



The Virgin Bride

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A Special Thanks to Leeanne Montgomery

Sometimes a young man needs a strong woman to show the way.

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Chapter 1 – Meeting Kristen McCarthy

The first time I met Kristen McCarthy I literally fell on my hands and knees in front of her. Yes, literally. I couldn't have known it at the time, when I was on the ground looking at her open toed leather pumps, her feet and lower legs, delicately clad in light black hose, that the woman who certainly must have taken me for a clumsy fool would transform me and change everything I thought and assumed about myself and everything around me. I couldn't have known I'd spend hours at her feet, hours worshipping her, hours serving her.

No, at the time, as I knelt on the floor and tried to recover some matter of dignity, I only knew that I must seem like the biggest loser and in the world and hoped that within the hour I would never see this woman again.

Earlier that morning, I was in the spare bedroom of my vintage two-flat house that served as both my home and office. I lived on the second floor of the house, located in Portage Park, a Polish neighborhood on the northwest side of Chicago. The place wasn't great, the windows were drafty and the appliances were so old they were again in vogue, but it had charm, with its bay windows, original hardwood floors, and converted gas fireplaces in both bedrooms. It was on the "L," which meant I didn't need a car. And most important, the rent was reasonable, crucial for a guy trying to make his way in a big city. The downside was that the neighborhood wasn't that safe, but...what could a poor guy do?

I ran my own business, designing and maintaining web pages, so having an inexpensive place that functioned as both home and work was a huge bonus and allowed me to keep my costs to a minimum while I built up a client base. I didn't need to meet with clients that often, going down to the Loop or wherever a new client was when I had to, but most things I did required only a computer and Internet access. And while the second floor of my house wasn't the best

place to socialize, it wasn't like I had much time to date, or that I was particularly good at dating even if I'd had the time.

Dating. Sigh. It wasn't that I wasn't interested in women. I was. Of course. Like almost any guy in his mid-twenties, I loved women. Unfortunately, I was most attracted to the women I seemed least able to succeed with—strong women, pretty women, outgoing women, successful women. The problem was, as interested as I was in them, they did not seem to be interested in me, at least not as boyfriend material. Friend material, yes. Boyfriend, no. I always seemed to be the 'I just like you as a friend' type, the guy who listened to pretty girls complain about their boyfriends, the 'I like it when you're there for me' guy who was always there for a girl when her jerk boyfriend was acting like, well, a jerk.

In high school, I was attracted to one particular cheerleader, Brooke, who I sat next to in American History my senior year. We spent the year talking, studying, and, what I thought was flirting. And when I finally worked up the courage to ask her out on a date (I had even asked my father to borrow the car), she responded with a soft but painful, Oh, Daniel, you're so cute, I really like you, but I'm not into you like that. I was crushed and left high school a frustrated virgin. Brooke dated half the football team and I knew none of them were virgins.

College was no better. I thought things would change by going away to a new place, thought that I could shed the shy, kind of dorky boy behind. But the truth was that's who I was and I was no more a stud there than I was in high school. I was then what I would always be, lithe where other guys were strong, demure where other guys were assertive, quiet where other guys were loud. The kind of guy girls loved to have around as a friendly sidekick, but had no interest in sexually or romantically. I may have wanted it, but none of them did. I was always the best friend...the best beta friend to the alpha men who got the girl.

Girls say they want nice guys. And they do. But as friends, not as lovers.

In college, the part of Brooke was played by a girl named Hannah Wilmont, who I met during freshman orientation and who took me on as almost a hobby. For three years I followed Hannah like a well-

trained puppy, shopping with her, studying with her, listening to her as she dated guy after guy. For three years I watched her get dressed to go on dates, listened to her tell me about her dates later that night (or the next morning if a date went well) listened to her complain about what jerks men were. For three years I was that pathetic guy, the reliable friend, always there with a shoulder to cry on.

None of the guys Hannah dated really respected me. At least one, maybe more, even thought I was gay.

What do you hang around that fag for, one asked her as I sat in the room horrified, asked it like I wasn't even there. Stop it, Jess, Hannah said in response, You know I don't like that word! It's insulting. I don't know if I was more hurt by Jess's stupid accusation or Hannah's anger at Jess for the word he used rather than the accusation he made. She didn't even defend me, didn't tell Jess I wasn't gay.

Hanna, I...I'm not gay, I told her the next day, Saturday, as we sat in her room and I watched her get ready for a date with him, doing her makeup, sitting at a desk in just a bra and panties.

Daniel, sweetie, it's okay, she told me. There's nothing wrong with it, you know that, it's fine...I don't mind...it's cute...every girl has a friend like you.

A gay friend, she meant. Hannah, seriously, I'm not gay, I said, tears welling in my eyes. I...I like girls, I...I like...

You, I wanted to say, but couldn't. You, Hannah, you.

She stopped what she was doing, turned, looked at me. Oh, she said, I just...I just always assumed...I mean...you're not like other guys, I just...you're like one of the girls...I just always assumed, she was red faced, I just always assumed you just hadn't come out yet. I...I'm sorry, Daniel.

I still didn't know if she believed me.

It was in the Fall of our senior year that I kissed her, my first and only kiss with a woman. We were in her dorm, sitting on her bed, half studying, drinking wine, when I said something that made her laugh and she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. You're so sweet, Daniel. It was a 'now or never' moment, the time to summon my courage, my last desperate hope. The wine gave me courage and I

closed my eyes, leaned to her, and before she knew what I was doing, kissed her. For a moment, she did nothing, then she returned the kiss, for five seconds, six, seven. Daniel, she said. I didn't move, didn't stop. Daniel, she said, putting a hand between us and pushing gently, Don't. Please.

It was Brooke all over again.

Hannah, what?

Daniel, I...

What? What's wrong with me? I thought you liked me?

Daniel, she pouted. I do, I really do, but...but as friends...

Daniel...

I thought...

Daniel, you're like...I don't know how to put this, I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but you're like...safe...I swear, you remember up until last year I just assumed you were gay...I...I suppose sometimes I still do...

I'm not, Hannah, I...I like girls, I like you.

I know, Daniel, but...you're so sweet and...I just assumed and...

Daniel, please don't be mad, please, don't...I like what we have, our friendship.

Don't be mad that you still think I'm gay? I'm not! I swear. Get undressed. I'll show you!

Daniel, don't, she stopped me.

I wanted to know. I had to ask. Why don't girls like me, Hannah?

They do Daniel.

Not like that, not like...sexually...what's wrong with me?

Nothing Daniel, she touched my arm.

Something!

Daniel, she bit her lip, sighed.

What's wrong with me? I'm smart, I'm sensitive, I listen, dammit, Hannah, how many times have I sat here and listened to your guy problems? How many times have I sat here while you and your friends talk about sex like I'm not even here.

Daniel, you...you're like...one of us...like...one of the girls.

I don't want to be one of the girls. I want to...to...why don't any of you want to go out with me?

We do go out with you, Daniel! We all do stuff all the time. How many times have we sat here cuddling?

Cuddling! You don't even want to kiss me. Why? What's wrong with me?

Daniel, I...

What, Hannah, what?

Daniel, she had a tear in her eye.

What!?

Daniel, girls like... She thought...well, masculine guys, guys who are, well, sexually exciting, and you're so, well, sensitive and sweet and...almost effeminate, like you're one of us, not one of them.

One of them?

You know, you're like...like a girlfriend, Daniel.

I wanted to scream at her, run out in horror, but didn't. I just sat there, my eyes full of tears, acting like the very thing she had all but called me, a damn sissy.

Daniel, don't cry. You're sweet, you really are, I like you, I do, I like you a lot. Just not...not like that...

I literally begged her to fuck me, to do it not as an act of passion, but as an act of mercy. Hannah, please, can't we...can't we just... just once?

Daniel, please, you're making me uncomfortable. She pulled back, wrapped her arms around herself defensively at my pathetic begging for sex. She was right to be repulsed. I wasn't acting like a man, so why should she see me as one? I was acting like the opposite of what turned women on. Who did Hannah date? Who did she fuck? I knew very well since I listened to her tell me about every date, about every time she had sex. Hannah, like every girl I knew, liked men. Alpha men. Real men. Men who acted like men. Jerk guys. Not men that acted like a pathetic, wimpy beta, orbiting around a woman, begging for scraps. And that's exactly what I was doing. Begging for scraps. I literally begged her to fuck me, like some pathetic loser.

That episode with Hannah devastated me. What little confidence I'd ever had (or pretended to have) was shot. So I mostly gave up on girls until after I graduated and moved to Chicago, which is why, at 25, I, Daniel Corey, was still, much to my dismay and

disappointment, a virgin. A virgin male with little or no hope for changing anything. Or so it seemed.

Until Kristen. Who wanted everything to change. And yet, nothing too.

So, an hour before I met Kristen, the woman who would change my life, this 25 year old virgin, was at home working on a web re-design for a downtown accounting firm when my phone interrupted my train of thought. Hearing it ring, I absentmindedly saved my work, not wanting to lose what I had, and picked up my iPhone to see who was calling.

It was David Williams, a guy I knew from college—he was a year older than me—and head of web development at a small agency in the Loop.

“Hey, Dave,” I answered.

“Daniel buddy,” Dave called out. “How are you?”

“What?” I groaned. I knew that tone as soon as I heard it, Dave wanted some favor that was not likely to be a good deal for me, though it was probably a great big deal for him.

“Now how can you be like that already, Daniel, for fuck’s sake... dude!”

“Cause I know you.”

“Daniel...”

“Seriously, I’m in the middle of something. What?”

“It’s just a couple of hours, really.”

“Come on, Dave.”

“Listen, I’m jammed up here, we’re trying to turn around a local affiliate’s overhaul and you know we’re short people and...”

“Don’t...don’t say it,” I said, having heard what Dave was about to say two dozen times. “I don’t want to work for someone. You know that.” It was an argument we had since college - should one work for a company or strike out on his own? Dave chose the former and, while well paid and the head of his department already, he still answered to people and dealt with the corporate culture - sometimes

little better than a frat house where programmers were concerned — a culture that revolted me.

“Fine, fine, but come on, just do me this solid.”

“Oh, fucking wonderful, and there it is,” I said.

“Listen, it’s a prepaid contract job, we’re not making anything on this, either. I’ll make it up to you, I promise. We’re getting something for a Fortune 1000 next week and I’m authorized to bring in a design consultant.”

“Fine,” I said. Both of us knew I wasn’t going to turn Dave down. Dave did throw enough work my way to meet my basic expenses, which let me survive being out on my own. And if he had something coming in, he’d be true to his word. “What is it?”

“I don’t know much about it, company called McCarthy Holdings.”

“Never heard of it.”

“Me either, actually. It’s some development company or something like that in the Hancock Center. Like I said, just a small prepaid job, some issue with an intraweb site.”

“You’re really sweetening the deal Dave, free design work AND on an intraweb? Come on!”

“Yea, about that, it’s not exactly design work either, um, they’re having some linkage issues.”

‘Wonderful,’ I thought. Free work. And scut work at that. Dave was really pulling out all the stops. This Fortune 1000 thing better be good. “When did you promise them I’d be there and who am I supposed to see?” I asked, looking at my schedule for next week

“You’re the best, Daniel. Eleven this morning. It’s on the 39th floor.”

“This morning? Fuck, Dave!”

“I think, you’re seeing, um,” I heard papers move, “Kristen McCarthy.”

“A McCarthy of McCarthy Holdings? She the head?”

“Not sure, really, it’s a small thing, so I guess, probably a one man—one woman shop.”

“With an intraweb and in the Hancock Center? Can’t be that small.”

“Who knows what people do these days. Anyway, see the woman, see what she needs, and fix her linkage problems.

Seriously, I owe you. And that other thing is solid. I mean it. Let's have lunch next week. We should have the contract signed by then and I can fill you in."

I rode into downtown with time to spare before the meeting and grabbed coffee at a Starbucks just off Michigan. I still was not thrilled to be doing this. It was beneath me, but I could never seem to say "no" to Dave, something that had not changed since I met Dave in the computer lab in college together, when Dave was a junior and I was a freshman.

So, at a quarter till eleven, I headed over to the Hancock Center. I didn't want to be late. I might not like the job, but I would do it right. I told the lobby guard I was there to see Kristen McCarthy of McCarthy Holdings.

"Name," the guard asked in that tone of detached self-importance that building guards seemed to have all over the city, like he was guarding the White House or I was interrupting something important in his newspaper. I didn't take offense though. I was used to it, and I found the people of Chicago generally pleasant, their Midwestern sensibilities and all. He, like most security guards in the big buildings, probably dealt with a hundred lost tourists a day or turned away double that number looking for the entrance to the observatory deck - not the building proper.

"Daniel Corey," I said as he looked up and waived a couple of building employees through.

He picked up the phone, dialed. "I have a Daniel Corey to see Ms. McCarthy. Yes. Yes. Okay." He hung up the phone. "I'll need your ID, Mr. Corey," he said. His tone changed, a bit warmer since I was okayed to proceed and was no longer someone to be kept out.

I took out my wallet, handed him my driver's license while he typed my information into his computer and printed out a visitor's badge. "Wear this at all times," the guard said, handing me the badge with 'VISITOR' and 'FLOOR 39' in bold letters. "The elevators are to your right, over there."

The elevator seemed to launch itself upward. Within seconds the doors slipped silently open and I was in a large lobby — all glass, steel, and sandstone. Directly in front of me was a large sandstone desk. Sitting behind it was a young, muscular blonde man in an impeccably tailored dark grey suit, white shirt, and patterned tie, who rose to greet me, “Mr. Corey?”

“Yes,” I answered, surprised the receptionist was a man. I’d never seen that before.

“If you could have a seat, Mr. Corey,” he said, smug, pointing toward white leather chairs off to the side. I already was feeling awkward, even intimidated, by the man’s perfectly cut suit, his perfectly coifed hair, and his smug attitude. He reminded me why I never wanted to work at a company and be around former frat boys and jocks day in and day out - why working from home was so much better. Christ! Even the receptionist had a heightened sense of self-importance and looked down at me!

Behind the leather chairs of the sitting area was a spacious glass-walled board-style conference room with a long, dark wood table surrounded by at least twenty chairs. Beyond that was a large bank of windows facing Lake Michigan. I couldn’t help but stare out and admire the view of a sunny, bright Chicago morning. Most days I never got above the second floor and my view was miles from the lake.

I shook my head to clear it, glanced around the lobby, tried to get a sense of what McCarthy Holding’s did, but the lobby yielded no clues. There was the typical generic set of magazines and newspapers on a table in front of me — the Wall Street Journal, the Trib, the Economist — but no trade magazines, the typical hint of a company’s activities. The artwork was no help either, though I appreciated it — it was modern, sleek, tasteful, high-end stuff, original, not cheap prints.

I looked again at the receptionist, locked eyes with him and got the sense I was being judged — and found to be lacking in something. Not the first time a jock looked at me like that. The inner smile. I’m better than you, it said. For a moment, I was annoyed. Who was this guy to look down on me? He was the fucking receptionist! Just because he was taller, in better shape, better

looking, and better dressed. Fuck it! I thought. After all, I was the one who owned my own company, if a one person web design firm operated out of a spare bedroom could be called a company.

But I couldn't hold his strong gaze and I looked away first, and felt like the human male equivalent of a dog sneaking away, admitting submission to a stronger, more powerful dog. Ass, I thought, annoyed at myself for feeling intimidated by a receptionist. He just smirked, the winner's smile.

Another man came out of a large door to the right of the reception desk, approached me. "Mr. Corey," he asked. He was dressed almost exactly like the receptionist, in a grey suit, fitted white shirt, only the tie was different and he was older, by ten years or so.

"Yes," I said, standing, croaking, trying to clear my throat. What was it with all the good-looking jock types? A requirement for McCarthy Holding? Only stud's need apply?

I kept myself from shaking my head at what a peach Ms. McCarthy must be and pictured a woman in her late 50's - the Meryl Streep type from 'The Devil Wears Prada,' trying to hold on to her youth by surrounding herself with young studs. Fuck, Dave, you owe me big time for this!

"That's me," I said, my voice still an octave too high, a bit too eager, a bit too beta. Christ, Daniel, why don't you just get on the ground and offer them your neck or run out of here with your tail between your legs. I cleared my throat, tried again. "That's me," I said, sounding more confident, although a confidence I did not actually possess at the moment.

"Ms. McCarthy will see you in a moment. May I take your coat?"

"Please." I shrugged off my light overcoat, handed it to him.

"Thank you."

"Have you been offered a refreshment?"

"Um, no," I said. Stud Number Two looked over at the receptionist. Stud Number One frowned. Looks like someone's in trouble! Take that!

"Coffee, water, tea?"

"Um, just some water, please."

"Justin," Stud Number Two snapped at Stud Number One, "Fetch Mr. Corey a glass of water." His voice was stern, full of disapproval.

Justin hopped up and hurried to a door on the other side of the lobby.

“My apologies, Mr. Corey, Justin is new,” Stud Number Two said. “Please have a seat. Ms. McCarthy will be with you in exactly five minutes.”

“Thank you.” Justin returned with a glass of water, handed it to me.

“Here you go, Mr. Corey.” His voice was apologetic. Stud Number Two would have thought he was sufficiently chastised, but the look Justin gave me before he returned to his desk was all ice.

The office door opened and a tall, older, elegantly dressed man stepped out. Fuck, McCarthy Holding must be running some kind of cloning operation. I felt underdressed, I had a couple of suits somewhere in my closet, but they did not fit like that, like they were tailor-made for the wearer, which they probably were. My suits were off the rack. The slacks and button-down I was wearing that day were simple, certainly not fit, cut; I felt frumpy.

He turned and said through the door, “Lunch still this Friday, Kristen?”

I didn’t hear the reply. He turned towards the lobby, saw me, smiled. Justin jumped up from his desk and called for the elevator. “Gentlemen,” he said to Justin and Stud Number Two as he walked through the lobby into the waiting elevator.

“Ms. McCarthy will see you now, Mr. Corey. Go on in,” Stud Two said. I stood up, felt a slight shake of my hands, tried to calm my nerves. I decided to abandon the water, I was afraid I might spill it or have an awkward moment of confused handshaking with the old biddy behind the door while holding things in both hands. So I gathered my laptop bag and walked towards the still partially open door.

“No need to knock, Mr. Corey, she’s expecting you. Just go in,” Stud Two smiled, almost kindly.

It was a good thing I abandoned the water so I didn’t make a bigger fool of myself than I did when I entered Kristen Ms. McCarthy’s office. Because when I pushed the door open, my bag must have caught the doorknob, put me off balance and, try as I

might, I couldn't catch myself and I fell headfirst into her office landing on my hands and knees.

"My goodness, are you alright?" a soft voice asked me. Her tone was both joking and filled with some compassion, which only made me feel more embarrassed at myself.

No, I just made a complete damn fool of myself, you old biddy. I couldn't bear to look up just yet. I had to gather my composure. Fuck, not the way to start a meeting, loser.

And that was the first time I met Kristen McCarthy, on my hands and knees, literally, face red, feeling like a fool. I couldn't look up just yet, but I was right there at her feet, staring at her toes, her feet, her lower legs.

Fuck, you idiot, Dave, you owe me. Big time.

"I'm...I'm fine," I said, "just a clumsy fool." Self-deprecating humor, the shield of nerds across the world. I stood, kept my eyes averted. She was wearing a black, cap sleeved, cowl neck dress that hugged her body and ended several inches above her knees, making her legs seem to go on forever.

She's not old was my first thought. I gathered the will to look at her face and I was stunned. Not only wasn't she an old biddy, she looked relatively young, early thirties at the oldest. And attractive, too! No, not just attractive, but beautiful, fucking stunningly beautiful. Holy fuck!

"Would you like to sit, Mr. Corey, are you sure you're okay?"

It took me a moment to find my voice, holy fuck, you must have hit your head, Corey. "Um, actually..." She had blonde hair with soft, loose, wavy curls, but it was her eyes that caught me, trapped me. Those piercing blue eyes. Not a hint of grey or green or hazel. Just pure big, blue eyes on her delicate face with high cheekbones and forehead. I stood, somewhat groggy. Did I hit my head or did I die and go to heaven?

"Here, let me help," she said as she reached down, took my arm. An angel. I'm fucking dead and this fucking angel is here helping me up.

"I'm...I'm okay," I stood, still felt dizzy from her hand wrapped around my arm, felt the heat, the firm grasp, the take-charge attitude.

"You make quite an entrance," she said. I was looking down to stand, thought she was being bitchy, like every pretty girl I ever knew, but when I finally stood and looked at her face again, her angelic face, I saw a twinkle in her eyes. She was mocking me, but not cruelly, as if we were both in on the joke, as if she was to blame as much as me.

"I...I try to be memorable," I said, finding my voice now. "I don't think you'll forget me."

"Well aren't we presumptuous," she said, pulled her hand back from my arm, her smile gone, but the twinkle still in her eyes.

My face tightened. Nice job, asshole. "Ms. McCarthy, I'm sorry," I said quickly, "I didn't mean to imply..."

She reached over and touched my arm again, laughed. "I'm kidding, Mr. Corey," she said, "and you're right, I don't think I'll forget that introduction...or you...anytime soon."

"Nor will I," I said and felt my face redden.

"Why don't we sit?" She pointed towards two chocolate brown leather chairs. I sat, thankful, still flustered.

While she retrieved some papers from her desk, I looked around her office. The desk she stood by was large, wooden, sleek, modern, situated to look out the oversized windows that overlooked the lake. The chairs in front matched those we were going to sit in. Everything was like that - modern, straight, with clean lines, almost too masculine for a woman's office, though the art was decidedly feminine. My eyes were drawn to several small paintings behind the desk, a series of distorted flowers, pinks, lavender. "A local artist," she said seeing what I was looking at.

"They're lovely. They bring a feminine touch to what might otherwise be too masculine," I waived at the surroundings.

She looked at me for a moment, paused mid-stride. "That's a very astute observation, Mr. Corey. Not something I'd expect a man to appreciate, let alone say." She glanced quickly towards her office door and I understood her meaning — it wasn't something Stud One or Stud Two ever contemplated.

"I...I had a good friend in college, a girl, we talked about things like that," I said. What the hell did you say that for? You're a web designer! Of course you know the basics of design.

“Not a girlfriend though?” Ms. McCarthy asked as she sat, making her own astute observation.

My eyes were drawn to her legs as she crossed them; they made a small swish sound as nylon rubbed over nylon “No, she didn’t want...I mean...it wasn’t like that, we were, well, just friends.” I looked up at her face, afraid to stare at her legs. Seriously! She’s a fucking angel!

“I see,” she said. Her tone implied she understood exactly what I meant, that the decision to be ‘just friends’ was the girl’s - not mine. Christ, how the hell did we get on this subject?

She saw my face, the embarrassment, changed the subject. “So, Mr. Corey, you’re familiar with our work? Dave has you on this account?”

I meant to lie, Dave did have me on the account, as a freelancer, but the distinction wasn’t important to most businesses, it was what it was, they just wanted their problems fixed. But something told me she wouldn’t react well to being misled.

“Actually, Ma’am,” I cringed at the word I just used, but pressed on, “I haven’t been brought in to work on anything for your company before. I’m only working on this job.”

She looked from her papers, eyebrows creased. “You’re a freelancer? You don’t actually work for him? Peter!” she called out in a loud voice.

Stud Number Two appeared immediately. “Ms. McCarthy,” he asked when he opened the door. “Is everything okay?”

“He’s a fucking freelancer, Peter!”

“Ms. McCarthy, I...I didn’t know...Mr. Williams didn’t say anything, we, I just assumed...” I was struck that he used the same title of respect I used, but worried about the freelancing aspect.

“Ma’am, I’m so sorry, I’ll call Mr. Williams right now.”

She lowered her head into her left hand, rubbed her temple. “Sometimes I wonder about all of you, Peter.”

“I should have asked, Ma’am, I apologize.”

“Ms. McCarthy, if I may,” I said, afraid I was about to lose this job, which might jeopardize both my immediate compensation and work from Dave in the future. Not to mention jeopardize my ability to stare at her beautiful face.

“Yes?” she looked up. Glared, really. My voice froze, again her angelic face, her deep blues eyes sucked me in, intimidated me. She’s the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. “Mr. Corey?”

“I...I was just going to say...I don’t mean to be disrespectful to you or to Dave, but please, let me help out... I’m better than anyone he has. I’m sure you’ll be pleased and...”

“And?”

Should I say it, should I be honest or would I come across as pathetic, desperate? “I’m as good as anyone he has, please let me show you, and...this sounds pathetic, I know, but...” I looked down, shy, “I could really use the work.”

An infectious smile spread across her face, first her blue eyes, then her mouth. She laughed, looked at Stud Number Two. “Peter, get a Non-Disclosure Agreement for Mr. Corey to sign. He’s here. He might do.” She looked back at me. “Well, I appreciate the honesty, Mr. Corey. A bit unconventional, but appreciated just the same. A point in your favor, I don’t like to be lied to.”

“Thank you,” I breathed out, didn’t realize I’d been holding my breath. “I really am good.”

“Well, we’ll see about that...”

Peter came back, handed me a form; I quickly scanned it, a pretty standard NDA, then started from the top and slowed down, read it again carefully. When I finally looked up, they were both staring at me, both smiling. “What?” I asked sheepishly.

“Point two in your favor, Mr. Corey.

“My father is...was...a lawyer, he drilled it into my head.”

“I like the attention to detail.”

God was her smile infectious! I was sure it was the kind of smile that made people simply want to agree with her. I understood what Stud One and Stud Two saw in her, why they fawned over her, sought her approval. “This is okay,” I signed the NDA, handed it back to Peter. “So, Dave tells me you have some linkage problems?”

She stood. A dismissal. “Peter will show you. I assume you’ll find everything you need in our server room. He’ll explain the issues we’re having.” She held out her hand, “It was nice meeting you Mr. Corey, I’m sure I won’t forget this meeting.”

"I..." What was a guy like me supposed to say to a woman like her? See you around? You're fucking beautiful and can't we just talk? What does a small time programmer/web guy/designer say to the owner of a company? Even if she wasn't a beautiful woman, if she was a guy, I'm supposed to ask her to grab lunch? Of course, she was a gorgeous woman and given my inherent shyness, I would be lucky to mumble something coherent. Pleased to do you... pleased to know me...I'd love to take you...err...to dinner. I looked down at the floor, bit my lip, set aside any thoughts of anything. "It was nice meeting you, too," I said shyly as I shook her hand.

"Point three," I swear I heard her whisper as I left her office following Stud Two.

Stud Two, Peter, showed me to the server room. Dave was right. Although it was challenging for about ten minutes while I learned their setup, the job was below my talents, mostly tracking down linking errors in McCarthy Holdings' intra-web, something any college programmer could do in his sleep. After an hour, it was mindless, though it was an interesting look at the company, which seemed to hold and develop commercial real estate all across the country. She was the emperor...empress...of all this? Fuck, she's got to be rich in addition to being beautiful. She was obviously the kind of woman I always yearned for - the one way, way out of my league.

While a server was rebooting, I did some Googling of her. Kristen McCarthy, only daughter of Aaron and Victoria McCarthy, economic degree from University of Chicago, MBA from Wharton (fucking beautiful, rich, and smart), mentions now and then in the society pages, usually pictured with her mother or some tall, handsome guy. Yep! That's her type. That was always the type for girls like her. Patron of the arts, lover of stray puppies and savior of lost souls.

"Is there anything I can get you, Mr. Corey?" Stud Two poked his head in the door, startled me. Thank fucking God the computer wasn't facing him while I was staring at a picture of her in the Trib. "Um, no, no, I'm good, thanks, I'm almost done here, just rebooting."

“Good then. No issues?”

“No, there was some weird random code, looks like something corrupt in a css file making links hit nothing. I cleaned it up, recoded it. The drives seem okay. I don’t know what caused it. These things happen from time to time.”

“Ms. McCarthy will be pleased.”

“I’d be happy to fill her in,” I said, regretted it as soon as I said it. I sounded sad and pathetic, a fan hoping to catch a glimpse of a rock star. But I really did want to mention the weird code, I didn’t think it was a big deal at the time, just a ‘for what it’s worth.’

“I’m afraid I’ll have to do that, Daniel. Ms. McCarthy left for an engagement.”

“Oh,” I said, the disappointment evident. An engagement, a/k/a, a date with some hunk to be sure.

Chapter 2 – Spellbinding

“Well,” David asked, “was it really that bad? I mean, you’re not above some menial labor, are you?”

“An intern could have done it. It was just some weird code, that’s all,” I shook my head at him. We were at a new trendy restaurant in River North, David’s down-payment on the favor he owed.

“What kind of weird code?”

I shrugged. “Never saw anything like it before, it was pointing links to nothing, no big deal to clean up, just weird. I guess someone was sloppy.”

“Maybe I should try to get some more work from them, take a look at the whole database. I might owe you for a lead.” David said.

“Don’t think you can buy me off with a steak and a craft beer,” I pointed to the food in front of me. It was a good steak and a good ale, but it wouldn’t pay the rent.

“It’s a fifty dollar steak, Daniel,” he grinned, “Probably more than you spend on food in a week.”

“And I’d like to keep buying food, thank you very much. And that takes cash. Not beef.”

“You know I keep my promises, I’ll kick some work your way when I ink the deal. You’re better than most of the guys in my shop, anyway...” He gave me that look.

“No way,” I said. I knew I was better, but I wasn’t going to work for someone. I was going to do this on my own. And if I was going to work for someone... “I didn’t join a frat in school, I’m certainly not joining one now.”

“They aren’t that bad.”

“I don’t fit in with that kind of group, David, you know that.”

He waived his hands, acknowledged the point. “So, was that McCarthy work really that bad?”

“Scut work, David, pure scut work. The staff was full of themselves, but I met the owner, she was...” I wasn’t sure how to describe Kristen McCarthy, was kind of afraid to use any words for fear of coming across like a love-struck puppy.

“You don’t have to tell me, I deal with them all the time, too.”

"No," I almost smiled, "she actually wasn't like that, she was... nice."

"Whatever," he dismissed. "Sometimes I have to admit I get tired of dealing with boomers."

That made me smile. Kristen McCarthy was no baby boomer.

"What?"

"She was like, barely older than us."

"Shut up!"

"I'm serious, David, early thirties."

"She was like the McCarthy of McCarthy Enterprises?" he asked, "Not some trust fund kid?"

"I don't know whose kid she is or who she got there, but she was the head honcho."

"Cute?" he raised his eyebrow.

I felt my stomach tighten. Fuck him! I found her, she was mine. Right, loser, like some rich, beautiful woman was going to date a loser like you, my inner-beta laughed at me. "I guess, if that's your type," I answered, hoping he didn't hear the nervousness in my voice.

"Cute, rich girls," he laughed, "Yeah! I think I can go for that type."

He sounded so confident, so self-assured, and completely dismissive of what I might think of her. All's fair, I know, but I saw her first. And he knew what I was thinking and dismissed me as competition. As usual. He may not have fucked Hannah, but he always dated the cutest girls in college.

"Dude, seriously, no offense but...I doubt you're her type."

I did take offense, and it showed on my face. But the thing was, deep down inside, I knew he was right, there was no way I was her type. Just like I wasn't the type for any pretty girl I had a crush on. But he didn't have to rub it in. "And just what's that supposed to mean?"

He threw back in the way guys did, even guys that were friends. "Daniel, seriously, you've never even been laid." That was low, and he knew it. He was right, but it was still low. "I don't think rich, pretty girls go for twenty-something virgins. It's like, what's that movie? Never Been Kissed."

"I've been kissed!" I frowned.

“Fine,” he spread his hand in an, ‘I don’t want to argue’ gesture — he knew the story with Hannah and wisely didn’t push it. “I’m just saying, Daniel, I know her type, I’ve dated her type, maybe not rich, but hot, hell, no offense, I’ve fucked her type. Don’t kid yourself and give yourself all kinds of heartache. As much as you may want to be, you’re not her type. So, save yourself dude, leave chicks like her to the pros.” Pros like him, he meant, not dweebs like me. He didn’t say that. He was my friend. But he implied it.

“Jesus!” he exclaimed, looking over my shoulder.

“What?” I started to turn.

“Don’t!” he snapped. He ran his hand through his hair, had a shit-eating grin on his face. “Speak of chicks better left to the pros! I started to turn again. Cute chicks were plentiful in trendy restaurants in this part of town, but he stopped me again. “Dude, don’t! Seriously! You want to scare her off? She’s walking this way.”

I recognized the look in his eye, the hunger, the predator on the hunt. Whereas I pined for women I’d never get, David and guys like him hunted, took what they wanted. I hoped, endlessly. They scored, consistently. I watched his eyes track her, could tell she was close, and caught a flash of her pink dress as she veered toward the bar. David nodded, very subtle, gave me permission to turn my head and look.

She was a tall blonde, thin, and even from behind had an air of sophistication. She wore a finely woven pink crepe short-sleeved sheath dress that cut into her waist for a slim, tailored look. Because I notice these things, all those days and nights watching Hannah get dressed, I noticed the sheer nude nylons on her legs, and her speckled, stiletto sandals. David was right. She was a looker. And he was a big cat, ready to pounce on his prey.

Until she turned around, saw me, smiled, and walked right over to our table. “Well if he doesn’t have good taste in restaurants, too! What’s that? Point three or point four in your favor, Mr. Corey?” she laughed with a flirtatious smile aimed directly at me.

I saw the look in David’s eye. The shock that a woman like her would talk to, even flirt, with a guy like me while he was sitting there. But like all predators, he quickly recovered, tried to establish his dominance over me. “I picked the place,” David puffed his chest like

a baboon (to mix animal metaphors), “So it’s a point in my favor.” I knew what he was trying to do, boost himself while subtly diminishing me; it was a game men played, an alpha trying to be alpha. And it usually worked. In general. And with him. I usually would have scurried away, defeated.

“Did you now? You have good taste then! But Mr. Corey started earlier and still has the lead, for the moment, anyway. I’m Kristen McCarthy, by the way,” she stuck her hand towards David.

I saw it in his eyes. Click. I sensed it in his body movements. Trap sprung. He knew he just won, not only was she talking to him now, not me, flirting with him now, not me, but he had an in with her she didn’t know about, in essence he was my boss, at least to her, and a boss always wins over a subordinate.

“Well,” he smirked, held his hand up towards her, “what a coincidence! I’m David Williams and...”

I’ve never seen a woman’s eyes turn icy so quickly. I’ve never seen a woman’s expression turn from pleasant wonder to disgust like hers did in the blink of an eye.

“David Williams,” she dropped her hand like it was dead. “You sent me a freelancer!” she sneered at him, “Are you kidding me? Who does that? Without the courtesy of at least disclosing the fact?”

“Kristen, I...”

“That’s Ms. McCarthy!” she snapped at him, “Like your client... former client, anyway. I don’t play games and I certainly don’t do business with people that play games with me.” I looked down at the table, was probably more afraid than David was. And he was speechless, one of the few times I’d seen him get dressed down by a woman like that. And then she turned to me and I waited for her fury to wash over me. But to my surprise, I received the opposite. She touched my arm with her hand. “Not that Mr. Corey here left anything to be desired,” she said softly, her tone the opposite of what she’d used on David. “I don’t mean to drag you into this Mr. Corey. I found you and your work to be outstanding.”

“Thank...thank you, Ma’am,” I said softly, eyes still downcast.

“Hmmm,” she almost chuckled. I looked up briefly. She was smiling at me.

“But you,” she turned back to David, the anger back, “I expect honesty, disclosure, and integrity from those I do business with, not that you’ll have that to worry about anymore.”

She turned to me again, the smile returned to her face. “I’m sorry about this, Mr. Corey. Again, I’ve got nothing bad to say about you or your work, if we have something like this in the future, I’ll have my office give you a call.”

“Do...do you want my card?” I asked, my voice barely audible.

She did chuckle at that. “I’m sure my office can track you down,” she touched my arm again, sending electricity through me. “I’m glad I ran into you,” she smiled, turned to David. “And you,” she said, the ice in her voice again, “my staff will be in touch with you this afternoon to cancel the service agreement.”

“Kris...Ms. McCarthy, I,” David sputtered, at a loss for words, but her look silenced him.

She turned to me a last time, her hand lingered on my arm for a moment. “I think it’s four points in your favor now,” she smiled again and walked slowly away, looked over her shoulder. “Maybe five.”

“Fuck, dude! What a fucking bitch!” David sneered when she was out of earshot. “I mean, what a fucking ball busting cunt. Who the fuck needs a prissy bitch like that? Fuck her and her fucking stupid little contract, right?”

Who needed someone like her? A star-struck, lonely virgin like me, I thought, my arm still tingling where she touched me. “I don’t know,” I said, almost shy as if she was still there, “she seems nice.” Guys like me were always love sick for any pretty girl that expressed even the slightest interest in them. See Hannah, above.

“She seems like a giant bitch,” David said, his brutally honest opinion about any woman who dared blow him off. But then he remembered that I was supposed to be his friend, and even though his next comment hurt, there was some truth to it and I think he said it because he liked me. “And she seems like the kind of girl that you fall for, the ones that tease you, like a certain someone we know.”

“We were always just friends,” I said, defending Hannah, as I usually did.

“Dude, I don’t know why you still talk to her. You know she plays you.”

"I like her, that's why."

"You fucking love her," he laughed, half digging at me.

"It's not like that."

"It's totally like that. You would have fucked her in college if she'd let you. And you'd do it now, too. If she let you."

That, he got right, which he knew. "So?"

"So, I'm telling you, Ms. Kristen Fucking Cunt McCarthy is cut from the same cloth as Hannah. Girls like that just love having guys around them to be 'just friends' when they know very well the case of giant blue balls they cause. Bitches are teases, dude! You're either fucking them, or you're not. There's no middle ground, no friend zone."

I felt compelled to defend Hannah again, though in my mind I was defending Kristen McCarthy, too. "I'll kill them with sensitivity and charm. Girls like that in a guy."

He shook his head. We'd had this discussion in the past. "Girls like bad boys, dude. Girls fuck bad boys and then cry on the shoulders of their sensitive best male friends when their bad boy treats them wrong. Girls never fuck their best little buddies. How many times do I have to tell you this?"

"I'm not like that, David." I'm not like you.

He shook his head. "And that, my friend, is why you'll never get inside the panties of Hannah, Ms. Kristen Fucking Cunt McCarthy, or any chick like that. Be! A! Bad! Boy!"

But I wasn't a bad boy. And while he may have right about Hannah - each of us knew it - he was as wrong as could be about Kristen McCarthy.

Building a business is a constant struggle. I had some work over the next week, but nothing steady, and nothing promising over the next few months that might develop into a project. I did a couple of small contract jobs for David. And while Kristen McCarthy made good on her promise to terminate her relationship with him - he blamed himself, or her, for that relationship gone bad - not me. But to the chagrin of both of us, the job he'd promised to bring me in on

was put on hold, and his department, while not struggling, wasn't excelling either—so no long-term projects for me.

With time to kill on Thursday afternoon, I wandered over to Hannah's office in The Loop — she worked in marketing at an insurance company — and we had coffee. I hadn't seen her in a month or so, and part of me regretted coming down there to see her. Every time I did I had that tingling in my stomach, the same longing for her. David was right, some part of me loved her, as a friend, yes, but I was attracted to her sexually, too. And while she returned the 'love as friends' thing, there was no reciprocation of the sexual attraction.

"How's work?" I asked her.

"Good," she smiled, ran her hand over a strand of hair by her ear, made something innocent erotic. "You?"

"Slow," I said.

"Social life?" She didn't mean my casual friendships. She meant my dating life. But that answer was as it always was.

"Nothing, really, too busy with work, I guess." She looked at me doubtfully. It was hard to be slow at work, yet spend too much time there.

"You really just have to put yourself out there, Daniel," she said. "You won't find women hiding at home." Since we'd kissed, back in college, she always took some pity on my lack of a relationship. I think she wanted me to find someone because she felt sorry for me, but I always felt part of her wanted to keep me close to her, something David yelled at me about. He always said that whatever she said, she didn't really want me to find a girlfriend because any girl would instantly realize how I felt about Hannah and stop me from running to her like a lost puppy.

She's a cock tease, he'd say. She wants you to want her, will never let you have her, but doesn't want you to find someone of your own. And I'd defend her, although in my gut I knew he was probably right. Nonetheless, I always was there when she wanted me to be there. You give her what she wants, dude, a safe, beta male friend. But she'll never give you what you want. You have to see that. I did, but for some reason I didn't care. I orbited around her, always hopeful, always helpful.

“What about you, Hannah? Still seeing that lawyer?” I don’t know why I asked and exposed myself to this.

She frowned for a moment. “No! But he was a jerk. He was seeing some other girl, too. I can’t believe I slept with him.” I blushed, looked down. “Sorry, I know you must hate hearing about my dating problems when you’re having no luck...”

“It’s okay,” I assured her, though it wasn’t and it made me jealous and just think for the ten thousandth time that she should pick me over the jerks she dated. “Why do you always go out with guys like that? There are so many nice guys?” Like me, right here, like me, guys that would treat you like a princess, like me!

“They’re not all like that,” she defended her choices.

“But he was a jerk?”

“The sex was good,” she had a guilty look on her face.

“Hannah!”

“I know! I know! I just can’t seem to find any good guys.”

“Yeah,” I frowned, “cause where would you find one of those?”

“Daniel,” she tilted her head, “you’re like a brother to me, like a great friend. I...and...” She looked down, almost as if ashamed. I knew what she was thinking.

“Dammit, Hannah, sometimes I believe you still think I’m gay!” What the fuck did a guy have to do to dispel that idea!

“No...not...not really.”

“Hannah, I’m not gay!” Fuck!

She giggled. “Cause all the straight guys I know like to watch Project Runway,” she said in a teasing voice.

“I do design work!”

“I know,” she giggled. “Come on! You never wondered what it was like to be with a guy?”

“Ewww, no! I like girls, Hannah! You of all people should know that.”

“You never wondered what it was like to be a girl,” she teased.

My stomach turned. “No! Seriously, Hannah! Why’d I come by to see you? Just to be teased? If I was a girl, I’d be a lesbian. I like girls!” Like you. Like Ms. McCarthy.

“You’re sweet,” she touched my arm.

“Sweet doesn’t seem to be good enough though.”

"I know," she smiled. "I don't know what it is, girls always seem to go for bad boys, don't we? It's like we say we want emotional, tender guys, but we always seem to end up in bed with jerks."

And that was my problem with Hannah and women in general. Women liked me, as a friend, but not as a lover. "Why?" I shook my head in bewilderment.

She shrugged. "Sweet guys like you make us feel good here," she touched her heart. "But guys like that jerk lawyer always make us tingle, well...somewhere else."

Like between the legs? "So why was he such a jerk?" I asked, foolishly and got to listen to Hannah complain yet again about her love life.

I didn't live in the best of neighborhoods in the northwest side of Chicago, although not the worst either. As long as I paid attention to my surroundings, things were mostly okay during the day - less so at night. There were some gangs. Of course, there were gangs everywhere. And some drugs, also everywhere, and a mugging now and then. Most violent crime was avoidable if one knew what to do and used common sense, like simply watch people around you and give off an air of confidence.

So, as I was walking to my home from the station, I was keeping an eye on the dark BMW with tinted windows moving slowly down the street by my house, a rare site on this block, and wondered if it was stolen or belonged to drug dealers. Yeah, I was making an assumption, but not a foolish one where I lived—a BMW in The Loop or the Gold Coast was one thing. Here? Something entirely different. I quickened my pace, reached for my house key, and maintained a visual on the car.

I was focused so on the car that I missed the four guys in a vacant lot to my right until two of them stepped into the sidewalk in front of me and I ran right into them.

"Watch where you're going, fag," one of them growled, shoved me backwards hard enough that I would have fallen if I hadn't run into one of the other two guys who were now behind me.

“Fuck, don’t touch me either, fag,” he shoved me forward, into the first guy.

“I...sorry, I...I’m not...”

“Not what?” the first guy shoved me backwards into the second.
“A fag?”

“Then what do you keep touching guys for? Fag?”

I was starting to get worried. Hate crimes happened. But these guys didn’t know if I was gay or straight. That’s not what this was about. Their treatment of me was a pretext for what I now realized it was, which the first guy confirmed.

“What’s in the bag, fag?” he asked me, reaching for my canvas messenger bag which he assumed, correctly, contained my laptop.

“Nothing,” I turned, looked for somewhere to run, but there was nowhere to go. I was surrounded, one on each side, in front, in back.

“Nothing? Right! Let’s have a look then,” the one in front reached for the bag.

“Guys, please, that...it’s work,” I tried to protect it, foolishly, I should have let them take it, but I didn’t. I couldn’t afford a new laptop, not now, not with the state of my business and finances. And with no laptop? No work. No work? No cash flow. No cash-flow? No money. No money? No nothing.

“Give him the bag, fag,” the guy behind said, “or you’re going to get cut.”

I froze, suddenly things went from bad to deadly serious. I wanted to give up the bag, to save my skin, but dammit, how was I suppose to work without a computer? “Guys, please, it...I need it for work, please,” I begged, tears in my eyes.

“Some kind of problem here?” a new voice asked. We all looked over. The BMW was pulled along side of us. A middle-aged guy in a tight fitting black suit had gotten out of the driver’s seat.

“For this fag here, old man,” the guy in front of me with a hand on my bag sneered. “And for you if you don’t get your ass back in the car.” He reached into his coat, pulled a knife from his belt; it was big, menacing.

“Walk away,” the guy from the car said like he hadn’t just been threatened. “Slowly.”

I was grateful he stopped, but was now worried about him as well as myself. What a fucking mess! “Just...just take it,” I said, started to move to take the bag off my shoulder.

“Mr. Corey,” the man said, “walk over to me, please.”

I turned to him, my face in shock. Did I know him? I looked at him, hard, he was forty, forty-five, a little over six feet, short salt and pepper hair. “Please, he...he has a knife, I...they can have it.”

“Fuck this,” the guy with the knife said, took two steps towards the BMW and the strange man standing outside it. “Old man, you want to get cut, too?” he snarled as he approached the stranger. “Or you want to lose that car after we done with...”

He didn’t finish his thought. Faster than I could follow, the stranger took a step toward the knife and in a blur the knife was in his hand and the guy was on the ground moaning. The stranger tossed the knife to the curb, took a step closer to us again, looked at me. “Mr. Corey, walk to the car, please. Now.”

“I...”

“You fucking crazy old man,” the guy to my left said, stepped towards the stranger, and in the same flash, joined his buddy on the ground. Which was enough to make me realize my safety somehow rested with this strange man from the BMW and I did as ordered and moved to the car.

“Go on, reach for it,” I heard him say as I passed by him. “Before you have it out, you’ll have a broken arm like your buddies.”

“Fuck you and fuck you, too, fag!” the guy who started it shouted, but both he and the last guy took a step back, turned, and ran through the vacant lot.

“In the back seat, please Mr. Corey.”

“Who...who are you?” I asked, still stunned, beginning to shake.

“My name is Robert Harper. Please, in the back. I’ll take care of this.”

“I...” He hand a pair of handcuffs in his hand, cuffed one of the guys on the ground on one arm, ran it though a mailbox leg, and then cuffed the other guy. I walked, full on shaking now, opened the door, and almost fell into the car.

“Looks like it’s my turn to make a dramatic entrance, Mr. Corey,” said the beautiful woman sitting in the backseat.

“Ms...Ms. McCarthy?” I was dizzy, confused, as surprised as if Michael Jordan, the Pope, or the Mayor were in the car. “What... what are you doing here?” I asked.

“Saving you...or at least Robert is. I came to offer you some work, but it appears I’m a bit of a Lady in Shining Armor, too.”

