a tremor of erotic delight throughout my body. My nipples hardened as they touched her breasts. I held onto her hip for support but I was at little risk of falling over.

Soon, the weight of my fingers took its toll on her. Even a Genie couldn't hold back her orgasm. Soraya moaned as she ground her pelvis against my hand. "Oh... Master... AH!"

I began thrusting my fingers deep within her pussy as she came. I loved hearing the sound of my slick fingertips fucking her senseless. The Genie brought her legs together as if to trap my hand. My palm rasped against her thighs as I kept thrusting into her.

The friction was unbearable for her. The heat overwhelmed both of us as she came. I felt her pussy grow damp as it coated my fingers with her juices.

When she finished enjoying her orgasm, Soraya smiled and said. "What a wonderful performance, Master."

I kissed her. "You too."

"Good," she said, embracing me. "Now it is my turn. It's time for me to fuck you."

Chapter 5

I raised an eyebrow. "Fuck me?"

The Genie smiled as she snapped her fingers. In an instant, a massive erection replaced her cunt. Its girth and length dwarfed my old cock. Her magic never ceased to impress me. "Wow... you can do that?"

She giggled as she pointed her brand new cock at me with erotic intent. "I can do many things with this. A tool is only as good as the person who wields it."

She knelt down before me and parted my legs. For a moment, we locked eyes and I saw wanton lust in her irises. I knew The Genie wanted to prepare me for what was to come. First, she reached out for my breasts and began to massage them. I submitted to her sensual touch as she placed her head between my thighs.

With little to prepare me, I felt her tongue fork its way into my pussy. It felt unusually long and flexible as it probed the depths of my cunt. Soon, she began to practically fuck me with it.

I moaned as she lapped up my pussy. "You're so fucking amazing, Soraya!"

The woman was completely lost in tonguing my cunt. I loved the sound of her slurping up my pussy juices. My thighs rubbed against her soft hair as she

bobbed her head. The heat and intensity was unbearable. It didn't take long before I experienced my first orgasm as a woman.

"Oh, God!" I groaned, lost in intensity of my impending climax. I felt my pussy grow tight and nearly trap her tongue. "I'm coming."

The Genie didn't stop licking me as I came all over her face. It was a torrential downpour on her lips. It dripped down her face and onto her chest like a waterfall. Pleasure surged through my body as I undulated. Once I finished, I collapsed onto the couch in exhaustion.

"That was very beautiful, Master," Soraya said proudly. She planted a soft kiss on my pussy lips as if to thank them. "I rather enjoyed the taste of your sex. You are ready for the next part."

I looked at the mess I had just made. "Hey, how about we get cleaned up first-?"

Before I could even finish my sentence, Soraya snapped her fingers and cleaned us up. It looked like we had just taken a lengthy bath before drying up. "Done!"

I whistled in amazement. "That's convenient."

She giggled and snapped her fingers. "Let us continue!"

Within the blink of an eye, we were in my bedroom. Well, it looked as if Soraya had redecorated it to suite her Arabic tastes. My once dinky bed was now a King-sized mattress with a matching frame. It had curtains of silk that would help mask our activities. Of course, I didn't care if anyone spied on us.

The Genie took the initiative and pushed me flat on my back. Her erection swayed in rhythm in her large breasts. Not sure what to do, I was more than happy to let her take charge.

Soraya guided me so that I was on top and could straddle her. Letting my new feminine instincts take over, I impaled myself on the Genie's magical cock

with a soft groan. It slid into me with surprisingly little resistance. My pussy was wet, tight, and hungry for cock.

It was a strange experience to say the least. Normally, I would have thrust down from my position. Now, I ground my hips so that Soraya's cock could enter me. It felt all too natural to have her penetrate me.

She lied back as I gyrated above her. The Genie had done most of the work up until this point. I figured it was time I showed her some of my skill. I tossed and turned as I rode her cock. My breasts bounced as I ground my cunt against her pelvis.

Soraya gripped my hips and began to thrust upward. Her huge erection filled me to the brim. Magical or not, this was my first time having a prick in me and I absolutely loved. This was uncharted territory for a former man like me. It helped that the Genie was equal parts beautiful and inventive.

And it also helped that she knew how to use that prick of hers like a pro.

With time, I leaned forward so that our breasts touched nipple to nipple. Soraya reached out to tease my breasts. My nipples hardened under her skilled fingers. I moaned when she began to suckle my tits. Her tongue lapped up my areola and made me wet between the legs.

I never felt so motivated to fuck until this moment. Being a woman had awoken something wild within me. I was a tool forged to fuck with complete abandon. She may have been the one was forged to fulfil erotic desires but I felt just the same way about my purpose.

Tired of being the passive observer, Soraya began to thrust in rhythm. We rose and fell together as if we were riding a wave. Each motion force his prick deeper and deeper into my pussy.

I rode myself from orgasm to orgasm. It was positively cathartic to experience sex from the point of view of a woman. It wasn't pleasure for just pleasure's sake. It felt like I had a purpose beyond animalistic coupling.

I felt primal emotions as I cried out in bliss. They were novel sensations as if I had developed a sixth sense. Despite my heightened senses, I felt tired from this erotic excursion. Soraya felt tired as well from the way she groaned. We were both feeling sapped from the day's events.

I knew I could have wished for this to go on forever but I knew I wanted to bring things to a close. I wanted to climb the top of the mountain before quickly descending it. I wanted to know how it was to feel the ultimate pleasure as a woman.

Nonetheless, I was in awe of our stamina. Fatigue ate away at us but we thundered on. I just needed one last push to get off. The Genie read my mind and pinched my nipples. I gritted my teeth as I felt hard pressure in my erect nipples. My skin felt especially sensitive as she teased and tormented me. All the while, she pounded me from below as climax neared fruition.

"Oh... Soraya," I moaned, saliva dripping down my lips. We locked eyes as she hammered away at my groin. I was riding the crest of my incoming orgasm. I felt like a toy car who had been fully wound up. I just needed to be unleashed like a force of pure bliss. "Damn, you're amazing!"

The Genie concentrated as she fucked me senseless. So wasn't far from going off as well. I could sense a bomb brewing in her balls. She sucked in her lower lip in frustration and groaned. "Master... I can't hold it back!"

There was nothing left to be said. We were both on autopilot. We ground our bodies against each other out of pure instinct. I rode him with a mix of serenity and ecstasy.

I looked down to see the Genie smiling back at me. Her gorgeous eyes glistened with tears. Then, the full weight of our mutual orgasm hit us. I saw Soraya's face contort from the weight of her climax. I shared her expressions of lust, passion, and fulfillment.

I felt a jet of semen coat the depths of my sex. My pussy drank up every last drop of her seed. A never ending torrent seemed to enter me. Just as suddenly as we climaxed, the two of us finished and collapsed into a sweat heap of flesh.

“Soraya... that was one hell of a fuck!” I said, struggling to catch my breath. Even the Genie looked like she had ran a marathon. “Is this is what it feels like being fucked as a woman?”

She gave me a teasing smile. “Jealous?”

I chuckled and kissed her softly. “Very.”

I watched at Soraya brought a hand to her cock and pushed it against her groin. It began to shrink until it became a familiar set of pussy lips. The Genie giggled at the gesture and said. “That was my first time using the tool of the other sex. I hope I performed adequately.”

“I think five minutes of moaning can tell you the answer,” I replied, stilling reeling from my orgasm. That woman knew how to wield a prick as if she were a master fencing using an epee. “You know how to use it better than I do.”

She placed a hand on each of my breasts and cupped them. “Do you enjoy your new gifts as well, Master?”

I smiled and placed my hands over hers and squeezed them. “I love them. I’m not eager to go back to being a man just yet. Maybe not anytime soon.”

The Genie giggled softly and kissed me. “Your wish is my command.”

I kissed her back. “Now, let’s move on to my next fantasy...”

We were going to have a lot of fun together!

SEX TAPE

Chapter 1

It's not easy being a bodyguard, especially when your client is the sexiest man in Hollywood. Well, that's what People Magazine said about Tommy Wilcox. The young heartthrob was winning the hearts of women all over the world.

Tommy Wilcox was one of the rising stars of Hollywood. Personally, I didn't think he was that great of an actor but he certainly made a mint in endorsement deals. Besides, he paid me well to keep his fangirls from smothering him to death.

The man also had a successful music career. I never cared much for his pop songs but they made a fortune on iTunes. The more successful he became, the more attention Tommy attracted.

This was where I came in.

You wouldn't know it from looking at me but I was one of the best bodyguards in the business. Sure, I was five and a half feet tall and had a slender build but I knew five different martial arts. I kept order when people got too touchy with Tommy. A man like him tended to attract a lot of attention, especially from the fairer sex.

The world famous model turned actor had a reputation for his good looks. Women across the world were in love with him. Between his golden blonde hair and sharp features, I couldn't blame them for eyeing up Tommy. He also had that bubbly, easy-going attitude that most teenage girls loved.

There was just one problem.

Tommy was gay.

I mean really gay.

When the cameras were off, he played around with other guys at secret hotels. Of course, I knew all about his nocturnal activities. I even had to stay on guard while he frolicked in bed with other guys.

Nevertheless, the circle of conspirators about Tommy's activities was small. We made sure that his lovers would keep their silence. His agent, Arnold Cruz, was the only other person who knew. Sure, others in the industry suspected it but they didn't have any hard evidence. Besides, it was good for business if he was believed to be straight as an arrow.

Tommy didn't have a steady boyfriend. I knew that all the men he slept with were other gay actors or prostitutes. It was mutually beneficial to keep their activities under wraps to avoid a scandal. More importantly, there was no time for attachments. We just couldn't take the risk of the press uncovering his true sexuality.

Instead, the movie star mostly spent time with me. I didn't care for his movies or music but the guy was civil to me. Hell, he was the closest thing I had to a best friend. If I didn't know any better, I would say that he was attracted to me. I wasn't sure why exactly. I had a lean, almost girlish build.

In any case, today was an easy day. Tommy had just finished a press tour for his latest photoshoot and had time to rest. We would stay at his luxury apartment until his promotion tour for a new movie in a few weeks. This typically meant that he spent his day lounging around and playing videogames. It allowed me to relax for a day so I was all for it.

By now, I was used to the routine of protecting America's heartthrob. I followed him wherever he went. Tommy was the busiest when he was on a jet set tour for an album or a movie. That meant I got to enjoy the same perks as he did. I met gorgeous models and ate at five-star restaurants. I even met world leaders on occasion. Nonetheless, I enjoyed quiet days like these.

Of course, the routine got shaken up before we could get settled in. We were about to order out when my phone rang. This was my work phone so the only people who could reach me were Tommy and his agent, Arnold Cruz. It was never a good thing if Tommy's agent was calling me directly.

With a sigh, I took the call. “Hey, Arnold. What’s up?”

“Jim, we’ve got an emergency,” he said grimly. I immediately knew things were serious. Arnold rarely panicked over anything. “Someone found out about Tommy’s... nocturnal activities. The guy’s going to go to TMZ and a bunch of other celebrity gossip websites with the information. That’s bad news since we’re a week away from his big movie tour.”

I sighed and glanced at the star. He was innocently watching *Queer Eye* on Netflix. “Should I tell him?”

“He’ll worry himself to death,” he grumbled. Tommy had a penchant for being anxious about the slightest bit of bad news. He had to lay this on him gently. “Let me come over and we’ll sort this all out.”

I was plenty worried myself. Well, more for me than for Tommy. This job was a pretty sweet gig. If the truth about his sexuality came out, then he could be out of a job and I would have to follow him to a job fair. I didn’t want to lose an easy meal ticket like this.

After a half hour, Arnold arrived at the door and looked completely shell-shock. Tommy turned off the TV and asked. “Hey, Arnold. I didn’t expect you to drop by.”

“Sorry I haven’t been in touch,” he apologized. “Things have been a little hectic on my end.”

Oblivious to what was happening, Tommy asked. “Is this about *Skylines*?”

Skylines was a blockbuster film that Tommy would star in. It was some cheesy romance comedy but it was slated to make big bucks at the box office. They filmed principal photography last year and the movie was due to come out this year. This meant that the promotional cycle would start in a week. Tommy was supposed to be the centerpiece of the media blitz.

Arnold continued. “Sort of. It’s really about the future, Tommy. You should have a seat.”

The movie star looked confused. "What are you talking about, Arnold?"

"Someone's found out the truth about you, Tommy," Arnold said with a sigh. "They've gone to TMZ and a dozen other websites about it. It'll be on the news soon enough."

"Oh, no!" Tommy groaned and buried his face in his hands. "My career is over!"

I felt sorry for the guy and patted him on the back. "Cheer up. The whole thing will blow over in a few weeks."

Arnold wasn't as sure. "I'd wish the same but they have proof of you meeting up with Ted at a five-star hotel. You know, that guy you met at that fitness club."

"It's Ned," Tommy corrected, still looking a bit shocked. "Do they have any... hard proof? Like a tape of us having sex?"

The agent shook his head. "Just some photos of you in the lobby with the guy late at night. It's not a smoking gun but people will ask questions. I had to run from fire to fire to prepare for our response. It started with one tabloid but it's starting to spread to more respectable blogs. It's game over if it ends up on a mainstream newspaper."

"That's good, right?" I chimed in, trying to defuse the tension. "They just have footage of him hanging around with some guy at a hotel. What's the worst that can happen?"

"It'll add fuel to the fire," Arnold replied. I had to admit that he knew how show business worked better than I did. "There have been rumors before in the past. As far as the media is concerned, where there is smoke there's fire! He can't afford this just before the marketing campaign for Skylines!"

Tommy looked like he was on the verge of tears. A scandal now could domino and affect his other gigs. Show business was a fickle mistress. "My career is ruined!"

So was mine. It was easy working for Tommy. He wasn't a drug-addled diva like all the other actors in Hollywood. I didn't want to lose this cushy job any more than he wanted to leave the closet. "Arnold isn't there anything we could do to prove that he's straight? Like, isn't Tommy supposed to be dating his costar from Skylines? You know, that Felicity girl?"

"It's Felicia," the superstar replied, looking even more worried. "And there's no way she'll agree to be my beard. The girl's sleeping with one of the producers. It's how she got the role. Some celebrity blog broke the story about it."

"Well, you're going to have to start dating a girl in public, Tommy," I said. I didn't understand the fuss about being seen with another guy. "She doesn't have to be famous. Just treat her out to dinner and invite the press."

Arnold shook his head. "It'll look like we're throwing up a smokescreen. The media will run away with it and cement the rumors. We'll need clear proof of Tommy's heterosexuality if we want this to blow over."

"Proof?" I asked rhetorically. "What do you want him to do? Marry someone?"

"Like I said, it would look like we're reacting to the news," the agent said before turning serious. "We need something stronger. We need a sex tape!"

Tommy spoke for both of us when he said. "A what?"

I was flabbergasted as well. "A sex tape?"

The agent nodded. "Yes, a sex tape."

"You want to have Tommy star in a sex tape?" I asked incredulously. As far as celebrities went, Tommy had a pretty clean cut reputation. He wasn't a bad boy or starred in R-rated movies. "You want the whole internet to see his cock?"

Arnold looked like he had the solution to all of our problems. "It's one thing to date a woman. It's something entirely else to show everyone clear evidence

about what team you're playing on. A sex tape would erase all doubts about Tommy's heterosexuality."

"I can't do it with a girl!" Tommy groaned. He sounded like we were asking him to go the distance with a champion boxer. "We'll have to do something else, Arnold."

This was a crazy plan for saving Tommy's career. Then again, my career was on the line as well if the scandal broke out. Nonetheless, I chuckled at this ludicrous idea. "What's so hard about going on a bedroom romp with a woman?"

Blushing, the movie star blurted out. "No, it's not that. I just can't get it up with a woman!"

Arnold glanced at Tommy's crotch and rubbed his chin. "That could make things difficult."

I sighed. "So we're back at square one."

Tommy slumped his shoulders. "Any other bright ideas?"

"Why not get him a girlfriend?" I asked again. "Not an actual one. Just a beard. I'm sure there is a lesbian actress or model out there who doesn't want to get ousted. Pair her up with Tommy. It'll be mutually beneficial."

Arnold groaned. "Look, it's not that easy. Reacting that way will only add fuel to the fire. With a sex tape, we'll be going on the offence."

I raised an eyebrow. "The offence?"

"We can't let Tommy's sexuality define who he is," the agent explained. "More importantly, the scandalous nature of the sex tape will help him find more adult roles. We can use this incident to our advantage and come out ahead."

Suddenly, Tommy brightened up. "It's not that I'm ashamed of being gay. It's just not something I'm comfortable having out there at this stage of my career. I'm in the public's eye so this kind of stuff has an impact on my livelihood."

Suddenly, Arnold looked at me and said. "Jim, I think you're the solution to our problems. First, I need to ask you a big favor."

I raised an eyebrow. "What kind of favor are we talking about? If you need a cameraman, then I'm your man."

"We need someone who we can trust to work with Tommy," the agent said, sounding dead serious. I got the feeling that he wasn't talking about a cameraman. "Since he can't perform sex with a woman, we need a man. Jim, we need you to dress up as a woman and make the sex tape with Tommy."

Chapter 2

Staring back with wide-eyed shock, I pointed to my chest. "Wait me? What can I do? I'm just the guy who keeps Tommy safe. Not the guy who fucks him!"

Similarly, Tommy had a deer in headlights look in him. "Me and Jim? He's not even gay!"

"You can keep him safe by making a sex tape with him," the agent fired back, pointing a finger at me. "This isn't just his career on the line. All of us will be hurt if Tommy gets mired in a scandal."

I shifted uncomfortably in my shoes. "Why me?"

"You got the look of a lady," Arnold replied, sounding sincere. "We just need to put you in a dress and a wig. You'll pass for a lady if we're careful with the camera angle. It'll just be like acting. You won't have to do the actual deed."

I wasn't sold on the idea. "Seriously? That's your great plan?"

The agent folded his arms. "We're on the clock. The media tour for Skylines begins in a week. We don't have time to come up with an elaborate smoke screen. Besides, don't you want to keep your job? You share your fortune with Tommy."

He had a point. However, Tommy wasn't as sure. "Can't we get someone else? Preferably someone who is actually gay."

"We can't have too many conspirators for this plan," Arnold stated. He looked around as if he was searching for eavesdroppers. "If we bring in someone I can't trust, then they might sell the story to a tabloid for a quick buck. Besides, we need all our friends to be in the dark so they react appropriately."

"What about Tommy's image?" I retorted. "He's supposed to be the boy next door. How can he be that if there's a video of him fucking someone on the internet?"

"Well, I am trying to get more adult roles," he the young movie star replied. Strangely enough, Tommy seemed to be won over with this insane plan. "I'm not a kid anymore. I can't keep playing the part of a teenager for the rest of my life."

"Right, we're trying to prevent him from being typecast," Arnold added. "Tommy will age out of his current roles soon or later. Even Skylines is a little racier than his usual movies. A sex tape could play into that."

Tommy smiled. "It could help my reputation and stop these rumors about me."

I raised my eyebrow. "A sex tape will help your reputation?"

"In my line of work, you need people to desire you," he began. "I need women to be in love with me and men to want to be me. I can't do that as a gay man."

"Look, people watch Tommy's movies because they like him or want to be him," Arnold continued. "A tabloid is trying to oust him out of the closet. Skylines is a big tent pole film for the Summer. Having these rumors come out just before the media tour will put a cloud over the film's promotion. It could start affecting other aspects of Tommy's career. We might get some backlash with a sex tape but it's better than having negative publicity for being in the closet."

I thought about the plan. “Can’t Tommy lie low for a while? Just until this whole thing blows over?”

“There’s no lying low in this business,” Arnold replied. “That sends a clear message that the rumors are true.”

“Tommy wouldn’t be the first gay movie star,” I retorted. “There’s Zachary Quinto and Jonathan Groff. They’re gay and their careers aren’t over.”

“They’re more established actors than me,” Tommy sighed. “They can weather the storm. I might lose my endorsements at this stage of my career. This tape will fix everything... but I need your help, Jim.”

Once the video hit the internet, the whole movie industry would be talking about it. These kinds of things spread like wildfire on social media. More importantly, it would erase any doubts about Tommy’s heterosexuality. I had to admit I had gotten close to Tommy through our time together. As crazy as this idea was, I owed him one.

Nonetheless, I was concerned over the details about the plan. “So how exactly is this sex tape supposed to help Tommy? It could easily derail his career.”

“It reaffirms everything we want people to believe about Tommy,” the agent is said proudly, patting the star on his back. “They’ll see a heterosexual Adonis with an erection and a sexy girl. This video will be clear proof that’s he’s straight and can fuck a woman like any other red-blooded male. Girls will love him again and guys will want to be him!”

I folded my arms. “And I’m supposed to be the woman in the video?”

“You’ve got the body for it,” Tommy said, eyeing me up. “With the right clothes, no one would suspect a thing.”

I blushed before asking the next question. “How do we, you know, fake that we’re doing the deed?”

“Relax, we’ll cover up the necessary parts,” Arnold said confidently. “All we need is a bit of movie editing and they’ll believe you’re a woman. It’ll be like faking a sex scene in a movie. Just remember to keep your cock in your panties.”

The absolute last thing I needed now was performance anxiety. “Yeah... my panties...”

Tommy chuckled and looked tranquil despite the severity of the situation. “Relax, I’ll guide you through everything, Jim.”

I rubbed my forehead. “I’m going to have sex on the internet. The whole world is going to see me...”

“You’ll be disguised,” Tommy said with a smile. The man certainly knew his way with fashion. “No one will recognize you when I’m done with you.”

“And you?” I asked. “Ready to have your prick on the internet?”

“People have been fantasizing about my body for years,” he said with a hint of pride. “Let’s give the people what they want. I can handle having my junk out for my fans to see. Celebrities go through the drama of a sex tape all the time and still manage to live their lives.”

Well, he had been voted the sexiest man alive by People Magazine. “Okay, if you’re up for it... so am I...”

Arnold clapped his hands together. “Excellent, Jim! We’ll be sure to protect your anonymity.”

I paused for a moment. “It might be just me but people do tend to check out the woman in the sex tape than more they do with a guy. What if they want to find out who I am and discover that I’m Tommy’s bodyguard?”

“We’ll put so much makeup on you that you’ll look like a new person,” Tommy consoled. “You’ll also be clothed from the waist up. No one will suspect anything, especially with your padded bra.”

“Padded bra?”

The movie star chuckled. “We have to sell the illusion. The media will scrutinize every frame.”

“They’ll all be staring at the big star,” Arnold said, looking at me. “I know that Tommy can sell the act. That’s his job. Can you do it, Jim?”

I shrugged. “I can try.”

Arnold stroked his chin. “Will you be okay showing your ass on the video? We need you to show at least some skin.”

I took a moment to think it over. Surprisingly, the thought of being nude in front of another guy didn’t disturb me. Tommy and I had to get dress around each other all the time. However, I had more misgivings about being immortalized on the internet. That sex video would be on display until the end of the universe. “Okay, but I need some damn good makeup to cover my face.”

Tommy smiled. “I can arrange that.”

I laughed. “Well, I said I would risk my body for the sake of keeping Tommy safe. I just didn’t know that I had signed up for this!”

“There’s still a possibility someone could recognize that the sex tape is staged,” Arnold said out loud, looking deep in thought. “I know!”

Tommy and I both shared a look of confusion. “Know what?”

“I know a guy who can help us,” he told Tommy. “Remember Chris from the time you shot that music video? He can help us scrub the video clean. Hell, he can probably put a time stamp on it that makes it seem like it was taken months ago.”

Tommy’s eyes narrowed. “I thought you said we wouldn’t have any more conspirators.”

“We can trust Chris,” Arnold said adamantly. “Besides, he’s an expert in the video encoding field. He can fudge the time stamp and the video’s metadata. If anyone can make this sex tape look like the real deal, then it’s him.”

I caught onto his reasoning. “If we make it seem like this video is a few months old, then the media won’t suspect a thing.”

“That’s perfect,” Tommy said, looking at me. “We can film it in that old hotel I used to practically live in before I moved into this apartment. That was around the time Jim was on vacation. That’ll stop people from connecting the dots.”

I chuckled in amazement. “I can’t believe we’re actually doing this.”

“It can work as long as our audience believes it,” Arnold cautioned. “We can’t go overboard with kinky sex. It has to look vanilla so that no one doubts that you’re a heterosexual man.”

Tommy feigned sadness. “No kinkiness? Too bad.”

I asked. “Arnold, will you be able to handle the fallout? We might be stopping one fire and lighting another.”

The agent waved off my concerns. “It’s my job to handle the fallout. The two of you worry about making a realistic sex tape.”

“You up for it, Jim?” Tommy teased, rubbing his hand together. “Wearing a sexy dress and getting dirty for the camera?”

I smiled. “I always said I’d keep you safe, Tommy.”

Arnold laughed. “Well, that’s settled. Let me get Chris. He can double as a cameraman.”

Chapter 3

Over the next few days, we prepared to make the sex tape.

The video itself would be recorded on an iPhone. The phone's camera resolution was high enough to make everything look clear while still having a home video feel. Using a professional camera would make everything look too staged. The first reaction anyone would have would be that it was a fake with a lookalike. A good quality video would dispel all rumors.

We planned on uploading it to a semi-reputable tabloid blog. The mainstream press may or may not put it up for download but a celebrity gossip blog definitely would. With a bit of luck, it would help take attention away from the gay rumors about Tommy.

We decided on a popular blog called Stephen's Gossip Corner. It was run by a former magazine gossip panelist who struck out on his own. The blog quickly amassed a large number of followers. While the man didn't have a personal vendetta against Tommy, he wouldn't be able to resist a juicy sex tape appearing in his mailbox.

Arnold decided to make a fake email account to send the sex tape. In the email, he had stated that he had bought a second-hand iPhone from an eBay auction. The previous owner had forgotten to wipe the phone's memory clean. With some digital forensics tools, he was able to download the contents of the phone. To his surprise, it belonged to Tommy Wilcox.

The centerpiece of the haul was a nearly hour long video. It was recorded a few months ago according to its time stamp at a hotel Tommy Wilcox loved to visit. The video featured the movie star and a lucky lady in a number of compromising positions.

Well, that's the story we would use, anyway.

In any case, we used Tommy's connections to book a room at the hotel in question. If we played our cards right, then everyone would believe it was an older video. It couldn't look the slightest bit staged despite the fact that we were staging it.

Of course, we had to transform me into a woman in order for the charade to work. While Arnold was busy setting up the sex tape, Tommy was teaching me how to get in touch with my feminine side. If I didn't know any better, then I would say that he was enjoying this.

“You’ll need a different name,” he said, leading me to his closet. “Jim won’t do for a girl. How about Jenna?”

I shrugged. “Sure.”

I had to admit that becoming a woman was easier than I thought it would be. Despite my job as the burly bodyguard, I had the perfect frame for the fairer sex. I was clean-shaven so there was no need to wax off my face. I didn’t think I could endure the pain.

As for my hair, we decided on a wig. Tommy used to be a hair specialist at a salon before he was scouted out by a modeling agency. The young men knew how to doll up a lady. He used a large wig and some extensions to give me a new hairdo.

Admiring, my new hair, Tommy remarked. “I made sure it won’t fall off during filming. You’ll be moving around a lot.”

I rolled my eyes. “What’s next?”

He grinned. “Makeup and undergarments.”

To be fair, I wasn’t unfamiliar with makeup. Even Tommy’s bodyguard had to look good when we were out in public or on the red carpet. However, I was new to women’s cosmetics. I would be under heavy scrutiny with the sex tape. I needed to look like the real deal.

To help with the illusion, Tommy had me wear a padded bra. It would fill out my chest. For the duration of the video, I would be wearing a shirt while Tommy railed me from behind. I needed to make it look like I had breasts that moved with every thrust.

With Tommy’s help, I put on the padded bra. It was unusually comfortable as if it had been tailored for my body. The cups were padded with gel molds that moved independently like real breasts.

I cupped my new rack. “Hey, this feels great. I figured a girl with a large pair of tits would work better for the sex tape.”

He laughed at my enthusiasm. “Get used to moving around in them. We’ll be doing a lot of moving around in bed.”

We moved on to work on my makeup. First, Tommy applied some lipstick. It was a rich shade of red that brought out the natural color of my lips.

He really went to town on me. The young man caked me with foundation and glossy makeup. The movie star used everything from mascara to lip gloss to make me into the belle of the ball.

When I saw my reflection in the mirror, I was utterly shocked. “Wow...”

Tommy smiled at his handiwork. “We’re not done yet, Jenna.”

He pulled out a few shirts and mini-skirts from a pair of garment bags. I picked up one frilly short skirt. “Looks like my size.”

More importantly, the cloth was soft to the touch. It felt like I was holding a diaphanous curtain while it was blown by a fresh breeze. Almost immediately, the clothes I was wearing felt harsh against my naked skin.

Sensing my enthusiasm, Tommy said. “Go on, try them on.”

I took off my clothes and began putting on my new attire. I didn’t mind being nude in front of Tommy. We had seen each other without clothes plenty of times during his busy promotional schedule. Besides, we were going to see each other nude again in the very near future.

I began by putting on a pair of stockings. I had already shaved my legs but having a set of thigh-high stockings didn’t hurt. It brought out the muscles of my legs while giving them a more feminine appearance.

I followed up by wearing a skirt and blouse combo. The cloth was soft and rather form-fitting. It was still very easy to move around in. It was important that

the clothing didn't strain or rip while we were recording. We couldn't afford any accidents while recording.

Finally, we finished up the look with a set of heels. Even though I wouldn't be wearing them for very long, I got used to walking around in them. Some of the women watching the sex tape would have an eye for detail. They would be able to tell if a woman didn't know how to strut around in heels.

I stared wide-eyed in disbelief when I saw my reflection in the mirror. It was like watching another person reacting to my every movements. I knew it was me staring back but I couldn't begin to process the thought. While Jim the bodyguard wasn't exactly an oil painting, Jenna the sexy girlfriend was a jaw-dropping beauty.

Tommy laughed at my reaction. "Careful, Jenna. They're supposed to watch the video for me, not you."

I blushed and giggled. "Are you sure this will work? They won't think I'm just some guy in a wig?"

He folded his arms and looked at my reflection. "If anything, I think we did too good of a job. When this hits the internet, they'll Google to see if you're some famous model."

"Should we dial it down?"

He shook his head. "It's more believable is they see me with a hot babe. Now, we just have to fix your voice."

I blinked in confusion. "My voice?"

"You can't get fucked by a guy while sounding like a tough bodyguard," he answered. Tommy had a point. While I didn't have a deep baritone voice, it did sound like that of a man. "I'll teach you how to speak with a women's voice. It's like singing. Believe me, it's easy to move up an octave or two with a bit of practice."

He had a point. A manly groan could give my identity away. I learned to speak with the soft voice of a woman.

Well, it was more like I learned how to moan like a woman.

Tommy gave me some acting tips so I could better play my part. I couldn't just look like a woman. I needed to act like one as well. This meant I had to walk and talk like a woman. The homosexual actor was more in touch his feminine side than most men and gave me some much needed advice on how to carry myself.

Together, he and I choreographed the sex scene. This was pretty standard stuff for an actor like him but it was entirely new to me. We would use some clever angles to hide his cock when he thrust into me. It would look like he was penetrating me while he was actually going in-between my legs.

As wacky as this idea was, I had finally come around to it. Something about wearing a dress and makeup had eliminated any apprehension I had remaining. It just felt so natural being a woman.

When you down to it, not much had changed. I still had the same cheekbones and build. Yet, the combination of clothes and cosmetics had brought my laden feminine beauty. A touch of lipstick made my mouth look plump like a pair of ripe fruit.

It was strange thinking of myself in this way. For years, I had been Tommy's stoic bodyguard. I was supposed to look like a threat to anyone who was looking to cause trouble. Now, I looked like a supermodel that every red-blooded male wanted to be with.

Tommy and I went through sex scene step by step. We needed it to look real while blocking out the naughty bits. Of course, this was just a test run. The movie star would have his cock out for the real deal. Even better, he would need to have a rock solid erection to dispel any rumors of his dubious heterosexuality.

It didn't feel the slightest bit embarrassed about choreographing a sex scene with Tommy. Instead, I felt like I had completely transformed into Jenna. A woman like her would obviously be attracted to a man like Tommy.

The star patted me on the back after a good round of practice. “Nice work, Jim, err, I mean Jenna. You could go professional.”

I giggled. “A career having fake sex?”

He flashed me a smile. “No, being a babe of an actress.”

I couldn’t argue against that point. I looked absolutely stunning in my new getup. I had the right curves for a mini-skirt. It helped that my legs were toned under the tight stockings.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” I said with a smile. “First, we have to save your career.”

Chapter 4

Soon, the Day of Judgment approached. It was honestly all a blur to me. Tommy and I rehearsed our sex scene until it was second nature. We even did a dress rehearsal with me in my feminine attire. Of course, we never did it with Tommy’s cock hanging out. We would just have to wing that part.

Arnold was busy dealing with the growing rumors about Tommy being a homosexual. He didn’t comment on them one way or another. The man was a professional and knew how to avoid giving the media the ammunition they were craving.

The day before filming, Tommy gave me the full spa treatment. He used to work at a beauty salon and still had his expert skills in grooming women.

Or grooming a man into a woman in my case.

He gave me a painful wax treatment that removed any offending body hair. It was worth the trouble since it made my skin look as smooth as marble. Tommy even plucked my eyebrows. He followed up by doing my nails and toes.

Whenever I had some free time, I practiced being Jenna. It was a lot fun being a sexy woman instead of a stoic bodyguard. With protecting Tommy being

a full-time job, I never had the chance to relax and enjoy myself until now.

She wasn't some role I would play for a sex tape. Jenna felt real like an actual person. Whenever I became her, I was actually looking forward to the sex tape. There was no stage fright or nervousness about the fact my butt would be on the internet for everyone to see. I just felt this strange sense of self-confidence I never had before in my life.

Even Tommy noticed a change in me. "There's a spring in your step, Jenna."

"Thanks," I replied. "I should probably save my energy for tomorrow. You got the hotel booked?"

He nodded. "Chris will be there to set up the camera and to do an audio test. After that, it's up to us to sell it."

I laughed. "We're going to pull this off!"

Finally, it was the moment of truth.

With Arnold's connections, we managed to stealthily book a night at the hotel and sneak in without anyone suspecting us. It was a luxury suite with a king-sized bed and plenty of room for us to film. If we were going to fuck, then it would make sense to do it in style.

Tommy was pumped to and have this whole episode behind him. He had even styled his hair to look like the one he had months ago. It was another layer to the smokescreen we were creating.

Chris, the video expert, came with us to set up the camera.

"I'm using the same phone Tommy was using a few months ago," he said, mounting the phone above a dress drawer. "It had a high resolution camera so it won't miss a detail. We'll shoot it widescreen so they can see everything."

"It doesn't have to be fancy," Tommy replied. "It just has to get the job done."

“You just have to press that button to record and you’re good to go,” he said, explaining it to Tommy. “Good luck!”

I rolled my eyes. “Thanks.”

Chris left the room and allowed us to begin. I was dressed for my role. I had memorized my scenes down to each movement.

All there was left was to execute it.

I got in place as Tommy hit the record button on the phone. He joined me as I lied down against a pillow. It was my turn to speak my lines. “Did you set it up, Tommy?”

He smiled when he heard my girlish voice. “I’m recording it now.”

I smiled back and said my next line. “I can’t wait!”

“Me neither, Jenna,” he replied. “Remember we make it, watch it, and delete it. I can’t have this getting out.”

“I know, I know. I don’t want my body out on the internet either.”

Tommy chuckled. “Babe, you would be the star if this video ever got out.”

That wasn’t in the script but I played along and kissed him. It was a real kiss this time. During our practice sessions, we stopped just short.

Now, I felt the full warmth of his lips. Tommy cupped my face and probed me with his tongue. For a gay guy, he knew how to kiss a girl. Then again, he could have been thinking of me as a man.

In any case, we kissed for the next few minutes. Tommy cupped my breasts through my shirt. The gel molds make them look like the real deal. Once I was satisfied, I broke off the kiss and said. “That’s enough for now.”

Tommy impishly kissed me on the cheek. “Time to take care of you.”

With surprising strength and agility, he picked me up placed me on his lap. I instinctively wrapped my legs around his waist. It gave me time to admire his good looks.

For a change, the movie star was wearing minimal makeup. Tommy figured it would look more convincing if he wasn't dolled up like it was at the red carpet of his new movie. He was simply a horny guy about to have sex with his secret girlfriend. I had to admit he still looked handsome with his natural features.

I gyrated my hips above him like a sexy belly dancer. I felt his erection grow inside his pants. For a moment, I glanced at the phone as it recorded us. The wide angle of the camera would capture everything.

I continued to twist and gyrate his cock grew harder. Tommy needed to be with a man to get his erection. I was giving him one hell of a lap dance so he could dispel all doubt about his heterosexuality.

As I ground against him, my fingers took off Tommy's shirt and revealed his bare chest. His abs were rock hard from his workout routine. The viewers were going to see more than just his abdomen soon enough.

I traced a finger across his pectorals as Tommy asked. "You like it, Jenna?"

"I love your body," I replied, looking down at his crotch. "Especially below the waist."

He reached down to cup his groin. "Can't wait to take it out for a ride?"

I giggled and draped my fake bust over his face. "You bet."

He went flat on his back as I kept straddling him. I humped his groin until I felt his erection grow unbearably hard. Hell, I was getting pretty tight in my panties as well.

Of course, the viewers were here to see Tommy's naked ass. They wanted to see the movie star nail a lucky girl with all his majesty on display. It was funny to think that I was a supporting character in a sex tape. Usually, everyone

wanted to see a sexy girl and complained whenever a guy showed his ass on camera.

I moved over Tommy and began to unbuckle his pants. The plan was to take his cock out and have him fuck me doggy style. I would be right in front of the camera so it would look like he was fucking me from behind. In actuality, he was just thrusting his prick in between my legs.

Of course, things never go to plan when you're filming a sex tape.

It was time to show the crowd the goods. We needed to reward our viewers' patience. When I pulled down his boxers, his cock sprang up and bounced against his hard abs. The sight of it was mesmerizing. It wasn't as if I hadn't seen an erection before. Something deep within me compelled me to touch it.

Breaking off the script, I grasped the base of his cock. Tommy's eyes widened in shock. "Hey, what are you- AH!"

He was caught off when I broke out into a series of stroking motions. Tommy's surprise turned into elation as I rubbed his cock hard. "That's right... sit back and enjoy."

This was my first hand job but I was a pro at stroking my cock. I figured that the same principles applied to someone else's erection. I just had to touch the sensitive parts. After a good minute of rubbing him, I decided to take things up a notch.

Using both hands, I brought his erection to my mouth. I immediately tasted briny texture of his cock before happily taking in more. The camera got a good view of his lengthy prick as I sucked it. I had to admit that Tommy was a well-endowed man. His twelve inch tool would be the envy of countless men. It was too bad no woman would be able to enjoy it.

Except for me.

It was so impossible long. I shuddered to think what it would feel like to it inside of me. I thought the idea would be stomach-churning but it had a certain

appeal to it. Of course, it would never enter me. We would use my skirt to block the real action so we could fake it.

Well, that was the plan before I gave Tommy an impromptu blowjob. The beast had been unleashed. I had a hunger to have his cock inside of me. We couldn't put the genie back into the bottle.

This was becoming a real sex tape.

I kept sucking his cock as he thrust forward. The movie star acted more like a porn star with the way he power fucked me. Tommy pounded my mouth as I lapped up every inch of his erection. I knew I was bringing him closer to a climax but I didn't want him to go off just yet.

I released his cock from my mouth and began stroking it again. I wanted to get him on cusp of orgasm without setting him off. While we weren't strictly following our plan, the idea was to get him to cum on video. That was the easiest way to stop the rumors from spreading.

It was too much for Tommy. He took me by my arms and said. "I want to fuck you!"

With blinding speed, he flipped me over and lifted up my skirt. The man attacked my ass with his mouth. I felt his tongue lick and slurp my rosebud with wild abandon. I nearly went off there and then. My panties could barely keep my erection locked up. I didn't want to go off prematurely, especially when we were recording.

Then, he grasped his cock and entered me. I groaned from the sensation of his prick filling me up. With some resistance, he got his shaft all the way inside of me.

He fucked me doggy style. The angle gave our audience the perfect view to watch our debauchery. He pounded me while I was on all fours. My clothed breasts swayed along with the rest of my body.

We reversed our orientation to that he was lying back when I rode him. The motion sent my hair flying as I screamed in ecstasy. My hands cupped and

massaged my breasts as I gyrated over him. “Yes, that’s it! Fuck me!”

Letting himself go, Tommy power fucked me to climax. His humping was even rabbit-like in its speed and technique. I knew he wasn’t far from ejaculating. Even I was making my skirt wet with pre-cum.

Finally, he flipped me over so that I was ass up on the bed. Tommy pulled out his prick and sprayed his load of my ass cheeks. The doubters needed evidence of Tommy’s heterosexuality. He gladly gave it to them by showing him spurting his seed on my buttocks.

It was the money shot.

I felt his hot jizz pepper my backside. It streaked across both cheeks. Tommy kept coming and coming. I couldn’t believe how he was able to go on and on. I thought only porn stars were able to pull that off. Yet, my ass cheeks were stick with a layer of sticky semen. Finally, the eighth spurt of cum marked the end of his orgasm.

With a deep exhalation, Tommy collapsed next to me. His still hard erection began to slowly deflate. It looked the man had finished running a marathon.

We had what we needed but I decided to leave the recording on for a little while longer. It would look more legitimate. Besides, I was reeling from the experience as well.

A minute later, we were back to making out. Tommy gripped my hips and brought me in for a deeper kiss. I returned the favor by grabbing fistfuls of his muscular body. He kissed his way down to my chest before motorboating his face between my fake bust.

After he finished, Tommy winked at the camera before turning it off.

“We’re done,” he said proudly, typing a message on the phone. “I’m going to send the video to Chris. He’ll work with Arnold on getting it to Stephen.”

I blushed. “Arnold going to be surprised as hell.”

“Hey, he said to make it look real,” Tommy chuckled. “We made it look real. Don’t blame yourself for doing a good job. That’s what great acting is.”

“I shouldn’t have gone so far,” I sighed, a bit embarrassed over what I had done. This was supposed to be a staged sex act. “I just... lost control.”

“Nothing has changed between us,” he said softly, stroking my face. “Unless you want to do this again.”

I giggled and kissed him. “Only if we do it privately.”

Chapter 5

A few hours later, we met up with Chris and Arnold at Tommy’s place. I had to get out of feminine disguise. Well, it felt derogatory to label it a disguise. It felt like I was peeling off my skin.

In any case, Chris had gone over the sex tape with a fine comb. It needed to look like we had filmed it a few months ago. More importantly, the sex needed to look real. Thankfully, we had pulled it off in spades.

“I’ve gift wrapped it for Stephen,” Chris said, giddy with joy. He was in here for the science instead of the scandal “It’ll probably be up on his blog by tomorrow. The guy works fast. Not even the FBI would be able to tell that it was recorded today.”

I looked at Arnold. “Have you seen... the video?”

He laughed. “I told you to make hay while the sun was still shining... and you did more than that!”

Tommy added. “I got to admit it’s weird watching myself fuck a girl on video. Like I’m in some porno.”

“If this doesn’t make people think you’re straight,” I began, blowing him a kiss. “Nothing will.”

Arnold chimed. “This is going to end up at the top of PornHub!”

Tommy rolled his eyes. “Well, at least I have a backup plan if my movie career fails to take off.”

I shrugged. “I still don’t get why sex tapes are big deal. Regular people make them all the time.”

“It’s extra scandalous when celebrities do it,” Arnold replied. “It spices things up when you know that the people in the video are normally straight-laced. Plus, both of you are pretty damn attractive.”

Tommy poked me in the ribs. “They’ll start Google Image searching for who you are. All my fans are going to be jealous of you.”

I groaned at the thought of becoming a sex symbol on the internet. “Anyway, so who is this Stephen guy again?”

“Owner of a major celebrity gossip blog,” Arnold explained. “He’s not afraid to leak sex tapes and we’ve given a T-Bone steak of a video over to him.”

I glanced at Tommy. “Any second thoughts? It was a little awkward for me and I can’t imagine how it was for you. Do you want this hanging around your career forever?”

“The media will get over it eventually,” he answered with a smile. “They’ll chase the next scandal in a few weeks. Better this scandal is about how I’m a Sex God rather than about my homosexuality.”

Arnold laughed. “That’s true enough. They’ll find another bone to chase.”

“How about me?” I asked. “Do you think they’ll be able to uncover my identity? I’m Tommy’s bodyguard after all.”

The movie star shook his head. “I can barely tell who you were and I spend my entire working life with you. Between the makeup and the clothes, you were pretty well covered up. I think you’ll be safe.”

Arnold teased. “Well, not if someone recognizes Jim’s butt!”

I groaned. "I hope this sex tape is exactly what you wanted."

Tommy nodded in agreement. "It is. Nothing too kinky or taboo. Just some nice vanilla sex with a money shot or two. It's proof that I'm straight for people questioning my sexuality."

Having known Tommy over the years, I sensed a bittersweet note in his words. The man didn't want to feel ashamed of his sexuality but business factors had to be considered. For that matter, things had changed between us forever. However, I didn't want to voice these thoughts in front of Chris and Arnold.

Instead, I simply reached out to hold his hand. "Mission accomplished."

He squeezed my hand back and said. "Not just yet. We'll have to see how the media reacts. I hope it doesn't affect the promotion for Skylines."

Arnold chuckled. "They're going to love the free publicity you'll give the movie."

Tommy joined on the laughter. "If that video doesn't convince them about my sexual prowess, then we'll make another sex tape. Isn't that right, Jenna?"

I turned red as radish as they all laughed.

Once the sex tape hit the internet, Arnold's phone constantly went off constantly. Of course, the agent had practiced what to say. He was more than happy that the conversation had shifted from Tommy's sexual orientation to his sexual prowess.

The press bought our story of the video being extracted from Tommy's old phone. No one bothered to look deeper into the story. They easily believed the story about Tommy giving away his old phone without wiping the data on it. It was a huge of relief for all of us.

I even got a bit of attention as well. People asked who the sexy girl was in the video. Of course, Tommy told them he didn't like to talk about his girlfriends.

No one suspected that the video had been leaked deliberately. Almost instantly, the rumors about Tommy's homosexuality ceased. In return, the movie star got offered a lot of adult roles in R-rated dramas. Someone producer must have been happy with his sex appeal.

Of course, Tommy was straight as me. Which was to say that he wasn't at all. As much as I had grown to love him, I knew I had to keep my distance to keep him safe. After all, that was our end goal since the beginning.

In any case, a lot of actresses and supermodels were interested in dating Tommy. His performance in the sex tape had women all over the world interested in spending a night with him. Everyone was curious to sample his cock. Of course, I was the only one who had experienced it.

His reputation hadn't suffered one bit. The video had immortalized him as Sex God. Viewers witnessed a man nail some unknown supermodel. It wasn't anything a guy needed to be ashamed of.

It wasn't as if he needed a girlfriend to maintain his cover. An explicit sex tape was all the evidence the public needed. More importantly, it had boosted his celebrity status without doing harm to his reputation.

I couldn't help but feel that Tommy and I would make a great couple. The two of us gelled well with each other even before the sex tape. We simply couldn't do that without ruining his career. It was why we pulled this stunt off in the first place.

Nonetheless, I watched the sex tape over and over again. It made me pine for Tommy. I wanted another go at him. I knew he felt the same way. I couldn't settle for anyone else. He was an incredibly attractive man. I felt lucky to even have been his bodyguard.

Yet, I knew romance was out of the question. Tommy was a rising star who had gotten more famous after the sex tape. Just having a minute to talk with him in private as getting hard despite traveling all over the country with him.

The whole world kept talking about the sex tape. Arnold was constantly dealing with media inquiries. They wanted to know if there were more videos. The original sex tap was uploaded on YouTube a bunch of times before getting pulled down for content violations. As predicted, we were the top searched video on Pornhub. So far, the news was positive.

Arnold played it cool and only said that the video had been recorded months ago. He also didn't reveal the identity of the mysterious woman in it. Experts had used forensic analyst tools to identify her but there were no matches with any female models or actresses. I guessed it would've helped if they tried to expand their search to men as well.

With the movie star being busy, I was busy as well. I had to protect Tommy when he was touring for Skylines. The sex tape had attracted more attention for both him and the movie. There was rarely a moment where I wasn't with him. Unfortunately, the busy schedule also meant that we would little time to relax.

Perhaps it was a good thing. Tommy was an up-and-coming movie star. He didn't have a future with a guy like me. I had to keep my emotional distance to keep him safe.

Or so I thought.

When we finally got some time alone during the promotions, Tommy drove to a hotel with me in tow. When I asked where we were going, he simply told me to trust him. I noticed that he had brought a suitcase. Looking inside I saw that it had Jenna's clothes in it.

We rented a private room under an alias. No one would suspect what we were doing. It didn't take long before we did a repeat of our sex tape.

Of course, I got changed into Jenna first. It felt natural to go back to wearing a dress and wig. I had missed being her for days and this almost felt like a homecoming. I especially loved the thong that bisected my ass.

It was one hell of a ride. We screwed everywhere now that we didn't have to worry about being recorded. Our romp even damaged one of the legs of a coffee table. We could worry about paying for it later. Now, I focused on his cock pounding my ass.

He fucked me in the bedroom. He fucked me in the bathroom. He even fucked me in the small kitchenette we had in the suite.

We caressed each other without restraint. It was liberating to explore each other after days of keeping our hands to ourselves. There were no longer rules or restrictions. We were free to be the people we wanted to be.

He fucked me to orgasm while I stroked myself. By now, my ass was loose enough from him to penetrate and thrust away. We tried a number of different positions we couldn't do before. First it was doggy then missionary before he finished off with a cowgirl position. I went to town as I rode him. He sent my hair extensions flying in every direction while groping my breasts.

This time, Tommy came deep into my ass. My palpitating nether orifice welcomed his hot semen. After we climaxed, we spent some time spooning. Tommy even ground his still hard erection against my battered asshole. I laughed and said. "Talk about making up for lost time."

Tommy laughed as well and locked his arms behind my neck. Then he gave me a fiery kiss that took my breath away. I was dazed as he pecked away at my lips. "Want to go for another round, Jenna?"

"As long as there aren't any cameras," I said, kissing him back. "Just the two of us... and this wig."

THE BABYSITTER

Chapter 1

There's a lot of money to be made in babysitting. Don't laugh at that statement. I'm not talking about looking after your aunt and uncle's niece for an afternoon. No, I'm all about babysitting for rich couples.

Need someone to look after the little one while you celebrate your anniversary? Away on a business trip? Just need a weekend together?

Eric Johnson, professional nanny, was at your service.

Don't knock it until you've given my service a try. Rich people have more money than time. They don't mind paying a guy like me to look after their kids for a day or two.

As a grown man, I got a few odd looks over my profession as a full-time nanny. People thought I was a weirdo when I showed them my business card. Nonetheless, I had the resume and references to back myself up. I worked with babies as young as eight months old to kids entering the eighth grade.

I preferred working with babies and toddlers. They might seem like more work but they were less likely to cause problems for you. You just needed to tire them out so you could watch television or surf the internet in your client's mansion. It was a pretty cushy gig if you had a kid who wasn't noisy.

After I built up my reputation, I could afford to get a bit choosy with the people I worked with. I liked babies and toddlers the best. The older they got, the more problems kids could cause. There was nothing like lulling a baby to sleep and treating the rest of the day like a paid vacation.

Of course, I was good at my job. No one got hurt or died under my watch. In fact, kids got along well with me. I had the right mix of softness and strictness to make sure they didn't get into trouble.

When it came down to it, parents were paying for some peace of mind. They wanted to enjoy themselves without worrying about their children for a weekend. It was a win-win arrangement. They got to have some time off and I got to do something I loved.

The hardest part of the job was getting attached to the babies and kids I met. They almost felt like my own. Maybe that was why I was so good with them. It hurt to part with them when the time came for me to leave.

In any case, I was the guy you went to when you absolutely needed someone you could trust. A relative or the housemaid couldn't provide the level of insurance that I could. I made sure your kids stayed out of trouble and your house didn't burn down while you were away.

That wasn't to say that I didn't have repeat customers. Some people trusted me enough to look after their kid while they went to work. It was less of a hassle than dropping kids off at daycare and picking them up after work. Besides, my rates beat any daycare center.

It was a pretty convenient arrangement for me as well. Most of my clients were wealthy and had plenty of spare guestrooms at their homes. I got to sleep in some pretty nice mansions in my line of work.

Sometimes, I felt like I was the one who was being looked after. Parents allowed me to access their expense accounts to order food or any other supplies I needed. I was living in the lap of luxury.

Joseph happened to be one these parents. Well, the sole parent of the household if I wanted to be more precise. The man became a widower after his wife, Shelly, tragically passed away a few months ago. She had left behind both a husband and an infant son.

The widower was a busy man with a demanding job at a top brokerage firm. Joseph's fellow stockbrokers wanted the grieving man to take a leave of absence to mourn his dead wife. However, he dealt with his sorrows by ploughing deeper into his work.

This meant that his infant son, Joe Jr., needed a caretaker. Not just anyone would do for his last remaining link to his departed wife. The man wanted the best person for the job.

He wanted me.

I immediately accepted the offer once I heard his story. Sure, the money and benefits were nice but I was here for more than that. Joseph was still grieving from the loss of his wife. The man was lost without her, especially when it came to raising their son.

I had seen so many men become depressed and go hard with alcohol or drugs. I felt a need to help Joseph and Joe Jr. The man didn't know how to take care of a baby but I did.

You pick up quite a few skills in my line of work. Babysitting wasn't easy as it looked. You needed to be alert in case an emergency came up. I had an ambulance on speed dial. I had backup diapers and enough emergency wipes to last me a lifetime.

Of course, a few soft skills didn't hurt. I could heat up milk just to the right temperature that any baby could enjoy. I could change a diaper in record time.

I also knew how to take care of a grown man like Joseph. A widower like him could forget to take care of his body while he was grieving. I made sure the man ate well even if I had to cook myself. I was more than happy to play the part of both babysitter and housekeeper.

Joseph's late wife wasn't keen on having servants and he kept the same tradition. A maid came into his two story luxury house once a week so that was it for housework. That meant it was up to me to keep the house in order. I didn't mind cleaning and cooking since Joseph paid me very well.

I had the whole place to myself. Well, I had it and Joe Jr. as well. The adorable little baby was surprisingly well-behaved. He spent most of the day sleeping so I only had to check up on the baby monitor.

In a sense, I was fulfilling Shelly's role as the woman of the house. I had the key to every room and drawer. Nonetheless, I tried to be a friend to Joseph in order to help heal the hole in his heart. Still, a male babysitter was a poor substitute for a wife.

Shelly had been a gorgeous woman. I saw many photos of her in various beautiful dresses in her dress room. The woman had been a dressmaker before she met and married Joseph. Even after marriage, she still made dresses as a hobby.

Joseph never had the heart to redecorate the dress room. It stood as a monument to the memory of his dead wife. I made sure to give the room a good dusting whenever I had the time. I loved taking in the sight of the lovely dresses.

Even with a baby, the place was dead quiet after the loss of Shelly. Joseph was adamant that I stay at his home rather than commute from my apartment. The man didn't want me wasting time taking a bus back and forth. Besides, I knew that he didn't want to be alone all day with his son.

In any case, I took up residence in one of the spare guest rooms. It was comfy enough to be a suite at a five-star hotel. However, I couldn't help but be drawn to Shelly's old dress room.

It was a treasure trove of beautiful gowns and other dresses. I took extra time cleaning up the place just to marvel at the fabrics on display. Some of the dresses were a work in progress that would never be finished after Shelly's death. However, most of them were finished with no one to wear them.

I knew Joseph would never sell them or try to get rid of them in any way. It felt like a great shame that no one would ever wear them. The dresses were soft and woven from the finest fabrics. I loved brushing my fingers across the skirt of a dress. The material as diaphanous as if I was touching a gust of air.

Shelly just didn't have dresses in her collection. There was an entire wardrobe worth of undergarments and socks. They were in pristine condition as if no one had so much as laid a finger on them. Hell, the dresses looked to be my size.

Even with my bob haircut, I had the slender build of a woman. People always mistook me for a woman because of my feminine looks. Perhaps, that why I gravitated to my current occupation. I felt more like a mother than a man.

Rummaging through the dress drawers, I saw that Shelly had an extensive collection of makeup just as well. Cosmetic products of every kind lined the bottom of each drawer. Some of the stuff looked expensive and had been imported from Europe.

Of course, she had great taste in undergarments as well. There was a closet full of silky bras and satiny panties. Many of the pieces were quite revealing. Joseph had truly been a lucky husband. With the man of the house out at work, there was nothing to stop me from snooping around Shelly's closet.

Well, almost nothing.

“WAHHHHH!”

I didn't need to check the baby monitor to know what was happening. Joe Jr. was docile most of the time but he could be loud when he wanted to me. The baby made up for his good behavior by crying out with his ear-piercing shriek at inopportune times.

I double-timed it to his crib and immediately began to rock the infant. It only made him wail harder and harder. Joe Jr. was usually a well-behaved baby. I decided to go through the usual rigmarole of getting a baby of quieting down.

I checked his diapers but he was clean.

I made him milk but he would drink a drop.

I patted his back to burp him but he kept crying.

If I didn't know any better, then I would say that he was grieving from the loss of his mother. Studies showed that babies as young as Joe. Jr. could feel the loss of a mother even if they didn't understand what had happened. The only person who could calm this wailing baby was gone.

Desperate times called for desperate measures. There was a trick I had learned which was useful for situations such as this. Babies at an early age were sensitive when it came to their sense of smell. A mother could imprint upon their child through her scent. I needed Shelly's scent to get the baby to behave.

Of course, it was easier said than done. Shelly had been dead and buried for quite some time. I wasn't sure her scent was still on any of her clothing. Nonetheless, I had to give it a try. Joe Jr's wailing was driving me crazy. I had to do something about it.

Chapter 2

With the baby in tow, I went to the dress room and picked up a few dresses. None of them seemed to have an effect on Joe. Jr. I went by each dress but the baby kept crying. He didn't seem like he would tire anytime soon.

I went into Shelly's closet and revealed her untouched stash of clothing. This seemed to calm him down a little. However, it didn't have the pacifying effect that I wanted.

In truth, all senses could be fooled. I just needed someone who looked like Shelly to trick Joe. Jr. into behaving. I decided to lay out a full set of clothing on the bed to get the baby's attention.

I started by placing a tasteful set of black lingerie on the bed. They came with a pair of sheer black stockings that went up a woman's knees. I followed up with a nice sundress that stopped mid-thigh. A pair of sandals finished the look.

I had to admit that Shelly knew how to pick her clothing. Then again, she had been a skilled seamstress. It made me wish that she was alive and could make something for me to wear. Of course, the woman specialized in women's clothing so it was no use for me.

Yet, I felt an urge to put them on. At first, I thought it was a need to provide Joe. Jr. with a mother figure. Perhaps, I could trick him into thinking I was Shelly.

However, there was something deeper to this desire. The clothing was beautiful and soft to the touch. I needed to wear them to sate my curiosity. Besides, Joe Jr. needed someone to calm him down.

There was no reason for Joseph to suspect a thing. I could tell him I was cleaning out Shelly's closet. Besides, his son wasn't going to squeal on me. I was getting hard just thinking about it. Even my skin was growing hot under my heavy clothing. I felt a great urge to dress up with the clothing before me.

Placing Joe Jr. to the side, I began to undress before putting on a pair of panties. The fabric was cool and soft to the touch. They were a snug fit between my ass cheeks. Even my erection felt comfy inside the skimpy piece of lingerie.

Next, I put on a matching bra. It was soft but not as tight of a fit. Obviously, I didn't have a bust to fill them out. Not wanting to leave it at that, I took out a pair of socks and rolled them into balls. Then, I placed them under the bra cups. They instantly filled up and gave me a believable bust line.

The thigh-high socks followed. My legs were clean-shaven more out of habit than anything else. I slipped on the socks with little difficulty. They were nearly as thick as stockings but were comfortable to move around in.

Satisfied, I put on the sundress. Despite its small size, the outfit easily worked well with my slender build. Hell, it fit me better than my regular clothes. I always looked a size too small with my usual assortment of shirts and jeans. Now, this dress fit me like a glove.

My new look was astonishing. With my short bob cut, I could pass as a tom girl. In fact, I looked like a complete knockout. The clothing fit conformed well to my slender body.

Finally, I put on a set of sandals. They were almost high enough off the ground to count as high heels. After a few steps, I got used to walking around in them.

Joe Jr. had finally calmed down. He was spellbound by my new look. I couldn't blame the little guy. Even I was star struck at my reflection. The woman

in the mirror was drop dead gorgeous.

Yet, there was a missing piece to the puzzle. I didn't have any makeup on. I went to the drawer and pulled out a few cosmetics. I didn't know why I was doing. The baby had been pacified but I felt a great urge to finish the job.

I wasn't a makeup expert but I figured I could read the instructions and wing it. First, I put on my lipstick. With the precision of a sharpie pen, I painted my lips into a lush red. A bit of blush on my face brought out the natural roundness of my cheeks. It made me realize for how long I had kept my natural feminine beauty hidden.

With my transformation complete, I went back to Joe Jr. and picked him up. The baby was all smiles when he saw me. I felt happy as if I had been flushed with a wave of female hormones. It was if I truly was this baby's mother.

I rocked Joe Jr. to sleep. Once I placed him in his crib, I went for a tour of the house with my new look. Everything felt so different. I was no longer a stranger to this house. I felt like it had been my home all along.

I felt so at home that I lost track of time.

Joseph could walk in at any minute now from work. He couldn't catch me cross-dressing. I would be labeled a pervert and barred from being a nanny ever again. I couldn't bear not doing a job I loved. I immediately began to change into my regular clothes.

I raced to the bathroom to wipe off the makeup on my face. Joseph would be able to tell I had put on a few layers of blush on. Once I was satisfied, I came into Joe Jr.'s room.

It was just in time because Joseph just came into the room. "Hey, Eric? You in here?"

After doing a last minute checkup, I shouted back. "Just putting Joe Jr. to sleep!"

He came up to look at his son. The man whispered. "You have a knack for getting him to quiet down. What's the trick?"

I chuckled softly. "It's a trade secret."

We walked outside to give his son some peace and quiet. We headed downstairs but Joseph stopped when he saw the opened door to the dress room. My heart skipped a beat when he asked. "Hey, have you been going to Shelly's old dress room?"

"It's my trick to put Joe. Jr. to sleep," I said, faking a smile. "They say a baby is calmed by the presence of his mother. The next best things are his mother's belongings. So I take him to the dress room whenever he acts up."

Intrigued, Joseph bought the excuse and rubbed his chin. "That's smart. Shelly was always great with our son. I feel just so lost without her..."

I relaxed as we headed down to the kitchen. "That's why I'm here, Joseph. I'm here to help you raise your child."

"Thanks, Eric," he smiled. He looked into the refrigerator but frowned. "I'm too hungry to cook. Want to order out? My treat."

I laughed. "Of course."

My life changed after that little incident. I began to plunder Shelly's closet for more and more clothes. Joseph spent most of the day at the office so I had plenty of time to play dress up. My only conspirator was Joe Jr. who was all too happy to see the visage of his mother again.

I tried out more and more of Shelly's old makeup. I used YouTube tutorials to learn how to do my nails or put on eye shadow. There was so much to do with the treasure trove of cosmetic products.

You wouldn't even be able to tell that I was still Eric. I looked like a gorgeous woman with a bit of a tomboy vibe. My new look felt like a second skin that I never wanted to shed.

I was more comfortable being a woman than being a man. It was no longer just for keeping Joe Jr. happy. I spent more and more time dressing up as a woman. I was playing with fire but I loved it too much to stop.

That all changed one day when I tried out one of Shelly's designer dresses. With Joe Jr. fast asleep, I had to try on one of the dresses on display. It was a lacy white gown that fit me perfectly. Underneath, I wore a set of deep red lingerie. It was too bad no one was around to see my sexy new look.

Or so I thought.

"Shelly, is that you?" a voice called out to me. "It can't be!"

I immediately turned around to see where the voice was coming from.

It was Joseph.

He had come home early.

The man looked at me wide-eyed with disbelief. Blood rushed to my head I spurted out. "I-I can explain!"

Joseph gasped when he realized who I truly was. "Eric... it really is you!"

Chapter 3

I didn't know whether Joseph was furious or repulsed. The look on his face unreadable. Nonetheless, I knew that my days were numbered.

Finally, Joseph broke the silence. "Eric, what's going on?"

I was red as a radish at the prospect of getting caught wearing drag. The man could fire me and I would never see Joe Jr. ever again. Hell, he could have me arrested for indecency. "I don't know how to explain Joseph... it just happened."

The man was silent for a moment. The morbid part me wondered if he was debating to call the police or have me committed to an asylum. At the very

least, my days of being a nanny were over.

The man spoke again. "Wow, Eric... when did this start happening?"

Joseph looked calm. He didn't angry or upset. It didn't look like I was going to get arrested.

Just yet.

Feeling my skin burn under my dress, I sighed and told him. "It just sort of happened. It began when I tried to calm down Joe. Jr. by reminding him of his mother. Soon, I started to like dressing up like this..."

I expected to be chastised and thrown out of the house. Instead, Joseph was understanding. "I see... you were trying to help my son. Are going to do it again?"

I did a double take. "Again?"

He nodded. "If it keeps junior quiet, then who I am to stop you? You're the expert at this. You seem to enjoy it so what's the fuss?"

I blinked in disbelief over what I was hearing. "You're okay with me dressing up in Shelly's clothes?"

"If it helps you do your job," he began with a soft smile. "Then you're putting those clothes to a good use. Let's put this incident behind us."

To my utter surprise, my employment continued even after that encounter. Joseph didn't call the police or even ask me to get therapy. Our business relationship simply continued as if nothing had happened.

Nonetheless, I avoided playing dress up. I didn't even go to Shelly's dress room. I had been given one stay of execution and I didn't want to ask for another.

It made working with Joe Jr. more difficult. He had lost his mommy for a second time. The baby spent more time wailing than sleeping.

I also missed wearing dresses and makeup. My regular clothes chafed against my skin. I was dying to try on another dress. However, I couldn't take the risk of getting caught again. I had a good thing going with babysitting Joe Jr.

As for Joseph, he didn't ask me about the cross-dressing incident again. He seemed happy to put it behind us and continue our business relationship. I wondered if he was waiting for me to slip again. He would have a better excuse to kick me to the curb if I started cross-dressing under his nose again.

It was painful not being able to transform myself into a woman. I missed Shelly's collection of dresses and makeup. I felt like an imposter in my own skin. As a guest of Joseph, I couldn't exactly go out and buy dresses for myself. I was living under his house.

Day by day, I missed being a woman more and more. Joe Jr. missed my alter ego just as well. The baby grew bigger but that meant his tantrums were that much louder.

Soon, the anniversary of Joseph's marriage to Shelly approached. They usually had on a trip overseas to celebrate. Now, he would have to celebrate it alone.

Thankful for his employment, I cleaned the house from top to down. I lavished Joe Jr. with attention to put him to sleep. I wanted this day to be special for Joseph who was still grieving from the loss of his wife.

When I was cleaning the house, I stopped by Shelly's dress room. It was caked with dust since I had avoided even so much as stepping foot in it. Now, it was time to face my demons.

And to give the place a good cleaning while I was at it.

When I entered the room, a rush of emotions hit me like a tidal wave. The dresses looked more beautiful than ever before. I felt a sense of sorrow as I dusted them before running my fingers across them.

It was my forbidden fruit. As much as I wanted to relapse into cross-dressing again. There were so many dresses that I hadn't worn. There were more that were sadly incomplete. Shelly had died before she could finish making them.

Nevertheless, I finished cleaning the room before coming to checkup on Joe Jr. The baby was well on his way to being a toddler. In a few years, he would be old enough that he didn't need around the clock care from a guy like me. It felt like I was living here on borrowed time.

After the stroll down memory lane, I came down to see how Joseph was holding up. I was his subordinate but I still looked after him. I knew how easy it was for widowers to hit the bottle.

I saw him sitting in a chair and staring a photo of Shelly. It felt wrong to intrude on him but I felt a need to talk to him. "How are you holding up, Joseph?"

He smiled when he saw me. "I'm better thanks to you. Junior is more than a handful."

"I'm just doing my job," I said, smiling back. I was glad there no tension between us. "Thanks you for having me."

"You're a real lifesaver, Eric," he replied. If nothing else, I was thankful he was still employing me after the incident. "You've filled the hole that Shelly left in my heart."

I suppressed a tear. "That means so much to me..."

Suddenly, Joseph reached under his chair and pulled out a box. It was large and had the insignia of a designer clothing store. Noticing my surprise, he said. "I wanted to thank you for all the hard work you've done for me."

Not knowing what was even inside the box, I shook my head and blushed. "You shouldn't have."

"I had to thank you," he replied with a bright smile. The man began to take the lid off the box. "I hope you like it."

Lifting the lid, I saw a snow white dress in the box. Shelly's work was unmistakable. Yet, it looked to have been freshly sewed. I didn't recognize it from her collection. "Is that what I think is?"

Joseph chuckled. "I saw one of Shelly's old drawings. She always had more ideas than time. I took one of the drawings to a reputable tailor. I got him to custom make the dress so that it was real. I hope the measurements are spot on."

"For me?" I gasped. I gripped the dress and felt the soft fabric between my fingertips. This definitely was real. "Why do this for me?"

"I was shocked just as much as you when I saw you dressed up like a woman," he explained, a smile still lingering on his face. "I knew you started to dress up because you wanted to take care of Joe Jr. and because you enjoyed it. I was startled at first but I began to understand what it meant for you. All that matters is that both you and my son are happy."

Now, the tears finally fell. "Thank you so much!"

He laughed again. "Well, let's quit wasting time. Let's go to Shelly's dress room. It has a full-length mirror."

"A mirror?"

"So you can admire yourself in that dress, Eric."

I smiled. "Lead the way."

This felt like a dream come true. Joseph not only accepted my desire to be a woman but also encouraged it by making me a dress. Perhaps, I reminded him of his late wife by dressing in the woman's dress collection.

When we got to the dress room, Joseph waited outside like a gentleman. "You go on ahead."

With the box in my hands, I entered the room and began undressing. I picked out a pair of matching heels to go with the dress. I avoided makeup for now since it would take forever.

It was like putting on an old shoe. Well, I was talking figuratively. Wearing a dress made all those happy memories rush back. I knew that it wasn't a weird phase or disorder. I genuinely loved being a woman.

I wondered if Joseph enjoyed having me cross-dress. It would explain why he hadn't kicked me out when he first saw me. In any case, I owed him one for keeping me board. This would be my real present for him.

While I avoided makeup, I couldn't help but treat myself to some lipstick. The shade was lighter than what I usually wore. It brought out the pinkness of my lips.

I used a brush to straighten out my hair. I had grown it longer more out of habit than anything else. It made it easier for me to pass as a woman. I was dying to see how it looked with a dress.

I picked out a sex set of lingerie. The panties fit snugly between my ass cheeks. I used a set of garter belts to attach them to a pair of nylon stockings. Then, I put on a lacy bra that was rather revealing on its own. I used the same trick with the sock to fill them out.

I finished the look by putting on the dress. It was a custom tailored twice and rather revealing for its size. It looked even nicer than the ones made by Shelly. Joseph must have had an expert tailor work on it with no expense spared.

My cock stirred when I saw the final look in the mirror. I looked absolutely gorgeous. I was a Greek Goddess who had descended down from Mt. Olympus. There was no shred of doubt that I was a woman.

And an extremely lovely one to boot.

As much as I would've loved to stay in for another hour for some makeup, I had to show Joseph my transformation. I knew I would knock him dead.

With a smug smile, I walked triumphantly out of the dress room. I was no longer a trespasser into the realm of the fairer sex. I was the embodiment of feminine beauty. I felt renewed with confidence that I lacked when I first cross-dressed.

I was no longer a cross-dresser.

I truly was a woman.

That was what Joseph needed in his life. He needed a feminine partner to handle stuff he wasn't comfortable with. The man didn't have the skills for raising a baby but I did. I may have had a cock but I was as motherly as they came.

As confident as I had become, I didn't know where the future led. I had been comfortable keeping this secret between us. With my desires out in the open, I wondered what our relationship had become. I was happy being the nanny of his son. As long as I could dress up as a woman and take care of Joe Jr., then nothing else mattered.

Chapter 4

When I came out, Joseph looked absolutely floored by my new look. "Wow... Eric... it's really you!"

I giggled at his enthusiasm. "I was worried you would think I was some intruder."

"You look lovely," he said, still bewildered. "Does the dress fit okay?"

I twirled around in it. "I love it! The measurements are perfect."

He sighed in relief. "I'm glad the guy who made it got that right."

"Thanks again for the dress, Joseph."

"I got you something else as well," he said, fishing something out from his jacket. It was a black rectangular box. He opened it to reveal a gorgeous pearl

necklace. "I planned on getting one for Shelly before she passed away. I figure you would like to have one as well."

"I-I can't accept it," I stuttered, marveling at the costly gift. "It must be so expensive."

Joseph chuckled. "Please, you've earned it after how happy you've made me. You've done so much for me and my son, Eric."

I smiled and placed the necklace around my neck. "It feels wonderful. I wish I could show this off."

He placed a hand on my cheek. It was an intimate gesture. "Then let's make your wish come true."

I raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

"I can barely believe that you used to be a man," he explained, eyeing me from head to toe. "I bet no one else would even suspect a thing if they saw you. Why don't the two of us celebrate and go out?"

I blinked in confusion. "You seriously want me to go out looking like this?"

He nodded. "You don't have to worry about a thing. Come on, we can visit the countryside. Shelly and I liked to visit a local winery once a month. I'm sure you'll love it. It's just a couple hours of driving away from here."

I sucked in my lower. While this sounded appealing, I still had some reservation. "What about Joe Jr? It's my job to look after him."

He waved away my concerns. "We can have someone else if your business look after him for tonight. How about that girl you recommended to me when you were sick? What was her name again?"

"Alice," I replied, coming around to the idea. "I think she's free today."

"Then it's settled," Joseph said, picking up a phone. "She's not as good as you but it'll do for tonight."

I blushed at that bit of praise. I went back to put on some makeup as Joseph handled the arrangements. If I didn't know any better, this almost seemed like a date. I didn't plan on arguing the point with how well he was treating me.

We tucked Joe Jr. into his crib and wished him farewell. Joseph handled the face to face dealings with Alice while I slipped out from the side door. I wasn't as confident that my looks would hold up.

Nonetheless, my confidence returned as Joseph drove me to the countryside. It had been quite some time since I had last treated myself out to a vacation. I sat on the front passenger seat with Joseph's arm draped around me. Any onlookers would have mistaken us for a couple.

As we drove to our destination, he asked. "Hey, we might need a different name for you."

"What do you mean?"

"Eric won't do for a lovely lady such as yourself," he explained. Joseph would need to call me by a more feminine name while we were out in public. "How about Erica?"

I nodded in approval. It had a nice ring to it. "It sounds close enough to my real name."

I wasn't sure where our relationship was heading. If Joseph hadn't caught me, then I would still be cross-dressing in secret. It felt liberating for someone to know about my secrets. Yet, it felt that I was no longer the nanny of his son. I had become something closer than that to him.

I never thought I would ever be attracted to another man. I was straight as an arrow despite my feminine looks and occupation. Yet, something about Joseph was appealing to me. The widower was still mourning the loss of his wife and wanted to heal that pain. It didn't hurt that he was an attractive man.

Joseph had shaved and showered for the event. The man looked gorgeous in his black three piece suit. There was this youthful swagger in him that had

been kept hidden. He seemed completely revitalized in a way I had never seen before.

I guessed he was doing this just as for himself as he was doing it for me. This little adventure was breathing new life into him. It brought him back to the days when Shelly was still alive. I knew that going out and doing the things you love helped fight depression. The death of his wife weighed heavily on Joseph. I didn't know if that burden could be lifted but I was here to help lighten the load.

After an hour or two of driving, we arrived at a prestigious winery. I didn't know much about wine but Joseph's brokerage firm had invested in the place. This meant that Joseph could have free meals and wine tasting whenever he wanted. The stockbroker rarely indulged in this bonus but now was as good of a time as any to try.

I was more concerned with my appearance than what wine blends they had on the menu. I may have made an impression on Joseph but I wasn't sure it would work on strangers. It was the first time I had left the house while wearing a dress and makeup. At least I knew that no one would cause trouble for me since I was with a VIP.

Joseph and I walked hand in hand to the entrance. I started relax due to the regal atmosphere of the winery. It felt like a real date between couples. Then again, it was a real date for Joseph.

When we entered, all eyes were on us. Thankfully, no one seemed to immediately suspect that I was actually a man. Instead, the manager greeted us. "Joseph! It's so good to see you. You should've called us earlier. We would've rolled out the red carpet."

The man flashed me a smile as Joseph replied. "If it's alright with you, do you have a table for two available? My date, Erica, and I want to sample some wines."

"A pleasure to meet you, Erica," the manager said, gesturing towards a table. "I'll give you a full menu for your selection. Please enjoy some complimentary cheese and bread as well."

As we walked to our table, some of the workers glanced at me with curiosity. They were not looks of disgust as I feared. Instead, they looked at me with desire burning in their eyes. It gave me a much needed boost of confidence.

We sat at a table outside with a great view of the countryside. The staff never allowed a glass to be empty. All of our needs were met. It felt like we were a jet set couple

Over cheese and wine, I got to learn more about Joseph's work. He admitted to me that he didn't like his work as a stockbroker. Nonetheless, he was good at it and it more than paid the bills. He had racked up a number of vacation days over the past year. The man planned on spending it with me and Joe Jr. in the near future.

For the past few months, I had allowed Joseph to grieve in peace. Now, I had learned that the solution was to talk to him about his feelings and get him to open up. I realized I wasn't just here to take care of Joe Jr. I needed to take care of his father as well.

Both of us exposed our hearts to the other. Joseph had learned that I enjoyed dressing up as a woman. In return, I got him to open up about the loss of his wife. It helped that the wine mellowed us out.

Since we were a bit tipsy, Joseph called a taxi to take us home. He would pick up the care later. I figured it was better if we got home before I blurted out that I was actually a man. The staff thought I was Joseph's new girlfriend. No one had suspected a thing but a drunken raving or two could change that.

Joseph went in first to pay Alice and dismiss her. I went in through the side and saw that Joe Jr. was fast asleep. It was a rare occasion where Joseph and I had some much needed privacy in the house.

I went to Shelly's dressing room to slip out of the dress. Joseph followed and watched me undress. When he saw me struggle with one of the knots, he moved in to help me.

When we touched skin to skin, I felt a strange desire to kiss him. I did so and embraced the warmth of his lips. Joseph was surprised at first but gave into my kiss.

It was a conversation without words. He used our hands and mouths to communicate. I felt my cock grew unbearably hard in my panties. Likewise, Joseph was dying to take out his prick as well.

It was a step from the professional to the personal. I couldn't go back to being his son's nanny after this. Yet, I didn't want to go back either.

Joseph broke the kiss and said. "I love you, Erica..."

Chapter 5

The two of us began to undress the other. Joseph helped me strip down to my stockings. I still kept my bra on. It allowed my appearance to have a feminine touch to it. Besides, I felt more comfortable being Erica.

Between my bra and makeup, I was still the epitome of feminine beauty. Likewise, Joseph looked like even more of a hunk with nothing on. His cock was much thicker than mine as it rose up to brush against his abs.

I couldn't remember the last time I had been so much in love with someone else. It was certainly the first time I had fallen for another man. Yet, I couldn't help but think of myself as a woman craving cock. I had completed my transformation into Erica.

Joseph hugged me so that my fake breasts touched his muscular chest. I felt my skin rise up in goosebumps. My erection brushed against his thigh as his touched my belly.

My lover looked like a new man. The sorrow he had carried over the past year had been lifted. The virility that had been hinted at before was now a full blaze. His skin seemed to glow almost supernaturally.

We kissed again.

This time, it was more controlled. I knew what I was doing and could focus on the sensations I was feeling. I grasped his shoulders as he cupped the swell of my buttocks. We explored the other's body as our tongues tangled.

Soon, we found ourselves on the ground. I was on my back as Joseph arched over me. His massive erection dangled between his legs like a sword hanging off a belt.

His hand reached out to grasp my cock and gave it a gentle stroke. Joseph looked a wanderer in a desert who had finally found an oasis. "It's been too long."

I whispered back. "Far too long..."

It didn't matter that I had a cock. I felt as much of a woman as any other member of the sisterhood. Now, it was time for Joseph to treat me like the lucky girl I was.

He had the right tool for the job. His fully erect shaft was a sight to behold. It was thicker than mine. Hell, its girth was wider than even my wrist. His cock's engorged tip was particularly large. I wasn't sure what he planned on doing with it but I was equal parts shocked and enthusiastic.

I decided to take the initiative and began to stroke his prick. It wasn't like I was an expert at giving out hand jobs. I just knew where sweet spots were from years of practice. I began by teasing the base of his cock and working my way up from there.

I took things up a notch by bringing his erection to my lips. I licked its head and tasted the salty tang of his cock. Joseph groaned in approval. "Oh... baby... that's it..."

He kept moaning as I began to suckle him. My tongue covered him with my saliva. I took his prick deeper and deeper into my mouth with each bob of my head. My lipstick marked him as if I was claiming him as my territory.

I must have been the first man to ever blow him. Despite my inexperience, I wanted to give the performance of a lifetime. I wanted him to forget the loss of Shelly.

His erection was hard as an iron rod. I lapped up every square inch of his prick. I loved him from its head to its soft underbelly. Saliva dripped from my mouth like I was savoring a steak.

I massaged his balls and teased the sensitive skin. I was gently enough to not hurt him while putting a little bit of pressure on his pair. My mouth and hands worked in tandem to please him.