“I...” I wasn’t sure what to say. I was stunned by the encounter, equally stunned by the identity of my rescuer, so manners were easy to fall back on. “I don’t know what to say. Thank you, of course, but that seems inadequate.”

“Well you’re welcome,” she smiled her intoxicating smile, slid over to the opposite side of the car. “Please,” she pointed, “sit while Robert deals with the police.”

I looked up at Robert, he was on the phone, I thought maybe I should wait with him. There were still two of the attackers at large. But the reality was Robert could obviously take care of himself and I was probably a liability - not an asset. “Robert’s...”

“Amazing, yes,” she chuckled. “Ex-military, obviously more than just a driver. I’ve known him since I was a teenager. He’s part driver, part bodyguard, part assistant, part confidant. I highly suggest everyone have a Robert.” I know she didn’t mean it, but her comment highlighted the differences between me, a poor, struggling, twenty-something, and her – rich and beautiful. She was someone who lived in a different world than I did.

She saw the look on my face. Knew what I was thinking. “I apologize, Mr. Corey, I understand your situation and commend you for what you’re doing, trying to start something on your own, which is part of the reason I wanted to offer you some work. But I don’t apologize for Robert, or anything else I have or am. I was born with some advantages, of course. But I work hard, and, well...I am who I am.”

There was something so disarming about her. She just, for all purposes, flaunted her wealth and success, but in a way I understood and in a way that acknowledged my own inherent dignity. “It...it’s okay,” I said, equally proud of who I was, nodded at her recognition of it.

“Sit then,” she offered again.

I climbed into the back of the BMW next to her, shut the door, shut out the sounds of the city, the traffic, the police siren, climbed into the world of Kristen McCarthy.

I could smell her, scents of floral, jasmine, vanilla, her perfume was an aphrodisiac, dizzying. She wore a simple blue pinstriped skirt suit, a lavender striped shirt, nude hose, and open toed heels. Her blonde hair was down, casually wavy, yet perfect. Her hands folded on her lap, she wore a sapphire ring on her right hand, a diamond bracelet, and a thin watch. Everything about the woman exuded class and sophistication. She - her world - her beauty – all of it overwhelmed me and the car started to spin.

“I feel dizzy, nauseous,” I touched my head, closed my eyes, breathed slowly.

“I imagine,” she reached over, touched my arm, a thing she did. “You could have been killed.”

“My computer and, fuck!”

“Shhh, it’s over,” she rubbed my arm gently, tender kindness.

“I...I can’t believe I just stood there.”

“You looked fairly brave to me, Mr. Corey,” she said. I looked at her, expecting pity in her eyes, but there was nothing like that. “Four what...thugs? At least one with a knife, the rest...who knows what? Frankly, I was worried about Robert, and he’s well trained for this sort of thing.”

“I should have...”

“Fought?” she laughed. “That would have been foolish, you would have been beaten, stabbed, worse.”

Her concern was genuine. “Run, then, something.”

“And the same result,” she said, her hand still on my arm. “If anything, you should have given them what they wanted. Goods are replaceable. Honorable young men are not.”

I felt emasculated all the same, and said as much.

“That’s what thugs do, Mr. Corey, they attack in numbers, they prey on the weak. Don’t take that wrong.” she quickly said, “Weak meaning those who don’t expect it, those who aren’t trained like Robert, those who are alone. They’re predators and they belong in jail.”

She nailed it! I felt weak and it bothered me. I felt weak inside, weak in front of her. "You must think I'm pathetic," I laughed with self-deprecation.

"No, actually, I think you were brave - a little foolish, but brave. And I think you just keep racking up points in your favor, Mr. Corey. It's something like five or six now, I'm starting to lose track." She heard sirens behind us, turned away from me to look back. "That was quick!"

I looked down, couldn't help it. When she turned, her skirt, already resting at mid-thigh, rode up her toned leg, which caught my eye. I would have looked away, instinctively moving my eyes from her legs as she turned back, but I noticed a dark band on her nylons that was left exposed when her skirt rode up. Is that...And a bump running up her leg under her skirt. Is she...wearing stockings...a garter belt? She couldn't be.

I knew I should move my eyes, she had turned back around, started to say something about the police, but her speech slowed as she looked at me and understood where my gaze focused. I expected her to say something, so I knew I needed to look away, quickly, but I didn't, couldn't. Instead I just started at her legs, my eyes on her upper thighs, on what had to be something I'd only seen on the Internet, the welt of a stocking. Not pantyhose, not thigh highs, but honest to goodness stockings.

"Mr. Corey!" she huffed. Fuck, here it comes, fuck, and I still couldn't move my eyes. "I know it's terribly old fashioned," she said as I waited for the tone, waited for her to pull her skirt back down, and waited for her to chastise me, "but I always feel more confident and pretty wearing stockings instead of pantyhose."

"I..." I swallowed. How was I supposed to reply to that?

"Kind of a scene stealer, aren't I?"

I finally turned my head forward, bit my lip. "I...I'm sorry, Ms. McCarthy," I said. I was, not just sorry I was caught, but sorry I looked, stared, ogled her like a piece of meat.

"It's okay," she said softly as she pushed her hips off the seat and pulled her skirt down just enough to cover the tops of the stocking welt, "I mean, I flashed you. What's a red-blooded young man supposed to do?"

“Not stare at you like a schoolboy,” I said, red-faced.

“Probably not,” she agreed, “although it’s flattering. And I swear, Mr. Corey, even doing something good manners tells you not to, you continue to earn points in your favor.”

“Right!” I laughed.

“I mean it,” she looked at me until I turned her way. “I think you have the cutest blush...see, that,” she laughed when my face reddened.

We sat in silence while Robert talked to the police. He was pointing toward my house, the car, then the direction the other two had run. The officers had put the two Robert had cuffed into separate police cars, took notes, and exchanged business cards with Robert, who shook hands with them and walked back to our car. “That’s it?” I said, surprised. “I assumed I would have to get out and talk to the police too.”

“I told you, Robert’s quite valuable to have around.”

Robert got into the car and turned toward us. “That’s it?” I asked again before he spoke.

“For now, Mr. Corey. A detective will follow-up with you, but I asked that he coordinate through me so I can have our attorney present.”

“I...I don’t think that’s necessary,” I said.

“I think Robert’s correct, Mr. Corey,” she said. “This is why we have good lawyers.”

“It’s no big deal,” I looked down, still embarrassed by what happened.

“Well, it is a big deal, Mr. Corey,” she said in a comforting tone. “You were attacked. Robert too. We’ll let Robert take charge of this, I insist.” She had a way about her, - a commanding presence that made me pause, listen, follow. Was I supposed to tell this gorgeous, rich woman that I could handle this on my own affairs when it was obvious I couldn’t? “Robert, when the detective calls, arrange for him to come down to my office. We can have Peter there. Schedule it for early afternoon. I can have lunch with Mr. Corey before.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Robert turned around. Just like that, she took charge, ordered both Robert and me to do things her way, and we each acquiesced, willingly. “And now?”

“Well we’re certainly not staying here to discuss things,” she looked to me. “Again, I appreciate a guy has to live somewhere, but,” she wrinkled her nose, “I’d prefer to talk somewhere more civilized. Let’s go to see if Henri can fit us in for an early dinner. I know it’s not in vogue right now, Mr. Corey, but he has foie gras to die for.”

The place David took me to make a “down-payment” on what he owed me for helping him with McCarthy Enterprises was classy, but it felt like a diner compared to the trendy restaurant Ms. McCarthy took me to in the Gold Coast. For starters, it was small, intimate, not a place to be seen, but a place to actually just eat, to have a quiet business meeting, as we were, or a romantic dinner (What?! I could fantasize!). There were only ten or so tables, all somewhat isolated by tasteful decorations so that, while you could just about see everyone in the place, each seemed an oasis on its own.

Henri himself welcomed Ms. McCarthy warmly, sat us at a table in a corner by a window overlooking the street four stories down. He brought no menus, no wine list, nothing. Ms. McCarthy saw the confusion on my face, explained. “Prix fixe every night,” she said, “You take what he offers. Although I’m sure he’ll find a morsel of foie gras back there for me, won’t you Henri?”

“Oui, Mademoiselle,” he nodded. “As if I wouldn’t do anything for you. Drinks?”

“Cosmopolitans, please, Henri, as if you need ask. For both of us.” I held my tongue at her choosing a drink for me and for ordering what I considered a girly drink, thinking that she had saved my life an hour earlier and might be entitled to some leeway.

“Are we up to six points now, Mr. Corey, in your favor?”

“I...I don’t know, five, six,” I blushed, feeling warmth from her compliments.

“Well, the drink added another. Most guys won’t let a woman order for them, let alone a Cosmo.”

“You seemed like you wanted to take the lead,” I said.

“I might be accused of having a strong personality; it’s a fair accusation. Just don’t let me totally steamroll you.”

She was staring at me with a look I'd never experienced from a woman before. Her piercing blue eyes seemed to probe my mind. "What?" I blushed, brushed a strand of hair behind my ear, looked away.

"You're a fascinating person, Mr. Corey," she said, her gaze steady. She asked about my background, why I worked for myself instead of "that fucking ass David Williams," my interests, my childhood. The only thing she didn't ask about was my dating life. I took that as a bad sign, a sign she didn't care because she wasn't interested in me like that, which was the story of my pathetic life when it came to women.

She talked about herself, too, but in vague terms. Her father had passed away, she was close to her mother, who used to work in the city, but had moved away. It was her mother who started McCarthy Enterprises, a real estate holding and development company that focused on Chicago in the beginning, although Ms. McCarthy had worked to expand it internationally.

"Do you find it hard, as a woman, I mean?" I asked her. "And being so young?"

"Of course! But interestingly, most men underestimate me. They see a young, attractive woman and think I'm in over my head. And trust me, I use that to my advantage. I'm ethical, probably to a fault. Of course, most guys in this business assume a woman like me will fall head over heels for an alpha guy and assume I want to screw them. And I do...in whatever deal we're working on," she chuckled. "Not that I don't like a hard charging guy now and then..."

Hannah. That's what went through my mind. She was like Hannah. Like every girl I knew. Not interested in shy guys like me unless they wanted something — a shoulder to cry on, tech help, etc., etc.

"What's wrong?" she asked me, seeing the look on my face.

"Nothing," I tried to be coy, cool. "Something every nerd's heard a hundred times from a hundred pretty girls."

"Hmm," she chuckled. "Don't assume every woman is the same, Mr. Corey. We're not."

A boldness from the vodka in the Cosmo must have swept over me. How much booze was in one of these? I said what was on my

mind. "From my experience, Ms. McCarthy, pretty women pick alpha guys over nerds, every time, I've seen it again and again."

"Guys like David Williams?" she asked.

"Yep," I said with a shake of my head.

"Well maybe I'm the exception that proves the rule, Mr. Corey. I'm sitting here having dinner with you, aren't I?"

I had to look away from her face. Vodka or not, I was too shy to hold her gaze, but the liquor still loosened my tongue. "It sounds like you're flirting with me, Ms. McCarthy," I said, barely believing I spoke those words.

"That seems rather presumptuous, Mr. Corey," she sat back, folded her arms over her chest.

"I...I'm sorry," I said, quickly sitting up. Stupid, how fucking stupid!

But she giggled, her eyes lit up, she reached over and touched my hand. "You're so sweet, Mr. Corey, and you're right, I might be flirting just a little...I think it's the vodka." Of course! The vodka. Not my charming personality, my assertiveness, or my muscular physique. Because you don't have those things, you dork. "Or maybe I just have a thing for cute, shy boys," she smiled as she finished her drink.

I felt dizzy, fuck, why was she toying with me like this.

"So, I wanted to talk to you about some work." Well, that just about confirmed she was teasing me, that while she might seem different, like almost every pretty girl I knew she was flirting with a dork like me to get something she wanted. Bitch!, I thought. Maybe David was right.

What she wanted was what she wanted before — there were again some issues with some intranet things on their servers and she wanted someone from outside to fix things, and certainly didn't want David or his company back so...

"So I thought, why not Daniel Corey?" she asked as we finished dinner.

"I'd be happy to," I told her, realizing I was doing the exact same thing I did with every pretty girl I crushed on.

"I'm glad," she said. "This won't cause any problems with David?"

"No, I'll smooth things over." If I could. Maybe I just won't tell him. In fact, that was probably better. We didn't have a non-compete for

this client, but we had a general agreement I wouldn't poach his clients.

"Can you come in tomorrow? I know it's short notice..."

Great! Not only was I falling for a girl I'd never catch, but if I went there tomorrow I'd have to rearrange something else I was working on, so I would have to tell her there was no way. "Sure. No problem," I heard my voice say.

"Great, I'll have Robert pick you up at noon tomorrow, then."

I salvaged my pride. "I can take the L."

"Robert will pick you up," she insisted, closing the subject.

I had this fantasy in my mind that we'd kiss in the back of the car when she dropped me off. Or that she'd come up to my place. Maybe my imagination was fueled by the vodka or by my horny thoughts. Or by her presence, her perfume. Or by her legs, by her stockings, by the hint of welt that once again showed when she sat next to me. But there was no kiss when she dropped me off. No offer to come inside my house. There was a handshake, a reminder that Robert would pick me up promptly at noon, but nothing more.

Because she was like Hannah. A tease. Prepared to use someone like me for her own purposes.

Nothing more. Nothing more.

Chapter 3 – Bewitching

I didn't see Ms. McCarthy when I got to her office. It was the lunch hour and neither Justin, a/k/a Stud Number One, nor Peter, a/k/a Stud Number Two, were to be found. In fact, Robert had to unlock the doors to let us in. "Ms. McCarthy had meetings this afternoon," he explained. "The staff's obviously taking advantage." There was disapproval in his voice. I hoped at least Justin, who treated me so rudely before, would catch flack.

"Will Ms. McCarthy be in this afternoon?" I asked, trying to keep too much hope and excitement from creeping into my voice. "I was hoping to run into her."

He shook his head. "I'd be surprised. She asked me to make sure you had access to anything you needed and to bring you home when you're done."

"Oh," I said, this time the disappointment couldn't be hidden and he certainly heard it. That she wasn't here all but confirmed she was using me to get something she wanted, even if she was paying me. Just forget about her, do the job, take the business, maybe you'll get more, even a reference, I told myself. But I wanted more. The thing I couldn't have. Her. Like Hannah, like every other beautiful woman I knew, always denied the thing I most wanted, treated like a plaything, used. And I let myself be used, which was the worst feeling in the world.

"I can take the L home," I told Robert. "I really don't need any special treatment." Really, I didn't want her special treatment, I just wanted to do what I agreed to do and go home and be depressed.

"I'm afraid I have to insist," Robert said, "Ms. McCarthy was quite explicit in her request." He gave me a 'please don't put me an awkward position' look. "And given the events of yesterday, I agree with her."

"Okay, okay," I resigned to being driven home, as if being chauffeured through Chicago in a BMW was such a chore.

Robert took me to the server room to work, where I could at least lose myself in work. I spent several hours in the dark room, running diagnostics, fixing code, re-establishing links. Like before, there were

some strange bits of code scattered about, things I didn't recognize, and they were what was screwing with the internal routing. I wasn't sure how it got there or what it was, but it was easy enough to strip out, and by 5 that evening, I was rebooting and had things up and running.

As I was packing, I heard Robert open the door to check on my progress. I assumed he wanted to go home as much as I did. "Just about finishing up, Robert," I said over my shoulder, watching the server run through its diagnostic loop. Robert didn't say anything, just stood in the doorway watching. And then I realized it wasn't Robert. At least that's what my sense of smell told me. As soon as I realized it wasn't Robert's cologne, but the same scent of floral, jasmine, vanilla from the night before, I knew I had a different visitor...

"You're not Robert," I turned, voice lower, shy, butterflies in my stomach. My God!

"I was hoping you'd still be here," she said, leaning against the doorway. She wore a sleeveless, khaki, clean-lined sheath dress with a high neckline, pleated details and belt at the waist. If she wore hose, they were nude, like yesterday (stockings I dared hope), and her closed toe heels matched her dress.

"Ms. McCarthy," I said barely able to look her in the eye.

"Mr. Corey," she said, her pure blue eyes boring into me.

"I...I was just finishing." Dammit, you're acting like a love-struck schoolboy. Which, in fact, I was.

"You said that," she said, twirled her hair. "Everything okay?"

I was safe talking about a professional subject, that much I knew. "Some weird code, same thing as before, I'm not sure what it was, something legacy, maybe, I cleaned it up. You...you should monitor this, sometimes these things re-inject themselves."

"I don't think I'm qualified, Mr. Corey, though I know of a young computer guy who might do a better job at that."

"Oh, I...is he good? I can show him what I found." Was she going back to David's company or had she found someone else?

"He's good. At least that's what my people tell me. Bonus, though, not that it should matter, but he's cute, too."

"Oh," I mumbled, disappointed, trying not to show it. "I'll...I'll write down what I found." Steady voice, Daniel, steady voice, don't let her hear the disappointment, don't let her know what she's doing to you, don't let her win. That's what they do, pretty women, they know how you see them and use it to get what they want from you.

"You can't remember it?" She shifted, though still leaned against the door, almost seductive.

"Me? Yes, but," I looked for paper, "I just want to make sure that he doesn't misunderstand what I...I." I looked up at her. Was she implying that...she didn't mean... "You...you mean me?"

"Well of course I mean you, Mr. Corey," she crossed her arms confidently. I blushed, not at the compliment about my competency, but at the realization she called me cute. She's using you, dope, she's just using you, don't fall for her.

"I just assumed you were going back to David's firm."

She chuckled at that. "Um, no. Never. He had his chance."

"Or someone else." I bit my lip again, my nervous twitch.

"You know, that you have no idea, that you don't realize it, just makes it all the more charming to me."

"Realize what?" I asked, confused.

"That you're adorable, Mr. Corey."

I blushed again. But still...cute? She thought I was cute? Baby ducks are cute. Kittens are cute. But not men, men are hot, studs, handsome, cut, ripped...but not cute. You know who thought I was cute? Hannah. And every other girl that wanted something from me.

"Do you have dinner plans?"

My heart skipped. "Um, I...leftovers, I guess, just me." Same dinner plans I had just about every night.

"Those aren't really plans, Mr. Corey."

"That's what I planned to eat," I said, salvaging my pride.

"Well, as it happens, my plans were to eat alone, too. So, shall we make a date of it?"

The word cracked across the room like a rifle shot, date...did she say make a date of it? "Dinner, to...together?"

"That's how a dinner date usually works, two people," she pointed between us. "Dinner. Together."

"I..." Date? She said date. She couldn't mean that. I misunderstood. Dinner last night was a spontaneous thing, she saved my life after all, but this was...

"Come now, Daniel, a cute guy like you can't never have been asked to dinner by a girl before."

"No, I mean yes, just..." Dinner, yes, a date though, no, never, not once, not ever. "Like a date? Like tonight?"

"I know, I know I'm asking you to break The Rules, but...that's kind of the woman I am. I take what I want, especially when it's set right in front of me."

Jesus! Was she really asking me out, like on a date? I smoothed my shirt, was unsure what to say, how to act, seriously, she was asking me out on a date. "I...I thought girls were supposed to worry about The Rules, not guys."

"Hmmm," she chuckled ominously, "sometimes I get my gender roles confused." And later, I learned that should have been a warning. Not simply a joke.

Dinner was different than the night before, but then I hadn't just almost been killed. But I was a nervous wreck, just the same, not quite sure I believed where I was or who I was with. A date. She called it a date. I was on a fucking date with a beautiful woman! I tried to force myself to be calm, told myself she was just being polite, that she obviously wanted something and knew exactly how to manipulate a guy like me.

Still, she called it a date!

We talked about ourselves, but there was more her questioning me about myself, my childhood, what it was like to have a sibling — she was an only child, whereas I had a sister four years older.

"Did you two get along?" she wondered.

"Yes, except maybe for a couple of years when she was a pre-teen and wanted nothing to do with her younger brother, but we grew close again when she started high school." And I was still close with Janice, though she lived in New York where she went to college, so while we talked, I saw her less than I liked. Which probably, in part,

explained my attraction to Hannah. It wasn't merely sexual - it was missing day-to-day contact with my childhood confidant.

"I'm jealous," Ms. McCarthy said.

"Jealous of me having an older sister?" I asked, assuming she meant she was jealous of me.

"Goodness no," she laughed, touched my hand. "I'm a first born, through and through. I'm jealous of having a cute boy like you to play with." She looked at me, her blue eyes were beautiful, piercing, I looked away. "What's the matter, Mr. Corey? Do I intimidate you?"

"A little, yes, you're so...direct."

She laughed. "I've never been accused of being subtle when I want something, I'll grant you that." Somehow I managed to keep my hand steady and keep from dropping my fork. Somehow. "You have that look on your face, I already recognize it."

"What look?" I asked.

"That 'I'm not worthy look,' Mr. Corey. Do you really feel that way?"

I took a sip of my wine, both to work up some courage and to wet my mouth. "I guess I'm not used to such...attention. You...you're so...I don't know."

"You fascinate me, Mr. Corey," she said with a smile.

"I think I'm the one who should say that, you're the rich, beautiful, successful woman." Oddly, it was her turn to blush and look away, one of the few times I ever saw her do that. "I'm sorry, I guess I just presumed you're rich, but that was impolite to say."

"I am, Mr. Corey; it's the 'beautiful' that gave me pause."

"You...you are," I said softly.

"Does the rich part bother you, Mr. Corey?"

"It's intimidating," I admitted, as was her beauty.

"I can't apologize for it. I won't, actually."

"I understand," I said. "It's just...I can't even afford one meal like this, let alone two nights in a row and..."

"I'm buying dinner, Mr. Corey," she insisted. "Let's just get that clear."

"It's just..."

"You're not one of those guys, are you? I didn't take you to be. Was I wrong? You don't have that ego that's threatened by a woman

with means, do you?"

"No, it's not that, it's just..."

"I know," she sighed, pulled her hands back, folded them in her lap. "I should warn you about me, Mr. Corey."

"Warn me?"

"I...I'm a little different."

"I'll say, Ms. McCarthy," I laughed.

"I'm serious, I..." She thought for a few seconds, considered what she wanted to say. "I have issues."

"We all have issues," I said.

"Yes, but I...don't let me fool you. I have more than most."

"I don't think so," I said, bit my lip, "and I think I can take care of myself."

"If you only knew, Mr. Corey," she shook her head, "if you only knew. Please, don't worry about this," she swept her hand around the restaurant, "I don't worry you're sitting here because I have money. Don't you worry about the opposite. It is what it is, and, well, just relax. And watch out for me," she had a tight grin.

As Robert drove us back to my house, we sat quietly in the back. Ms. McCarthy spent most of the ride looking out the front window with a content grin on her face. I spent most of the ride stealing sideways glances at her crossed legs, hoping with each passing mile that her skirt would ride up again and expose more of her thighs, perhaps even a welt if she wore stockings.

At a light several blocks from my house, she leaned over, whispered in my ear so Robert couldn't hear. "Since you seem so interested in my legs, Mr. Corey, yes, I'm wearing stockings again today, so you can keep your eyes forward now, it's impolite to stare at a lady's legs for so long."

I sucked in my breath. I thought I was being coy. Obviously not, coy enough. And it seemed like I just ruined the entire evening. "I... I'm sorry, Ms. McCarthy," I mumbled, but I didn't look forward, I looked to the side, out the window, away from her.

When we pulled up in front of my house, I mumbled a thanks for the evening, convinced still that I'd ruined things by my obvious lusting for her legs, foolish, so fucking foolish, and started to get out of the car.

"Wait, I'll walk you to the door, Mr. Corey," she said coolly.

"That's not necessary, Ms. McCarthy," I said, trying to quickly open the door and end the wonderful evening I'd managed to ruin.

"It's necessary if I say it's necessary, Mr. Corey," she said in a sharp rebuke. "And judging by your neighborhood, I say it's necessary. Robert, keep an eye on us, please. I'll be just a minute." And so I waited while Robert let her out of the car and they both walked around to my door.

"Ma'am," he nodded.

"I'm not mad at you for staring at me, Mr. Corey. It's flattering, actually. But when I tell you I'll walk you to the door, I don't expect an argument."

"I...I'm sorry Ms. McCarthy," I apologized, eyes down as we walked up the steps to my door.

"I know I'm a difficult woman, Mr. Corey. I don't like to be questioned about many things. But that's what you have to deal with if you hope to date me."

"D...date you?" My head spun. Had I fucked things up or not? I assumed I had. But she didn't act like it.

"Yes, date me," she turned towards me. "Look at me, Mr. Corey." I looked up into her blue eyes. "You're so innocent, I swear, if I didn't know better I'd say this was all an act to impress me. But it isn't, is it?"

"An act?" She made my head spin. An act of what?

"An act, Mr. Corey. This cute, innocent boy thing you've got going, you don't even realize you're doing it."

"Doing what?" I bit my lip.

"Flirting with me like this. I mean, it's interesting enough when a guy tries, but you...this is really you, isn't it?"

"I...I think so," I felt lightheaded. I knew she was complimenting me. I wasn't so dense to miss that she was interested in me. I just didn't get why and said so. "Why me, Ms. McCarthy?" I asked, bit my lower lip again.

“Why you? Dammit, Mr. Corey, you’re going to make me do something foolish. Stop that, please.”

Stop it? If I had any idea what it was that I was doing, I’d double my efforts. “I really don’t know what I’m doing, Ms. McCarthy, I...I’m just being me.” And the strange thing was, for the first time in my life, being me seemed to make a difference for the good.

“Well don’t stop being you, Mr. Corey,” she said, leaned forward, kissed me softly on the lips. “Just be yourself and remember I warned you about me.”

I didn’t remember, how could I remember, she kissed me, when she fucking kissed me. When my world was spinning, when I felt her lips on mine, her warm mouth, her tender lips. “I...I...”

“Good night, Mr. Corey,” she kissed me again. “I’ll call...and be careful out here, please.”

“Good...good night, Ms. McCarthy,” I managed to reply. “I...I will.”

Kristen was gone for much of the next week as she had meetings in Toronto and Philadelphia. I had a couple of little projects to work on, so we didn’t talk until Thursday. But we texted. Often.

She started the morning she was at O’Hare, headed for Toronto.

Unknown: Good morning, Mr. Corey.

Daniel Corey: Good morning...not sure who this is...

Unknown: Wow, was I that bad of a kisser, Mr. Corey??? Maybe I should practice with someone else before we go out again?

Daniel Corey: OMG! Ms. McCarthy! I’m so sorry, I don’t have your number...how’d you...

I programed her number into my phone.

Kristen McCarthy: I have my ways, Mr. Corey.

Of course she did. Like David Williams, for starters, or Robert, or whatever other resources a rich woman has.

Daniel Corey: I’m sure you do, Ms. McCarthy.

Kristen McCarthy: So, I am really that bad a kisser then, Mr. Corey?

Daniel Corey: No! Ms. McCarthy, you’re a great kisser.

Kristen McCarthy: Sorry, I'm needy sometimes, Mr. Corey. I hate to kiss such a cute boy and find out he didn't like it.

Daniel Corey: Ms. McCarthy, I enjoyed it very much, I hope there are more.

She didn't answer for some time and I again worried whether I said the wrong thing at the wrong time, I cursed my lack of experience in dealing with women. After half an hour, I decided to text her again, as needy as it made me appear.

Daniel Corey: I didn't mean to be so forward, Ms. McCarthy, I didn't say the wrong thing, did I?

For another hour there was nothing, I wasn't sure what time her plane left, maybe she was in silent mode. Maybe she was on a call. Or maybe I did say the wrong thing. Finally, I heard my phone ding - a text message. I jumped for it.

Kristen McCarthy: Yes.

Yes? Yes? Yes what? Yes there would be more kisses or yes I said the wrong thing. I assumed the second.

Daniel Corey: I'm sorry, Ms. McCarthy, it should be obvious, but I'm sometimes a little awkward. I didn't do something wrong, did I?

Kristen McCarthy: Your awkwardness is what I find endearing, Mr. Corey. You didn't do anything wrong. And I meant, yes, as in, yes there will be more kisses. I'm boarding plane. Behave, Mr. Corey.

Behave?

Daniel Corey: Behave, Ms. McCarthy?

Kristen McCarthy: Don't go kissing other girls while I'm gone, Mr. Corey...

Daniel Corey: Goodness, no, Ms. McCarthy! Like there were girls lined up waiting to kiss me.

I didn't hear from her the rest of that day, save for an "arrived in Toronto" text that afternoon, and, since she was in meetings, over the next few days we exchanged just a spattering of texts. Until Thursday.

"I'll be home late Friday, Mr. Corey. I'll be tired and have some things to catch up on Saturday, but I want to see you. Why don't you come over to my place? Saturday evening?" she suggested when she called from the airport in Philly.

"Um, okay, Ms. McCarthy," I said, a pit in my stomach. Her place? It had been years since I'd been to a woman's place, since college, since...Hannah, since my one aborted attempt to make love to a woman.

"I want to show you the view of the lake at night. I know I'm being slightly pretentious, but I don't care. I love the view and I want to share it with you."

"That...that's thoughtful, Ms. McCarthy," I said, intending to sound sincere, but not quite succeeding.

"I mean it Mr. Corey. I know what you're thinking, and I appreciate your feelings, I really do, but I have money and it means buying and affording certain things. I'm not trying to flaunt it, but I'm proud of what I have and, well, it sounds strange, but I want to show you."

"I know, Ms. McCarthy, I just, well, some things are beyond my world experience. Like a condo in the city. Overlooking the lake."

She laughed.

"What?"

"It's ironic, your pride. Endearing, yes, but ironic." I frowned, not sure what she meant. "Normally the one with money worries that the one without is a gold digger..."

"Ms. McCarthy, I don't care about your money," I said with obvious pride.

"Normally, Mr. Corey, normally. Don't think I haven't had to deal with that. But I guess that's what's ironic, you clearly are so NOT like that that I almost feel like, well, it...money...is a detriment."

"It just takes getting used to, that's all. I have pride, I feel like, well, like I can't do the things a guy is supposed to do."

"I don't care about traditional gender roles," she said, a comment I would hear often, later.

"I just, I guess it's weird, that's all."

"Would you prefer me poor, Mr. Corey? Because trust me, I'd prefer not to be."

"It's not that bad," I said, my pride hurt.

"Mr. Corey, I don't mean that as an insult. I'm just saying that having money makes it so I can do certain things I want to do. Like taking a cute boy on a date for a wonderful dinner and then show him the view of the lake in the evening."

"I...I get it," I said. "I'd like to see it, Ms. McCarthy."

"It's very romantic," she said. Romantic. Fuck, fuck, fuck, Daniel!

"Can you agree to something, Mr. Corey?"

"What?" I asked. Romantic, she really said romantic?

"Can you let me do things without letting it wound your pride? I understand how you feel, my father had little money when he met my mother, but can you let me be me?"

"I can try."

"And can you look at a gift as just something I want to do for you?"

"Again, I can try...but I can't reciprocate, not like you do." And that's what bothered me. I couldn't do for her what she did for me.

"I know. And I don't care, you can give me a much better gift, Mr. Corey - you."

I blushed. "I still don't know what you see in me," I said laughing, trying to change the subject, not trying to sound serious even though I did.

"What do I see in you? Mr. Corey, please, you're the sweetest, most tender guy I ever met, one who seems to let me be me, one who is caring and creative and sensitive and, well, without sounding strange, one who reminds me of how my father was with my mother. So can you just accept things at face value, Mr. Corey?"

"I suppose, I mean, yes." I was uncomfortable hearing about her parents, that implied a seriousness to our relationship I could only hope for.

"So, Saturday, we can meet here at say seven? Go out for dinner and then return and take in the lake view."

"That works," I said. I was still nervous at the thought of being alone with her in her apartment, especially since she mentioned romance. I thought of Hannah, my last quasi-romantic time with a woman, the disappointment when I tried to kiss her. Maybe I should not hope for anything. Why be disappointed.

"Good, I'll send Robert to pick you up at 6:30 or so."

"Ms. McCarthy," I half groaned, "You don't need to do that, I can take the L."

"I don't like that neighborhood you live in, Mr. Corey, you know that. And you most certainly will not take the L on a Saturday

evening.”

“I do it all the time,” I countered.

“And look what happens.”

“That was one time,” I said.

“Mr. Corey, you shouldn’t be out in that neighborhood during the day, let alone after dark. I’m sending Robert for you, and that’s that.” Her tone did not invite any further discussion. She had made a decision.

“Okay, okay, thank you.” Accept what she wanted to give me. “What should I wear?”

“Hmmm, something nice,” she said cryptically before hanging up.

I spent Friday and Saturday working on project I’d been putting off, luckily, as it kept my mind off my evening with her and kept me from getting my hopes up.

At half past five on Saturday it was time to get ready and I let my mind finally drift. Romantic evening? She wanted a romantic evening? Would I finally get to...

The doorbell interrupted my thoughts. Fuck! Who was that? I hurried to the door, looked out the peep...Robert? Already? He was an hour early!

“Robert,” I said when I opened the door, “I...I thought I had another hour?”

“You do, Mr. Corey,” he tilted his head, walked in and shut the door. “But Ms. McCarthy wanted me to bring this.” He held up a garment bag; I raised an eyebrow.

“A suit, Mr. Corey. For dinner.”

Damn her! “Robert, I can’t...she shouldn’t have.” He gave me a ‘what are we supposed to do’ look. “Really, she shouldn’t have.”

“Perhaps not, Mr. Corey, but Ms. McCarthy has a way of doing what she wants to do,” he said, shrugging his shoulders.

“This is too much, Robert,” I protested weakly, remembering my pledge to just accept things from her. “Besides, it will never fit right.” He had a guilty look on his face. “What?” I demanded.

“It wasn’t my idea, Mr. Corey, really.”

"What?" I demanded again.

"I may have borrowed one of your suits," he said sheepishly, "for size, so the tailor had your measurements."

"And how did you get one of my suits?" I asked, mouth tight. I knew perfectly well what he was going to say before he said it. His eyes darted around the room. "Fuck, Robert!" How dare she invade my privacy like that! How dare she have him fucking break into my home!

"I know," he said, "But your locks really are a joke, probably lucky it was me, not someone with nefarious purposes. Mr. Corey, I have to agree with Ms. McCarthy - this is not a safe neighborhood."

"Still, this is my home, Robert."

"She means well, Mr. Corey. She really does, in her own way."

I sighed, it wasn't his fault, it was hers, no reason to take it out on him. "Robert, please, Daniel, at least, when it's just us."

Robert smiled. "I'll try, Mr...Daniel...Shall we? Ms. McCarthy expects us at seven, you should get ready."

"I suppose." I grabbed the suit from him, angry at her. "You know, I really could have taken the L."

"Again, I'm with Ms. McCarthy on that, Mr. Corey. This neighborhood isn't safe after dark."

"You're out in it," I retorted.

"Ah, but that's what I'm trained for, as you know. Mr. Corey, er, Daniel," he said, "may I give you some unsolicited advice, just between us?"

"I...I suppose," I said warily, not sure if I wanted to take advice from a man who broke into my house.

"I shouldn't say this, but...Ms. McCarthy wouldn't do this for just anyone...she's a very unique woman, protective of certain things...things she," he seemed to struggle for the right word, "things she...cares about, I suppose." Like me, I thought, my heart leapt. He saw the thought in my eyes, nodded. "You catch my meaning?"

"Yes," I said. "She's an...interesting woman, Robert." Interesting in sending her driver to break into my house so she could get me a suit and sending him back to protect me.

After dressing, I had to admit one thing, the suit was damn nice. It was wool, of course, charcoal, with a very subtle lavender pinstripe,

and it fit better, much better, than my single off the rack suit. It must have cost a fortune and I wondered what the tailor could have done with my actual measurements. Kristen sent a shirt and tie, too—a white trim cut shirt and lavender paisley tie — even socks and shoes. When I finished dressing, my briefs were the only thing of my own that I wore.

Robert nodded his head when I walked back into the living room just before six-thirty. “She has excellent taste.” That was an understatement, though I was still angry with her for what she had done. I walked toward the door when I noticed something else she had done, too.

“Robert!” The new locks gleamed from the hall light.

“They really were a joke, Mr. Corey,” he said, holding out a new key to me. It seemed I could get no quarter from him, either from his obedience to her word, or from his refusal to call me by my given name. I started to ask him if he’d kept a key, but decided I did not want to know the answer; it was almost certainly yes. Why confirm?

At her high rise on Michigan, Robert parked the BMW below the building and led me to the lobby where he asked me to wait while he went to get Ms. McCarthy. The romantic view, apparently, was going to wait until after dinner. The lobby itself was stunning. I could only imagine what Ms. McCarthy’s unit on the fifty-first floor would look like.

Thoughts of her condo vanished from my mind the moment she walked into the lobby as my attention went directly to her, same as the half dozen other men in the lobby. Except for Robert, all eyes turned towards the five-foot, ten-inch blonde walking gracefully across the tile floor. She was wearing a black dress, with a finely pleated V-neck bodice and cap sleeves, trim at the waist, and accentuated with sheer tulle insets along the flared skirt. Her hair was down, cascading over one shoulder so it drew attention to both her perfect face and the swell of her breasts, just barely visible at the V-neck.

Because of her platform peep toe pumps, she looked taller than any of the guys staring at her as she walked across the lobby, and for a moment I glanced down at her long legs in black hose (stockings?, I wondered again) and fantasized for the first time in a long time, what it might be like to actually sleep with a specific woman that wasn't Hannah.

She walked up to me, took my shoulders in her hands, and kissed me lightly on the mouth. "You look marvelous, Mr. Corey," she said. A couple of the guys looked at me like they wondered how the hell I managed to get this woman and, with her kiss, I forgot, for the moment, the little breaking and entering episode that led me to looking so good.

"Thank you," I said softly. Marvelous? This angel, this goddess thinks I look marvelous! "You...you look nice," I said.

"Nice?" she laughed, and turned to Robert, "Just nice, he says! My God! Did he go blind while I was gone?"

I laughed. "No, no, more than nice, Ms. McCarthy, you look stunning." I blushed, still somehow stunned that this was actually my date.

Robert drove, of course, and on the short ride to the restaurant, she took my hand in hers, held it, gently rubbed the back. "You know, every time we sit back here, you stare at my legs," she said, breaking the silence.

"I'm sorry," I said. I bit my lip, embarrassed that she caught me. And that Robert could clearly hear her.

"Don't be. I'm flattered. I know I told you it was impolite — and it is — but in a way, from you, it's oddly respectful." I looked up at her, raised an eyebrow. "Most guys stare at a woman's breasts, Mr. Corey. That's extremely disrespectful to a woman. It's like a guy saying, 'I'm going to stare at your breasts because I want to possess them and I don't care that you know I'm doing it.' It's almost a dominance thing. A man is trying to prove his dominance when he blatantly stares at a woman's breasts."

"Really?"

She nodded. "Men know this - sex can be power."

"But looking at a woman's legs is different?"

“Of course! It’s like saying, ‘I know you’re pretty but I’m respectful enough to avert my eyes.’ Lowering one’s eyes is an unconscious act of submission.”

Submission. Dominance. “You have a thing for being in charge, don’t you, Ms. McCarthy?”

She laughed, squeezed my hand. “I do, Mr. Corey. Just a bit...it scares most guys away when I don’t control it. But some guys are drawn to it.” Some guys like me?

“I don’t know about that.” I looked up at her eyes, felt her powerful gaze, looked away after a moment.

“Really?” She leaned over to my ear, whispered this time so Robert couldn’t hear her. “Then why’d you look away, Daniel?”

I snorted. I couldn’t help it, but she may have been right.

At dinner, as I nibbled on my fish, I tried not to get ahead of myself and imagine what was going to happen that evening at the condo. I tried not to imagine what she would look like naked. I tried not to imagine touching her, kissing her. I tried not to imagine actually making love to her. I tried, because to be honest, I was almost terrified. One does not get to age 25 as a virgin without building up a fair measure of anxiety about sex, especially when the lack of sex is intertwined with feelings of inadequacy as a male. I never forgot what Hannah said back in college once, when we’d been drinking. Don’t take this the wrong way, Daniel, but you’re like...like one of us, not one of them, you’re like...effeminate.

Like I was a girl, not a guy.

Sometimes I hated Hannah for making me feel that way. She crushed my masculinity, in a way and in a time that was most damaging. The most masculine I ever felt was when I worked up the nerve to kiss Hannah, with fantasies of actually screwing her. And though she didn’t mean it, though she really cared for me as a friend, she crushed my masculine spirit that day, reinforced my shyness, my hesitancy with women, my betaness. Everything I secretly worried about myself, Hannah confirmed, unintentionally or not.

“What?” she asked watching me.

“Nothing,” I blew her off. “So, you’re...”

“Mr. Corey...Daniel?”

“Really, it’s nothing,” I lied. What? Was I going to tell her I was fantasizing about fucking her? And that I was afraid? Um, yeah, so I’m sitting there fantasizing about sex because I’m a 25 year old virgin and I’m afraid to be exposed as a big fucking wimp.

She took a sip of wine, I thought the moment passed. I was wrong. “It’s not ‘nothing,’” she insisted.

I didn’t respond.

“Mr. Corey...Daniel,” she chastised me.

I sighed. She wasn’t going to let it go so I knew I had to say something and it had to be close to the truth, but not all. Fine! “Ms. McCarthy...Kristen...how to I put this?” I looked around the restaurant. “You’re like the...the prettiest girl here and I’m like the dorkiest guy here and this isn’t how life works. You could have any guy here...but...”

“But I’m with you?”

“Yeah, I’m sorry, but...”

She held up her hand, stopped me. “It bothers me when you put yourself down, Daniel. So you’re not the most masculine guy in the restaurant, fine. But you’re putting yourself down as a person and there is a difference. You’re assuming that’s what all women want. It’s true that I could have any guy in the restaurant. But again, so what?”

“That’s what women want,” I said, thinking of Hannah.

“Hmmm,” she considered my statement. “Sometimes, I suppose. Often, maybe.”

“I think all of the time.”

“Really, Daniel? You said I could have any guy here?” I nodded. “Look in the bar. See the table of, oh, ten guys over there?”

I turned and saw the group, the typical group of masculine men I never fit in with. “Yeah.”

“I could have any of them?”

“Of course.” She motioned me closer with her finger. “What?”

Ms. McCarthy leaned towards my ear. “I had...” A waiter suddenly dropped a tray. I didn’t hear what she said.

“What?” I asked her to repeat.

She laughed, reached for my arm, pulled me closer. "I said I fucked one of them, Daniel."

I dropped my fork, looked at the bar again, at the table of guys. Holy fuck! One of those guys fucked her? Which one? "Which..."

She grinned. She wasn't going to answer. "Know what he was like, Daniel?"

Bad? Was it bad? Was that why she was here with me? How could it be? I was a damn hopeless virgin. How could it be bad? "Bad?" I said, hopefully.

"Bad?" she laughed, "Bad? Are you kidding? Todd, that's his name, is a total stud, like the epitome of a man's man — it's brash to say, but it was the best sex I ever had."

For just a second her eyes glazed over in remembering. If my mouth hadn't been open before, it was now. I'm a goddamn virgin and I'm listening to my new friend...maybe even my new girlfriend, tell me about the best sex she ever had. Seriously! What the fuck? She sat back, crossed her arms, a wicked grin on her face. "I'm not kidding."

"Jesus!" I looked at the table of guys again — I assumed none of them were virgins — and wondered which one of them was Todd, which one fucked her. The blonde on the end? The guy with dark hair in the middle holding his beer and laughing? The tall, muscular guy? He seemed like the type she hired to work for her.

And I wondered what the hell she was doing with me.

"You're wondering what I'm doing with you, Daniel," she smiled, reading my mind.

"Um, that might have crossed my mind," I said, averting my eyes. What was great sex like? And how the hell was I supposed to compete with that? As if I wasn't nervous enough about tonight, hoping I finally, just might, get laid, and I'm supposed to compare to the best sex she ever had? If I got lucky tonight, it was likely to be the worst sex she ever had - not the best.

Kristen took my hand. "Two things, Daniel. First, Todd, as good as he was in bed, is the most fucking boring man I've ever known anywhere else in life. He wouldn't know Mozart from Beethoven, Picasso from Van Gogh, let alone which are musicians and which are painters. He would never have a sense of style, of art, of history.

He could barely have a conversation that didn't involve him. As good as the sex was, the dating part was awful. Terrible even!"

"Well, I have that going for me," I chuckled. I glanced again at the guys. I bet it was the tall one. "There were two things?"

"Yeah. You might have noticed I'm kind of a type-A, myself, and I have a wee bit of a problem with guys who try to control me. Which," she squeezed my hand, "is why I find you so endearing."

"Because I'm a dork?"

"Because you're sweet. Because you looked at my legs and not my breasts. Because you have that shy smile and bite your lip, and because there's no way you're ever going to try to control me, Daniel. I find you so charming because you're so not him...or any of them. Look at them, they're all the same."

I looked again at the tall one, the one I thought was Todd. He glanced our way, said something to his friends, laughed. Was that him? Was he laughing at me? At the dork who was with the woman he had fucked? Or was I just being paranoid? "Daniel?"

"Huh?"

"I said let's go back to my place...unless you'd rather finish that fish than take in the view."

"N...nnoo."

She stood, caught the eye of the waiter and nodded. From that, I assumed she'd been here before and that we didn't have to wait to formally pay. She took me by the hand and led me from the table, the implication obvious to me and I assume anyone who saw us — she was the alpha, not me. But I was the one with her. I was the one going home with her. And while we did not have to walk past the bar, she led us that way so we had to walk by the table of guys. Right before we got to the table, she stopped, turned and leaned towards me. "You want to know, don't you? I can tell."

No! The fuck I did! What the hell! But I was taken aback by her sudden question, nodded yes before I could really think. Jesus, Daniel, what the hell do you want to know that for? You're a damn virgin and you want to know which of these asshole guys fucked your date? Ms. McCarthy had a pleased glimmer in her eyes, like I answered correctly. "The tall one, on the left." The one I thought, the one that looked at us!

She pulled me again, right by them, right by him; he looked at her, smiled. "Kristen," he said with a smooth look of confidence.

"Todd," she said, paused, looked back at me. "This is Daniel, my boyfriend," she said to my surprise.

He looked me up and down, judging me, smiled wider, as if to say, 'Yes, I fucked her, I fucked her first, and I fucked her better. BETTER!' "Let me know if you need some help, tonight," he said loudly to the laughter of his friends, "I doubt he's that good."

"Dick," she shook her head and started to pull me away from them.

"Dick? Yeah! You'll never forget it, will you? My dick," he tilted his head. "Oh, Todd, fuck me harder, Todd, oh Todd," he said in falsetto to the continued laughter of his buddies. "Oh, Todd, I love your cock...Todd!" They all laughed hysterically.

"I'm sorry, Daniel," she said at the door to the restaurant, "but that's why I like you so much." She looked at me earnestly, touched my face. "He's right, the sex may have been great, but as you can see, he's an ass and I regret staying with him for so long."

That much I got, clearly, he certainly did not seem like her type. "All dick and no brains," I said with a forced smile. I'm a damn virgin, nervous as a schoolgirl, never been close to a woman, how am I supposed to compete with that?

"Did you see him? The perfect example of an ass who stares at a woman's breasts."

I did notice how he looked at her, leered at her, cocky, confident, attempted dominance. "Instead of her legs?" I asked, looked down, bit my lip. She said it was an unconscious act of submission, but doing it while thinking about it made me aware of how powerful the feeling was. I felt demure, meek, shy, quiet, the way I always felt around women. But the difference was Ms. McCarthy—Kristen was apparently my girlfriend. Not just a girl friend, but my actual girlfriend.

"Yes," she reached up and touched the side of my face, pushed my hair behind my ear. Suddenly her arms were around me, her face close to mine, her mouth open, pressed to my lips, her tongue in my mouth, probing, wet, hot.

"Uhhh," I found myself moaning, my legs weak. I was dazed even as she broke off the kiss. "What was that for?" I asked. I'd only

kissed a woman three times, once with Hannah and a quick peck from Kristen on our first two times going out. This was different, powerful, hungry, erotic. A kiss! A real fucking kiss.

“Because you’re looking at me like that, biting your lips, looking at me with those wide, innocent eyes of yours.”

“Like...like what?”

“Like you want me to own you, Daniel.” I heard my breath, quick, halted, excited. “Be careful teasing me, Daniel.”

“Teasing you, I...” I bit my lip again, caught myself.

“Stop it, I’m warning you.” Her words were serious, but her tone was playful.

“I...I don’t even know what I’m doing,” I said. I looked at her face, down again.

“You have no idea, Daniel, no idea.”

I was about to ask her what I was doing, heck, I wanted to do it again, but Robert pulled up with the car.

On the ride back to her building, Todd’s words ran through my mind. “Let me know if you need some help. I doubt he’s that good.” That good? I was going to be that bad, after all, how the hell could I be that good at something I’d never done before? How could I compete with the best sex she’d ever had? I pictured the prototypical porn scene in my mind — a woman bent over something, a man behind her, aggressively fucking her. I pictured generic participants, but then real actors, Kristen, Todd. “Oh Todd! Fuck me harder, Todd!”

Was that what was going to go through her mind if I was so lucky as to actually get lucky? How terrible I was? How much better Todd was? How she was making a mistake with a dork like me?

“Are you trying to turn me on?” Kristen’s whisper broke through my thoughts.

“What, I...no...I...”

She let go of my hand, moved it towards my inner thigh, let it hover there. I gasped softly, anticipating the touch that did not come. “I’m serious, if you keep looking at my legs like that, Mr. Corey, with

that crestfallen look of yours, I'm not going to be able to keep my hands off you."

I looked up at her, couldn't tell if she was serious or teasing. How in the hell did I get a woman like this to talk to me like this?

I bit my lip again, shy, "Kristen, I...I didn't mean to."

She inhaled sharply, closed her eyes, concentrated on breathing, didn't talk to me the rest of the ride, didn't touch me, didn't look at me. Dammit, what the hell did I say wrong?

In the garage below her building, Robert pulled the car next to an elevator, got out, and opened her door. "Shall I wait, Ms. McCarthy?"

Kristen looked at me, chuckled softly. "No need," she said as she walked to the elevator not even bothering to look if I followed. Robert and I exchanged a look. I felt guilty, like a child caught by his parent, but I followed her, of course. Without a word, I followed her.

She keyed in a code to the elevator, stood in front of me, facing the door. Together we rode to her floor in silence. It was unnerving. Earlier in the evening I was beyond excited to be alone with her in her apartment. Now, I was terrified by my inexperience. When the elevator finally opened, it was not to a common lobby, but the elaborate foyer to her home, wood and tile walled, with Japanese scrolls on either side of a beautiful table.

"Whoa," I mumbled.

Kristen did not hear me, or ignored me, but simply walked out of the elevator and turned before I could follow. "You should leave," she said, her blue eyes burning.

"What, but I...I just got here. I thought...I thought you wanted me here." Dammit! I knew it! Why would she want to spend the evening with me? She was probably going to call Todd the second she got rid of me. Damn her! Damn women!

"You think I don't want you here? Of course I want you here Daniel, more than anything, but...but you shouldn't be here, you should run. You should turn around and run away from me as fast as you can."

“Kristen,” I said. I tried to take a step forward, but she blocked the doors. “Please.”

“I’m dangerous, Daniel. You don’t get it. I’m dangerous and I like you and I’m warning you now. Trust me, you should run. If you know what’s good for you, you will, you’ll run.”

“I...I don’t want to,” I said. I looked down as I spoke the words, bit my lip, I didn’t mean to, didn’t plan to, I just did, I looked down at her legs, at her nylons, at her shoes.

“Damn you, Daniel, why do you do that?”

“I...I don’t know, I...I just do,” I said softly, “I can’t help it.”

“I warned you what that look does to me. You’re shy, innocent look, why...”

“It’s just me, I don’t mean anything by it.”

“Run, Daniel.”

“No.” I looked at her eyes, they were intense, vivid.

“Daniel,” she whispered, voice weak.

“Please,” I said, looking down. She didn’t say anything. She just took a step back, yielding the doors to the elevator. I took my cue, took a step toward her and the doors slid shut behind, sealing my escape. She was on me in a second, her mouth pressed to mine. She kissed me urgently, passionately. I felt my groin stir, my penis growing, I was half ashamed at my reaction, but didn’t care. My God, I was kissing the most beautiful woman in the world.

She broke the kiss, just for a moment. “Later, I’ll remind you I warned you, Mr. Corey.”

“I...I don’t care, Ms. McCarthy,” I said. I wanted to fuck a woman, more, I wanted to fuck her. I just hoped I was good at it, hoped I could please her. Then I turned and saw her place. “Whoa,” I mumbled again, for the moment distracted by the opulence of the apartment, the three giant windows looking east over Lake Michigan. Like her office, the furniture was clean, modern, expensive, amazing, but it was the view of the lake that was breathtaking.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “Enjoy it for a moment, I’m going to use the...” she pointed to a door to the side of a couch by a fireplace, a bathroom.

“Sure,” I said, still overwhelmed by everything surrounding me. I knew she was rich, but fuck, this is how the one percent lives? I

walked across the wood floor, past the long, low L shaped couch to the window, and looked out on the lake, the city. My house overlooked the side of another house a mere four feet away. Her place overlooked everything, and from up there, everything was beautiful.

"You like the lake view, Daniel?" Kristen asked when she returned to the room.

I glanced at her, resisted looking at her legs. She had her arms over her shoulders, as if hugging herself. "It's beautiful," I said as I turned back to the windows.

She laughed. "What about this view?"

I looked back at her, puzzled. What view? That's when she dropped her dress to the floor — it wasn't on her, she was holding it to the front of her body. I gasped at what I saw - Kristen, standing there in only her heels and lingerie like I'd never seen before. "Oh, God!" I spurted out. Her breasts practically spilled out of the black bra, it was so low cut, but it was her lower garments that took my breath away. Again, she wasn't wearing pantyhose, but stockings, real stockings, held up by a black...garter belt, that's a garter belt, holy shit, she's wearing a garter belt, framing delicate, almost sheer panties. It was the most amazing thing I'd ever seen.

"I...I..." Say something, Daniel. Something. Anything! I looked down, embarrassed at my stammering, at my total lack of cool in front of a pretty woman.

"I told you not to look at me like that," she said. "I told you it does things to me...and it looks like I do things to you."

"I...Ms. McCarthy, I..." I stammered again. I realized she was looking at my crotch, that I had an erection now, I couldn't help it, didn't care. Just be half as good as Todd, just half as good, just half as good.

She walked over to me, touched my face. "You're nervous," she said. "Has it been awhile?"

"I..." Fuck! Awhile?...Awhile? It's been like fucking never!

"Don't worry, it's like riding a bike, once you learn how, you don't forget."

But I never learned! "I guess I'm a little nervous, I'm sorry." I don't know how to ride a bike, I'm going to fall, I'm going to crash, I'm

going to make a fool of myself.

She walked up to me, touched my chest with her hand, ran her finger over my coat, helped take it off me, tossed it on a chair. She touched my chest again, through my shirt. "You shouldn't be sorry, Daniel. That look on your face, the way you look at my legs, it drives me crazy." She pushed me, my legs hit the couch and I fell backwards onto it. She followed, sat gracefully next to me, her nylon-covered leg touching mine, her hand on my thigh.

I could feel myself getting dizzy, her hand was so close to my erection "Why?" I asked, trying to slow down, to savor the moment. Tell her you're a virgin, tell her you've never been on a bike, let alone know how to ride one.

"Why what?"

"Why...why does it drive you crazy?" I asked, trying to stall, trying to slow down, trying to keep the room from spinning.

I could not have picked something worse to ask. It didn't slow her down. Rather, it sped her up. "Because nervous, shy boys sometimes make me feel powerful, like I'm in charge." Her hand moved back up my thigh, didn't stop until she touched my groin. A woman's hand was on me, touching me, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, a woman's hand was touching me between the legs, touching my erection. Fuck, FUCK!

"And I like to be in charge, Daniel, more, I need to be in charge."

Suddenly I was aware of a pressure between my legs, an urge, a need. "Kristen," I tried to say, tried to move, tried to shift, to get her hand off me. "Wait, I..." The pressure was too much, too fast. Slow down, Daniel, slow the fuck down. And then her hand was around me and I my brain froze, I was lost, confused, the room was spinning. No. NO!

"Just like riding a bike, Daniel."

BUT I'M A VIRGIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I knew a moment after it was too late that it was too late, I tried to do something about it, but...what was a virgin to do, there was no stopping things, it was a physical reaction, one thing following another, like sunrise follows sunset, it happened, it had to happen. "Kristen," I groaned as I tried to squeeze my mid-section to stop the eruption, tried to bite my cheek, tried to do or think of anything.

“Kristen,” I moaned as if in pain, “I...I....oh...oh...” I tried to stand, finally did, tried a last gasp effort to stop, tensed every muscle in my body. “Ohhhhhhhhhh,” I moaned as the gates opened and the hoard rushed out and a giant wet spot exploded on the front of my pants.

“Daniel? Daniel!”

“Ohhhhhhhhhh,” I moaned again even as I tried to hold it back, the moan, the cum, tried, but couldn’t, the dark, wet spot grew quickly as more and more cum erupted from me.

“Daniel, you...you...” She didn’t finish her sentence before I ran off in the direction of the bathroom she’d used, shut the door, and locked it behind me.

I was a mess. Years of sexual desire, hope, and frustration had built up inside me. It wasn’t my first orgasm. Naturally I’d masturbated hundreds and hundreds of times, but it was the first time a woman had touched me like that, the first time I’d really kissed someone, the first time I saw a woman naked, or nearly so. My orgasm was not merely an orgasm. No. It was my first orgasm with a woman, and not just any woman, but a woman I was starting to fall for. Deeply.

I was a mess. The dark stain dominated the front of my trousers, the new suit Kristen had bought for me, it covered me, literally, across my entire midsection. Cum...you’re covered in cum. At first warm and wet, quickly becoming simply cold and, a physical stain everywhere, soiling my shirttails, my white briefs, my pants. Cum, fucking cum, every fucking where.

It was an emotional stain, too. I was already anxious and nervous about my virginity, feelings heightened by meeting that asshole, Todd. I was already anxious about how I would perform, whether I would please her and make her happy. But I never had that chance. Touched by her for less than a minute, less than thirty seconds, I’d made a mess of things. I was disgusted with myself. No wonder no woman ever wanted you. You’re pathetic! You’re not a man! You’re not what excites women, you can’t please a woman. Yes, I was a mess, a physical and emotional mess.

Only after several minutes did I realize the magnitude of my predicament. Not only did I embarrass myself in front of Kristen, I was now trapped in her bathroom, trapped in her condo. You should have run for the elevator, you fucking fool. I didn't...and now I couldn't face her. She must hate me. She must be disgusted by me. What kind of guy acted like this? I had to get out of there, but I couldn't face her. Not now. Not ever again. I couldn't bear the look she would cast my way, the look of sure disgust. Dammit, dammit, dammit.

I didn't know what to do. Sit there in my wet, cum stained clothes? Would she leave? Was she here, even? Did she call Robert back to get her as far away from me as possible? Did she jump up, throw her dress on, and flee?

No, she wouldn't leave. She wants to wait, to confront you, to mock you. I could hear her voice. "And to think I wanted to sleep with you. You're disgusting, get out, get out of my sight, get away from me." Would Robert be there to protect her? Or Todd? Maybe she would call Todd. She wanted to screw, that much was clear. Why not call the man that knew what he was doing. He could come help her, he could deal with me, 'take out the trash,' then comfort her and give her what she wanted.

My face was wet from tears. I liked her, more than anyone, even more than Hannah. I liked Kristen. I had started to fall for her. And I ruined it. I fucking ruined it. I was never going to get a woman, never. Never.

The knock startled me - soft, not angry. "Daniel?" I ignored it, tried not to sob, tried not to make any noise. "Daniel, are you okay?"

NO I'M NOT OKAY!

"Daniel, please," she said.

Please what? Open the door so you can mock me? "Go away," I said in a half sob.

Nothing for a minute, then she called my name again, softly. And tried the door. Thank fucking God I locked it.

"Daniel, please unlock the door."

"Just...just go...go away...I...just go." I said through tears, sobs.

"Daniel..."

Fuck it. Just open the door and run, she's not going anywhere. Open the door and run and let her run off to Todd or some other guy, anything, anyone.

"Daniel, open the door. Please." She wasn't going to go anywhere, that much was clear. Fine, I'd just take it. Fine. It would be quick, it wasn't like it was the first time a girl had made fun of me. "It's okay, Daniel."

Okay? Okay? It's okay to cum in my pants like an overeager teenager? Who was she kidding? "It's not okay," I sniffed. "Just...just go so I can...so I can leave, so you never have to see me again."

"What?"

"I know I must disgust you."

"Disgust me? Daniel, please, just unlock the door so we can talk."

"Fine," I sniffed. Go ahead, mock me, I don't care, I'm never seeing you again anyway. I reached up from where I was sitting on the toilet, unlocked the door. She opened it slowly, stood in the doorway; she had a black robe around her, loosely tied, hardly covering her lingerie.

"Oh, Daniel," she said when she saw the mess that was me, the tears, worse, the mess, the disgusting mess.

"I'll...I'll go," I said.

"Go?"

"Just please...just please don't say anything. I'll go, I'll...I'll leave you alone, I'll..."

"Daniel! I don't want you to go." I looked up at her face, at the worried look in her eyes. She must be lying, there was no way...Her eyes are not lying though. She looks genuinely concerned, even afraid.

"But Kristen, look at me, I...I'm disgusting!"

"Oh, Daniel...Daniel...you...no, Daniel, no...no you're not. It's just been awhile, that's all, I told you, it's like riding a bike."

"Kristen, don't you get it, I've never ridden a fucking bike, dammit, I've never been with a woman; I'm a fucking virgin!" There it was, go ahead, hate me, I don't care. Her eyes wide, as I expected, but not in disgust, if anything, understanding, pity.

"Oh, Daniel." She shook her head, a tear in her eye.

“Look at me.” I looked down at the dark spot in my pants. “I...I... I’m pathetic.”

“No, Daniel, no. No you’re not. There’s a cleaning service in the building, if we get those to it now, they’ll be fine. Just...take them off, I’ll call...”

“Kristen, it...it’s everywhere. On my shirt, my underwear, my pants, I...it’s on everything but my socks and shoes.”

She saw what I meant. “Of course...wait here, it’s okay, I...I’ll find something...just...please...please don’t run.” She was going to leave me alone, this was my chance, now, if ever. I could run. I could bolt for the elevator, if I could figure out how to use it, if I could flee the building in cum soaked clothes. At least I’d be away from this terrible situation. “Please,” she said one more time. I might have still run if she hadn’t reached out and touched my arm with a soft, gentle, touch, tender. I might have run, I might have, but...

How can she hate you and touch you like that. “O...Okay,” I promised, shaking, scared. She stepped back, closed the door softly, left me alone once again with just the cold, wet mess of my pathetic masculinity. Just breathe, Daniel, just breathe and it will all be okay, everything will be okay.

She knocked again. “Daniel,” she said softly.

“It’s unlocked.”

She opened the door carefully; she had changed out of her exotic lingerie into something far simpler yet somehow, far prettier. Less sexy, but prettier. Gone was the black bra and garter belt and stockings, instead she wore a short, dazzling scarlet silk slip with delicate lace on the hem and on the cups of her breasts. The slip had a lace edged slit and thin strap and this woman, this beautiful woman who called herself my girlfriend, was prettier than any boy’s deepest fantasies. She’s you girlfriend? This angel, this beautiful angel, is actually your girlfriend?

“You have to get undressed, so I can send all that to the cleaner, and...I...I’m so sorry, this...this is the best I can do.” She had a pile of pink in her hands, silky, soft, feminine, and unfolded it to show me. Pajamas. Women’s pajamas.

She wanted me to wear women’s pajamas? “Kristen, those... those are...”

“I know, but...I...I don't have anything less...girly...they're full pajamas, at least, pants and a shirt, they're just, well, silk, and...”

“And pink.” I laughed. I actually laughed, the situation was so crazy.

“Just, here,” she pushed them towards me, “just...just for tonight...everything else I have is...is like this,” she motioned to her body.

If it wasn't for the wetness all over my clothes, if it wasn't for the cum soaking into the suit she'd had made for me, I might not have done it. If she had handed me anything like she was wearing, anything short or skimpy, I would have run. But she was right, they were pajamas, nothing more, nothing less, pants and a shirt, just pants and a shirt that happened to be silk. And pink. And soft. And feminine.

“Kristen...”

“Please, I...we...,” she looked at my pants. “Before it's too late.” She practically dropped them into my hands, walked back before I could protest again, shut the door.

Oh, for fuck's sake, Daniel, you already wet your pants with cum, cried in front of her, and admitted you were a 25 year old virgin. What the hell! Why not wear pink fucking silk pajamas? What choice did I have, really? I could run, which I already said I would not do. I could just sit there naked, but that was even more embarrassing, considering what had happened. Resigned, I quickly undressed, glad to shed the cold, wet, cum soaked clothes, washed myself with a cloth, and picked up the pajamas.

The pants were wide legged, but the high waist was figure hugging on my hips and ass. And my crotch too. I chuckled. Thank God you shot your wad, loser, cause these pants were cut for a woman's crotch and there was hardly anywhere to put even my flaccid, shrunken, penis. I shuddered for a moment. Nice thought. I bet Todd doesn't have a small, shriveled penis that easily fits in a pair of tight cut women's pajama pants.

The top, a button shirt, was long sleeved. I slipped my arms into it and for a moment could not figure out how to button it. What the hell? Then it dawned on me, of course, women's buttons are on the left, not the right, not easy to button, not easy at all. The shirt was

both too loose and too tight; slightly big at the top—no breasts to fill it—trim at the waist, for a woman. Thank God you don't carry any extra weight!

I sighed, turned. I couldn't resist looking in the mirror, I didn't want to, afraid what I'd see, afraid how foolish I'd look, but I did, I had to. I shouldn't have, it was worse that I thought it would be. The problem was I didn't look all that foolish. I expected to see a buffoon—what else would a guy wearing women's pink silk pajamas look like—I didn't expect to see what I saw. I had been crying, so my eyes were red, swollen, my face too, as far from masculine as a guy could look. I was never big, tall, or muscular, and the cut of the pajamas imparted an illusion of a slender, slim feminine figure. My hair was always full, slightly long, somewhat unkept—fine for a guy that looked like a guy, but unfortunately androgynous at the moment in pink silk pajamas.

Fuck, Daniel, you don't look like a fool because you look like a guy wearing women's pajamas. You look like a fool because you look like a fucking girl wearing women's pajamas. It was true and it made me feel more like a fool, more self-conscious and worse about the damn mess I'd made of things. She was going to laugh at me, see what a sorry excuse for a guy I was, dump me. She's probably on the phone with Todd right now. "Todd, my God, please save me from this!"

"Daniel, are you...done? I sent your things off to the cleaner."

I pictured her wearing her little slip, handing my cum-soaked pants to some delivery guy. "Sorry, my boyfriend had a little accident." She'd laugh, of course, letting him in on the joke. "I know, the thing is, I didn't even get a chance to undress him, that's how quick it went off, I don't think he's going to be very good, you know, in bed. Of course I wouldn't...there was no way in hell I was ever going to come anywhere close to matching any other guy she'd ever slept with.

"Daniel, honey, are you dressed?" She didn't wait for me to answer, she just opened the door. "Oh," she gasped softly.

I interpreted her expression as a rebuke. I turned, "I...I look like a fool. I...I'll go wait somewhere until my clothes are done, then...then I can go."

“Go?”

“Home...you don’t want me here like this,” I said. “Some date I make.”

“Mr. Corey, that’s nonsense,” she said in that tone, but then softened it. “You...you look...cute.”

“Cute? I look like...I look like a fucking girl.”

“It fits you well,” she ran a finger down my arm. “And besides, what else were we supposed to do...you did make quite a little mess in your pants.” Her words were a shocking rebuke and I still might have fled if not for the look on her face, playful, soft, tender, as if she was partly to blame.

“I didn’t mean to,” I apologized.

“I know, come, we...we need to talk about a few things.”

She led me by the out of the bathroom, past the couch, past the kitchen. “Where are we...” and it dawned on me, a bedroom, her bedroom. “Wait,” I pulled back on her hand, “I...I don’t know,” I said, not sure if I could take another blow to my masculinity.

“No, no,” she assured me with a soft laugh, “we’re not going to, I promise.” The irony was that all my life I wanted to fuck a woman, fantasized about a moment like this, being led to a bedroom by a beautiful woman. Yet, I felt relief when told we would not screw.

“I mean, I want to, I’m just...”

“Scared,” she said.

I nodded, looked down at her legs, bit my lip nervously. “You must hate me.”

“Daniel, no, why do you say things like that?”

“Because I’m not like...like him.”

“Like who, Daniel?”

“That guy...Todd. Or any guy you’ve been with...look at me.”

“Daniel, please, just come into my bedroom so we can talk.”

Her bedroom suite — main room, closet, sitting room, and bathroom — was bigger than my entire house and was as grand as the rest of the condo. Her bathroom alone, all tile and wood, was bigger than my bedroom. The primary room was dominated by two

things - a black/brown four poster bed with a bench at the foot and a full wall window overlooking a terrace and the lake. The floor was wood, the walls cream tile, and the bed made mostly in white.

"It's very...masculine," I said looking around; the room made me feel less so, as if emphasizing my lack of masculinity.

"I prefer strong, not masculine," she said. "It matches my personality." She sat, curled her legs under her, patted the bed next to her. I sat. Instead of sprawling out, I instinctively sat like she did. Sitting, my silk top opened slightly exposing the waist and crotch of the pants, which tightened slightly and outlined the mound of my folded, flaccid penis. I looked down to avoid her eyes.

"So," I said. "Is this where you dump me, Ms. McCarthy? Here, in your bed?" I was kidding, but only just so.

"Daniel!" she chastised.

"What?" What had I done wrong now?

"I'm not kidding, every time you look down and bite your lip I want to attack you."

"Sure," I shook my head, "cause I'm every girl's dream."

"Daniel," she sighed. "Daniel...I just want to say I'm sorry."

"You're sorry?" Why was she sorry, I was the pathetic one.

"Yes, I...that was my fault...I had no idea...you...can I ask you something, honestly?"

"What, yes, anything." I looked up at her face, then lowered my eyes, first to her breasts, then lower.

"You...you're really...a virgin?"

I blushed, nodded.

"You've never had sex? Ever?"

I shook my head, wouldn't look up.

"I mean, you know, intercourse."

"No," I exclaimed. "Never."

"For...for religious reasons?"

"What? No, I want to, I...I just...look at me...I've never even really kissed a girl before," I said as a tear ran down my face.

"Surely you've had girlfriends, even just girl friends."

I told her about Brook, the girl from high school. I told her about Hannah and college. "She didn't actually say that," Kristen exclaimed when I told her Hannah thought I was gay.

"She did! She said she thought of me as 'one of the girls,' so just assumed I was gay."

"You liked her?"

"I...I did, I do, we...we spent a lot of time together, we were like, almost best friends. We're still friends, she lives here in the city, but...she'll never reciprocate."

"Did she date? Does she?"

I nodded. "One jerk after another all through college. Guys who treated her badly, guys who fucked her and didn't call her back. Guys like..." Todd.

"All when the sweetest guy was right there under her nose."

I wiped my eyes, nodded.

"I asked her once why girls didn't like me, like, like that, you know."

"Like why they didn't want to sleep with you?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"That girls did like me, just not that way, not sexually. We were, well, drinking one night and I asked her and she said girls found masculine guys sexually exciting and she said I was too sweet, too sensitive, that I was..." I laughed, of course, it was absurd the word I spoke given that I was wearing Kristen's pink silk pajamas.

"Effeminate."

"So what if you are?" she touched my silk covered leg. "What if you're not the most masculine guy in the world?"

"Well that explains why I'm a virgin," I spit out. "What woman wants a guy like me when they can have a guy like...like...like Todd?"

She looked down now, the same look I gave her. "I'm here with you, Daniel. Not with him. I could have him, but I'm here with you."

"Yeah, the guy who cums all over his pants instead of the best sex you ever had." I spat the last part out, an accusation. I was angry now. Not at her, but at myself. It was one thing to be accused of being effeminate. In reality Hannah had done no more than comment on my personality, the essential me. But I alone controlled my actions, both then, acting as Hannah's confidant, listening to her tell

tales about her lovers, and now. And my actions this evening were shameful.

"Well, Hannah's right. Kind of. To an extent, women do like masculine men. We do, it's true. Sex with Todd was great, in part because he is so masculine."

"Super!" I said. "That's exactly why I'll never get a woman to like me. Look at me, Kristen, I fucking made a mess in my pants the second a beautiful woman touches me and now I'm sitting here wearing pink silk pajamas. I'm the exact opposite of masculine."

"I told you it was okay, Daniel, I told you that you looked cute."

"Yeah, but you don't want me sexually any more than Hannah or any other girl did."

"Well, that's not true," she insisted.

"Well, then, let's go," I said with more confidence than I felt. "Let's screw then."

"No." Her face was hard, firm.

"See, you're no different than Hannah," I spat, angry now, hurt. I started to cry again. "I never should have come here."

She let me cry, neither encouraged me to stop or to continue. She let it take its course. Finally, she asked, "Do you want to leave?"

"Nnnnoo, but I'm sure you want me to go."

"No, Daniel. But I'm not Hannah. I'm not most women, for that matter. Of course I like masculine men, I won't lie, I'm like any other woman, and yes, Todd was the best sex I ever had and..." I looked down, blushed, bit my lip. "I told you what that does to me, Daniel. Yes, I like masculine men as much as the next girl, but that's something purely physical, biological, because ultimately I'm too strong a personality for a man like that. Todd and I have...had... great sex, I could never be in a relationship with a man like him, he, guys like him, they try to control me, try to dominate me. And trust me, I don't care how good the sex is, no man can control me. I do the dominating, not the other way around."

"I've never tried to control a woman, Kristen, and every woman has rejected me."

"Trust me, you've never met a woman like me, Daniel. I know it's counter to your experiences. I know you're used to women going for

the jerks, the alpha men, but that's not what attracts me to someone, not in the long run, anyway."

"Todd did, obviously."

"That was sex, nothing more." As if sex wasn't important, as if sex wasn't the only thing a guy like Todd wanted.

"What attracts you, then? Wimps and losers and dorks?"

"Daniel..."

"Twinks?"

"Daniel, please."

"Computer dweebs who jizz their pants when a woman looks at them?"

"Daniel Corey! There's no reason to talk that way!"

"How about...sissies," I said, struggling to say a word I'd not spoken or heard in a long time, a word that seemed apropos, given what had happened, what I was wearing.

Her eyes darted at the last word. I misunderstood her expression for anger. "What about what?"

"Sissies, Kristen, what about sissies?"

Each time I said the word, she took in a sharp breath. "You know what it does it for me, Daniel? You want to know? I like guys who like to hold hands. Guys who are affectionate and sensitive. Guys who like to cuddle, who like art, who are not afraid to cry. Guys who don't spend every minute focusing on being the biggest dog in the room. I like guys who bite their lips and look a little shy. Guys who let me be me, who respect me. Guys who are a bit submissive. Guys who are not worried about who has the biggest dick." No worry, there, Kristen, apparently I'm small enough to fit into your pajamas. "Sound like anyone you know?"

"Maybe," I looked down, unbelieving.

"Listen, Daniel, I'm sorry about earlier, I...I didn't know."

"I...I should have said something. You know, about being a virgin."

"Probably."

"I was too excited, I..."

"I understand, Daniel," she reached over and touched my leg. "I'm not mad, but in the future I expect you to be honest about things like that, okay?"

“Okay,” I swallowed.

“I mean it, it’s very important to me.”

“I...I will.”

“Thank you. And Daniel? I’m sorry I don’t have anything else for you to wear.”

“That’s okay. That’s kind of my fault, too.”

She nodded, agreed with me. “Understand, I’m not mad that you...did that so quickly, that’s certainly understandable, but because you made a mess in the suit I bought you, and, well, and that you weren’t honest with me.”

“I...I know.”

“You really do look cute, though,” she said softly, rubbing my leg though the silk.

“Please, look at me, Kristen, I know I look like a girl. It’s bad enough that I’m small and these pajamas fit my body, but look at me, I mean it, my eyes are puffy, my hair is so messed up it looks like it belongs on a young woman. All I’m missing is breasts and makeup. I told you I look like a sissy.”

Again her eyes danced at the word. “I know you feel that way, Daniel, but I told you, I don’t care.”

Her hand on my thigh gave me a boldness, a confidence I rarely felt. “So you want to...you know.”

“Daniel, I don’t think that’s a good idea,” she said, saw the look on my face. “But not for the reasons you think.”

“That’s what girls always say,” I said softly. “It’s not a good idea. I just want to be friends.”

“Daniel, I mean it, that’s not what this is. For starters, do you really want your first time to be like this? Losing one’s virginity is a powerful thing. I’m not sure this is really the right circumstance, do you?”

“I...I guess not.” She’s not Hannah, she’s not Hannah, hold onto that, she’s not Hannah. “I can take these off,” I said, reaching for the buttons to the pajamas.

She chuckled. “It’s not that, Daniel, trust me, it’s not like that at all. Listen, I told you before sex was like riding a bike, but no one just jumps on a motorcycle and starts riding, one has to, well, learn. Sorry, I think I mixed up that metaphor.”

“Learn? It’s all...tab A and slot B.”

“Maybe for couple of animals, Daniel, but inserting tab A into slot B is not how to please a woman. It’s certainly not how to please me.”

“It’s not?”

“Daniel, my sweet Daniel. As you saw, it’s not that hard to make an eager boy squirt, but a woman is different. Sweetie, you’ve never touched a woman?” I knew what she meant, shook my head.

“Smelled a woman?”

Now I blushed. “Nnnno.”

“Tasted a woman?” I gulped, blushed. “Oh, Daniel, Daniel, Daniel, you have so much to learn. Men just worry about what’s between their legs. Even sweet little virgins, but women...women worry about everything.”

“Everything?”

“We worry about our face and our neck,” she reached up with her fingers, touched her own skin. “We worry about our shoulders and our inner arms.” She continued to run her fingers over her skin, the most seductive thing I’d ever seen up to that point in my life. “We worry about our stomachs and our sides and of course our breasts.” Kristen cupped her breast in her hand, gently lifted it, squeezed it. As she did so, she uncurled her legs from under herself.

“Women worry about our legs, Daniel, our thighs and the back of our knees.” Fingers glided over her soft, alabaster skin, her foot moved up, touched my leg, though her legs were still closed, her most forbidden part hidden. “And you know what else I worry about, Daniel?”

“Nnnooo.”

“My toes and my feet, Daniel.” She lifted her leg higher, ran her foot up my leg, up my body, until her painted toes were just an inch from my mouth. “It feels so wonderful when a cute boy takes my toes between his lips and sucks, so eager, so hungry.” My mouth opened, my eyes started to close, but before her toes touched my lips, she moved her foot downward again, back to my body, lower, lower.

“Don’t you move, my pretty little virgin,” she said, wagging her finger at me. “It’s amazing the pleasure a woman can give and receive with her foot.”

I was erect again, but unlike last time, she didn't touch me, her foot skirted, just avoided my erection. "No more messes, Daniel," she said. "The only other things I have for you to wear are babydoll nighties."

"Kristen," I moaned, as my erection stirred, rubbed against the silk.

"No messes," she cautioned again, "though you'd look sooo pretty in a babydoll..." Her foot brushed against me, quickly, for an instant.

"Kristen," I moaned again.

"You know what women really worry about, though, Daniel? The soft, special spot between our legs." She pulled her other leg from under her, her slip moved up slightly, and exposed the thing I'd waited to see my entire life. With just two fingers of her right hand she moved up and down her lips, touched herself, masturbated herself every so gently. "Know what happens when a woman gets excited, Daniel?"

"I...I..."

"Know what happens when a woman is turned on?"

"I..."

"She gets wet, Daniel. And do you know how wet you're making me, Daniel, sitting there so cute and demure and biting your lip?"

"Nnnooo."

"Do you know how wet you're making me just sitting in pretty pink silk pajamas, watching me tease you?"

"Really wet?" I asked, almost ashamed.

"Soaked, Daniel. Soaked." As she pushed her two fingers between her legs, they slipped into the wetness and she moaned. "Do want to know what it smells like?" I nodded. I did, though at the moment she terrified me. "Closer," she motioned me with her other hand. I was almost next to her, kneeling. She slowly moved her hand from between her legs and moved it up towards my face. I leaned forward, had to, and my erection touched her foot, causing me to jump and her to pull her hand away.

"No, no, no, Daniel," she wagged her wet finger. "Keep your pretty little virgin penis away from me." If I had still been touching her foot, I know I would have exploded in the silk pajamas, for each word

struck me between my legs. Pretty. Little. Virgin. Penis. I saw her watch my eyes - watch my reaction. I saw her judge me, evaluate me, I saw her mouth turn upward as if she learned something about me, which she did, though I did not know it at the time. At the time, I didn't realize she had learned everything about me.

I held still, struggled to do so, but was rewarded with her moving her hand back towards my face. "Smell, my pretty little virgin," she said when her fingers were under my nose. "Smell what you do to me." I inhaled deeply, the sweetest scent I'd ever experienced. I knew I was hers. The smell alone, I was hers, forever hers, just the smell, hers, I was hers.

To reinforce the point, as if it needed reinforcement, Kristen moved her foot ever so slightly, touched me once again through the silk. "Kristen," I gasped as her bare foot sent shockwaves through my groin.

But her touch was fleeting and she pulled her foot away with a sly grin. "Like your first sniff of a woman, my pretty little virgin?" I nodded, my emotions shot. "Know what's even better than a woman's aroma?"

I shook my head no, but I knew, even inexperienced, I knew, deep inside I knew, I craved, my mouth watered, I hungered, I knew.

"Even better than how she smells, my pretty little virgin, is how she tastes." My mouth opened without thought, my eyes half closed, I was lost in the eroticism of the moment. The thoughts of sex, of losing my virginity, the thoughts of fucking Kristen, any woman, were lost in the desire, the need, to smell her wet fingers, to taste them. I waited for her to move her fingers to my mouth, to feed me like a bird, and she did, slowly, she moved her fingers closer, closer. I wanted to reach forward and take them in my mouth, but was afraid to move, afraid to touch my crotch to her foot, afraid to make a mess again

No messes, Daniel, the only other things she has for you to wear are babydoll nighties.

So I waited while her fingers came closer and closer, until they were on my edge of my lips, and waited still, not moving, just waited until she slipped her two soaked fingers into my mouth, slowly, past

my teeth, onto my tongue. "Taste me, Daniel," she moaned softly. "Taste me. Taste me."

"Hmmm," I moaned softly as I licked her fingers, as my tongue swirled around, as my nerves exploded from the sweetness. My eyes were still half open, staring at her, lost, overwhelmed. She pulled her index finger from my mouth, left just her middle finger in, and I sucked and sucked.

"That's it Daniel, such a good pretty little virgin, taste me, taste it, that's it..." I was aware of the symbolism of what I was doing—I might have been a virgin, I might have had no experience with women, but I wasn't a fool, I'd seen porn, I'd fantasized. I knew I was sucking her finger in a way that mimicked what a woman did to a man. I knew the symbolism and I tried to stop, to change, to open my mouth, to break the connection, but I couldn't, I just couldn't. She wouldn't let me. Her eyes locked on mine, pulled me in, her foot rested an inch from my erection, trapped me, and her taste, her divine taste, ensnared me. "Fuck, Daniel! You're making me so fucking wet!"

For a moment, she looked like she lost her composure. For a moment I thought I was going to fuck her. For a brief moment, I thought I was going to lose my virginity. But she retained control. Slowly, she pulled her finger back and I followed. An inch back, my head an inch forward, keeping her finger on the tip of my tongue. And in this way she led me forward, closer to her, with her finger, she guided me forward and down, slowly, slowly, until I realized where she was going, what she was doing.

"Kristen, I...I don't know how..." I spoke with her finger in my mouth, my words mumbled. What the hell am I supposed to do?

She smiled, giggled. "I know, sweetie, I know. I'll teach you later, trust me, I'll teach you everything later. But you've got me so wet and so turned on you're going to make me cum no matter what you do."

"I..." I was almost prone now, inches from her pussy, inches from the thing I'd dreamed about for years, the thing I'd never seen, never touched, and now I was supposed to taste it? Lick it?

"Just...just lick, Daniel, just fucking lick! I don't care how you do it! Pretend it's a peach, pretend it's an ice cream cone, just lick."

I looked forward. She was wet, swollen, pink, and I'd never seen or smelled anything so heavenly. Just lick, just lick. I could do that, so I did, I stuck my tongue out. Just lick, Daniel, lick like...like it's ice cream. I almost giggled at the image, leaned forward, and licked her wet, pink folds from top to bottom like I was trying to lick the drippings of an ice cream cone.

"Ohhhhhh, fuck!" she practically screamed. "Fuck, Daniel! Fuuuuck!" She was shaking, literally shaking, her teeth literally chattering. "Ohhhhhhhhhh!" I didn't know what to do differently, so I simply did it again. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she grabbed my head, tight, so tight it almost hurt, pulled me toward her so my mouth didn't, couldn't move, and held me there for a minute, two, just held me firmly against her while she shook and moaned.

That was all I licked her that night - two strokes with my tongue. That's all I did, all it took to make Kristen cum. Finally she pushed my face away, shook her head back and forth, looked at me. "Holy fuck, Daniel! Holy fuckin' fuck!"

Chapter 4 – Remaining A Virgin

I woke up sometime in the middle of the night, alone. I'd fallen asleep next to her, her arms wrapped around me, my face still wet and sticky from her, my erection still pressed against the crotch of the silk pajamas I was wearing. The room was dark, though the city lights cast a soft glow through the wall of windows. I listened for her, didn't hear her, didn't hear anything, really. I used the restroom then went quietly looking for her.

She wasn't in the living room or kitchen and I was hesitant to explore the rest of her condo, for some reason nervous, but I saw a dim light from down a hall, heard soft classical music, then her voice. I walked quietly down the hall to the source of light and sound, found Kristen in wood lined office, sitting in the middle of a black leather couch, still in her slip, a matching robe, untied, one leg curled under her, the other dangling down to the floor. She was on the phone, talking, papers spread on the both sides of her on the couch. "Dammit, Jason, I told them we wanted that to ship last night. That building is a priority."

I stood quietly in the doorway to her office; when she saw me, the expression on her face changed, she smiled, waived me toward her, held up her fingers a bit apart, indicated she'd be on the phone for a few minutes.

I walked softly into the office, looked around briefly, but I was too distracted by her and quickly returned my gaze to her beautiful body. "No, I don't care what the hell happened, a ship date is a ship date and if they can't ship, the contractual penalties kick in." Her tone was completely serious, the hard businesswoman, but her piercing blue eyes danced over me. "Do they think we won't? Is that it? We will, I'm not letting this slide.....yes but...no, we go with that."

I looked around to see where to sit. My only choice was the office chair behind her desk. But she snapped her fingers at me, pointed to the floor in front of her. I looked down, of course, bit my lip, of course. She pointed at me, her smile radiant, shook her head as if to say, see what you do to me. I knelt down onto the floor, sat on the

back of my feet; she reached over and stroked my hair, her touch soft, tender.

“Well call our agent in Tokyo. I don’t care what time it is, he needs to address this now.”

I was staring at her foot, a perfect seven, staring at the pink polish on her toes. I’d never considered a woman’s foot to be an object of sexual desire...until earlier...until I felt her foot touch me...until I felt her foot massage me through the silk pajamas...until it was in my face. Timidly, I reached out, took her foot into my hands and started to rub it slowly. I looked up, wondered if I’d be rebuked, but she just smiled, nodded, gave me permission to rub while she talked.

I’d never given a foot massage, though I’d never really kissed a woman either, never tasted a woman, never licked a woman, so that night was a night of firsts, a night of new adventures. I concentrated on her foot, rubbing the top with my thumbs, the underside with my fingers, then each toe, one by one. I realized I hadn’t heard Kristen talk for several minutes, looked up at her, worried. Was I doing something wrong?

She was off the phone, just smiling at me. “You’re done?” I asked.

“Like I was going to tell you to stop?” I didn’t, not at all.

“I...I woke up, couldn’t find you. I didn’t mean to interrupt.”

“Feel free to interrupt with that anytime,” she touched my hair again. “God, you’re like an angel.”

I blushed, not just at her words, but the thoughts that went through my mind.

“What?”

“Nothing,” I said.

“Daniel...”

“You...you said earlier, it wasn’t the right time, I...I wondered if...”

She laughed. “For being so innocent...virginal...someone’s got a dirty mind.”

I blushed deeper. “No...yes...I...I’m sorry, I just thought...”

“It’s okay, Daniel,” she brushed my hair behind my ear. “But we need to talk about that.”

I swallowed, looked down again, bit my lip. She kept stroking my hair. Here it comes, Daniel, here it comes, this wasn’t what you

thought, what you hoped for. She was no different than...

"I...I don't want to take your virginity from you," she said gently.

I sighed, delayed, felt like I did the day Hannah told me she wasn't interested in me like that. "I see." My eyes darted. I tensed. I should leave.

She sensed my disappointment, knew the comparison I was making in my mind. "Daniel! I am not Hannah or any other woman you've ever known."

I looked up at her. "She wasn't interested in me like that either, I...I got over it, I...I can again," I said, though I didn't know how. You're a virgin, you were born a virgin, you'll die a virgin.

"She wasn't interested in you like what?"

"You know, like...that."

"You mean sexually," she asked.

I nodded, felt my eyes watering.

"You know the difference between Hannah and me?"

"What?" I asked, sniffing once.

"The only thing stopping me from pulling your face between my legs right now and keeping it there until you make me cum over and over is that I want to have this conversation with you." I looked at her, confused. "Yeah, that's right, my sweet little virgin, I want that pretty mouth of yours. Not talking to me, but licking me. I want that tongue of yours on my pussy, tasting me, making me cum."

My eyes were wide, I wasn't used to this kind of talk with anyone, let alone a half naked woman whose scent was still all over my face. "Hannah was a fool. Is a fool, Daniel. Too young or too immature or too stupid to know what she had. I'm none of those, Daniel. I know what I want. And I take it."

"But...but you don't want to...to...."

"To take your virginity? Oh, Daniel, I do. I certainly do."

"But, but I don't understand."

"I want it very badly Daniel, but not now."

"I...I don't get it," I said.

"I know you don't. I don't know how to say this without terrifying you and making you run from here screaming. We've only known each other a few weeks and...you make me happy, and I...I'm glad you're a virgin. I'm thrilled."

"Kristen...why?"

She sighed. "Promise not to run away, Mr. Corey?"

"Ms. McCarthy," I mocked her.

"Seriously, I mean it."

"Yes, yes."

"I know I've only known you for a few weeks, but...you...you're the kind of boy I'd bring home to mother, that I could...that I could be serious with...one day. See, you're already thinking I'm crazy...I'm not saying that this is where our little thing is going, but...I've never known anyone like you and..."

"I...what are you saying?"

"This is important to me. Seriously, Daniel, I really do like you and you really are the kind of guy I could see...you know...seriously...and this will sound old fashioned, but, well..."

She seemed, for the first time since I met her, shy, embarrassed, almost like she was afraid to say what she wanted to say, afraid how I'd react. "Well what?"

"Well, any boy...any boy I was serious with, any boy I brought home to mother, any boy I thought about marrying would...would have to be a virgin." She spoke quickly, spit out the words before I could react.

She said it like she meant not just meeting a man that was a virgin, but more. "Wait!" I said, trying to collect my thoughts. "You don't mean that...that if you meet a nice guy who you thought...who...that you won't..." She nodded. "Until you got married?"

"That's exactly what I mean, Daniel, I know THAT sounds old fashioned, but imagine the wedding night, how special it would be, how romantic, how sweet, how tender." She moved her hands to her lap, twisted them. "It's hard to explain now, but I...I couldn't bring a boy home to mother that had been with other women and I...to be honest, I couldn't think about marrying a boy that wasn't a virgin. I mean it, Daniel, that's well, a deal breaker to me. I can't begin to explain everything but...but..."

"Kristen," I shifted uncomfortably on the floor, distressed by my proximity to her, the thought of a wedding night with her, amazing sex with her. To my horror, I started to swell again in the silk pants.

"I...I don't know if I could wait until I got married." Wait! Was she really that serious? About me?

"You've waited this long, Daniel and I think you could wait. For the right woman, anyway."

"Kristen," I said, head spinning. Jesus!

"Daniel," she smiled at my discomfort. "I'm not saying I'm the right woman — or that you're the right boy — but I like you and you like me and I'd rather keep seeing you like this than have you try to be like the other men I know. You're not like them, Daniel. I like you because you're NOT like them. You get that, don't you? And you're the first boy who was so...so sincere."

I nodded. I got that I wasn't like other guys, of course, though I didn't entirely get why she liked me that way. Though I'd learn. "Why...why'd you invite me over here tonight, then, it seemed like... what were you intending...I mean...if I hadn't..."

"I don't know, Daniel, I just assumed you had. I liked you, I mean, I might have hoped just a little, but I assumed you had. I assumed...I never thought that, well, I never thought I'd be this lucky."

"Lucky?"

"That the sweetest guy I ever met would actually be a virgin. I mean, mother always told me to be patient and I would and, damn, you...here you are."

"So if you meet the right guy you don't want to...to...you know... to..."

"To screw, Daniel, that's all. I want to marry a virgin, but...I know how boys think," she touched my face again, "so believe me, I don't expect a boy to be celibate. I just expect him to wait, to be a virgin on our wedding night."

"But I...I mean...I...I'm confused...I..."

"Daniel! Celibate from intercourse, not from everything fun. Just because I want to marry a virgin doesn't mean I wouldn't do anything with a boy until I married him, just not, you know, just not...that."

Now her foot was on my leg, dancing on the inside of my thigh. "You don't want to be one of those types of men, do you?" she asked. "Getting your way with me, screwing me now and then, but losing the chance at so much more? I'd let you try, if you really, really wanted to, but I hope you don't Daniel. I hope you think you have the

chance to be something more to me. So much more. I hope you understand. I hope I'm worth it. You don't have to be one of those guys, do you?"

I couldn't help but think of her with one of 'those types of men,' the guys I saw at bars, men like Todd, the alpha men who always had women hanging on them, masculine men, assertive men. Was that what they got with women? Sex and nothing more? What was wrong with that, anyway? "Nnnnooo," I whispered, half groaned, half delirious at the thought of fucking her and losing my virginity. "I...I suppose not."

"No, Daniel, that's not the type of boy you are. You're not the type of guy who just wants to fuck a woman, are you?" Her foot moved up my thigh, I squirmed.

"Nnnnnoooo," I said, all groan now, all strain of my erection from having her so close.

"It's hard, isn't it," she said, letting her question hang in the air for a moment before continuing, letting it have a double meaning. "I mean, it's hard being a good little boy when all the bad boys are out fucking women."

"Kristen," I said, still shocked to hear such language coming from her mouth.

"Oh, Daniel, I'm sorry," she said softly as if she realized she'd gone too far. "I...I shouldn't have said that. That...that was mean. I didn't mean it like that, I...it's just that, well, I meet lots of guys who want to take me home and do that, they just want to fuck me. They just want to take me home and get me naked and fuck all night long."