As much as I wanted to touch myself, I really wasn't in a position to do so. Besides, I wanted to give Joseph my full attention. I needed him to be happy and forget the pain in his heart.

The man certainly looked happy as I mercilessly teased his balls. It was as if Joseph was reaching a state of nirvana. With each passing second, I felt more and more like a pro.

I felt his hand on my back of my head as he coaxed me onward. My tongue twisted to reach every nook and cranny. The sound of my suckling echoed within the room.

His cock was so wide that it stretched my mouth to its limits. I felt him throb deep within my throat. I didn't know how much more of him I could take. Thankfully, Joseph pulled out of me and said. "I want to come inside of you, Erica."

Dressing as a woman had awoken something deep within me. Undressing as one had done the same. I felt like I was a born seductress. No one could resist me. I moved up to kiss him. "Do it. I want you to fuck me!"

Despite its massive size, I was dying to have that prick in my ass. I rolled over so that my buttocks were facing Joseph. He placed a hand on each cheek and parted them. It opened up my rosebud.

He was patient and began by planning soft kisses on my ass. They helped me calm down so I could endure what was yet to come. I loved the feel of his tongue against my ass crack.

He began rimming me with a finger as well. The man was hitting all the sweet spots. He worked his digit in and out of me like clockwork. I almost climaxed from the foreplay.

I rubbed my ass against his face. Soon, my backside grew wet from Joseph's licking. My cock grew harder from being sandwiched between the floor and my body. I knew I would go off at any moment.

Finally, Joseph readied his cock. It was almost as if he was using a fencing sword as he guided it towards me. I was more than prepared for what was to come. Yet, I was overwhelmed by the sensation of his massive cock penetrating my ass. I moaned from the intense pressure. "Oh my God! AHHHH!"

Before I could even get used to having him in me, he withdrew and I immediately felt the absence of his cock. Then, he thrust into me with even greater strength. It sent his prick deeper into my anus. I shuddered as he began to pound away at my ass.

Joseph grabbed my hips to better control our movements. The man was drenched in sweat. He groaned when he felt the pressure build around his prick. "Damn, this is tight... are you okay?"

The lubrication from before meant that there was little resistance. All he had to do was thrust his hips forward. I nodded and yelled back. "Yes, keep fucking me!"

I took in more and more of his erection. I felt the wiry mesh of his pubic hair tease my ass. It was mindboggling how my virgin asshole had taken so much of him inside.

My cock stirred from the pounding I was receiving. I knew that I wasn't far away from climax. I also sensed Joseph's prick tingle with his impending orgasm. He broke out into a spring and began to rapidly thrust into me. "Erica... I'm going to cum!"

I moved and gyrated alongside his body. It felt great to be the passive recipient in a sexual encounter. His erection impaled me with blinding speed. "Cum in me! I want to feel your hot cum!"

Finally, he erupted into me like an active volcano. I felt streams of hot semen coat my insides. Joseph didn't stop coming inside of me. He kept spraying his seed deep inside my ass.

He wasn't the only one.

I came onto the ground with my throbbing erection. I felt the sticky wetness grow on the floor. I couldn't remember the last time I had come so hard.

My ass tightened like a vice as he came in me. I was milking him dry of his semen. He filled me to the brim with his hot seed. Joseph kept thrusting into me with what little energy he had left. Both of us moaned as he fucked me raw. My voice grew hoarse from all the yelling I was doing.

Finally, the deed was done.

Completely drained, Joseph collapsed on me. He stroked my cheek and asked. "Is that part of the babysitting service?"

"For you?" I said, kissing him. "I'll do anything!"

ONLINE DATE

Chapter 1

A guy like me isn't cut out for the modern dating scene. I'm not talking about the actual act of dating. I'm fine with going out to have dinner or checking out a movie together. No, I'm talking about online hookup culture.

I was completely lost when it came to dating Apps like Tinder. Perhaps, it was just my age. I wasn't over the hill but I was a man in my mid-thirties. Day by day, I was sounding more and more like my dad. Technology was moving too fast for a guy like me.

Besides, I was more comfortable with a computer than with a smart phone. I worked as a computer technician at a Fortune 500 company. The job paid well but it gave me little time to partake in the dating scene. I had some of my friends recommend me some single ladies but nothing ever came from it.

This meant that I found dates the old fashion way.

I asked around on the internet.

Like I said, I was comfortable behind a keyboard than a touchscreen. As a child of the 90s, I enjoyed chat rooms and forums more than the typical bachelor. There was something comforting about talking to someone while only showing your username.

My real name is Dave but my username happened to be 'TechMan85.' Like I said, I wasn't the most imaginative guy when it came to dating. Nonetheless, the other users made up for my lack of boldness.

One thing I quickly learned was that all the other bachelors and bachelorettes were after sex. It didn't matter what combination but people were in a chatroom or forum just for sex. Just registering my account had me

bombarded by requests by other users. Some had risqué images attached to them. I guess apps like Tinder simply streamlined the process.

It wasn't like I was allergic to casual sex. I had few friends with benefits over the past few years. Instead, I just wanted some companionship. Unfortunately, I had never found the right person by traditional dating.

I was content being a bachelor. I liked my independence. I had a nice job and apartment. I was just missing a steady partner to spend time with.

I browsed the forums for people in my area. Most of them were more interested in casual hookups than dating. Out of curiosity, I decided to check out the sub-forums. These sections were focused on certain kinks and sexual peccadillos.

For example, one group was for young men who wanted to be with elderly women.

I wasn't interested in that.

Another one focused on bondage.

That was too kinky for me.

A popular one was for people who wanted to dress up as horses while having sex.

Nope.

The last one was called 'Men seeking trans girls.'

This one intrigued me. Well, I thought the idea was strange. I didn't know why any red-blooded male would be interested in a girl with a cock. In any case, I figured it would be good for a laugh or two.

It turned out that this sub-forum was pretty active. There seemed to be a lot of interest in hooking up. One thread was straight up cybersex. I couldn't

himself but read all through each page of the topic. It was some seriously kinky stuff.

That's when someone messaged me.

Tina999: Hey, TechMan85. Do you want to chat?

I didn't know who Tina999 was. Her profile preview stated she was a transgender woman. I was tempted to politely decline but something compelled me to chat with her. She seemed polite compared to the other messaged I usually received. If worst came to worst, I could simply say goodbye and log off.

I took a deeper look at Tina999's profile. As expected, her name was Tina and she lived a few towns over from mine. Her location was an hour drive from mine.

Tina didn't have much information on her profile. I could understand wanted to protect your privacy on the internet. However, it did state that she was an artist and specialized in paintings. That intrigued me since I was learning how to draw on my time off.

It turned out we had a lot more in common. We talked about everything from sports to our favorite movies. I told her about my job as a computer technician and how I was interested in drawing. I couldn't remember the last time I had been so engaged in a conversation.

Time flew and I had to wish her goodbye. I couldn't believe I had almost avoided speaking to Tina. She seemed so intelligent yet approachable. We arranged to talk again a few days later.

It was almost torture waiting to talk to Tina again. I was on autopilot during work. I counted down the minutes until I could log onto a computer back at home.

When the time came, I hopped onto the forum and messaged Tina.

TechMan85: Hey Tina. Sorry to keep you waiting.

Tina took a while to type back. I was worried that she wasn't interested in me. Thankfully, she replied back to my message.

Tina999: No problem. I was busy with an art show these past few days. I'm free now.

TechMan85: That's good to hear.

She paused for a moment before typing the next message.

Tina999: Do you mind if I ask you something personal?

TechMan85: Shoot.

Tina999: What brought you to this corner of the forum?

I sat back in my chair and thought of a reply. Unfortunately, I was stumped. It was more out of curiosity than anything else. It wouldn't hurt to tell the truth.

TechMan85: I just sort wandered in here to be honest.

Tina999: Are you into trans girls?

TechMan85: Not sure.

Tina999: Ha, there's only one way to find out!

That was another morsel to chew on. I wasn't repulsed by Tina or the mere prospect of a woman with a cock. Nonetheless, I was more interested in her hobbies than her body.

TechMan85: I'm really here to find someone to talk to.

Tina999: Aren't we all? Mind if I ask you a few more questions TechMan?

TechMan85: Go right ahead.

Tina999: Have you ever been with a trans girl?

TechMan85: You're the only one I've ever met.

I wondered if Tina999 had a boyfriend in the past. Perhaps, they had broken up and she was interested in finding someone like me. I decided against asking such a probing questions. I didn't want her to be embarrassed.

Tina999: You've never even gone cyber with one?

TechMan85: Cyber?

Tina999: LOL! As in cyber-sex. You never did it before with a trans girl? It's popular at this forum.

I felt a little hot under the collar from the questions.

TechMan85: I haven't even done that stuff in the other forums.

I never understood the appeal of cyber-sex. The thought of writing out depictions of sex acts was always a little weird for me. I'd rather watch a porn video than a write a novel's worth of sex.

Tina999: Would you be interested in having cyber-sex with me?

Now that was a bit of a bombshell. The thought of sex with Tina made my cock stir. Nonetheless, I quickly typed out a tame reply.

TechMan85: I'm more interested in talking to you.

Tina999: Lol, that's nice of you. Why don't you give it a try? We'll stop if you're uncomfortable.

Techman85: Sure.

I figured I had nothing to lose. In fact, I was starting to get a little excited about engaging in cyber-sex with a person I barely knew. The whole idea was novel. Sure, I could find someone to hit the sack with in real life but I was interested in this type of sexual encounter over cyberspace.

Tina999: Don't worry. I'll help you get started. First, tell me what you're wearing.

I glanced down, chuckled, and typed out a reply.

TechMan85: I'm in my boxers. There's a heatwave and I'm too tired to fiddle with the AC.

Tina999: LOL! Same here! I'm in my panties with a t-shirt. The shirt is tight and the panties are lace.

I didn't know whether or not she was telling the truth. Then again, this was the key ingredient in cyber-sex. Everything was real as you wanted it to be.

TechMan85: What's your body look like?

Tina999: Are you asking if I have big tits?

TechMan85: Just in general.

Tina999: I got a pair of D-cups. They're a little big for my frame but they are perky. I usually cut my hair short but I'm growing it out now. It's a chestnut in color and about shoulder-length.

I conjured up an image of her beauty.

TechMan85: You must look like a model.

Tina999: LOL! I'm pretty unassuming. I blend into crowds pretty easily.

TechMan85: I doubt that.

I wondered if I had gotten her to blush. I wasn't suave at talking to women. It was why I liked the anonymity and social barriers of a forum. Nonetheless, I certainly felt a reaction in my pants from reading her descriptions. Even my nipples were getting hard from imagining what she looked like. I started to type with just one hand on the keyboard.

Tina999: Your turn. What do you look like, TechMan?

TechMan85: Average.

Tina999: Average? Come on! Give me details. Don't be afraid to exaggerate.

TechMan85: Okay, I'm about six feet tall and a hundred and seventy pounds. I got a gym membership through my job so I try to keep in good shape. I got short hair and shave often.

Tina999: What a hunk! I like what I'm hearing. How big is your cock?

TechMan85: I haven't exactly measured it. I guess it's about average in size.

Tina999: It's probably bigger than average. Most guys I talk to lie about their size. At least you're honest.

I wondered big Tina's cock was. It was strange to get excited at the thought of someone else having a longer shaft than me, especially a woman. However, I was too embarrassed to ask that question.

Nevertheless, I began to stroke myself. I imagined what Tina looked like from the detail descriptions she gave of her body. Every aspect of her body was vivid from her hard nipples to her erect prick. I groaned when I came into a tissue. "Oh...."

I just had the best orgasm of my life and I hadn't even met my lover. I felt like I was in a daze. In fact, I didn't even notice her typing out messages in our private chat window.

Tina999: Hey, TechMan? Are you there?

TechMan85: Sorry, something came up.

Tina999: I hope it was your cock.

TechMan85: Ha-ha! Well, I am a little hot under the collar.

Tina999: I'm glad you're having fun.

TechMan85: I'm beginning to understand why this part of the forum is so popular.

Tina999: Beats doing this alone any day of the week. I've got to log off but do you want to this again TechMan?

TechMan85: Sure. And call me Dave.

Tina999: Nice name, Dave. See you around.

Chapter 2

After signing off, I thought about the amazing orgasm I just had. It was even better than sex with a woman. Even better, Tina seemed to find me attractive. Well, she at least found my description to be attractive.

Tina was all I thought about at work. It was a good thing my job allowed me to day dream at my work desk because I would have been written up for slacking off. These sexy chat session had awakened something deep within me. It felt more intense than mere attraction. Hell, I was harboring thoughts of having a cock inside of me.

I began to look at women differently at work as well. There were quite a few beauties at work. I tried to compare them to my image of Tina. Of course, I imagined they had cocks between their legs as well.

None of them could match the woman of my dreams. I knew a few of them were quite attracted to me. Some of my work friends told me a girl in the secretary pool wanted to fuck me in the conference room. I never reciprocated their advances. Human Resources always frowned on office romances.

I thought about getting back into the dating game but my thoughts always drifted back to Tina and her cock. A pussy seemed so quaint in comparison. I felt an overwhelming lust for women like Tina.

The highlight of each day was talking to Tina. Unfortunately, her work as an artist kept her on an irregular schedule. If she was busy with an art show, then I could go for days without speaking to her.

Nonetheless, we sent each other messages whenever the other was too busy to chat. It was always a treat to read an erotic email from Tina. They were always tasteful and never too explicit. The messages certainly gave me sweet dreams.

Tina was also free during the weekend. I was eager to cyber with her again. More importantly, I wanted to improve my 'cyber-sex technique' so to speak. I looked at other conversations on the forums and picked up a phrase or two.

I was delighted when I saw Tina's handle light up in my friends list. After greeting each other, we started to cyber with each other to make up for lost time. Minutes turned into hours as we described sex with excruciating detail.

I was absolutely hooked.

Tina and I shared our souls across cyberspace. I didn't think it would be this possible to be intimate with someone I never actually met before. Stranger still, I was falling for a woman with a prick.

Even Tina admitted that I was the brightest part of her day. She indulged in fantasies with me that she didn't with anyone else before. The young woman was interested in how I looked so that she could paint me. It made her want to meet me in person.

That gave me some pause.

I hadn't so much as seen a photo of Tina. Her profile was completely blank except for a list of her hobbies. She really just existed in my imagination. I wasn't sure I wanted to meet her.

Tina may not be able to live up to my image of her. I had built her up to be this perfect person. Besides, meeting her in person would take our relationship to the next level. I was content just being cyber fuck buddies.

Nevertheless, I was interested in having her paint a picture of me. I thought about sending her a casual photo of me. However, Tina asked for me in just my underwear. I didn't know if it was driven by lust or artistic professionalism.

In any case, I stripped down and got my camera. I set the timer and snapped a photo of myself in the smallest boxer briefs I had. I took a few extra photos and picked out the best ones. It almost felt like I was sending sexy pics to my girlfriend.

Once I was satisfied, I emailed them to Tina. I felt like I had sent her a dick pic even though the photos were relatively tame. It made me feel that I had a deeper connection Tina.

Well, assuming that she actually painted a photo of me.

I hoped Tina liked my body. I had been trying to get into better shape since I met her. It was strange to think that a woman I never met in person was inspiring me to be a better man.

In turn, I wondered what Tina really looked like. I only had descriptions of her. I didn't know whether or not they were exaggerations. I figured that I had enough information to track her down on social media. I knew her job and location. However, that felt too stalker-like for me.

I was happy with our relationship as it was. Meeting someone through cyberspace made me focus more on their personality and hobbies. It wasn't a mad dash to get into bed with a woman I barely knew. I wasn't sure the real Tina would live up to my fantasy.

A few days later, I logged on to talk to her. Tina had finished the painting and was eager to share it with me. With much anticipation, I opened up the high resolution scan she sent me. It was the first time I saw one of her paintings.

I was stunned.

Tina was way more talented than I could ever hope to be. I scanned through every detail of the painting. Instead of my hunched posed, I stood upright in the

artwork like some leading man. My muscles were defined with pinpoint precision. Her use of colors added a glow to my skin.

TechMan85: Wow! I look like a Greek God.

Tina999: Maybe you really are one. I had a lot of fun painting you. Maybe you should start modeling for me.

TechMan85: Sure, what's the going rate for models these days?

Tina999: Hey, I'm a starving artist! Cut me some slack!

Chuckling, I glanced back at the painting. It was an idealized version of myself, similar to how I envisioned her. Of course, Tina had seen the real me. She still liked me despite seeing who I truly was.

TechMan85: How is work?

Tina999: I did a workshop at a local art school but the guy I drew wasn't as cute as you.

TechMan85: You know, I might be in the wrong line of work.

Tina999: Which reminds me, I haven't thanked you properly for being such a good sport.

I smiled at Tina began typing up an erotic encounter between us. By now, we were both experienced enough to describe each movement in vivid detail. It was almost like performing an old dance.

The young woman told me that she had a two monitor setup. Although it was for work, Tina had other uses for them. One monitor had my painting and the other had our conversation in the private chat. She touched herself while looking at both.

Needless to say, we both grew hard very quickly. Hell, I had to stop typing so I could stroke myself with two hands. I figured that Tina was busy herself when I saw her not respond for a minute.

Finally, she replied after what I assumed was a very pleasurable orgasm.

Tina999: That was the best!

TechMan85: Thanks for the gift. I'll cherish it.

Tina999: The painting or the cybersex?

TechMan85: Ha! Both.

We logged off and called it a night. I felt completely at ease with Tina. She understood me in a way no one else ever did. It wasn't just a game anymore.

This felt real.

Of course, there was so little I knew about Tina. She could be lying about being transgender. She could be old enough to be my father. I wouldn't know until I met her.

In any case, Tina told me that she had been featured in an upcoming art show. My painting would be displayed there along with her other works. She even invited me to visit but I told her I wasn't sure I could make it. I was still not sure whether or not I wanted to meet her.

Regardless, my work stopped me from dwelling on these thoughts. Although it may have seemed that I was slacking off, my boss loved the work I was doing for the company. The work came easily to me and I made sure the computer systems ran like a well-oiled engine.

My boss talked to me about a new office opening up close to here. They were looking to hire a new head technician and he forwarded my name with a glowing recommendation. As luck would have it, the location was close to the town where Tina lived.

In any case, it was not a done deal. I still had to interview for the opening against other competitors. However, it sounded as though I was the heavy favorite. I had been working for years and had a deep knowledge of the firm's

computer systems. Companies always loved to promote from within and an experienced computer technician like me were a rare commodity.

It was something worth mulling over. The promotion would come with a big pay increase without changing my work hours. I would have to move but it wouldn't be that far from where I already lived. Besides, I was getting tired of the routine of my current position.

If I hadn't met Tina, then I would've considered passing over the opportunity. She made me realize that my life was stuck in a loop. I had no real ambitions or plans for the future. I had spent enough time wasting away at my current position.

It was time for a change.

I hopped on the chance to move up in the company. I scheduled an interview with the new office. They were glad to meet with someone who had my experience with computer systems.

A few days later, I aced the interview with flying colors. The interviewer said that I would hear back from them in a week. There were more candidates left to interview but I got the impression that I was the clear frontrunner.

The company had been gracious enough to have me stay in a hotel for a day. It wasn't completely necessary. I could've taken a long drive back and forth from home. Nonetheless, I didn't mind enjoying a nice hotel room if the company was footing the bill.

There was also an ulterior motive.

I planned on meeting Tina.

As I mentioned before, she had an art show on the same day. After showering and shaving, I put on my best suit and headed to the event. The interview had ran off schedule so I was a little late for the art show.

The walk helped me ruminate over the day's events. I wasn't one to count my chickens before they hatched but I was shoe-in for the new position as head

technician. I wasn't too concerned with the job but it would force me to relocate. More importantly, I would be closer to Tina. I wasn't sure I was ready for that but I decided to take it one step at a time.

Thankfully, the art gallery was still open late into the night. The whole place was buzzing with activity. As a computer expert, I felt lost in a place full of artsy types. Nonetheless, I helped myself to a complimentary Hors d'oeuvre and looked for Tina.

The whole place had a kitschy style to it. I was someone who was used to the sterile atmosphere of an office. There wasn't much color at my work other than powder blue and the occasional pink blouse. Now, I was in a place that was wild with color on both clothes and artwork.

I felt like an interloper in this artsy event. Nonetheless, I scanned the horizon for Tina. I wandered the halls until I heard someone say.

"... Tina, you've really outdone yourself. You get better every year."

My ears perked up at that.

I turned around and my eyes shot to the direction of where that voice came from. I was almost afraid to look for Tina. I feared that the love I felt for her would dissipate.

But I saw a beautiful young woman talking to an elderly patron. She matched Tina's description to the letter. It couldn't just be a coincidence. I couldn't believe that I was in the same room as her.

Tina was absolutely gorgeous. She wore a simple evening dress that brought out her natural beauty. The woman seemed to radiate with light and warmth.

Clearing my throat, I moved in closer.

However, she saw me and said. "Dave?"

Chapter 3

“It’s me, Tina,” I said with a smile. The woman looked at me slack-jawed in disbelief. We moved out of the crowd for some privacy. “I thought I’d stop by and surprise you.”

“A very pleasant surprise,” she giggled. “You missed the sale, Dave.”

“The sale of what?”

“You’re a hit,” she said proudly. I still struggled to follow along. “Someone offered to pay me a month’s rent for your portrait. I’d split the earnings with you but I’m a poor artist and you’re a rich computer technician.”

I chuckled. “Alright, I’ll let this one pass but I expect royalties for the next one.”

“Let me buy you a coffee,” she offered, gesturing outside. “It’s the least I can do for you.”

Hand in hand, we walked to a nearby café and sat at a table in the corner. Without the cacophony of the art show, we could talk about our careers minus any interruptions. She told me how the art show had gone well for her. In turn, I told her about the job interview I just had. Tina was excited about the prospect of me living closer to her.

It really didn’t matter what we talked about. I simply loved being with her. She seemed free-spirited in a way that I wanted to emulate. Her life seemed exciting and full of surprises. She certainly had an active imagination when it came to sex.

Most of all, she was a real person to me now. This didn’t diminish my love for her. In fact, it enhanced my feelings for her. I was glad that we connected through our private chats. It allowed us to get intimate with each other at slower pace.

After we finished, I thank Tina and walked towards my hotel. I would take a taxi back to my apartment and wait for the response from the job interviewer. My future job prospects were the least of my worries at the moment. I was more concerned with wishing the woman I loved goodnight.

Tina felt the same way.

When we were near an alley, the young woman brought me in for a kiss.

“Oh yes,” I groaned as she wrapped her leg around my thigh. We were well out of eyesight of any passing pedestrians. Of course, I wasn’t worried about being written up for public indecency. “That’s it...”

She replied with a series of low moans. It was the same erotic dance we did in cyberspace. Now, her flesh felt so soft and real.

I felt my erection grow taut in my slacks. I wasn’t the only one getting aroused. I felt the telltale signs of an erection under Tina’s dress skirt.

Pleasure rippled throughout my body. The heat of her kisses was overwhelming. My heart thundered in my chest as if I were running a marathon.

I was so engrossed in making out with her that I forgot why I was even here. Initially, I had feared I would lose my desire for Tina if I ever met her in person. Now, her presence seemed to envelope me.

After a few minutes, we broke apart and stared at each other. I looked deep into Tina’s eyes. It felt like we were frozen in time.

Finally, I broke the silence. “I should get going.”

She gently pecked me on the lips. “Goodnight, Dave.”

On the taxi ride home, I had plenty of time to deal with the heavy emotions I was feeling. At first, I thought my feelings were Tina were a lustful infatuation. These primal feelings had to come from the novelty of Tina’s cock and the whirlwind cyber-romance we had. Yet, I felt genuinely in love with her.

It was too real to pass off as lust. I felt a hunger in me that needed to be quenched. It was funny I felt this way about someone I had just started to truly understand. She made me feel a teenager again. I was exploring my sexuality and learning new things about myself.

Knowing so little of her made my love seem that much more real. Getting to know her through our private chats meant that there was no judging. I could discover who I truly was with her help. Now, the question was what I would do now.

There was no going back to being the old, boring Dave.

My boss made that clear enough.

A week later, I got a call from him. I had gotten the promotion. He even apologized for making me wait so long since I was a shoe-in for the role. I just had to come in work next week and sign a new contract. The company would help me with relocation and even provide me with a signing bonus.

I thanked him but I didn't give him a clear answer. It would be a huge change to my life. More importantly, I would be closer to Tina. I had the weekend to think it over.

I went back to my computer and logged into the dating forum. I hadn't talked to Tina since that kiss in the alley. I was busy with work and needed some time to think things through.

When I accessed my account, I was bombarded with a dozen messages. All of them were from Tina. The poor girl must have thought I was dead. I immediately saw that she was online and began a private chat with her.

TechMan85: Hey, Tina? Are you busy?

There was a brief pause that felt unbearably long.

Tina999: Dave, oh thank God! I thought you didn't want to talk to me. I'm sorry if I rushed things with you.

I sighed in relief. She actually thought I didn't like her. Nothing could be further from the truth.

TechMan85: No, I was just busy with work. I got that promotion I talked to you about.

Tina999: Congratulations! That new place isn't too far from mine, right?

TechMan85: Yes, it's about a ten minute walk from work. I'll probably get an apartment that's close by. I hate long commutes.

Tina999: You must be excited to make the move. Maybe I can show you around.

I smiled at the image of the two of us touring the streets hand in hand.

TechMan85: I'd like that.

Tina999: Did you enjoy the art gallery?

TechMan85: I've never been an art guy but I had a good time. Is the food always this good?

Tina999: LOL! Believe me when I say that people come for the food and stay for the art.

TechMan85: How did you do at the art show?

Tina999: It was my best one yet! I really owe you one, Dave. Thanks for letting me model you.

TechMan85: Anytime.

Tina paused for a moment before sending me another message.

Tina999: Do you want to model for me again?

TechMan85: Like send you a photo?

Tina999: No, model for me in person.

TechMan85: You're joking.

Tina999: I don't joke as much when I'm around you.

TechMan85: Sure, just as long as I get some free food.

Tina999: No promises. Just look as cute as you usually do.

I blushed when I read that.

TechMan85: You think I'm cute?

Tina999: Of course. Are you free this week?

TechMan85: With my promotion, I can play hooky for a couple of days while they work out the logistics of the move.

Tina999: Good, let's have dinner first.

TechMan85: Dinner?

Tina999: I've got to treat my prized model like the king he is.

TechMan85: Shouldn't I pay? I got a job that pays better. And I am a gentleman.

Tina999: Alright, maybe we can split the bill. I know a good place that's just around my apartment. Let me email you the details.

With my work life in limbo, I eagerly counted down the days until I could meet with Tina. My whole life had changed since I met her. I normally wouldn't have the confidence to go to a job interview and argue my case.

When the day came, I took a hot shower the filled the bathroom with steam. Usually, I was in a rush shower before heading to work. A day off made me appreciate a nice shower for something other than proper hygiene. I spent the better part of an hour soaping my skin until I was covered with a bubbly film. I even broke open some body wash and shampoo I got as a gift.

I wondered how Tina looked like in the nude. She certainly looked lovely with clothes on. The combination of a nice pair of breasts and a long cock made my balls pucker up. I couldn't help but stroke one out while fantasizing about her.

Normally, I didn't concern myself with what to wear. Meeting Tina made me self-conscious about my attire. My closet full of office shirts had slim pickings. I settled on a nice dress shirt and some slacks. A sports jacket completed the look. It was stylish while being proper enough for a mid-sized restaurant.

Then, I took an early taxi ride to beat the traffic. I wasn't normally a restaurant goer. A computer guy like me subsided on takeout and microwavable meals. On the other hand, Tina had learned how to cook in order to save money. Perhaps, I could learn a few recipes from her.

We had a table for two reserved at an Italian restaurant called Catherine's Place. Italian food was ubiquitous so I could easily find something I liked. Of course, I was here for Tina rather than the food.

The walk to her apartment reminded me that I was in great shape. I had exercised more to look better for Tina. Besides, I had to live up to her painting of me. Nevertheless, I felt as good as I looked.

I stopped by Tina's studio apartment and hit the buzzer. I smiled when I heard her reply. "Dave? I'm coming down!"

She opened the door and revealed her slim figure and chestnut hair. I wolf-whistled when I saw her sexy dark green dress with a pair of matching heels. "Looking sharp."

Tina giggled and eyed me from head to toe. "You're not so bad looking yourself Dave."

I teased her. "Ready? Or does the lady need more time?"

"I made sure we got a nice table for two at Catherine's Place," she replied, rolling her eyes. "I made sure we weren't close to the kitchen. The food's great

but the kitchen can be noisy. Come on, our table's waiting!"

Chapter 4

Feeling like a pair of teenagers, we had a short walk to the restaurant. I felt like a young man again. Tina made me feel like a high schooler learning about sex in the backseat of a car.

She looked as cool as I as nervous. I strutted like a boy on his first date. It didn't help that Tina was absolutely radiant.

I felt butterflies in my stomach as if I would faint at a moment's notice. I was equal parts excited and exasperated. It felt strange that what had begun as a fling on the underbelly of a kinky forum had blossomed into a real relationship.

With time, I got used to being in Tina's presence. We were a mismatched couple when I thought deeper about our relationship. I was a straight-laced computer technician. She was a free-spirited artist. Yet, she was the counterbalance that I always needed.

Catherine's Place had a nice cozy feel to it while looking spotless. I smelled the spicy aroma of pasta sauce as it permeated the atmosphere. It looked like we came at a good time in that there was activity but it wasn't too crowded. We would be able to have a conversation without raising our voices too loud.

Tina went to the front desk and rang an old antique bell. "Hello, we have a reservation for two."

A middle age waiter approached us. He read a nearby computer screen and said. "You must be Tina. Right this way, please."

After he took our orders, we made small talk about our jobs. Tina told me that she was in one of her productive phases. It turned out that art or any other kind of creative discipline wasn't like a switch you could turn on. You needed inspiration to create a work you were proud of.

Apparently, I was turning her very on.

In return, I told her about my new job. There would be a transition period where I would be brought up to speed for my new position. I was already familiar with the company's computer systems so it wouldn't be too hectic. It was nowhere near as exciting as her work but she listened with rapt attention. I couldn't remember the last time I felt like someone truly listened to me.

Time flew as we ate and chatted. Not much had changed from our online chats. We talked about the same subjects and made the same jokes. Nonetheless, it was nice to have a lovely face speaking back to me.

It felt good to take a break from work and enjoy myself. I was a self-admitted workaholic. Taking some time off and spending it with Tina made time pass by as a leisurely pace.

When it came down to it, I was really just chatting with an old friend. I may have met Tina in person a few days ago but I had known her for weeks. She was a kind, intelligent woman who wasn't afraid to get frisky when the moment called for it. It was a bit of a revelation even for a computer guy like me. There was still a lot for me to learn about modern online dating.

When it came to pay, Tina stopped me and said. "When I treat a man out, I always pay."

I smiled as she took out a credit card. "Next one's on me."

The two of us headed back to her apartment. We had garlic breath so I helped myself to Tina's endless cache of Tic-Tacs. I started to get used to the neighborhood. Everything you needed was just a few blocks away. I knew I would love living here after I completed the move.

We walked up the stairs into the apartment complex. There were a dozen rooms in each hall. I couldn't imagine her place being very big. Tina definitely lived like an artist.

It was doubly confirmed when she opened the door. Painting supplies were strewn across the room. I was careful not to trip on an empty can of paint.

“Welcome to my humble adobe,” Tina laughed, tiptoeing around the floor. “Sorry for the mess. Take a seat at the counter.”

Her creative space was in sharp contrast to mine. I valued order and cleanliness. Tina’s slapdash layout mirrored her artistic process.

It explained why I was so interested in Tina. She was the Yin to my Yang. Her background as an artist fascinated me.

I was filled with curiosity as I explored her apartment. “This is where the magic happens?”

“I know, it’s not very elegant,” she giggled. Her soft laughter echoed in the small room. “I do like to paint outside when the weather agrees.”

Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think I would fall for a woman with a prick under her panties. I was dying to know what it would feel like to have it in me. It was what appealed to me most sexually about her.

Tina had thought me so many things about sex without even sleeping with me. A man was always expected to be the aggressor in a relationship but Tina and her cock had put a spanner in the works. Falling in love with a transgender woman was uncharted territory that had lit a fire in me.

“I’m really glad I met you, Tina,” I said taking a seat at her kitchenette. “You’ve been a breath of fresh air. Let me treat you out next time.”

“Don’t fret about that,” she replied, sitting across from me. “You’ve been a great source of inspiration for me. Believe me when I say that it takes a lot to get my creative juices flowing.”

I turned flush when I heard that. “You must have other sources of inspiration.”

Tina beamed me smile. “Nothing like you. I’ve been on a real bender since I first talked to you in that forum.”

“I’m glad to be of service,” I said, looking around the cluttered room. “You must be very productive.”

“I wish that was true all the time,” she laughed, picking up an easel. “This place can get pretty cramped when I’m working.”

I smirked. “I hardly noticed.”

She groaned. “Maybe I’ll start painting at your place.”

“First you use me as a muse, then you want to use my new apartment,” I said with mock anger. I even tried to glare at her but my gaze couldn’t scare a mouse. “I really should start getting some royalties, Tina.”

She walked up to me and wrapped her arms around me. “I’m sure I can amply reward you for your services.”

The woman kissed me. Her lips threatened to consume me with their soft warmth. I could only stutter out a reply. “T-Tina…”

She smiled and pointed to the bedroom. “Want to join me?”

I wordlessly followed her into her small bedroom. Her bed was even narrower. However, it was more than enough room for what we had on our minds.

We tumbled onto the bed and asked her. “Do you do this with every guy you meet?”

“No, not at all,” she answered sincerely, caressing my face. I felt spellbound as if she had cast a charm on me. “You nervous?”

I chuckled failed to hide my nervousness so I gave an equally lame lie. “No, I’m not.”

“I like nervous,” she said seductively. The young woman draped her body over mine. “But this isn’t the first time if you think about it.”

I calmed down and smiled. “No, not the first. I really liked what we did in our private chats.”

She brushed her lips against my cheek and whispered into my ear. “You want to make our fantasies into a reality?”

I felt the air in my lungs escape when I heard her words. My cock grew hard as memories of our cyber-sex encounters rushed back to me. I knew what my answer was. “Fuck yes!”

Tina laughed and leaned closer to me. “Awesome.”

She punctuated her statement with a kiss. After the frenzied session in the alley, this was more controlled. Nevertheless, we didn’t lack for passion as our tongues met. We probed and massaged in equal measure.

Our bodies were drawn closer together. I felt the intense heat of her skin. I wanted to feel her bare body under my fingertips.

Thankfully, she felt the same.

Tina broke away from me in order to take off her dress. I moved in to help her but she got it off in record time. I felt my cock harden as her flesh came into view.

I groaned when I saw her heavy bra-clad breasts. Underneath her dress was a set of lacy designer lingerie. It even came with a matching pair of stockings held up with garter belts. The woman knew how to push the right buttons.

Tine smiled at my reaction. “Do you like it?”

I growled back. “I love it.”

Chapter 5

I couldn’t put words to the rush I was feeling. The sight of her cleavage told me that I wasn’t dreaming. Tina was real enough that I smelled her perfume.

She was more composed than I was. Tina took my arm and placed it on the cup of her bra. I could feel her hardened nipple through the dense fabric. My fingers snaked under the bra and touched her bare breasts.

Tina moaned in approval as I played with her nipple. The contact between us was positively electric. I felt every millimeter of the pebbly texture of her nipple. I began to caress her nipples with the tip of my tongue. It felt like I was exploring one of her most intimate parts.

I took control as I teased Tina's breasts. She closed her eyes and submitted to my touch. The beautiful woman reached behind to unclip her bra and give me full access. Her bust was plump and firm like that of a college girl. It was hard to believe that this feminine Aphrodite had a cock.

I only stopped touching her to marvel at the rest of her body. The woman looked as much of a work of art as the paintings I saw at the art show. I couldn't help but remark. "If you were looking for a model, have you tried looking into a mirror?"

Tina giggled as I held a breast in each hand. "Well, why don't you give this priceless work of art a kiss down there?"

Not needing to be told twice, I took one breast to my mouth and closed my lips around her taut nipple. Her skin had a sweet tang to it from whatever body soap she used. I used my tongue to flick over the rigid nub.

Admittedly, I wasn't a pro at this. Whatever I lacked in skill, I made up in enthusiasm. Tina's moans of encouragement made me suckle her breasts even harder. She even placed her hands on the back of my head before planting a soft kiss on my forehead.

We spent minutes just doing this. Tina was too experienced to go off early. Instead, she removed her nipple from my mouth and brought me in for a deep kiss.

Taking over, she began to take off my clothes. I felt paralyzed as she expertly undid the buttons and unzipped my pants. There was a certain grace to

her motions. It was as if she were painting a picture and I happened to be the easel.

Her ever skillful hands stopped to touch my bare chest. Her fingertips were cool as if she were icicles. I didn't have much chest hair but she did play with whatever I had. My nipples grew as hard as hers.

Tina returned the favor by licking my rigid nipples. Her talent for this far surpassed mine. I could learn a thing or two from her.

Without taking her tongue off of me, Tina reached down to take off my pants and boxers. My cock immediately sprang up and she took hold of it. Between her hand and mouth, I couldn't help but moan. "Tina..."

She leaned back smiled before stroking growing erection. Although I wasn't especially well-endowed, my prick felt utterly massive in her dainty palms. I wondered how big she was in comparison to me. Sooner or later, I would find out.

Her hands moved up and down my shaft at a steady rhythm. Whenever she reached the bottom, she would press her hand against my balls. I felt my prick grew rigid as a monument under her skilled touch. I couldn't wait to have her lips envelope it.

Indeed, Tina looked like she was in the mood for a nice Popsicle. She licked her lips swallowed my cock in one go. I immediately realized that the young woman wasn't green at giving a good blowjob. She took in the entire length of my shaft like an old gro. I rewarded her with a low moan of appreciation. "Yeah... that's it..."

I watched as her head moved up and down like a synchronized swimmer performing a medal winning routine. The level of suction her lips created was mindboggling. Tina used a hand to pump my cock in tandem with her mouth. She used her other hand to tease my balls.

I felt like I was in paradise. My body felt completely rejuvenated. I was in complete sensory overload. Tina made everyone I had been with before look like a complete novice. It was more than my body could handle and I felt like I would go off at any moment.

Suddenly, the sensation stopped as quickly as it began.

I opened my eyes and saw that my erection was now ensconced between Tina's large breasts. The soft flesh of her tits made it feel like I was being massaged with two silky pillows. Her flesh was warm against my rigid phallus.

Tina moved her breasts up and down the length of my shaft with a steady rhythm. Whenever she reached the tip, the woman bent down to plant a soft kiss on it. I felt the pressure in me build up again. I shivered with feverish delight.

Once again, she stopped before I could go off. Tina took this respite as an opportunity to fully undress. I watched as she removed her panties and revealed her lengthy cock.

I blinked twice in disbelief as I saw her erection swing up. It emerged from her downy patch of pubic hair like a spire. Underneath were a heavy set of balls. Tina laughed when she saw my face and teased me. "It's not the size but how you use it. Why don't you give it a good lick or two?"

With curiosity winning over hesitation, I used a hand to grasp her cock. It felt no different from holding my prick. I knew what to do with it and immediately began to stroke it. However, licking it required more bravery.

I gingerly licked her shaft with the tip of her tongue. My technique was crude and unskilled but I tasted the salty tang of her cock. Tina smiled at me with approval and sat back. She was more than content to let me explore her pelvis.

It didn't take long before I was swallowing her shaft. I lacked her ability to swallow a cock in one go. Instead, I let instinct guide me as I sucked her cock. My unsophisticated technique managed to get her harder and harder. It was enough for Tina to stop me.

I knew that we were ready for the main event. I didn't who was going to fuck who. However, that didn't stop me from volunteering. "Tina... it's time... for you to fuck me..."

Her eyes widened before she smiled. "Sure, just lie stomach down on the bed."

I did as commanded and she climbed on top of me. She spread my legs wide and positioned herself just above my ass. As I moaned with impatience, she knelt behind me and spread my buttocks wider with each hand.

She stopped to take out a jar of petroleum jelly with a lewd expression on her face. I spread my legs wider and arched my ass up. Without looking behind, I felt a well-oiled finger rub jelly across my rosebud.

After a minute, Tina entered with me with a finger and greased up my insides. Another finger joined and made sure I was well-oiled. She only exited me once she was fully satisfied.

Tina rested the head of her cock against my rosebud. I watched her hold the base of her cock as if it were a spear. I exhaled deeply as if preparing for an athletic activity.

Then, she entered me.

"AHHH!"

I grasped at her entrance. She was bigger than even me when I was fully erect. It felt like I was being impaled. Tina moved slowly so I could get used to having my cock up my ass. Inch by inch, she entered my virgin anus. "That's it... relax and let me do all of the work."