"Ohhhh," I moaned, practically passing out.

"Don't get me wrong, that's fun, I like that," she giggled, "sex like that. I like it a lot, I do. And guys like that, they're are fun, but it's so hard to find someone who will be strong enough to say no to sex, someone that's so...so sweet, so special, so...innocent...like you."

"You...you mean that?" I asked, already under her spell, already intoxicated by being something different, something unique, something special.

"Yes, Daniel, I like men. What girl doesn't? And I'm never at a loss for guys that want to fuck me. I can have that anytime I wan., But someone like you...my God, do you know how hard it is to find a

boy who doesn't want to do that, to find a boy like you who doesn't want to fuck me?"

"But Kristen," I started to say, "I...you want me to be honest, don't you?"

"Always, Daniel."

"But I do want to...to..." I couldn't bring myself to say the actual words, it was almost shameful, I was so inexperienced. I lowered my voice, looked away from her. "I do want to, you know...do that."

"Of course you do, Daniel, I know that. But will you say no for me? Will you? On the chance...that we could have something more?"

"Kristen, I...this is...so much." Something more? How could I know if we were going to have something more? She was all but offering to let me fuck her, to take my virginity, but the alternative was...what? The promise of...of a relationship? Of something permanent? Of marriage? She was crazy.

Her foot was an inch from my crotch, an inch from my erection. "I know, Daniel...let me...let me make it harder," she grinned. "I mean...your decision...let me be honest, too, okay?"

I nodded, tried to breathe.

"If...if you want, we...we can go back to my room and fuck. Now. You can lose your virginity. Now."

"Ohhhhhh." Now it wasn't an illusory offer, she just said we could go back to her room and fuck!

She held up her hand. "We can, Daniel, if you want, I...I'll take your virginity...really...but..."

"But," I swallowed.

"But...but we'll never be more, Daniel, never. I mean, maybe we'll see each other again, maybe we'll fuck again if you're good, but..."

"But?"

"But I've done that with other guys, guys who are...you know...grrrr...like all masculine and studly..."

What the fuck kind of crazy woman talked like this? "Kristen, please."

"I mean it, Daniel, I'll fuck you, but...but that's it, I...that's all it would ever be."

Jesus! How the hell can I get so close to a woman and be on the cusp of losing her? “Kristen, no, I...please.”

“Do you want to, Daniel?”

“No!”

“You don’t want to screw?” She moved her foot so it rested against my erection. “I mean...I will...I’ll let you put it inside me if that’s what you really want...”

“No. NO!”

“You don’t want to lose your virginity tonight?”

“No, I don’t, I...I mean, yes, but...please, I...I’m so confused.”

“Daniel, if we do what I want, what I think you want, this, well, this only ends one of two ways, that’s what I’m telling you. Either we end up getting married some day...and you’ll have me then. Or...or it doesn’t work out and you never will. But either way, we’re...we’re certainly not going to for some time. If ever. So, you have to decide, you can, well, we can screw tonight, or we can see what happens. To us. I...I want to wait, Daniel. I want to see what happens. I want to take a chance, but...what do you want?”

“I don’t want to, Kristen, please,” I said softly, completely serious, having evolved in twelve hours from dying to lose my virginity, to begging to keep it. “I...I want to take a chance.”

“Oh, Daniel, are you sure?” Her foot brushed my erection. “I...I will, if you want, I’ll let you.”

“N...no.”

“Are you sure, Daniel? Are you really sure?”

“Yes,” I said, on the verge of tears. “Yes, yes, I...”

She leaned forward until she covered my mouth with hers and kissed me, cutting off the words I tried to say, that I really did want to do that to her, that I did want to be with her. I did! I did! But she didn’t hear them and after that I couldn’t speak them. I was physically unable to speak with her lips pressed to mine. And then later, I mentally couldn’t bring myself to utter the words, when my failure to say them took on more significance - much more significance.

In the morning, I assumed my clothes would be back from the cleaner, but Kristen said they wouldn't be ready till evening. "What am I supposed to wear?" I asked her, "I...I want to shower and change."

"I told you all I have left are baby dolls," she said, sipping her coffee. She was still wearing her soft slip, the matching robe half tied around her.

"Kristen!"

"I'm teasing, Daniel, I had Robert run to your place to pick something up."

Well, no question now, Robert, or Kristen, had a key to my place. I wondered if I should talk to her about that, and was about to say something, when I heard the elevator door and footsteps on the wood floor.

"That must be Robert now," Kristen said nonchalantly.

Robert? Here? Now? I felt my heart quicken. It was one thing to wear women's pink silk pajamas in front of Kristen, for whatever reason, but Robert? Robert! The fact that there were practical reasons didn't matter, I was about to be seen by a man while I was wearing women's pajamas! And God forbid he found out the practical reasons! What? Maybe I could just have Kristen explain, You see, Robert, my new boyfriend kind of shot cum all over his clothes the second I touched his little virgin penis? My eyes darted around the room, wondering where I could go, but there was nowhere, he was too close, judging from his footsteps, he was about to turn the corner. And Kristen just stood there, too, made no effort to tie her robe, to cover her breasts, to do anything.

So before I could decide to do anything, Robert was in the kitchen, a bag in his hands. "Ms. McCarthy," he nodded. His expression remained neutral, even at seeing his employer in lingerie, half naked.

Like he'd seen it before...but not sexual, not that way.

"Robert," she said with a neutral expression.

He turned to me. "Mr. Corey, I wasn't sure what you would want, so I simply took the liberty of picking something," he held the bag to me, looked at me, saw my outfit, but said nothing. He didn't have to. His eyes said everything.

"Thank you, Robert" I said, "I..." I started to explain, but Kristen interrupted.

"Robert, I need to deal with a situation in Tokyo. After Mr. Corey showers and changes, you'll bring him home, please?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Everything okay?"

"Fine, the same as last time." She started to turn away, stopped, looked back at him. "And walk him in, of course."

"Kristen, that's not necessary," I protested.

"It is, Mr. Corey," she said in a stern tone, one that invited no argument. "I'll not have you alone in that neighborhood. Robert will drive you and escort you until we decide what to do about your living situation."

"My living situation?" Robert started back to the elevator, left us.

"Yes, your living situation. That neighborhood isn't safe and I'll not have you there, outside, alone."

"That's not practical, Kristen, I have things to do, places to go..."

"You work from home, Mr. Corey, and Robert will drive you when you go places."

Damn, she could be a frustrating woman sometimes.

"Kristen!"

Her eyes narrowed; it was a glare I'd seen before. "Ms. McCarthy," she emphasized slowly.

I took a breath. "Ms. McCarthy, I'm a grown man." She laughed, which only made me angrier. "Kristen!" What the fuck was so funny, I was trying to be serious and she laughed.

"I'm sorry...no...you'll take it the wrong way."

"Take what the wrong way?" I demanded, crossing my arms.

"Nothing, Mr. Corey," she smiled.

"Ms. McCarthy!"

"You're...you...seriously, I don't mean anything by this, but I'm sorry, I just found it amusing to hear you call yourself a grown man," she giggled, covered her mouth, "dressed in pretty pink pajamas."

I sighed. Loudly. "Dammit, Kristen, I didn't ask for this."

"No, of course not, Daniel, I know, I know...but I told you it wasn't funny, I'm sorry."

As frustrating as she was, when she looked at me with those blue eyes, with that innocent face, with that sly smile, I melted. I just

simply melted. Damn her! How was I supposed to stay mad? How was I supposed to have any control if she could simply look at me and make me weak-kneed? "If you're done making fun of me, I'll go shower," I said, trying to act angry, but not succeeding.

"Hmmm," she smiled at me, but quickly turned serious again. "Daniel, I meant what I said about your place. I don't want you out without Robert. That's, well, I don't want any argument about this. I'm serious. It's not safe."

"Fine." It wasn't like I needed that, but the reality is, would it be so terrible to have a driver? I mean, fuck, a driver? Who had a driver/bodyguard?

"He's available 24/7, Daniel, all you need to do is call him...in fact, you will call him."

"Okay, okay," I agreed.

She softened, walked to me, touched me on the arm. "I don't want anything to happen to you, really, I...just indulge me, please, Daniel, I...I'm kind of falling for this sweet boy and, well, I want to protect him. It's just something I do."

"I said okay, Kristen," I said, feeling intoxicated by her scent and her touch.

"Robert is trained to deal with certain situations that...that not everyone is."

"Really, okay, I...I promise, Kristen, I mean it."

She smiled, leaned to me, kissed me softly. "You want to shower now? Get out of those, I suppose."

I nodded. "Yes, but I...I appreciate you helping me out, with these."

"You really do look cute in them," she rubbed my arm through the soft fabric. "But come on, then."

She led me back toward her bedroom, but continued past it and down the hall. "The guest rooms are down here. They all have their own bathrooms. You can use one. Here," she stopped, hand on a door handle. "Now don't laugh."

"At what?"

"Well, my place is decorated kind of...masculine, you called it, I know, so I might have let this bedroom go the other way."

She opened the door and wasn't kidding. The room was smaller than the master suite, naturally, but still big enough for a king bed in a low profile silver steel frame. The walls were white with two lavender stripes, save for the wall over the bed, which was lavender with white stripes. Over the bed were four white canvases, a flower painted through them. The bed coverings were the same lavender, the curtains, too, and there was a dark area rug over the wood floor. Besides the bed, the furniture was simple, two white end tables, a bench, and a dressing table.

"Wow, you're not kidding," I said.

"I'm a strong girl, but I'm still a girl," she said. Business guests who come up here see the strong side out there. Only a few people see the soft side back here. But don't be fooled, both exist inside me. Just like both are inside you."

I blushed. "Bathroom," I said to change the subject.

She pointed. "Everything you'll need should be in there," she said, but made no effort to leave.

"Okay, then," I moved to the door, but she stood there. "What?"

She looked at me with hungry eyes, touched my chest through the silk, ran her fingers to one of my nipples, the room started to spin. "I...earlier I said I didn't want to screw."

I gasped. Though I wanted her like I'd never wanted any woman, I felt panicked. "Kristen, no!" I wanted her, sexually, yes, but something about her stirred more, the hint of promise, of future, a gamble on what could be.

She laughed. "Daniel, we're not going to have sex, but I told you, I understand boys, I understand they have urges, that they...they have needs. Even pretty little virgins." That should have embarrassed me, but it didn't, not the gentle way she said it.

"Kristen," I begged, "please, if we...I'm afraid..." I was afraid of so many things I wasn't sure what to say I was afraid of first. "What if I beg you, what if we don't stop, what if we...dammit, Kristen, I..." I don't want to lose you! Or the prospect of her. The dangled future. I didn't want to screw her, lose my virginity, and then lose her.

"Daniel," her eyes bored into me, "let me be crystal clear about something. I'm falling for you. Hard. Okay? I admit it. And you're falling for me, too. I don't know how far this will go, but you're the

only person I've ever met I'd ever consider, well... Dammit, you've got me tongue-tied. I mean, the thing is...this is new...but God, you...you make me feel so...so alive, so me...and so I can promise you this Daniel Corey: until we break up or get married, you're keeping your virginity. Period.

I felt dizzy, sighed. "Kristen..."

"Hmmm. But I told you, that doesn't mean I'm not going to do things to you. Things you'll like." She grinned. "Things I'll like. So take off your soft, pretty pants Daniel and get on the bed."

"I'm...", I said, my voice cracked. Oh God, oh God, oh God.

"Now, Daniel. You'll find I'm not a patient woman." She chuckled. "Now, Daniel, because...dammit, you're biting your lip. Daniel, Daniel, Daniel...you'll find that nothing, nothing turns me more than a pretty little boy who does exactly what I say."

"Uugh," I gasped. "I..."

"You're so nervous," she said.

"I...yes." I bit my lip again, even as I tried to stop myself; how the hell could I not be nervous.

"You keep doing that, Daniel, why do you tease me like that?"

"Like what?" I kept my lip between my teeth, looked down.

"Acting so shy, acting so nervous, turning me on like that."

"I...I'm just shy," I said.

"You've never been naked with a woman before, have you?"

"I...yes," I said, "twice, but...but not like this," I gulped; the memories flooded my mind.

"With Hannah? You didn't tell me you were naked with her," she said, disappointment in her voice.

I shook my head. "No, no, I never was, not with her."

She looked pleased at this. "When, then? Who?" she asked.

I bit my lip, but didn't answer.

"Daniel..."

"I...I don't know if I want to talk about it." Some things were just too painful, too humiliating.

"I see," she said. She appeared to think about something, made a decision. "I think you'll find I don't take well to someone defying me." I couldn't tell if she was joking. I almost laughed, but wisely didn't. Because she wasn't.

"It...it's...painful." Visions flashed in my mind.

"I'm sure it is, but if it's painful, then it's important, too, to understand you."

"There are things that..."

"You know, Daniel, sometimes things are painful and we're reluctant to talk about them. But some things, painful as they are, act as windows to our souls, insights, clues."

"I...I know..."

"It's not an issue of trust, is it? I understand Hannah hurt you, Daniel, but do you trust that I care about you?"

"Honestly?"

"Always honestly."

"I...I don't know...yes, I suppose...but..."

She nodded. "But you've been hurt. By women. Hurt, disappointed."

"Yes."

"I'm not going to hurt you Daniel, not like that, I promise. I know this is new, I know you don't have much experience with women..."

"It's not just that, Kristen," I said quietly, looking away. "It's just the experience I have is, well, that women don't like guys like me. They like...men."

"Have I given you that impression, Daniel? Have I treated you like women you've known? Like Hannah?"

"No." I sat on the bed. She sat next to me. She did act differently, but part of me wondered if she was teasing me, if this was a big joke, if suddenly she was going to laugh in my face and become every girl I ever knew, every girl I ever liked, every girl my heart beat faster for.

"I'm going to have to tell you this over and over, I see. That's okay, though. Daniel, I don't like the kind of men other women like, I really don't. Well, at least not in the long run, anyway. I like...sweet boys like you." Her hand was on my thigh. "And I...I just never found the one."

What about... "What about...Todd, or...or men you've...you know...been with."

"You mean fucked?"

I blushed. "Yes," I said softly.

"I told you, Daniel, the sex is good...the physical part is," she laughed. "Amazing...but this, the emotions, the relationship...this is what I want, someone like you, someone sweet and innocent. Will you tell me? Please." She moved her hand up my leg towards my crotch; she didn't touch me, but her hand was so close I started to swell. I looked away, hesitated and she moved her hand closer, uncurled her index finger, let it rest on the growing bulge.

"Who was it that saw you naked the first time? Your sister? An aunt?" As she spoke she rubbed me, ever so gently, ever so slowly.

"No, I...I..." I swallowed, afraid.

"Who was it, Daniel, tell me, please."

I didn't want to answer, didn't want to tell her, didn't want the memories flooding back. "I..."

"Tell me, Daniel," she said, rubbing me back and forth through the soft material. "Tell me."

"A...a couple of girls at school."

She said nothing at first, just kept moving her finger as I breathed heavier. "I want to make sure I understand, a couple of girls from school or a couple of girls at school?"

"Both," I looked away, "it...it was in a locker room."

The first time was in high school. I was showering in the boy's locker room after a basketball game (I didn't play basketball, I was a scorekeeper, but I sometimes helped the team during warm-ups, so I would shower after.) The team had already showered and left — I usually waited till they were gone, something intimidating about the actual players — big, strong, muscular guys — and I thought I was alone but I wasn't. A couple of cheerleaders walked into the boy's locker room, taking a shortcut to the bus, not thinking anyone was there. But I was.

Kristen touched my thigh softly with her other hand, sympathetically. "Did they laugh at you?"

My eyes widened, "how...how did you..."

"I know girls, Daniel," Kristen said, her eyes steady on my face. "I know how they, how we, can be, especially when there are more than one of us ganging up on a shy boy."

They quickly apologized, they really thought the locker room was empty, but before they left, both glanced down at my naked crotch.

And both laughed before running out, giggling at me. 'He's so small!' one of them screeched to the other. 'I know!' said the other, laughing.

"Oh, my poor Daniel...there was another time?"

"In college."

"Not Hannah, though?" The way she asked...was she jealous of Hannah?

"No, my roommate's girlfriend."

My roommate's girlfriend came into our room one day when I was in there alone, naked, changing after a shower. She too looked down, and while she didn't laugh like the cheerleaders did, the look on her face said everything, and every time I saw her the rest of the year I blushed, knowing what she thought of me. Small, unmasculine, pathetic.

"Daniel, get undressed," Kristen said again. "There's nothing to be embarrassed or ashamed about."

Nothing to be embarrassed about? There was everything to be embarrassed about. "It's kind of cold in here," I said, trying to make excuses before I even undressed. Clothed was one thing, naked, there was nothing to hide anything.

"No, Daniel, it's not cold. Don't make excuses, please...just get undressed."

"But I'm not..."

"Do you think I don't know what to expect, Daniel? I know what you're afraid of. It's okay, really. I felt you yesterday, I saw the little tent you make in your pants when we were in my room, I can feel you now. I know you're not a strong, masculine man. I know you think you're small," she said as she looked down, neither confirming I was nor reassuring me I wasn't. "Daniel, I know. it's okay. I'm not going to laugh at you for having a small penis like they did, I promise."

"Kristen!"

"I mean it, Daniel, it doesn't matter, shhhh, really." She was touching me with two fingers now, slowly stroking me, using my sexual urges against me.

"But..."

"Daniel, did we come in here to fuck?"

"What?! No, Kristen, no! I told you I didn't want to do that."

“And I told you I won’t let you, Daniel. I promised you that, too. I don’t want your penis inside me. I won’t let it inside me. I promise it doesn’t matter to me that it’s not huge. in fact, just the opposite, Daniel.”

“Just the opposite?” I said, shocked. “What’s that mean? You WANT me to have a small penis?”

She chuckled. “No, well, not exactly, not like tiny. I mean, all in all if I’m going to fuck a man, like any girl I’ll take a bigger cock instead of a smaller penis. But I find that guys with big cocks think with their cocks and tend to focus on getting their cocks inside me. And I don’t want your penis inside me, Daniel,” she said. I noticed the way she kept changing, using the word ‘cock’ when talking about men she fucked, but using ‘penis’ when talking about me.

“I want to marry a virgin, Daniel,” she said. “And I assume if you had a big cock you’d be like most guys and wouldn’t be happy until you were fucking me. And I DON’T want that, not now.”

“I’m so confused, Kristen, I...I don’t know if you want...”

“What I want, Daniel, is for you to get undressed. Now.” She shifted on the bed, faced me. “I want you to show me. So you can see I’m not like them.”

My hands were trembling as I undressed, so I took it slowly, carefully removing the silk top, only then moving to the bottoms. Kristen was right, the room wasn’t particularly cold, but it wasn’t warm, either, and even though I was undressing in front of my girlfriend, instead of getting excited, the combination of nerves, embarrassment, and past memories caused the opposite. I didn’t keep my erection. Instead, I slowly lost it. As I unbuttoned the shirt, I shrank. As I lowered the pants, I shriveled.

Kristen was at perfect eye level to my crotch. I moved to cover myself, but she gently stopped my hands. “I want to see it Daniel,” she said. That was far from what I imagined it would be like the first time I was naked like that, naked with a woman. I wanted to get excited for her, I wanted to swell, I wanted to impress a woman, show her I was man enough for her, even if I thought I wasn’t. Her smirk startled me. “What?” I asked, once again involuntarily trying to cover myself.

“Daniel,” she said sharply, “Stop! I told you I wanted to see it.” I moved my hands back to my side.

“I’m sorry, Kristen, really, I...I’m nervous and...”

“I know, Daniel, it’s okay, it’s more than okay, it’s perfect, really.”

“What’s perfect?”

She reached up, extended a finger and gently placed it under the tip of my flaccid penis. “Your shyness. Your innocence. Your nervousness. Your biting your lip. Your fear. And this, Daniel” she said pinching just the tip between two fingers. “Your soft little penis. I told you I wouldn’t laugh and I meant it. You said you’ve never been totally naked with a woman. Of course you’re nervous. Of course you’re afraid. Of course you’re shy.”

“It gets bigger. Really!” I said, trying to sound strong and masculine, though as the words came out of my mouth I only sounded weak and pathetic.

“I know...a little, anyway, I felt it last night before you...you know...before you had your accident,” she said. “Do I make you that nervous, Daniel?” she asked as she looked at me. “Be honest, it’s okay.”

“Yes,” I said, my voice half a whine, “I’m sorry, I...I don’t know why.” I bit my lip, looked away.

“That look Daniel, fuck, I keep telling you, that look just makes me melt.” She smiled. “I know why you get nervous, Daniel,” she said, gently rubbing the tip of my soft penis between her fingers. “Boys like you are always intimidated by women, especially pretty women because you’re not like the other boys. If you were, Daniel, if you were like like them, you would have thrown me on the bed and fucked me the second we walked in here.”

“I...I...” I said. I looked at her, wide-eyed.

“That’s what a man would have done, Daniel. That’s what Todd or someone like him would have done. I would have been thrown on the bed and fucked. Hard. And I would have wanted it. I might even have begged for it.”

I gasped, whimpered. Suddenly the cold didn’t matter. Suddenly I started to swell again.

“What, Daniel?”

“You’re...you’re so...forward.”

“Forward? You’re cute. It’s called being dominant. And you, my pretty boy, like it, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I swallowed. Like it? Fuck, I loved it!

“And you’re so timid, it’s called being submissive, and...”

“And...and you like that?” I asked, biting my lip on purpose, trying to tease her.

“Oh, Daniel! You have no idea. If I wanted to, I could have just about any man I wanted Daniel. It’s easy to get a man to fuck me.” I inhaled sharply at her crass words, felt my penis jump between her fingers. She smiled at me softly. “I’m not a virgin like you, Daniel. Believe me, when I want a man I can have a man. Any man. A strong man. A masculine man. The kind of men your Hannah always chose over you. Any time I want cock, Daniel, any time, I can have it. Any time.”

If she said it to humiliate me, she scored. And she knew it. I should have been angry, but I wasn’t. It’s hard to get angry at a woman holding your penis between her fingers, no matter how humiliating her words.

“Men like that are fun, yes, there’s no doubt. But that’s not what I want for life. That’s not the kind of man I could fall for. Ever. You don’t believe me. That you’re perfect. That this,” she squeezed my now erect penis, “is perfect, for what I want now out of life.”

I didn’t know what to say, didn’t know how to respond. I felt like I was hurtling down a dark hole with no ability to pull myself out, drawn by gravity. “Why?” I managed to ask.

“Because you’re afraid of me, Daniel. And because as much as I like men, physically, as much as I like sex with men, physically, what really turns me on are sweet, little, nervous boys like you. God, Daniel, every time you look at me with those sad eyes of yours I melt inside. Every time you bite your lip I tingle between my legs. Daniel, I...I know she hurt you, I know, and I mean to show you I’m different. If you’ll let me. I’m falling for you, Mr. Corey, I...”

She meant it. She really meant it! I might have been inexperienced with women, but there was nothing fake about her words. They were as real as the emotions I felt. They were from her heart. “I’m falling for you too Ms. McCarthy,” I whispered. For a moment, we just looked at one another, stared in each other’s eyes,

while she continued to rub the tip of my penis between her fingers. I closed my eyes, the nerves, the hesitation, the humiliation, gave way to sexual excitement, to desire, to need. She stroked me slowly, and unlike the night before, I didn't worry about trying hold back for more. I wasn't going to fuck her. What she was doing now was for me.

And then she stopped. I opened my eyes immediately. No, no, what are you doing? Don't stop! No! I'm close, so close! She knew. She had to know. I was only moments away.

"You better get in the shower, Daniel, Robert's waiting."

"But...but..."

"But what, sweetie?"

"I..."

She stood up, grinned. "The look in your eyes is priceless, Mr. Corey. Last night you ran off to the bathroom trying to make me stop and now your eyes are begging me to keep going...you're giving me mixed signals."

"No, no, that was different, don't...please don't stop, please." I couldn't help but think of Hannah again, the last time I begged a woman for sexual favors. The humiliation flooded over me, had to be obvious on my face.

She leaned over, her mouth to my ear. "Know the difference between us, my shy little boy? When you begged Hannah, nothing in her life had ever turned her off more, she never wanted to hear something like that from you ever again. It revolted her, sexually. But when you beg me, my pretty little virgin, nothing turns me on more, nothing, and I want to hear you beg again and again and again."

"Ohhhh," I moaned, "Ohhhh."

"Know what else?"

I shook my head, afraid to talk. "What?" I gasped.

"When she told you no, she meant never, that she'd never, ever touch you like this. But when I tell you no, sweetie, I mean no, not now, but yes...later yes...if...if...you're a good little boy, Mr. Corey."

"Fuck, Kristen, Ms. McCarthy," I swayed back and forth. "You...you're...please."

"Oh, my pretty, the more you begged her, the more you repulsed her, but the more you beg me, the m...the more...ohhhh," she gasped. I looked down at her, realized her hand was between her

legs, touching herself, masturbating herself, that she was making herself orgasm. She continued to squeeze my penis, hard, kept her grip firm, so I couldn't cum. But she did. Over and over and over.

And when she was done, she moved her hand to my mouth, let me lick her wet fingers, let me suck, taste. "Do you want me to finish you," she asked as I again sucked on her finger in a way a man should never suck on anything, in and out, licking, sucking.

"Please," I begged between thrusts of her finger. "Yes, please."

"Hmmmm, not now, Daniel. Later. Not now. I want you thinking about me all day...all night...not now Daniel, not now."

I said little to Robert on most of the ride home. I avoided his eyes, tried not to think what he must think of me, seeing me how he did earlier at Kristen's —emasculated, foolish, pathetic. I tried to get out of the car the moment he pulled up to my house, tried to run in before he could even get out of the car, but the door was locked.

"Uugh, stupid door," I hit the unlock button in frustration.

"Mr. Corey, if I may," Robert said gently, turning to face me.

"What?" I snapped, instantly peeved at myself for using that tone with him. "I'm...I'm sorry, Robert," I said softly.

"That's quite alright, Mr. Corey, I understand. She's right, though, about your neighborhood. It's no place for someone like you."

"Someone like me? What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, angry once again, taking out my own frustrations on him. "I'm not masculine enough to live here, Robert? I did, and did just fine before I met her! And I was wearing her pajamas because I...I had an accident and there was nothing else to do." I folded my arms, petulant, but I felt a tear run down my cheek.

"Mr. Corey, you're putting words into my mouth. I'm only saying that I'm trained for this, and quite frankly, this neighborhood makes me a little uncomfortable." He was obviously trained, in shape, ex-military. I wasn't foolish enough not to know that.

"What branch of the service?"

"Army. I joined in high school. Airborne then Rangers. I wanted Delta, wanted to do my twenty years but blew out my knee twice and

decided that was enough jumping out of airplanes. The private sector pays much better, anyway.”

“How long have you been with Kristen?”

“Mrs. McCarthy hired me, actually, Ms. McCarthy’s mother. I worked for her for a few years then started for Ms. McCarthy when she finished college. So, ten years now. She’s a wonderful woman, Mr. Corey, if I may say, and...this I shouldn’t say, but she’s obviously quite taken with you.”

“She’s a strange woman, she’s so...direct.”

“That she is. Really, though, for my sake, will you please let me do my job?”

“Yes, fine, Robert, fine.”

“I’ve seen her date, Mr. Corey. She’s a grown woman, of course, so it’s not my place to judge who she sees, but...”

Fuck, he was judging me, obviously. “Robert, I...I know I’m not like other guys she’s dated and...”

He smiled, held up his hand, stopped me. “No, Mr. Corey, you don’t understand. What I mean to say is that, well, I haven’t approved of every guy. In fact, I didn’t like most of them, really. They didn’t respect her and they didn’t understand her. She had her fun, but, well, you’re different, Mr. Corey.”

“I made that obvious earlier,” I said, broaching the subject of what he saw.

“You’re different because you make her happy and...that’s good.”

“But I...I was...”

“You make her happy, Mr. Corey, it’s obvious, and that’s all that matters to me.”

Was that approval or disapproval, I couldn’t tell? Does he judge you, find you lacking? Did it matter? “I guess I’ll take that as a compliment,” I said, somewhat sarcastically.

“I mean it as one, Mr. Corey, I really do. She’s a special woman. I don’t know if I see her like a man sees a daughter or as a kid sister, but she’s special to me and I want the best for her and you make her happy.”

“I know I’m not like most other guys, I...I...dammit, I need a bodyguard just to go home.”

“Mr. Corey, you make her happy, that’s what’s important, especially if she makes you happy, too.”

“She...she does, Robert, she does.”

Chapter 5 – New Worlds

The line outside the front doors to the Chicago Institute of Art stretched down the grand front steps on Michigan, but as I was coming to learn, lines were not something Kristen was accustomed to, and Robert, rather than drop us off out front, drove around to a side entrance where a museum employee was waiting.

“Ms. McCarthy, always a pleasure,” the older gentleman took Kristen’s hand, helped her from the car as I watched the hem of her sleek, pink and white cap sleeve, knot front dress ride up her smooth, bare legs. The slit, subtle when she sat, was almost risqué as she slid her legs out of the car.

“Howard,” she smiled as he kissed both her cheeks, “this is my date, Daniel Corey,” she said, introducing me.

I saw it on his face, the flicker of surprise before he hid it. You’re with her?, the look said. I smiled back, but looked away, almost embarrassed, but Kristen took my hand, confirming my status, and he took it in stride, led us both into the museum. They talked about fundraising for an upcoming exhibit, talked about a world to which I was an outsider, allowed in only because I was at Kristen McCarthy’s side.

I’d been to the museum before, of course, many times. But I’d never been where we were, down below, never seen the treasures not on display, the things normal people rarely saw, if ever. Masterworks that would headline smaller museums, but here were not even displayed, their significance discussed in a private tour by a curator. I might have felt more intimidated if not for my comfort for the subject — while I hadn’t seen the works before, I knew most of the artists, knew enough about visual literacy to keep up with the conversation, which earned me several squeezes of the hand.

Dinner was in a private dining-room. We sat next to one another at the four-person table. After we ate we lingered and enjoyed an after dinner drink. She turned slightly towards me so her ankle

strapped heel was in my line of sight. "It's adorable," she smiled at me as I looked down.

"What is?" I asked, forcing myself to look up at her.

"Seeing you get so distracted by my legs and feet," she moved her foot so it touched my leg.

"I'm sorry," I mumbled, half ashamed at getting caught staring at her again.

"Don't be, Mr. Corey," she said, rubbing my leg, "I told you it's flattering to have a boy stare at my legs."

I laughed. "You're so direct, Ms. McCarthy."

"I am," she said, worked her foot under my trouser leg, "and I have a tendency to take what I want, Mr. Corey."

"And what do you want now, Ms. McCarthy," I asked, intoxicated by her more than the drinks.

"A shy, pretty little virgin, kneeling at my feet, kissing them softly." I gasped. Fuck was she ever direct! "Know where I could find one, Mr. Corey? The pay might be lousy, but the fringe benefits are amazing."

"Kristen," I swallowed, my mouth was dry, took a sip of water.

"Yes, Mr. Corey?" she asked, pure innocence in her voice, but pure eroticism in her eyes.

"I..."

"Do you have a club chair, Mr. Corey?"

"A...a chair?"

"A club chair, usually leather, sometimes fabric, like in my office?"

"I...yes, but..." There was an old leather chair at my place. I usually sat there to watch tv.

"Shall we go back to your place, Mr. Corey, since we've got Robert with us?"

Before I could answer, she stood, took my hand, led me to the basement, to the car.

"It...it's not much," I told her as she looked around my living room. A Swedish couch, a television, some speakers, and the

leather chair. It wasn't dirty though - it was well organized, clean, tidy.

"It's very nice, Daniel," she said.

"Can I get you something? Wine? Coffee? A cocktail?"

"A glass of wine for me before you get something for yourself, please."

I froze for a beat, but went to pour a glass of white wine from the emergency bottle of sauvignon blanc I kept in the fridge. When I came back into the living room, she had sat in the chair, crossed her legs; the hem of her dress had ridden up again and I couldn't help but stare. I handed her the glass of wine, noticed she'd tossed her coat and purse onto the couch in a way that left me nowhere to sit. I looked down again, watched her foot bob up and down.

"You're shaking, Mr. Corey."

I let my mind wander, felt my nerves, she was right, I was, slightly.

"Do I scare you, Mr. Corey?"

"Yes," I said before I could stop myself.

"That's good," she smiled. "Such a smart boy, you should be scared." I gasped, felt the pressure between my legs. "I think I remember discussing a pretty little virgin kneeling at my feet, Mr. Corey."

I stiffened completely, was too drawn to her foot to think of anything, though, but touching it, kissing it, massaging it. I started to kneel but she stopped me. "Will you undress for me, Mr. Corey?" she said, half a question, half a command.

"What? I...undress?" I was suddenly self-conscious about the harness in my pants.

"A boy shouldn't be dressed when he's kneeling at a woman's feet."

"I..." I blushed, thinking of myself naked while she was dressed.

"Clothed, a boy thinks himself an equal, Mr. Corey, but naked, he's vulnerable, submissive." My eyes narrowed at the last word, my knees weakened. "Just how a pretty little virgin should be."

I undressed to my underwear, paused, even more self-conscious of my erection, embarrassed at what happened before. "Those, too, Mr. Corey," she insisted.

I turned so she couldn't see, pulled them down, but she wasn't having it. "Turn around," she twirled her finger. "Turn so I can see."

I turned. Her smile grew wider. "What?" I demanded, almost petulant. Sometimes her taunts genuinely stung.

"Oh, Mr. Corey, you've no idea how happy it makes me knowing that pretty little penis of yours has never been inside a woman, that it's mine, all mine." Before I could say anything, she pointed to the ground, directed me to her feet, to her legs.

I still wanted to respond, but couldn't, was too focused on her heel, pointed at me, on the skin of her foot, her pink toe-nails. So I sunk to my knees as I had before and with shaking hands, reached for the foot she offered. "No," she said, pulled her foot back.

I looked up, confused. "I...I thought you liked that," I said, wounded.

"Oh, I do, Mr. Corey, but with your mouth, not with your hands." I lowered my arms, waited, she stuck her left foot back out, higher this time, at the level of my face, not my chest. I was shaking as her foot moved slowly towards my mouth, hesitant as her toes came closer, the smell of perfume mixed with leather. "Open your mouth, Daniel, show me how much you want me."

It was disturbing how much I wanted, how much I wanted to be inside her — even though I'd never been inside a woman, the pull, the urge was strong, even if it wasn't to be. Instead, I focused on her feet, on her skin, on her heels. I kissed, I licked, I glided my tongue over her alabaster skin, the leather of the heel, each toe.

"Take them off, lover," she said. I unbuckled one shoe, then the other, took her left foot back into my mouth, sucked on each toe, suddenly jumped.

"Gggmmfff," I moaned as her right foot reached forward and found my erection. "Kristen!" I begged as I rushed to the edge.

She laughed, pulled her foot back slightly. "No, no, lover, don't you dare," she warned me. "You're not even close to earning that yet."

She tormented me as I sucked her toes, touching my erection over and over, always stopping before I went over the edge or when my oral worship faltered. Suck, touch, stop, tease. Suck, touch, stop tease.

Again.

Again.

Again.

Finally, she pulled her foot from my mouth, moved her legs to switch feet, but as she brought her other foot to my mouth, I gasped. "That...that's..." I tried to say when I saw the glisten of moisture on her foot, on the leather.

She looked down. "Someone's been leaking," she cooed.

"Kristen, please," I said as I stared at her foot hovering inches from my mouth, stared at the pre-cum coating her toes, her foot.

"I like when you beg," she said, moved her toes so they touched my lips. "Clean," she commanded.

"Please," I said again, weakly, without conviction. What she offered was disgusting, a taste of me, a taste of my own fluids.

"Of course, my pretty little virgin, of course." She pushed her foot forward and while part of me screamed no, my lips parted nevertheless, took her toes in my mouth, and sucked.

Maybe I wouldn't have if her other foot hadn't found my erection and toyed with it.

Maybe I wouldn't have if she hadn't moved her hands to her chest and massaged her breasts through her dress.

Maybe I wouldn't have if her toes covered with my precum hadn't tasted so fucking good.

And then I started shaking, realized I was tumbling toward the edge. So did she, and stopped seconds before it happened. "Don't you dare," she warned me "My pretty little virgin has work to do first."

She stood, slowly undid her dress, tossed it aside. I inhaled quickly, stunned as I was every time I saw her body and the delicate lingerie she wore. "See something you like, Mr. Corey?"

I nodded, afraid to talk. Her bra was made of sheer pink tulle with ivory floral embroidery that in no way hid her breasts or nipples, which were clearly visible. I knew I shouldn't stare, but couldn't help it until I finally forced my eyes down to the matching panties. She hadn't lied about her own excitement; the sheer front was clearly damp.

"You might not want to wear a thong, my pretty, but I love them." She turned slowly, pushed her rear out slightly so her bare ass faced

me, the fabric of her panties disappeared between her perfect cheeks.

I knew what to do. Without asking, I leaned forward, closed my eyes, puckered my lips, and kissed her, first on the left, then on the right, again, kiss after kiss. On my knees, looking up at her, each kiss an affirmation of my feelings for her, my need for her. "Such a good boy," she said, ran her fingers through my hair as she turned and pulled me to her.

I don't know how long I spent between her legs, time had no meaning; I don't know how many times she shuddered and moaned, I couldn't keep track. But at some point, she finally pushed me away, gasping for breath. "My God!" she moaned as she continued to shake.

"Are...are you okay?" I asked, concerned. She laughed. "What... did...did I do it wrong?"

"Wrong? My God, Daniel, no you didn't do it wrong. The opposite, you did it better than anyone."

"Really?"

"You know the trouble with most men that do that to a woman? It's just a prelude, an appetizer, a way station to the thing a man really wants." I had a confused look on my face, but got it just as she finished the thought, blushed deeply. "To stick his cock in me, silly." I blushed deeper, looked down at her wet pussy, thought of Todd, of the other men that must have been inside her, cocks where my mouth had been. Cocks touching her soft pink lips, cocks spreading her open, cocks pushing into her, cocks exploding inside her. "But you're so different," she said, touching my face, the wetness, running her fingers over my lips, pushing them into my mouth. "That wasn't a prelude, that was what you wanted, wasn't it?"

I bit my lip, looked away, ashamed.

"You don't want your pretty little penis inside me, do you?" I felt her foot find me again, felt her soft skin on my erection. "Do you, Daniel?"

"N...nnnnoooo," I half moaned.

"That's not where pretty little virgins belong, is it?"

"Kristen," I begged as both her feet found me, wrapped around me, moved ever so gently. "I...I'm going to..."

“Shhhhhh, I know, love, I know...and you earned it, oh, you earned it with that pretty little mouth of yours.” My eyes rolled back into my head, the room spun, and my skin was on fire. “This doesn’t need to be inside me, does it, my love?”

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” I struggled to keep from falling over as I exploded, easily the most powerful orgasm I’d ever experienced.

“Such a good little virgin,” she said, over and over. “Such a good little virgin.”

Chapter 6 – Unmentionables

Saturday, instead of making breakfast in the morning, she took me to a small restaurant off Michigan, where, as usual, the staff seemed to know her. “Is there anywhere people don’t know you?” I asked her.

“Not usually,” she smiled.

She ordered for both of us —spectacular egg sandwiches with avocado and coffee. “Healthy but filling,” she promised. After we ate, we strolled down Michigan with the gathering tourists, window-shopped, held hands, enjoyed a normal late morning in the city.

“Can I ask you something, Daniel?”

“Sure,” I said, basking in the day, in being with her.

“Do you always wear such plain underwear?”

“What?”

“You wear such plain underwear. Last night, the first night, both times plain, boring white briefs. Really...why don’t you wear something cute? You like it when I do, obviously,” she said, which made me blush. “Maybe you should wear something sexier.”

“I don’t know, I’ve always worn briefs, I guess I haven’t given it much thought. Do you really think boxers are sexier?”

“Boxers? Yuck! Silly,” she squeezed my hand, “that’s not what I mean at all! I don’t mind briefs, they’re fine. I actually think briefs are cute. I just don’t think your briefs are that cute...they are so plain, so boring.”

“I guess I haven’t given it much thought. What’s better?” I asked.

“Well, something like...come on, this way,” she tugged my hand and pulled me towards a men’s shop up the block. Unsurprising, she’d clearly thought about this, and timed her question, and my answers, so she could bring me here to show me something. Inside, she led me to the back of the store, where the accessories were located — ties, socks, and yes, underwear.

She led me to a display of men’s underwear, different colors and styles of men’s briefs all on display on muscular, well-endowed mannequins of men’s torsos. Not a pair of boxers or a plain pair of

briefs to be seen. "See, Daniel, things like these...briefs still, fine, but not icky tighty whities."

"Kristen," I said, looking around, blushing, "these are all so... risqué."

"Oh, Daniel, stop it! There's nothing wrong with shopping for underwear, couples do it all the time. Seriously, look at some of these. This is what I mean when I say cuter underwear. Look at these. Would you wear something like this?" she asked and pointed to a display of twilight colored Calvin Klein hip briefs with a black waistband. "You like my lingerie. Maybe I'd like you to wear cute underwear, too."

"I suppose," I said, staring at the bulge in the underwear, though I didn't mean to and certainly didn't want to, just, the way the displays were, there was no looking at any pair of the tight briefs on display without seeing the bulge, without focusing on it.

"What?"

"They're a bit...extreme."

"The colors? I don't think so."

"No, no, the...I mean," I lowered my voice to a whisper, "do they all have to be so...so big?"

She laughed. "They're models, Daniel; they do the same with a women's mannequin, make them look like they have perfect waists and perfect breasts. For men, they design them to look like they have perfect cocks. Don't worry, you'd still look cute in them."

I blushed at her casual use of the word 'cock.' "What do you mean, perfect?" Perfect?

She pulled me close to her. "I mean, don't worry that you're not big like that, sweetie, that's all, no one looks like a mannequin."

But she did. She had perfect breasts and a perfect waist and perfect hips and perfect legs. And I bet Todd looked like that — six pack abs and an obvious bulge. Was that really what she thought was perfect, anyway? "You..." I pointed casually, "you think that's a perfect...you know...?" I whispered, my pride wounded at seeing what Kristen considered perfect.

"A perfect cock? Daniel, I didn't mean it like that," she said gently.

"Yes you did, Kristen."

“Mr. Corey,” she dropped my hand, crossed her arms, and looked at me coldly. “Sometimes you’re insufferable. Fine, yes, that’s perfect,” she said and pointed to the display. “Is that what you want me to admit? But we’ve talked about this. We’re not even going to do that now anyway. Why do you feel the need to compare yourself to a stupid mannequin display, anyway? So what if you’re not like that? You’re perfect in other ways.”

“We will someday...have sex,” I said, “I mean, if we...you know... get married.” This was too much talk about marriage, everything was new, but...

“Daniel, Daniel, Daniel,” she shook her head, “I’m never going complain about your size.”

“No, but...”

She leaned over, whispered in my ear. “I think you’re little penis is cute, you know that. More than that, I like it.”

“Cute is a far cry from perfect,” I laughed nervously and pointed to the display, trying to use humor to cover my anxiety with false bravado.

“You’re perfect for a sweet, tender boy, Mr. Corey, seriously.” She had a wicked grin on her face.

“What?”

“Come on, want to find a dressing room? I’ll show you right now.”

“Kristen!”

“I’m serious, Mr. Corey. You don’t believe that you’re perfect for me just the way you are? That you don’t have to be big like a man?”

“Ms. McCarthy, please,” I said, using her last name now, looking around to see if anyone had heard her.

She took a step toward me; I started to back up, but there was nowhere to retreat to. There were mannequin displays behind me and as I moved back slightly, I felt the torso of one of the displays press against me, felt the ‘perfect’ bulge press into my back through my shirt, felt the ‘perfect’ cock press into me. Kristen chuckled when the display halted my retreat and she leaned back towards my ear and whispered. “I mean it, Mr. Corey,” she said softly. “I love you just the way you are and I have half a mind to find a dressing room and take out your little penis and make you cum right now just to show you how perfect you are in your own way.”

“Jesus!” I said as I felt a dizzy spell sweeping over me and blood start to flow places I did not want it to flow, especially not in the middle of a store.

“Do I need to show you now or not, Mr. Corey? Or don’t you want me to?”

“Not...not here, please,” I begged. “Later,” I managed to croak as I again tried to step back, and only found the bulge, the perfect cock, pressed deeper into my back, “please, later.” Did I want her to find a dressing room and pull down my pants and make me cum? Fuck, of course I did, part of me, anyway, but I was embarrassed, too, at the scene she would make, at the risk, no, later, later, it had to be later. And I was ashamed I didn’t have a perfect cock.

“Fine,” she said taking a step back, much to my relief, because if she had insisted, I knew I couldn’t have done anything but to follow her. “But only if you promise me something.”

“What? Anything Kristen. Please?” I looked around, concerned someone saw us, or worse, heard us. Without thinking, I adjusted my clothes to hide what I knew was an obvious erection.

“You’ll wear cuter underwear, Mr. Corey. Promise. I mean it! No more tighty whities? Yuck.”

“Yes, yes, fine, whatever, Ms. McCarthy,” I said.

“What do you like?” she asked.

I looked quickly around at the displays of colored, tight briefs, more worried about the bulge in my pants than picking new underwear. “I don’t know, whatever...these are all fine, whatever you want.”

“Really?” Her eyes lit up. “You promise? Whatever I want?”

I straightened up, looked around again, then back at her. “It’s really that important to you?”

“I don’t mean to sound selfish, Mr. Corey,” she said in a playful tone, “but yes, and besides, like I said, you like seeing me in cute things, don’t you, seeing me in pretty underwear?”

“You know I do, Ms. McCarthy,” I said. Of course I did, especially considering when I saw her in pretty lingerie and the things she did to me while she was wearing it, things I didn’t even fantasize Hannah doing.

“Yes, I know you do. And I like that, Mr. Corey. I like looking pretty for you,” she leaned towards me. “And I like the reaction you have. And I want to see you in cute things, too. I want you to see how I react when you wear sexy underwear like this for me,” she pointed to a random display of black briefs. “But I want you to be okay wearing it, too.”

“It’s all fine,” I said as I gave one more glance around at the displays. “Just...just so you know it’s going to look different on me than on these mannequins.”

“Mr. Corey,” she rolled her eyes.

“I’m just saying...”

“So am I, Mr. Corey,” she said with a mocking grin. “I know what you’ll look like and I like it. And I told you I’ll show you right here.” I pouted, but it was as playful as her mocking tone. “Are there any of these you don’t like? Is anything really okay?”

I looked at the displays once again and tried to look just at the underwear and not focus on the bulges in the front of each, tried to ignore the ‘perfect’ cocks. “I’m not sure about that,” I pointed to a display with a thong. “But most of the rest are cool. Is there something you want me to buy?”

“First, Daniel, I’ll be buying them, you know that.” I sighed, but she gave me a ‘don’t argue with me’ look. “And second...”

“You’re going to pick them out, too, aren’t you?” I asked, shaking my head.

“That shouldn’t surprise you, Mr. Corey, you know me well enough.”

“I know you well enough that it’s dawning on me that you have some in mind already, don’t you?”

“Maybe,” she said with a slight grin.

“Kristen! Dammit, you already bought them, didn’t you?” Damn her, she was five steps ahead of me. “This...this was just...just a game.”

She only widened her grin. “I was pretty sure you’d say yes, Mr. Corey, and pretty sure what you wouldn’t want to wear. And by pretty sure, I like, well, knew.” She reached up for her hair, twirled it around her fingers.

“Just please tell me you didn’t buy me any thongs, Ms. McCarthy,” I said, half teasing, half serious. The problem was, if she asked me to wear them, she knew I would - that I couldn’t say no to her.

For a second I thought she was going to say yes, but she didn’t. She shook her head no. “No, no thongs, Mr. Corey, I thought that might be too much. At first.”

At first? “I can’t believe you bought me new underwear!” I shook my head.

“That really surprises you, Daniel? Really?”

No, no it didn’t, Kristen did what she wanted, when she wanted, and how she wanted.

Back at her condo, Kristen sat on the edge of the bed in the lavender bedroom, or ‘my room’ as she’d taken to calling it. A carefully wrapped box was next to her. Before sitting she had taken off her dress - was wearing only a satin slip and whatever was beneath it. I couldn’t help but stare at her, the white lace edge of the slip, her bra straps, the subtle bump of her garter tabs holding up her nude stockings. “Just to make you comfortable,” she’d said, “you know, undressing too.”

The effect of her lingerie, as always, was to practically leave me unable to speak, so intense was the desire I felt seeing her like this, even though, as she made clear again and again, I would not be intimate with her in that way. No. Only the way she permitted.

Like Kristen, I too had removed my clothes and was naked save for the dreaded tighty whities I wore. “This is going to be so much better,” she said as she took the small box in her hands and handed it to me, “I’m so excited,” she said with more enthusiasm than I would have expected.

“It’s just underwear,” I said, feeling a tingling of nerves.

“Hmmm, just underwear. Would you prefer I change into just underwear, Daniel? I’m sure I could find something drab and plain. The women’s equivalent of tighty whities are called granny panties.

Would you prefer something like that to this?" she waived her hand over her body.

"No," I quickly answered, betraying the excitement I found in her beautiful, almost vintage lingerie, not that she had any doubt of how it effected me.

"You understand, then?"

"I suppose, but..."

"Well, open it then," she said with barely restrained excitement.

I undid the ribbon and took the lid off the box. Nestled inside, neatly folded on top of white tissue paper, was a pair of light slate gray colored briefs with a lighter grey Calvin Klein logo on the waistband. I carefully picked up the underwear, they were bikini style, probably skimpier than I would have picked myself; acceptable, just barely, though I was just pleased it wasn't a thong! I was surprised how light they were, and more, how smooth and soft they felt. Maybe I just assumed they would be cotton, not soft, delicate nylon, but I had told her something like this was okay, many of the pairs in the store were made from this kind of material.

"Daniel, this is killing me," she said.

"What?"

"Put them on, put them on," she clapped her hands, "I want to see!"

I hesitated, but she urged me on. "Daniel!"

I pulled down my own underwear, blushed as I did, as I always did when I was naked in front of Kristen, and stepped into the briefs. As I pulled them up my relatively smooth legs and over my ass, I was struck by how tight they were. Not too small, but the smooth material conformed to my body, hugged my skin like running tights. Including my penis, which, as I knew it would, looked nothing like the torsos at the store with the oversized bulges, with the perfect mound reflecting a man's cock. The truth was, I thought there would be a loose pouch in front, something I couldn't fill, so I was partially relieved that they fit as they did.

"Oh, Daniel, they are adorable," Kristen gushed. "Turn around. Let me see the back. Oh, darling, I love them, I simply love them! You look so cute. Turn back, let me see the front again."

I turned back towards her to watch her stare at my groin, painfully aware of what she saw. "I told you they would fit differently on me," I said. "There's no...perfect bulge."

"Daniel, darling, they ARE perfect, don't you see?"

"I should wear something loser, something that doesn't fit so tight and make me look so...so small."

"Daniel," she pouted, "that's one of the reasons I picked these, I thought, well, I thought you'd feel worse if they were loose, if you didn't fill them. These...you look good, they're made for someone without...well they're made to fit like that."

"I don't know why you think they look good Kristen. You were the one that said those displays looked perfect and I hardly look like that in these."

"Daniel, those displays do look perfect - perfect for models and bodybuilders and, I don't know, big, masculine men. But these are perfect for the soft, sensitive, sweet guy I'm falling for. Underwear should fit a girl's...or a boy's personality and...these are so...so you!"

She meant to be kind, but her words stung. "Kristen, you realize you're all but telling your boyfriend he has a small penis, right? One that's far, far from what a perfect man would have?"

"Daniel, stop! That's not what I mean."

"Oh, you're saying this underwear makes me look big, then, like the...the things on those displays?"

"No, Daniel, please," she tilted her head.

"They make me look small, Kristen, don't you see? Those displays all had such big...big..."

"Cocks," she said helpfully. "Big cocks."

I was going to say bulge, but that word worked, too. "Yes, big," I lowered my voice. "And I look...different...I don't have...I look..."

"Small, Daniel, you can say it, you look small. That's why I like them, how many times do I have to tell you?" She reached up and touched me through the soft underwear, gently, tenderly. I jumped, felt dizzy. "I like your cute little penis, Daniel. It's like you, it's so tender, so sweet, so soft, even when you're excited," she said rubbing me with her fingernails. "And I like the way you look in your

new underwear, it reminds me of you, of how soft and sensitive you are.”

“Kristen,” I sighed, my eyes fluttering at her touch. Her words should have bothered me, They did bother me, but it was hard to voice my frustrations when she was touching me like this.

“I like your little penis, Daniel Corey, I like it very much,” she said as she rubbed me through the underwear.

“Ohhh, ohhh...Kristen, I...” My knees were weak, unsteady.

“And since I’ve told you you’re not going inside me, since I’m marrying a virgin, does it matter? Does it really?”

“Kristen, wait,” I said, trying to clear my head, trying to focus on reality, but unable to.

“I want you to wear cute underwear for me, Daniel. I’m serious, it makes me so...so excited to see you like this. I really mean it, Daniel, it makes me want to...just lay around dressed like this and touch each other.”

“Fuck, me, Kristen!” I was shaking, involuntarily jerking as she touched me and rubbed me. I wasn’t thinking clearly. I couldn’t. Every time she touched me she called me small or soft or cute - words that should have repulsed me caused the opposite reaction — I got more excited, not less.

“No, Mr. Corey, you know that’s not allowed.” She slowed her movements almost to a stop.

“Kristen, please,” I said not wanting her to stop.

“Please what, Mr. Corey? You’re not going to fuck me, you know that.” Her hand stopped, just rested on me.

“I...that’s not what I meant, I...” I could never say it except in the bedroom, just thinking about it any other time was humiliating enough, but here, I did think it, and would say it, would ask for it.

“Please...Kristen.”

“Please what, Mr. Corey?” she repeated.

“Please...I want to...please let me...”

“Let you what, Mr. Corey,” she said, toying with me, “what does my pretty little virgin want?”

“Please let me...you know,” I stammered, my face red with shame, unable to say it.

“Will you wear the cute underwear, Daniel? I bought you a whole drawer of them in all different colors, they’re back at your place.”
Fucking Robert with his key! She started rubbing me again, lightly through the briefs. “Will you promise to wear them for me? ”

“Yes, I told you I would.”

“Do you like them?”

“They’re fine.”

“Do you really like them?”

“I...they’re cute, yes, actually.” I was dizzy, hyperventilating.

“I like you to look cute, it makes me want to do this to you.”

“I know, Kristen, please, Kristen, please, just let me.”

“Let you what, Daniel?”

“You know,” I said.

“You can’t say it, can you?”

“Please?” I gasped, “No. Please?”

“You’re so adorable, Daniel,” she said. “Squirt? Can you say that, instead? Do you want me to let you squirt? That’s what cute little boys do when pretty women play with them.” I blushed, nodded. She was touching me lightly, not enough to make me hard yet. “It’s such an adorable word, squirt, so dainty, so naughty. I’ll let you squirt... but...there’s something else, too.”

“Something else? What? Anything! Please...let me...squirt,” I said quickly.

“Hmmm, Daniel.” She reached into the underwear, took my penis between her fingers, but not to finish me, instead, she squeezed it, hard, hard enough I yelped and quickly deflated.

“Kristen,” I protested.

She ignored me, pushed my penis down, between my legs and I felt my balls actually disappear. She pulled the briefs back and the tight material held my penis in place, stopped it from swelling again. I saw myself in the vanity mirror. “Kristen, my God!” I reacted to the sight of myself, worse than small, worse than inadequate as compared to her description of the ‘perfect man’ with his ‘perfect cock,’ I was flat, as if I didn’t have anything. I didn’t look like I had a small penis. I looked like I had NO PENIS!

“I’m a goddess, not a god, my pretty little boy,” she giggled, touched the front of the underwear. “Oops, where’d your little penis

go?”

“I look like...” I couldn’t say what popped into my mind, couldn’t even let the word take hold. No, fuck no, I didn’t, not at all, no, NO! But I did, I knew I did.

“I don’t want it growing yet, I’m not done...in the box, Mr. Corey, under the paper.”

I looked down, puzzled, saw there was something else in the box and took it out. It was the same color and material as the briefs, bigger. A tee, an undershirt, of course, some of the model torsos had undershirts that matched the briefs. She’d bought me a t-shirt, too.

I unfolded it, was confused at first, there were no sleeves, not even the wide straps of a tank top, just two thin pieces of elastic. “I... I don’t understand,” I said.

“It’s adjustable,” Kristen explained. “The briefs are so minimalistic, even dainty, so the top is too. You know how slim fit shirts are in, well the salesgirl said this is tight cut, kind of molds to the body, so it can be worn under slim fit shirts when regular tees can’t.”

She helped me into the tee or tank or whatever it was called, adjusted the straps so it came to rest at the waistband of my briefs. The tee (tank) had the same light grey Calvin Klein logo and clearly coordinated with the briefs. “Well?” she asked.

I looked in the vanity again, blushed. “This stuff looked different on the models in the store.” The tank tops on the model emphasized muscular chests and bulging biceps. The tank I wore was sliming. The briefs the models wore similarly emphasized bulging crotches, bulging cocks, but on me, the briefs, especially after she adjusted me, did the opposite—the briefs didn’t emphasize my penis - just the opposite, the briefs de-emphasized it, hid it.

“How so? I think it looks good on you. Besides, it’s from a different store. It looked more like this on the mannequins there. I probably should have just taken you there so you could see, but I didn’t want to call Robert to drive, so...”

“Kristen, the stuff you showed me was more, um, masculine.”

“I told you, on the mannequins, yes, but that’s like for one type of male body, the muscular guy, not you.”

"But Kristen, this is more," I said the word that popped into my mind, "emasculating."

"Suddenly you're so hung up on being masculine, Mr. Corey? Did I misjudge you? Are you going to try to be like the men I've dated? Suddenly thinking about throwing me down and fucking me?" She sounded annoyed, even afraid.

"Kristen, no! But...but that's different than being emasculated."

"You look really cute, Daniel." She stood up, circled behind me, put her hands on my sides and ran them up my stomach and chest.

Calling me cute - that was not helping. But her hands were.

"Yeah, but..."

"You promised to wear them...I already bought like fifteen sets, and seriously, you really, really look cute. You really, really look sexy in them."

"Hmmm," I moaned softly at her touch, "Kristen, I..."

"I like the way it feels, the way it hugs your body. She reached around me, pressed her breasts into my back, touched the front of the briefs. "I bet I can make a little bulge in them again."

"Hmmmmmm," I breathed.

"Not like those mannequins at the store with their perfect cocks, but still a pretty little bulge."

I sighed. Every time she called me little, every time she called me pretty, it stung. It reminded me I wasn't masculine. It reminded me of Hannah's rejection of me as a lover, of every woman's rejection, except hers. But Kristen McCarthy wasn't rejecting me, she had her hands inside my underwear, freed my penis, let the blood flow into me, let me grow.

"What do you want me to do with your little bulge, Daniel? Do you want me to put it inside me?"

"Kristen!"

"Do you want to feel what it's like to be inside a woman?"

"Kristen, no!"

"Hmmm, you learn so quickly, Mr. Corey," she cooed as she stroked me ever so slowly. "You're right. Your pretty little penis certainly isn't going inside my pussy is it? That's just for, um...for big..."

Her pause was dramatic, at that point, the most profound thing that had ever happened in my life. I inhaled, held my breath the entire time she waited...waited...waited...and through my mind ran one word...cocks...cocks...cocks...that's just for big cocks. I knew why I thought that. I was a virgin. She was not. I'd never had sex. She had. Good sex, bad sex, and great sex with a man named Todd who I met, who was so much more masculine than me. What stunned me, though, what was so incredibly profound, was not that I thought she was going to say that only big cocks went inside her pussy, but how fucking powerful the image was, the emotion, how powerful and strange and....how fucking erotic...the mental image was of a cock inside her fucking her.

"That's just for big...days," she finally said.

"Ohhh," I gasped, part exhale, part moan, part whimper. I heard the word, knew she said 'days' - not 'cock' - but the latter word echoed through my brain. My pussy is just for big cocks, just for real men, just for cocks, just for cocks, just for cocks. She said nothing, at first just continued to stroke me ever so slowly, but then she turned me towards her and kissed me deeply. I only fuck men, Daniel, not pretty little emasculated boys like you, just men, only men.

"You...you're..."

"What?" I asked. Her eyes looked different, possessed, hungry.

"Daniel, I..."

"What Kristen?"

"Get on the bed," she hissed, an order, a command.

Don't let her fuck you, Daniel Corey, don't let her do it, don't you dare let her do it, don't fuck this up, don't let it happen, stay a virgin, stay a damn virgin. "Kristen, please," I begged. "We...we can't..."

She lowered my new underwear, left me in just the top. "Get on the bed, Daniel. Do it. Now!"

I moved to the bed, terrified, continued to protest. "I want to stay a virgin, Kristen, please, I...I don't want to lose you."

She never let go of my erection as she sat next to me, leaned over, her breasts were in my face, barely contained by her slip and bra. "I don't want to lose you either, Daniel, and I'm not going to. We're not going to fuck, Mr. Corey, I mean it! You're staying a virgin."

But just because your pretty little penis isn't going inside me doesn't mean it doesn't belong to me now."

"Ohhhh," I moaned when she squeezed my penis with her thumb and forefinger, hard, to the point of mild pain again.

"It doesn't mean I won't do what I want to do with it and when I want to do it. Bad," She squeezed harder still, "or good." She relaxed her hand, moved her two fingers up and down the tip, stroking me.

"And know what I want to do now, Mr. Corey?"

"Nnnnoooo."

"I want to make it squirt, Mr. Corey."

"Ohhhhhh," I moaned again, no pain this time, not at all, just pleasure, pure pleasure, and so relaxing, not worrying about trying to hold it, trying to save myself.

"Do you know why?"

I shook my head, didn't know, didn't even care, so long as she didn't stop.

"Because I can, because your pretty little penis belongs to me now, Mr. Corey. Because it's mine and you're mine."

I was close to the edge, that point of no return beyond which no male, no matter how masculine, can return. I was close, so close to tumbling over when she stopped, suddenly stopped. "Ohhhh," I gasped, reflexively started to reach for my penis, to finish myself.

"Don't!" she hissed. "Don't you dare touch yourself."

I immediately pulled my hand back. "I'm sorry," I whispered, hurt.

"After," she said, dismissing me softly, "this first. I'll be right back...no touching."

"Where are you going?"

She chuckled. "I think you're going to make a mess again, sweetie."

"Oh." Of course.

She was gone just a moment, returned, her hands behind her back. I expected a towel, but when she moved her hands to her front, it wasn't a towel she held, but a pair of pink satin panties that she dangled over my thighs and crotch.

"Panties," I whispered the word, "you...you want me to...to..."

"Squirt," she said helpfully.

“In...in your...panties?” My God! She was like nothing I’d ever encountered before.

“Uh huh,” she nodded. “But not just any panties, my pretty little virgin,” she dragged them up my chest. “The panties I wore alllll day yesterday...all day touching me me, pressed between my legs, damp, moist.” She dragged them up my chin and up my face, to my nose; I inhaled without thinking, shuddered at her smell. “Can you tell?” she asked as I inhaled deeply, when the musky, sweet scent of her pussy took over my senses. “Do you want me to make you squirt?”

“Yesssss!”

“Are you sure?” She moved, dragged the panties back downwards, spread them open, wrapped them around my crotch, around the tip of my erection.

I nodded, eyes closed. “Please.”

“You need to ask for it.”

I just did, didn’t I? “I...please?” She just looked at me. “Please can I?”

“The whole thing, you need to ask and use the word. I want to hear it, I want to hear you whisper it, I want to hear the nervousness in your voice.” She was stroking me gently, between her finger and thumb again, “I want to hear your desperation.”

I shook my head, fuck, she was crazy, but I said it anyway. “Please, Kristen, please let me...squirt.”

“Oh, yes, that’s my sweetie,” she rubbed, “that’s my pretty little virgin, go ahead, squirt in my panties, it’s okay, go ahead, squirt for me, Daniel, squirt for me.”

Well it was foolish to think I could hold on any longer, even if I wanted to, but I didn’t, nor did she. She wanted me to cum, wanted me to give myself over to her, then, but more. And I wanted the whole thing, too, I wanted it, needed it. I erupted, the cum exploded from me, different than before, when I tried to hold it back from shame, this time it simply blew up, gush after gush into the ball of panties Kristen had wrapped around the tip of my penis.

“Look at you! Such a naughty little boy, making a mess in my panties. Such a naughty, naughty little boy.”

Afterward, we cuddled, dozed, woke, kissed, dozed again. She, still in her lingerie, me again in my new briefs and tank. When we both finally woke, I was on my back, she on her side, one hand under her head, the other gently toying my chest and stomach, lower too, caressing my crotch through the soft briefs I now wore.

"Kristen?"

"Hmmm? You're soft again." I blushed. "I swear, Daniel, I told you I like it, especially in your new underwear."

"Thanks?"

"I mean it," she kissed my ear.

"Why'd you yell at me? Earlier?"

"For trying to touch yourself," she said matter-of-factly, as if I should have known.

"Is that...bad?"

"Yes, actually, it is."

"Why?"

"Do you masturbate, Mr. Corey?"

"Kristen!"

"Do you?"

"I...I don't know."

"Mr. Corey," she raised an eyebrow.

"Doesn't...doesn't everyone?" I replied evasively.

"You didn't answer the question. Do you masturbate?"

"I...sometimes...yes," I swallowed.

"How long is your refractory period," she asked. I narrowed my eyes, betraying my lack of comprehension. "How long till you get another erection? After you squirt?"

"I don't know...a few, I guess."

"A few minutes? That's not bad."

I blushed. "No, a...few hours," I looked away.

"What's a few? One? Two?"

"Two...three, maybe...maybe more. Five or sometimes a little longer." I saw her face. "It takes all guys awhile." I regretted saying that the moment I said it.

"It takes the average guy ten minutes," she corrected me. "No more than an hour. Some guys take just a minute or two until they're ready."

Like Todd, I bet, or any guy she's fucked. "Well, I...I take longer and...that's what it takes."

"It's okay, really, it turns me on," she said, smiled at me.

"An erection, you mean?"

"Silly, yes, but this," she squeezed my limp penis. "This, too, more, maybe, your soft, limp penis. God, it's amazing!"

"You say that but..."

"Feel." She took my hand in hers, brought it between her legs, under her panties.

"Ohhhh," I said, shocked. She was soaked, wet, sloppy. "Kristen!"

"I told you," she said.

"You're so confusing."

"It turns me on when you were erect because it turns me on to make you squirt, Daniel - because I'm doing it, I'm making it happen, I'm in charge of it and I...I told you I like to be in charge. And this... when it's soft...it's like you're soft and you're cute and innocent and gentle and it makes me feel...dominant and powerful. Like you're mine."

"That excites you?" I said. "Being...dominant?" I knew it did, it was obvious, as obvious as it was I was turned on by the opposite.

"Yes," she whispered, "I don't know how to explain it, Daniel, other than, well, yes. I told you, I like men, physically, masculine men I mean."

"Like...like Todd," I asked softly.

"Yes, like Todd. Men like that are exciting, physically exciting, and during, I like it, I love it. But...but inside, they leave me cold and after, I can't wait for them to leave, I can't be me around them, I can't relax, I can't just...let my guard down. No man I've ever fucked hasn't been in competition with me, trying to better me, trying to be the bigger alpha, and I hate it. But you..."

"I let you be you?" I let her be dominant? Powerful? In charge? How'd I let her do that?

"Oh, Daniel, yes, yes, that's exactly it!"

“How, though, how am I letting you? I’m not doing anything, I’m just being me.”

“Exactly, Daniel, being soft and pure and innocent, not worrying about being masculine and dominant. I...I have to be in charge, Daniel, and you let me. Somehow, being you, you just let me be in charge, but without a doormat, you just let me be me.”

“So why’d you yell at me?” I tried to bring the conversation back to where we started.

“Because...I shouldn’t tell you...because when a boy’s got an erection, when you’re dying to squirt, when you’re begging me, I... nothing turns me on more, Daniel, nothing.”

“Than me begging?” I asked. “Begging to...to squirt?”

“God, yes, Daniel, to squirt, yes, I love it, I...it’s like I’m in control over it, I get to decide when...and even if you do, and fuck, I love it!”

“That’s fucked up,” I finally said.

“Totally fucked up,” she answered, looked away as if ashamed.

Finally, I laughed. “So I’m supposed to stay a virgin and let you decide when I...you know?”

“Yep. And because it takes you awhile to...recharge...I don’t want to be in the mood to play with you and find you soft because you did it to yourself, okay?”

“O...okay,” I said.

“Promise?”

“You’re serious? You really want me to promise not to...to...”

“Masturbate.”

“Jesus, Kristen!”

“I’m very serious, Daniel, yes,” she said, face set. “I...I didn’t plan to talk about this for awhile, but...you mean so much to me, Daniel, and...it means very much to me, yes.”

“I promise. I mean, I...I’ll try.”

“Oh, Daniel,” she leaned over and kissed me deeply and directed my hand between her legs and made me rub her until she orgasmed. But unlike me, she did it over and over and over. First by my hand, and then, by my mouth, directing me, teaching me to please her, to lick her, to taste her.

When Robert brought me home later, walking me to the door as usual, I hurried inside, barely said goodbye to him and rushed right to my bedroom. I opened my top dresser drawer and...gone...every single pair...gone...every pair of underwear I owned, dozens of pairs of white underwear...gone...replaced. She didn't just buy me new things, she replaced my old things, took them...disposed of them? What was once a drawer of white was now a drawer of colors — skin, mauve, hematite, graphite, soft blue. Plum, blood orange, black, rose, even lavender and pink. I opened the second drawer, found the same, my old plain white t-shirts missing, instead rows of tanks like the one I wore, in colors matching the new briefs. Well, they might be a bit more colorful than you're used to, but she likes them...and you can't argue with her, can you?

I wasn't used to such colorful underwear, though except for the pink and lavender (and maybe the rose), the colors were all colors I saw at the store with Kristen. Some of the more bold colors were missing, though, red and deep blue and green, but I thought nothing more of it, just shook my head at Kristen's strange ways.

Chapter 7 – Fight Club

A week later the uniqueness, no, the strangeness of our relationship came to a head. I had run through of some of the more ‘muted’ colors, the ‘normal’ colors of my new underwear. I was left with the choice of doing laundry or wearing one of the ‘softer’ colors — plum, pink, lavender, mauve, rose, frankly all more feminine. I didn’t have time for laundry, so I decided to go with the least ‘soft,’ the rose pair. When I took them out, I noticed something on the pink pair, a store tag still attached, I set the rose pair down, picked up the pink pair to pull off the tag. But I read it first.

“D3417 Calvin Klein Second Skin Bikini Panty.”

That had to be a misprint. I had to misunderstand what it meant. Bikini panty? I knew men’s underwear could be referred to as a bikini cut, that wasn’t shocking. But panty? Bikini panty? There’s no way men’s underwear would be called a panty; panties were for women, not men.

I immediately went to my computer, opened the browser, and typed in ‘D3417.’ My jaw dropped at the search results:

Calvin Klein Panty, Second Skin Bikini D3417 - Lingerie - Women from Macy’s

Calvin Klein Second Skin Bikini Panty, Available now at HerRoom.com

And the pictures, the fucking pictures from Google, pictures of women wearing the underwear that filled my drawer, women, every picture of women wearing the underwear I’d worn for a week. The underwear in my hands! Women, not men, WOMEN! Fuck! Was I wearing women’s fucking panties?

I clicked on a link, read the description.

These Calvin Klein lightweight bikini panties provide extraordinary all-day comfort and the no panty lines panty you’ve always dreamed of. The high cut leg openings give your legs a long, sexy look whether you go bare or wear the latest stockings or pantyhose. Pair with our coordinating iconic camisoles for an effortless feminine look.

Holy fucking shit! My new underwear was for women, my new underwear were women's fucking panties! My new tanks were for women! They were fucking camisoles! Kristen fucking bought me women's fucking underwear!

I was infuriated, reached for the phone, but thought better of it — the conversation was going to happen face-to-fucking face!

I started back to my room to get dressed. Fucking bitch, I didn't have anything to wear except the damn fucking panties! Which was worse, commando or panties?

"Uugh," I said, disgusted, started to step into the rose briefs, the rose fucking panties, but I was mad, thought better of it. Instead, I picked up the pink pair, just to make sure there was no doubt I was wearing panties, ripped off the tag and pulled them up my legs. No wonder they are so smooth, no wonder there was no room for the bulge for a man's cock, they're fucking panties, women didn't have cocks. And neither did I.

I opened my second drawer. Of course, no tee shirts were to be found, only tanks, only women's camisoles.

I didn't care at that point, dug out the matching pink tank — pink camisole — pulled it over my head. No wonder they are slightly loose on top, they left room for breasts. I finished getting dressed into the first shirt I pulled from my closet, the first pants, stormed to the living room and looked at my watch.

Dammit! Ten minutes to get Robert to call me, half an hour for him to get here and then drive to Kristen's place. No. Too long! I grabbed my wallet, keys, phone and headed out the door for the L.

Kristen's doorman recognized me, gave me a puzzled look. "Is she home?"

"Yes, Mr. Corey, I...Robert hasn't left." He knew the routine now, Robert driving me.

"I took the train," I snapped. His eyes went wide at my tone.

"I can call up," he reached for the phone.

"Fine," I said, "but I'm going up now."

He looked at me, I wondered if he'd stop me, but he said nothing as I walked by him towards the elevator, just dialed up to Kristen's unit.

When the elevator doors opened to Kristen's foyer, she was there waiting for me, arms crossed, anger on her face. She was half dressed — a black skirt, hose, heels, but wore just a bra, no shirt. She spoke before I could.

"What are you doing here?" she asked in that tone.

"We need to talk."

"Robert hasn't left yet." I heard a discrete cough from the kitchen, Robert, reminding us both he was within earshot, presumably reading the paper, having coffee, waiting for Kristen or me to need him.

"I took the fucking L, Kristen."

"Daniel," her mouth tightened, "you agreed to..."

"They're panties, Kristen," I seethed, ignoring her anger.

"What?" Her eyes flickered.

"The underwear you bought me, the underwear you've been making me wear all week...they're FUCKING PANTIES." I didn't care at the moment that Robert would clearly hear us.

"Daniel," she said, eyes narrow. She's going to deny it.

"And the tanks tops? Women's fucking camisoles! Panties and camisoles, Kristen, I'm wearing underwear for women! You bought me women's panties!"

"Daniel, I..."

I stuck my hand out, the tag from the pair of panties I was wearing. "Read it, Kristen, you forgot a tag on the pair I'm fucking wearing right now. Read it. Dammit, it says 'Calvin Klein Second Skin Bikini Panty.' It says fucking bikini panty, Kristen."

"Daniel, there...there must be some mistake." I could tell from her tone there was no mistake, I could tell she was simply saying the words, she didn't believe them, didn't expect me to believe them either.

"Really? 'Cause I Googled it, Kristen. You know, you can get them here at Macy's in The Loop? The matching camisoles, too. They look very nice on the models on the websites. Very feminine, very fucking pretty. They are great everyday panties, too, at least

according to the reviews. No panty lines, all day fucking feminine comfort. There are coordinating bra's too, I'm surprised I didn't find any of those at my house."

"Daniel," she reached for me, the mask of denial gone. "Please, calm down."

"Calm down? Kristen, I'm fucking wearing panties right now, pink ones, a pink camisole, too. The panties you fucking bought for me. Why am I supposed to be calm? What the hell, Kristen!"

"Daniel, I...I thought..."

"You thought what, Kristen?" I demanded.

"I thought they'd fit you better."

"Fit my little penis better, you mean," I hissed, forgetting Robert was listening to every word.

"I thought you'd look cute in them." she said softly, tried to defuse me. "You do, too, Daniel, you...you look adorable."

"Are you listening to yourself? You're telling your boyfriend he looks cute in women's panties for fuck's sake. What happened to honesty, Kristen?"

"Honesty?" she looked stunned, defensive. "I...I never lied to you, Daniel, I...I never lied. Ever."

"You bought me panties, Kristen, you bought me panties," I said, tears forming in my eyes. "You...I thought you were different..."

"Daniel," she looked shocked now, even hurt. "I..."

"I...I can't deal with this." I was hurt, angry, wounded, humiliated, all made worse that at the moment I was still wearing panties. I turned to the elevator, punched the button.

"Daniel, please," she walked towards me, touched my shoulder.

"Don't," I hissed, pulled away. "Don't you dare touch me."

"Daniel," she had tears in her eyes, "please Daniel, talk to me."

"You're just like all of them, making fun of me, I...I thought you were different," was the last thing I said before the elevator doors opened and I stepped in.

"I...I am," she said as the doors closed, a tear running down her face.

The great thing about alcohol was how it makes you forget your emotional pain, among other things. The worst, though was the physical pain it brought on. And at the moment, the physical pain was tremendous. I couldn't open my eyes, my head hurt too bad to even turn from side to side, so I just lay there, my face pressed to the small pillow beneath my head. I was cold, but my stomach churned so much I couldn't even roll over to find a blanket. So I just suffered and tried to remember what I did last night, where I was. I couldn't. I fell back asleep.

But when I woke up, it hit me. Hannah! Oh fuck, oh fuck, Hannah, I was at Hannah's.

It came back, all of it, at once. I left Kristen's, went to Dave's office, was too upset to talk. We had a late lunch, where I had several beers and wouldn't talk save to say I was upset with Kristen and wouldn't tell him why. He was surprisingly sympathetic. I told you she was a bitch. What the fuck did you ever try to go out with her for? Dave blew off the rest of the afternoon with me at a dive bar off Michigan where I had several more beers, and as much as I wanted to tell him what was wrong, just couldn't. Well, Dave, you see, I started dating Kristen and she's a freak and as we sit here buddy to buddy, I'm wearing panties and...no, that wasn't happening, I didn't need a guy like him telling me what a chump I was.

Instead, I ended up calling her, crying.

Hannah.

It was the first time we talked since I started seeing Kristen. She came down to the bar, took over from Dave, he explained I started seeing some giant bitch of a girl and left Hannah to deal with the hot mess that was me.

We tried to talk at the bar, but shortly after she got there a band started, so we went back to her place. As mad as I was at Kristen, her personality so strong in my mind, that for the first time since we both ended up in Chicago, I ended up at Hannah's place without thinking of how much I wanted to be with her.

At first, Hannah didn't believe what I was telling her, that I was dating (she was happy about that), but then it all came out, I told her the problem and she hardly believed me. And why would she have? I was half shit-faced on booze, half depressed about Kristen, and

completely confused about what to do. Eventually, though, she got me slowed down enough to make some sense.

“Camisoles and panties?” she asked, eyebrow raised. “I don’t...I don’t get it, Daniel.”

“Yes,” I yelled at her across the table in her living room, sloshing wine onto my lap.

“You must be mistaken, Daniel,” she said, face tight. “That’s... strange, what woman would want a guy to be...to do that? I mean, that’s bizarre.”

“She’s weird, Hannah,” I said, thinking of her powerful personality, her dominance, the things we’d done.

“She bought you camisoles and panties? And asked you to wear them?”

“Look,” I stood up uneasily, started to undo my pants.

“Daniel, please,” she tried to stop me.

“No, look,” I insisted. “I’m telling the truth.” I managed to get my pants undone, but was too ashamed to drop them. Instead I only lowered the left side to expose part of the panties.

Hannah’s eyes went wide. “Daniel! Those...those are panties.”

“I told you, Hannah! And look,” I raised my shirt. “This look like a tank top to you?”

Hannah lowered her eyes, shook her head. “No, that’s...”

“A camisole, Hannah, it’s a fucking camisole.”

“Why are you wearing it?”

“She bought it for me.”

“No, I mean now?”

“I..I...I don’t have anything else, she took my other stuff, all my t-shirts and underwear.”

She just stood there, obviously unsure what to say.

“I look fucking foolish, I know,” I said as I sat down, pants half undone, shirt untucked.

She bit her lip, giggled. “I don’t know, it’s kind of cute,” she said.

“Hannah, dammit!”

“What? It is!”

“Fuck, you sound like her.”

“I’m sorry, you’re right, Daniel. It’s just...well...you know for the longest time I thought you were gay and...stop,” she raised her

hand. "I know you're not...but I thought you were and, well, I always kind of pictured you like that, so..."

"I'm a guy, Hannah. This is so fucked up, she's so fucked up. Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You're right, I should be supportive, God knows you listened to me complain enough about the guys I screwed, I can at least return the favor." Except I'm not sleeping with her! "You know, Daniel, it IS cute, though," she shrugged. "You sure you like girls?"

"Hannah!"

"I'm sorry, I'm just teasing, I suppose this isn't the time, is it?"

"No, Hannah, I'm wearing panties — what kind of fucked up woman buys her boyfriend panties?"

"Got me there," she admitted. "It's cute, but I don't know, I mean...I guess I like my guys masculine, not feminine, so a cute boy isn't really the thing that turns me on." I blushed, thought of that night so long ago; she must have, too. "Daniel, I'm sorry, that's not what I meant."

"No," I held up my hand, "that...that was a long time ago. And it is what you meant."

"I felt close to you as a friend, Daniel, I still do, you know that, just not...not as a lover, I..."

"I wasn't masculine enough to turn you on then, I'm sure nothing has changed, Hannah."

"Daniel, that's not fair. I've always been here for you, I've always cared about you...just not like that."

"It's true, though." She didn't deny it. "You're right, Hannah, that was a long time ago, and I...I don't blame you for not wanting me, I mean look at me, who'd want this. Apparently girls don't like guys like me."

"Obviously someone must," she leaned over, poured us more wine.

"Yeah! Who?"

"Who do you think, Daniel? Duh."

"Oh," I mumbled. "She's messed up, Hannah."

"Then why the hell are you with her? If it's low self-esteem, you're making a mistake, there are lots of women who would fall for a sweet sensitive guy."

"Doesn't seem my life plays out that way." We both knew she was just being kind, that the reality was that women don't fall for sweet sensitive guys. At least not sexually.

"I fell for you, Daniel, just...just not that way."

"I know."

"Seriously, though, if you're with her because you're settling, you...you deserve better, you really do."

"But..."

"But if you're with her because deep down inside she makes you feel special, because you care for her, well, that's a harder thing to deal with."

"I...I like her, Hannah. I really do. Weirdness and all. She makes me feel...I don't know..."

She crossed her arms, yawned. "I'm not so sure, Daniel, the girl a guy loses his virginity to sometimes..."

"We've never done that," I interrupted.

"No?" she looked shocked.

"We've messed around, but...not that."

"Oh...I just assumed..."

"Don't laugh...but she said she wants to wait for marriage," I said, leaving out the little detail that she hadn't waited too. But Hannah zeroed in on that immediately.

"Really? She's a virgin, too?" she asked, obviously skeptical.

I turned away. "No."

"I see," she said coldly.

"I told you she was different."

"Apparently. Can I give you some advice, Daniel?"

"What?"

"You're kind of inexperienced, I know, I think, well, I think you need some time apart from her, a few days, a few weeks, I think you need to think things through."

"I think I'm in love with her, Hannah."

"Maybe, Daniel, but...she could hurt you, you need to be careful of her."

"That's ironic coming from you," I said before I could stop myself.

"Daniel Corey!"

"I'm sorry, Hannah."

"I never meant to hurt you. Ever."

She might not have, but the reality was, she knew how I felt about her, and sometimes I thought she led me on using those feelings. She knew what I was thinking.

"Daniel, since...since that day I've never been less than honest about my feelings."

"I know," I admitted.

"But her? I don't know, and I don't think you do, either."

"I know." I looked down, then back up at her. "Hannah," I said, looked at her the way I used to look at her.

"Daniel," she tilted her head, "please, don't..."

"I..." I downed the wine, knew if I didn't finish getting good and drunk soon, I'd really be in trouble, probably with both of them.

"Daniel, you know I love you...as a friend...you're like...God, practically a girlfriend to me."

"Not into pretty little virgin boys in panties, huh?" That was the wine talking, it made me brave, more forward than usual.

"You're adorable, you really are, but...like that...no."

"Adorable, huh?"

"Yeah, but Daniel," she giggled, "you're wearing fucking panties."

"I know."

"That's fucked up, Daniel."

"I know that too, but..."

"But?"

"The thing is," I said, paused, took a deep breath. "I...I kind of like it."

"Like it? Or like her?"

"I don't know...both, maybe."

"You need to be careful."

"Yeah."

Fuck! Did my head hurt! Seriously hurt. Like a nail being driven into my skull hurt. Where the hell was I? Fuck! Hannah's. I was at Hannah's. On her couch. Cold. Fuck, fuck, cold...I didn't have my pants or shirt on, that's why I was cold...and...FUCK, FUCK, FUCK.

I was on Hannah's couch wearing the pink camisole and panties I'd worn the day before.

Seriously, fuck, fuck, fuck!

Buzzing, what's that damn buzzing...phone...my phone...

"Ohhh," I groaned, reached to the ground, found my phone in my pants. Fuck, seven missed calls from Kristen. Fuck! A bunch of missed text messages, too. Fuck!

"Look who's still alive." Fuck. Hannah. Fuck.

"I'm not," I moaned. "I mean, I am, but I don't want to be, fuck, my head, I want to die."

"Here," she said, "I brought you something to help." I turned back over; Hannah stood over me wearing a skimpy, flirty black satin romper with lacy cups that hardly covered her breasts. She saw my eyes, clarified her statement. "Water and aspirins, silly," she rolled her eyes. "You don't give up, do you."

"You don't give up teasing me, do you? You could have put a robe on," I grumbled.

"I could say the same about you," she shook her head. "First time I've woken up to a boy on my couch wearing lingerie."

"Hannah, I mean..."

"I know what you mean, Daniel," she sat at the end of the couch while I drank some water, her back pressed against my leg. "And you know what I mean, too, I like you like..."

"A girlfriend," I finished her sentence. I'd heard that before.

"Seems more apt when you're dressed like this, doesn't it?"

"I suppose," I chuckled. This was horrible.

"Daniel, you don't want a girl who doesn't see you that way, do you? The way she must see you?"

"No, I suppose not," I thought of Kristen. "She...she scares me, Hannah."

"I know...me too, actually."

"This isn't normal, right?"

"Um, buying your boyfriend panties? Can't say it's something I've considered, nor would any of the guys I know." Her comment could have hurt, but didn't.

"Not just that, Hannah. I wore them. Fuck! I am wearing them! I always wanted to be half naked with you. I never thought I would...or

that it would be like this.”

“You didn’t know, you said,” she ignored my other remark.

“Maybe not, but they still are well short of masculine, I mean, seriously, I should have known, I should have said no.”

“But you didn’t. Can I ask you something?”

I nodded.

“Why are you still wearing them? I mean, if you should have said no?”

“She tossed my other stuff,” I said.

“Really?” she asked, skeptical. “There weren’t any stores open? You couldn’t have hit H&M or Macy’s?”

“I...I don’t know, Hannah, I...I just don’t know.”

She looked at me, smiled. “I think I know why, Daniel and, well, I have to say, they really are cute,” she said again.

“Hannah,” I looked away.

“I’m just saying...”

“No, Hannah.”

“I’m not judging, Daniel.”

“Hannah, what kind of guy likes wearing panties? Seriously, that is so fucked up.”

“I’m not saying, Daniel, I’m just saying.”

“No.”

“So you’re going shopping, then?”

I looked down. “I don’t know...my head is killing me...”

“Yeah,” she shook her head. “That’s what I thought. So...why not?”

“I...I don’t know...she likes it...and I...I like her and...”

“Do you like it, Daniel? Seriously, I can’t believe I’m asking this, but do you like wearing panties? Honestly?”

I looked up at her, tears in my eyes. “That’s such a fucked up question. I don’t know, Hannah, I...I don’t know...” She continued to stare at me, waiting. “I...I might.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know, Hannah, I really don’t.”

“You need to be careful, Daniel.”

“Are you saying I shouldn’t see her anymore?”

"No, maybe, I don't know, Daniel, I just think...you're conflicted, obviously, you need to be careful, that's all, so she doesn't hurt you."

I looked up at her with sad eyes.

"Listen, I know, you probably think I'm a big fucking hypocrite."

"Hannah."

"No, I know, you're right, you're totally right. I...I never meant to hurt you Daniel, I really didn't."

"I know, Hannah."

"I do care about you, I really do, and..." She touched my leg, not the way a girl would touch a boy, but the way a girl would touch another girl. "I'm not telling you to be careful with her out of some sense of jealousy, that would make me a bitch. I'm not trying to be like, I don't want us to be like that, like, sex. But I don't want to be like 'fuck if I'll let any other woman have him, either'...you know what I mean?"

"I think."

"If you fall in love with her, with any woman, I'll seriously be happy for you, Daniel. I mean it, I care about you and I want you to be happy, so...I'm not telling you to be careful to sabotage things, but..."

"Be forewarned about a woman that buys you panties?"

She laughed. "Cute as they might be."

I laughed too, winced in pain from my head.

"Just be careful, okay?"

"Yeah."

I missed two more calls from Kristen on the way home, wondering if I should even go there. She wouldn't show up, would she? I couldn't face her, not now, I needed time to think. When I walked down the street, I looked around for the BMW, for Robert, a sign she would be there, but there was nothing, luckily my place was dark, quiet, what I needed and craved. I ate something to settle my stomach, showered, sighed as I dried off. Going to wear panties again, Daniel?

I don't have much choice.

You could go shopping!

Later. I need a nap. Later.

So I pulled out a pair of briefs...panties, Daniel, they're panties, don't pretend they're not...lavender, not caring if that was a safe color, pulled them up. Of course they fit just as tight as all the other pairs, like fucking panties, and the camisole I put on now appeared nothing like a tank or a t-shirt. Because it was fucking lingerie, just like the pink pajamas. Lingerie. Kristen had me wearing lingerie, wanted me to wear lingerie.

Cute, Daniel, they're cute. And pretty. And fucking feminine like a girl.

But the thought didn't matter at the moment. Sleep did. Sweet, glorious sleep to make my troubles drift away. So I slipped into the panties...slipped into the camisole, and crawled into bed.

The pain in my head subsided, barely, my stomach slightly, too, but my head still burst with pain when my phone rang later, over and over and over.

"What?!" I growled when I picked it up. It was her, I knew it was her.

"Well at least you're alive," she sneered.

"Of course I'm alive," I shot back.

"And I was supposed to know that how? You stormed out, you haven't answered your phone, you haven't returned my texts." Her even tone startled me, the ice far more scary than shouting would have been. "That's bullshit, Daniel, I've been worried sick."

"I'm fine," I snapped. "I was with David."

"Really? You didn't spend the night with him. I called him, ass that he is. And you weren't at your place."

"I...I'm fine." I stumbled, realized she'd likely have sent Robert to check on me.

"Where were you?"

"What's it matter?" I asked, one last ounce of spine.

"I asked you a question," she hissed.

"I...I was at Hannah's."

"I see," she responded, voice cold, hard.

"It's not like that, Kristen."

"Like what? You have a fight with me and run off to another woman? You're mad at me and you spend the night with another woman you pine for? It's not like that? That's what you mean?"

"No."

"Really? Did we fight?"

"Yes."

"And did you run off to another woman?"

"Yes, but...she's my friend and we didn't do anything but talk!"

"Obviously, Daniel," she said, "because we know she wouldn't do anything else with you!"

"Kristen, that's not...you have no right to throw that in my face."

"And you've no right to leave me like this, Daniel, no right to...to make me worry like this, I was ready to call the police, to..."

"Why do you care, Kristen?"

"Why do I...are you kidding me? Because I care about you, you prick, that's why."

"You have a funny way of showing it," I snapped back.

"Do I? How? By spending time with you? By giving you support? By doing things with you? By talking with you? By being there for you? By being intimate with you? By giving you gifts."

"I told you I don't care about your money."

"You know, seriously, you're an ass, Daniel, I thought you were different. I'm not talking about fucking money. I'm talking about emotional support, friendship, companionship. The same fucking things you give me. You're clearly not in the mood to talk, so fuck this. I'm glad you're alive, but fuck off Daniel. Run to Hannah, if you want, crash on that shore again and again. You deserve it! See if she finds you any more appealing in panties!"

"Kristen, that's not..." She was gone, hung up. I chucked the phone onto the nightstand. Fuck off yourself, you crazy woman.

I assumed she'd call back, but she didn't. Not the rest of that day or the next. I certainly wasn't going to call her, I wasn't the one that

was going to grovel, so I tried to put her out of my thoughts and focus on a project David had given me when we had dinner. It wasn't the glamorous, it wasn't a Fortune 500 company, but it was work and paid the bills. Which I had, Kristen or no Kristen, something I wasn't sure about three days after last talking to her.

I had a meeting with David that morning, sighed when I opened my drawer after showering, knowing what was waiting, panties and camisoles. I'd meant to go shopping, to buy normal clothes again, but I hadn't yet. I kept putting it off, kept rationalizing. The first day after my hangover, I mostly sat around and cried and was in no mood or condition to shop. The second day I vowed to go shopping before I showered, but slept in, started work before I got to it, figured I'd better work first.

By the third day I started to wonder what all new underwear would cost, easily \$100 or more, wondered if I should spend the money or just wear the stupid panties for the time being, given that my income still wasn't what I wanted it to be. After all, I was okay wearing them before I knew they were women's panties, it couldn't be so bad to keep doing so to save money.

Plus...

They made me think of Kristen. All day I felt like part of Kristen was there with me, all night I felt like Kristen's hands were on me, whispering in my ear how soft and pretty I looked. I wondered if she'd like the set I was wearing today, rose, pretty, feminine. If you're going to acknowledge you're wearing panties and a camisole, you might as well acknowledge they look pretty, right?

"Yo, dude, you paying attention?"

"Huh?" I said, looked up at David.

"You haven't heard anything I've said, have you?"

"Um..." Pretty in Pink, that's a movie, right. Now you're pretty in rose.

"Seriously, Daniel, your brain is fucked up."

"I know, I know, I..."

"Get that bitch out of your mind, how many times I have to tell you that?"

"You don't understand..."

"Don't I? I saw this when you crushed on Hannah, it's the same thing now, trying to have a girl you can't get. I told you, even I can't get her. There was no way you were going to."

"Fuck off."

"Sorry dude, just trying to help."

"Kristen's different."

"Whatever, I'm just looking out for you."

"Listen, I need...I'm going to go grab some coffee. Can we take a break?"

"Sure, I need to make some calls, we can get back to this in an hour or so."

I was sitting in a coffee shop around the corner, my mind still drifting back to Kristen when he sat down. I hadn't seen him come in, didn't see him order coffee, didn't see him approach me, didn't register anything at all until he was sitting across from me with a cup of coffee in his hand.

"Robert!" I said, startled, quickly looked around but didn't see her.

"Mr. Corey," he nodded.

"I...what are you doing? What are you doing here? Are you following me? Did she tell you to fucking follow me? Is she..."