Once Tina was fully inside of me, she began to lift her body and take her cock out before entering me again. She did this a few times until my asshole got used to having her. I had to admit that was a pretty tight fit. I didn't know how I could stretch so much but I began to enjoy her thrusting motions.

Noticing my growing level of comfort, she began to enter me at a faster pace. Tina held onto my hips as she rocked her pelvis back and forth. My prick was trapped between the bed and my body. She was fully implanted in my asshole. I shuddered as her balls swung and bounced off my ass cheeks.

Nonetheless, the heat and friction of our fucking put me near-climax. I grew wet from pre-cum. The noise of our lovemaking echoed within the small bedroom. She entered me slowly yet firmly with her cockhead.

Tina fucked me with the grace and fluidity of an athlete. Her motions were equal parts intense and controlled. On the other hand, I felt like a rocket going off into space. I didn't know how long I would burn through my fuel reserves.

I lowered my face to the bed as she railed me vigorously. I cried out for her to fuck me senseless and she did with much gusto. Tina's prick absolutely hammered me. Her balls slapped against my ass with every thrust.

She fucked me harder and faster with each passing second. Her hands and body kept me pinned down to the bed. Of course, there was nowhere else I would rather be. Together, we moved and trembled. Our skin was moist with sweat as we raced to our climax.

It felt like I was trapped in an eternity of bliss. Tina's shaft seemed impossibly large. I felt her prick pulse with her seed.

Then, we came simultaneously.

This mutual climax was unbelievable. It was like a double-barreled shotgun going off. Tina exhaled in relief as I let out a moan of pleasure. I was helpless to do anything except enjoy my orgasm.

I felt the warmth of Tina's cum inside of me. The walls of my ass contracted against her shaft as it throbbed inside of me. I never imagined that I would ever volunteer to be fucked. Stranger still, I loved having someone fuck my ass.

Even when our orgasms subsided, Tina held me tightly in her arms. I felt the muscles of my ass twitch and clamp down on her cock before slowly releasing it. Our bodies stopped moving and we could enjoy the soft afterglow of our mutual climax. Her cock grew soft with time and slipped out of me.

After a moment of rest, I flipped over and kissed her. "Tina, that was fucking incredible!"

“Your ass is incredible, Dave,” she said with a warm smile. “And is the rest of you.”

I smiled back. “I love you.”

Tina kissed me. “It sounds better when it’s said face to face.”

I chuckled. “I guess that’s the end of our cyber-sex sessions.”

She licked her lips and pressed her breasts against my arm. “Well, why don’t we hop online while our batteries recharge? We can try out a new position or two in the meantime. Then, we can try it out for real.”

I slipped my arm around her. This was going to be a very enjoyable day on and off cyberspace. “It’s a date.”

SCHOOLGIRL

Chapter 1

My name is Yusuke and I'm an average office worker in Japan. There's not much else to say about me. I worked at a clothing department store that specialized in women's fashion.

That wasn't to say that my work was glamorous. I worked in accounts rather than sales so I spent most of my day in front of a computer in the back of the office. I was the most boring guy anyone could have ever met.

If only I could have stayed boring.

Late one night, I came home from a bar. My coworkers and I had joined our boss in treating out an important client. That's one of the downsides of working in Japan. You only went home after your boss did. I could've gone home earlier but I wanted to act like I was part of the team. Having my boss put in a good word for me would be great for advancing my career.

This meant I got home very late at night. Nevertheless, I was happy to for the job. I enjoyed working in a store full of soft garments. Although I never handled the merchandise, I did appreciate the craftsmanship in them. I knew that our female customers loved our goods.

Some of my friends at work joked that I was a perfect model for a women's clothing store. I could probably fit into any of the clothes on display. I had a slender build for even for a Japanese man. Nevertheless, I never gave the teasing much thought.

After wishing my coworkers goodnight, I took a train to my apartment. I wished I could afford a fancier apartment in a better neighborhood but my salary wasn't up to it. I thought about living in a cheaper but nicer apartment outside the Tokyo area and taking a longer train ride to work like some of my coworkers. However, I enjoyed a quick commute to the office.

The walk from the train station was typically uneventful. Despite walking down a set of dark alleyways, I didn't have much to worry about being mugged. Japan is a pretty safe country with one of the lowest crime rates in the world. You typically didn't run into trouble.

Usually.

"... please don't hurt me!"

I stood still in my tracks when I heard the sound of someone pleading for their life. Looking around the corner of an alley, I saw a tall, well-dressed man push another shabbier looking man against a wall. I thought it was just an altercation between two friends or coworkers until I saw a series of intricate tattoos under the taller man's sleeve.

He was Yakuza.

For those unfamiliar with these gangsters, the Yakuza were an organized crime syndicate that resided in Japan's seedy underbelly. This group of criminals was comprised of enforcers working under a crime boss. The Yakuza consisted of different criminal families rather than being one monolithic organization. Nonetheless, they were involved in everything from racketeering to theft. They even committed murder if it came down to it.

These intricate tattoos were their calling card. The more tattoos one member had, the higher up they were. I couldn't get a good look at the Yakuza's tattoos but I got a feeling that he was a high-ranking member from his swagger.

"You were supposed to inform us, Honda," the Yakuza growled. The man had a phone in his free hand. He glanced down at it before going back to threaten his victim. "Not play both sides."

The man called Honda stuttered back. "Daisuke, you know that I would never-

"Don't use my name," the other man said, striking Honda across the face. "Not here, not ever."

“O-Of course!”

“Now, you’ll give us the information we want,” the man named Daisuke continued, staring daggers into the man. I didn’t know who his victim was but he was in deep trouble. Nothing good came of getting involved with the Yakuza. Unfortunately, I was at risk of getting caught in this terrible situation. “Or else we’ll pay you a visit late at night.”

I looked around to see if there was anyone else here but the alleyway was deserted this time of night. I didn’t even dare rush backwards in case he heard my footsteps. I decided to quietly tiptoe back and head home another way. He wouldn’t even know that I was here in the first place.

The moment I tried to step back, everything went wrong.

CLANK!

I swore under my breath when I saw that I had accidentally stepped on an empty bottle and sent it rolling towards the Yakuza.

“Who is there?!” the man bellowed. “Stay here! I’ll check out where the noise came from.”

Within seconds, the Yakuza appeared before me. The man wore an expensive suit that cost more than a year’s salary from my job. I knew that crime did pay well for the Yakuza. Many of its top members were fabulously wealthy. When a crime boss got arrested on television, they usually found him living in a mansion with multiple sports cars. Drug trafficking, money laundering, and bribery were profitable business ventures.

Not looking amused, the man asked. “What did you hear?”

I struggled to find the right words. “P-Please, I want to go home...”

He pulled up his sleeves and revealed a string of long tattoos of dragons and wolves. He even had an expensive Rolex watch around his wrist. This man

was definitely a high-ranking Yakuza member. "I've killed ninety-nine men over the years. You could be lucky number one hundred."

I wouldn't have been surprised to know that he was a hitman. The Yakuza was known to harbor professional killers among its ranks. I gulped and pleaded with him. "Please, I won't say anything!"

Thankfully, someone heard my prayers. A police siren rang with its high-pitched wail. Chances were that they were here for some traffic accident rather than for any criminal activity. Nonetheless, the police were in the neighborhood which made murder a less viable option. Even the Yakuza knew he had to thread carefully.

"You didn't see anything, kid," he said, stabbing a finger into my chest. "Forget what you saw or else we'll pay you a visit. Got it?"

I gulped. "Got it..."

He glanced at the end of the alley. "Now, beat it before I change my mind."

I passed by Honda who looked just as terrified as I felt. However, there was nothing I could do for him. I had been given one stay of execution. I didn't want to risk my head for another.

Racing back home, I knew I was deep, deep trouble. I locked the door and hid myself in my bedroom. It was said that no one who ever saw the Yakuza lived on to die peacefully in his bed.

Over the next few days, I became completely paranoid. I saw shadows in every corner. I was afraid to be alone for a minute at work. It was like living with a guillotine hanging over your head.

I could barely go to sleep at night without fearing that I would never wake up again. Of course, the Yakuza preferred to torture their victims before killing them. I knew that my death would not be so simple.

After some time, I managed to calm down. I hadn't noticed anyone following me or tracking my movements. I figured the Yakuza would have made their

move by now if they planned on getting rid of me. I wasn't even sure they even knew who I was.

The man probably couldn't see my face in the dark alley. Daisuke just wanted to get rid of me and get back to his work. The Yakuza was too busy to worry about a small fry like me.

My life went back to normal after that. Weeks had passed by without anything happening. I felt like I was being paranoid over nothing. I figured I would put the incident behind me and just avoid going alone into dark alleys.

With time, I forgot I had even encountered a cold-blooded Yakuza. I almost wanted to tell my coworkers about it. However, they would probably think I was making it up. In any case, I was glad that this episode was over.

One fateful day, I turned on the news and saw that someone had been found dead in a warehouse not too far from here. That was a pretty unusual development around these parts. While this part of the city wasn't squeaky clean, a murder was a pretty big deal.

It was Honda.

The report said that he was a banker at a large firm. Apparently, he had been working with the Yakuza to help them plan a bank robbery. The criminal gang had threatened him and his family if he didn't comply. Honda must have gotten cold feet since they killed him before they could pull off the heist.

All the dread I had kept at bay came crashing back in with a vengeance. Worse, I felt guilt over not helping Honda. If I had gone to the authorities earlier, then they may have been able to save him.

The Yakuza envisioned themselves as modern day Robin Hoods. They said that they were taking back from a corrupt society. However, they only stole from the poor to give to themselves. They festered corruption rather than stamped it out.

My fear soon turned into anger. I hated how the Yakuza preyed on the weak. Honda's death could have been prevented if I had been braver. I knew I had to

make things right.

So I went to the authorities with my description of the encounter with Daisuke.

The second I told them about that fateful night, the police hauled me off into a special room for questioning. I felt like I was the one under investigation. They kept asking about Daisuke and I answered as truthfully as I could. I didn't know why it got so serious. However, I overheard them say that my testimony would be valuable in a court case.

My heart thundered when I heard about a criminal trial. Going on trial against the Yakuza wasn't exactly a pleasure cruise. They used bribery and intimidation to silence witnesses. In some cases, they hired hitmen to eliminate them.

I knew from the expression on their faces that I was in great danger. They immediately talked about putting me under twenty-four hour surveillance. In any case, a task force was formed to protect me.

While they didn't tell me details, I knew that I had become a VIP. Apparently, the police had been tracking the high-level Yakuza enforcer known as Daisuke Takeda for years. He was a top hitman linked to several assassinations. I just didn't know whether I was a mere witness or bait to draw out Daisuke.

Regardless, I was placed under heavy security. Only a handful of policemen were allowed to see me. A task force in charge of finding Daisuke had been assigned to me for protection.

I stayed under heavy lock and key as they continued to probe me for details. They brought me food and didn't even let me go back to my apartment. I couldn't even talk to my boss and tell him what was going on. I got the impression that I was under great danger.

Chapter 2

My suspicions were confirmed when someone from the Public Security Intelligence Agency came to see me. The PSIA was the intelligence bureau of

Japan. They didn't just investigate any old crime. I had gotten myself into something big.

The agent in question was a woman who wasn't much older than me.

"Hello, my name is Special Agent Megumi Shimazu," she introduced herself. The woman seemed all businesslike and I didn't want to get on her bad side any more than I wanted to be enemies with the Yakuza. "I'm in charge of protecting you, Yusuke."

"Protecting me?" I asked, confused by her words. I thought that was what the police had been doing for days. "But I'm in the middle of a police station."

Megumi didn't answer my questions as she gestured to the door. "I'll explain everything on the way out."

I didn't bother asking another question as we left through the backdoor of the police station. I didn't know what her plan was or where she was even taking me. I wanted my life to go back to the way it was. I thought I would be on my home after giving the police a crucial tip.

On the way out, I noticed that the police station was on high alert. Several police cars had formed a barricade at the entrance. Armed officers were patrolling the perimeter. Reporters were at the gates and hungry for a scoop. It almost looked like something out of a warzone.

I whispered to Megumi. "Hey, what's going on?"

She led me into her car. It was a black sedan with tinted windows. I wouldn't have been surprised to have learned that it was bulletproof as well.

Megumi hit the ignition before answering my question. "I guess a proper introduction is in order. I'm part of a government task force tracking down top Yakuza hitmen."

"Like Daisuke?"

She nodded. "He's the ace hitman of the Hiroshi crime family. The man has even targeted high-ranking government officials. It's why a task force was created specifically for him."

I looked back at the police station. "What's going on back there?"

"It was infiltrated," she explained grimly. The woman drove as fast as the speed limit and traffic would allow. "The Yakuza has ties to the police through corrupt officers. Someone must have sold you out when you came in with your testimony. It was why you were placed under heavy lock and key until the government got involved."

My heart thundered when I heard that. I knew that the Yakuza worked with dirty cops but this news made me feel even more paranoid. "Who leaked it?"

Megumi shook her head. "What's important is that we move you to a secure location before Daisuke comes for you in person."

My eyes widened in shock. "Wait, he'll come for me? I handle the accounts in a department store. Why is he gunning for me?"

"They have to keep up their reputation," Megumi answered, weaving in-between cars. "Honda's death wasn't supposed to be directly traceable to the Yakuza. Everyone would know he was murdered by them but they would have plausible deniability. Now, you've threatened everything by coming to the police with your testimony. If this goes to the national court, then the Yakuza could end up losing a lot more than money from a failed bank heist."

I gulped when I realized what I had gotten myself into. Daisuke Takeda, a cold-blooded killer, was coming after me. He knew I was the one who told the police about his murder of Honda. "He's coming for me personally? I didn't think I was that important."

"A man like Daisuke Takeda doesn't let his prey go so easily," she replied. Megumi made turns every few minutes. It was as if she was trying to shake off an invisible pursuer. "By coming to the police, you made yourself a target. Honor demands that he kill you for the good of the Yakuza."

I didn't like my chances against an infamous hitman. There weren't too many places for me to hide. Japan was a geographically small country. You could get from one end of the country to the other through a train ride. "Are you going to get me out of the country?"

Megumi shook her head. "Getting you out of the country is complicated now that we don't know whether or not we can trust the police. My plan is to hide you in the rural towns until we figure out how to get you federal protection."

I slumped back in my chair in defeat. I couldn't negotiate with the Yakuza. My name was out there and they were gunning for me. Honor demanded that they claim my head. It felt like a hopeless situation.

On the other hand, the special agent looked more confident. She had driven us to the rural countryside of Japan. The Yakuza had limited presence in these parts. Crime paid better when it was committed in the big cities.

However, I wasn't as confident in my ability to blend in with the locals. They knew an outsider when they saw one. If a single one of them found out who I was, then I could end up back on the Yakuza's radar.

It was still a very long car ride which gave me plenty of time to mull over things. It felt like my life was over. Even if Megumi protected me from the Yakuza, I would have to go into hiding for the rest of my life. Testifying against the Yakuza meant that I would have a target on my back. Whether or not Daisuke got to me, there was no way I could go back to being Yusuke the accounts guy.

Megumi, however, wasn't about to give up easily. We stopped by a strip mall so she could pick up groceries such as toothpaste. It seemed we would be on the road for quite some time. We needed some supplies to hold us over so we avoided any unnecessary stops.

This left me alone in the car to contemplate my future. I didn't risk lowering the tinted windows but I did stop to gaze into the city. I was going to miss living in a place like this. I saw a clothing store around the corner which reminded me of the place I worked.

Megumi came back with her purchases and asked. "What's on your mind?"

“Just thinking about leaving the city,” I sighed. “I sort of miss going to work at my job. Are you sure you’ll be able to blend in? City folk like us will stand out like a sore thumb out there in the countryside.”

“It won’t be easy,” she admitted. “If I had my way, I’d have you in the city in a safe haven. However, there are very few people I can trust right now. I’d prefer to hide in plain sight. That’s where the Yakuza are less likely to look.”

I looked at the clothing store. It specialized in school uniforms for girls. They were those sailor outfits with short skirts which were recognizable all over the world. With a mirthless chuckle, I said. “Maybe I can hide out in a school...”

However, the gears in Megumi’s head began to turn when she saw the clothing store. “Yusuke, I think I’ve figured out how to hide you...”

I stared back at her in confusion. “What are you talking about?”

She smiled as she said. “Our trip to the country side is cancelled. We’re staying right here.”

“How the hell am I supposed to avoid the Yakuza?” I asked in exasperation. “They know who I am and where I live.”

The special agent glanced at the clothing store. “You just need the right disguise. Come on, I’ll book us a hotel room in the city.”

Megumi kept in the dark as she put her plan into motion. It made me feel like she didn’t even trust me when I was the VIP she was supposed to be protecting. We stayed in a hotel room under a fake name and paid with cash. In any case, our original strategy of hiding out in the countryside was over.

It was a good thing too because I ended up in the news. People all over Japan knew who I was. Someone had leaked who I was to all the major news networks. Megumi suspected that the Yakuza were behind it. They were trying to draw me out into the open and have the entire population of Japan become their eyes and ears.

Regardless of who did it, there was no way I could lie low in the rural towns. They had phones and the internet like everyone else. My face would be plastered all over the news.

Practically overnight, I had become the most famous man in Japan. The newscasters said I was a hero for standing up to the Yakuza. People everywhere applauded my bravery.

I didn't feel very brave.

For better or for worse, Megumi made for my lack of courage. She had gone to that clothing store from earlier to make a few purchases. I didn't what the agent was up to. Nonetheless, I was too shell-shocked from the week's events to question her.

Eventually, Megumi placed her bounty on the bed one day and called me in. I didn't know why she had bought a full set's worth of school clothes. I couldn't help but tell her. "This is your plan, Megumi? Do you plan on going back to school? You look a little too old for that."

She smirked. "But you'll fit right in."

I raised an eyebrow and pointed to myself. "Me?"

"You've seen the news," she replied. "Your face is everywhere. The Yakuza know what you look like and expect you to hide. They'll use all their usual tricks, bribes, and threats in order to find you. We have very few people who we can trust until it's time for you to testify."

I looked at the bright colors of the girlish uniform. It looked nice but it wouldn't stop the knife of a Yakuza assassin. "How is a schoolgirl's uniform supposed to help me?"

Megumi giggled. "My plan is for you to wear it walk in the streets of Tokyo. The Yakuza would never suspect that their target is dressed as a schoolgirl. Honestly, it reminds me of my days of being a schoolgirl."

I stared slack-jawed at the uniform. "Wait, you want me to wear this?"

“Yes, Yusuke,” Megumi replied, looking amused at my reaction. “A wig as well. Daisuke would never suspect this!”

I sat next to the clothes in bewilderment. “Wait, how am I supposed to dress up as a schoolgirl? Everyone would immediately see through my disguise.”

“Not necessarily,” Megumi said. “No offence, but you’re already on the feminine side for a man. You’ve got the right build for a girl. With a wig, you’ll more than pass for one.”

Much to my chagrin, she had a point. I was always teased by my coworkers for my lean, girlish build. I didn’t grow facial hair and never had to shave. I didn’t grow much body hair either.

Still, I wasn’t completely sold on the idea. “If I slip up, then I’m a dead man.”

“You’re already a dead man as Yusuke,” Megumi retorted. “But not as... say... Yuri the schoolgirl. You’ll have a chance to survive long enough to testify. When it comes to the Yakuza, I don’t know who I can trust. We have to be creative in order to survive.”

I placed a hand on the skirt and thumbed over it. The material was soft and of high-quality. I had worked at a clothing store so I knew when something was top-class.

You would think all school uniforms would be the same. In actuality, the uniforms just needed to be of a certain shape and color with the school’s insignia. Students purchased uniforms from various clothing suppliers. This meant that rich kids could buy a much higher quality uniform than their poorer peers. I supposed that defeated the purpose of uniforms but that was the school’s problem to figure out.

In any case, I was starting to come around to the idea. “So... I would have to dress up as a schoolgirl named Yuri and kill time by hanging around the school district?”

“That’s the idea, Yusuke,” Megumi replied, smiling at my growing enthusiasm. “We can’t keep you holed up in here forever. A cleaning lady could identify you. A schoolgirl wandering these parts is a common sight. You would blend right in.”

I moved my hand up to the shirt of the uniform. “So I just have to put this on and I’ll turn invisible to the Yakuza?”

Megumi giggled. “It takes a lot more than putting on a dress to be a woman.”

She wasn’t kidding.

Chapter 3

The agent put me on a crash course in being a woman. Clothes were just one piece of the puzzle. I needed to master makeup in order to sell the look.

Megumi taught me the finer points of lipstick and blush. Once I got that down, we moved onto eyeliner and other advanced techniques. I was amazed how just a bit of eyeshadow could transform my face. We didn’t have to mess around too much since I naturally had a feminine looking face.

Then, we moved on to apply the wig. My short hair was a perfect match for such an arrangement. The silky wig hair made my face look rounder like that of a teenage girl. It wasn’t heavy or uncomfortable at all.

Soon, I learned how to do my nails. Bit by bit, I was having more confidence in this disguise. In fact, it felt too derogatory to even call it a disguise. It was more of a transformation into a completely different person.

When I saw my reflection in the mirror, I was stunned. “Wow...”

Megumi agreed with the results of my makeover. “I can barely tell that it’s you, Yusuke. Or should I say Yuri?”

I still had some lingering doubts. “Will we be able to pull this off? Someone could see that I’m just a guy dressing up as a girl.”

I felt more self-conscious about being caught in public cross-dressing than getting identified by the Yakuza. Strangely enough, I was more worried about being humiliated than killed. However, Megumi was much more confident. “I barely recognize you from your photo on the news. No one would be able to tell that Yuri the schoolgirl is actually the most famous man in Japan.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “I don’t feel famous.”

“You will be after you take down Daisuke Takeda and the Yakuza,” she said self-assuredly. “Come on, let’s go out for a test drive with your new outfit.”

I stripped down before the agent as she brought out the schoolgirl uniform. It was comprised of a short blue skirt, a white blouse, a red scarf, and a pair of knee-high socks. It was a pretty innocuous enough look but a lot of people found it to be sexy. I never understood the appeal until now. Its innocent look made it all the more attractive.

Of course, Megumi wanted me to go all the way. She pulled out a pair of panties. “Put these on.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Panties?”

She placed the silky undergarment in my hand. “A schoolgirl with a pair of boxers is a no go.”

I moved into another room for some privacy. With a deep sigh, I took off my boxers and put on the panties. I was shocked at how comfortable they felt. There was no real need to adjust them. The gusset of the panties worked well with my groin. You could barely tell that I was packing a cock and a pair of balls underneath them.

When I came back, Megumi was pleased. “Looking sharp, Yuri.”

I twirled around in my new clothes. They were a nice fit without being too tight. “It feels nice.”

“You’re a natural,” she replied. “But we’ll have to change your voice. You’ll also have to learn how to walk in platform shoes. A girl wouldn’t be caught dead

in men's shoes."

Although Megumi had gone on a rigorous training program in order to become a government agent, she hadn't lost touch of her feminine side. The woman taught me the finer points of being a woman. She helped me change my posture so that I was no longer slumping like an office worker. Now, I stood up with the cheerful confidence of a schoolgirl.

There was still more I needed to work on. It took a few hours but I got used to walking around in platform shoes. I actually found them more comfortable than my regular dress shoes.

The most interesting part was putting on a bra. I was initially skeptical of the idea. "Seriously, a bra?"

Megumi was adamant. "Even a teenage girl has a decent bust."

I groaned. "How am I supposed to get one?"

Apparently, the agent had thought of everything. She had picked up some gel molds earlier in the day. They were meant making decorative artwork but Megumi had another idea for them. She placed them in my bra before making me put it back on.

I had to admit that her idea was brilliant. The gel molds moved liked real breasts, especially when I was walking. While they weren't particularly large, they did make me look like a budding college age girl.

It was all starting to come together. It didn't feel like I was putting on a costume to hide myself. Instead, it seemed as natural as putting on an old set of clothes. I had never worn a dress before but it felt natural as putting on a t-shirt.

Even Megumi looked shocked. "They'll never find you... Yuri..."

She was right.

I was now Yuri the schoolgirl. I felt beautiful in a way I never did as a man. There was a strange optimism in me despite the danger I was in.

For a moment, I forgot that I was even on the run from the Yakuza. I saw a stranger when I looked at my reflection in the mirror. Yuri was gorgeous and confident I never was as Yusuke. For the first time in days, I felt completely at ease.

There was little point to my new look if I couldn't deceive people. Megumi took me for a night out. It was a trial by fire for me to blend into the crowd. Nonetheless, I figured both of us could use a break from being holed up in the hotel for days.

To my surprise, being a woman came to me with ease. I walked in my new shoes with a spring my step. I felt like a new man.

Well, a new woman to be precise.

We went to shop at a clothing store. Although I worked at a similar clothing outlet, I was never a fan of shopping for new clothing. I didn't care for fashion or keeping up with the latest trends. Now, I was interested in trying the dresses and shoes on display.

Megumi and I tried out free makeup and bought some more clothes. Every schoolgirl had something to wear in casual settings. Girlish socks and skirts that I would've scoffed at before were now appealing to me.

Any fear I had about being uncovered was unfounded. People smiled at me and asked what school I attended. Workers at department stores offered me free samples and discount memberships. I couldn't remember the last time I had been treated so well.

If anything, I was drawing more attention to myself as Yuri than I ever did as Yusuke. I was supposed to be hiding from the Yakuza. Instead, it felt like I perpetually had a spotlight on me wherever I went.

Megumi and I stocked up on more dresses as well as more undergarments. I learned that a girl could never have too many backups. It felt more like a

vacation than a federal witness protection program. Daisuke Takeda was in the back of my mind as I enjoyed my new identity as Yuri.

Of course, all good things had to come to an end.

The next day, Megumi got a call from her superior officer. I knew it was serious since she was on the phone for the better part of an hour. There was quite a bit of yelling as well.

The woman only took orders from the government. The police were considered compromised so our contact with them was limited. When she finished, the agent had a serious look on her face.

“What was that about?” I asked, still using Yuri’s girlish voice out of habit. “Do they want to move me to another location?”

“They want to bring you in,” she replied blankly. “My superiors want to bring you for further questioning.”

I smiled. “Oh, that must mean the case is progressing nicely.”

“Something doesn’t feel right,” Megumi mused. “This isn’t standard procedure. They don’t know where I’m hiding you. More importantly, they shouldn’t be asking me for your whereabouts.”

“Aren’t you acting a little paranoid?” I retorted, feeling a shiver down my spine. “If we can’t trust the government, who can we trust?”

“The Yakuza is desperate,” she stated. “They’re using every bribe and threat they have to get to you. It’s a matter of survival for them.”

The woman had been doing this long enough to know when something was afoot. I decided to trust her instincts. “Okay, so what is the play? They’ll keep asking you until they find me.”

“I’ll have to take this straight to the top,” she answered. I wasn’t happy with the implications. If the intelligence bureau of the government was compromised, then we had very few allies left. “I’ll have to meet with a few government official

who I can trust. They want to take down the Yakuza just as much as I do. We'll need their help if we want to keep you safe. You stay here while I work something out with them."

I gulped. "Wait, you're going to leave me alone here?"

"It might not be safe for me to even be here," she said grimly. "The Yakuza could suspect that I am sheltering you. We've taken you off the grid but they know my movements. I could bring danger to you if they trace my whereabouts. It's best I leave until we find a secure place for you."

"So why do they want me in anyway?" I asked with a sigh. "I've already given them all the information I've got."

"The hit list."

I blinked in confusion. "The hit what?"

"It's a list of the Yakuza's high value targets," she explained. "Some they extort for money or political favors. Others... they assassinate. Only high-ranking members like Daisuke Takeda have access to it. If you had any information on the list's contents, it would blow the Yakuza wide open for the investigation."

I shuddered as I recalled my encounter with Daisuke. I knew the Yakuza hit list existed as an urban legend but I never thought I would be so close to one. "He had his phone out but I never got a good look at it. Sorry..."

Megumi exhaled. "Okay, here is the plan. You stay here until I can arrange proper support from the higher-ups in the government. You'll have enough money to survive until I'm gone. Until I return, don't get in contact with any other agents. I don't know who has gone rogue."

I watched as she began packing. "Thanks, Megumi."

"And don't do anything stupid."

They were words to live by.

Soon, I found myself alone in the hotel. All the fear I had kept repressed now came rushing back. I didn't know what the future held for me. Every step forward was met with two steps back.

It wasn't clear who we could trust in this situation. The Yakuza's reach was much farther than I had ever imagined. If the government itself was taking bribes, then I was a dead man walking.

Well, a dead woman to be more precise.

If there was a silver lining, then it was the fact that I liked being Yuri. People were nice to me and complimented my looks. Although I knew it was a risk, I wanted to explore the city with my new persona.

Day in and day out, I wore Yuri's clothes, makeup, and wig. I was simply tired of wearing a uniform that I couldn't show off. It felt like I was hiding who I truly was.

Disobeying Megumi's commands, I decided to take a look around the city. There were so many shops and restaurants that I had never given a chance as a man. There were a few bars as well but they had an age limit that seemed too high for a schoolgirl about to leave high school. Besides, I didn't have any photo ID as Yuri.

I visited a ramen restaurant that seemed like a quiet enough pace. The food smelled good but there was a long line. When the owner saw me, he had me skip the line. "Ladies first."

I smiled at him and entered. "Thank you!"

Inside, there was a television talking about me. My face was plastered on the screen as a news anchor talked about how I was hiding from the Yakuza. I tried to keep my head down but it was unnecessary. No one seemed to suspect that I was actually a man.

As luck would have it, the restaurant owner didn't charge me for food. He said schoolgirls like me attracted more women to the establishment. In any

case, I welcomed a free bowl of ramen.

Soon, I relaxed and enjoyed myself. The lingering threat of the Yakuza was in the back of my mind. Sure, people looked at me but it was with desire rather than repulsion. I was supposed to keep a low profile but I enjoyed the attention I received from men.

I thought about reciprocating some of their advances. It felt strange to think about men this way. As Yusuke, I hadn't been the type to go on a lot of dates with women. Yet, I didn't feel an attraction to other men either. Dressing up as a cute schoolgirl had awoken something deep within me.

It helped that men treated me like a princess whenever I went. They opened the door for me like I was royalty. I wasn't eager to go back to being Yusuke the pushover. Even though the news said I was a national hero, I never felt that way about myself as a man. With how hard the Yakuza was hunting me, chances were that I would stay as Yuri for a very long time.

Unfortunately, the Yakuza were closer to me than I could have ever suspected.

Much closer.

One day, I sat down at a booth in the ramen restaurant. The owner told me that I had a lifetime supply of free ramen due to the business I was bringing in. Indeed, men loved to sit next to me and slurp on some noodles.

This time, I saw a familiar face sit down next to me.

It was Daisuke Takeda.

Chapter 4

My heart thundered when I saw the Yakuza hitman. I recognized his face and tall stature from memory. Strangely enough, the man was smiling at me. I didn't know whether to make a break for the door or keep my cool. My body was completely paralyzed by his gaze.

Suddenly, Daisuke spoke to me. "Enjoying yourself, miss? I didn't know school was out at this time."

I was stunned.

The hitman didn't suspect who I was. He genuinely suspected that I was a young woman. Nonetheless, I had to keep my guard up. "It's a holiday for me."

"A holiday is better spent with a friend," he said, flirting with me. "What's your name and school?"

I forced a smile. "It's Yuri. I will graduate soon."

"Good, you should celebrate," he replied. I didn't know whether or not he was genuine. I didn't even know if he suspected who I really was. "My name is Daisuke. I know a few good places that are perfect for a celebration."

I didn't know how to reply. He sounded sincere but it didn't hurt to act paranoid. Thankfully, Daisuke's phone buzzed and interrupted our conversation. He excused himself to take the call.

It gave me time to collect my thoughts. I wondered how he had found me. Perhaps, he was hanging around the area because that was where Megumi was last sighted. They were using her whereabouts to find me.

Well, they did find me but they didn't know that I looked like a schoolgirl. With Daisuke distracted, I had an opportunity to slip away and hide. I had to tell Megumi what was going on.

However, another opportunity had presented itself. Daisuke had his phone with him. It was the same model I recognized from before. It likely had the Yakuza's hit list on it. The list contained all of their targets which made it an incriminating piece of evidence. If I was able to steal it, then I could blow the investigation wide open.

It was time to make a decision.

I could run away and hide until the whole thing blew over. However, I didn't know for how long this charade would go on. The Yakuza was hell bent on finding me and I was running out of allies. I needed more than just my testimony. I needed hard evidence.

I needed to make a stand.

I needed to get Daisuke Takeda's phone. It would not only contain the hit list but also other evidence, such as messages and voicemails. A good forensics team would be able to get past the phone's security and access the valuable data inside of it.

I just needed to get close to him which was easier said than done.

As luck would have it, the man was attracted to me. I could use this advantage to get close to him. When his guard was down, I could take the phone and bring it to Megumi. She would give me an earful about the stunt but I knew the agent would be glad to have the phone.

Of course, I was putting myself in great danger by doing so. Daisuke knew what Yusuke looked like and had personally met him. He probably had access to all of my personal information, such as how I spoke and what my hobbies were. An experienced Yakuza like him would be on high alert for any tricks. He needed to feel calm and comfortable around me. It was the only way I could pull it off.

Regardless, my decision was made when Daisuke came back. "Sorry about that, Yuri. Business called."

I needed to be flawless around a man like him. My voice had to be soft and girlish without any hint of my true identity. This was no longer a dark alley where my face was obscured. "I'm sure you want to take your mind off your work and enjoy yourself."

He smiled at that idea. "Don't you think I'm a little old for a girl like you?"

"I like older men," I replied, faking a blush on my face. Well, my skin did turn red when I was scared. "They're much more mature than the stupid boys from

my school.”

Daisuke chuckled. “I can understand that. You do look a little mature for your age.”

“I try to look older in order to get into bars,” I replied, my heart thundering. I decided to flatter him. “And I get to meet mature men like yourself.”

He leaned back in his chair. “You’re in luck. I like lovely young women such as yourself. Older women can get bitchy.”

I had never tried to seduce another man but I was pulling this off with flying colors. “Why don’t you treat this lovely young woman out for a drink?”

His eyes probed me. “You have ID?”

I forced a smile. “Does your place require any?”

“It doesn’t,” Daisuke said proudly. The man looked to the exit. “Would you like to come to my apartment? I’m sure you would like the privacy and my collection of sake and whiskey.”

I couldn’t remember the last time I was so happy to walk into the proverbial lion’s den. “I’d love to!”

After we finished our ramen, Daisuke and I took a train to his apartment. On the ride to his place, I noticed that he was an attractive man. The Yakuza hitman was tall, handsome, and charismatic. I didn’t know why I thought this way about a man who was trying to kill me. Perhaps, I was just trying to get into character in order to pull this heist off.

He lived in the rich apartment district of Tokyo. I guessed that crime truly paid since it cost a small fortune to even live there. Between his clothes and bachelor pad, the man had more money than I would make in a lifetime.

So far, my charms were working on Daisuke. I couldn’t believe my assassin had unknowingly fallen for me. I needed him to loosen up so I could steal his

phone. He just needed to be distracted for a moment before I could make my move.

We took an elevator to his place near the top floor. Despite my success, I needed to keep my guard up. A Yakuza hitman like him wouldn't hesitate to kill me if he uncovered who I truly was. One small crack in my voice would give away my identity.

I needed to embrace my new role as Yuri.

For better or for worse, Daisuke was genuinely attracted to me. A man like him wouldn't be satisfied with polite conversation and a goodnight kiss. The man wanted to sleep with me.

Considering what I was packing under my panties, this would be a problem. I needed to get the phone and leave before he lost his patience. Regardless of the tension, I was bowled over by the luxury of his apartment. "Wow... this place looks great."

He chuckled at my enthusiasm. "Come on, let me pour you a drink."

While I wasn't in the mood for alcohol, I figured I would act polite. "Sure."

He poured out two cups of sake and made small talk. "Do you meet men like me often, Yuri?"

I needed to get him to relax before I made my move. "I've never met a man like you, Daisuke. Tell me about yourself. How do you pay for all of this?"

The Yakuza hitman grinned. "I work in construction."

I repressed a groan when I heard his answer. Most members of the Yakuza said that they worked in the construction field as a cover story. Any Yakuza families that had a construction business typically used it as a front for their criminal activities. "Construction? You must be an executive to afford this place."

"I deal with clients," he replied. There was a chilling undercurrent to his words. "I make sure everything runs according to schedule... or else."

I faked a laugh. "I'm sure you're good at your work."

"It pays for everything," he said, gesturing to the luxurious apartment. "Please make yourself at home."

For a cold-blooded killer, Daisuke was easy on the eyes. The hitman kept in great shape. I could see his muscles through the fabric of his designer suit. His tattoos did little to hide the sinews of his body. For that matter, I could see the outline of a boot knife against his pants.

We made small talk over drinks. I wasn't a big drinker but I figured conversation and liquor was a good way to get him to relax. I had to be careful about giving him too much information about myself. I wasn't an actual schoolgirl. Any contradiction in my story would raise his suspicions.

A knock at the door interrupted us. Daisuke groaned at the intermission. "It must be the cleaning staff in the hallway. I'll deal with them."

While the man took his phone with him, it gave me an opportunity to snoop around the house. I wasn't sure what exactly I was looking for in his apartment. I just needed to find some extra dirt on him.

Or something I could use to seduce him.

Unfortunately, Daisuke didn't get to where he was by being careless. His apartment was spotless. There weren't drugs or incriminating documents scattered across the floor. It was room after room of lavishly furnished tables, dressers, and beds.

However, I did find a hunting rifle on display behind a glass cabinet in his bedroom. Guns were illegal in Japan. You basically had to be an athlete or a policeman to have one. Civilians had to go through a rigorous screening process to even get a gun license. Of course, criminals had other means of acquiring firearms.

Still, it wasn't something I could use to nail Daisuke. I thought about breaking open the cabinet and using the gun to take him hostage. However, I

didn't know the first thing about using a firearm. For that matter, I didn't know how to open the glass cabinet or if the gun was fully loaded. I was liable to hurt myself trying a stunt like that.

I did see that he had a desktop computer in his bedroom. There could've been important information on it. Of course, it was just another potential dead end if the data was encrypted. Besides, there was no way I could sneak that thing out of this place. It wasn't a small laptop I could hide under my clothes.

I was so lost in thinking up a scheme that I didn't hear Daisuke walk up behind me. "Admiring my collection?"

I stood straight up and gasped. "What?"

He chuckled at my reaction. "Sorry, I was just talking about my gun collection. I use it to hunt."

With tension lingering in the air, I suppressed an urge to gulp. "What do you hunt?"

"Whatever I'm in the mood for," he answered, staring at the weapon. Then, Daisuke turned to stare me right in the eyes. "I always get my prey..."

Without warning, the hitman leaned in to kiss me. I felt his tongue penetrate my mouth as his hands grasped my hips. I was lucky that pure instinct took over and I began kissing him back.

For a ruthless killer, Daisuke was acting like a thoughtful lover. His fingers ran up and down my back as he kissed me senseless. He didn't have the slightest clue that I was actually a man.

Soon, he began to grope my ass. I guessed it was shapely as that of a woman's because he kept kneading it. I was afraid to stop or push him away. One wrong move could see me killed.

Daisuke guided me onto the bed and got on top of me. I knew I had to be extra careful since I didn't pack a woman's equipment when it came to

lovemaking. If he opened up my bra or looked under my panties, then it was game over.

Unfortunately for me, it looked like the hitman had sex on his mind. I saw his erection poke out from under his pants. I had to control the situation before he found out that I was a man.

Or that I was the target that he was chasing after.

I knew the best defense was a good offence. It was unlikely that a man like Daisuke would listen to me. He was too busy kissing and groping my body. I needed to take control before a hand slipped under my bra. I placed a hand on his groin and gave a good squeeze.

That got his attention.

Daisuke groaned as I unzipped his pants and took off his pants. His massive erection sprang free. It was so much longer and thicker than mine. I didn't know what exactly to do with it.

Letting instinct guide me, I grabbed a hold of the base of his cock and began stroking it. It was hot and surprisingly hard as if I was touching heated leather. Despite my lack of experience, Daisuke moaned with approval. "Yes... touch me... stroke me..."

I felt great power over the hitman. I loved the feeling of his prick's hard ridges rasping against my palms. The man was completely in love with me. Well, Daisuke was technically in love with a persona I had created to deceive him.

In any case, I was stroking his cock like a pro. I didn't know the first thing about giving a hand job. I just did the same thing to Daisuke that I would do to myself. In practice, it was all that was required since he was loving it.

"Please, Yuri," the hitman groaned. "Suck me down!"

Rubbing a cock was one thing.

Sucking a cock was something else.

Chapter 5

Nevertheless, I had to keep my cover. His prick was stiff as an iron bar as I got on my knees. Daisuke sat up so that I was in a prime position to give him a blowjob. His cock utterly gigantic compared to my erection. It was like trying to swallow an ice-cream cone with too many toppings.

I decided to start by swallowing the bulbous head of his cock. I immediately tasted the briny flavor of his skin. Nonetheless, the feel of having a warm, meaty shaft in my mouth was surprisingly pleasurable.

Once I got used to having a prick between my lips, I began to gradually suckle more and more of his cock. The two of us entered to a pleasurable rhythm. Daisuke would thrust before slowly exiting me. With each movement, he entered deeper and deeper into me.

I didn't know what was stranger; the fact that I was sucking off an assassin sent to kill me or that I actually enjoyed performing this blowjob.

I didn't know where this was heading. I didn't think the hitman would be happy with just an oral sex session. He would want more from me. Unfortunately, I didn't exactly have the right outlet for his desires. I needed to keep distracting him until I tired him out.

I was running out of time. Daisuke was getting restless. He was about to go off but I got the impression he didn't want to come in my mouth. He wanted another orifice to fuck.

Well, I happened to have something else for him.

I never had much interest in anal sex. That went double when it came to being the one who got fucked. It just sounded so dirty and painful. However, I needed to keep the hitman preoccupied in order to lower his guard.

I let go of his cock and watched it spring free. It was well lubricated with my saliva. It would help with what I had planned next.

With a careful sleight of hand, I turned around, lifted my skirt up, and pulled down my panties. Before Daisuke even had time to process what was happening, I impaled my ass upon his erection. "AUGH!"

The hitman groaned as well as my tight ass squeezed his huge prick. Gravity helped push more and more of prick inside of me. I grunted as he worked his way up deeper into my nether orifice.

Daisuke didn't know it was another man's ass he was fucking from the way he was moaning. I was giving my mortal enemy the fuck of his life. For that matter, I was beginning to enjoy having a prick inside of me. I gyrated above him like some belly dancer.

I took the entirety of his cock inside my virgin asshole. It made me forget that I was here to steal his phone. Now, I was fucking him out of pure lust. I welcomed Daisuke's upward thrusts that sent his balls smacking against my ass cheeks.

I bounced on top of him like I was on a trampoline. Daisuke secured my balance by placing his hands at my hips. I felt like I was riding a bull who tried to buck me off with all of his might.

The hitman looked like he was in paradise. It was a mutual feeling. Whatever pain I felt before was now replaced with ecstasy. My body moved in rhythm with his thrusts. His cock touched all the sweet spots in my ass.

Soon, we neared our mutual climax. I felt his raging erection pulse with his incoming orgasm. It sent a shudder down my spine as he probed deep into my ass. The man was nearing his limit. "Yuri... I'm going to cum!"

I ground my ass against his pelvis and screamed. "Cum in me!"

His balls tightened as his prick grew rigid. I felt his cock quiver like a cannon about to go off. Daisuke gritted his teeth and gripped my hips as if he were taking aim with a gun.

For that matter, I was about to reach my orgasm as well. I couldn't remember the last time I had gotten hard. My cock felt trapped in my panties. The silky fabric couldn't keep my prick hidden for too long. In the back of my head, I was worried about Daisuke discovering my real identity. However, my body was too focusing on fucking the Yakuza's shaft.

The only thing left was to enjoy my orgasm. Daisuke came the same moment that I did. I felt the warm splash of his semen against the walls of my ass. Simultaneously, my cock spurted out a heavy load into the gusset of my panties. The pressure was too much and my erection slipped out of my undergarments.

I couldn't do anything but enjoy the rush of emotions overwhelming my body. Likewise, Daisuke was too distracted to notice I had a cock swinging between my legs. The man kept pounding away at me as I came.

Finally, the man reached his limit and slumped back onto the bed. I sighed in relief and searched for my panties. I just had to cover my cock and he wouldn't suspect a thing. With Daisuke exhausted, it was the perfect opportunity to steal phone or snoop around his apartment for any incriminating evidence.

Or so I thought.

"Wait, what is that?"

I felt a hand on my cock and balls.

The hand belonged to the hitman. Dread filled my body as I realized that he had uncovered the truth. The hitman stared at me in disbelief as I stuttered back a reply. "Daisuke... it's not how it looks!"

His fingers touched my groin as he struggled to process what was happening. Finally, he lifted up my skirt and stared straight at my cock. "Yuri... you're a man!"

There was no reasonable explanation for why I had a prick instead of a pussy. I felt paralyzed as if my next word would be my last. Nonetheless, my life was on the line "I-I can explain everything!"

“Wait... that voice,” Daisuke said, staring at my face. A lightbulb seemed to go off in his head as he pieced together my real identity. “You’re Yusuke!”

The hitman stared slack-jawed at me when he realized what had happened. The assassin had fucked the target he had been chasing. Now, I was completely helpless before him. I tried to escape but he held onto me with a hand on my arm. “Please don’t hurt me!”

I couldn’t break out of his grasp as he questioned me. “What are doing dressed up like that? Trying to kill me?”

“I was trying to hide from you!” I answered truthfully. I was utterly terrified of what he had planned for me. “I’m not here to kill you!”

The man paused for a moment before glancing at my cock. “What to do with you...”

I didn’t know why he was hesitating to kill me. Perhaps, he wanted to take me to his boss so that he could torture me slowly before killing me. “Let me go and you’ll never see me again!”

Daisuke shook his head. “How do I know you won’t go to the authorities?”

“They’ll never believe a story like this!”

That seemed to calm him down. Daisuke locked eyes with me and murmured. “You’re right... they won’t believe I fucked you... or that I loved every second of it.”

I was startled by his reply. “What do you mean?”

The man kissed me with a tenderness that sent my heart racing. Instead of a cold-blooded killer, I now saw a man who was utterly in love with me. What fear I had in my body was now replaced by passion as I kissed him back.

When Daisuke broke away, he stroked my cheek and said. “I’ve never felt this way about another man.”

I was simply happy that he wasn't going to kill me. "What will you do now? The Yakuza still wants me dead."

"Maybe we can help each other," he offered, brainstorming a plan. "The Yakuza is finished if they don't find you. I don't plan on going down with a sinking ship."

Intrigued, I asked. "What's your solution?"

He pulled out his phone. "Tell them that you found this when I left it behind by accident at the ramen restaurant. It has the hit list and other detailed information on the Yakuza. I'll leave it unencrypted so you'll have an easy time accessing the data."

"That's a more believable story than what actually happened," I giggled. However, I was now concerned for a man who had threatened to kill me not so long ago. "What will happen to you, Daisuke?"

"I'll drop off the grid and reemerge once the coast is clear," he said. The man sounded confident as if he had done this sort of thing before. "I'll send you a message when the time is right. Of course, I expect payment in return. I'm risking an awful lot by helping you."

I raised my eyebrow. "Payment?"

"I want you to meet up with me once the coast is clear," Daisuke said, staring deep into my eyes. "I'll contact you when everything cools down. I want to make love to Yuri again..."

I kissed him. "Agreed!"

It was the perfect plan. Sure, getting the Yakuza off my trail was a Godsend. However, the part about continuing to be Yuri appealed to me. I loved dressing up as a woman and making love to a man. I couldn't go back to being Yusuke after all that I had experienced.

After we went our separate ways, we put the plan into motion. I met up with Megumi and told her I had Daisuke's phone. She wasn't happy with me venturing outside but she was delighted that we had access to the Yakuza's hit list and other incriminating data.

True to his word, Daisuke vanished without a trace. No one had a clue where the infamous hitman had disappeared to. A rumor spread around that he was dead. However, I knew that was part of his plan to go into hiding.

Soon, it came time to testify against the Yakuza. Between my testimony and evidence from Daisuke's phone, we had them dead to rights. Many top-ranking officials in the Yakuza were sentenced to prison or even death.

However, it wasn't smooth sailing for me. The remnants of the now tattered Yakuza wanted revenge on me. There was no way I could go back to my old life as Yusuke since I was still in danger. I went back into hiding with the government's help.

With time, I disappeared off their radar as well. While I was hiding, I got a secret message on a postcard. It was sent by someone in a coastal fishing village at the edge of Japan. An address was listed which belonged to a small house overlooking a cliff. It contained a key and some money as well. I was tired of dressing up as a man so I was more than up for leaving my witness protection program. A life under constant surveillance was no life at all.

Under the cover of night, I broke away from my security detail to my new destination. I made sure to pack in a schoolgirl's outfit in my belongings. When I arrived, I changed into my new clothes and made my way to the house on the coast.

The key allowed me to open the front door. The place looked lived in. Indeed, I heard someone working in the back of the place. Following the noise, I encountered a man fishing in the backyard. However, he was no stranger.

When he turned to face me, I was greeted by the warm smile of Daisuke Takeda. The hitman turned fisherman greeted me. "Hello, Yuri."

I returned his smile. "Hi, long time no see."

He laughed. "Shouldn't you be in school, little girl?"

"I played hooky," I replied, walking up to him. "I'd rather spend the day with you."

Daisuke brought me in for a sensual kiss. His lips were wet as the nearby coast. I embraced both him and my new identity. The ocean breeze blew against us as he welcomed me into our new home.

I was going to love my new life as a schoolgirl.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

Chapter 1

My name is Michael and I'm a computer salesman.

Well, I used to be a computer salesman.

You see, the company I worked for had just been acquired by a mega-conglomerate. The conglomerate was a Fortune 500 company with more money than it knew what to do it. That didn't mean my coworkers and I were eager to break out the champagne. Sure, the executives with company stock made out like bandits but the rest of the employees were up a creek without a paddle.

With every acquisition came redundancies. Despite ten years of experience and a management position, I was deemed a redundancy. It was the same story for my friends. We were too expensive for the cash rich mega-conglomerate. Someone halfway across the world could do our jobs pennies to the dollars. We braced for mass layoffs and started sending out our resumes.

I certainly wasn't going to break out the bubbly for losing my job.

It was a familiar story in the tech industry. A startup company develops a new technology and patents it. A bigger company becomes interested in the smaller startup and pays big bucks to acquire it. The owners make a fortune while the rank and file got left out in the wind.

In any case, I was now unemployed with just my savings and a modest severance package. The lucky ones at my old company got transferred into the new company's ranks but the vast majority were laid off. My unemployment benefits weren't much and barely paid for my apartment and other needs. I had to tighten my belt in order to get through this.

With the acquisition, there was a flood of talent into the field. Even though I was an experienced computer salesman, I was now contending with several other candidates with the same credentials. The job hunt was very competitive and you needed to know a guy in the inside of a company to land a job. Even with my resume and credentials, I struggled to find a new job on such short notice.

Still mailing out my resume, I ended up taking a part-time job at a grocery store. Don't think I was some manager or computer expert. I worked at the counter rather than with the computer systems. It was beneath a guy with a Master's Degree and years of management experience to bag groceries. Nevertheless, it helped pay the bills which kept me from being evicted from my apartment.

Unfortunately, the grocery job didn't come with any benefits. I made minimum wage and had a brief lunch break. Most of my coworkers used it to smoke down a pack of cigarettes.

For my previous position, I had a matching 401K program, a free gym membership, and much more. More importantly, I had a comprehensive healthcare program. I didn't have to pay a cent to go to the doctor for any ailment I was feeling. Even lifesaving surgery would be covered.

It was great never having to worry about money when getting medical attention. Now, I was worried about getting saddled with a huge bill for a minor visit. I had heard horror stories from my relatives about being billed thousands of dollars for an overnight visit at a hospital. I didn't want that to happen to me. I couldn't count on a lucrative job to pay any surprise expenses.

Unfortunately, we all get sick despite our best efforts. One day, I woke up with a stomach ache. I simply chalked it up to eating more microwavable dinners due to my budget crunch. Working at a grocery store gave you a small discount when purchasing items from the chain. I used it to stock up on TV dinners and instant ramen. Between work and my job hunt, I didn't have time to eat right or go the gym.

At first, the pain was enough manageable for me to go to work at the grocery store. I was the new guy and I didn't want to look like a slacker my first

month in. I was sure the pain would pass after a day or two. I didn't want to get billed by a doctor for a visit over a minor stomach ache.

Over the next few days, I noticed stronger and stronger abdominal pain. This occurred along with weight loss and a lack of appetite. I googled my symptoms and got everything from stomach ulcers to various cancers. I didn't want to see a doctor but the pain was getting unbearable. If it was serious and life-threatening, then I needed to bear the cost.

I called in sick for work and went to the doctor.

I felt absolutely miserable. I didn't know what exactly was wrong with me. I didn't have a fever but it felt like my insides were about to burst. Even getting out of the door was a herculean task.

Nonetheless, I made it to the doctor's office. It was a small clinic run by a man named Dr. Jim Grayson. It was a relatively new practice helmed by someone who recently finished his residency. The young doctor didn't even have a secretary and ran everything by himself. The place was still looking for a full-time nurse but the average waiting period wasn't long. I didn't know much about him but he had good reviews. He was a regular Mr. Fixit according to most patients.

The only problem was my lack of medical coverage. I figured that I just needed to know what was wrong with me. I didn't need the treatment right away. I could shop around to see who could offer me the best deal.

As luck would have it, I didn't have to wait to get an early appointment. Dr. Grayson greeted me when I entered his office. "You must be Michael. Welcome to my office! Please follow me to the examination room."

I liked that he was straight to the point. Hopefully, he wasn't expensive either. I didn't need to walk away from this with a huge bill. I just needed my gut to get checked out.

When I sat on the table in the examination room, the doctor asked. "So Michael, what seems to be the problem?"

I felt like a little boy when I told him. “My stomach hurts.”

He put on a pair of disposable gloves. “Let me examine you. Lift up your shirt.”

Dr. Grayson began to touch my abdomen. He stopped at my lower stomach and noticed the stiffness there. I wasn’t a doctor but that seemed irregular. Then, he moved to my side and I felt a jolt of pain. “Ow!”

The doctor rubbed his chin as he did the same procedure with a stethoscope. I endured the cool metal as he questioned me. “Michael, when was the last time you relieved your bowels?”

Although it was a professional question, I couldn’t help but feel embarrassed when I answered. “You know, it’s been a while. Maybe four days.”

“That explains everything,” he chuckled, pointing to my abdomen. “The traffic there is backed up. You’ve been constipated for quite some time. It’s a common problem and easy to overlook in our busy lives.”

I sighed in relief. “For a second there, I was worried it was something serious like cancer. Okay, so what do I need to get back to normal? I have to get back to my job and I can’t afford to miss any more work days.”

“If you’re asking for a quick shot to cure you, then we don’t do that for constipation,” he replied. I didn’t happen to be a fan of shots but I wanted to get out of here as soon as possible. “Normally, I would give you some laxatives and have you use them over the course of a month.”

I groaned at the thought of enduring this pain and taking laxatives for the next few weeks. “Anything quicker than that?”

“There are some herbal remedies that are safer and faster,” Dr. Grayson offered. “However, it will cost you to get them from your local pharmacist. It would take a week for them to be fully effective. There could also be complications in case you are allergic to an ingredient.”

“I don’t have medical insurance at the moment,” I said with a nervous chuckle. “Just whatever the government gives me. I just need a quick solution so I can get back to work.”

The doctor paused for a moment. “That is a problem. You can pay more for a quicker solution or endure a few weeks of pain to save a bit of money.”

I sighed. “Can’t you cut me a break? I really need this thing to be gone immediately.”

Dr. Grayson’s eyes lit up. “There is a third option. One that will instantaneously clear your constipation without breaking the bank.”

My ears perked up at that. “Another option? Tell me, doc.”

“An enema,” he answered with a smile. “It’s my preferred method of relieving constipation. Sure, you could use a laxative but you don’t have results immediately. Some warm water with soap will do the trick with a fraction of the hassle. I’d even recommend it over herbal treatments.”

I did a double-take. “An enema? Like from a porno?”

He chuckled. “They have a legitimate medical use, Michael. The procedure will cleanse your insides much more effectively than other treatments. Once you are done, you’ll barely remember having any problems in your intestines.”

I rubbed my forehead. “So I need water and soap up my butt...”

“Of course, the procedure will cost you,” the doctor said to my chagrin. “I’m sorry but that’s the rules. Nonetheless, it’s much more affordable than the other treatments. It’ll only set you up back a few hundred dollars. It’s much better than dealing with laxatives for weeks on end.”

“Come on, doc!” I said, feeling sticker shock from the price. A few hundred dollars was a lot of money for me at the moment. “I really need this constipation thing gone!”

“Maybe we can work out a deal,” he proposed after a pause. “I’ve been trying to encourage the use of enemas through a video series. However, I’ve been too busy with work to hire people to help me make an instructional video. This is where we could help each other. I could waive the fee if you help me make this video.”

“What do you have in mind?” I asked, intrigued at the proposition. “I’m good with computers and video editing software. If you need someone to splice together a video and some title cards, then I’m your guy. I’m sure we can help each other free of charge.”

“I’m fine with making the video on my own,” Dr. Grayson explained with a chuckle. “I just need a model to help me perform the procedure. Why don’t we make your treatment the instructional video? It’ll kill two birds with one stone!”

Chapter 2

I hit the roof when I heard that. “You want to videotape me having water shot up my butt?”

“Well, we could put you in a disguise,” he offered, serious about the whole thing. “I have a few nurse outfits I purchased but have never used. I always wanted a female volunteer to work with on the instructional video. It would make women more comfortable about the procedure.”

I rubbed my forehead. “This is a lot to take in, doc...”

“I assure you that your identity will be kept hidden and you’ll be given the proper treatment for your ailment,” Dr. Grayson consoled me. “Believe me, you won’t regret undergoing the procedure. Many of the patients I treated enjoyed having an enema. It’s much better than dealing with constipation for weeks on end. The alternate methods would take a month to be fully effective.”

Well, the pain in the abdomen wasn’t going anywhere. “So I need to dress up as a woman?”

He nodded. “With a bit of makeup and the right camera angle, no one would suspect that you are a man, Michael.”

I felt my stomach flare up again. I needed this ache gone right away. “You can get this thing done today?”

Dr. Grayson smiled. “I have all the required equipment set up already. I’ve done this procedure a number of times and it’s my preferred method of treating constipation. You don’t have to worry about allergic reactions or side effects. Believe me when I say that you’ll feel good as new.”

I didn’t know whether or not the procedure would hurt me. However, I couldn’t it being worse than what I was feeling right now. I couldn’t refuse an offer of free treatment. It didn’t look like I could deal with this for even another hour. “Okay, let’s do this.”

The doctor kept grinning and said. “Okay, please follow me.”

He led me into his office and pulled out a nurse’s outfit. I raised an eyebrow and asked. “You want me to change into that?”

Dr. Grayson smirked. “That is unless you want to be the most famous enema patient in the area.”

I groaned as he left the room so I could change in private. The nurse outfit wasn’t just the typical skirt and blouse combination. It included undergarments and stockings as well. A pair of heels completed the sexy set.

It looked like the good doctor knew how to dress up his nurses. I touched the uniform’s skirt and felt its soft fabric. Its texture was positively mesmerizing. It helped distract me from the pain I was feeling in my abdomen. I was starting to come around to this crazy scheme.

I took off my clothing which made me realize how hot and heavy it was. I was never one to spend money on fashion. A plaid shirt and a pair of jeans was the uniform at most of the companies I worked at.

I stripped naked before taking out a pair of panties. It seemed as though Dr. Grayson wanted me to go all the way. Boxers wouldn’t do if I was doing an enema on video.

I put on the panties with casual ease. I loved the feel of the silky fabric against my bare skin. The back of it didn't strain against my ass one bit. Even my cock felt at home inside the skimpy undergarment.

The bra soon followed. The doctor was an inventive man in that he had padded out the cups. When I put it on, it looked like I had breasts like a woman. I had to admit it looked and moved like the real deal.

Although I had never put on stockings before, hooking them to my panties with garter belts was easier than I thought it would be. The tightness of the stockings brought out the natural tone of my legs. I enjoyed the feel of the garter belts against my thighs. I liked the set much better than my usual gym socks.

I moved onto the main event. I always found the pristine white of a nurse's uniform to be attractive. They put me into a set of serenity. The white skirt and blouse looked immaculate. I eagerly put them on and felt the cool fabric against my skin.

I looked in a nearby mirror and was shocked at my appearance. Not much had changed but I looked like a different person. My naturally short, bob-like hair combined with my build worked well with the new outfit. I would go as far as to say that I could pass for a woman.

Nonetheless, there was work left to be done. I needed to look absolutely flawless during the recording session. I put on the heels and locked their straps around my ankles. Their blackness contrasted well with the white fabric of my blouse and skirt. It added a few inches to my height which took some time to get used to.

There was some makeup as well but I was unfamiliar with most of it. I figured a bit of lipstick wouldn't hurt. Reading the instructions on the side, I dabbed my lips with a rich redness. If I didn't know any better, I was enjoying the act of dressing as a woman. Some tissue paper helped with damage control as I applied the lipstick.

When I finished, it felt like I had transformed myself into a woman. I barely recognized my reflection in the mirror. It wasn't as if I had undergone hours of

plastic surgery. Instead, I had revealed a side of me that I didn't know had even existed. In fact, I actually found myself to be rather attractive.

It looked like the doctor would be relying on the sex appeal of his nurses in addition to his medical skills. He had spared no expense on this uniform. Between the short skirt and tight stockings, patients would be in for a treat. Hopefully, the viewers of the video bought my look.

While I would've loved to stay and put on more makeup, I was here to solve my constipation problem. The sooner I had an enema, the sooner this fiasco would be over. I did a last minute check of my appearance before coming out.

Dr. Grayson was more than impressed with my transformation. "Well, hello nurse!"

I blushed at the compliment. I was already feeling like an honorary member of the fairer sex. "Come on, let's get this enema over with."

I followed him back to the examination room. He had set up a video recording system with three cameras as if he were filming a sitcom. Just about every angle would be covered. I guessed that he would stitch the footage together in post-production.

Taking out the enema equipment, the doctor went on to explain the procedure. "This process is perfectly harmless. Some patients may even enjoy the experience. I'll explain the details once we start recording."

I watched as he took out various bulb syringes and nozzles. There were even whole bars of soap which I guessed was used for the enema. "What's that?"

Dr. Grayson pointed to each piece of equipment and listed it off. "That's a bulb syringe for creating a vacuum so I can suck up liquids. The nozzles and enema bags do what you expect. I have different styles of syringes depending on the procedure. Of course, there is soap involved as well."

"Like bath soap?"

He shook his head. “Not exactly. This soap is specially made for enemas. It’s made out of olive oil and other natural ingredients. Regular soap can cause irritation. It’ll make sure the water is of the right consistency to dispel the blockage in you.”

I chuckled. “So it’s some miracle soap.”

“It’s all natural,” he replied, holding up a bar of soap. “I’ll combine the soap and water in a bowl. It’ll stimulate your bowels and clear it out.”

I started at the various syringes and nozzles on display. “And that’s used to get the liquid inside of me?”

The doctor nodded and pointed to a bulb syringe. “I use this to suction up the water and put it into you through your anus. We let it sit for a moment so that it has time to clear out your insides. After that, everything comes out. That’s why there is an adjacent bathroom. Of course, I have a set of bedpans in case you prefer to use them.”

It was a lot to take in.

Literally.

I stared at the bulbous enema syringe. “And it won’t hurt having that thing jammed up my butt?”

He smiled and squeezed the bulb. It blew air against my face. “You’ll get used to it after some time. Some of my patients even enjoy the experience. It puts them in a Zen-like state of mind.”

It was time to get this show on the road. I had to admit I was curious to see what the fuss was about. The idea of the enema being a legitimate medical solution to my constipation was back in my mind. I wanted to know if this procedure was actually pleasurable.

Dr. Grayson began setting up the video recording system. It was now or never. Hopefully, my appearance would hold up during the recording session.

Chapter 3

After introducing himself to the cameras, the doctor began to prepare the enema. He filled a large bowl with warm water. As it cooled, he began placing bars of soap in the bowl. They began to quickly dissolve in the liquid. It formed a foamy brine in the bowl.

Then, he gathered up a set of towels and wash clothes. I got the impression that enemas were a messy business. After all, I had to expel the enema once it was in me. Nonetheless, I was eager to get that enema in me so I could stop feeling so constipated.

The doctor proceeded to take out a large enema syringe and a small bottle. I read the label on the bottle and learned that it was a lubricant. I hadn't given the difficulty of sticking something up my butt much thought. I hoped the bulb syringe went into me without much difficulty.

With Dr. Grayson busy with his preparations, I looked at myself in a nearby mirror. With my nurse getup, I looked like I belonged in every red-blooded male's fantasy. My naturally lean built worked well with the tight, form-fitting clothing. My lipstick marked face looked like it belonged on the cover of a beauty magazine.

I had to give the good doctor some credit for giving me the right tools. My padded bra made it look like I had a C-cup bust. The outfit was highlighted curves that I never thought I had. I felt like a beautiful young woman instead of a constipated under-employed man.

I wondered how explicit the video would be. I figured I would keep my bra on. However, my panties would need to come off. The whole world would see an enema syringe stuffed up my ass. Hopefully, I would be able to hide my cock from the camera.

I couldn't help but feel an exhibition streak surge through me. Something about dressing up as a sexy nurse had revitalized me. I read that medicine was equal parts mental and physical. Simply thinking positively could improve your health. Weeks of worrying about money had eaten away at my health. Now, I was enjoying my transformation into a woman. I even started to feel better already.

Dr. Grayson moved onto the next step. "Okay, get on the examination table with your stomach down. Then, use your knees to prop yourself up."

I obeyed and crawled onto the table which was flat like a bed. I got on my knees for support and rested on my head on my arms. With my ass high up, it was the perfect position for him to stick an enema in me.

The doctor lifted up my skirt and exposed my buttocks. I felt the cool air of the examination room against my bare backside. Then, he exposed me further by pulling down my panties. To my shock, I was eager to have an enema in me.

He picked up an enema syringe and continued to explain the procedure to the cameras. "This nozzle won't go in easily by itself. It needs to be lubricated in order to be used. Without lubrication, it would irritate the patient's anus. In fact, both ends have to be well-lubricated."

I wondered what he meant by that last bit. I got my answer when I saw him open the bottle of lubrication and apply the gel it to the enema nozzle. Then, he followed up by coating his finger with the substance. A moment later, I felt his finger gently lubricate the rosebud of my ass.

Soon, he began to probe me with the tip of his finger. It was unusual to say the least but it didn't hurt me at all. I let out a soft moan and arched my ass higher. Dr. Grayson took it as a sign to enter deeper into me.

If I didn't know any better, I got the feeling that the good doctor was lubricating my asshole for his own amusement. I eventually felt the entirety of his finger enter my ass. My tight rosebud clamped around his finger like a noose. He began to slowly pump in and out of me until I loosened up.

I felt my cock grow hard from his vigorous probing. He was entering me past his last knuckle. My sphincter loosened up with each thrust of his finger. I couldn't help but let out a moan. "Oh..."

This had turned from a medical demonstration into a lustful sex act. Dr. Grayson began entering my asshole at different angles with his hand. He even

twisted his knuckle when he penetrated me. I gritted my teeth to stop myself from groaning. My cock was getting hard underneath my panties.

Finally, the doctor removed his finger and I went back to my resting position. He cleaned his finger and rolled up the enema equipment so it was next to me. Dr. Grayson turned to the cameras and spoke to it as if he was performing a college lecture. "Now, both the nozzle and the patient's anus are properly lubricated for the procedure. The next step is to fill the enema syringe with the enema solution. This could require multiple attempts depending on the patient."

Dr. Grayson pressed on the syringe bulb until it was completely flat. Next, he sank the tip into the bowl of warm soap water. He gently released his hand on the bulb end of the syringe. This allowed it to suck in the water into the syringe.

Once he was satisfied, the doctor squeezed the bulb head again. A bit of water came out of the syringe and back into the bowl. "This will remove the air out of the syringe. Pockets of air in an enema can be very dangerous for the patient."

Dr. Grayson filled the syringe back up again before repeating the procedure. Once he was certain there was no air in the syringe, he asked. "Are you ready?"

In for a penny, in for a pound.

I softly nodded.

He took the nozzle of the enema syringe and pressed it against my anus. Then, he slowly pushed the tip inside my ass. It was warm from the liquid it held inside of it. My eyes widened when I felt the syringe tip enter me. There was no resistance thanks to the lubrication. The syringe penetrated me with casual ease.

Dr. Grayson then squeezed the bulb of the syringe and unleashed its hot cargo into me. I let out a moan when I felt the warm, soapy liquid splash against my insides. "Ah...."

To my shock, the procedure was actually pleasurable. The abdominal pain I had felt for days began to slowly subside. It felt as if had put down a weight I had been carrying all this time. I found myself enjoying having something stuck up my ass.

After a moment, Dr. Grayson withdrew the enema syringe and explained to the cameras. "It can take multiple injections for the enema to properly work. For a grown adult, it can be as many as four."

True to his word, the doctor filled me three more times with the soap solution. The pain I had endured faded with each bulb full of water that entered me. My body began to feel bloated it wasn't uncomfortable. I entered a Zen-like state in which my breathing slowed to a crawl.

The heat of the water inside of me made me sweat as if I were in a sauna. My cock grew hard and formed a tent in my panties. I was harder now than I was when actually fucking someone. Hopefully, I could keep my arousal in check for the duration of the procedure.

Not satisfied with four loads, the doctor said. "Some patients may require more than just four. It depends on their weight of the severity of their illness."

I wondered if I needed more since I was a man instead of a woman. In any case, I welcomed another load into my ass. By now, I was used to being pumped full of warm, soapy water.

Squeezing out the last payload, Dr. Grayson finished filling me up before rubbing my abdomen. The stiffness in there was gone. Nonetheless, I felt bloated as if I had eaten an entire buffet's worth of food. My balls grew hard from the sensation I was feeling in my bowels.

For the next step, he quickly took out the enema syringe from my anus and replaced it with a gloved finger. It was like a drain stopper in a bathtub. Otherwise, I would've made a mess in the examination room. I felt like I was on the verge of an orgasm but couldn't quite cross the threshold. Dr. Grayson went onto explain the more detailed aspects of the procedure while I tried to get used to having an enema in me. "The patient will feel an urge to relieve themselves. This can be either done in a bathroom or with the use of a bedpan."

With his hand pulling my asshole, I felt a growing urge to go to the bathroom and relieve myself. I wasn't sure I could even walk to the bathroom without the enema spilling out between my ass cheeks. Thankfully, Dr. Grayson had everything under control and brought out a bed pan.

It was just in time because I couldn't keep it bottled up inside of me. With the bed pan under my buttocks, I released the contents of my bowels into it. I forgot that I was even being captured on camera. I was just so eager to finally relieve myself.

Minutes passed as the enema passed out of me. It certainly did its job as the water was now fouled. Nonetheless, I felt the tension in my abdomen disappear as it had never occurred in the first place. Hell, I was even enjoying this embarrassing moment. My nipples grew hard as I felt a bolt of sexual energy.

Dr. Grayson couldn't help but smile at this part of the procedure. He even had to plug me back up before readying another bedpan. Finally, I felt every last drop of the enema exit me.

Chapter 4

I slumped onto the examination table as I caught my breath. The doctor readied yet another bedpan as more liquid dripped onto me. Nevertheless, I felt like a new man.

Well, a new woman to be precise.

After a minute of rest, I felt completely rejuvenated. After disposing of the enema and cleaning up the room, Dr. Grayson wiped my ass. He even sprayed some air freshener to fumigate the room.

"This should relieve the patient's problems," he explained, finishing up his video recording. However, he gave me a grin and a wink before continuing. "Of course, the patient could go for another round if they are not satisfied."

I smiled and nodded. "Please, play with my ass more, doctor."

“Well, another cleanse couldn’t hurt this very nice ass,” he chuckled, taking out a couple of clean wash cloths. “Soap can irritate the body if left inside. I need to be very thorough this time.”

This time, the procedure was much smoother. Embolden by the first round, I looked forward to having an enema again. I missed having the feeling of warm, soapy water inside my bowels.

I observed Dr. Grayson’s actions with more focus. The doctor was pulling out the big guns. I saw him take out a heavy duty enema bag. It had a lengthy hose which emerged from the bottom of the bag. The hose had a metal apparatus with a valve and a meter reading. I guessed it was used to control the flow of the water.

Nevertheless, the hose’s nozzle caught my interest. It was five inches long and an entire inch wide. It looked to be made of a silvery metal that caught my reflection. I wasn’t sure how he would get that inside of me but my ass began to twitch in anticipation.

The doctor took out lengthy tube made of rubber. It was longer than the length of my body. He attached it to the enema bag to increase its reach. It made the contraption look like an IV drip feed system that you saw at hospitals.

I watched as Dr. Grayson prepared the hose’s nozzle and sterilized the tip. Then, he mixed together a new enema solution with a new set of soap. This time, he added some salt to help flush any lingering soap residue out. I couldn’t wait to have it inside of my ass.

He first rinsed the bag and explained as if we were still being recorded. “The water will be warmer than the first set. However, it won’t be hot enough to cause internal damage. The new mixture is more efficient with a higher baseline temperature.”

I barely processed his words as I stared at the huge enema bag. I didn’t care for the medical or therapeutic aspects of the procedure. I just wanted the pleasure that came from having an enema in me. Even better, I was enjoying having Dr. Grayson play with my body.

I didn't know why I felt this way about him. He was a doctor I had just met today. We had done a purely financial deal to have me perform a medical procedure. Yet, dressing up as a woman was making me hunger for cock.

Dr. Grayson mixed in more salt with the enema. I didn't know how much of the solution I could take in but the enema bag was gigantic. I was sure there would be more than enough for my bowels.

Once the bag was filled, he lubricated the metal nozzle until he was satisfied with its slickness. Then, he submerged it in the warm solution to heat it up. Altogether, this enema setup looked way more complicated than the simple bulb syringe system he used earlier.

It sounded simple enough. A soap solution made of soap, water, and salt would be mixed together. Then, it would be placed in an enema bag attached to a rubber tube. The tube was topped off with a metal nozzle.

When I bent over, the nozzle would be directly placed into my asshole. When Dr. Grayson turned the valve, the water would rush into my bowels. Altogether, it seemed much more streamlined than the bulb syringe technique. I had already done the procedure once and I was eager to try it again.

It would be odd having so much water in me. I wouldn't call the idea uncomfortable but it test the limits of my body. At the very least, I knew that my anus would be spotlessly clean.

I wondered what it would be like for the doctor to enter me through my asshole. The man had always been gentle in the way he caressed my buttocks and entered my rosebud. He had already penetrated me with his finger. Now, I was longing for something bigger to fuck me.

Even though I was no longer an enema virgin, the doctor still applied a generous coating of lubrication to my rosebud. Once he was finished, he asked. "Ready?"

I went down to the same resting position I used earlier. "Do it!"

With expert precision, he pressed the tip of the nozzle against my rosebud. My lubricated opening immediately widened when it came in contact with the warm metal. I took a deep breath and arched my back to give Dr. Grayson a better angle to enter me with.

I exhaled when I felt the nozzle work its way into me. The doctor stopped penetrating me for a moment so I could get used to having a metal spigot jammed up my ass. Once my rosebud relaxed and puckered up, he worked his way deeper into me. The man spent a good minute gently bucking my asshole with the fat head of the enema nozzle.

I moaned softly as he thrust into me. Each movement sent the nozzle deeper and deeper into my asshole. Dr. Grayson even twisted and angled his motions. This touched all the sensitive nerve-endings of my anus and set me off like a firecracker. "AH! AH! AH!"

Sure, the second enema cycle was an excuse to tease me but I didn't mind since I was loving every second of it. Eventually, I got used to having a nozzle inside of me. My rosebud clamped down on it like a nut around a screw.

Satisfied, Dr. Grayson twisted the valve on the enema bag and unleashed the water. I shuddered as the warm solution splashed against my inside. It was hotter than last time but the temperature was tolerable. "Wow....!"

The doctor asked. "Is it too hot?"

I shook my head. "It's perfect!"

At first, the stream was a trickle. Once he noticed how comfortable I was, he increased the flow of water into me. I groaned as I felt the soapy solution fill my bowels. This time, I enjoyed it for the pure pleasure of it rather than for curing my constipation.

With the cameras off, the doctor was more brazen in touching me. He went straight for my balls and cupped them with one hand. His other hand grabbed the base of my cock and began stroking me. I grunted as both the doctor and the enema fucked my body.

It was like being on a rodeo ride I could never leave. To the surprise of both the doctor and me, I had completely drained the large enema bag of its contents. Indeed, I felt like I had swallowed a gallon of water. I didn't know how my bowels could handle that much solution but the weight was bearable.

Nonetheless, I wasn't able to last long from the intense pressure I was feeling. I let loose a hot spray of semen which rivaled the warm solution being pumped into me. I couldn't remember the last time I had an orgasm this intense. Dr. Grayson was shocked when I sprayed his hand with a heavy load of pent-up cum. He laughed when he realized it wasn't a leak from the enema tube.

With both the bag and my balls empty, it was time to bring this session to an end. Dr. Grayson gently removed the enema from my ass and filled me up with a butt plug. The near gallon's worth of solution was still inside of me. I felt more like a pregnant woman than a man undergoing an enema.

With the doctor's help, I made my way into his bathroom. Removing the butt plug, I relieved myself and flushed the enema solution away. It was a never-ending stream coming out of me. I couldn't believe I had held the entirety of the enema bag's contents. Once it was over, I felt that I was completely cleansed both inside and out.

Chapter 5

Putting the butt plug back in me, I cleaned up inside the bathroom as the doctor did a bit of housework outside. He didn't just have to deal with enema fluid. I had shot my load profusely onto the examination table. I couldn't recall the last time I had orgasmed so hard.

The butt plug made me hunger for something bigger to replace it. The plug teased every sensitive nerve in my anus. It maintained its position despite the pressure on it from my sphincter. It still moved whenever I walked so it touched more of my nether orifice. However, it was a poor substitute for a nice, long cock.

Stripping out of my nurse's outfit, I came out looking completely nude except for my padded bra. Dr. Grayson arched an eyebrow at me but didn't say

anything. Instead, he seemed to be checking me out. I couldn't blame him since I felt as though I had been transformed into a beautiful woman.

I must have looked absolutely scandalous with just a bra and stockings on. The sheer stockings clung to my legs as if they were made of a thin film. Even without panties, the garter belt kept my stockings high. I still had my heels on which I had finally gotten used to walking around in. My bra continued to give me a respectable pair of breasts. My bare buttocks glistened with the water I had washed them with. When you put it all together, I looked pretty damn ravishing.

Walking up to the doctor, I kissed him and whispered. "Thank you, doctor. You've made me a very happy girl."

He kissed me back and said. "Call me Jim."

"My ass fills squeaky clean," I said seductively, slapping my ass for good measure. "Why don't you give it a test drive?"

He unbuckled his belt. "With pleasure, nurse."

Taking the initiative, I gently pushed the good doctor onto the examination table. I leaped on top of him and locked my ankles behind his back. Then, I brought him in for sizzling kiss.

There was a hungry look on Jim's face as we kissed. The doctor embraced me as he slipped his tongue past my lips. His mouth was equal parts inviting and ravenous. I began to take his clothes off from the top to the bottom and expose his bare skin. Piece by piece, I removed his lab coat, shirt, and pants. Gazing at his bare chest, the doctor took good care of his well-built body.

When I took off his boxers, his massive cock came into view. Its tip glistened with a bead of pre-cum. He must have been excited by the day's events without an opportunity to relieve himself. Thankfully, we were going to make up for lost time.

His eyes lit up when he saw me act as the aggressor. I felt like my body was lewdly on display like I was a Playboy centerfold. I reached down to rub my

erection. I was still hard despite coming a moment ago. Soon, my cock was back to full fighting strength.

With that taken care of, I began by placing my lips on the bulbous head of his prick and slowly suckling him. I felt a fire burn in me as I instinctually sucked him off. I ground my face against his pelvis as he groaned in approval.

I reached down play with his balls while my lips took in more of his shaft. I massaged his sac while bobbing my head up and down. Whenever I lifted my head, I would raise my hand to stroke him his plump cock.

Soon, he entered deep into my throat. I felt his already hardened prick grow even larger. It felt as if I was swallowing a large firecracker that had just been lit. The doctor encouraged me by cupping the back of my head and caressing it.

I released his cock and moved down to swallow his balls. I immediately began to use my tongue to play with them. Jim stiffened as I massaged his delicate pair of marbles. Once he relaxed, I began to lick and suckle it with increasing fanaticism. I kissed the soft underbelly of his prick before licking my way down to his balls.

I took the head of his cock back into my mouth and licked it more forcefully. Jim pumped forward and drove his prick deeper into my mouth. His ball sac gently bounced off my chin with every thrust.

I greedily hungered more and more for his shaft. My cries of joy were muffled by the sheer girth of his cock. On the other hand, Jim made up for my lack of vocalization. "Fuck... you're incredible! AH!"

It was a good thing he didn't have another appointment lined up after mine. The good doctor fucked my lips raw with his massive erection. The sheer force of his movements tossed my head backwards.

I felt Jim's cock pulse with an impending orgasm. The man couldn't take much more and pulled my face away from his erection. "Oh God... Michael! Your mouth is amazing!"

I watched a slow trickle of semen emerged from the tip of his shaft. "That prick is amazing too."

We took a moment to rest. Jim caressed my buttocks and even went as far as to finger my anus. It was now spotlessly clean after the multiple enemas I had been subjected to. In fact, I was dying to have something up my ass again. I reached over to the bottle of lubrication and handed it to Jim.