"Whoa, Mr. Corey," he held up his hand. "What am I doing? Sitting down. Why am I here? Buying coffee. And as to the other questions, no, no, and no. I think." I blushed, laughed, his easy charm pushed through my anger. "Honestly, Mr. Corey, I didn't know you were here, but saw you and thought I'd come say hello and see how you are. And she doesn't know I'm here and would probably kill me if she did."

"For saying hello?"

"For meddling."

"But you're not..." He smiled. "How are you meddling?"

"I'm not. Yet."

"Robert, what are you doing? We...it wasn't working, Robert." I blushed, suddenly remembering that Robert was there for our confrontation, that he heard everything, all the embarrassing parts, the part where I confronted her for buying and asking me to wear panties. And he's seen me wearing her pajamas, too. He knew what she was doing to me. He knew I let her.

He obviously knew why I was blushing. "Mr. Corey, Ms. McCarthy is my employer, my boss, and a damn good one. I respect her like I do few people, I probably love her, too, in a paternal way."

"Robert, I..."

"Wait," he stopped me. "Do you think I don't know she's an...I want to say odd, but that's too judgmental...a different kind of woman?"

"But she...she had me...I..." I couldn't quite say it.

"She has her ways, Mr. Corey, her quirks, but...let me ask you this, does...did she make you happy?" I nodded. "So why are you running from her?"

"Robert, she...she..." I couldn't say what she did, couldn't possibly say the words to him, even if he knew, it was just too humiliating. I started crying, probably more emasculated by that than I was by the panties I was wearing.

He said nothing for several minutes - just let me cry. "She's unique, I know, and what she asks may be too much for you. It would be, it is, for most guys. Trust me, I've seen her go through man after man trying to be someone she isn't and she ends up miserable every time. But you're different."

"She's power crazy, Robert, you must know that."

"She's a strong woman, there's no question about that. And no one, certainly no man, has ever had a chance with her. They can't compete with her. They try, but they can't. She's too much and she never backs down. Every guy I've seen her with. Except for one."

"Todd?" Mr. Best Sex I've ever had.

"Todd? Todd?" He laughed. "He was the worst of them. She didn't respect him for a second. Not one second. And quite frankly, neither did I."

"But she said..." Best sex ever, best sex ever. "She said he was the best..."

"No, Mr. Corey, Todd was a bored girl's dalliance. Cotton candy, she called him," he smiled. "Great fun but nothing of any substance."

Great sex, he meant. I shrugged. "Who then, Robert? Who am I supposed to be like?"

"Who? Don't you get it? You, Mr. Corey, you're the first person she's been with that's ever had power over her, too much, maybe."

"Me? But I'm not like them, Robert, how can I..."

"She fell for you because you're not like them, you're different, you...she hasn't eaten in days, hasn't slept in days, hasn't had her mind in her work in days, hasn't been herself in days."

"But..."

"Have you?"

"What?"

"Been yourself?"

I bit my lip, looked down. "No."

"Call her."

"Robert, I...I can't."

"Call her, please. She won't call you, Lord knows she wants to, but she won't, she's too stubborn for her own good."

"I can be stubborn, too."

"Yes. But not as stubborn as Ms. McCarthy, trust me."

"I don't know if I can, I..."

"She's at lunch at Stella's right now, that's why I'm down here, by the way. I was going to call you, but I was, if you'll believe it, nervous. And here you were."

"She's..." I looked over his shoulder, out the window.

"Across the street."

"Robert, I don't know if that's a good idea, she...I...did something I shouldn't have." Hannah.

"I know, Mr. Corey, and that's one of the things you need to talk to her about. But then, maybe she did something she shouldn't have done, either."

"She doesn't seem like the kind of woman who lets things go."

"You turned to a friend to talk, am I correct?" I nodded. "Nothing more?" He raised his eyebrow.

"No," I said. "Nothing."

"That's understandable, Mr. Corey, she'll understand. She might not like it, but she'll understand. In fact, I think she does understand. She's just stubborn."

I looked down, grateful I'd worn decent clothes. Stella's had a dress code. "What am I supposed to do, just march up to her table and beg to talk to her?"

“Goodness no,” he laughed. “Sit at the bar, have a drink, she’ll see you when she leaves. She’ll know you’re there to see her, and... she’ll have to say something, she’ll know you made the first effort, even if it’s small. Trust me. Make the first move, Mr. Corey, that’s all it will take, trust me.”

“I don’t know, Robert,” I said, though I was already playing the scene in my head.

“Go to her, Mr. Corey, please. I’m asking for her, I know, but I think this is what you want too.”

“She...”

“Go to her, Mr. Corey, go to her.”

I fumbled with my drink, a glass of white wine, the hardest alcohol I wanted to drink at lunch. When I ordered, the bartender had given me a look like I asked for a pretty umbrella in my drink and I chuckled a ‘you don’t know the half of it’ laugh. Sure, a girl’s drink, but I am wearing fucking panties, after all. I drank it, nervous, too fast, found myself with another when I shouldn’t. Don’t get drunk you fool, don’t get fucking drunk.

I saw her a minute before she saw me. She was wearing a pink sleeveless, figure-enhancing dress, fit across the bust, flared at the waist, ivory open toe heels, nude hose, and several colorful bracelets on her left wrist. She was saying goodbye to her lunch companions, laughed, hugged both and watched them leave. I didn’t think she’d seen me, I almost drew attention to myself, but the second her friends left, the smile left her face and she turned towards me with her icy look, crossed her arms.

I did that thing she said not to do, did it without thinking, just did it — I bit my lip and looked down, surrendered immediately.

She walked up to me, arms still crossed, purse on one elbow. “Damn you, Mr. Corey, I told you not to do that, didn’t I? I told you what that does to me.”

“I can’t help it,” I said quietly, “I...I just do it.”

“What are you doing here?”

“I was at David’s office, I...”

"Happen to stop here for a drink?"

Fuck, already off on the wrong foot. "No, I...I just thought..."

"Fucking Robert." She shook her head. "This has his fingerprints all over it."

"Ms. McCarthy...Kristen...please, he..."

"He should know better."

"He didn't mean anything."

"He did, Daniel, of course he meant something." Her lips were tight, I felt for Robert, but had to admit, at that moment I was more worried about me."

"Kristen, we...can we talk?"

She shook her head, sighed, pulled out the chair next to me and signaled to the bartender. "How many has he had?"

"That's his second, Ms. McCarthy."

"Put them on my bill, get one for me, he'll have a glass of water."

"Yes, Ma'am." He didn't give her a disapproving look like he did me.

"Kristen..."

"I'm fucking pissed at you, Daniel. Actually, I'm sorry, I shouldn't swear at you, that's not fair. Let me try that again. I'm angry with you, Daniel. Very angry."

"I...I know...listen, she..."

"First things first, I meant what I said before, you had no right... and now I'm going to swear because it's appropriate...you had no fucking right to leave me worried like that."

"I know. You're right. I'm sorry for that. I am."

"Are you? I don't like your neighborhood, I've made that clear, and I had no idea what happened to you, where you were, that... that's not fair, Daniel, that's...that's no way to treat a woman you're dating. I...I thought something happened to you."

"I'm sorry."

"Are you?"

"Yes, you're...you're right about that. I was mad, and, well, I don't have a lot of girlfriend experience before you..."

"Here you go, Ms. McCarthy," the bartender set her wine and my water before us, looked at me stunned. Yeah, ass, I'm her boyfriend!

"I was mad at you, you..."

"No, we're finishing this first, Daniel. You don't run away like that. Ever. You can be mad, we can fight, you don't have to stay and talk, but you never, EVER just run like that and not have the decency to let me know you're okay."

"Okay. I'm sorry, you're right."

"Fine," she said.

"Fine," I repeated softly. "Can I say something?"

"No."

"Kristen."

"No, I'm not done." Fuck, she started this yet I was the one called to task. You deserve what's coming. "Hannah," she said, eyes hard.

My blood went cold. "Kristen, nothing happened."

The cold look remained. "Oh," she said softly, so softly it hurt that much more, "I don't doubt that for an instant, Daniel. I think she made it clear she's never going to fuck you. That's not what I'm mad about. I'm mad you ran to her, emotionally. I'm not even mad you talked to her, but you fled me to go to her."

"She's my friend, Kristen." I said. "What am I supposed to do?"

"Not run. Especially to her."

"But Kristen..."

"Daniel, what we have...people don't...it's complicated."

"I'm not supposed to talk to her?"

"I find it difficult to believe you don't have feelings for her, Daniel."

I looked down. "Maybe I did, at one time, but..."

"Those feelings never disappear."

"She defended you, Kristen." I didn't want to confirm what was obvious, that I still did have feelings for Hannah.

The surprise was apparent on her face. "I find that hard to believe."

"Really. I mean, she's worried about me, yes, but...but she defended you and she said...well she said we needed some time apart, but that I had to think about you...and to be careful."

"Hell, I told you to be careful," she smiled for the first time. "I assume you didn't tell her why you ran, then."

"I did, actually, and she...she said..."

"Said what?" The tone, that fucking tone.

Careful, Daniel. "I...well, she said that...that I looked cute."

Kristen's eyes narrowed. "She said you looked cute? She saw them, then?" Her disappointment, even anger, was clear. "You showed her? You undressed for her?"

"Not like that, Kristen. I...I slept on the couch, Kristen, I swear. We drank some wine, we...talked...I got hot. It was innocent."

"She saw them?" she repeated., "The camisole? The panties?"

"Yes. Kristen, I'm sorry, really..."

"She thought you looked cute?"

"Yes," I blushed, bit my lip again.

"Daniel, are you...now?"

I swallowed, looked down. "Yes."

"Which ones?" she asked.

I blushed deeper. "The...the lavender set."

The bartender interrupted us again; Kristen ordered another glass for herself, nothing for me. We sat there for a moment, neither looking at the other.

"Kristen," I finally said.

"What?"

I wasn't sure how to read her, but took that as permission to speak. "You...you bought me panties," I said softly.

"New underwear," she nodded, a 'so what', her tone no different than if I'd told her she bought me a cup of coffee.

"Panties, Kristen, not just new underwear, you bought me panties!" I realized I spoke louder, too loud, but the bar was now empty, the bartender busy at the other end.

"Yes," she said again. "I don't understand what the big deal is, Daniel. You said I could get you something sexier."

"I...I didn't mean panties!"

She looked defiant, like I was being unreasonable. "You said, Daniel, that anything like the things we looked at that day would be okay. What I got you was like many of the things we looked at, that you said were okay."

"The store didn't have panties, Kristen."

"No, but they had nylon briefs cut just like the ones I got you. Except for the cut of the bulge, of course."

"Yeah, but..." Damn her, there was a hole in her logic somewhere.

"Am I wrong?"

"No, but...but we looked at men's underwear, Kristen."

"We did. But underwear you said you were not thrilled about because you wouldn't fill them like the mannequins, if memory serves me right. Because you're all concerned you don't have a cock like that."

"Yes, but..." Fuck, she was missing the point, why am I the one being defensive?

"So I bought something that would fit you better, Daniel. Something that would make you feel better, less self conscious. And get no thanks for it."

"Kristen, I didn't mean to, I mean, I was appreciative, but..."

"And you wore them, did you not? You didn't have any issue with them, did you? In fact, you're still wearing them."

"You...you...like...seduced me into it."

"Oh, I seduced you, is that what you're going with," she laughed. "You didn't like them at first?"

"No, I mean, yes, they were fine, but I didn't think they were panties."

"Maybe you were just too distracted at hearing how cute you looked in them, Daniel," she teased. "Or how good your pretty little penis looked in them," she said. "Or how hot it makes your girlfriend to see you like that."

"Kristen!" Dammit, why did she have this power over me?

"No, Daniel, did you like them, yes or no?"

"I...but..."

"Yes or no, Daniel?"

"Yes, but..."

"So what's the big deal, then?"

"I didn't know they were panties." Damn, it all made sense in my own mind.

"And my point is, darling, it didn't matter...and seems still not to matter!"

"But they're panties," I said softly.

"I know what they are, Daniel," she said, touched my arm, "and I want you to wear them, it's as simple as that."

"But...but Kristen."

"I want you to wear them," she said slowly, firmly.

"I..." No, no, please, no. "Kristen."

"I want you to wear them. Is that so bad? I want you to wear cute underwear?"

"But...but panties?" They're panties, they're panties, they're fucking panties, how am I supposed to wear panties?

"Are you afraid of me, Daniel?"

I nodded. Of course I'm afraid, you're like nothing I've ever experienced.

She seemed to shudder, like my admission of fear was an aphrodisiac. "You should be Daniel," she said as she gripped the edge of the bar. "But...but let me make something clear...I...I care about you, I'm falling for you, and I...you...dammit, I'm falling in love with you Daniel. Don't you get that?"

My eyes went wide now. Love? Love? She's falling in love...with me? "Love?"

"Yes, love, don't you see? I don't want to lose you, Daniel, I...you ran...to her...I don't want to lose you."

"How...how can you fall in love with me, I...I'm not like..."

"You don't think you're worthy of me," she shook her head.

"No."

"My God, Daniel, I'm not worthy of you."

"Me? But Kristen, I'm...I'm nothing like...like..." I thought of women I'd known, not just Hannah, but every girl I'd ever liked, every woman who laughed at me, who considered me a nothing, a wimp, a joke, every woman who rejected me.

"You're everything I ever wanted, Daniel. Everything. Always."

Did she mean it, did she really? "Why?"

"Jesus, Daniel, don't you get it? I'm a rich, young, pretty, single woman. I can have any guy I want, any guy, any time. Look," she nodded to the bartender, "he's cute, he's a stud, he's masculine, he'd fuck me in a second...and I bet it would be good."

"Kris..."

"I don't want to marry a guy like that, Daniel, I keep telling you that, I want someone like you."

"He'd never wear panties," I said, tried to justify why he was better than me.

"But you would, you are. And that's just one of the reasons why I'm falling for you, Daniel." When she looked at him, he looked back, started to walk towards us, but stopped when she leaned over to my ear. "You let me be me, Daniel. He never would. None of them ever do. They pretend, but they don't. They all want to own me. But not you, Daniel, not you."

"What are you, Kristen?"

"Hmmm," she cooed, still speaking softly in my ear, "I'm a woman who likes to be in control, Daniel, and nothing...nothing turns me on more than someone who will submit to me. Nothing."

"Ohhh," I moaned softly.

"Daniel?"

"Yes," I gulped.

"Nothing. Nothing."

I breathed heavily, scared, excited, overwhelmed. "What?"

"I want to see, Daniel."

"See what?" I asked, though I knew.

"I want to see your pretty camisole," she whispered in my ear.

"Kristen..."

"And your pretty panties..."

Breathe, Daniel, breathe. "I...I..." The room was spinning, hard.

"And your pretty little penis..."

"Kristen," I half moaned, shifted in my seat, concerned at what was swelling in my pants.

"What is it, my pretty little virgin?" she kissed my ear again.

"Something bothering my boyfriend?"

"I...no...I...it's..." Fuck she was a monster, a beautiful, sexy, intelligent monster. And she was my girlfriend!

"I want to do things to you, Daniel, things Hannah would never do. Things no woman would do." Her hand was between us, on my leg, rubbing the inside of my thigh. "Do you want to go home with me, Daniel? Do you want to go home with me and...make up?"

I nodded like an infatuated schoolboy.

"Do you want to go to my house and let me show you how hot you make me?"

"Fuck, Kristen, yes."

“Well we better go find Robert, then, before I rip your clothes off right here in front of everyone left, including that hot bartender who wants to fuck me so badly.”

Chapter 8 – Reconciliation

She pulled me out of the elevator, but not toward her room or the room we'd been in before. Instead we went the other way, through the kitchen, down a hall that wrapped behind it, to a door at the end. She opened it, turned on the light, pulled me in.

The room was feminine, though more spartan than the other guest room I'd seen, dramatically spartan compared to her room. The only furniture was a king sized bed, a mattress on a simple metal frame, a desk with a straight, high backed chair, and a single nightstand. Where the other room was lavender, this was pink — the wall behind the bed, the crisply tucked bedcover, and an area rug under the bed. The other three walls were white, as was the tile floor. "Well?"

"It's small," I said, puzzled.

"It's the maid's quarters."

"You have a maid?"

"No," she laughed. "I mean, yes, of course, but not live-in anymore."

"Okay," I said, more puzzled as to why we were here and not in her room, or even the other room.

She laughed, read my mind. "I'm going set a tone, my pretty little virgin."

"What kind of tone?" I asked, hesitant.

She had a strange grin on her face. "It's a maid's room, a servant's quarters, and servants do as they're told, sweetie," she touched my face. "And so does my pretty little boyfriend." My eyes went wide. She merely smiled. "I told you, Daniel, I like to be in control, I need to be in control. And you don't understand it. Yet. But you need someone to be in control of you."

I looked at her, this strange, confusing, confounding woman. Part of me didn't know what she was talking about. Control? What the hell did she mean? But part of me was dizzy, almost overwhelmed at the emotions I felt. "Kristen, I..." I looked down, bit my lip, nervous, couldn't help but do it.

"Oh, Daniel, you're just making it harder on yourself," she growled.

"Making what harder?"

"What I'm going to do to you."

"You...you scare me sometimes, Kristen," I said.

"I told you that you should be scared, Daniel, I told you. Do you want to run now?" It was both a rebuke and a challenge.

"No," I shook my head, defiant. Actually, part of me did, part of me wasn't just scared, but terrified of her. But I couldn't run, like this she cast an erotic spell over me, pulled me toward her, emotionally, entrapped me.

"Last chance, pretty boy."

"No," I said again with more conviction. "No."

"Wait here then, I'll be back."

"Where are you going?" I asked, suddenly nervous.

"I need to get something, Daniel, wait here," she said, her eyes firm. She walked toward the door, her heels clicked on the tile floor. "There's a lock on the door Daniel," she started to say.

"I wouldn't lock you out," I said, wondered why she'd think I would.

She grinned an evil grin. "No, my pretty little thing, you misunderstand. It locks from the outside."

"Kristen," I took a step towards her. She was going to lock me in! What the fuck?

"Setting a tone, Daniel, setting a tone." I gasped slightly, saw on her face that she'd managed to set exactly the tone she was looking for. "Undress, Daniel, stand there," she pointed to the wall facing the bed, "I want to see your pretty camisole and panty set when I come back. Now that you know what it is, that you're wearing lingerie, I want to see it. I want to see you in it. In your lingerie."

"Yes..." Ma'am...I almost said Ma'am. It almost rolled off my tongue, her question was so close to a command, but I was afraid that sarcasm would upset her. But what if it wasn't sarcasm? She looked at me like she knew the word I almost spoke, but said nothing, walked out of the room, closed the door.

I waited, listened, heard it, an audible click as the door locked behind her, the click of her heels walking down the hall. Fuck, Daniel!

What the hell are you doing? You just let her lock you in a fucking room! Are you fucking crazy? Setting a tone, she's setting a tone. She set a tone alright! She fucking locked you in a small, windowless maid's quarters. What was that tone? Fucking psychopath?

Okay, I had to get a grip, at least that's what my inner voice said, get a fucking grip. I forced myself to take a breath, four seconds in, hold, four seconds out. Again. Again. That calmed me, helped me think. One thing at a time, Daniel, when confronted with a problem, focus upon the small task, one thing at a time. That's what one of my professors always said. Dealing with computers, when things were overwhelming, do one thing at a time. The one thing, though, is to get undressed down to your pretty camisole and panty set. Yes, that's it, get undressed down to the lingerie you're wearing.

Well, she'd seen me dressed like that before. Why should this be different? Because she set a fucking tone, that's why. Yeah, a tone, a tone of dominance on her part...you know, locking you in the maid's quarters...and submission on my part, too...like waiting for her in a mildly cold room wearing a pretty camisole and panties, waiting in the room wearing lingerie.

Yeah, but last time she played with you until you exploded, Daniel, remember that...you want that? Wasn't that fun?

Torn, I started to undress, hung my clothes in the closet. One side of the large walk in closet had hanging bars, the other was filled with drawers and cabinets; I tried one, found them locked. Down to just my camisole and panties, I stood nervously against the wall, waited for Kristen. Waited. Waited. Setting a tone, Daniel, setting a tone. You wait for her, she's in charge, she's most assuredly in charge. There was a mirror in the closet, I stared at my reflection, felt the same feeling I did when I wore her pajamas—I didn't look like a man dressed in women's underwear, a burly, hairy, masculine man in panties. I looked soft. I looked smooth. I looked feminine. Add breasts and my slim figure could pass for a girl of a certain body type. Even without breasts, you look more like a girl than a boy! Knowing I was wearing women's underwear, knowing I was wearing lingerie changed everything, fundamentally altered my perception of myself, of my gender. You look like a girl, through and through.

I glanced at the clock, fifteen minutes since she left. I thought about sitting, but she said to stand by the wall. Fuck, sit. No, wait for her like she asked. Just sit...wait...wait...Her heels startled me, I shut the closet door quickly, stood by the wall facing the bed, self conscious, in the tone she set — obedience. The lock clicked, a sharp sound, and she walked in.

My eyes went wide. She was wearing an elegant ivory chiffon robe, beautiful, stunning, but it was what she wore underneath that took my breath away. And because the robe was not tied shut, I saw all of it, the lingerie, her beautiful body, everything.

The bra was simple, ivory too, low cut, the cups had a lace overlay and were trimmed with a sheer ruffle, held her breasts up, on display, like on a shelf. She wore nylons, nude stockings, and the heels she wore earlier. She must have worn this lingerie under her dress, almost as if she knew. Holding up the stockings, the object that left me speechless, was something I'd seen in movies, but never seen in real life, never imagined seeing in a modern woman — a girdle, an open bottomed girdle. It looked new, as if inspired by classic designs from the 40's or 50's. It was long, from just under her bra down to her thighs, gave her an hourglass shape, more curves that she normally had.

"Fuck me!" I whispered.

"Oh, no, no, sweetie, we talked about that, remember?" She had a tone, stern, insistent, dominant...setting a tone...setting a tone...

"We agreed," she pointed at my crotch. "We agreed that pretty little penis of yours," she moved her finger up, wagged it back and forth. "Doesn't belong inside me."

"I..." We may have talked, we may have agreed, but I wanted her, I still wanted her. More and more and more. "Kristen, I..."

"No," she said softly, slowly, still wagging her finger, "no, no, no." She smiled at my confusion, my turmoil. "Well, my dear, I must say I approve of your choice in lingerie."

My choice? This wasn't my choice! It was hers! "My choice? You...you bought them!" I was embarrassed, moved my hands to cover my penis.

"Hands away," she hissed. "Don't you dare cover that. Yes, I bought them, but remember, you chose to wear them, you chose to

wear a camisole and panties today, you decided to wear lingerie. No one asked you to, no one told you to, you did it all on your own."

"Yes, but you..."

"But nothing, Daniel," she walked up to me. "Understand one thing, you chose to wear lingerie today. You know why? Because you like how it makes you look, how it makes you feel."

"No." She was wrong, no, no I didn't, not at all.

"Really? You don't like how it makes you feel gentle and dainty?"

"Kristen, no, really..."

"You don't like how it makes you feel soft and feminine?"

"Kristen!" She was wrong, she was crazy, I didn't like it, I hated it, loathed it.

"You don't like how it makes you feel demure, submissive?"

"Kristen, I...I..."

"You like how it makes your little penis feel soft and pretty."

"No!"

"But you do, my pretty little virgin, you like how wearing pretty lingerie makes you feel, how it emasculates you."

"What? Emasculates me...no, Kristen, NO. This...this is you!" Right? It wasn't me? I didn't like it at all.

"Oh, I like it, Daniel, I like it very much, but it's you, too. You like how wearing pretty panties reminds you you're not a real man."

"Uugh," I gasped. Holy fuck! She's playing with you, setting a tone, teasing you, just...she's...no...not a real man...of course not, no, no. "I...I...no," I whimpered.

"No," she said softly, her eyes teasing me. "No? Then tell me, my pretty little virgin, if you don't like feeling soft and pretty and emasculated...if you don't like wearing pretty lingerie...why is your pretty little penis so swollen?" She reached out, touched the front of my panties, I jumped. She was right, of course, my penis was straining against the front of the panties, it was swollen, erect, and left no doubt what I wanted.

"I...I don't know," I said feebly.

"I do, Daniel, it's because you like it!"

What was I supposed to say to that? Deny the obvious erection? Tell her it wasn't the panties, it was her? But why did I wear them

then? I didn't have to, I just did. It wasn't like she said, I didn't like it. Bullshit!

"Hold your hands out."

"Hands?"

"Hold your hands in front of you," she said, held her own hands out, clasped together.

I looked at her strangely, but did what she asked. She reached to her robe, pulled the robe's belt from its loops, quickly reached to my hands and wrapped it around them, tied it tight. "What are you doing?" I asked, even if it was obvious.

"Tying your wrists together," she said matter-of-factly.

"I see that, but why?"

She walked behind me, trailed a finger over my skin. "To set a tone, my pretty, to set a tone."

"What kind of tone?"

"Do you really have ask?" she whispered from behind me.

I shook my head.

She walked to the desk, opened the only drawer, took something out — a hairbrush — picked up the straight-backed chair and set it in front of the bed, facing me. She took off her robe, sat on the chair, legs crossed. I hardly knew where to look, so bountiful was the feast of beauty sitting before me, her breasts, her girdle, her nylon encased toned legs, her feet. Naturally, it was her feet I settled on, my downcast eyes setting a tone as much as everything she did.

"Don't think that's going to work, Daniel"

I looked up at her face. "What...what do you mean?" As always, I felt a step behind, led to a destination by this beautiful woman.

"Don't think that little nervous pout of yours is going to save you. As pretty as you look right now, it won't work."

"Save me from what?"

"Don't think you can put on pretty lingerie and seduce your way out of this. It's tempting, Daniel, but it won't work."

"I...I don't know what you mean, Kristen."

She shifted the brush in her hand, flipped it upside down, gripped it tightly. "I'm still angry...no, actually it's not anger anymore, I'm disappointed in you, Daniel."

"Disappointed?" What...what did I do?" I asked.

“Yes. One,” she ticked off on her fingers, “you took public transportation when we agreed you would call Robert.” I wanted to defend myself, thought better of it. “Two, you argued with me — I’m not mad that you had a different opinion — you’re allowed to disagree — but you argued, you raised your voice, you yelled, and then you ran off like a petulant child. Three, you didn’t let me know you were safe. And four, while you may think it innocent, I’m disappointed you ran off to Hannah.”

“I...I said I was sorry.” I still looked down, felt guilty, like I was being chastised by a parent or a teacher.

“So you did, Daniel, and I believe you, but actions have consequences.” She was tapping the back of the hairbrush against her stocking covered leg right where the garter tab of the girdle attached to her stocking; the movement was ominous, foreboding.

“Consequences? What...what consequences?” I asked warily.

“I think you know, Daniel.” Tap, tap, tap went the brush.

I swallowed hard, looked up at her, watched her tap the brush against her leg. She wasn’t serious, was she? She’s fucking crazy. “Kristen, you don’t mean to,” I could hardly say it, let alone believe it. “To spank me?” I gasped. She raised an eye - that was clearly what she meant to do. “Kristen, that...that’s crazy.” My mouth was wide open, my eyes too, it was surreal, everything about her, about our relationship. I was standing in my girlfriend’s condo wearing panties and a camisole, my hands were tied in front of me, she was sitting in a chair wearing lingerie fifty years out of date yet looking as sexy as any woman I’d ever seen, and she wanted to fucking spank me.

“Across my lap, Daniel.”

“Kristen!” She didn’t mean it, couldn’t. She really wanted to fucking spank me???

“Now,” she said, pointing to her lap, lips tight, face hard

She was serious, she was fucking serious. “Kristen, please,” I asked softly. This time when I looked down and bit my lip, I did it purposefully, hoping to get sympathy from her.

“Oh, you’ll pay for that later, Daniel Corey. Don’t fuck with me.”

I swallowed, stepped toward her. I looked at the door, but running wasn’t an option, I was too drawn to her, too afraid of her, too trapped by her. “Kristen,” I begged one more time, “please.”

She ignored my begging. "Before we start, you need to ask for forgiveness."

"Forgiveness?"

"Yes, before I spank you, you need to apologize and ask me to forgive you for what you did."

How did it come to this, Daniel? How did you find yourself here? Wearing women's panties? About to be spanked by a beautiful woman? Made to beg for forgiveness? I didn't know if her demand was ludicrous or entirely reasonable, though I knew I had to do it, had to do as she asked. I could no more deny her than I could avoid her, she enchanted me, had some magical power over me. And you love it.

"Kristen, I..."

"Kneel, Daniel." I looked at her. "You heard me. Kneel."

I swallowed, lowered myself to my knees before her. At this level, I would have been able to look directly between her legs if she hadn't crossed them. Instead, my focus was on her nylon covered knees. And the hairbrush she continued to tap ominously against her leg.

"Kristen, I...I'm sorry for...for not letting Robert drive me, for...for running off and for not letting you know I was safe."

"And?"

"And I'm sorry for...for running off to Hannah."

"You mean that?"

"I...yes. I'm not sorry for talking to her," I said quietly, hoped she wouldn't erupt, "but I'm sorry for running to her."

"Fair enough. And..."

"I..." I looked down now, bit my lip, "will you forgive me?"

"Look at me." I looked up at her, my face reddened with shame. "Ma'am. You're asking me to forgive you. I want to hear you ask properly, with respect."

She was making it more difficult, more humiliating, but at the same time, more personal, more real. And, somehow, more erotic. I swallowed, struggled to hold my face steady, to keep focus on her eyes. "Will you forgive me, Ma'am?"

She looked at me, sternly, for a long time, so long part of me was concerned she would say no, even though that made no sense, my apology was genuine, my request for forgiveness the same. Finally,

she spoke. "I'll forgive you, Daniel, after your punishment. Stand up," she motioned me.

I stood with mixed emotions, fear, anticipation, and a hint of excitement. She reached for me with her left hand, touched the front of my panties. "As much as I prefer seeing your pretty little penis covered like this, you need to lower your panties." I was breathing heavily, reached down, hands trembling, pulled the panties down, first over my ass, then over my penis. "Down to your ankles Daniel."

"Is...is it going to hurt?" I asked, voice shaking as I lowered the panties.

"You've never been spanked?"

"N...no, who..." When the fuck would I have been spanked?

"Your mother never spanked you?"

"No, she...they didn't believe in that."

"Hmm, no wonder, she spoiled you. Well...to be honest, of course it's going to hurt, that's the point of discipline Daniel. Now, just, here, lay across my lap."

It was awkward to stand and lean across her lap with my hands bound and my panties around my ankles. At least they are in front and not in back. She helped position me over her lap, my bound hands were on the floor to the left of her, my legs, loosely bound by the panties around my ankles, to her right. When I was where she wanted me, she opened her legs slightly, separated her thighs, then clamped them back together.

"Ohhh," I groaned with surprise when I realized my penis, which had gone soft, mostly from fear, was trapped between her legs, trapped between her soft stockings.

"I want to make it clear, Daniel, I'm not doing this out of anger, rather disappointment. I was angry, but I'll never spank you when I'm angry, only later, after we've talked. That's what makes it discipline." I looked back and up at her, the question obvious on my face. "Yes, Daniel, I doubt this will be the only spanking you ever receive from me."

I swallowed. I was close to shaking.

"You know you have such pretty alabaster skin, just like a girl, such a lovely bottom," she said, squeezing me with her hand, 'testing' its firmness, fullness. "It's going to look even prettier red."

“Kristen,” I swallowed, “I...I’m scared.” I knew my bottom was displayed, the perfect unprotected target.

“That’s what makes it discipline Daniel.” She continued massaging my bottom. “In a minute I’m going to start, I’m going to spank both cheeks, left then right, alternating, with the back of the brush. Ten on each, twenty total.” She ran her hands between my cheeks, between my legs, gently squeezed my balls. I sucked in my breath. My penis, still trapped between her nylon covered thighs, immediately began to swell.

The first blow shocked me, not so much physically, but emotionally. You’re fucking girlfriend just spanked your ass with a hairbrush. Involuntarily, I pushed against the floor with my bound hands and feet, raised my ass off her lap, felt my penis, now fully erect, slide between the soft nylon of her stockings; I quivered from the combination of pain and pleasure. The second blow followed quickly, this time I relaxed my arms and legs, as if I could escape, so the smack of pain crashed into my brain at the same time as the pleasurable sensations of my penis rubbing against her stockings. “Ohhhhhhh,” I whimpered softly.

“Remember, ten each, that’s just two.”

“Oka...”

Before I finished the word, four blows came, each slightly harder than the last, each harder than the first, so the last one actually stung, hurt. But again, I squirmed each time the wooden brush came into contact with my ass, so the pain of each blow came hand in hand with the pleasure of my erection humping Kristen’s soft, nylon covered thighs.

“Ohhhh, fuck,” I shook, opened my hands, stretched my fingers and toes; even my teeth clattered.

I felt her soft hand touching my cheeks, she rubbed my stinging skin tenderly. “I started lightly, obviously, to warm things up, the rest are going to all be like the last one.”

“That...that hurt,” I stammered. “Kristen!”

“Yes, that’s the point.” Her hand moved down, again slipped between my legs, caressed my balls. “But it isn’t all pain, is it, my pretty, because this tells me otherwise.”

“Ohhhhhh,” my ass still stung, but she was right, the movement of my penis between her legs was far from painful, the opposite, it felt good, it felt wonderful!

Still holding my balls, she delivered four blows, without warning, each stung, sending waves of pain through me. But pleasure too, my god, the feeling of my penis on her stocking covered thighs, her hand on my balls.

“Half done...you doing okay?” she asked, again rubbing my cheeks.

“I...I don’t know...yes.” I was shaking, using the pleasure on my penis to temper the pain from my ass.

“You better be careful there,” she said, pushed my ass down to hold me still, “I swear if you make a mess on my stockings you’re going to be sorry.”

“Kristen,” I looked back at her, “I...you know I can’t...”

“Can’t what, sweetie?”

“Can’t...can’t...”

She smiled. “Yes, yes, I know, you can’t control your pretty little penis...and you wonder why I won’t let it inside me, but I told you, actions have consequences, so...be careful.”

Four more blows, four more explosions of pain, four more humps, that much closer to crying from the spanking and exploding from humping her legs.

“You’re doing well,” she said when she delivered the next two blows, leaving two to go on each side.

“Kristen,” I whimpered, tears formed in my eyes as I tried to make sense of the dual sensations of pain and pleasure.

“Almost done, you’re doing well, but remember, it’s not supposed to be easy.”

“I...but I...”

“Do you need to stand? Is this too much,” she asked, rubbed her thighs together softly, massaged my penis.

“Please, I’m...I can’t take much more.” I meant it, on both counts, the spanking, the rubbing.

“I know, I know, we’re almost done, you can do it, Daniel, focus.”

She delivered the final two sets of blows slowly, deliberately, blow, pause, blow, pause, blow, pause, one last painful blow. I

jumped up and down with each one, the pain in my ass mingling with the sensations on my penis. They all hurt, I yelped, was so close to crying, but each blow pushed me closer to orgasm, and I struggled to hold it back. My cries, my tears, my orgasm, my cum. Each was at the edge, little wet spots moved slowly down my face as I whimpered, and I tried not to squirm, afraid now the slightest movement would make me erupt all over her stockings.

After the last, she held me still across her lap, squeezed her thighs against my erection, holding everything back while she softly, gently rubbed my ass with her hands, whispered softly, "Shhhh, now I forgive you Daniel, shhhh, now I forgive you." Finally, after several minutes, she helped me stand up, shuffled me to the front of her, hands still bound, panties still around my ankles. "It hurt?" I nodded, afraid to speak, afraid I'd go from teary eyes to actual crying. "Yet," she pointed to my erection, "it felt good, too?"

I blushed, ashamed of my erection, at my reaction to the punishment.

"You're excited, Daniel, because of how deeply you feel submissive and helpless, just as I'm aroused at feeling dominant and in control. Yes, Daniel, I'm as wet from spanking you as you are erect from being spanked. The only thing is," she reached down for my panties, "I get to cum...and you don't."

"Kristen, please," I begged. "I...I..."

"You know what happens to little boys after they are allowed to release themselves?"

"They...make a mess?"

She laughed. "Yes, good guess, but that's not what I mean, Daniel." She pulled the panties up my legs, over my knees. "No, after a pretty little boy, after an effeminate little boy receives the release he so badly wants, he loses all interest in sex, loses his libido, he's like a eunuch. And pity the poor woman who hasn't gotten what she wanted, because she's not getting it from her eunuch, is she? No, so let's get your pretty little penis back into your panties where it belongs, okay?"

"Yes...Ma'am," I said, the last word softly.

"See, you're learning Daniel, you're learning. Do you know what I want now?" I shook my head, but I had some idea. "I want that

mouth of yours, Daniel,” she separated her legs, “I want that tongue of yours right here,” she pointed, “right between my legs.”

I swallowed. “I...” My penis was throbbing. If she touched it I’d cum instantly. As it was, my bound hands pressed back into it.

“Oh, no, Daniel!” she scolded me. “Don’t you dare! Hold your hands out.” She reached for the robe tie, unbound my arms, though only for a moment; she turned me around, pulled my wrists behind me, tied them again, turned me back to face her. She spread her legs wider, the girdle went taut, held from riding up her thighs by her stockings, but even standing, I could see she was bare beneath. “You won’t need your hands anyway, Daniel, just that pretty mouth of yours; now, back on your knees.”

Awkwardly, I kneeled before her, now I could see between her legs, the wet pink spot, the soft skin, the tiny patch of hair, the mysterious folds that excited me like nothing else. I knew what she wanted, the same thing I wanted, desperately, my mouth on her, licking her, tasting her, kissing her. I sat on my heels, started to lean forward, hungry for her, but she put her hand out, stopped me.

“Daniel.” I looked up, confused.

“Kr...Ma’am?”

“I told you not to make a mess on my stockings, Daniel,” she scolded me.

“But I didn’t...you know...” I didn’t cum, I held it in, yet, on the insides of both thighs there was a dark, wet spot.

“You didn’t squirt, but you leaked...your pretty little penis leaked on my stockings.” Her eyes narrowed. She said you’d be sorry.

“Please, Kristen, I...I didn’t mean to, please, I want to...” I looked between her legs, licked my lips, I wanted her, needed her. “I want to lick you.”

“Oh you will, darling, trust me, you will. But...I told you, Daniel, actions have consequences.”

My eyes darted to the hairbrush, now on the bed, begged silently. I can’t take that again, please, please don’t spank me.

“Not the hairbrush?”

“I...please, no, not that, not again...not...not so soon.” My ass still burned.

“No, not that, Daniel, not a spanking.” I sighed in relief, perhaps prematurely. “Daniel,” she smiled, “I told you you’d be sorry if you made a mess on my stockings?”

“Yes...Ma’am.”

“Hmmm, actions have consequences Daniel. Disobeying me has consequences. You don’t disagree, do you?”

“No, but...” I was her boyfriend, yet treated like a child, though no child was spanked like she spanked me. I wondered if men she dated saw this side of her, but dismissed that thought, no man would let a woman treat him like I let her treat me. Not just ‘let’ Daniel, you wanted it, admit it.

“Actions have consequences, especially for a pretty little submissive virgin.”

I moaned softly. I knew part of the allure of her was the sexual — I was so inexperienced that any sexual attention from a woman would overwhelm me. But it wasn’t just inexperience, the truth was that her power, her strength, her dominance fucking pushed my buttons in ways that...Good God, in ways they always had. I’d always been drawn to strong women, even Hannah, who was nothing like Kristen, though strong in her own way, at least to me. All the afternoons I sat in her dorm or apartment watching her get ready for a date, all the mornings I listened to her talk about the night before...they were all, to some extent, humiliating, yet I did it, again and again and again. Even after she made it clear she didn’t see me as sexually exciting, I still went to her...because the humiliation was fucking exciting, I just never got it, I never understood why. Well, Kristen was right, I was a ‘pretty little submissive virgin’ and none of those descriptions were arguable.

She leaned down to my ear. “Daniel sweetie, I’m not going to spank you, but I’m not going to let you cum.”

“Kristen,” I exhaled, it wasn’t a spanking but that...that’s what I most wanted, needed.

“I told you you’d be sorry if you made a mess, Daniel, I told you there would be consequences.”

“Kristen, please...I...I couldn’t help it.”

“I know, but actions have consequences Daniel, and effective consequences flow naturally from transgressions. Your little penis

made a mess on my stockings, so...no squirting. Just remember, pretty little submissive virgins who disobey haven't earned an orgasm."

I was breathing heavily, I wanted to cum, badly, terribly, and hearing I couldn't made me want to even more, brought me to heights of desire I'd never soared to.

"And Daniel," she whispered softly, "before you lick me, you need to lick your mess clean."

My eyes widened like never before, not 'clean my mess' but 'lick my mess clean,' lick my mess clean? That mess was...cum, precum to be sure, but cum, cum just the same, that mess was my own fucking cum, and she wanted me to lick it clean.

Part of my brain, the rational part, the intelligent part, understood that I could NEVER do what she told me to do if she'd told me to do it after I'd cum. She was right, after I orgasmed, my libido crashed, my interest in sex disappeared, even licking her might be unappealing, to say nothing of my own cum! But she didn't ask me to do it then. She asked me, told me, to do it now. She told me to lick my own precum now. Not when my libido was gone, instead when it was at it's highest.

She spanked me when I was sexually excited.

She denied me an orgasm when I was sexually excited.

She put me into panties when I was sexually excited.

She told me to lick my own cum when I was sexually excited.

All when I was powerless to resist.

That part of my brain knew SHE knew this. She was using my own sexual desire against me, she fucking knew EXACTLY how to control me.

But another part of my brain, the lizard part, the primal part, didn't fucking care. That part of my brain would do fucking anything to be with her, to serve her, to submit to her. That part of my brain wanted to fuck her and if I couldn't fuck her, taste her, and if couldn't taste her, touch her, and if I couldn't touch her, look at her. That part of my brain just simply wanted her. That part of my brain would have sold my own mother to the Gypsies just to be allowed to lick Kristen's stocking covered foot.

And the thing was, if Robert was right, Kristen felt the same way about me!

Without speaking I leaned over to her leg, opened my mouth, stuck out my tongue, and licked the wet spot. It was nothing, really, not the mess I would have made if I exploded, it was just a damp spot, almost without taste. But the symbolism was not lost on either of us — at her command, for disobeying her, I was licking my own cum off her stockings.

The rational part of my brain was shocked and disgusted, but the lizard kept on licking, listening to her moan, licking, feeling her stoke my hair, licking, feeling her shake and shudder as she watched me submit. Until neither one of us could wait any longer and she pulled my face between her legs, under her girdle, to the sweetest place in the world.

Later, after I made her cum over and over, when we lay in the bed in the maid's quarters, I looked at her. "Kristen," I said softly, but it was really a question.

She stirred, looked over at me. "No, Daniel, I meant it."

I looked down, disappointed, though my penis twitched, twitched at being told no.

"That's part of the excitement to me, Daniel. Doing it when you don't want me to, denying you when you do. It doesn't belong to you, Daniel. Do you understand that?"

"I...I think I do."

"Tomorrow...if you're good." She hugged me tightly. "It will be better for you, trust me, you'll think about it all night." She stirred when she said that, I sensed her movement.

"What are you doing?"

"I'll be right back...and no touching!"

Christ, could she read my mind?

She leaned back towards me, pushed me over, climbed on top of me, I felt the girdle push into my stomach. "I mean it, Daniel," she said. "Oh, fuck this!" She leaned over me, snagged the robe belt we discarded earlier, quickly, expertly, tied my wrists back together with

one end, pushed my arms over my head, and tied the other end of the robe belt to the frame of the bed. "Best not take any chances."

"You're mean," I complained, more in jest than anger.

"Just being cautious, sweetie." She stood. "I'll be right back, I need to get out of this."

I pulled my wrists the moment she left — the knots didn't give, instead tightened. She knows what she's doing. Fuck! She really knows what's she doing!

She wasn't gone long, came back in wearing a short, stunning satin babydoll with lace over her breasts. And she was carrying something in her hands, something satin, lilac colored. "I'm running out of things for you to wear to bed, Daniel," she said holding up the satin pajama set — feminine boxers and a short sleeved button top.

"I'm fine in this," I looked down at my camisole and panty set.

"Seriously, I almost had to get another babydoll," she ignored me.

"Really, I'm...I'm fine."

"No, Daniel, you're not. You need something to sleep in." She wasn't going to let up, was she? "Would you rather I get a babydoll like mine? I think you'd look darling, but I thought you'd want something a bit less feminine."

"That's not less by much," I said, looking at what she held in her hands.

"Men wear shorts and a top to bed, Daniel. It's nothing. Besides, it will make me happy to think of you in here wearing something so cute to bed."

"We're going to sleep in here?" My brain caught up to my mouth quickly. "Wait! Where are you going?"

"To my room, Daniel."

"You're...why?"

"I...I don't sleep well with someone, Daniel, I hope you understand." She untied me, held the boxers out to me, intentionally or not, distracted me. I reached for my panties, but she stopped me. "Keep them on, Daniel, and tuck yourself between you legs like I did before, you need something to hold it so it won't grow when you're alone in here." I tucked my flaccid penis between my legs, distracted again from what I wore by the thought of sleeping alone. I was lucky,

though, as soon as I pulled the panties back in place I started to swell.

"I have to sleep in here?"

"It seems appropriate, setting a tone, remember. You can take the camisole off." She handed me the lilac top.

With the shirt on, I again knew I looked soft and feminine, like a girl, not a boy. Kristen agreed. "You look adorable, Daniel. Maybe I should have brought a babydoll."

"Kristen!"

"Daniel, stop being so self-conscious. Don't you get it? I love it when you look pretty, I really do."

"It's not what a man's supposed to do, Kristen."

"Not what a man is supposed to do? Maybe not, Daniel, but it's what I want you to do. If you don't want to...don't...I'm not going to force you."

"It's fine," I sighed.

"Fine? I think it's more than fine, Daniel, besides, it's what I want."

"You want a boyfriend that wears things like this?"

"Sexy underwear? Yes."

"Panties, Kristen?"

"Yes," she said softly.

"This...this is lingerie!"

She shrugged.

"Kristen, it's..." I thought of a better approach. "You don't want a boyfriend that looks like...like a girl, do you?"

She looked down, suddenly bashful. "Yes." Her voice was quieter, even embarrassed. "That...that's exactly what I want."

"But...but why?" I demanded.

"I...I don't know Daniel, I just do. I know you're confused, Daniel, I get it," she sat on the bed. "But...but you wore them even when I didn't ask you to...why?"

"I don't know, Kristen."

"I think because you like it, even if you don't want to admit it." She'd picked up the robe belt again, was fastening a loop on one end.

"It's women's lingerie, Kristen," I stated the obvious.

“Yes, it is.” She pushed my hands together in front of me, slipped the loop over them.

“It’s wrong for a...a man to wear lingerie.” I watched her tighten the loop, said nothing about it.

“It’s wrong for a man,” she dangled the word, “to wear lingerie. A man.” She pulled the other end of the belt to the bed frame, fastened it with enough slack my hands could move no farther than the pillow.

“But Kristen, I...I’m a...”

She leaned to my ear. “Not a man,” she whispered, “You’re a soft little boy, who looks so pretty in panties.”

“Ohhhh,” I groaned as my penis started to swell what little it could tucked tightly in the panties.

“Now don’t make a mess in your panties,” she kissed me softly, “I’d much rather reward you in the morning than punish you.”

“Kristen,” I tugged at the belt when she stood, panic in my voice.

“I’ll come get you in the morning and see if you’ve been good and see if you get your reward.”

Chapter 9 – Victoria McCarthy

“Daniel...Daniel...wake up, Daniel.” I thought I was dreaming, confused, mumbled something about being pretty. “Daniel, you have to wake up. Now! Please!”

I opened my eyes, Kristen was standing next to the bed, hurriedly fixing an earring in one of her ears. “Whoa!” I said, reaching to rub the sleep out of my eyes, surprised at the tug. Fuck! The belt. The ‘whoa!’ was for her outfit, a white satin and lace camisole and tap panty set, under which peaked garter straps attached to nude stockings. “You know how to wake a...boy...up.”

“Boy,” she mumbled, smiled. She reached over, untied my hands. “I’m sorry to wake you up like this, Daniel, but I...I didn’t know.”

“Didn’t know?” It dawned on me she was getting dressed for work, not for play. “I thought we were going to, you know...”

“Oh, Daniel, don’t think I don’t want to, believe me, but...I’m so sorry, I...”

I got the sense something else was wrong, it wasn’t that she was going to work. “Kristen, what is it? What’s wrong?”

“My mother, Daniel.”

I mistook her look. “Oh God, is she okay.”

“No, no, sweetie, it’s not that, she’s fine, it’s...she’s on her way up here.”

“From...Wisconsin, isn’t that down here,” I asked, picturing a map.

“Daniel,” she said, exasperated, “she came down here, into the city, last night, right now she’s on her way up here...like here, here.”

Suddenly I understood; her mother was on her way up here as in on her way up the elevator! “Kristen!”

“I know, I wasn’t planning on introducing you to her until, well, not yet, but...” She shrugged. What am I supposed to do?

I looked around the room for my clothes, what could I have, seconds at most, in a panic I reached for the buttons of the top, fumbled, forgot they were opposite of normal. “I need to get dressed,” I said, searching for, but not seeing my clothes. “Where are my clothes?”

“Don’t worry about it,” she said, dismissing my panic. “There’s no time, and it doesn’t matter anyway.”

“Kristen! I can’t meet your mother like this!” Had she taken leave of her senses? I didn’t care what she and I did, didn’t care if Kristen found an effeminate pseudo-lover charming, but her mother? Kristen’s face was impassive, unadorned with sympathy. “Kristen, no, I...I can’t, please.”

She crossed her arms. “Yes.”

I was unlikely to win a contest of wills, so I tried reason. “Kristen,” I calmed myself, “I’ve never met her, I can’t meet your mother like this, I want her to like me, I can’t...”

“Daniel,” she uncrossed her arms, yielded slightly. “I understand your concern, trust me, meeting my mother like this will enhance your reputation in her eyes. I’d explain, but we don’t have time, so...”

“Kristen...”

“Daniel,” she glanced at her watch, irritated, “that’s enough! We don’t have time for this.” She turned towards the door, clearly expecting that I would follow her. I stood, hesitated, she turned, softened her face, “I know you don’t understand and I wanted time to explain, but you must trust me, please...I have to finish getting dressed.”

“It’s your mother, Kristen, I just want...I want her to like me.”

“Oh, Daniel, so do I. Believe me, so do I.”

Kristen and I were standing in the kitchen when Ms. Victoria McCarthy (don’t ever call her ‘Mrs.’ Kristen warned me) arrived, trailed by Robert. Kristen was dressed now, a skirt, blouse, and jacket. Mrs. McCarthy, a trim, elegant woman in her late 50’s or early 60’s, wore a suit too — a warm skirt and jacket with faux pearls and sparkling jewels that graced the mesh trim outlining a collarless tweed jacket in a neutral palette. She wore sheer hose, like Kristen, neutral pumps. Robert wore his usual black tailored suit. I felt practically naked in my lilac satin shorts and short-sleeved top, like a girl surprised, underdressed. I caught Robert’s eyes; he looked at my sympathetically.

“Darling,” Mrs. McCarthy called to her daughter, “I’ve been reading over the proposal on the way down and...” She saw me for the first time, stopped talking, looked me up and down.

“Mother, how are you? I hope you had a good and comfortable trip. Don’t worry, the proposal looks good.”

“Kristen,” she stared at me, tilted her head with a curious expression. “I...I...”

“Mother, this is Daniel, my,” Kristen swallowed, hesitated. “My boyfriend.”

Mrs. McCarthy’s eyes went wide with astonishment, darted to Kristen, then back to me. “Your boyfriend?”

Oh fuck! This was a huge mistake, fuck, fuck, fuck!

“Yes, Mother, my boyfriend.”

“You...you...oh, Kristen,” Mrs. McCarthy’s face changed, her expression went from one of shock to disbelief to warmth. “Oh, darling, you didn’t tell me you were seeing someone, let alone that he was...”

She cut her mother off. “I...I wasn’t ready yet, Mother, he’s... we’ve...we haven’t...”

Mrs. McCarthy walked up to me, opened her arms, embraced me. “Danielle, I’m Victoria McCarthy, Kristen’s mother, obviously.”

“Daniel,” I corrected her softly. “How do you do, Ma’am,” I said shyly, eyes averted, as was my habit.

“Well, Danielle, very well.” She mispronounced my name again, kept an arm around my waist, her hand rubbed my back between my shoulders, too intimately for my comfort, but I didn’t pull away. “I must say, you’re an adorable little thing, the color suits your complexion.”

“Um, thank you, Ma’am,” I answered, face beet red, uncomfortable with her so close to me, touching me. What the hell, she didn’t seem surprised or even shocked to find a boy wearing lingerie in her daughter’s kitchen?

“But Kristen, he’s not...”

“Not now mother,” Kristen said forcefully. “Please,” her toned softened, daughter to mother.

“You know very well my thoughts, Kristen, I don’t think...”

“Yes, Mother,” Kristen said, “and I respect them. And I agree with you, I do. But...things take time. And time, right now...they’re waiting...”

Mrs. McCarthy, her hand still on my back, looked at me, frowned. I assumed she was upset at how I was dressed, later learned I was right, but not how I thought. “I suppose we can talk in the car, then. Danielle, it was nice to meet you, I’m sorry to take Kristen away on such short notice, but the board wants to close on a deal by mid-day tomorrow. Perhaps we can all dine tomorrow evening.”

“I’d like that, Ma’am,” I said, eager to talk to her when I was properly dressed, more comfortable, myself.

“Kristen, a celebratory dinner?”

“Mother,” Kristen cocked her head, for some reason upset, “I don’t think that Daniel wants...”

“I...I don’t mind, Kristen,” I said, eager to please Mrs. McCarthy. Make a woman’s mother happy, make a woman happy. Isn’t that what they say?

Kristen looked at me with a ‘you don’t know what you’re getting into’ look. “Daniel...”

“Good, it’s settled then,” Mrs. McCarthy said. “Tomorrow at 7. Black tie, of course. Robert will you be a dear and call for my usual table?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Black tie?” I questioned. I didn’t have anything black tie appropriate. “I’ll have to...” I stopped, Kristen shook her head every so gently. “Get ready tomorrow afternoon,” I said. Get something, buy something, rent something.

“Excellent,” Mrs. McCarthy said. “Well, we really should get going Kristen, no?”

“Yes, Mother.” Kristen walked up to me, whispered as she kissed me. “Don’t worry, Daniel, I know, I know, I’ll take care of it.”

“Kristen,” I whispered back, “you don’t have to, I can rent...”

“I said I’ll take care of it,” she insisted.

“Thank you.”

“Robert will come back for you, after he brings us, to take you home. You’ll be working from home today?”

“Yes.”

"Good...you remember our agreement?"

"I...yes."

"All of it," she asked.

"Yes...Ma'am."

"I'll have him get you after lunch tomorrow, then, say two or so."

"Tomorrow," I said, disappointed. What happened to...

"Tomorrow, I'm afraid mother and I will likely work late tonight.

Remember the other part of our agreement?"

"Other part...oh...I..." I blushed. "Yes."

"I mean it, Daniel."

"Okay," I said.

"Tomorrow, Daniel, tomorrow."

"Mrs. McCarthy seems...interesting," I suggested to Robert as he drove me back to my house.

"You'll find Mrs. McCarthy quite interesting, Mr. Corey. She's..."

"Headstrong?"

"Much more so than her daughter, but she grew up in a different time, women in business had to be in the 60's and 70's, especially one who founded a company."

"I suppose. I wish I had known she was visiting, I..."

"Mr. Corey...may I speak freely?"

"Um...of course, Robert," I swallowed. Speak freely? Like to tell me what a putz I am? What a loser?

"You're concerned how I see yo. I can see it in your eyes."

"No, I..."

"Mr. Corey," he insisted.

"Robert, I...yes."

"I want her happy, I think I've been quite clear about that, I want that girl, that woman, happy. You do that, none of the men she's ever dated ever did, that's all that matters in my book."

"But I...I mean...Robert, you...how can you respect me?"

"How can I respect you? Because you treat her with respect and you make her happy, simple as that in my book. The question is, are you happy too?"

"I don't know, Robert, I...I just don't know."

"That's all that matters, Mr. Corey, nothing more."

"But I...you saw...I..."

"I saw someone who makes a woman, who I care about very deeply, incredibly happy. Nothing more, Mr. Corey, nothing more."

Easy for a man's man to say, easy for him to tell me being emasculated didn't matter. Easy. So fucking easy.

I worked the rest of the day, had several conference calls, focused as best I could on code and design, tried to push Kristen out of my head, and the nagging thought, Robert's question, was I happy?

I didn't know, that was part of the problem, I just didn't know. I thought about it that evening, thought about her. How could I be happy having my masculinity minimized, even taken away by my girlfriend, day after day? How could that make me happy? You're worried she doesn't see you as a man? Why, you don't even see yourself that way.

How could I be happy remaining a virgin, desperate to someday have sex? Because the things she does to you are more than anyone has ever done.

How could I be happy doing as she asked, practically submitting to her every whim? Because submitting to her whims, her wants, needs, and desires warms your heart.

How could I be happy with a woman who fucking spanked me? Because you deserved it! I took a sip of my wine, set my book down. How could I be happy? Because you're fucking falling in love with her.

The knock at the door startled me. Kristen? I jumped up, practically ran to the door, opened it.

"Robert," I said, disappointed.

He was holding a small rectangular box with a note attached to the top, handed it to me. "Sorry to bother you, but Ms. McCarthy, asked me to bring this to you."

"Um, thanks," I reached for the box. "She's..."

“Still meeting with Mrs. McCarthy and their lawyers. She asked me to tell you that I’d pick you up at two tomorrow, if that’s convenient.”

“Um, sure, that’s fine.” I was disappointed. I wanted to see her, talk to her.

“Have a good evening then.”

“Um, Robert, do you...can I offer you something?”

“I have to get back to them, but thank you.”

“When do you have time off?”

He smiled. “I’m well taken care of, Mr. Corey, don’t worry about me.”

I returned to the couch with the box. It was lightweight, the card smelled of her perfume. I opened the card, read the note:

Daniel,

I’m sorry about this morning, that wasn’t how I wanted you to meet her. Think about me tonight, I promise I’ll be thinking about you.

Love,

Kristen

Love...love! She signed it with love! There were several amusing postscripts:

P.S. What I promised to do this morning — you so get tomorrow night!

P.P.S. So don’t you DARE do it without me — or else there will be more than twenty!

P.P.P.S. I thought about having Robert tie you to your bed to make sure you couldn’t touch your pretty little penis.

P.P.P.P.S. Just kidding about Robert. Mostly. Kind of. Maybe he's walking back up your steps right now. Maybe you'd like that!

P.P.P.P.P.S. I'm not kidding about what I'm doing to you tomorrow night, my pretty little virgin (or that I'm falling in love with you.)

P.P.P.P.P.P.S. For someone so inexperienced, you're a natural with your tongue <3

Love. I couldn't get that out of my mind. Love. I'm falling in love with you. Love. Love. LOVE. "I'm falling in love with you, too, Kristen," I whispered to myself as I opened the box.

I should have known. It was the pink silk pajamas I'd worn the first time I spent the night at Kristen's, the silk pajamas I wore after I exploded in my pants, the first woman's clothing I'd ever worn in my life.

'Think about me tonight' — when you're wearing my pink silk pajamas.

'I'll be thinking about you' — my pretty little virgin.

'Don't you DARE do it without me' — touch your pretty little penis

She was all I thought about all night, wrapped in the soft silk fabric of her pajamas, cloaked in the scent of her perfume, her words of love running through my mind over and over and over. I was falling for her, hard, hot, heavy, but at what price, at what fucking price?

"You understand, don't you Daniel, why I like you in something kind of soft and pretty?"

"And feminine?"

"And feminine, yes."

"Kind of, I mean, a little...I don't know...not really," I finally admitted. "I mean, Kristen, it's so...emasculating."

"Daniel," she sighed, "that's the whole fucking point." I looked up at her, she wasn't angry, perhaps a bit frustrated. "I love seeing the feminine conquer the masculine, I mean, I like men, physically, I'm

not going to lie about that, sex with men is great. But emotionally? For my entire life men tried to have their way with me. They still do, every fucking day, and it's like, I have all this pent up energy, this dominant energy, and I just have to let it go. Seeing a boy, and I mean an adult, not a child, a boy," she pointed at me, "like you. Seeing a boy emasculated, wearing something soft and pretty, is to a boy weak and submissive, without any ability to resist me, and so... so vulnerable. God, Daniel, I'm getting wet just thinking about it. When a boy is...when you are...emasculated, I'm in charge, I'm the dominant one. It's a mind game, Daniel. Emasculation is about the domination of a man...a boy's, mind. And it's more powerful, more exciting, more stimulating, than anything."

"But it's humiliating."

"Of course it's humiliating! Daniel, again, that's the whole fucking point. I can't be with a man who thinks he can get the better of me. I can't be with a man who tries to dominate me. And when you're embarrassed, when you're ashamed, you're weak, and when you resist, even slightly, it makes me want to feminize you even more."

"But what's she supposed to think of me, Kristen? My God, how am I supposed to win her over?"

"You mean my mother?"

"Of course! If I'm...she didn't just see me emasculated, I was...feminized."

"Oh, Daniel, Daniel, Daniel, all these years I spurned it."

"Spurned it? Spurned what?"

She sat on the couch, leaned towards me. "Daniel, my mother believes in Matriarchy."

I raised an eyebrow. "Matria...what?"

"Matriarchy — female superiority or female supremacy, that women are dominant, should be dominant, and have power over men, both in the real world and, well, a...a sexual power over men, too... It's, well, almost, is, a religious thing to her."

"Religious?"

She sighed. "I grew up in kind of a unique environment. I have to admit, for a long time I rejected much of what she believed in, most of it, rebelled, rode the..." She blushed, lowered her voice, "rode the cock carousel as she and her...friends...call it." I had a puzzled look

on my face. “She thought men were supposed to be soft, feminine, emasculated, submissive, so I brought home the opposite in high school and when I started college. Guys who were masculine, bad boys, guys who just wanted to fuck me. All so I could shock her. They shocked her, all right. But it turns out, she was right.”

“So she saw me...emasculated yesterday...and...”

“Daniel, she doesn’t think you’re a freak, quite the opposite, she thinks I finally found my senses and honestly cannot wait to have dinner with you tonight.”

“Yeah, about that? Black tie?”

“I told you I’d take care of it.”

“I could have rented something.”

She chuckled. “No, that would have been a disaster. I have a personal shopper, Daniel. It’s all taken care of,” she sighed.

“What’s the matter?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing. It’s...mother’s a...a challenge. I just was going to have to introduce you to her some time. I’d hoped to put that off for a bit so I could...well...”

“What?”

“Do some of this more slowly, that’s all. Listen, why don’t you go shower, Daniel, we’ll talk about it before you get dressed. In fact, use, well, your room, the lavender room, I’m going to go shower, too, okay?”

I walked into the bedroom, large white towel wrapped around my waist. Kristen was sitting on the bed, wearing a short soft red satin kimono. “Very masculine.”

“What?”

“The towel around your waist. Trying to be the dominant one?”

“No, I...”

“It’s a mood thing, Daniel, under your arms.” She motioned with her hand.

I sighed, but shimmied the towel up my chest, fastened it under my arms—she was right, if not simply feminine, it was at least emasculating. “You didn’t shower?”

"I decided to wait to shower, we need to get you ready first."

"I can dress myself, Kristen."

"Sit," she said, pointing to the chair at the dressing table. I sat. She picked up a can of mousse. "You ever use this?"

"No."

She squirted a golfball size dollop in her palm, began to rub it through my hair. "Some guys use it to manage frizziness in hair. Listen, here's the thing about my mother - the female supremacy thing is real, it's like a religion, almost."

"A religion?"

"More a domination. I don't quite know how to explain this exactly. You see, my mother believes in Matriarchy. I mean, she believes in God, she, they, just believe...unlike most churches, that God is woman, that women are the superior sex, that men serve women, and that certain...males...should be emasculated."

"Certain? Not all men?"

"No, not all. She...I mean, she...we, I suppose, believe men in general are inferior to women. But only, um, certain males should be emasculated — boyfriends, spouses, life partners, and the like."

"You keep changing words, males/men."

"Yes, I know," Kristen looked away again. "In her, well, just call it a religion, in her religion males are, well, all men are males, but not all males are men."

"Well that clears it up," I said sarcastically.

"Men are, well, men," she laughed. "Masculine. Rugged. Men. Males are..."

"Soft," I said.

"Yes," she touched my arm. "Males are..."

"Feminine."

"Like me?"

"My pretty little virgin," she smiled.

"Males are emasculated. What about other men?" I pictured Todd, Robert, masculine men.

"Well, they have their uses," she said evasively. "Like I said, emasculation of some, not all. I mean, most wouldn't let themselves be emasculated. Robert for example," she read my mind. "But to be in a relationship with a woman of my mother's church, is to be..."

well...soft. Pretty. Feminine.” I looked up at her, saw my reflection first — the mousse styled my hair, it looked not it’s usually floppy self, but not entirely feminine, either. More like butch feminine. Or, sissy masculine. That’s it, Daniel, you don’t look like a girl but you sure don’t look like a boy.

“I brought my new...panties,” I said, looked down. “I was going to wear them, you didn’t have to ask.”

“I assumed, but...that’s not... Panties are just a start, Daniel, especially to dine with her tonight. I...I wanted to ease you into this... before you met her...I didn’t want this to be too much, too fast.”

“What, Kristen?” I turned to face her, “Please? I don’t care.”

“Daniel, there are certain...ceremonies, requirements...She had her hand on your back, did you notice?”

“What?”

“She had her hand on your back, Daniel.”

“When?”

“Earlier, when you met her.”

“Oh, yes, she hugged me, I...I’m sorry, I thought...she’s your mother, I just assumed she was a hugger.”

“Daniel, she’d already hugged you. She had her hand on your back because she was checking to see if she could feel a bra strap.”

“A bra strap?” I narrowed my eyes.

“A bra, Daniel, she was checking to see if you were wearing a bra. It was unconscious, I don’t even know if she realized she was doing it, but she that’s why she was touching your back. To see if you wore a bra, to see if I had you wear one yet.”

“A bra? I...why would I wear...yet?”

Kristen looked away, took a breath, gathered her thoughts.

“Emasculation, Daniel, I told you, she believes in the emasculation of males. What’s more feminine than a bra — there’s no need for a man to wear one. Ever. Bras are for women. So, naturally, what’s more emasculating than having a boy wear a bra? What better way to reinforce the message that he’s not a man? That he’ll never be a man? What better way to remind him to forego, to forget any thoughts about being masculine? You see, in my mother’s world a Favorite — that’s what they call a woman’s boyfriend, spouse, partner — a Favorite should, must be emasculated. There’s no

question. Favorites are required do more than simply wear panties. A bra is necessary. It's required. I guess it's like, well a religious thing. You know, Mormons wear temple garments, Jews wear a yarmulke, well in my mother's world, boyfriends...Favorites...wear bras and panties."

"You want me to wear a bra." I wasn't asking. It was obvious.

"Daniel, I..."

"Am I your Favorite?"

"I...I don't know. I mean, you're my boyfriend, obviously, and..."

"You want to emasculate me."

"Yes," she whispered, looking away.

"When...when did you decide this? That you wanted to emasculate me?"

"God, Daniel, the second you fell into my office and looked up at me with those soft, pretty eyes of yours."

"And you want me to be your...your Favorite?"

"Yes, since the second I realized you were a virgin, Daniel."

"The pink pajamas."

"Daniel, you have no idea..."

"Kristen," I touched her arm, "it's okay." No, not it's not okay, not at all.

"I didn't want this to all come out so quickly, Daniel, I...I wanted more time, I wanted this to keep going slowly, I wanted to go a little at a time...I still do, but...you're my boyfriend, that's how I introduced you, that's what you are. But to my mother, that makes you my Favorite...and...and I wish I could have talked to you about this more, but..." She bit her lip, like me. "I'm sorry, but she expects it... you have to wear a bra to dinner, and...and panties of course, too, but it's the bra she'll look for." She looked at me, rare for her, she was begging me with her eyes.

Finally, I sighed, let me guard down. "Will...will my tux hide it?"

"The bra?" she asked, eyes, glimmering.

I nodded.

"It should. Oh, Daniel, you're so...amazing!" She walked to the closet, opened it partially, I saw a black suit, a tuxedo, but little else. She pulled something out, brought it to the bed, spread it out carefully. "You're going to look so pretty."

It was a bra and panty set, white sheer mesh with floral lace with subtle yellow undertones under the cups and around the front of the panties, and yellow satin bows on the bra straps, between the cups, and on each hip of the panties. I stood there, stared, just stared.

"Daniel," Kristen whispered nervously.

"I...I'm scared," I said, "Kristen, I..."

"I know, Daniel. It...it's my fault, I shouldn't have told her you were my boyfriend. As soon as I said the word, I knew how she'd take it, I knew what she'd expect. I...we should have talked about this first."

I looked up at her, she'd already put me in lingerie — in her pajamas, in her short sleep set, in panties and a camisole — why was she acting like this, didn't she want to emasculate me, too? Was I right to be hesitant? I thought she wanted me this way. "I...I thought you wanted it, too? God! You don't? This is just for your mother?"

"Daniel, no, I...I do, but...you must understand, I spent years rejecting my mother's beliefs, telling myself I'd never be like her, never. And yet...here I am falling in love with the kind of boy I swore I'd never fall for."

Love. She said love. Again. "I don't want you to hate me, Kristen."

"Hate you?"

"For...for not being more masculine, for not being a man, for not being like...like Todd."

"Daniel, dammit, stop! That's the point! I never wanted what she wanted, not until I met you, not until I saw you on the floor at my feet, and suddenly, that's the only thing I wanted. She was right all the time, Daniel, that...you...it's what I want."

"I'm still scared, Kristen."

"I know."

"Do...do you want me to wear this?" I looked at the bra and panties, the delicate lace, the feminine bows, felt a stirring, a longing, fuck, no! don't think that way.

"Yes," she whispered, voice shaking.

"For her?"

"No, Daniel, for...for me. Yes, it's the only way she'll ever approve of you. But...but I want you as my Favorite, anyway, not just my

boyfriend, my Favorite, someone soft and pretty and," she swallowed, "someone I could spend my life with."

My eyes went wide. "Your life?"

"Are you that dense, Daniel," her eyes were filled with tears. "Yes, my life, I'm fucking in love with you, don't you get it?"

I touched her arm. "Kristen." She pulled back.

"I'm so fucking pissed at myself, I can't believe it."

"Pissed, why?"

"Because I let a boy have power over me, that's why."

"Power? What power? You're the one who...wants me to do things."

"And you're the one who decides to do them, Daniel. Yes, I'm the dominant one. Yes, I want you to submit to me. But you are the one who decides whether you do or don't. I can't dominate you, I can't emasculate you, not without you wanting to."

I thought of something Robert said, realized to some extent, they were both right — I was the one in charge, to some measure. After all, when I ran, I hurt her. I had power over her. But my power, while absolute, was limited, too. It was the power to submit or not - that was the only choice I had. Once that decision was made, I was hers, everything else flowed from that. Do you submit to this woman or not? "Kristen, I..." I looked down, "I...I love you." I looked at the lingerie, there was no denying that's what it was, women's lingerie. Exquisite, exotic, erotic, delicate lingerie. Maybe I could delude myself about the panties and camisole sets, but not what was on the bed. "I'll wear it," I said before my voice faded. "If you want me to."

"I want her to like you, Daniel, and..."

"You want me to?" I asked again.

"Yes, Daniel, yes...yes."

"I'll do it," I said again.

"Daniel, are you sure, I could, I don't know, make some excuse, say you're sick or had to work or..."

"That just puts it off, Kristen, I'll do it...I...it's just a bra..."

But it was so much more than that.

She started with the panties, helped me step into them, manipulated me carefully, tucked my penis between my legs, left me with no bulge. "So much prettier this way," she said admiring my

emasculatation, “so much more feminine.” While no different in fit and feel than the panties I’d been wearing, psychologically, the panties she helped me into were worlds apart. The panties Kristen had bought me before, while panties to be sure, were close enough to men’s briefs that, at first, I could almost forget they were panties. I could almost pretend I was merely wearing risqué men’s briefs.

But not now. Not today. The panties I now wore made that illusion impossible, they were clearly only one thing — women’s panties. Made for women, worn by women, designed to make a woman feel feminine, designed to make a woman feel sexy. Yet now, I wore them. I was the one who felt soft. I was the one who felt feminine. I was the one who felt who felt pretty. I was the one who felt like a girl, looked like a girl, and I knew I couldn’t even pretend they were anything other than panties.

The bra was next. When she picked it up, I started shaking; there was no denying my nerves. It’s a fucking bra, Daniel, she wants you to wear a fucking bra! She saw my reaction, heard my breathing quicken. “Shhhh, it’s okay,” she said, “I was nervous the first time I wore one, too.”

“Kristen,” I begged, staring at the soft lace cups of the bra, “I...” The bra was so pretty, so overtly feminine; utterly sensual. I looked up at Kristen, our eyes met, and I saw her expression, saw my future plain and clear. I was so scared, so nervous, my future, the future she wanted, was without a doubt one of diminished masculinity, increased femininity. I was scared, it was wrong, so completely wrong, but I simply looked away and bit my lip nervously.

“Close your eyes, Daniel,” she smiled, knowing I was surrendering to her. “Don’t open them until I tell you to.”

I looked up at her one more time; she was obviously excited, the anticipation was all over her face, she wanted this, she wanted to see me in the bra, emasculated, feminized. I took a deep breath, swallowed, closed my eyes, waited. She took my hands and eased the bra straps over my arms, one after the other. She tugged the sidebands around my chest, fitted the cups about my nipples, hooked the bra closed in back. “Almost done,” she said.

She was behind me, I felt her adjust each strap, felt the bra tug here and there, enveloping my chest, my shoulders. She reached in

front, moved the underwire of each cup, I felt the bra do its work, its clever construction push my chest sideways and inwards, its underwired cups forced my flesh together and up.

She moved closer to me, hugged me from behind, her hands on the bra cups. "Oh, Daniel," she was close to moaning, "this is what I want, this is the person I want to share my bed with. Open your eyes, love, look at yourself."

As I did, she moved her hands to my hips so I could see myself. I was almost overwhelmed by the person in the mirror, by my reflection. The slight padding of the bra, combined with the tugging of the straps and the lift of the underwire, created the illusion of small breasts, certainly not the ample flesh Kristen had, but there was realism, the breasts of a trim, delicate young woman. An illusion reinforced by the flatness of the panties pressed against my groin, the absence of the outline of a penis, let alone a cock, there was nothing to betray that I was a male.

I looked up at Kristen, her eyes fell onto my breasts, then my slim waist, then my groin. "You...you look so...so..."

"Feminine," I finished for her. The bra and panties set were so pretty, so feminine, so transformative.

"Oh, Daniel," she pulled me back to her; I felt her breasts push into my back, she moved one hand up, cupped one side of my chest, "it's perfect, so beautiful, so pretty," she said. She looked down at the mirror again, between my legs, moved the other hand there, touched the flat area where my penis should be. "So feminine, so feminine."

Her raw sexual excitement burst through. I recognized it because I felt it too. I was aroused, just as she was. I had the same feelings of want and desire. I saw the same look in her eyes, somehow knew that if it was up to her, and maybe it was, I'd never wear male underwear again. All doubts were gone. Kristen wasn't simply emasculating me, she was feminizing me. Men wore briefs, women wore panties.

"I look like a girl," I said, shaking.

"Hmmm," she squeezed my chest, "a little flat chested. You're lucky you're thin, many thin girls are smaller up here."

"Kristen, I look like a girl!" She was breathing in and out with long, defined breaths.

"You don't."

"I do, Kristen."

"That's the thing, you don't, Daniel. You look emasculated, yes, somewhat feminine, but you don't quite look like a girl, you look like a pretty boy."

"Maybe we shouldn't," I started to say. I didn't care about the distinction, feminine or emasculated, if there even was one. And I didn't think there was, I thought I looked like a girl.

"Please, Daniel," she said softly, "please do this for her...for me, please."

"I look like a girl."

"A pretty boy," she corrected. "And stop saying that, you're making me wet."

"Kristen, look at me. I look like a girl."

"Daniel," she gasped, shook her head to clear it. "Earlier I told you women have sexual power over men...boys...remember?"

"Yes," I said, shaking.

"Some men will do anything to fuck a woman, Daniel...Todd for instance, that's all he cared about, fucking me. That's sexual power."

My teeth started chattering. "But Kristen, we...I..."

"But you're not allowed to fuck women, are you, Daniel?"

"I...no...but." I couldn't fuck her, but what about other women? Like another woman would want you?

"That's right, I told you, this isn't allowed inside me, is it?" Her hand was between my legs, touching me through the soft fabric of the panties. "I can feel it throbbing, Daniel. Even if they can't fuck, pretty little virgins will still do anything to be allowed to cum, to squirt — that's sexual power, too. I'm going to think about it all night, Daniel, how I'm going to let you squirt. Later. If you charm my mother."

"I...I look like a girl," I said one last time.

"Oh, Daniel...charm her..."

"I...I'll try."

"Better do more than try, Daniel...if you want me to make you squirt," she teased.

"You...you promised."

“I did...but remember, I have sexual power, too. Make her happy, make her happy and you won't be sorry.”

“I want to, Kristen, I do. I want her to like me because I care about you.”

“You don't want me to let you squirt then?” she teased.

“No, I do!”

“Just an extra reward, then, make her happy...if you want me to make you happy later.” She kissed my neck, kissed up to my ear.

“Make her happy, love, make her happy. Come, let's finish getting you dressed.”

I looked toward the closet. Black suit, black satin trim, it looked like any tuxedo I'd ever seen. She reached into the closet, pulled out a white shirt. “I hope it fits well, I had them cut everything a little trim to be not so overtly, well, masculine.”

But the tuxedo shirt wasn't just cut trim, like a woman's, in fact, it wasn't a man's shirt at all, it was a woman's! The shirt...blouse... was semi-sheer silk, with sharp pleats along the front and back, white satin buttons up the front, and a delicately ruffled neckline. Even if the tuxedo covered the lingerie I wore, the shirt was so feminine, it would never be mistaken for a man's shirt.

“Kristen, this...this is a woman's shirt.”

“It's extravagant, I know, Daniel, but it's adorable.”

“It's a blouse!”

“It...a man's shirt wouldn't have fit under the jacket, and, please, Daniel,” she begged. I took the shirt, shivered as the luxurious fabric slid through my fingers. “The jacket will cover it anyway.”

I bit down, slipped my arms into the shirt, was conscious of the tug of the bra straps as I moved my arms. She helped me with the buttons, obviously pleased. “I feel...”

“I know how you feel, Daniel,” she said with more confidence now that I was wearing the bra and panties and was slipping on a blouse. “Emasculated, feminine, soft, submissive...the opposite of how I feel, empowered, strong, dominant. There are men that would do this, dress like this, simply for the chance of fucking me. Not all men, but a good number. What separates a true Favorite from males like them is those males let themselves be feminized simply in hope of having sex. But a Favorite, when he dresses, wishes to serve, he feels a

tingling between his legs, an urge...do you feel it...I think you do, Daniel, I hope you do. A Favorite feels that tingling when he's emasculated, he welcomes it, embraces it, craves it. It reminds him that he's happiest when he's soft and submissive, when he's making his mistress happy, when he serves."

When he serves? The thing was, I did feel it, especially now that she mentioned it. I felt the feelings she described, emotionally, I felt the pull of the feminine, the allure of submission, but I felt physical sensations, too. I felt a pulsating throb between my legs as my penis attempted to swell, to grow erect, unable to do so, trapped as it was. I felt a tingling all over my skin, everywhere lingerie touched me, the same sensation I felt when Kristen's skin touched mine. I felt pent up sexual desire, almost a desperate need, an uncontrollable lust. "I feel...I don't know...alive," I looked down.

She went to the closet, took out the tuxedo pants, handed them to me. "Here," she said.

I swallowed, stepped into them, pulled them up my smooth legs. "They are kind of tight," I said, "I...I don't know if they fit."

"They'll fit, Daniel, they'll just be tighter in different places, cut trimmer, they'll flatter your figure," she smiled. "Trust me, the tailor knows his business."

I swallowed, fastened the pants — they were tight at the crotch. If my penis wasn't tucked, they never would have fit. If I were a man, they never would have fit.

"Here, shoes first, then jacket." She had a pair of lace up black patent wingtips in her hand.

"I need socks," I looked down at my bare feet.

"Fuck," she said, "I fucking knew I forgot something. Dammit... just...I'll be right back."

She was gone for just a minute, came back with something in her hand. "These will work."

I took what I assumed were socks someone left, Robert, a lover, Todd, sat on the bed, but quickly realized the 'socks' were not the cotton trouser socks I was accustomed to, but rather sheer black knees highs, women's trouser socks, basically hose.

"Kristen!"

“It’s all I have, Daniel, it’s better than going bare. Besides, what’s it matter at this point?”

I sighed, pulled the socks on. “Anyone who looks close will see these are...like hose.”

“Like hose? They are hose, Daniel, not that it matters. No one will see, Daniel. Restaurants are dark.”

Well, at least they were men’s shoes, or so I thought from the way she held them, but when I took them I saw they had at least a two inch heel.

“Kristen, this...this is too much, I...I look like...”

“Jacket,” she interrupted. “Please, Daniel, just...just finish.”

I sighed, put it on.

“Well?”

I looked at myself in the mirror, unsure what to think, what to say. “I don’t know, I...” The image that looked back was confusing, an odd mixture of male and female; the ruffled shirt was feminine, the suit masculine, but cut in a way few men would dare. I might have passed as a boy, but as it was, I couldn’t decide what I looked like, boy, girl, or something oddly in between. That made it worse, sent a current of humiliation through me — if I looked like a girl I might be mistaken for a girl, thus, draw no odd attention to myself. But now, masculine competed with feminine, the garment itself, a tuxedo — masculine, with the cut of the garment — feminine. Wing tipped shoes — masculine, heels — feminine. Even my hair, short enough to be a man’s, tousled with mousse to look feminine.

Are you a girl trying to look like a boy, or a boy trying to look like a girl? Which does she want? Both? Neither? It struck me she deliberately left me like this — there was no doubt I could have been made to look like a girl, but for some reason she choose instead to stop short, to leave me looking like a boy trying to look like a girl. “I still look like...like a boy.”

“Yes, of course, you are a boy.”

“But...” But people will know!

“Yes,” she said again, read my mind. “They will. It’s hard to explain, the subtle difference between emasculation and feminization, but to my mother and her ilk, Favorites are emasculated — none are allowed to look like or try to pass as a

man. But for a Favorite to be feminized, in public at least, to pass as a woman is a great honor, something to be earned. Women are superior, to be allowed to look like one is the highest of honors. Some Favorites must wait years to be allowed to pass as a woman. Instead, the vast majority of Favorites are simply emasculated, feminized, but not full feminization. You're right. You look like a boy, not a man, a boy, a feminized boy. At first glance, one may not notice, but at a second glance, and up close, you'll pass as neither boy nor girl, but something in between...a...a sissy boy." She looked down, almost as if embarrassed to say it.

Regardless, I recoiled. "Kristen!" I hissed. The word stunned, burned. I felt like she slapped me. No man would react any differently - masculine or not. It belonged to a list of fighting words — pussy, fag, bitch, punk, sissy — words sure to cause two men to come to blows, no matter the disparity of strength between them, words that if hurled by a woman might cause even the meekest of males to stand up to her.

"That word...it scares you?"

"No," I lied.

"Of course it does, Daniel, I know. It's insulting to all males, but it's particularly scary to effeminate boys who fear they may like to be emasculated. No man wants to be called a sissy, but you don't look like a girl, you said so yourself, nor a boy, it's all that's left. That's what my mother's faith believes in, emasculation, feminization, sissification, they call it different things, but the result's the same." She pointed to the mirror, to my reflection, to the pretty boy, to the emasculated male.

To the sissy.

"Do you feel submissive dressed like this?"

"Yes," I answered at once. "How could I not?"

"Hmmm, I know. Humiliated?"

"Again, how could I not, Kristen?"

"And that's the point of it, that's what she wants, insists on."

I looked at her. "What about you, Kristen? Is this what you want?"

"She thinks I do."

"You say you're dominant and..."

"You doubt that?" she laughed.

"No, of course not. But my point is, you're dominant, fine, but is this what you want? You want me..."

"Emasculated? Yes." Her voice caught, she swallowed.

"Feminized?"

"Daniel, I...", she looked away, I barely heard her answer. "Yes."

"Kristen!"

She looked down again, embarrassed "I never thought I'd be like her, I never thought I would...until..."

Don't say it...please...don't say it.

"Until I met you, Daniel. Do you know how wet I am right now?"

"I..."

"And Daniel, don't lie to me, I know your pretty little penis is absolutely throbbing in your panties." And she was right, totally right.

I was sitting in the living room, fidgeting nervously when she came out, trying to ignore the feelings the lingerie brought on, the uncontrollable thought that I was a sissy. She looked stunning, was wearing a figure flattering black sheath dress with a plunging V-neckline that left the top of her breasts exposed, heeled sandals, dark hose. Her hair cascaded down her shoulders, framed her face. "Well?"

I stood. "Wow!" I mumbled, eyes locked on her.

She walked up to me, kissed me lightly on the lips. "Daniel," she said with a tone, "you're staring down my dress."

I gasped. "I'm sorry," I quickly apologized, looked down.

"It's okay," she laughed softly. "See something you like?...or jealous your bra is empty?" She touched my flat chest.

"No!" I pulled back.

"You're being daring then, sweetie, gawking at my breasts, that's something a man does, not a pretty little sissy." She said it sweetly, even playfully, but I felt chastised nonetheless.

"I...I'm sorry." I reddened, ashamed at being caught looking down her dress, ashamed at the word. I looked down from her breasts, glanced back up, down again.

"It's hard for a pretty boy when he's being teased, isn't it?"

"You..." She did it on purpose!

"Of course, Daniel. Be a good boy tonight and I'll let you suck on them while I have my way with you later, but be bad..."

I sensed her willingness to play, walked out on the limb with her. "Sometimes I think you like bad boys, sometimes I think you like it when you let a man have his way with you." I smirked, tilted my head. Take that!

She smirked back. "You're right, Daniel, sometimes I do like letting a man have his way with me."

"See," I teased, "maybe I should misbehave."

"Perhaps," she smiled, ready to twist the knife. "Of course, Daniel, if you find yourself staring at my breasts later, remember it's men who act like bad boys who might find themselves fucking me. A misbehaving sissy, on the other hand, is more likely to get a spanking and learn he's not allowed to cum...for weeks on end."

"Kristen, that's not fair!"

"Oh, I know, Daniel, I know." She kissed me again, tenderly.

Mrs. McCarthy arrived a few minutes later. Robert was with her, first out of the elevator. His eyes flickered when he saw me, saw how I was dressed, I couldn't read them, was he horrified at what he saw...or pleased? He simply nodded a greeting. I smiled, shy, looked down, as submissive with him as I was with Kristen; I couldn't help it even if I wanted to.

Mrs. McCarthy was dressed in an elegant long-sleeved navy cocktail dress that came to just above her knees. The dress was satin, empire-waisted, with sheer sleeves. When I looked at her it struck me how much Kristen resembled her mother; both were tall, slender, attractive, fashionable. Mrs. McCarthy smiled as soon as she saw me, obviously pleased at how I was dressed, walked up to me and hugged me, one hand again running up my back until it hit the back strap of the bra under my blouse and jacket. "I'm so happy you could join us for our celebration, Danielle," she said when she stepped back. "And properly attired this time, too."

Danielle? She feminized my name again? "Um, I'm grateful you asked, Ms. McCarthy." Did she really say Danielle?

"Well who doesn't like dressing up for dinner?" She touched my hip in an intimate gesture, where the hem of my panties sat on my

waist, smiled.

"I..." I wasn't sure how to respond to her comment. "I don't get to very often."

"Well you should more often, Danielle, you look quite...enchanted." Danielle, Danielle! "Besides, I simply had to meet Kristen's Favorite...something she didn't tell me about. Imagine, a daughter picking a Favorite and not even telling her mother." Mrs. McCarthy looked at me as if I understood, then looked sharply at Kristen. "In my day, a girl would never..."

"Mother," Kristen interrupted, "I told you, Daniel and I have only been together for..."

Mrs. McCarthy ignored her, cut her off, spoke to me. "You know, Danielle, she dated this procession of men...I'm sure they had their...virtues, let's say, but I knew she wouldn't find love until she found someone more...delicate."

I blushed. Kristen fumed. "Mother!"

"Oh, Kristen, don't be so dramatic," she said to her daughter, turned to me. "We'll talk more at dinner, Danielle, I want to learn everything about you."

In the car, we all sat in back, me in the middle, Kristen and her mother to either side. I didn't notice sitting in Kristen's living room, but did now, the tuxedo trousers exposed a fair amount of ankle when I sat and it was quite obvious that whatever covered my ankles and legs was beyond too sheer to be men's socks. As if anything else you're wearing looks masculine! The trousers were tighter than the normal, men's pants I was used to wearing, tighter on the thigh. Kristen appeared lost in thought; I noticed Mrs. McCarthy looking down, at my ankle. I furrowed my brow, looked up from the bump to Mrs. McCarthy. What is that? She saw I saw what she was looking at, saw my confusion, chuckled. "First time you've been properly attired, isn't it," she asked softly, so quietly I doubt either Kristen or Robert heard her.

I wasn't sure how to respond, nodded. "Yes...Ma'am."

"I can tell you're uneasy, Danielle; I'm glad you're making the effort, even if it's for my benefit."

"What did you say Mother?" Kristen looked back from the window.

"I was telling Danielle I'm pleased he made the effort to be properly dressed, it's obvious this is the first time he's worn the Sacred Garments." I sensed a tone of disapproval in her voice.

"All of them, Mother, we started slowly," Kristen said. "I told you I wasn't going to rush things."

It was clear they'd had words on this topic before.

"Hmmm," Mrs. McCarthy snorted. "Some things are best not left to chance, Kristen."

"And some things need to be simmered slowly, Mother."

"I...I've been wearing panties, Ma'am," I said, attempting to defend Kristen, unsure if that would mollify her mother's displeasure. "Camisoles, too." Robert looked up, we were speaking in conversational voice so he heard the last things we said. I blushed at his gaze.

"Good for you, dear," she patted my leg. "I mean that, I do... panties are a start, of course, but it's the bra that matters most, the bra that's most sacred, the bra that marks one as a Favorite. Through the bra a Favorite disavows..."

"Mother, please!" Kristen's voice was shrill, insistent.

Disavows? Disavows what?

I locked eyes with Mrs. McCarthy, begged for the answer, pleaded. Disavows what?

"Disavows his masculinity, of course," she said, eyes darting to her daughter, daring her to stop her, to me.

"Mother, we agreed we'd talk about this later, please, this is my life, my decisions."

"She's worried I'm going to push you away, Danielle, though I think that's quite unlikely. I'll admit it's a delicate subject to broach, but in my experience, and I've had several Favorites, one who wears the Sacred Garments, even to please someone's mother, is unlikely to run, don't you agree?"

"I...I don't plan on running, Ma'am," I said. I glanced at Kristen, felt the shame of my flight before, swallowed, steeled myself.

"Again."

"Again?" Mrs. McCarthy asked, glanced at her daughter; it was obvious they had not discussed that.

"I...I'm sorry, I assumed...when I first wore panties, I...I was upset. I argued, stormed out."

"Why, dear?"

I glanced at Robert, his eyes were focused on the road but his attention must be on us. "I didn't know...that Kristen had bought me panties, I just assumed they were...well..."

"Kristen McCarthy!" her mother shot a look at her daughter, shocked. "Oh my! I assumed...why didn't you tell me?"

Kristen had a tear in her eye, didn't answer. "Ma'am?" I said to her mother.

"Nothing, Danielle, nothing, it's...we can discuss this later, we're supposed to be celebrating, anyway, not bickering."

"I mean it, I'm not going to run away."

"I believe you, dear," she touched my leg.

The meal was a celebration of a successful business deal I couldn't pretend to understand, some merger or acquisition or takeover or some kind of venture. I was worried at first to walk through a restaurant attired as I was — not that the bra, the 'sacred garment' — was visible with a jacket on, but regardless, I knew how emasculated I looked and was ashamed. Jean, the Maitre'D, knew Mrs. McCarthy, though, greeted both her and Kristen warmly in French, and escorted us to a private table.

"Elle est très jolie," he said to her as he seated us. My French was weak, a year in high school, a year in college, so I couldn't follow their conversation, but that I understood. She's very pretty.

Mrs. McCarthy touched his arm, responded with a smile, "Merci, Jean, mais elle appartient à Kristen."

"Oh!" he looked at Kristen in surprise. "Mademoiselle, bravo, vous êtes très chanceux."

"Merci, Jean," Kristen nodded, "Peut-être, on verra."

I looked at Kristen, eyes raised. What was that about? "I only got the first part."

"He doesn't speak English, just French. He said you're very pretty, mother thanked him, said you...belong...to me. He said I was

very lucky, I said maybe, we'll see."

I was pretty?

Jean left to fetch the sommelier, who came to us with wine suggestions and a server. While both looked at me, neither gave the impression that what they observed was unusual, and I was beginning to wonder if it was that obvious I was an emasculated male. But a quick glance in a mirror on the opposite wall dispelled that hope. There was no doubt about the reflection who looked back. An emasculated, feminized, sissy. Yet, throughout the dinner, Mrs. McCarthy made practically no mention of the obvious, instead talked to me like any mother would talk to a woman's new beau. It wasn't until we were sipping Port that she circled back to the topic I couldn't forget.

"So, Danielle," she started, earning her a look from her daughter, "may I ask you a personal question or two."

"Of course, Ma'am," I said.

"You're darling," she patted my hand. Get the mothers to like you, an old, obvious ploy. "It's okay to call you Danielle, isn't it? More appropriate, I think, than Daniel."

"I...I don't mind, Ma'am," I said. So her mispronunciation of my name was deliberate.

"Good. Now, Danielle, are you a virgin, dear?"

I almost spit out my drink, glanced quickly over at Kristen, but she had no reaction; she'd expected the question. And obviously expected me to answer.

"I...yes, Ma'am," I said, looked away, not sure I should be ashamed, or proud.

"You're sure," she raised an eyebrow. "It's important, especially if you're going to...well, it's important."

"Yes, Ma'am." If what? "Until Kristen, I never even...well...yes."

She stared at me, weighed my answer, seemed to accept it.

"Kristen's explained the Sacred Garments to you, obviously, and you've agreed that you'll wear them, accepted them?" I saw Kristen stiffen — she anticipated this question, too, but seemed displeased.

"Ma'am, if I may," I interrupted, "I want to be clear, I agreed to wear a...a bra and panties, but..."

"The Sacred Garments."