He took the bottle and asked. "Are you sure?"

Spreading my legs wide and raising my ass off the table, I smiled at Jim. "I never refuse a doctor's order."

The doctor lost the cool look in his eyes as he sprang into action. He tore the cap off the bottle, greased up his finger, and then began spreading the lubrication across my puckered rosebud. One by one, he began putting his fingers into me. His hand probed me but it felt more like my ass was sucking him in.

Finally, he removed his hand and knelt behind me. The man spread my buttocks wide and positioned his cock at my rear entrance. I gasped when I felt its warm head touch my rosebud.

Then, he entered me.

I gasped at the sheer size of his prick. It dwarfed the plug that I had used earlier. Jim noticed my reaction and asked. "Michael, should I stop?"

However, I was having the time of my life. I raised myself higher and forced his cock further into me. "No! I love it. Please, fuck my ass, doctor!"

The man replied by impaling his erection into me. Jim began a series of thrusts that his balls smacking against my ass cheeks. I shuddered as I lowered my face onto the table. The doctor fucked me vigorously like a jackhammer. My thoroughly loosened ass more than welcomed his pounding.

I used the muscles of my buttocks to clamp around his prick like a slip. His cock sank deeper into my vice-like grip. My body seemed to be milking him for

his hot cum. The doctor was more than happy to oblige.

After the day's events, Jim couldn't last very long. There was just too much pent up lust in him. His cock pulsed one last time before unleashing its seed into me. He groaned as his hips surged forward and his hot come sprouted forth. I felt like I was experiencing another enema as his semen filled up my bowels. I drained his balls dry of their precious cargo.

When he finished, the man collapsed on top of me. We stayed like this for some time with his cock still inside of me. Jim caressed and kissed me as he grew soft inside of me. After we rested, we got up and began dressing.

"I'm looking for an assistant, Michael," he said, straightening out his tie. The normally immaculate doctor looked completely disheveled. "Someone who can perform odd jobs and secretarial work. You'll also help me make instructional videos... and perform other... personal duties."

I giggled at his innuendo. "When can I start working?"

That was my beginning of my life as Jim's assistant. I quit my job at the grocery store and began working for him full-time. It didn't just pay better than my old job. It was even more fun than being a computer salesman.

We made instructional videos for various enema techniques. I loved dressing up as a nurse and having a piping hot enema pumped into me. They turned out to be quite popular and we sold videos of them over the internet. I figured most people weren't buying them for their educational content.

I began to dress up as a woman day in and day out. I felt more comfortable in a dress than I did in blue jeans. It helped bring Jim and me closer together. Soon, the two of us began living together.

Of course, our activities extended to after work hours. This time, I didn't need a stomach ache to get an enema from Jim. His solution was always to pump me full of enema before fucking me senseless with his prick.

Like I said, I always followed my doctor's orders.

TAXI RIDE

Chapter 1

Being a taxi driver was a lot like being a shark. You had to keep moving and working or else you could end up dead. At the sound of midnight, I neared the end of my shift.

Riding in an air-conditioned car all day in the middle of the hottest Summer in New York City wasn't all that it was cracked to be. Sure, people were dying to get out of the heat but competition was fierce. I wasn't just up against my fellow taxi drivers. I now had to content to ride sharing apps like Uber and Lyft.

Nonetheless, I wasn't just here for the money. Although I was a Brooklyn kid at heart, I had grown up in the streets of Manhattan and knew it like the back of my head. My taxi felt more like a mobile bedroom than it felt like a transportation vehicle.

Like I said, the money was just a bonus.

I simply loved to drive around the streets of New York City. I just needed something to keep me occupied. I wanted to take my mind off my personal life and focus on my profession. It wasn't like I had a significant other to spend my time with. Most taxi drivers were immigrants trying to support their families and get their kids through school.

But not me.

I had broken up with my girlfriend, Brenda, a few weeks ago. We had moved in together after years of dating. I was convinced that we would end up getting married. However, she wasn't happy with my lack of ambition and moved halfway across the country to pursue her career.

It hurt just thinking about her. I figured this wound will heal with time. However, the mere thought of it made it fester with more intensity. I still loved

her even if Brenda didn't feel the same way about me.

I thought about following her to the other side of the country. Just about every major city needed taxi drivers. I could support myself and still be with her. Of course, I never had the guts to follow her.

That wasn't to say I spent my entire day working as a taxi driver. Some of my coworkers dragged me out to bars and clubs. However, I just wasn't ready to get back into the club scene. For that matter, I wasn't ready to go back to dating. Even a one-night stand didn't interest me.

I just wasn't the type of guy to hit bars by himself and pick up girls. I also wasn't interested in blind dates either. The pain of losing Brenda was just too fresh. I had a much more enjoyable driving my taxi. It allowed me to forget all my troubles and glide through my day. I could get lost in ferrying people from one side of the city to the other.

Suddenly, my car radio hummed in. "This is dispatch to Taxi #789. Come in, over."

"Taxi #789, over," I replied, picking up the radio receiver. Sometimes, I would talk more in a day to the control center than to my own passengers. "Someone needs a lift?"

It was a rhetorical question since they never called in for anything else. I waited for the radio's crackling reply. The device was years old but there wasn't enough funding to get a newer model. As far as the company was concerned, it was good as long as it worked.

I heard the familiar voice of a dispatch operator. "Brian, we have someone requesting a lift from the Havana Club in lower Manhattan. It's a corner of an intersection so you can't miss it. Can you take it? No one else is close by."

My ears perked up at that. These days, most taxi passengers tended to be older men and women. The youth preferred to use apps like Uber. However, the Havana Club was a nightspot that was almost exclusively attended by people around my age.

I could have walked away from this.

But I didn't.

"My shift is almost over but I can take care of it."

A moment later, I got my response. "Thanks, Brian. I'll sign you out after this ride. Have a nice night."

I wouldn't have to work for the next few days. It would be unusually rainy in the coming week so I counted myself as lucky. Nonetheless, I hated my days off. I just didn't know what to do with my life when I wasn't driving a taxi.

Nevertheless, I had my orders. I made my way up to the Havana Club. I figured it would be an older man who had tried his hand at a young man's club and now needed to go home. Hopefully, my passenger's destination wasn't too far from their home. I really needed to call it a night.

The club wasn't too far from my current location. The bad part was that this side of the city attracted people from far down as South Jersey. The bridges and tunnels out of New York could get jammed at this time of night. The real money was in ferrying people around Manhattan. Driving people to New Jersey wasn't typically worth the hassle.

I made it to my destination so it was just a matter of finding my passenger. Sometimes, a potential fare would get tired of waiting and find another way to get home. It was annoying as hell but a cost of doing business in this line of work.

Thankfully, I found a young woman waiting under the canopy of the club. I didn't get a good look at her but she was dressed in a one piece dress and wore high heels. She waved me in before scurrying towards the side of my cab.

She opened the back seat door and poked her head in. "Cab #789?"

I chuckled. "Come on in."

I gave her a moment to get settled in before I drove off. One of the problems with the transportation is that you often had to pick up people without knowing a thing about them. I didn't know who this woman was or even where she wanted to go.

"Could you take me to Harrington Park in New Jersey?" she requested. Her voice was deep with a delightful contralto. I wondered if she was a singer. "I live at Seasons Apartments near the edge of it and Closter. I hope that's not too far."

I grimaced when I heard that. I wasn't going to be home until the sun came up. At the very least, it was in North Jersey rather than further South. "No problem, ma'am."

I stopped to get a better look at her and had to stop myself from exhaling.

She wasn't just well-dressed.

The woman was stunning.

Her hair was silky and dark. The woman's face was rounded with plump cheeks like that of a Renaissance painting. Her bright, intelligent eyes contrasted well with her bee-stung lips. A leg exiting out of the slip of her dress revealed her toned body.

Once I finished ogling her, I went back onto the road. It was going to be a long ride to New Jersey. Better yet, I was going to be with a gorgeous woman for the next few hours.

I wondered if I had met her before. A taxi driver could meet thousands of different people throughout the course of a year. Some made idle chatter with me while others just wanted to get to their destination in silence. I wondered what type she was.

I figured I would've recalled a woman as striking as her. She seemed more approachable than the average New Yorker. It was going to be a very long drive and it would be better if we could keep each other entertained. Besides, happy riders tended to tip more.

I asked her. "Are you a regular at Club Havana?"

She shook her head. "No, I got strung along by some friends from work. I actually left early."

"Busy day tomorrow?"

She giggled. "No, I figured it was time to call it quits. I've never been much of a clubber."

"Me neither," I replied. "Did you have a good time at the Havana? It's pretty popular at this time of year."

I glanced at the rearview mirror and saw her give a small smile. "Not really. One of my friends tried to hook me up with a guy she knew but we never really hit it off."

I chuckled. "Too bad."

"That wasn't the worst of it," she continued. "He left me to start dancing with some blonde bombshell. Before I knew, it he had brought her a drink. That was my cue to call a cab and come home."

"Maybe he did you a favor," I replied, driving through sluggish traffic. "Who wants to stay with a guy like that?"

She giggled again. "I can't really blame him. I'm not like most women."

I looked at her again in the rearview mirror. "You say that like it's a bad thing."

The woman didn't reply as we waited at a red light. She crossed her legs which brought her legs even higher. I saw that she kept her hands on her groin as if to look modest.

The light turned green and traffic seemed to clear up. It allowed me to drive in peace and think about all the people I had ferried across the northeast. All

their faces were a blur. I barely remembered the people I met yesterday during work.

This woman, however, seemed branded to my brain. I didn't even know her name but I recalled her vividly without even looking at my rearview mirror. I couldn't remember the last time a woman had made such an impression on me in or outside the cab.

Suddenly, she broke the silence. "Sorry about making you drive me all the way to New Jersey. I know that most cabbies stick to Manhattan. Since my friends were staying, I just didn't know who to call at the time."

"No problem at all," I told her. "I sometimes like driving to Jersey."

"Better rates for fares?"

I laughed. "The scenery is nice."

I wasn't exactly talking about the brutalist architecture of New York's industrial district. This woman was a real beauty. I couldn't imagine anyone leaving her at a club.

I stopped at a red light when she asked. "You have a girlfriend?"

Chapter 2

I was glad we had stopped because I would've skidded into a different lane. "Used to. My ex left some time ago."

Listening to my every word, she leaned up in her seat. "Couldn't deal with your work hours?"

I shook my head and answered her. "She had bigger dreams than being stuck with a New York cabbie. It was a mutual split."

That was a lie but I didn't want to look like I was a love-starved guy. I didn't know why I was putting on such a brave face for her. In less than an hour, I

would probably never see her again. Nonetheless, I couldn't remember the last time a passenger had listened to me so attentively.

"You know, I've never asked for your name," she said out of the blue. "I'm Amy. I work in the sales department of an electronics company."

My name was on the ID card and registration on the dashboard of my car. Nonetheless, I introduced myself. "I'm Brian."

Once I entered New Jersey, the traffic freed up and I talked more with Amy. She was surprisingly interested in my work as a taxi driver. I couldn't recall the last time someone had such a childlike curiosity in my work. I figured most people would be fascinated with apps like Uber and Lyft.

We talked so much that I barely noticed that we had entered the driveway to her apartment complex. I almost felt sorry to see her go. I couldn't believe I had started this fare eager to head home. "Here's your stop, Amy. Give me a call whenever you need a ride."

It almost felt painful to see her go. It was like losing Brenda again. Despite our short time together, Amy and I seemed to really connect. Sure, I didn't think a gorgeous babe like her was interested in a taxi driver like me. However, that didn't mean we couldn't see each other again.

Thankfully, Amy had similar thoughts. She paid me a sizeable tip on top of the usual fare and said. "Here you go, Brian. Thank you so much for driving me home at this hour!"

At least this was a very profitable trip. "Give me a buzz if you're in a pinch."

After opening the door to exit, she paused for a moment. "Brian, I'm your last passenger for the night?"

"Yes, I'm calling it quits," I replied, idling my car. "I've got to get back to New York City and hit the sack."

She sighed. "It'll take you over an hour to get there. Please, rest at my place for the night. I can make you some coffee or tea."

It was a tempting offer. Driving back up state this time of night wasn't exactly a pleasure cruise. "Thank you but I don't mean to intrude-"

"Nonsense," she interrupted with a smile. "Give a lonely girl like me some company. It's the least I can do after dragging you down to the Garden State."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Sure..."

Parking my cab in an empty spot, I followed her into the luxurious apartment complex. I couldn't remember the last time a passenger invited me in for some coffee. Usually, they made me help them carry heavy bags after picking them up from the airport.

The apartment was pretty ritzy for a guy like me. Sure, I dropped people off at five-star hotels but I never got past the lobby. Now, a doorman greeted us warmly. "Good evening, Amy. It seems you have a guest."

"A first time for everything, Scott," she giggled. I got the feeling that Amy didn't bring men home for coffee very often. "You shouldn't be up so late."

"Someone has to man the front desk," he replied, guiding us to the elevator. I felt like an intruder with my shabby looking cargo pants. It hardly matched Amy's regal nightclub dress. "Have a nice night."

It was a short ride up the elevator but I wasn't eager to take the stairs after an hour of driving. We crossed a small hallway and entered Amy's apartment. It was beautiful and refined as the woman who owned it.

Heading into the bedroom, she told me. "Please, make yourself at home while I change. I've been wearing heels for the better part of the day."

I sat in the living room and waited for her to change. I felt like more like an interloper than a guest. The couch I sat on probably cost more than half a year's worth of my salary.

Soon, Amy returned and started boiling water in the kitchen. "I have a coffee maker but I prefer using a French press. You don't get the same texture with a

coffee maker. I hope you don't mind me using the old ways."

I wasn't much of a coffee buff. "I'll leave it in your hands."

"Any preference in coffee beans?" she asked. "I picked up a great hazelnut the other day. It's light and creamy."

She may as well have been describing a chemical formula to a blue-collar guy like me. I shrugged and said. "Sure."

Amy wasn't lying when she said that she was doing it the old fashion way. The woman took out a precise amount of beans and ground them in a mixer. Once they had been chopped into a fine powder, she poured them into a French press. Then, she added hot water to the ground coffee and let it sit for a moment.

Once she was satisfied, the coffee connoisseur used the French press's plunger to strain the coffee. Then, she brought it over with a pitcher of milk, a bowl of sugar, and various treats. Amy poured two cups of the freshly brewed coffee. "Here you go, Brian!"

I poured some milk into my cup and sipped it. "Damn, this is delicious."

Amy gave me a heart-rending smile. "Thanks, I worked as a barista throughout college. Sometimes, I think I missed my calling."

"It really shows."

"It feels good to have a guest here," she said, nursing a cup of coffee. Amy seemed more interested in me than in her beverage. "I've redecorated the place this past month but I've hardly bought anyone over to see it."

I glanced around her apartment. It was stuffed to the gills with mementos and furniture. On the other hand, my apartment was sparsely furnished. That went double when Brenda left. "I see that you're quite the collector, Amy."

She giggled. "Pack rat is more like it. I love being a hoarder even if this place has its limits. Help yourself to some crumpets."

I had a hankering for a nice treat. “Don’t mind if I do.”

It was so easy talking to her. There weren’t any awkward silences or gaps in our conversation. With Brenda, we would be silent for minutes at an end. It was as neither of us were sure how to start a conversation. I didn’t feel the same awkwardness with Amy.

“Thanks again for the ride home, Brian,” she complimented me. “It barely felt like any time passed at all when I was talking to you. Usually, driving to New York City feels like traveling halfway across the world in the world’s slowest airliner.”

I chuckled. “I’ve talked a passenger to sleep once or twice.”

“I doubt it,” Amy replied. “You’re far more intelligent than you give yourself credit for. I’m surprised you don’t have a girlfriend.”

I shrugged. “Being a cab driver means I have long and very odd hours. It’s hard to start a steady relationship with those constraints. Besides, I’m a pretty boring guy.”

“On the contrary, you must have some very interesting stories to tell.”

“I do,” I replied, finishing my cup of coffee. Amy immediately poured me some more. Despite it being late past midnight, the coffee and conversation had reinvigorated me. “However, I’d like to hear more about you.”

She gestured to her apartment. “Not much else to say about me. More apartment is more interesting. I got it for a good price.”

I smirked. “Your natural charms work over the superintendent?”

Amy giggled. “No, the previous owners damaged this place with a kitchen fire. They were planning on moving out so the management was left with an empty apartment that needed renovation. They figured the damaged wasn’t severe enough to prevent someone from living in it. I ended up getting a lease

to this for a steal. I just had to tolerate a few months of having half the place look like the inside of a chimney.”

“You sound like a smart businesswoman,” I said half-seriously. “Any advice on what stocks to invest in?”

“I’m in the electronics business,” she replied, sipping her coffee. “You don’t need to be a genius to invest in Apple, Microsoft, and Google. Of course, it would’ve helped if you did that a few decades ago.”

I felt comfortable enough to ask her more personal questions. “Eager to go back into the dating game after this night?”

“I’m not like most women,” she said, sounding more serious. There was a brief pause before she continued. “It’s not easy for me to keep dating someone and wait for things to click.”

“I can relate,” I said with a sigh. “My friends have been setting me up but it feels like it’s just too early. I feel more comfortable in my cab than I do at a bar.”

“I almost got married,” she said out of the blue. “He and I seemed to get along well enough. However, it turned out we were just very different people. We wanted a wife that was more... normal. He ended up dating one of my friends from work.”

“Wow,” I replied, emptying my cup of coffee. “So did we want some domestic Goddess who did all the chores at home?”

Amy looked evasive. “Sort of...”

“What do you do for work, exactly?” I asked. “I know that you’re involved in electronics.”

“It’s more business to business,” she explained. “It’s not like selling iPhones or computers to customers. Instead, we help manufactures get their components to make their electronics. I work in the sales department but I do help with supply logistics as well.”

“Sound complicated.”

“No more than navigating Manhattan,” Amy giggled. “I get lost just walking from one block to the next.”

“All it takes is practice,” I said with a smile. “In my case, I knew these streets since I was a kid. I knew every shortcut. I knew when which intersections would get congested depending on the time of day.”

“Is that why you become a taxi driver?” she probed. “It seems to be your calling.”

“I never had the brains to do anything else,” I sighed, slumping in my chair. “Or the ambition.”

“There’s nothing wrong with a life of humility, Brian.”

I chuckled. “Should’ve told my ex that.”

Amy locked eyes with me. “You must think of her very often.”

There was no point in lying. I was comfortable enough with Amy to talk about anything. “Too often. It’s the reason why I drive so much. It keeps my mind off of her.”

She noticed that our cups were empty and began to clean up. “She must have been very special to you.”

“It didn’t feel that way at first,” I admitted. “I was just happy to have someone around me that didn’t talk about work. I got used to seeing her every day. It didn’t hit me until she was gone.”

“Time heals all wounds,” Amy consoled. “I speak from experience.”

“Were your relationships like this?”

She gave me a half-smile. “I always wanted to be myself. My boyfriends either had to get with the program or get out.”

I chuckled. "How many got out?"

"Sooner or later, all of them."

I raised an eyebrow. I couldn't imagine any guy leaving a kind, empathetic woman like Amy. It didn't hurt that she was drop dead gorgeous. "Seriously?"

"You must think I'm high-maintenance," she said, looking downcast. "But it's not that."

I struggled to follow along. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm a transgender woman," she said, her face turning flush. Amy crossed her leg for good measure. "I got a cock down there..."

Chapter 3

My hand raced to my mouth in surprise. "Oh... wow..."

She took my reaction as disapproval. "I hope this doesn't affect-"

"No, not at all," I swore. "It's just that... you're so beautiful, Amy. It's a complete shock."

She calmed down and flashed me a smile. "You must have met so many people, Brian. Surely you've met someone like me."

"I've never met anyone like you," I said sincerely. Amy was the most beautiful woman I had ever met. Her eyes shone like diamonds and her lovely hair curled up like threads of silk. "No one's invited me up for coffee either."

"It hasn't always been easy telling people who I really am," she said. It was the first time I heard her sound the slightest bit tired. "Guys couldn't keep their hands off of me until they realized what my body really was like. It was why I was hesitant to tell you this. I didn't want to ruin the night but you deserved the truth."

Sure, a cock on a woman was unusual but Amy was smart, pretty, and a million other things. If nothing else, she could hold conversation like an aristocratic lady. Just talking to her rejuvenated my body from the long night.

The thought of Brenda had loomed over me like a specter. Anytime I wasn't working, I was thinking about her. I never mustered up the courage to even call her. I was never a fan of social media and I didn't intend to start by looking her up in Facebook. I didn't want to know if she had moved on with a new boyfriend or was enjoying her job. The less I knew about my ex, the better.

Now, she was the furthest thing from my mind.

"You haven't ruined the night one bit, Amy," I said with a smile. "I wish all my passengers were as nice as you. I would love having a nice cup of home-brewed coffee whenever I wanted it. Sure, chances are that I'll eventually run into an axe murderer."

She giggled and made an axe slashing motion. "Stay a while longer and maybe you'll find out my dark side."

I looked at the clock and nearly jumped out my seat. "Holy crap! It's three in the morning. I should get going-"

"Nonsense," she said, reaching out to grab my arm. Her fingers were warm and soft. "Stay for the night. I insist, Brian."

"But-"

"It's not like you're in a rush to get back home," she argued. I couldn't really dispute that point. I would be dead tired in an hour and I wasn't eager to drive back home in my current state. Besides, I didn't want to leave Amy so soon. "I can pop open the couch and sleep there while you take my bed."

I chuckled. "Letting me have the big bed? Alright, but I owe you one."

Amy flashed me a smile. "Having a taxi driver in my debt isn't so bad."

“It’s funny but I almost decided not to take this job,” I said out of the blue. “You were the last fare of the night and they always give me a little bit of leeway in choosing fares when it gets really late.”

She leaned in with interest. “What made you chose to give me a lift?”

I shrugged. “I still had energy in me and your location wasn’t far.”

Amy giggled. “But my destination was a good hour away.”

“It gave us time to talk,” I replied. “I usually don’t do that with my passengers. Most people don’t want to make small talk. It makes sense since I rarely see the same person ever again. No point in getting chummy with a taxi driver who’ll disappear into the ether once you get dropped off.”

“I’m glad we had this night,” Amy countered. “And I hope we can keep seeing each other again.”

That aroused my curiosity. “Planning on needing a ride somewhere?”

“No, just planning on meeting a new friend over and over again,” she answered with a warm smile. “I hope we have more nights like this.”

My heart thundered when I heard that. She seemed to like me for who I was rather than the services I could provide. “We will if you keep making a mean cup of coffee.”

It barely registered to me that Amy had a cock between her legs. She seemed like the epitome of feminine grace. I couldn’t remember the last time I was in the presence of such a beautiful woman.

I wondered why she had brought me up to her place for a cup of coffee. Even a transgender woman like her wouldn’t have trouble finding men interested in her. She was beautiful, well-off, and sophisticated. A woman like her wouldn’t be lacking for companionship. I didn’t know why she was interested in a scruffy looking taxi-driver like me.

Perhaps, Amy had a sexual interest in me. Maybe my story about being a single taxi driver had attracted her. However, she didn't strike me as the type who would have one-night stands with a stranger. She seemed more interest in conversation rather than sex.

"You're welcome to my coffee any day of the week, Brian," she said, breaking me out of my thoughts. "I love having an excuse to brew a big pot of the good stuff."

"Miss being a barista?"

She gave a half nod. "I don't miss making a dozen different orders at rush hour but I do prefer selling lattes rather than transistors."

"What got you into the electronic industry?" I asked, not eager to rest just yet. I devoured every morsel of information I had on Amy. "When I first met you, I thought you were involved in the fashion industry."

She paused for a moment. "To be honest, I'm not really sure. My college degree fit the job and I got an internship at the company. I figured I would stay there for a couple of years and move on to something else."

"Something bigger?"

"Work is work," Amy answered. "I don't think what I do for a living is any more noble than what you do, Brian."

I felt my heart flutter at that bit of praise. "Thanks, you make me feel like I own the damn cab company."

She laughed. "Well, I'm glad I make you feel that way. It's very nice talking to you."

Amy was right about that. It felt like we understood each other in a way that went beyond words. It was a wordless conversation we carried on whenever there were silences in our chat.

I never felt a connection this way with another person. Even Brenda and I had our fair share of difficulty in simply communicating with each other. I didn't know how Amy and I were able to bond. I was a taxi driver and she was a higher up at a big company. Yet, the link between us was positively electrifying.

Amy turned that link into reality when she reached out to touch my hand. Silence hung in the air as she caressed my fingers. It was as if a single word would disrupt the moment. Instead, we were content to let our actions do the talking for us.

Finally, we kissed.

The feel of her warm, soft lips against mine sent a shiver down my spine. She giggled which passed as a gentle vibration into my mouth. She was gentle with our first kiss. It was a promise of things to come.

Growing confident, we opened our mouths wide. Our tongues began to tangle and each kiss felt more intimate than the last. I reached around to hold her by her head. Her silky hair curled up between my fingers as I pulled her in deeper.

Amy returned the gesture by placing her hands on my back. I mirrored the gesture but I didn't wait long before heading down to her buttocks. The woman certainly had a dynamite ass.

I never felt this sense of urgency when I was with Brenda. In fact, the thought of my ex-girlfriend was firmly in the back of my mind. I had been months since I had been intimate with someone but it was coming back to me. I guessed Amy had gone on without a lover for quite a while as well.

Now, we were going to make up for lost time.

Amy lifted my hands and brought them onto her clothed breasts. I immediately squeezed them and she moaned with approval. "That's it... ah...."

I took that as a sign to take off her dress. I took down the straps off of her shoulders and pulled them down. Her dress became a soft puddle of cloth on

the floor. Her breasts were enormous and threatened to spill out of her bra. I couldn't help but immediately reach out for the bra and strip it off of her.

She giggled when I began licking her hard nipples. They were erect like the eraser tip of a pencil. Soon, her laughter turned into moaning as I used my hand to tease her other breast. I moved from one nipple to the next as Amy held onto the back of my head. I teased and tickled her until I heard her groan. "Yes... that's it, Brian!"

With her endorsement, I caught the hard nub of her nipple between my lips and applied an appropriate amount of pressure. Amy shuddered as I sent a bolt of pleasure throughout her body. It was hard to believe I was doing this to a woman I had just met.

I was content to just savor her body. I believed with every fiber of my being that Amy was the most beautiful woman in the world. I had admired her for every second of the taxi ride home. The thought of making love to such a beauty felt like a fantasy.

We only paused to help each other undress. With casual ease, she took off my shirt and pants. My clothes looked shabby next to hers but that didn't matter when you were nude. My boxers barely hit the floor before my cock sprang up.

Chapter 4

I felt a cool chill against my bare skin. It made me hunger more for Amy's body. I moved down to grip the band of her panties. I knew a cock awaited me but I didn't care. Hell, I was more curious than anything.

I pulled them down and exposed her groin. A half-erect cock surprised me. It was thicker than mine and it still had a ways to go. I didn't even know what to do when faced with one.

Thankfully, Amy took control and guided my hands to her ass. I palmed the plump flesh and began to massage her buttocks. She leaned over and her heavy breasts hunged free. Every inch of her body was flawless. Even the cock dangling between her legs intrigued me.

I moved behind her and spread her ass cheeks. Then, I ran my tongue down her crack before licking her rosebud. I even made contact with her hairy balls. Amy shuddered as I tongued her ass. I teased the sensitive skin until I got a moan out of her. "Oh... fuck!"

That was the first time I saw the classy lady lose her composure. We moved into the bedroom for better maneuverability. The two of us dropped down into the bed and laughed like children. Soon, I was back to performing oral sex on her shapely backside.

I decided to kick things up a notch and inserted a finger into her asshole. It was damp now and allowed me to enter her with little difficulty. I pumped in and out of her as her tightness wrapped around me. Amy gritted her teeth as her cock grew hard.

Soon, I added another finger to the mix. Her rosebud grew tight as a noose around my digits. That didn't stop me from adding a third finger. Amy sighed when I began finger-fucking her in earnest.

"Oh yes!" she groaned, her breasts heaving. I rammed her asshole with my fingers until I was knuckle deep. "Fuck me!"

Her words spurred me on. I entered her with blinding speed. My fingers became a blur as if I were an expert martial artist sparring with an opponent. Both of us were descending down a vortex of bliss.

I didn't know how close a woman like her was to orgasm but her cock was becoming extremely large. Hell, it was even bigger than mine. Nonetheless, I didn't let her go off like this.

I removed my fingers and shifted my position. This gave me the right leverage to grasp my cock and take it to Amy's battered rosebud. Within seconds, she realized what I was planning. "Fuck me with your big cock, Brian!"

I spread her legs wide and steadied my erection. It felt like my cock was a cruise missile with a laser guided system aimed at her ass. With barely a grunt, I brought my throbbing prick into her freshly finger-fucked ass. "AHH!"

Her ass was still tight after my earlier foreplay. I had to use powerful, deep thrusts to lodge myself inside her anus. All the while, Amy sounded like she was on the cusp of her orgasm. She shivered with feverish delight. I watched her beautiful body tremble with ecstasy as I railed her from behind.

Soon, Amy began to shudder as her orgasm wracked her with pleasure. Her cock grew rigid before spurting its seed. Likewise, my cock began to unleash its load deep into her bowels. It felt like my prick had a life of its own as it shot every drop of my cum into her. The bed creaked as we rocked back and forth from our mutual climax.

Finally, we collapsed from the cataclysmic orgasm but the aftershocks of our climax lingered. Amy gathered her breath and looked up to smile at me. "That was amazing, Brian."

I playfully smacked her buttocks. "That ass is amazing."

Her smile grew boarder before she brought me in for a kiss. I felt her heart thunder but mine was more controlled despite my anxiousness. A few hours ago, I was dead tired and ready to call it a night. Now, I felt completely energized. I was ready to go for another round with Amy. Thankfully, she shared the same thoughts.

She reached out for my chest and began to trace a path with her fingertips. Her touch was innocent but it felt all the more erotic because of it. Soon, her fingers found my hardened nipples and teased them.

It wasn't long before she replaced her hands with her tongue. Amy playfully kissed my nipples before licking them. The tip of her tongued teased me relentlessly. It was payback for all the foreplay I had inflicted upon her.

I felt bolts of pleasure spread through my chest like forked lightning. The woman had an uncanny ability to sense all the sweet spots on my torso. The right touch sent a shiver down my spine and a moan out of my mouth. "That's it, babe..."

Between her hands and tongue, I was at Amy's complete mercy. She lavished me with her considerate skill as I lied back on the bed. I felt like a king who was being treated to a masterful performance from his favorite mistress.

She moved up and down the length of my body. There was little distance between us. I could feel the heat radiate off of her body. I felt paralyzed as if moving a muscle would ruin the magic of the moment.

Eventually, we kissed again. Her tongue probed deeply into my mouth. Our bodies made contact and I felt her erection brush up against my thigh. I wrapped my arms around her back as if to keep her trapped with me forever. I loved running my fingers from the curve of her shoulders, to the flat of her back, and down to her plump buttocks.

Our tongues wrestled as we felt a renewed craving for lovemaking. This time, Amy took charge and began to stroke my cock. Her touch was simply electric. It didn't take long before my cock was back to full fighting strength.

Amy pumped my prick like an expert. She even played with my balls with her free hand. I figured having a cock made her an expert in how to stroke it like a professional. I was content to simply lie back and let her go to town on my groin.

It didn't take long before she brought her tongue to my erection. Her mouth was warm as it enveloped my cock. Her throat seemed bottomless as it swallowed my length with casual ease. Her tongue teased the sensitive underbelly of my shaft as if I were some kind of delicacy.

Amy ground her head against my crotch. I couldn't believe how she could take the entire length of prick without even gagging. Her hands worked in tandem with her mouth by squeezing my balls. She was careful to straddle the line between pain and pleasure when teasing my sack.

I loved the feel of her lips against my groin. My pubic hair didn't bother her as she ground her face against my pelvis. I began to move in rhythm with her by counter-thrusting her suckling. It felt like we were performing an erotic dance through our movements.

I couldn't believe a man could ever abandon a woman like Amy. Sure, she had a little something extra between the legs but it added to her attractiveness. She knew to suck a cock better than your run-of-the-mill woman. Her body was

a work of art and her hands were as skilled as that of an artist. I didn't know whether she was self-taught or not but I was thankful for her expertise.

In the back of my mind, I wondered if this was a dream. A beautiful woman had invited me to her apartment for coffee. We had bonded before engaging in lovemaking. Only the feel of her lips told me that this was real.

Amy worked her magic on me with her mouth. My sexual encounters with my ex stood in stark comparison with this woman. Before, sex had felt perfunctory when I did it with my former girlfriend. It was like some exercise you needed to get out of your way for a daily routine. Now, I felt like I was experiencing a stellar performance.

I cried out in ecstasy as Amy moved all over my groin. Pleasure rippled throughout my flesh like the aftershocks of an earthquake. Each wave grew in their intensity. Her head moved side to side as if trying to find a new angle of attack. Her tongue seemed inhumanly long and flexible.

She wasn't content to use just her mouth. I felt her fingers probe my rosebud. I groaned when I finally felt her penetrate me. "AHHH!"

Amy let go of my erection to bring her tongue down to my asshole. Her fingers and mouth worked in tandem to pleasure my ass. I yelled out a string of expletives which made her finally relent. I slumped back onto the bed and gathered my breath. I felt as if a wildfire raged across my skin.

The woman smiled at her handiwork and asked. "Had enough, Brian?"

Recovering from the blowjob, I stared at her cock. It was at half-mast yet still massive for its size. It made me realize that Amy had done most of the work up until now. "How about I return the favor?"

Chapter 5

She raised an eyebrow at my suggestion. "Favor?"

The woman gasped when I reached out grasp the base of her shaft. It was such a strange sensation to hold someone else's cock. It felt like my own but

there was a different sensation in the palm of my hand. Nevertheless, I immediately began to stroke it.

It wasn't long before her prick became engorged from my actions. I decided to take things to the next stage and lick the head of her cock. Her taste was briny like seawater but it was enough for me to take in more of her shaft.

I felt her erection swell between my lips. I instinctually began to bob my head up and down her considerable length. I lacked Amy's skill but my unsophisticated technique did the job. She groaned with approval as I sucked her off. "Yes, suck me down Brian!"

While I didn't deep throat her prick, I did manage to swallow quite a bit. I lapped up her shaft with my tongue until it was good and wet. I knew the next step.

Releasing her cock from my lips, I stared into Amy's eyes and whispered. "Please, fuck my ass..."

The normally taciturn woman was awestruck by my request. "Are you sure?"

I didn't hesitate. "I'm positive."

She guided me onto the bed so that I lied stomach down. Sitting over me, she spread my legs before getting on top of me. Then, she parted my buttocks with a hand on each cheek. I felt like a nude model being posed by an expert sculptor.

I was well lubricated from the session of oral sex I had earlier. Nonetheless, Amy fingered my asshole to help me loosen up. It was a tight fit but she pumped into me with two fingers.

After a good minute of pumping my asshole, she removed her fingers. Then, she pressed the tip of her shaft against my rosebud. I didn't know what to expect so I braced myself as if preparing for a car crash.

Then, she thrust forward and entered me.

I exhaled from the pressure I felt. "Oof!"

Amy was absolutely enormous. Her prick was much thicker and longer than mine by a good margin. It felt like I was swallowing a sword from the opposite end.

Once I got used to the pressure, she began to move deeper inside of me. It was gradual as so that I could get used to having a prick shoved up my ass. Once she was a good deal of the way in, Amy exited before reentering me. Each time she did this, she drove deeper into my anus.

With time, it stopped being painful and actually started to be enjoyable. Despite the tight fit, I loved the feel of her thrusts. Amy noticed this and began to fuck me in earnest.

I held onto the bedsheets as she railed my ass with powerful thrusts. My cock was entombed between my body and the bed. Nevertheless, the force of Amy's fucking made my erection brush against the bedsheets.

The friction was unbelievable.

I was harder than I had ever been before. The bed creaked as Amy railed me with all of her might. She had managed to get the entire length of her prick inside of my ass. Her balls smacked against my ass with every thrust. The sound of the impact echoed with the walls of the bedroom.

I felt my body near climax. Amy, however, didn't seem like she would be stopping anytime soon. She kept fucking me like some machine. Whenever it felt like she would tire, the woman would fuck me with renewed vigor.

I didn't know how long I could last. Amy hammered me from above with near bottomless stamina. Yet, I sensed her orgasm pulsate within her cock.

Our movements became synchronized and we moved in rhythm to her thrusts. Her cock throbbed within me and felt impossibly large. It grew stiff until it was rigid as a steel beam. We dashed towards our inevitable climax.

Then, we came.

It was such a rush. I felt as if a rocket had gone off inside of me. Amy sprayed my insides with her semen. My ass tightened its grip around her as if milking every last drop out of it. She came in me as I did the same onto the bedsheets.

Finally, we stopped coming and collapsed in exhaustion. My ass loosened up enough to allow her cock to slip out of me. Neither of us said a word. We were content to bask in each other's heat.

After a moment, I broke the silence and kissed Amy. "Oh my God! That was mind-blowing!"

Covered in sweat, she simply smiled. "I knew you would love it, Brian."

The quaking in our bodies had subsided. I embraced her and felt her nipples jut against my chest. "It took a few hours but I'm dead tired."

Stifling a yawn, she replied. "Agreed."

It didn't take long before we were out like a light. We slept nude in each other's arms until it was well into the afternoon. The rigid schedule I had kept as a taxi driver as far back in my mind. This was more fun than a pleasure cruise through the countryside.

I woke up before Amy and got dressed. I was careful not to wake her up. Instead, I needed some time to think over what had happened.

I didn't just have sex with any just woman. I had fucked a woman with a cock. Well, she had returned the favor by fucking me. In any case, I loved making love to a woman like Amy.

It was hard to chalk it up as just a one-night stand. Sure, we were from different ends of the economic spectrum but I had truly connected with her. I didn't want to leave her just yet. Nothing was waiting for me back at home. Besides, it was my day off from work.

As I looked out the window at my taxi, I heard a voice. "You're awake, Brian."

I looked up to see Amy yawning and putting on a robe. "Sorry if I woke you up."

"No worries," she said, shaking her head. "Worried that they'll tow your cab? Don't worry, they're not strict about guest parking."

It felt strange just being in her presence. I hardly remembered that I drove a taxi for a living. "I should get going."

Amy pouted like a schoolgirl. "Going so soon after last night? I didn't think you'd leave so abruptly."

I stood in my tracks. "I've already overstayed my welcome."

"Please, you're a breath of fresh air, Brian," she giggled. Her laughter made my heart skip a beat. "I enjoy having you around here."

I smiled. "Same here."

Amy headed to the kitchen. "Let me make you some coffee before you head off."

I couldn't refuse an offer like that. "Sure."

Like an expert, Amy brewed a hot pot of coffee. "This is from a darker roast. I think you'll enjoy the taste at this time of day."

I took a sip. "I love it."

Any desire to head out the door melted away after a good cup of coffee. We had brunch and made small talk. We spoke about everything from the weather to how much we had slept. It was a good thing neither of us had any work lined up for the day.

It wasn't long before we kissed again. Her lips were as warm as I remembered them to be. The intensity of our last encounter came rushing back to me.

"My heart," she whispered. "That's your payment for driving me home."

I sighed. "We're two very different people, Amy."

She sighed as well but she sounded more frustrated. "Brian, I wouldn't invite you up here if I wasn't interested in you. The fact you're different from most of the men I've been with intrigues me. Besides, you love me despite who I am."

"No, I love you because of who you are," I replied sincerely. "You've shown me a side of myself I didn't know even existed. It's honestly a little overwhelming..."

Amy giggled in surprise. "Then let me help you understand yourself better."

I raised an eyebrow. "Is that a request for a date?"

"It's whatever you want it to be," she replied. Perhaps, this was just what I needed. Some time out of the cab and with a real date would do me good. "I just want to spend more time with you."

I grinned. "In or out of bed?"

"Both," she answered, returning my grin. The thought of my ex-girlfriend was a distant memory. The pain of losing her had faded. With my heartache out of my system, I could look back on those memories with a smile. I knew where my future held. "I know your schedule is a bit irregular but we can make it work. Why don't we hash out the details over dinner?"

I blinked when I heard the last word. "Dinner?"

"My treat," she answered, enjoying the look of confusion on my face. "Don't worry, I'll pay. I always do that when I treat a man out."

“Coffee, candle-lit dinner,” I said, leaning close to her. “You’re really spoiling me, Amy.”

Her lips were millimeters from mine. “You keep working miracles with that tongue and I’ll keep spoiling you.”

I kissed her again. “If you want a nice ride, call me anytime.”

CELEBRITY PULLOVER

Chapter 1

My name is Rex Connors and I am the biggest star in Hollywood. I had headlined multiple blockbuster films that took the top spot on the box office. Everyone from Egypt to Ecuador could recognize my face. I even got an Oscar nod or two for my contributions to the film medium.

It helped that I was easy on the eyes. Men emulated my clean-shaven look. Of course, they had a harder time copying my stylish attire. You couldn't afford the latest designer clothing without being an A-list star.

So why was I driving in a sports car through the desert with dresses in my passenger's seat?

Well, it started innocently enough. I attended a party in Nevada at the home of a famous producer named Andy Wilson. I forgot his exact credentials but my agent said he was a big-shot. The man was looking for a male lead to be the face of some Oscar-bait costume drama set in the 1960s. These studio heads loved to live in the past but it was easy work for guys like me in the present.

Wilson was concerned with my rock star persona. I had to admit I had a tendency to get hungover from partying and could miss a day of shooting. A missing star on set meant that the crew got paid but no actual work was completed. This producer didn't want a loose cannon on his ship. I hated working with strict guys like him but he controlled the purse strings of the production company. If he asked someone to jump, the reply needed to be 'how high' or else.

Nonetheless, my agent hashed out the details with him. Agents were a Godsend in a business such as this. They made you look like a paragon of virtue when the opposite was usually true.

The role didn't pay as much as a typical superhero movie but I was looking for a change of pace after years of blockbusters. Nothing beat a couple weeks of shooting in an air-conditioned studio lot for an easy ten million dollars. Due to my reputation at the box office, I still commanded a high salary from this modest film. If you wanted a guy like me to draw crowds to theatres for an indie movie, then you needed to pay me for what I brought to the table.

Of course, I had other interests than business at the lavish party. My agent handled the business deal while I focused on the lovely ladies of the evening. A number of suitable women were interested in spending the night with me. Some were up-and-coming actresses while others were models trying to make it big. Everyone saw me as a valuable networking partner and I was more than happy to 'network' with the aspiring starlets.

Not willing to split my attentions, I invited them all back to my hotel suite. A few of them invited their friends from work who were more than happy to meet Rex Connors. I probably ordered a small fortune worth of liquor from room service.

Before I knew it, I had with woken up the next day with a crushing headache. I was surrounded with naked women and even more empty bottles of champagne. I had to be careful not to trip over a bottle of wine as I gathered my bearings.

I only realized how late it was when I saw how I had fifty voicemails on my phone. I managed to gather what had happened from my agent. After I had gone to the hotel for the evening, he had managed to hash out the details with Wilson. The meeting was a success and things were going forward.

The good news was that I was the frontrunner for the part. The bad news was that I had missed the flight home. My agent had gone on without me for other business. Wilson expected me to meet with one of his co-producers in Los Angeles to nail the deal. I had to get there to show that I was a model citizen so they could proceed with the production. Any of my past antics could cost me the contract. It looked like the sins of the past were catching up with me.

A knock on the door revealed that the hotel management needed me gone as well. I had not only slept half a day past checkout time but also trashed the

room. Deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, I borrowed a car key from one of my female guests.

Well, it was more like I took her keys while she slept.

Hey, desperate times called for desperate measures. I guessed she had driven here to meet me in person. In any case, I needed to get to Los Angeles in a day or lose my meal ticket. I made my way to the parking lot and found the woman's Lamborghini.

It was an expensive car for a woman with a model's salary. I guessed she had an admirer or she was borrowing it from a rich friend. The passenger seat was full of clothes in designer bags for dresses. It wasn't uncommon for models to practically live in cars while they worked. Nonetheless, it was my ride now.

I thought about high-tailing it to the airport and hitching a flight to Los Angeles. However, the flights were cancelled due to an incoming dust storm. The Southwest could get nasty at this time of year. With the meeting occurring over the next day, I needed to make it across the state border or kiss an easy paycheck goodbye.

There was no choice but to get to Los Angeles on ground.

I raced towards my destination in the Lamborghini. As luck would have it, there was nary a car on the highway. I didn't have to worry about being stuck in a traffic jam.

Of course, desert routes rarely attracted drivers. These roads tended to be in poor condition and the heat was absolutely sweltering. Service stations were few and far in-between. I dodged potholes like a professional driver with the car shifted to top gear. As for the weather, I had a state-of-the-art air-conditioning system. Nevertheless, I couldn't afford to be picky at a time like this.

I needed the fastest route to Los Angeles. I couldn't afford to make a stop for anything other than fuel. I only focused on getting to my destination as quickly as possible.

I was in such a rush that I didn't notice the blare of a police siren. The flash of red and blue lights only confirmed my fear. A highway police car had me in its sight.

"Son of a bitch," I cursed, glancing at my rearview mirror. The sight of the police cruiser was unmistakable. "I can't deal with this crap right now."

Worse, I wasn't just going to just get ticketed for speeding. I still had a little bit of liquor in my system from last night. A failed breathalyzer test could be the end of my career. Sure, I wasn't a boy scout but a DUI would seriously hurt my appeal. I could already imagine the activist groups wanting me to be barred from both driving and acting. Besides, I wasn't in the mood for a lecture about the dangers of speeding.

It didn't help that this technically wasn't my car. It belonged to one of the models I had bedded earlier. Well, at least I thought it did. Driving at top speed in a car whose owner I didn't even know wasn't a great combination. The police could think I was a trafficker or something.

I almost wanted to outrun the cruiser. I had a sports car with a high top speed. This engine could beat that of a patrol cruiser any day of the week. The license plates belonged to someone else. I would've loved to stomp on the accelerator and watch the guy eat my dust.

Of course, the police would sic a helicopter on me and set up roadblocks. The last thing I needed was to be arrested for refusing to pull over and getting into a chase. The tabloids would have a field day with that. Worse, it could affect any future work I was interested in. My bad boy persona was good only up until a certain. Otherwise, it was bad for business. Hopefully, the police officer and I could come to an agreement.

I wasn't too worried. I wouldn't be an actor if I didn't know how to talk my way out of a ticket. I just had to use the old Rex charm. It worked better on the fairer sex but I could also spellbind a man just as easily. I just needed to flash my smile, flatter him, and offer an autograph. My boyish grin was practically a get out of jail free card.

I just needed to keep my cool and sweet talk him into giving me a warning.

I started to slow down and move to the side of the road. Then, I came to a stop and rummaged through the car to see if everything was in order. Thankfully, the car's registration was in its glove compartment. I just needed to straighten out my hair and look presentable. I even swallowed some breath mints for good measure.

I saw the police cruiser pull up behind me. I didn't know whether the guy was angry at me or not. In any case, it wouldn't have hurt to draft up an apology. Regular guys loved it when a star groveled before them. A few minutes of humiliation were well worth avoiding a much unneeded speeding ticket.

For a good minute or two, the officer didn't exit the vehicle. I figured he was dialing in my license plate. The long pause didn't make me feel more comfortable. I needed a good cover story as to why I was in a car that didn't belong to me.

Hell, I hoped that there wasn't anything unusual in the car other than the dresses in the passenger seat. As far as I knew, there could have been drugs or guns in the trunk of the car. A drug or weapon trafficking movie star was as popular in Hollywood as a barrel of nuclear waste.

Finally, the door of the patrol car opened and a police officer stepped out. He looked tall enough to be a man. In any case, I needed to take control of the situation. "Lights, camera, action..."

I placed both hands on the steering wheel and waited for him to come to me. I knew I couldn't make any rash moves or else I would look suspicious. I was already driving a car that didn't belong to me. I didn't need to add fuel to the fire.

When he reached the side of my car, I rolled down the windows and gave him a warm smile. "Good afternoon, officer."

Chapter 2

"Sir, do you know what you were doing?" he asked, sounding all businesslike. The man didn't seem star-struck or even recognize who I was. His expression was unreadable behind his sunglasses. "This highway has a speed limit."

It was the oldest trick in the book. They tried to get you to self-incriminate yourself so they had it on record. They could use it against you in court. I gave him an innocent reply. "No sir."

The man remained stoic. "License and registration, please."

"Yes, sir," I said, still maintaining a smile. I popped open the glove compartment and pulled out the registration. I was lucky to have my license on me after last night's wild party. "Here you go."

He took the license and registration but didn't look at them just yet. "And yes, I recognize who you are, Mr. Connors. My sister watches all of your movies."

"Then, I'm sure you're excited for my next movie," I replied, watching him go through my paperwork. This conversation wasn't going the way I wanted it to. "I was just on my way to-

"I'm not a fan," he said gruffly. The man took off his sunglasses and I saw his disapproving glare. "My sister is."

I forced a smile. "I'm sure she would love an autograph."

"I'm sure she would," he said coldly. I leaned over to get a closer look at him. The man was tall and broad-shouldered. A badge on his utility belt revealed that his name was Officer Jack Hughes. "But I'd love to know why this car belongs to a Carlos Sanchez, Mr. Connors."

That must have been the model's boyfriend. I quickly cooked up a lie. "He's a friend of a friend from work. Carlos let me borrow his car for an emergency."

Officer Hughes folded his arms. "What kind of emergency?"

"I have to get to an important meeting but my flight was cancelled," I answered, my smile starting to hurt my face. It sounded honest since it was pretty close to the truth. "Bad weather, you see. I should've checked the forecast. I've got to get to Los Angeles by tomorrow."

He seemed to buy it for now. "What's that?"

I turned to see him pointing to the clothing bags in the passenger seat. "Oh, they're clothing bags. They contain outfits for a coworker."

"Unzip them."

I reached over to the clothing bag and pulled down. It revealed a rather nice evening dress. I didn't know whether it was for a movie or for actual eveningwear but it was gorgeous.

However, when I pulled the zipper all the way down, a small packet fell out of it. It was full of a powdery substance. I had been in business long enough to know that was cocaine. I didn't think anyone would be storing packets of sugar in a dress bag.

Officer Hughes wasn't fooled either. "What the hell is this?"

My heart thundered when I saw him look at me with suspicion. "Hey, I didn't know about that!"

"Try to come up with something more original," he said, picking up the packet of cocaine. It was the genuine article inside a mid-sized Ziploc bag. I may have accidentally picked up the car of a drug dealer. "Drug trafficking is a serious offence."

I quivered in my seat. "Please, it's not mine!"

He rolled his eyes as my pleas fell on deaf ears. "This looks heavy enough to be considered more than procession. You could be tried as a dealer, Mr. Connors."

I gulped. "But I haven't done anything! I didn't even know it was in there."

"It a heavy penalty for a heavy bag," Officer Hughes growled. The drugs must have belonged to Carlos. He could have been using his models as drug dealers or traffickers. In any case, I had landed myself in some serious hot

water. "This is meant for dealing rather than just using. Junkies don't carry this much!"

"But it doesn't belong to me!"

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to step out of the car," he said, stepping aside. "Don't make me ask you again."

Not eager to fight him, I did as I was ordered. I immediately felt the hot blast of the desert air against my skin. Soon, I felt the cool metal of a pair of handcuffs as he wrapped them around my wrists. Officer Hughes began to read me my Miranda rights.

I barely listened to him as I thought about how my life was over. No director wanted to work with an actor who was convicted of drug trafficking. My career was the least of my worried. I could wind up doing hard time in prison. Worse, it would be for a crime I didn't commit.

Finally, Officer Hughes finished. "Do you understand the rights I have stated?"

I mumbled a reply. "Yes..."

He asked again. "I didn't hear you!"

There was no point in upsetting him. "Yes, sir!"

"I'll be honest, Rex," he said, leading me back to his police cruiser. "I would hate to bring you all the way to the station. It's a real bitch patrolling these parts. There's hardly a pit stop around here."

My ears perked up at that. "Really?"

He nodded. "It's a hassle just coming back to the station for processing."

"Well, in that case," I began, trying to conjure up a plan. "Maybe we can work something out? You can let me go and you can be on your merry way a happier man."

He stopped in his tracks and glared at me. "Are you trying to bribe an officer?"

"No sir," I said. I was well aware that anything I said could be used against me in a court of law. However, bribing involved a certain level of clarity and causality to be admissible in court. "I'm just trying to suggest a mutually beneficial scenario for both of us."

Officer Hughes didn't smile but he didn't get angry either. "Okay, Mr. Connors... dazzle me with your proposal."

"Look the whole thing is a farce," I replied. The guy looked weary of his work. I figured he didn't want to go through the hassle of arresting me. "The drugs don't belong to me. Sure, it'll take a while but I'll be able to fight it in court and prove it."

He wasn't moved by my proposal. "They'll have a hard ass DA working on your case. It's an election year in case you haven't notice. Someone will want your blood so that they'll look tough on rich jackasses like you. A judge won't cut you a break either, especially when the media is involved."

I chuckled nervously. "Why waste tax payers when you can take the drugs and we can both be on our way?"

"What am I going to do with a bag full of drugs?" he asked, not buying my pitch. "I'm no junkie or dealer."

"Say you found it on the side of the road," I replied. "Like from a drug trade that went wrong in the middle of a desert. You'll look like a hero."

"More like a trash collector," he said grimly. The man tugged on my handcuffed hands. "Come on, I'm locking you up."

I felt terrified just being in a jail cell with dangerous criminals. A movie star like me was like red meat to them. "There has to be something you want!"

He pulled me forward. "Save it for the judge."

I almost wanted to get on my knees and plead. "I'll do anything!"

That got his attention. "Anything?"

I was starting to reel him in. "Sure, whatever your heart desires."

Stopping in his tracks, Officer Hughes glanced back at the car. "How big is the dress back there?"

I wasn't an expert on women's sizes but I gave my best answer. "About medium to large. I don't know the full length."

Then, he asked. "Can you put it on?"

My eyes widened in surprise. "Wait, what?"

The officer wasn't joking. "You heard me. Can you put on that dress? I'm sure an actor like you is good at playing a role."

The guy sounded completely serious. I was tempted to call him a lunatic. However, it looked like Officer Hughes was willing to make a deal. Whatever crazy plan he had was better than getting hauled into jail. Weighing my options, I decided to humor his offer.

"Okay, so if I get dressed up," I began, not wanting to sound too desperate. Nonetheless, my voice betrayed how far I was willing to go to get let off the hook. "You'll forget that this ever happened? Water under the bridge?"

"Yes, and I'll even let you keep the drugs," he answered sincerely. "It'll almost be like we never met. I just need you to become a woman."

It sounded like this officer had a few sexual peccadillos he didn't want anyone to know about. I felt as though I could trust him to keep his word. It would be mutually beneficial for this to stay under wraps. "Okay, I need these handcuffs off of me."

Once I was freed, we went back to the Lamborghini. I took out each dress bag and went through them. Not all of them contained dresses. Some had undergarments and other accessories that weren't drug bags. There was even a makeup kit. I decided to mix and match what I saw.

Officer Hughes, however, got impatient. "I'm waiting."

I groaned. "Give me a minute. And turn around while I'm changing."

Hopefully, he kept his side of the bargain.

Chapter 3

Grumbling under his breath, the policeman did as he was told. That left me to sort through all of the clothing. I had a nice dress, a pair of heels, and a set of designer lingerie. Altogether, I had enough for a stylist to transform me into a woman.

As luck would have it, I knew a thing or two about women's clothing. I didn't just learn it from undressing women at my hotel room. Being on a movie set for most of my career meant I knew the ins and outs of women's clothing as well as any dresser.

I wondered how far Officer Hughes wanted me to go. He had asked me to put on a dress but it sounded like he needed more than just that. I decided to give myself the full works. A pervert like him couldn't complain if I put in more effort.

Before I even touched the clothes, I put on some lipstick. I had applied lipstick to my dates. Applying it to myself wasn't too different. I used the side mirror to dab a nice red lipstick to myself. I finished up with some blush and eyeshadow.

The change was already startling. I looked less and less like a Hollywood leading man and more and more like a girl. The makeup brought out feminine features I never knew I even had.

"Get a move on!"

I groaned and glanced at the policeman. "Alright, alright."

Stripping out of my clothes, it didn't look like I would have time to do my nails or apply polish. I had to get down to business. I took out a lovely blue dress and some undergarments. They looked to be custom-tailored but still within my body size.

I was less certain about the undergarments. I took out a pair of satiny panties and stretched them. Then, I stepped into them one leg after another. To my surprise, they fit like a glove. Even my cock felt comfortable in them. It was much better than wearing a pair of boxers in the sweltering heat of the desert.

The bra soon followed. The cup size was meant for a well-endowed supermodel instead of a flat-chested man. That presented a problem. However, I didn't want to forgo them.

I tried to think of an alternative solution. I didn't exactly have any breasts to put in them. Instead, I decided to roll up some spare socks and put them in the cups. That managed to do the trick. The bra was now firm without being too tight. Hell, it had a little jiggle to them like real breasts.

Piece by piece, my transformation continued. I felt more confident about this weird deal. It didn't feel like I was humiliating myself so some weird policeman could get his rocks off. Instead, it felt like just another acting gig. I've put on all sorts of weird costumes for superhero movies. A dress was much more comfortable than a yellow spandex suit.

The heels, however, took some time to get used to. They had a different feel than the typical Italian leather I usually wore. I figured I wouldn't be sprinting around in them.

I was stunned when I saw my reflection in the mirror. I barely saw Rex Connors the playboy actor. Instead, there was a tomboyish young woman with a gorgeous face. My cock stirred at the image. I would've wanted to fuck my reflection if I hadn't known it was me.

It made me forget what the hell I was even doing by dressing up as a woman in a scorching hot desert. I forgot that I was essentially being blackmailed into dressing up as a woman. Hell, I forgot that I was in a rush to get to Los Angeles and sign off on a new contract. I was genuinely enjoying being dressed up as a woman. It wasn't just for the pleasure of a perverted police officer.

Satisfied with my new look, I walked over to Officer Hughes in my new heels. I got used to strutting around in them like I was a model on a runway. There was even a spring in my step.

I was actually loving this.

Even the policeman stared slack-jawed when he saw me. Gone was the terrified actor he had caught on in the middle of nowhere. In his place was a sexy diva. My beauty stood in sharp contrast with the desolate desert around me.

I felt strangely confident despite being the blackmailed person in this deal. "What do you want me to do, Officer?"

Now, it was his turn to be tongue-tied. "I-I need to touch you!"

It was a strange request but I didn't fight him. "Okay..."

He reached out to caress my face. The man seemed to be in just as awe of my new look as I was. He stroked my bright red lips with a finger. My nipples hardened underneath my bra. I felt paradoxically exposed yet powerful.

Officer Hughes continued to touch me as he said. "I want you to suck my cock."

My eyes widened in surprise. I wasn't sure whether it was for his request or the fact that I was perfectly fine with it. "Okay... I'll do it."

I obediently complied with his demand. I went down to my knees as the policeman undid his belt. Then, he began to take down his pants. To my

surprise, the man didn't wear boxers. I guessed it was common for policemen patrolling around a desert.

The heat of the sun felt distant as I watched his cock spring up. Its tip was already wet from pre-cum. I counted myself lucky that I ran into an officer with a fetish for cross-dressing men.

Not knowing where to start, I began by stroking the base of his erection. I figured it would be like masturbating myself but it was someone else this time. In any case, Officer Hughes loved my touch. "Yeah, that's it... keep doing what you're doing."

Soon, my hand grew damp from his sweat and pre-cum. It helped lubricate my fingers so I could pump him with more ease. I touched him from the bottom of his balls to the tip of his shaft. His erection grew until it was much bigger than mine. I felt him gasp as his orgasm grew in his prick. However, the man had specifically requested that I suck him.

Then, I brought my lips to his erection and swallowed his bulbous head. It was surprisingly easy sucking another's man cock. His hardness overwhelmed my senses as I took more and more of his shaft into my mouth.

The depravity of the situation made my cock grow hard inside my panties. I couldn't remember the last time I had been so excited to perform a sex act. The friction between us was positively electrifying. It felt like my body sucked him of its own volition. I simply closed my eyes and enjoyed the feel of a cock between my lips.

My tongue lapped up his erection as if I were French kissing it. From below, I reached over to cup his balls. That got a soft groan out of Officer Hughes. "Oh..."

It was funny to see this hard screw of a cop act like this. Beneath the facade of being a tough officer, he was a red-blooded male just like me. For that matter, I was having the time of my life. A day ago, I would have been mortified at the idea of dressing up as a woman and giving a police officer a blowjob in exchange for my freedom. Now, I felt as though this debauched deal had awoken something within me.

I thought of myself as less of a leading Hollywood superstar and more like a sexy, submissive seductress. I practically purred like a kitten as I sucked his prick. This passed as a vibration through him and made his balls pucker up. It was the perfect opportunity to go down and swallow his balls. They were a heavy pair and I was especially careful with them. I used the tip of my tongue to tickle his hairy balls. That almost sent Officer Hughes buckling. "Oh... fuck! You're amazing."

The man took his balls out of my mouth and lifted me up. Then, he placed my back towards the side of his car. Finally, he brought me in for a deep kiss.

Officer Hughes seemed overwhelmed with desire. His lips lavished me with kisses and his tongue explored my mouth. I shuddered from the sheer power of the kiss. Our tongues became tangled over and over again. My cock grew unbearably rigid under my dress. Each time we kissed, I grew harder and harder.

Throughout my career, I had been hedonistic as they came. I chased one sexual high after the other. However, nothing came close to what I was experiencing right now. I felt like I was flying through the sky as new sensations washed over my body. Strangely enough, we hadn't even gone down to actually fucking each other. Stranger still was the fact that a man was making me feel this way.

I considered myself straight as a whistle. The only thing gay about me is that I loved going to bed with a pair of lesbians. Now, a man was making me feel better than any supermodel ever could. Each passing second made me feel like I was flying higher and higher through the clouds. It barely felt like I was kissing a man I barely knew in the middle of a desert.

Finally, Officer Hughes broke away and asked. "You'd like to have my prick in you?"

I didn't hesitate. "I'd love it."

Chapter 4

This encounter had awoken something carnal within me. Despite being the one being ordered around, I felt completely at ease. I sensed I had a strange

power over Officer Hughes. It made me forget that this sexual encounter was actually part of our bargain.

I watched as Officer Hughes took off his shoes and pants. It was a hot day and it would give the maneuverability he needed when fucking me. "Bend over the car's hood."

I did as ordered and used my hands to cushion myself from the hot metal of the car. My erection throbbed as the man walked behind me. Up until now, my ass had strictly been an exit-only route.

As an actor, I never wanted to give even a hint that I was gay. The rumor mill was absolutely crazy in Hollywood. I actually went out of my way to prove that I was straight by getting into perfectly heterosexual scandals. Audiences would come see you in a completely different light if they found out that you were gay. It could actually affect your livelihood and prevent you from auditioning for traditional male roles. No studio was going to cast an openly gay actor for a testosterone-laden action movie.

Now, those thoughts about my career were far behind me. I felt actual attraction to another man. I chalked it up to the dress I was wearing. It made me think of myself as a new man.

Well, a new woman to be precise.

In any case, excitement had replaced the terror I had felt before. Having sex with a man felt novel and exhilarating. Even as a playboy, the thrill of orgies with women had waned. It was like listening to the same joke over and over again. The punch line lost its bite after a while.

This was different.

It no longer felt like some business transaction to get me out of jail. I was doing this out of a selfish need to sate my desires. Dressing up as a woman and dolling myself up almost felt like method acting. I had transformed myself into the fairer sex and I had the same urges as that of a woman.

The explicit nature of the exchange added to the eroticism. Being humiliated by a police officer was quite a turn on. However, I knew that both of us wanted more than a mere blowjob.

Looking over my shoulder, I watched as Officer Hughes walked up behind me. He undid his shirt which must have been hot from the weather. I imagined my skillful fellatio had added to the heat. The white of his shirt stood in sharp contrast with his black uniform. Each of his movements were deliberate as if he was performing an arrest rather than a round of anal sex.

Soon, his bare chest came into view. This cop wasn't a donut munching slob. He kept his body in top shape. I imagined his stamina would come in useful while he was fucking me.

I braced myself by holding onto the hood of the car for support. Officer Hughes looked up and down the highway for any travelers. It was unlikely that we would be interrupted. This route was rarely traversed, especially at this time of day. Besides, he would be able to tell if anyone approached from either side of the road.

Finally, Officer Hughes approached me from behind. His cock shone in the bright sunlight from my saliva. It seemed even larger after my blowjob. It was nearly a foot long and its girth was as big as my wrist. The sheer size of it would make a male porn star turn green with envy.

After pulling down my panties, he ran his fingers across the length of his prick. It was as if he was just as much in disbelief of his size as I was. Then, the officer gripped the base of his shaft and rubbed it against my rosebud. My asshole immediately began to pucker up from being teased by his cock head. "You like this, bitch?"

I moaned softly and shivered from the sensation against my ass. "I love it..."

I heard him walk closer towards me. With a free hand, I reached down to my erection and began stroking it. It was already just as hard as Officer Hughes's prick. I had a sneaking suspicion that neither of us would last particularly long. We just had too much pent up desire.

To my surprise, he didn't immediately fuck my ass with his shaft. Instead, he brought his lips to my asshole. His mouth lustfully ate my backside and prepared me for what was to come. Soon, his tongue darted out and licked my rosebud until it was wet.

I groaned and shoved my ass against his face. He took it as a request to tongue me even deeper. It felt like a flame had been lit in me. It spread across my flesh like wildfire.

The officer ran his fingers across my buttocks. They went across the soft underbelly of my ass to my balls. He stopped at my cock and asked. "Ever get fucked by a man?"

I exhaled deeply. "Never..."

He gripped my cock and began to slowly stroke it. "A first time for everything."

The man tightened his hold around my shaft. My once mighty erection felt dwarfed in the man's large hands. His fingers closed upon my cock head as if they were milking it. I felt completely powerless under his grasp.

I groaned as I loved his ministrations. "Oh..."

I submitted and allowed him to stroke my erection. Whenever I neared orgasm, the man slowed down. He toyed with my body without mercy. It was an erotic mirror of a standard arrest. We spoke a conversation without words. Instead of the regular spiel, his skillful fingers read me my Miranda Rights.

I felt a carnal need to be dominated by another man. It was the recompense for all the whoring and boozing I had done as an actor. Dressing up as a woman and being humiliated seemed to awaken something buried deep within me. I needed to give up control in order to be free. It was like pulling off a heavy weight on my back.

After a few minutes, my asshole was soaking wet and my cock was rock hard. I was already as I would ever be to be fucked senseless by a police

officer. I couldn't believe I was actually looking forward to getting rammed. "It's time... for you to fuck me..."

He smiled. "Yes, it's time for the big event."

The officer lifted up the hem of my skirt. Although my panties were already pulled down, he brought them to my ankles to give himself more room. Yet, I barely felt the blast of the hot desert air. The only heat I felt was that from the prick that was about to rail me.

I gave one last furtive glance at his erection. It seemed even larger but it could've been my vantage point. Officer Hughes didn't trim the hedgerows very often. His pubic hair was an unruly mess.

To the surprise of us both, I took the initiative and pressed my ass against his throbbing cock. His prick immediately sought the comfort of my asshole and entered my tight anus. My rosebud clamped down hard on him but I was sufficiently lubricated for him to enter without much difficulty.

His prick drove its way deep into my ass. I shivered from being penetrated so deeply. Each time he inched forward, I felt a new sensation. Each movement sent waves of pleasure through my flesh. I shuddered and groaned. "Yes... fuck me! AH!"

My groaning only made him more ravenous. Officer Hughes gripped my hips before hammering away. With each movement, I felt him embed his prick deeper in my anus. I rested my head against the hood of the police car as if I were bracing for a crash.

To my shock, the officer began planting soft kisses on my back. It was in sharp contrast to the shafting in my ass. Nonetheless, I welcomed the respite. He kissed me down my spine while pumping me from below.

"Oh..." I moaned, my face planted firmly on the hood. My body was strictly on auto-pilot as it shivered with ecstasy. I couldn't move even if I wanted to. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Both of us began to sweat as if we were in the sauna. While I could bear the heat of the desert, the friction between our bodies was overwhelming. The smell of flesh against flesh was like a powerful aphrodisiac. It made my cock harder than any drug I had used in the past.

Officer Hughes parted my ass cheeks with his hands. This helped him position his pelvis better and thrust deeper into my anus. I closed my eyes and savored the feel of a prick shoved my ass. It was my first experience and I knew I would never forget this moment.

In fact, Officer Hughes was going to have a few memories of this occasion as well. The man cursed as he railed me without pause. "Fuck me! Your asshole is tight!"

For an anal virgin, I was surprised that I was taking him in so well. It had helped that he had kept me well-lubricated before penetrating me. The man had seemed so tender with how he used his tongue. For the moment, I forgot that he was blackmailing me. Officer Hughes felt more like a lover than a tormentor. Hell, I forgot that I was even a world famous movie star. As far as I was concerned, I was a woman built to be fucked senseless.

Soon, I felt the full weight of the policeman upon me. I felt his pubic hair rasp against my bare buttocks. His throbbing erection probed deep into my now loose ass. We were locked in a seemingly unending cycle of fucking. We drove each other wild with lust. Each movement was fuel for the other. Together, we shook with a strange, erotic energy that seemed bottomless.

Nonetheless, our breathing and movement began to grow ragged. Officer Hughes held onto my ass as if his life depended on it. His cock plundered the depths of my anus. We were both lost in a rising wave of passion.

The movement ground my cock against the side of the car. The dress kept any serious harm from coming to it but it grew hard from the constant friction. I was completely lost in the act of getting fucked. An entire tank battalion could roll over from the hills and I wouldn't be aware of it. We may have been fucking in the middle of a road but it felt like we were getting intimate in a private penthouse suite.

Chapter 5

“Fuck me, officer!” I screamed at the top of my lungs. My voice seemed to echo in the endless desert. I couldn’t recall the last time I had been that loud in or out of a film set. “I want your big prick up my ass!”

There was no way to stop either of our impending climaxes. It was like trying to plug a hole in a leaking dam with a finger. I felt every part of my body stretch and contract as if I was performing yoga. My knees were starting to buckle but I had the police car for support. Besides, Officer Hughes wasn’t going to let me drop so easily. The man had unfinished business with me. “I’m going to cum!”

There was too much excitement for either of us to go on any further. I felt the policeman’s prick move like a telephone pole in the middle of an earthquake. The bliss in our bodies grew and grew until it needed an outlet. Thankfully, the two of us were more than ready to orgasm.

My climax happened in tandem with his. The man’s erection had gone as far as it could possibly have gone. It felt as though I was reading the crest of a wave as the officer shuddered and ground his pelvis against my ass. His cock quivered before unleashing its load inside of me.

The shotgun-like blast of his semen was much more powerful than I had anticipated. The man seemed to have an endless supply of hot cum. I was more than happy to have him spray the walls of my ass with the fruits of his loin.

I never thought I could reach such heights, especially with another man. Wearing a dress and getting fucked up the ass felt like the epitome of sexual intercourse. I had come into this deal expecting to be scared and humiliated. Now, I felt utterly liberated from my preconceived notions of sexual pleasure.

Finally, Officer Hughes stopped his coming and slumped on top of me. My balls were running on empty as well. We laid there for several minutes out of equal parts fatigue and pleasure. Once we recharged our batteries, we got back on our feet and began dressing.

“So officer,” I teased, changing back into my regular clothes. It felt a bit disappointing to leave such soft, silky garments behind. Nonetheless, I had a

whole wardrobe to play around with in my car after I took care of business. “Does this mean I’m off the hook?”

He grinned and tore up a ticket. “I’m sure the tax payers and police have something better to worry about than a sexy woman who went a little over the speed limit.”

Adjusting my clothes, I smiled back. “Thank you, Officer Hughes.”

“Call me Jack,” he replied. The change in his demeanor was drastic. A few minutes ago, I was absolutely terrified of the man and how he could have me arrested for possession of drugs. Now, I looked back on our sexual encounter with fondness. I couldn’t recall the last time I had such a rapturous time with a stranger. I guessed that all it took was having me be the woman. “It’s what my friends call me.”

The man looked like a method actor who had walked off set and changed his demeanor. I much preferred a friendly lover to a hard-nosed policeman. I could’ve learned a thing or two about acting from Jack.

As I got into my car, I remembered the drugs from earlier. “Hey, what do you plan on doing with the drugs?”

He shrugged and returned the packet of the illicit white powder. There was likely more in the dress bags in the Lamborghini “If it belongs to someone else, then you might as well return it. Not much will come from me bringing it back to the station. They’ll ask too many uncomfortable questions about how I came across it.”

I wasn’t a junkie and I took his sage advice. Nothing good came from being involved with drug deals. As crazy as my life was, that was a whole echelon above my usual shenanigans. I planted a soft kiss on his lips. “See you around, Jack.”

I revved the engine and raced down the highway. I watched as Jack and his patrol cruiser disappeared into the distance. My heart felt a pang of regret for leaving him so soon. Nonetheless, I had business to take care off.

I made it to the meeting in Los Angeles with time to spare. After a good shower and shave, it hardly looked like I had attended an orgy, overslept, got pulled over for speeding, dressed up as a woman, and got fucked by a police officer. Putting your best foot forward went a long way in show business.

The producer I was meeting with welcomed me with open arms. He was happy to see me sober and on time. I wasn't eager to correct him about what had happened. I got the part and a sizeable signing bonus.

I returned the Lamborghini and made sure the 'extra cargo' was in its proper place. The owner, Carlos, was angry at me for taking his car but a small settlement out of court cleared the matter. It was much better than getting caught up with a drug dealer. Although I hated to say goodbye to that dress, I was more than happy to leave this episode behind me.

After the day's events, I was on the straight and narrow. I stopped the booze and the whoring. I sobered up and took my work more seriously. I avoided parties and focused on doing the best work I could on set. If it had been any other officer, I could've ended up in jail for drug possession. I had been so close to losing everything.

This had a beneficial effect on my image as well. The media picked up my change in personality as well. Some tabloids said I had found God because of my lack of scandals. In any case, I stopped being the guy known for partying and coming hungover to film shoots. I now had an image of a clean-cut, hardworking actor. My agent wasn't sure what caused the change but he was happy with the new work I was attracting.

Well, I wasn't completely straight.

Behind closed doors, I dressed up as a woman. I had a secret room made in my mansion where I could dress up in privacy. Nothing made me happier than wearing the finest dresses and lingerie on my bare skin. I experimented more with makeup and undergarments. I had custom tailors deliver new clothing secretly to my door.

It felt too derogatory to call it acting. Instead, I simply transformed myself into a woman. It was a process that was more intense and enjoyable than simply preparing for a role in a movie. I learned to sit, talk, and walk like a

woman. I strutted around in my room on high heels like a runway model. It was a shame I couldn't share my new look with anyone.

I still had to be careful with my new hobby. I didn't want my new image as a boy scout turn into that of a weirdo. People could be very judgmental in Hollywood, especially when it came to things like cross-dressing. If the wrong people found out, I could end up getting blacklisted from being a leading man.

It was a cruel system but I had to work within its confines. I could be a boy scout during the day and a sexy diva during the night. I could be whoever I wanted to be behind closed doors. Besides, there was another piece of the puzzle that was missing.

Jack.

The memory of our sexual encounter was burned into my mind. I recalled the warmth of the desert which didn't hold a candle to the heat radiating off of his prick. Each caress was vivid as if I was watching a video of our performance. I hoped it had made just as much of an impression on Jack as it had on me.

I wondered if he had talked to his coworkers about the incident. I imagined getting anal sex for the price of a ticket was quite the bargain. Nonetheless, I imagined most policemen didn't go around bragging how about they pulled over a guy and had anal sex with him. Jack wouldn't risk his career over something like that.

I thought about hiring an escort to play with. I could be the woman and he could be the dominant policeman. There were many prostitution companies that specialized in this kind of kinky role-playing, especially for celebrities and other rich people. While there was a risk of getting caught by the media, they were pretty hush-hush about their clients since they wanted return business. However, I didn't want just any man.

I wanted Jack.

I needed him back in my life. One day, I picked up the phone and Google searched a phone number. Once I found the place I was looking for, I dialed it in.

An operator greeted me. "This is the Reno Police Department. How can I help you?"

"Hello, is Jack Hughes there?" I asked the operator, a smile on my face. "Tell him that Ms. Connors wants to thank him for sparing her a ticket."

There was a brief pause. "Please hold."

A moment later, a familiar voice greeted me. "Rex, is that really you?"

"Why, if it isn't my favorite officer?" I teased, happy to hear Jack's voice. "I didn't get to properly thank you earlier. I think we should meet up so I can suitably reward you."

He paused as if in complete disbelief. Sometimes, I even forgot that I was a movie star. "You want to meet up?"

"If you're free that is," I continued, thumbing through a set of lingerie. "I've booked a hotel in Reno. I have a bag of dresses and makeup I'm dying to show off."

That got his attention. "My shift will be over in an hour but I'll still have my police cruiser."

"I know the perfect place," I said with a smile. "It's a route in the middle of the desert. Hardly anyone uses it. If someone were to fuck a lovely lady in the ass over the hood of a car, no one would be around to see it."

I could imagine him returning my smile on the other end. "I know exactly what you're talking about. I'll head there as soon as possible... Ms. Connors."

I picked up the keys to my car and a bag full of sexy clothes. "See you there, Jack."

THE GENIE'S HAREM

Chapter 1

Looking for a good place to have a vacation?

Why not try a war zone?

Syria fit the bill perfectly. It was locked into a multilayered civil war between countless factions. The big Western nations weren't sure who to support exactly in this Byzantine conflict. Rebel groups switched sides as circumstances changed. For a lack of a better term, it was a complete cluster fuck.

While the factions usually fought themselves, civilians tended to get caught in the crossfire. Countless innocents died needlessly in this brutal war. It almost felt insulting to call it a civil war instead of a slaughterhouse. Yet, most of the world didn't know what was exactly going on in the conflict. It was why war journalists such as myself were needed.

Cary Redfield, veteran journalist, at your service!

It all started a few months ago when the war flared up again. It didn't look like any side was backing down. The situation continued to deteriorate with more and more civilians caught in the crossfire. Quick intervention a few years ago by a big country may have curtailed the war but it was too late now. There would be no easy solutions now.

Only damage control.

I was part of a UN Security Council humanitarian aid effort. I wouldn't do much aiding myself. Instead, I would be documenting the process. Journalists like me were needed to help spread the word about what the UN was doing. Hopefully, my efforts helped the world realize what was going on here.

The death toll was already in the thousands. The rest gathered in refugee camps at the edge of the tattered nation. The humanitarian group I worked for was heading a series of refugee camps. We had our work cut out for ourselves.

Even in a first world country, refugee camps were a hard business. Resources were low and a disease could easily devastate the camp. That went double for a war zone. The UN wanted to keep the refugees safe until it was safe for them to go home.

I wasn't sure they would have homes to go back to. The UN tended to be focused on looking diplomatic than trying to actually get things done. Most refugees would be temporarily displaced before sent packing home. In practice, they never went back home. As long as there was a war, someone would want them dead. Whether it was a tribal war or genocide, they would be in danger if they stayed in their homeland.

They had nowhere else to go other than to move on. Men, women, and children arrived in the camps with just the clothes on their backs. It wasn't easy for them to enter another country on foot. The locals typically didn't want anything to do with them.

I had been to conflicts in both Africa and South East Asia. As bad as they were, nothing prepared me for the brutality of Syria. Every day I heard a new horror story.

Most of my coworkers were doing fluff pieces in Europe. Before, I had chided them for taking vacations in France and Italy. Now, I didn't feel so smug.

Nevertheless, a war journalist such as myself couldn't complain about such an assignment. Careers were built on stories such as these. If I helped save lives along the way, even better.

Of course, that was easier said than done. The UN hadn't broken the budget when it came to refugee camps. It was more of a tent city or a shanty town. Food, water, and medicine were scarce considering the large influx we were experiencing. Sometimes, fights would break out between the various ethnic groups. Like I said, it was a huge fucking mess.

I didn't know how much longer the camp would hold up. There was a never-ending trickle of refugees. The war was in full swing with entire cities being leveled. The country was descending hell with bombs dropping in from nowhere.

More permanent accommodations would be available in neighboring countries, such as Turkey, Lebanon, and Jordan. Of course, they weren't willing to let anyone in. They had to be questioned about their background and their relatives. It was a time-consuming process. We ended up with more refugees than we could possibly send to a neighboring country.

Call me selfish but I was worried more about airstrikes. Use of chemical weapons like nerve gas would have the UN send military intervention but regular bombs weren't as serious as far they were concerned. At night, I heard bombs going off in the distance. They seemed to get louder and louder with each passing day.

Most politicians back at home made speeches and gave their prayers to the people of Syria. They did little in actual intervention or aid. No one wanted to be caught up in a war without end.

It seemed like no one had a clue as to how to fix Syria. As a war journalist, I could ask a lot of questions but I had little in the way of answers. There was no end to the conflict in sight. Saving as many refugees as possible was as close to a plan anyone had at the camp.

Worse, it looked like the war was heading our way. Reports had it that the Russians were smuggling weapons and equipment to their allies in Syria near our area. That group's enemies would want to intervene and stop the flow of supplies. Unfortunately, we could get caught in the crossfire.

In any case, I worked with other journalists to document the refugee crisis. I never had good news to tell my boss back at home. I often had to do reports on volunteers from North America and Europe who were helping to feed and medicate the refugees. These photos of first world citizens knee deep in mud tended to go viral back at home.

I didn't know what effect my work had on the political discourse back at home but I hoped it was positive. Western reporters in the Middle East tended

to be seen as more credible than the natives. It took a lot of balls to report in an active war zone.

Soon, we heard that the fighting was getting closer to our camp. It had become mandatory to wear a combat vest in case of an attack. Hell, I went to sleep in mine. However, I avoided anything heavier. Rebels who saw journalists wearing combat gear tended to think of them as enemy soldiers instead of noncombatants.

There was talk of shutting down the camp. This would mean letting the refugees fend for themselves and we weren't happy with that. At the same time, people weren't thrilled about getting caught in a crossfire. War journalists chased stories but we didn't have a death wish.

In any case, the decision was made for us. A sister camp not too far from us was attacked. There had been fighting throughout the neighboring region due to the Russian arms smuggling ring. In the age of camera phones, the imagery was disturbing.

Mortars and other artillery pieces had been used to level the camp. Hundreds were dead and many more were wounded. I knew that several of my coworkers had been there. I saw photos of journalists covered in dirt and mud. Children cried as they were left orphaned. I felt an icy chill over my own mortality once I heard the news.

We were ordered to evacuate but that was a complicated process in and of itself. I wasn't eager to leave the refugees to fend for themselves but the decision was above my pay grade. In any case, it would be weeks before we would be evacuated. Getting journalists and humanitarian workers out of a war zone was a complicated process. Some people began to panic and had to be sedated. We would be sitting ducks until help arrived.

Smoke could be rising from the distance. It felt like the various warring factions were converging upon us like a noose. I heard reports that one of the groups had set up roadblocks. No one was sure if they were friendly or hostile to the UN. No one wanted to take chances finding out either. Personally, I didn't trust any of them.

Hope wasn't completely gone. The locals said that there was an alternative track through the mountains. It was near an ancient religious site so most of the rebel groups kept their presence to an appropriate minimum. Even bloodthirsty soldiers had their limits. Still, that left a very difficult mountainous trail for us to walk through. Although we had a land rover, it was no good on such a treacherous route. Besides, its loud engine would attract too much attention.

The idea would be that the healthiest people would volunteer to go first. We would scout out the area and scan for landmines. This group included me.

The constitution of both refugees and UN workers may not have been up to the task. However, we didn't have any alternatives. The area was becoming too much of a hot zone for an air evacuation. I didn't think any faction would be bold enough to attack a UN helicopter. There would be hell to pay in return. Of course, none of us were willing to take the risk considering how intense the fighting had gotten.

I wasn't sure whether I was happy to be among the first to leave or terrified to act as a recon team. In any case, I went with a dozen UN and a fellow journalist to scout out the path. The mountains were said to have been cursed by a powerful Genie. Many of the locals were superstitious and didn't expect us to make it back alive.

The mountain trail failed to live up to its reputation. We didn't encounter any of the warring factions. Any stray animals avoided us. We had a few small handguns to use in an emergency but we never had to use them to fend off any predators.

Even I carried a gun. It was a beaten up Browning handgun. I was a terrible marksman but I was happy to have a piece on me. Some rebel fighters were green and got spooked if you so much pointed a gun at them. Hopefully, I never had to use it. The soldiers were had machineguns and grenades. We were far outmatched in a firefight.

Of course, we had a lot more to worry about than automatic weapons. An artillery shell could kill all of us with an unlucky hit. It could be fired a mile away and we wouldn't even see it coming. We were a band of UN workers and a pair of journalists against trained killers.

The fellow journalist's name was Harry. He worked for a different paper than me but we were old friends. The guy was more scrawny and bookish than me but we were the same age. When we stopped to rest in a clearing, I made some small talk with him.

"So the great Cary Redfield has come to Syria," Harry said to me over coffee. "Not what it looked like in the brochure?"

I chuckled softly. "I think false advertising is the least of our worries. You hear anything from back home?"

He shook his head. "We went on communications lockdown a few days ago. Even though the fighting has grown fierce, no outside nation wants to enter this fight. Even evacuation is a risky process."

I sighed. "We're gambling a lot by taking this trail. The path is uneven and we'll be sitting ducks if we get attacked from above."

"The locals say that it's cursed," he replied. "A genie supposedly rules these mountains. He's said to be both enemy and friend. The Genie helps those pure of heart but curses the wicked. Most people avoid this place altogether."

I rolled my eyes. "You honestly believe in these fairy tales?"

"I believe that the people out to hunt us believe in it," Harry said, pouring himself another cup of coffee. He was a little scruffy looking after living in a refugee camp. I wasn't much better. The two of us were lucky that no serious harm had come to us. One journalist in another camp caught shrapnel from an artillery shell and lost his eye. "That's an advantage for us."

I couldn't argue with his logic. "I just hope we can get everyone evacuated in time."

Harry laughed. "Look at the bright side. If we get killed, we'll end up in the news. That might cause the bigwigs in Washington to do something about this war. Maybe we'll win a prize posthumously!"

I had to admit this place had a certain serenity to it. It didn't boil like the rest of the desert. It felt like an oasis even though there was hardly any water in sight. Nevertheless, I mirrored his cynical laugh. "That's one way to get our names out there. Maybe we should've thought of it sooner."

He looked at the other UN workers. Most of them were doctors or engineers. None of them were good in a fight. A few of them had that 'thousand-yard stare' that you usually associate with shell-shocked war veterans. "They say a good journalist dies young, Cary."

I smirked at him. "Maybe I'll stick close to you so that I'll live forever!"

We both got a good laugh at that. Journalists were singled out by several factions in Syria. They believed we were spies working for the other side. Photographers were especially unlucky. Soldiers thought they were taking photos that could be used by their enemies. I saw videos of photographers being strangled to death with the strap of their cameras. In truth, any kid with a smartphone with internet could take a photo and email it around the world. Nevertheless, I didn't want to go out like that.

The violence had to end. However, I felt completely powerless. In any case, helping to evacuate the camp was the least I could do.

"I just wish this war would be over-"

Before I could finish my sentence, a huge cracking sound echoed in the mountainous valley.

One of the UN workers yelled. "Artillery! Take cover!"

While soldiers were superstitious about the area, artillery shells weren't. They could be lobbing shells at us from half a mile away. Hell, it could be as far away as ten miles from us. None of our attackers would even see how much we were suffering.

Another shot pierced through the sky. The earth beneath us exploded in large plumes of dust. Another series of rounds soon followed. A flurry of artillery shells began falling from the sky. I was almost too shocked to move.

I got my motivation when another salvo of shells peppered the area. There was no much dust kicked up that I couldn't see a damn thing. I was almost happy to be blinded. I could hear the cries of the UN workers as they were eviscerated by shrapnel. I prayed that Harry was safe.

I remembered the instructions I was given in case of being caught in artillery fire. I needed to find a trench or a foxhole and take cover. However, I was walking blindly through the rain of shrapnel. I counted myself lucky that I wasn't hit or was too shocked to even tell if I was hit.

It went on like this for minutes. I heard the cries of my friends but I couldn't see anything. I slipped and fell into a ditch. I hoped I hadn't tripped over a body. Regardless, the ditch was as good as any cover I could find in my state. I curled up into a ball and braced myself.

It was a lucky move because I heard the sound of an incoming bomb. Then, I heard a huge explosive go off near me. The ditch protected me from most of the impact but the force tossed me around as if I was a rag doll. A blast of heat passed over me but I wasn't burned.

The dust cleared and I was completely stunned. I found myself lying on my back in a ditch. I was covered from head to toe in debris. I counted myself lucky since a direct hit would have left me in pieces. However, I was more concerned with the sharp pain I was feeling across my face.

I reached out to feel something warm and wet on my face. It hurt to even move but I knew I was bleeding out. Some of the shrapnel must have hit me. I saw my clothes turning dark red with blood. The vest I had worn may have saved me from much more serious damage.

Nonetheless, I was stuck in a ditch and bleeding out. I heard screaming and saw a fire in the distance. It looked like no one would be able to help me. I needed to move before I lost consciousness. I tried to move my arm but it refused to budge.

I wanted to get up and fight. I was no soldier but I wanted to pay them back for what they did to me. Yet, I felt like I could barely control my own body.

Then it all went black.

Chapter 2

I awoke to the feel of warm sunlight. There was a smoky aroma in the air that reminded me of incense. Stranger still, I felt completely rejuvenated.

They say your life flashes before your eyes before you die. In Syria, I had experienced both serenity and savagery. I had seen families grow closer together. I had also seen violence tear people apart. The latter felt like a distant memory. Despite my last memory being that of dying to an artillery shell, I was strangely content.

My eyes adjusted to the light and I saw that I was in a tent. It wasn't like the shanty town back at the refugee camp. In contrast, this tent was large and luxurious. Its cloth was embroidered with gold lining and jewels. I could even hear and smell a stream of fresh water outside.

I realized that this wasn't just one tent but rather a series of several tents that had been stitched together. Hallways branched out in all directions. I guessed that I was near the center since a large pole held everything up. The wind brushed against the entrance sent the flap gently rolling.

Looking around, I saw that I was in a room full of pillows and cushions of every color. There were also various water pipes and vases. I recognized one as a hookah kit but it was fancier than the ones found at a college dorm.

To my surprise, I didn't have a scratch on me. There was no bleeding or pain. I had expected to be battered or at least dinged. I didn't even feel a bandage on my skin. However, my body felt different.

For one thing, I had tits. They were large and swayed with the rest of my body. I didn't know what I was doing looking like a woman.

Well, not just any woman.

A beautiful one.

I saw my reflection in a nearby full body mirror. I had a full set of breasts that jiggled like the real thing. Instead of my trusty cock, I had the nether lips of a woman.

That threw the Cat in with the Canaries. I wondered if I had died and gone to heaven. Perhaps, this was my second life. Some religions talked about reincarnation. However, I never heard any about any religions about being reborn as a woman.

I wondered what my family back at home thought had happened to me. Bad news traveled fast in Syria. By now, my mother probably thought I was dead. I guessed being a living woman was better than being a dead man.

My entire family had said I was nuts to go to Syria. I couldn't blame them after seeing imagery of the war. Nonetheless, I felt I had a duty as a journalist to report the truth. My parents thought my actions were equal parts brave and foolish.

Now, I felt completely lost.

The life that had come before this moment felt like a distant memory. My childhood on my family's ranch seemed like a million miles away. I could barely recall their faces. The incense in the room was making me hazy.

Despite being raised in a household of faith, I had never been the religious type. That went double for anything magic and superstition. I never put stock in anything that I couldn't explain through science. I was a rational man who only saw reason instead of fairy tales.

Now, I had the body of a woman and was in a tent in the middle of nowhere. In fact, I had a rather lovely, well-proportioned body. My frame was now a voluptuous series of curves. My once short and unruly hair was now rich and silky. My breasts and buttocks were quite full like that of a Grecian nude statue.

I slipped my hand beneath my thighs. My cock was long absent. Instead, I found a pair of pussy lips. There was even a small pearl that formed my clit.

My hands began to explore my body out of curiosity rather than shock. I felt my hard nipples and pinched them. They were longer than I had remembered.

“I hope I’m not interrupting you.”

I turned around to see a woman enter the tent. She was tall, regal, and beautiful. More to the point, she was completely nude.

The mysterious woman was rather statuesque. The only adornments she wore were a set of gold jewelry on her neck and ankles. She moved gracefully across the carpeted floor and sat across from me. Her movements were casual as if nothing else required her attention. From her light brown skin, I guessed she was of Middle Eastern descent. However, I was more distracted by her curvy figure than her demeanor.

Her hair was long, dark, and silky. Her almond eyes were accented with makeup. The woman’s dark brown irises looked like gemstones. Her light brown skin reminded me of hot cocoa with just the right amount of milk. As for her lips, they looked like they were made for kissing.

“Who are you?” I asked in bewilderment. I saw that the woman had no pubic hair between her legs. That only added to my confusion. “Where am I? Why am I a woman?”

“You must be Cary,” she said to my surprise. Her lips broke out into a gentle smile which helped calm me down. “I am Kaia and you are the newest member of the harem. I will draw a bath for you and instruct you in the ways of the harem.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Harem?”

Pouring a cup of liquor from a vase, she sat before me on a divan like a queen. “Please, have some wine. It will calm your nerves. I understand this is a drastic change.”

I took the cup and drank some of it. It burned gently down my throat. Nevertheless, it was the shot of liquid courage that I needed. “What the hell is happening to me? Where am I?”

"You are quite beautiful in your new form... I am sure you will catch the master's eye," Kaia replied. "Cary works as well for a woman as it does for a man."

"Wait, why do I have a woman's body?"

"A powerful Genie rules these lands," she revealed. It seemed like the old legends were true. "He is my Master and saw that you were pure of heart. When you were at death's door, he saved you."

I chuckled in disbelief. "Huh, I guess I should tell my parents not to cash in on my life insurance policy just yet. Okay, where are the others? There were people who were attacked along with me."

"I'm afraid they died," she revealed to my shock. It was a tough pill to swallow. Harry was my age. The others were good people. "You were the only one alive when my Master rescued you."

I rubbed my forehead. "Wow... they're all dead..."

"My Master has punished your attackers for besieging this sacred ground," she said. I think the woman expected the news would brighten my day. However, I was too shell-shocked to process it. "He rewards the good and punishes the wicked."

That still didn't completely answer my question. "Okay, so why am I a woman?"

"While my Master is merciful," Kaia began. "He does require compensation for saving your life. A man was of little use to him but a woman can provide him with great pleasure. You are to serve him for one month. Obey and provide pleasure for him and then you'll be free to leave."

"Pleasure?" I replied. "Does he want me as a wife or something?"

Kaia giggled. "No, not a wife. You will be more of a concubine. One of many. You will serve him along with the rest of the harem. He would tell you this in

person but he is currently busy with one of the others.”

“Others?”

As if on cue, I heard the soft laughter of women in the other tents. “Yes, it is a privileged position to serve a powerful Genie. Serve our Master to the best of your ability. He has saved your life, after all.”

I exhaled when I realized that this Genie wanted to fuck me. “This is heavy. Isn’t there any other way to square things up between us?”

Kaia shook her head. “I’m afraid this is the only option. A month of servitude in exchange for a life. You must admit it’s more than a fair bargain.”

I couldn’t argue with that logic. “One month and then I’ll go back to being a man?”

She nodded. “Yes, you will have your old body back. Of course, you may grow to enjoy life as a harem girl. You will have your own quarters. Whatever luxury your heart desires will be yours.”

I tried to digest everything I had just learned but failed. “Okay, is there a harem school or a crash course I can take?”

“I shall teach you the ways of the harem,” Kaia stated. “You will learn from the others as well. I am sure you will enjoy their lessons.”

I decided it would be best to play along for now. “What can you teach me?”

“I can teach you to be a woman,” she explained. “How to move and use your body. I understand that this new to you.”

I couldn’t help but smile. “That’s an understatement. I had a cock for over twenty years. I’m kind of lost at what to do with my new... tools.”

“Do not worry,” she consoled me. “You are a natural beauty. I am sure you will win the Master’s affection.”

I wasn't sure I wanted to win anyone's affection. I figured that I would keep my head down for a month and avoid seeing this so-called Genie. Spending a month in a tent like this sounded like an all-expenses-paid vacation. It was a hell of a bargain for cheating death.

That's when I realized that I didn't have any clothes on. "Hey, do you have any spare clothing?"

Unashamed of her nudity, Kaia giggled. "It is not the way of the harem. Besides, you must be prepared."

"Prepared? For what?"

"For the Master," she said with a smile. The sweet, intoxicating scent of incense in the air seemed to calm me more than Kaia's words. "You will be bathed and oiled. In addition, your armpits and bush will be waxed. Our Master is a hunter who prefers a clear sight of his prey."

I crossed my legs. "Seriously?"

Kaia got up and clapped her hands. "Yes, Nira and Tara will attend to you."

As if on cue, two buxom young women entered through a flap on the side of the tent. They were young, beautiful, and exotic. They were also as nude as I was.

It looked like things were about to get busy.

Chapter 3

Kaia left us alone as the two women converged upon me. They were as lovely and graceful as her. One was tall and slender. The other was more voluptuous. I didn't move from my throne of pillows as they approached.

I could tell that Nira and Tara were some the same exotic region as Kaia. One had a darker shade of skin like that of almond while the other was more of a creamy brown. They only wore silver and gold jewelry on their nude bodies. In

any case, they were drop-dead gorgeous and their sexy bodies seemed to glow in the sunlight.

One of them, the lighter skinned one, introduced herself. "I am Nira."

"I'm Cary."

The other answered. "Tara."

With the introductions out of the way, Nira poured water from a jar into a large bowl. Tara sat beside me and pressed her warm body against mine. I watched as Nira returned with the bowl and a set of white cloths. They were the size of a towel and she dipped one of them into the bowl.

After rinsing them, she brought the cloth to the abdomen. I would be lying if I said I didn't enjoy having a warm, damp cloth touch my bare skin. Nira ran the cloth over every inch of my body. Not to be outdone, Tara did the same with another wet cloth.

I felt utterly pampered by the two ladies. After weeks of fearing for my life in Syria, I was happy to be in the lap of luxury. Nira and Tara intuitively moved across my body. They only moved me when they needed to reach the nooks and crannies of my skin. I felt their skilled touch on my breasts, buttocks, and even the bottom of my feet.

Nira then slipped her hand between my thighs. Tara helped by parting my legs. I didn't fight them as they touched the damp cloth to my pubic hair. They kept drenching my new sex with water. The two repeated the process for my armpits before returning to stroke me between my legs.

With expert precision, Tara brought the cloth to my pussy lips and gently parted them. I felt the warmth of the cloth which helped calm me down as she rubbed me. I felt pleasure built between my legs along with the friction. I couldn't believe what my new body was experiencing. It was far more intense than anything I ever felt as a man.

To my disappointment, she removed the cloth and I immediately felt its absence. Tara helped me up on the pillows as Nira continued to wash the rest

of my body. In particular, she focused on my armpits. On occasion, she touched my sensitive nipples which were now rock hard. I was content to lie back and let the women do their work.

However, I noticed Nira had brought the bowl of water close to me. The woman went on to dissolve a bar of soap in the warm water and create a foamy lather. While that was interesting, the razor blade next to the bowl caught my attention. Yet, I didn't feel danger after the soothing massage. Kaia had promised me that I would be safe for the duration of my stay.

Nira placed the foamy lather on my pubic hair. I didn't think they were that serious about shaving me below the neck. Tara did the same to my armpits but I didn't have much hair there to begin with. Sensing my apprehension, Tara leaned over to kiss me.

I had kissed girls before but never while I was a girl myself. I felt her soft breasts against mine. Her warmth contrasted with the cold touch of the necklace dangling from her neck.

Tara's lips were soft and sweet. It was like experiencing my first kiss all over again. It helped distract me from the fact that Nira had brought the razor to my pussy. In the corner of my eye, I watched as the cool metal met my lathered pubic hair and began cutting. With each stroke, I saw the curly hair between my legs fall off.

Tara caressed me and Nira shaved me. The latter was so skilled that I relaxed and spread my legs wider for her. Tara removed her lips from mine but didn't stop kissing me. Instead, her mouth drew a path down my face and onto my breasts. Her tongue traced a circle around my erect nipples.

Nira shaved me as if her friend wasn't sucking my breast inches from her. I had to admit that the woman gave a close shave. I didn't feel any sharpness or discomfort at all. She methodically rinsed the razor and removed my body hair.

Tara only stopped her suckling so that Nira could shave my armpits. As a man, I had made countless shaving errors over the years. Now, I was happy to be treated by a master groomer.

Not to be outdone, Tara continued to tease me with her tongue. Her lips suckled my breasts as her hands roamed my body. I felt her reach down to cup my buttocks before moving her lips up to kiss me again.

Finally, Nira finished up and left my pussy completely bald. I reached down to confirm the fact. Tara continued to kiss me but I now felt another pair of lips on my body. Nira's agile tongue began to lick my freshly shaven cunt.

I welcomed both of their skilled lips upon my bare body. "Oh yes...!"

Their tongues darted over my sensitive skin. While any red-blooded man would've loved to have a pair of exotic women make love to him, it felt strange to feel this way as a woman. Nonetheless, the pleasure radiating throughout my body was undeniable. I shivered from their skilled tongues.

Tara draped her body over mine. Her flesh felt warm as if I was approaching a hot stove. The sheer intensity of her heat felt like it could consume me. Nira, on the other hand, tongued deep into my sex. I felt her lips kiss the interior of my pussy.

The two women worked me from opposite ends. It was as if the three of us were performing some erotic dance. I never wanted this to end but I felt the pressure built up within me. Bliss forked through my body like lightning. A bead of pure pleasure seemed to pulsate in my freshly mowed pussy.

This new sensation only grew larger from Nira's oral assault. I felt her tongue explore the depths of my pussy. It seemed to know the inside of my body better than I did. Then again, she had been a woman for longer than I had.

Tara was no slouch either. I felt her hungry mouth on my breasts as her hands rubbed my buttocks. I sensed the pressure rise up within me. There was no way to stop this wave of ecstasy. I simply had to embrace its violent eruption. "Oh my God! AHHH!"

I cried out in bliss as the women continued to tongue me. Nira explored the depths of my sex and Tara caressed me with a steady rhythm. We were a tangle of flesh and tongues. I came explosively as the two women embraced me. "Ah! Ah! AH!"

Exhausted, I slumped into the pillows and fell into a blissful sleep.

I must have been out like a light because I awoke the next day. I was still nude with evidence of my earlier arousal still between my legs. Alone in the tent, I drew out water from a vase and cleaned myself.

Curious as to what was outside the tent, I opened one of the flaps on the side and peeked outside. It was a vast and endless desert. Naked and alone, there was no way I could leave and survive in the harsh and barren desert. Besides, I didn't want to risk the wrath of the mysterious Genie in charge of this place.

I didn't know who this Master was or what he even looked like. I didn't even know what the extent of his power even was. Considering that he had saved my life and transformed me into a woman, I wasn't eager to escape and break whatever deal we had.

If I ever got out of here, I wanted to write a story about nearly dying and turning into a woman. Of course, no one would believe my tale. I was better off writing an autobiography about my time in Syria. There would probably be an epitaph about the craziness I had experience in that nation.

In any case, my thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of Tara and Nira. Together, they said in unison. "It is time to continue your training."

I didn't argue with them as they led me by the hand into an adjoining tent. To my shock, the tent was much larger than the one I had been in. More importantly, the contents of the tent were numerous as well.

I saw over a dozen different women lounging around in this part of the encampment. Similar to me, they were oiled and clean-shaven. However, there were differences as well. Their skin ranged from light mocha to a dark black. It seemed that I had the fairest skin compared to the rest of the harem. Whoever this Master was, he certainly had a diverse set of women to choose from.

Barely paying attention to me, the women seemed content to lie down or sleep in each other's arms. All the women were lovely and curvy. Their breasts

and buttocks were quite generous in size. Their skin was smooth and all of them lacked hair below the neck. Some took turns smoking a hookah pipe. Others groomed and washed each other. I suspected that they had been here for quite some time. The Genie must have collected them over the years.

Nira and Tara guided me onto a set of cushions that formed a circle around the perimeter of the tent. As the newest member, I wasn't sure what to do or how to act. Regardless of my apprehension, I was starting to think of this place as a new home. Perhaps it was the incense but I felt relaxed for the first time in months.

It helped that the women gave me a warm welcome. We didn't exchange any words. Instead, their hands and tongues did the talking. I learned that each woman was available for the other's pleasure. I couldn't refuse their seduction even if I wanted to.

Thus, my education began.

Chapter 4

The harem felt both forbidden and stirring. The denizens were playful with each other. The women lavished each other with kisses. They found excuses to fondle each other, including me.

It was like kindling a fire. It was a spark that slowly turned into a flame. At first, it was a series of innocent kisses and caresses. Our movements were slow and methodical. They gradually speed up and became more intense. I barely noticed the change in our lovemaking.

By now, my life as Cary Redfield felt like a distant memory. I didn't know whether this Genie had cast a spell on me or time had diminished my memory but I hardly remembered my past life as a man. The incense and the attention of my harem sisters did their magic as well.

I gave myself completely to this endless river of bliss. I dined on fresh fruits and yogurt. I loved to bask with the other women and smoke some hookah. It felt like I didn't have a care in the world. I didn't even count the days as they passed. All that mattered was the pursuit of physical pleasure. I looked forward to each new sensual adventure with a ravenous hunger for ecstasy.

In fact, I wanted to return the pleasure and attention I had received from the other women. It had started innocently enough when I began kissing one of the other girls. Her lips trailed down my chin, to my breasts, and finally onto my sex. While I enjoyed her attention, I wanted to return the favor.

Thankfully, another girl read my thoughts and approached me. She was wide-hipped beauty named Jana. The woman brought her pelvis near my face and spread her legs wide. I took it as an invitation and began to kiss her plump pussy lips.

Her taste was sweet and intoxicating. I began to lick the full length of her cunt. With each lick, I probed deeper into her. The smell of her sex overwhelmed me as I explored past her nether lips.

I ground my face against her moist pussy. Drool dripped down my chin as I suckled Jana. The woman moaned with appreciation as I ran my tongue up and down her cunt. I barely realized that another harem girl was licking my pussy while I did the same for Jana. I didn't care who it was but I loved the feel of an agile tongue inside of me.

The results were more than predictable. After a moment of licking, Jana bucked and screamed like a wild horse. I kept my lips upon her as she tried to toss me off. Down below, the other woman brought me to orgasm as I did the same to Jana. The three of us moaned and ground our bodies together. Our separate orgasms became one mutual climax.

The days soon turned into a blur. There were many repeat performances as well as an endless string of orgasms. Who my lover was didn't matter. I only saw willing mouths and bodies. That wasn't to say that I didn't get to know these women. I learned their stories as much as I learned every crevice of their bodies.

While many were born women, some were men who had been turned into women like me. The Genie had saved their lives and asked them to serve him for a time. They had come from as far as Asia and Africa.

A few of them had even been in here for centuries. The Genie's magic had allowed them to keep their youth and beauty. Rather than go back to being men

after their servitude had ended, they had decided to remain as women and continue living in the Genie's harem. I wasn't sure I could make the same choice.

Nonetheless, I wondered when I would finally meet this so-called Master. Weeks had gone by and he had never called for me. After all, he had saved my life and asked for my body in return. Day by day, I was growing restless and actually looked forward to a meeting with this Genie. However, Tara and Nira told me that I was not ready yet.

Of course, they were right that I had much to learn. Despite making love to the women of the harem in so many different ways, my skill was unrefined. I was a rapt pupil as Kaia and the other women instructed me in the art of making love as a woman.

They refined the raw skill I had used to please the other harem girls. I learned to use my tongue elegantly as if it were a pen. I moved deliberately and used the tip of my tongue to make flourishes.

There was much I needed to learn about my own body, especially when it came to pleasing the Master. My tongue and fingers could do much to arouse a man. Kaia instructed me in a number of sexual positions where I could use to couple with a man. It was some kinky Kamasutra stuff that tested the limits of my flexibility.

There were other lessons about foreplay. I learned how to draw out my lover's pleasure and torment them into orgasm. I practiced with both props and with the bodies of my teachers. I loved using my newfound skills on my fellow sisters.

I felt an affection towards the harem. I ate, slept, and made love to them. In particular, I forged a bond with Kaia who had taught me much about making love.

One night, I had a private lesson with her. She revealed advanced techniques that would bring intense pleasure to my lover. It began with me feasting on her pussy. Kaia would rotate her body into a sixty-nine position and eat me out as well. I learned to use my fingers in tandem with my tongue. No orifice was spared.

It was the greatest carnal pleasure I could ever imagine. The sheer power of it was unspeakable. I reeled from her touch. Our bodies were locked in a passionate embrace as our hands groped soft flesh.

Afterward, I learned more about Kaia. She had been worn to a poor family in Syria over a hundred years ago. When war broke out in Syria against France, her family was caught in the crossfire. She was the only survivor.

The woman would've died if it hadn't been for the Genie. He saved her and allowed her to serve in his harem. The Genie blessed her with eternal youth as a reward for her loyalty. He even offered her freedom once Kaia's period of servitude had ended. However, she had chosen to remain in the Genie's harem.

It wasn't like I was a stranger to the Genie's sexual prowess. He would regularly send for one of the harem girls to please him for the night. Sometimes, he would ask for two or more to accompany him. While he had never chosen me, I was privy to what happened at his private tent.

A few nights ago, I followed one of the chosen girls. Although I was prevented from entering Genie's tent, I could listen to what happened on the other side. With only a thin wall of cloth separating us, very little was left to the imagination.

I heard every moan, cry of passion, and fleeting gasp as the Genie fucked her. I couldn't help but touch myself as he plowed his chosen woman. I imagined myself in her place as the Master unleashed his skill. Thankfully, I had the other girls of the harem to distract me.

I wondered when it would be my turn to please the Master. There was little to focus on other than pleasure and training. The outside of the tent was a barren desert that was seemingly impassable. Regardless, I didn't have the desire to escape. The harem had plenty of distractions. Other than my lovers, I enjoyed hookah, incense, and a series of exotic cuisines.

I didn't know who cooked the food or where it came from. I chalked it up as another one of the Genie's powers. In any case, one of the older women would go to an adjoining tent and bring in meals. The food was much better than the

gruel I subsided on at the UN refugee camp. It was hot and full of spices. It almost felt like I was consuming an aphrodisiac since I felt my sexual desire flare after every meal. I always turned my mouth to my companions after a nice dinner.

One night, I went to sleep and had a terrible nightmare. I dreamt that I was a man again and attacked by the various marauding armies in Syria. There was blood and death everywhere. I awoke in a cold sweat.

A felt a hand on my shoulder. "It's alright."

I looked and saw a tall man standing over me. He wore a white robe that left much of his muscular chest exposed. After spending weeks in the harem, I couldn't remember the last time I had seen a man face to face.

There was no one else in the tent except the two of us. "Who are you?"

"I am the Master," he explained. I got a better look at him. He had a thin dark mustache but was otherwise clean-shaven. His brown eyes were unnaturally bright and intelligent. The man towered above me with his sinewy frame. His skin was a creamy brown but with a more muscular look than that of Kaia. At his side was a dagger encased in a bejeweled scabbard. "The Genie who saved your life."

With sweat dripping from my forehead, I wasn't sure whether to be excited or terrified. "Will you take me tonight?"

He chuckled. "Only when the time is right. I only came to check up on you since you were having a nightmare."

In my heart, I felt a burning desire for him and a stirring in-between my legs. I sucked in my lower lip. "You don't desire me?"

"I do not take women who do not desire my bed," the Genie replied. "I will call for you when your training is complete and your desire is at a fever pitch."

The man punctuated his statement by kissing me. His warm lips met mine with a surprising show of force. I felt his chest press up against my nude body

as we embraced. I couldn't hide the desire in my thundering heart. Any resistance I had to the Master evaporated as me.

It was the first time I kissed another man. Well, it was hard to think of myself as a man after having a body like this for a couple of weeks. In truth, I was experiencing a kiss from a new perspective.

In any case, he placed his hands on my cheeks and kept kissing me. Each time, his lips lingered over mine before parting. His hands roamed across my nude body. They never stopped to tease or probe me. Instead, it was like he was memorizing every inch of my skin.

I returned the gesture by wrapping my hands around his back. We kissed for a good moment until he pulled his lips away. I immediately felt their absence.

I still clung to him. "Thank you, Master. When may I sleep with you?"

The Genie paused for a moment and folded his arms tightly around my frame. "I will ask Kaia to prepare you tomorrow. You will be bathed and oiled."

A bright smile appeared on my face. "I will look forward to it."

He returned my smile. "Sleep well."

With a snap of his finger, I fell into a dreamless sleep. He must have used his magic to lull me into a sweet slumber. It was much appreciated after my vivid nightmare.

Chapter 5

I awoke the next day to the sound of running water. Kaia prepared a bath for me. Many of the harem women helped me bathe before drying me off. Then, they applied oils and scented lotion to my skin. I felt completely revitalized.

After I had bathed, the women continued to give me the spa treatment. I was massaged and oiled. They washed my hair and applied perfume to my skin. My body was embroidered with jewelry down to my ankles. They swayed

and clinked with the slightest movement. I surveyed my transformation in a mirror.

I looked majestic as a Queen.

To my surprise, they even put some clothes on me. Even then, it was a see-through robe that could be taken off with the briefest movement. Nonetheless, this was the first piece of cloth I had worn since I had arrived here. I knew the Master of the harem would have little difficulty in disrobing me.

I had a brief breakfast where I talked with Kaia. She would be joining me in meeting with the Master. The woman didn't specify whether or not she would share in the festivities. Afterward, my debt to the Genie would be complete.

I began to realize just how much time I had passed in the harem. I neared the end of my promised service to the Genie. Nonetheless, I was hardly aware of the passage of time. I didn't care either. The constant pursuit of pleasure was the only clock I followed.

At night, there was a full moon overhead. Everything had a silvery, almost dreamlike sheen to it. A small fire burned at the side which added a golden glow to the room. Although I was completely nude, I had never felt cold since I had arrived at the harem. A gentle breeze was the worst I ever felt.

Finally, the moment of truth arrived. I followed Kaia into the Genie's private tent. It smelt of incense, jasmine, and some unidentifiable spice. As for the Master, we found him sitting nude on a throne of cushions. I saw his extremely large cock between his legs. It was much thicker and longer than the one I had as a man.

Led by her hand, Kaia guided to the Genie and said. "We are here, Master. She is ready for you. What is your heart's desire?"

Not getting up from his seat, he pointed to me and answered us. "I want to watch her pleasure herself!"

Folding my legs, I gasped. "What?"

Kaia was smiled and told me. "I've seen you please yourself. Show the master what I've taught you."

"Please yourself before you please me," The Genie stated. Then, he turned to Kaia. "Play a song for us."

Kaia sprang into action and picked up an exotic string instrument. Then, she began to masterfully pluck the strings and play a beautiful melody for us. It was my cue to do my part.

With much less fanfare, I took off my robe and allowed it to fall onto the floor. Moonlight leaked through an opening in the roof of the tent. It illuminated my oiled and waxed body. Beams of light highlighted my hairless belly, buttocks, and pussy. My breasts looked especially lovely under the light with their hard nipples.

Getting down to business, I sat in front of the Genie and brought my hand to my lips. I licked a pair of fingers and ran them across my breasts. My hand then moved down my stomach before stopping between my legs. My teasing certainly had an effect on the Genie. His cock stirred from my sultry movements.

Closing my eyes, I thrust my fingers into my pussy and began energetically rubbing it. "Ah...."

"Slower," Kaia instructed, not stopping her playing of the instrument. "It is not a race."

I heeded her instructions and slowed down my pace. When I opened my eyes, I saw that the Genie had walked up to me. His erection stood tall like a spire. I didn't stop touching myself.

His hand reached out to cup my breasts and squeezed them. His thumbs ran over my rigid nipples and flicked them. I moaned at his skillful touch as Kaia played music softly in the background.

"Life is about the journey, not the destination," the Genie instructed, teasing my nipples. It was easy for a powerful being like him to say. "Learn to enjoy the

moment.”

Nonetheless, I took his sage advice and submitted to his ministrations. I felt him lick his fingers and pinch my nipples harder and harder. The pebbly texture of my areolas grew unbearably stiff. My groin grew damp as my breathing accelerated.

The Genie nuzzled my neck as he brought his hands to my pelvis. I shifted my position to allow him better access to my crotch. I felt his hand touch the hood of my bald pussy. I knew that my new cunt was as soft and satiny as a pillow.

I let out a soft sigh when I felt his fingers tease my hard clit. I felt my pussy juices coat his fingers as he explored my sex. I swayed with his hand as Kaia played music. It was almost as if we were dancing to the beat of a song.

“Oh yes...” I groaned. My clit felt unbearably stiff under his skilled touch. “That’s it!”

The Genie licked the tip of my ear. “Yes... give in to your desires. Now, show me what you’ve learned.”

I immediately felt the absence of his hand. The Master sat before me with his erection jutting up like a flagpole. I knew that he wanted me to use my hands and mouth to please him.

I began by gripping the base of his massive shaft. My fingers could barely encircle his large girth. I worked my way up its length before returning back down.

Soon, the erection swelled in my hand and the Genie groaned with approval. “Yes... you’ve learned well.”

I took it as an invitation swallow it. Utilizing all of my skill, I took his huge cock into my mouth. The briny taste of his flesh overwhelmed me. Nonetheless, I started a steady, almost insistent, rhythm of sucking him.

The Genie's body grew slack as he submitted to my movements. I felt great power in being able to control a man like him. My suckling became more and more urgent. My cheeks swelled from the sheer size of his erection.

His cock throbbed between my lips. I sucked him hard and faster as he thrust his prick forward. Kaia's music felt muted as I focused on the Master.

Suddenly, the Genie pulled out of me. Then, he lifted me up and placed me on my back. There was a frenzied look on his face as if he wanted to fuck me senseless.

I was proven right when he ground his face against my breasts. My flesh felt especially tender under his sensual attack. Despite my weeks of nudity, I felt naked and exposed in a way I had never been before. I felt tremendous desire well up in my chest.

The Genie's hands roamed across my breasts. His flesh burned with a powerful hunger for my body. Likewise, desire prickled under my skin. I felt like Eve in the Garden of Eden. I lived in a world free of sin, shame, and judgment.

He put his arms around me and brought his face up to kiss me. The Genie held me in a tight embrace. I couldn't leave even if I wanted to. I felt the steady beat of his heart while mine thundered.

We kissed over and over again. Our tongues lingered on the other's lips. It felt like my body was on autopilot. I let him do whatever he wished to do with me.

His hands were all over my body. Gradually, they made their way in between my legs. Then, the Genie gently parted my thighs so that the way to my pussy was open. I watched as he pointed his rigid cock at my opening.

He pressed his prick against my lips of my cunt and I rewarded him with a moan. "Oh....!"

The moment of contact made my body flare up with lust. I felt intense pressure against my groin. His cock felt unbelievably hot and hard as it

penetrated me. It would've seemed like I was in a dream if the force of his fucking wasn't so intense.

The pressure was somewhat tempered by his kisses. The Genie was skilled enough to caress me as he fucked me. I felt his warmth engulf me as he thrust from down below. It was the same pleasure I experienced when making love to my harem sisters. This time, it was much more intense.

The Master was not green at making love to a woman. His thrusts were powerful yet deliberate. I didn't think that he would tire out anytime soon. Or if such a thing was possible for a man like him.

His movements were more powerful and direct than my female lovers. The Genie penetrated deep into me. A harem girl's finger was a poor substitute for a man's cock.

Soon, I felt him penetrate deep within the valley of my cunt. The walls of my sex began to converge on him like a vice. However, he was too big and powerful to be stopped.

I looked down to see his engorged shaft plow straight into me. Each stroke fanned the flames of my bliss. I could reply by squealing out in pleasure. "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!"

With my back to the carpet, our arms were interwoven as I gave myself completely to him. My breasts jutted into his hard chest. His cock throbbed deep inside of me. It felt like he and I were the same person. Each movement or vibration in one body rippled into the other.

The Genie broke out into a series of quick thrusts. There was little grace to his movements as he fucked me senseless. With his body pinning mine down, I had no choice but to surrender to his frenzied movements.

We kissed as a fire burned within me. His swollen prick drove its way deeper and deeper into me. We rocked back and forth as he filled me to the brim. I sensed the telltale signs of my oncoming orgasm. Likewise, the Genie cock pulsed with signs of his impending climax as he sped up his strokes.

Finally, we came in unison. A wave of ecstasy wracked my body as the Genie came inside me. I rewarded his efforts with a loud series of moans. "Oh... Ah! Oh... AHHHHH!"

My voice grew hoarse from the sheer amount of screaming I was doing. I quivered from head to toe as my climax spread like a wildfire. The Genie shuddered as well with his cock spurted his sticky seed inside my cunt. It jerked and twitched wildly as he emptied his entire cargo into me. Together, we shook and moaned as bliss swept through our bodies. Our separate climaxes became one before it slowly faded away.

As I lied in shock from the sheer intensity of my orgasm, the Genie got up to clean himself. After reaching a crescendo, Kaia stopped her playing to attend to her Master. It gave me some time to gather my thoughts.

For the first time since I arrived here, I truly felt content. It wasn't due to sex, incense, or hookah. I finally believed that I belonged in the harem.

I had found my purpose in life. I didn't think of my previous life as Cary the journalist. Those thoughts felt like distant memories that I could barely recall. I was happy to leave the danger of Syria behind me. Here, I didn't feel grief or pain. Instead, I had a renewed sense of belonging in a way I had never experienced before.

After some time, the Genie returned to my side and nuzzled his cheek against mine. "What a magnificent performance."

I shot a smile at Kaia who blushed. "I was taught well."

"I will miss you, young one," he said with a sigh. I sank deeper into his lap as I recalled every detail of our passionate encounter. "So imaginative... you have great potential."

"Whoever said I wanted to leave?" I teased, pulling him in close to me. I could still smell the musky scent of our coupling on him. "I've found my place in your harem."

The Genie smiled and planted a kiss on my lips. I immediately felt butterflies in my stomach as he told me. "Then let us continue your training."


He gestured for Kaia to join us. The woman was more than happy to please both her Master and her new sister. Soon, we were a tangle of sweaty limbs.

It was going to be another pleasurable night in the Genie's harem.

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