“The Sacred Garments, yes, but your question implies some permanency. I agreed to wear them tonight, to respect your wishes, but I...I don’t know if that’s a...long term commitment, I mean...”

She seemed to weigh that, too. Nodded. “I understand, Danielle. Kristen’s done this in an unusual way and you may not understand everything. And I appreciate your honesty...and your efforts to, um, respect my beliefs, I assume it’s not easy...being emasculated, but it suits you.”

“No, Ma’am, it’s not.” I blushed, suddenly feeling very conscious of the bra circling my chest, the panties, the sheer socks, everything.

“Kristen’s explained that’s the point?”

“I explained how I saw it,” Kristen interrupted her mother, “and how you saw it.”

“Close enough,” Mrs. McCarthy snapped at Kristen. “Sorry, Danielle, Kristen and I have a small disagreement over the religious aspect of emasculation, but that’s neither here nor there, the result is the same.” She pointed at me. “An emasculated or feminized boy serving a dominant woman.”

“Yes, Ma’am, I understand the differences, I think.”

“Perhaps. Perhaps not. Regardless,” she smiled, “it pleases me to see your commitment to my daughter, I love her very much.”

“So do I, Ms. McCarthy,” I said softly, “so do I.”

“And I respect that you’re doing this tonight, but...you realize it’s more than that, don’t you? Kristen may be hesitant to...embrace everything, but I need to be clear, too — this isn’t about tonight, this is about everything.”

Chapter 10 – Rewards

Mrs. McCarthy didn't come up to Kristen's place. Instead Robert dropped us off first, then was going to deliver her to her hotel where she was going to change and catch a late flight home. In the basement garage, Kristen and her mother leaned over me, air kissed one another with apparent affection — whatever their disagreements, they seemed over them — and Kristen got out of the car. I said goodbye, nervously, moved to follow, but Mrs. McCarthy stopped me. "Just a moment, Danielle."

"Ma,am," I said, sat back down, not challenging the way she said my name.

"I wanted to tell you again, how pleased I am you decided to accept and wear the Sacred Garments, it really does mean so much to me."

"For tonight," I reminded her.

She shook her head. "Can we be honest with one another?" I nodded, nervous. "If Kristen wants you to wear them again, you'll wear them again. You and I both know this."

"Ms. McCarthy, I..."

"You will, Danielle, please, don't lie to either of us. Whether she'll want you to continue to wear them? That's for her to decide, though I think she does. Regardless, you will if she asks; once a boy wears a bra and panties, the die has been cast - the decision is hers now, not yours, you've exposed yourself, my dear."

I looked down. Maybe what she said was true, maybe not. I liked to think I could do what I wanted, but wasn't sure, didn't really know. "You make it sound like I have no choice, Ms. McCarthy."

She smiled. "You don't Danielle, not really. You said you love her. Kristen, however much she may resist, is her mother's daughter. Whatever she may think about the religious aspects of emasculation and feminization, she believes in the practical — she can only be happy, truly happy, with this," she waived her hand toward me.

"I don't know if I can, if I'm strong enough."

She nodded appreciatively. "Very perceptive, Danielle, it does take strength to serve a woman like this, more strength than the

average man has, in some ways. May I give you a piece of advice?"

"What?" I asked, looking away. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Be yourself. Kristen loves you for who you are, be yourself, you'll be happier and so will she."

"I don't know if this me?" That was the question, wasn't it? Was this me? To dress like this? Act like this? Was it me to be soft and feminine and submissive? Was it me?

She laughed at my question, I looked hurt, she apologized.

"Sorry, I don't mean to mock you — you're not the first emasculated boy to ask himself that - most do. It's amusing, though, to hear a boy wearing the Sacred Garments asking himself whether that's him. Is it you? Of course it's you. But you have to find that for yourself, Danielle, don't you? And accept the real you, too. I told you, Kristen may think she disagrees with me about my religion, but I know she'll take a consort one day and it's obvious she means that to be you."

"A consort?" I searched my brain, tried to remember the historical context of consorts. Wives of kings or queens? Didn't it mean something different though, too, in Japan?

"I've said too much," she patted my leg. "Kristen has her own decisions to make, I'm afraid. I'm glad we met, Danielle, I hope to see you again." She kissed me on the cheek. "Remember, be yourself."

As they drove off, Kristen walked quickly ahead. I hurried to catch up as she stepped into the elevator.

"That was interesting," I started to say, eyes on her breasts again. "Your mother mentioned something about a..."

"Quiet," she hissed. I looked down, felt guilty for looking at her breasts, or for being caught. "I warned you, Daniel."

"I...I know, I'm sorry," I whispered.

The doors slid open to her unit, it was softly lit, dangerously peaceful. "Servants quarters," she hissed an order. "Undressed." My eyes went wide. Thank God! "Not the Sacred Garments though, not the bra and panties, those stay on." Her tone startled me, even scared me.

"Kristen..." Not a spanking again, please, I tried, I really tried.

"Go. Now." Her look invited no discussion, no response.

I undressed, took off the tuxedo and shirt, the sheer socks. I hung the tux, stood there in the bra and panties; I wasn't sure what to do, how long I was supposed to wait. The door wasn't locked, but I dared not leave. So I sat on the bed, nervously, wearing only the bra and panties. It was odd, the bra and panties, the Sacred Garments, were more emasculating on their own than when I wore everything else, yet less feminizing. At the moment I felt nowhere near feminine, but wearing a bra, I simply couldn't feel masculine, either; I was in some nether region, not quite boy, not girl, either. Nothing. Hers.

After close to half an hour, the door opened and she walked in, calm, confident. However beautiful she looked before, however sexy, was nothing to how she looked now. My eyes were drawn immediately to her breasts, her almost bare breasts—the black bra she wore was only a quarter cup, it supported her breasts, but displayed them, framed them, accentuated them, did nothing to conceal them. She turned to shut the door and I saw her low slung brief panties were the same, a slither of wet-look embroidery cupped the bottom of her cheeks, while the top of her perfect ass was completely exposed save a criss-cross of shiny elastic straps secured with a bow at the base of the spine. Her lingerie ensemble was completed by a floral embroidered garter belt, black stockings, black pumps, and sheer black wrist gloves. Her makeup was darker, heavier, sinister. She looked sexy, yes, but powerful, confident, dominant.

Naturally, my eyes returned to her bare breasts.

Naturally, she chastised me. “Unless you want tonight to end up with you over my lap, again, spanked, again, and without relief, again, unless you'd like to test how long it will be until I let you squirt, again, I'd suggest you avert your eyes, now, and keep them that way.”

“I...,” I looked down. “You're...you're not playing fair, though.”

“No, I'm not...pet...but that's because I'm the dominant woman and you're the...well no reason to mince words, is there...you're the sissy.”

I inhaled sharply as she walked into the room, past me, inches from my face, and it took considerable will power to keep my eyes lowered with her breasts so close, her ass even closer.

"Can I...may I...say something?"

"Ma'am," she added.

"May I say something, Ma'am?"

"You may."

"I...I'm sorry for staring, I know I shouldn't have, shouldn't. You... you're so beautiful, I...I can't help...sometimes I stare because I can't believe you are my...my girlfriend." I still had trouble saying that, believing that.

"Hmmm," she purred. "You're toying with me."

"No, I...I mean it, I mean, look at you, how did I...how did I get you?" The question of the moment, day, week, month, year.

"By being yourself, Daniel." She laughed. "Danielle."

I bit my lip, she chuckled.

"Kristen...Ma'am..." I added.

"Yes?"

"You're mother said something in the car, something about a consort..."

She sighed. "I thought she might. Later."

"But..."

"Later! Do you know what I thought about all night, Daniel... Danielle?"

"What?"

"Getting you back here with your face between my legs." I looked up, quickly, looked back down, she was so brash. "And not just here, at my place, here in this room, in the servant's quarters, setting the tone, Danielle, here, where you serve me."

"I...I thought," I kept my gaze averted, "I thought I got to...you know..."

"What, Danielle, you thought you got to what?" she demanded.

"You know," I lowered my voice to a mere whisper. "Cum."

"Cum," she repeated, much louder. I nodded, red-faced. "I don't think so, Danielle."

"Please, you said..."

"I know, I know. It's not that, it's the word choice. 'Cum' has such a masculine connotation, doesn't it? It just doesn't seem to fit for a pretty boy wearing a bra and panties, wouldn't you agree? I mean

when I hear the word 'cum,' I think of fucking a man until he 'cums' inside me." My eyes were wide, my insides turning.

"I think of taking a man's cock in my mouth, sucking him and swallowing his 'cum' when he explodes. It just isn't what I picture doing to a pretty little virgin. I don't picture a pretty little sissy being allowed to cum."

I knew she was teasing me, I sensed it, I knew she was turned on, I knew this was a game she was playing because she was excited, because she liked me, because it obviously made me as hot as her. I knew...but...but... "Kristen, Ma'am, please, I just want to..."

"Not cum..."

"But..."

"What's the word?"

"I..."

"Say it, Danielle. 'Squirt.' Say it. I told you before, that's what pretty little virgins do when women play with them, they don't cum, men cum, pretty little virgins, pretty little sissies, when they behave, get to squirt. Squirt. It's dainty, so naughty. Men cum, Danielle, pretty little boys squirt, pretty Favorites in Sacred Garments squirt, pretty little sissy virgins squirt. They don't cum, they never cum."

"Kristen!" I squawked, pained, torn. "Please!"

"Daniel!" Instantly, she sat next to me on the bed, touched my leg, spoke, voice full of concern. "I...I'm sorry, I...look at me."

"I...I can't," I said, afraid to raise my eyes, afraid where they would go, what I would see, stare at.

"Daniel, look at me."

I glanced up, held her eyes for a moment, naturally looked down at her breasts, unable to do but.

"Daniel," I looked up again, held her eyes this time. "Daniel, sweetie, I'm sorry, I...I'm going to far, too fast."

"No."

"Yes, I...Daniel, I...I want you, so badly, you...you don't know what you do to me, I...I lose my self-restraint, I'm like putty, that look you have, I just want to...to control you, to...I'm smothering you, I'm sorry, I'm like...this thing I thought I didn't want but always did and could never have...it's like...right here and...and I'm ruining

everything, we...we should go back to my room, this is too...too much."

"Kristen, please...Ma'am, I...I love you."

"Oh Daniel, fuck, Daniel, I'm...I can't...I won't..."

"I love you, Kristen, what...what do you want me to do?" I bit my lip, not intentionally being provocative, but still...

"Daniel, I...I'm messed up, she...it's natural for her, I want it, but I'm not her, I'll never be her."

"What do you want...why here, why this room?"

"Daniel," she was shaking, "please."

"Why the servant's quarters?" Why? You know why, Daniel, you know, you fucking know.

"Because...because...", she lowered her voice "because servants submit." It was her turn to blush, to feel shame

"What's in the closet?"

"You...you don't..."

I wanted her, I loved her, I wanted her to show me, to teach me, I wanted to try to please her, to adapt, to learn, to submit. It's what she wanted, I knew that, I got that, and if she wanted it, I wanted it. Because you'll do almost anything for her. I slid off the bed, onto my knees in front of her. "What do you want...Ma'am? This? You want me to submit? I...I will, I mean, I...I'm yours?" My eyes were downcast, my hands at my sides, I was vulnerable, soft, submissive.

"I don't want to hurt you, Daniel."

"I think...I think you do, just ...just be careful."

"Daniel, I'm going to scare you away." Her voice was shaking, trembling, laced with fear, excitement.

"No," I said forcefully. "No, please, I...I want to...to serve you, I want to submit, I...I want to try, anyway."

"Daniel, you...you don't understand what I want, what she wants."

Didn't she understand? I knew what Kristen wanted, knew what her mother wanted, I knew, I fucking knew. And I'd show her. I bit my lip, continued to look down, asked her, "How can I serve you... Ma'am?"

I wasn't a fool. She was obviously as dominant as her mother, perhaps just not as comfortable with it. She clearly found pleasure,

sexual and otherwise, from my submission. I wasn't sure what that meant, yet I knew with all my heart that yin followed yang, that I was happy, happier than I'd ever been, ever expected to be, all because of this woman. Not just because she was beautiful, but because she was strong, powerful, dominant. I was afraid of her, yes, afraid of what she wanted, afraid of what I wanted, too. I was afraid I wanted to submit as much as she wanted to dominate.

"Daniel, you don't mean that." Her words were those of a skeptic, but her tone was one of unbelieving hope mixed with fear informed by excitement.

"You...you set the tone, Kristen...Ma'am...Mistress," I said. "I...I want to serve you...I want to try, please...if this is what you want, I...I want it to, I want to make you happy, I want to."

"Daniel..." Surrender, her voice was soft, full of need.

"Kristen...Ma'am...I...I want to serve you," I said again, trying to find conviction, the voice to match the words.

"Daniel, please, you don't know what you're asking."

"Show me," I said. I looked up, finally, not at her face, though, at her chest, at her bare breasts, I looked, glared, stared, dared her to jump.

"Daniel, I...I told you not to do that," she said weakly.

"What...what's in the closet?" I asked again, softly, eyes still on her breasts challenging her.

"My mother...she...always hoped...she gave me things to...to use..."

"Use?"

"To use...on a misbehaving Favorite."

"Use them. Please, you want to."

"You..." She struggled. I understood, once the floodgates opened, there was no stopping, no slowing, no turning back. But the reality was, we'd already passed that point long ago, we were already rushing downward, lost. She stood, left the room without a word, locked the door behind her, left me kneeling on the floor, confused, scared.

Did I push too far, did I misjudge, isn't this what she wanted? Or was she testing me, my resolve, my dedication? I stayed where I was on the floor, again lowered my eyes, waited.

Several minutes later I heard the lock again, the door opened, but I stayed still, didn't even look back to her. She returned to where she had been, on the bed in front of me, this time I kept my eyes lowered to the floor so I didn't see what she had, was, quite frankly, afraid. "I wasn't sure, before tonight, but I am now."

"Kristen...Ma'am?" In for a penny, in for a pound.

"The Sacred Garments, Daniel...Danielle," she chuckled.

"Mother's something, isn't she? Danielle, she said."

"I...I don't follow you."

"She's right, you're my Favorite, not by ceremony, but practically...you will be. And if...if...this is to go farther, you'll wear them then anyway, her damn Sacred Garments?"

"When?"

"When?!" she sounded disappointed. "Dammit, I told you, you don't get it, Daniel! Always! That's the whole point! A Favorite is emasculated, always!"

"Always?"

"Always, Daniel. Always. It's not a game. Always. Always! If you can't do that, Daniel, you can never..."

"Yes," I said again, "yes."

Silence, I felt her gaze on me. "Daniel." I sensed her doubt, her hope, her anticipation, her reluctance. "You...you'll wear a bra because...because..."

"Because you want me to, Kristen." I looked up now, this time into her eyes, not at her breasts. "Because you want me to. And if you want me to, I want to, too."

"Daniel, I...I won't be able to stop, it might already be too late."

"I love you, Kristen."

Silence again. She thought. I waited. A decision. "Take them off." She saw the surprise in my eyes, my hesitation, laughed. "Just to change," she pulled something from behind her, pink satin. "There's a bra built in," she said, unfolded the delicate babydoll so I could see the underwire cups trimmed with black lace, the same lace on the hem.

"It...it's pretty."

"It was only a matter of time, Danielle. Enough with the charade."

"Charade?"

“That you’re a man. You can’t be, won’t be, I don’t want it, wouldn’t allow it, can’t have it. And you’re not, you know this, you never were.”

“It...it’s so pretty,” I mumbled repetitiously.

“Panties too.”

“Thank you.”

“Is it hard?”

“To wear them? A little.”

She smirked. “I mean your pretty little penis, silly.” She looked down at the panties I still wore, smiled. “Of course you’re tucked, so no. That’s good though, no need for unsightly bulges in your panties. Go ahead, change, just do the panties quickly, I don’t want to see it, not yet.”

I did the panties first, quickly as she asked, barely got myself tucked between my legs and the panties up in time to keep my penis from swelling completely. Then I slipped the babydoll over my head, pulled it down, felt the constriction of the bra cups, the elastic, biting into my chest, the underwires, moving flesh, creating illusions.

“Hmmm,” she smiled at me, “so pretty, so pretty. You know, it’s an open question amongst my mother and her friends...what’s more emasculating, putting a boy in a bra,” she pointed to my chest, “or taking his soft, little penis away from him?” She pointed to my panties with a gleam in her eyes; she was playful, toying with me. She beckoned me closer, I leaned toward her, couldn’t help look at her breasts. “My mother used to tell me,” she whispered in my ear as she reached down and touched my tucked, throbbing penis, “you need to constantly remind a Favorite that men have cocks, not pretty little sissy boys.” I inhaled sharply as I did before when she used that word but she ignored my reaction, was even happy with it. “You sure you want this, Danielle?”

“Yes,” I said, mouth dry. “Yes...Mistress.”

She took a quick breath, pushed me back, stood, walked to the closet. “Stay facing the bed, my pretty. And no peaking.”

I heard a small key turning a lock, a drawer opened and shut, the lock again, her heels on the floor, back to me. “I know you know what I want, Danielle, your submission, but you don’t know how I want it,” she whispered in my ear, “but...but don’t let me go too far.”

“Too far?”

“Red, yellow, green, just say them, you understand?”

I nodded, swallowed. Fuck, she was serious, wasn't she. Red, yellow, green.

“Red, yellow, or green, pretty boy?”

“Green.”

“Red, yellow, or green...sissy boy?”

“Oh,” I exhaled, “green...yellow...green.”

“Indecisive? Try again. Red, yellow, or green...sissy girl?”

I was breathing heavily, that word, that fucking word. Both, really. Sissy. Girl. “G...y...gr...yellow,” I finally said.

I heard her breathing, excited, confident, pleased. I realized I was telling her what scared me, what buttons to push, how to get into my brain, how to control me. And I didn't care, I wanted her, I fucking needed her, wanted her to control me.

“Hmmm,” she touched my upper arm, ran her fingers down to my wrist, pulled my hand behind me. “Hold still,” she said, repeated with my other arm.

“What's that,” I asked nervously when I felt her wrap something around my wrist.

“Just wait,” she said, did the same with my other wrist. “Look.” She let go of my arms.

I pulled them forward. Holy Fuck! Soft pink leather bands, cuffs, encircled each wrist, buckled down; oddly they reminded me of dog collars, with a large D-ring where a leash would be attached, or...”Kristen...” She pulled my arms back behind me, I didn't resist, didn't think to, and I heard the metallic click. Where a leash would be attached to a dog's collar...or where something could attach the cuffs together! I pulled my wrists apart, they wouldn't bulge, not at all. “Hey, I...”

“Red, yellow, or green, Daniel?”

“Green, but...”

“Then no complaining, love, don't spoil it.”

“Spoil what?”

She stepped in front of me, took my face in her hands, kissed me deeply. “Your submission, my pretty little boy.” As she said that, her hands moved down, touched the bra of the babydoll, and she kissed

me again. “Your surrender, my pretty little virgin.” Her hand moved lower, touched me between my legs. “Your emasculation, my pretty little Favorite.”

“Ohhh,” I moaned softly, aware of the throbbing between my legs, my trapped penis desperately trying to fill with blood.

“Your feminization, my pretty little sissy.” The sound that escaped my lips was part moan, part gasp, part no, part surrender. I was hers, there was no question I was hers. I wanted to say one of the words, red or yellow, too much or slow down, I tried, couldn’t, left just to moan, whimper. I looked at the floor, overwhelmed by the impact she had on me, how she made me want to submit, to please her, to love her, to serve her. “I...I don’t know,” I finally said.

“You do, my pretty, that’s why your little penis is absolutely throbbing.” I felt her press down, knew instinctively what she wanted, what she demanded of me. Surrender. Carefully, with her helping me, I lowered myself to my knees before her. I misunderstood one thing, though, it wasn’t her pussy she presented to me, not yet anyway, she turned, offered me her rear, the soft skin of her back, her ass, framed and accentuated by the unique panties that cupped the bottoms of her cheeks, left the tops exposed, save for a criss-cross of shiny elastic straps secured with a bow at the base of the spine.

I leaned forward, tongue out, licked each of the black straps, three on each side, began where the strap attached to the bottom of the panties, licked slowly to the bow; my tongue touched the strap, her skin on either side. I kissed her ass, literally and figuratively, an act tender and loving, but significant more for the symbolism of submission — I was a boy with his masculinity taken made to show his love and devotion to his liege as if I was her vassal, her subject, her servant. And I was, or wanted to be.

Kristen was as lost in the moment as I was — my mouth touched none of her obvious erogenous zones but she inhaled deeply, exhaled a moan with each flick of my tongue, pushed backwards to meet my mouth the instant I moved. Finally, my tongue at her lower back, she turned so it grazed her hip, her stomach just above the waist of her panties. “Oh, Danielle,” she whispered softly, one hand on my head steadying both of us.

I looked up at her, met her eyes. "Kristen," I whispered back.

"I can call you Danielle, can't I? I know it's...it's pushing...but please?"

"Yes, yes."

Her eyes went wide for an instant, then closed as she pulled my head downward, to the front of her panties, to the sweet scent, the taste, to the forbidden. "Make me cum, Danielle, make me cum, love, make me cum."

I licked her, first through her panties, then, after she took them off and lay back on the bed, directly, until she had cum over and over and over. And though my knees and arms began to ache, I would have gone on longer and longer had she not eased me to the bed next to her and directed me to her breasts to suckle like a baby. "You're learning, my pretty little virgin" she toyed with my babydoll while I licked her breasts tenderly, eagerly.

"I...I have a good teacher, Ma'am," I replied with a flick of my tongue on her nipple.

"Hmmm," she shook. I felt her hand snake downwards, between my legs, come to rest on the front of my panties, heard her giggle.

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing, sweetie."

"What?" I asked again, bit her nipple gently.

"Careful," she hissed, but no real anger in her voice.

"Why...why'd you giggle?" I asked again.

"It's what I want but it's not what I'm used to."

"What isn't?" I asked.

"I'm used to...usually...when a boy's licking my breasts... reach down and find a hard cock, desperate to go inside me, not the soft, smooth front of women's panties. It's like...like making love to a woman."

I understood why she said it, to emasculate me, understood why she wanted to, for power, for love, too. But even understanding, her word whipped through my brain and my psyche. "Am...am I really that small?"

She was silent at first, just gently rubbed the front of my panties, the smooth, flat front where a man's cock would normally be. The front where a bulge should be, like the bulge on the mannequins at

the store. But the flat front that offered nothing, that was as empty as a woman's panties should be. I understood what she was doing, why she was doing it, knew it was working just as she intended. "You're exactly what I want," she answered, a non-answer, but all the answer in the world. Yes, yes, yes.

"But am I really...small?"

"You're exactly what I want, my pretty little sissy, exactly what I want." I moaned again at being called a sissy, as I had every other time, it grated on me even as I was wearing a babydoll with a built in bra, panties, even as I submitted to her, willingly. "You don't like that? Being small?"

"I...no." No, no, I don't like it, except that it makes me blind with humiliation...and desire.

"It doesn't matter if you're big or small, love, what matters is how you think of it, not like a man does, but like sissy. This, my pretty little virgin," she reached lower, rubbed where I was tucked, "this isn't going inside me, this isn't what you need to worry about. Men think with their cocks, not pretty little boys, not pretty little virgins, not pretty little sissies."

"Hmmm," I closed my eyes.

"Red, yellow, or green?"

"I...I don't know," I moaned, "Yellow."

"Hmmm."

"What if...what if I take it out, sweetie, will that make it better?"

"What?"

"Your soft, pretty little sissy penis. What if I take it out and touch it?"

"Please, Kristen, I...I..." While thinking, half begging, she undid the clip that bound my wrists together, though my freedom was short-lived, just enough to stretch my arms, barely enough to think or appreciate the unrestricted movement, for she rubbed each arm, lifted them over my head, and leaned over me, breasts on my face again, enough to distract me while she clipped my wrists back together over my head, to the metal frame of the headboard.

"I promised to let you squirt," she whispered in my ear, hand on my panties. "Do you still want me to? I don't have to if you really don't want to."

“Yes, please, yes,” I thrashed about desperately. “Kristen, I... please...”

Kristen moved her hand to the waistband of my panties, reached in and deftly maneuvered me so I was no longer tucked but still covered by the delicate, feminine fabric. She pulled her hand back out, rested it on the quickly swelling bulge. “Mmmmm, Danielle, my, my, this is a very unfeminine bulge. Not masculine, mind you, but certainly not feminine either.” She was toying with me, teasing me, somehow knew exactly what buttons to push. “So, you asked me if it’s really that small? I don’t want to lie, it’s small...it’s not tiny, so no, it’s not that small. It’s just...”

“Just what?” I begged. Just what, just what, just what???

It’s just...” She leaned to my ear, whispered, “it’s just so much smaller than any of the cock’s I’ve had inside me.”

“Fuck, Kristen!” She knew exactly how to tease me, exactly how to push me to the edge. Her humiliating words stung, but yet enthralled me.

“It’s not too small though, my pretty little virgin, I mean, it’s not a cock like I’m used to, but it’s cute, especially in pretty panties.” She touched it lightly, every so lightly, enough that I could feel it, not even close enough to push me to the edge. No, no, she isn’t finished with you, no, not close, no.

“It’s like, well, no one would mistake it for a cock, it’s like a cute little penis, a...a little sissy penis.” I jumped, my penis, my body, my mind, all reacted, all gave away my desire. “There, there, see, that word’s not so scary now, is it? Look how it makes your little penis jump in your panties...sissy.” She leaned over again, her mouth to my ear. “I think you like the word...sissy.” I moaned, she rubbed me with more vigor, just for a moment, stopped again. “What is it, my pretty little virgin, what’s this in your panties? It’s not a cock, is it?”

Her teasing was tormenting me, I wanted to cum...to squirt...I wanted to, needed to, the urge was stronger than I’d ever felt. “I...no, nnnnnooo,” I managed to croak.

“Too small to be a cock,” she said, rubbed it again, a reward, stopped, then rubbed ever so slightly. “Much, much too small to be a man’s cock...but too big to be a girl...what is it, Daniel, tell me, I want to hear you say it.”

Penis...penis...“It’s a...a...pe...” She stopped immediately, shook her head. “Kristen...please...”

“What is it?” she asked again, rubbed again. “You know...you can say it.”

Little penis...“A...a little pe...”

Again she stopped, again she asked. “No, not quite. Say it, Danielle...what is it...say it...I want to hear you say it.”

I swallowed, pulled my bound arms helplessly, couldn’t touch myself, wanted, no needed her to rub me again, needed her to touch me, to let me squirt. It was the only way, through her, with her, from her. “It...it’s a...a...”

“You can say it,” she said softly. “Go ahead. What is it?”

“It’s a...a sissy penis.”

She began rubbing me immediately through my panties, an instant reward for answering correctly, for saying the word - that dreaded word. “Such a good boy,” she cooed, “such a good, good boy.”

“Oh fuck me, Kristen,” I moaned without thinking.

“What?” she giggled. “Fuck you? No, no, my pretty little virgin,” she giggled. “How many times do I have to tell you, your little sissy penis isn’t going inside me.”

She paused, like she wanted to say it, but more, wanted me to think it. “But...” Ever? Ever? I bit my lip to stop myself from asking the question, she meant until we married...if we married...not ever, she couldn’t mean ‘ever.’ Could she?

“Does my pretty little sissy want to squirt?”

I nodded. “Please...Ma’am...please.”

“Not yet, love, not yet,” she said, slowed down her rubbing so I backed away from the edge, though just slightly. “You’re my Favorite, you know that, my mother’s right...I’m not in her world...yet...but...but...”

“I know,” I said as I tried to breathe normally. “I...” Her had slowed again, I could think, if I struggled. Sissy? How the fuck can I reconcile being her boyfriend with being a sissy. “Kristen, I...I just...” I looked down at the lingerie. She knew what I thought.

“I told you, Danielle, if nothing else, my mother is right about one thing — men are great fun to fuck, but not to fall in love with, not for

me, anyway, not for who I am, not being her daughter. I love you, Daniel, Danielle, I mean it, I love you. You're...you're everything."

"But I'm not a..."

"I love you for who you are, who you can be." She started massaging me again, I lurched to the edge, the question I wanted to ask unspoken. What am I supposed to be? What's a consort? What does she want me to be? What's more?

"You'll be my Favorite? You understand what that means, don't you? You'll wear the Sacred Garments, always, without complaint."

"Yes, of course," I answered too quickly, too eager to pledge fidelity.

"That means a bra and panties, lover, all the time."

"Yes," I gulped. "I...I know."

"Or something pretty, when you're here with me."

"Like...like pajamas?"

"Perhaps. But whatever I say, a babydoll or a nightie, anything, okay?" She rubbed slightly faster, the answer she wanted jumped to my lips.

"Yes."

"A Favorite wears them without complaint, that's part of what makes it special, even if it's difficult to be emasculated and feminized."

I nodded.

"And your virginity, love."

I blushed. "Kristen..."

"It's important, critical now, a show of devotion to me."

"When...when can I...can we..."

"Not now love, I told you from the beginning, I can only..." she paused as if she changed words, "I can only marry a virgin."

"But I can still..."

"Squirt? Of course Danielle — when I allow it." I looked away, was shaking.

"Allow it?"

"Yes, allow it. It...a Favorite...this," she rubbed me, "this belongs to me. Your orgasms belong to me. Your pleasure belongs to me. So...no masturbating, I mean it." But for her fingers gently stroking my erection through the soft panties, I may have balked instead of

nodded. "That means if I tell you that you're not allowed to squirt today, no masturbating...your little sissy penis belongs to me." She stopped rubbing, the implication clear, give the desired response, get the desired pleasure.

"Yes, please, yes."

"You'll wear the Sacred Garments?"

"Yes!"

"Something pretty here?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And your little sissy penis belongs to..."

"To you, Kristen, to you."

"And NO masturbating."

"Yes, Kristen, yes, anything, please."

"Not anything, love, those things, for now—submission, the Sacred Garments, other pretty things, and this," she pinched me, "little sissy penis, this belongs to me."

I swallowed. "Yes, yes, yes."

"Such a good sissy, so weak, so submissive, so vulnerable. Do you want me to make you squirt now, love?"

"Please, Kristen, I...I need to, it...it hurts," I begged and I wasn't lying, I was as engorged as I'd ever been, desperate for relief, for release.

She kissed my ear, my neck, my face, told me she loved hearing me beg, loved watching me struggle, loved the sad, desperate look on my face, how much it turned her on. "You're mine, love, all mine." She kissed lower, on my chest, on each bra cup, her hands kneading my chest like a man would a woman's breasts, lower still, worked her way down the babydoll, kissed my stomach, my hips, then paused, her face, her mouth, mere inches over my throbbing erection.

"Ever had a woman's mouth down here?"

"What? Nnnooo," I moaned; if not held still by the panties, my penis would have jumped up, touched her face, her mouth.

"Know what I like to do to a man's cock, Danielle, the first time I'm down here like this?" I shook my head...I know what I want you to do to me. "I like to take his cock out, feel it throbbing, wrap my lips around it," she licked her lips while staring in my eyes, "take his cock in my mouth," she opened her mouth, breathed heavily, "lick him and

suck him. Take him all the way, deeper, suck him...and until his cock explodes in my mouth."

My eyes were wide, my hips buckled, her description what I hoped, what I wanted.

"I love making a man cum like that, deep in my mouth, swallowing all of it, looking him in the eyes." She looked up at me, a grin on her face. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I said, though I blushed, too.

"I...I'm good at it...sucking cock...really good at it...I like it, I really like it...so it's too bad..."

"What?" I pictured her sucking, first her lips wrapped around me, but then, a man, a strong, masculine man.

"I love sucking cock, it's just too, too bad."

Todd's cock! Did she love sucking Todd's cock? His perfect cock? Of course! Yes, of course! "Too bad what?"

"It's just too bad...my pretty little sissy...that you don't have one," she looked me in the eyes. "A cock for me to suck...I know you would have loved it if you did."

"Kristen," I bucked, almost willing myself to her mouth, "you...you said I could cum."

She laughed, shook her head. "No, sweetie, men...men get to cum. I said you could squirt, isn't that what you asked for? To squirt? Like a pretty little sissy, like a pretty little virgin." She blew on my erection, moved down, let her tongue almost touched it, almost licked it, almost, almost.

I was swept over the edge, she knew, she knew exactly what she was doing. I was a fucking virgin! I could not take teasing like this, torment like this, it was too much, too powerful, too unlike anything I'd ever known. "Yes, please, anything, squirt, please, dear god, please."

"Who do you belong to, Danielle? Who does this belong to?" She opened her mouth, tongue out, mimicked licking me through my panties, didn't touch me though, so close, so close.

"You, fuck, you, you."

She licked her way back up my body until she was beside me again, her mouth in my ear, her hand once again caressing me gently through the soft panties. "You're mine...Danielle, mine. I want

to make you squirt...you're mine...I want to make you happy...you're mine...pretty boy...you're mine...all mine." Two fingers, circling the tip, pressing, rubbing. "This is mine...my pretty little virgin. You're pleasure belongs to me...you're mine...your orgasm belongs to me...you're mine...you sissy penis belongs to me. Mine. All mine."

The damn burst, waves of pleasure washed over me, I convulsed, pulled at my bound arms, lifted my pelvis, cum exploded out of me, soaked the panties. "Ohhhhhh," I moaned, "ohhhh, ohhhhhh."

"Yes, that's it my pretty little sissy, squirt for me, squirt, squirt."

"Ohhhhhh," I continued to moan.

"You know, if you had a cock, you'd be cumming in my mouth right now...like a man."

"Hmmmmmm." The room spun, I was dizzy, disconnected, her words were candy, erotic, humiliating, thrilling.

"Not getting your panties wet, soaking them...like a girl."

"Ohhhh," I continued to moan, but something else was creeping into my mind, something sinister, humiliation different than I'd felt earlier, shame more real, more acute, not at all laced with excitement, pure, overwhelming. "Kristen," I pulled at my arms to cover myself, of course, bound, they didn't move. "Please," I said urgently, "let...let me go."

"No," she answered, evenly, "no."

"Please," I begged, aware of the lingerie touching my skin, the cum soaking me, the tightness of the babydoll's bra around my chest. "I...I have to..." I needed to take them off, rip them off, get them off, now, NOW!

"No," she said again. "No you don't."

"I..." I pulled my arms again, even though I knew I couldn't reach the bra, I tried, had to try. "Please, Kristen!"

"Shhhh," she touched me softly. "It's just you libido fading away, love."

"Please Kristen," I tugged my arms, hard, on the verge of panic.

"Say 'red' and I'll let you go, immediately, but please, if you can stand it, if you're even a tiny bit yellow, please try, please trust me, okay?" I bit my lip, bit the word down, trust her, trust her, I wanted to, I tried to. "Shhhh, that's it, love, just relax, your libido's gone, shhhh,

you feel ashamed, I know, please, just relax. Oh I know, Daniel, I know." Her hand found it's way back between my legs, avoided the wet front of the panties, touched lower, my balls, gently massaged. "You need just a little of your libido back, it's okay, don't say it, it's okay...yellow...breathe...yellow...in...out...in...out...it will be okay, trust me...trust me."

The word was on my lips, red, but I managed to bite it off when she started touching my balls. She massaged me for several minutes, eventually I stopped biting my lip, then let my arms relax, let the tension go from the restraints.

"Better?"

"Yellow," I said, eyes closed.

She kept kneading my balls, it felt good, refreshing, though I wasn't swelling, wasn't growing, wasn't getting erect at all. "Do you still want to rip it off?"

"Yes...no...maybe a little," I admitted.

"It's okay, I understand, just relax, it will pass in a minute, trust me." She kept rubbing and massaging, gentle, tender.

"You sound like you know from...from experience."

"Honey, you know I've been with men."

"Yes," I said. I looked away, felt my stomach lurch, even a slight movement in my panties. I hope she didn't notice that! "But...but not someone like me? I'm your first...?" The word was on my mind, I was afraid to say it. "Your first..."

"Sissy," she said for me. "You're my first Favorite, my first real sissy," she whispered.

"How do you..."

"She taught me, growing up, how could I not know, it was like, part of life, she almost always had a Favorite. I saw things."

"This?"

"Well, not this, well, not exactly, but she was very open about sex, certainly talking about it, remember, it's a religious thing with her, not something to be hidden away. Would it bother you?"

"What?"

"If I'd had a sissy...a Favorite...before. I haven't, by the way, but would it bother you?"

"I don't know. Maybe. Yes," I finally admitted.

“Why?”

“I...I don't know, because I...I want to be special.”

“You,” Kristen smiled, “you are. What about men, does that bother you? That I've been with men?”

“Not...not as much.” I tried to keep the visions from my head, didn't succeed.

She tilted her head, stared at me. “Are you calm, now?”

“Yes.”

She reached up, deftly unclipped my hands from the bed frame. “Wait,” she said when I started to move my arms to my sides. “Can I...in front of you?”

“What?”

“Clip them together again, in front. I...I like seeing you bound...helpless.”

“If...if you want,” I said, moved my wrists together. That was a lie, or at least not the full reason, because for reasons I couldn't understand, I liked feeling helpless, too.

We said nothing for several minutes, just lay there, content, post orgasmic, held one another, touched one another. She avoided anything below my waist, ran her fingers over my stomach, eventually moved them up to my chest.

“It's different, isn't it?”

“I don't have anything to compare it to, Kristen.”

“No, silly, I don't mean the sex...but yes it's very different with you...I meant the sensations of lingerie.”

“Oh,” I said. “Yes, it's very...different, I guess that's a good word.”

“I don't know how men wear what they wear...so rough and...practical...lingerie is so different...the feelings...smooth satin and nylon and silk feels so luxurious against the skin. It's one thing for a man to feel lingerie a woman wears, but feeling it from the inside.”

“It...it's different.” Different, but a good different, in fact I knew it felt wonderful.

“When I wear lingerie, I feel desirable and attractive and unmistakably feminine.” She massaged me through the babydoll, lightly, teasingly. “You feel it, don't you?” she whispered in my ear. “You feel that, too?”

I swallowed. “I...”

“Shhhh. Soft and gentle, demure...submissive. That’s why it’s so important to me, love, you understand that, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“It’s both...”

“Both?”

She laughed. “Erotic...a woman wears lingerie in the bedroom to look pretty and feminine for her man, to turn him on, to seduce him. She wears it outside the bedroom for herself, to feel feminine and confident. But you, you’re going to be a Favorite...”

“It’s different?”

“A little. Not the first part, not the seduction, not the erotic part.”

“I’m not seducing a man,” I laughed nervously, touched her waist.

“Obviously not, but don’t laugh, some sissies do...want to seduce men that is. And some women...well...never mind, but yes, dressed like this now you’re seducing me. It’s the second part, though, that’s a little different. Women wear lingerie to feel feminine, Favorites or sissies feel the same, soft and pretty and feminine. But where a woman wears lingerie to feel confident, a Favorite feels the opposite, pretty lingerie encourages the more submissive aspects of a boy’s personality.”

I blushed, looked away, her words were a perfect description of how I felt. Feminine, yes, the lingerie completely stripped away whatever vulnerable feelings of masculinity I had, made me feel feminine. Erotically so. But the submission! She was right, I didn’t feel confident, as she said she did. Quite the opposite, I felt meek, demure, humiliated, yes, submissive.

“It’s so ironic.”

“The different reactions,” I asked.

“No, not quite, the way a sissy reacts to submissive feelings, ashamed, humiliated, it’s ironic how it only makes her want to do it even more.”

“This is all new to me, Kristen, I’m sorry...you’re kind of overwhelming.” I fought the urge to strip out of the feminine clothes, realized even if I wanted to, I couldn’t, not with my hands bound. And as simple as the bonds were, good luck undoing them without her help.

"I know, Daniel," she said, "realize it is for me, too. I mean, I grew up with it, sure, but I rejected it, I never thought I'd..."

"What?"

She looked at me, a tear in her eye. "I never thought I'd actually fall in love with someone like you."

"Kristen, I...you make me feel...special."

"You are, Daniel...Danielle. You are, you're...you're not like anyone I've ever been with. Not like anyone I've ever...you know."

My body stiffened for a moment. She just nuzzled against me, spoke only after several minutes. "It doesn't bother you, does it?"

"What?" I asked.

"That I've been with men? That I'm not a virgin like you?"

"Kristen, I...n...no," I said, blushed, looked away. Was I stirring again? Did she know?

"Because it's important to me that you are, even if I'm not quite so innocent."

"It...it's okay," I said, grateful her hand was on my chest, not touching me between my legs, so she couldn't feel, couldn't know. Was I stirring? Was I getting erect? Already?

"Hmmm."

"What?"

"Oh...nothing." She cuddled me again, her head on my shoulder, quietly, touched me lightly on my chest. "I'm sorry," she said, raised her head, looked at me. "I...I just have to make sure...when we were...you know...earlier...I said I liked...that I liked to suck cock...that didn't upset you, did it? I just want to make sure. I mean, I don't want to hurt you...too much, anyway. I like to tease you...humiliate you...but to a point...I'm not cruel and I never want to hurt you."

"Kristen," I sighed. Please stop talking about this, please!

"Seriously, I didn't mean to...to throw it in your face...fucking...I was just...teasing you a little. You know, cock versus..." She started to move her hand downward, towards the growing lump.

"It's fine," I said quickly, turning, willing her hand to stop.

"I just want to make sure...I thought...it just seemed kind of erotic at the time...I'm sorry, I...I don't have to say something like that again, I didn't mean to upset you."

"It...it didn't upset me, Kristen."

“You’re sure?”

“Yes, really. It was...” What? Fucking erotic as hell listening to my girlfriend tell me how much she liked to suck cock? A damn turn-on thinking of her kneeling between a man’s legs her mouth full of cock? What was I supposed to say, that when I orgasmed I had a mental picture of a man, and not just any man, but Todd fucking her?

“Erotic,” she giggled. “No, shhh, don’t answer, I’m embarrassing you. Forget I asked that. I just...you’re okay...that I’ve...”

“Yes,” I answered quickly, wanting this conversation to end. Now. Not because it was uncomfortable, though it was, but because my discomfort was causing a reaction I was desperate to hide!

“I love you, Danielle,” she whispered as both of us started to drift, sleep calling.

“Yes, I love you,” I answered, my words, slurred, groggy, sleep, sleep.

Chapter 11 – Shopping

We dozed in the bed in the Servant's quarters were both tired, but the cold wetness of my panties made true sleep difficult. Eventually Kristen got up, left the room. I thought she was locking me in, but she left the door open, came back after a few minutes holding a warm washcloth and something clean for me to sleep in. I stripped off the wet panties, looked away as I did, ashamed again to have made such a mess. But Kristen not only knew what I was thinking, she was prepared for it.

"It's okay," she touched my arm gently, "really."

I pulled back. Okay? How was it okay? I was peeling off panties, wet, cold, from my own cum. In what possible way was this okay? "Kristen...it...it's not." The guilt and humiliation raced through me. I was ashamed at myself, worried how she saw me. How could she want this?

"It is," she said, again reached for me again, gently rubbing my arm. "I know you're confused, but it's okay, this is how you're supposed to feel after you...squirt; just...just trust me. Please." I remained skeptical, but she pressed the point. "Do...do you want me to call Robert and have him bring you home?" Her face said that's not what she wanted, but did I?

"I..." Part of me wanted to flee again, part of me wanted to run again. I felt myself waiver, but knew I couldn't leave, she knew it too, but took no chances, didn't play close to fair.

She kept her hand on my arm, maintained the skin-to-skin contact. "Because I'd much rather you stay," she said. "And...and I made up your room for you."

I looked at her. My room? "Can't I...can't we..."

"No," she said gently, "I'd rather not. I don't sleep well sometimes, especially with someone, and I have to get up early and make some overseas calls."

"Oh," I couldn't hide my disappointment. I felt rejected, felt she didn't want me in her bed, didn't want what I was.

"Daniel," she said, smiled, "Danielle...I want you here, please believe me. I just want to sleep alone. It's just...a thing of mine. But

I'm going to go to sleep smiling, thinking of my pretty little boyfriend, my Favorite, wearing a pretty little nightie tucked away in his pretty bed in his pretty room." She unfolded the nightie in her hands - it was black satin with ivory lace appliqué on the hem, over the cups.

I took a deep breath, her words washed over me, comforted me. "It...it is pretty."

"It's very pretty, very sexy, very feminine. Do you want me to put it away and call Robert to take you home? Or do you want to stay?"

"I...I want to stay," I whispered, too easily surrendering to her, to the feminine, too easily giving up.

After I slipped on the nightie and matching panties, she tucked me into bed, pulled the satin sheets up around my shoulders; I was having trouble keeping my eyes open. "Are you sure I can't sleep with you?" I had asked, almost mumbling.

"Yes," she brushed the hair from my forehead as she tucked me in. "I really don't sleep well with someone in my bed. So, you sleep in and have sweet, feminine thoughts, come find me in the morning, I'll be in my office. Oh, and bring coffee."

"Coffee? Where is it?" I asked, sleepily.

"You'll find it, love, you'll find it."

When I found her in the morning, she was in her office, on the phone, serious, commanding, dressed like she was at her real office. She wore a sleek knee-length winter white pencil skirt, a semi-sheer white silk blouse, nude hose and cognac colored peep-toed heels. I walked in quietly, still a little dazed from only recently waking up. The difference between us was pronounced - she the powerful, professionally attired business woman - me, the soft, demure, sexily attired pretty boy, her sissy, her Favorite. I felt the stark difference and it stirred something inside me, that thing that connected me to her, that bound me to her.

I stood silently in the doorway, nervous to intrude, she saw me, looked up, gave me a quick half smile, looked back at her computer. "No, dammit, you're not looking at it correctly." Obviously something was not going well and someone was being chastised. She looked

back up at me, at my hands, frowned. “Coffee,” she mouthed, shooed me out of the room with a free hand.

Fuck! She was obviously annoyed, both at me and whoever she was talking to. I started to apologize, but she waived that off, irritated, waved me out of the room again. “Listen, the numbers are off, I don’t care what the accountant says, I know it.”

I hurried to the kitchen, annoyed at myself for getting her annoyed, like I’d failed. It was the tone, the setting of a tone. Intentional, I realized, when I got to the kitchen.

I needn’t have worried about finding things to make coffee; Kristen had set them out on the counter — beans, a burr grinder, an electric kettle, an aero press, a coffee mug. One mug sitting next to a small tray. I smiled. Apparently I was to serve her coffee. And, as if to reinforce what she expected, to be served, one other thing was carefully set on the counter next to the coffee supplies — a small, feminine, white calico apron with lace around the hem. An apron a hostess might wear. Perhaps at one time a wife or an aunt. Or a maid. A servant. A Favorite! A sissy.

If I hadn’t annoyed her already, I might have ignored the apron, might have pretended I didn’t see it on the counter waiting for me. I might have simply made the coffee. I might even have gotten dressed while the water was boiling, might have covered a bra and panties with male clothing. Might have, but what was obviously expected of me was to put on the apron, make coffee, and serve her. A Favorite serves, she once told me, a Favorite is soft and feminine and submissive, happy just to please his mistress. That’s what she wanted right now? Me to serve her? Setting a tone, my pretty, setting a tone.

I picked the apron up, wrapped ties around my waist, the apron strings. Worn over a black satin chemise, it could only have been more feminine if it was a full-on pinafore. Or a full-on maid’s uniform, I couldn’t help thinking. Setting a tone, my pretty, setting a tone.

A Favorite serves. A pretty boy serves. A virgin serves. A sissy serves. I serve.

I felt the stirring in my panties, actually gasped, quickly reached in and tucked my penis against the fabric, trapping it before it could grow, afraid of even the smallest outline of an erection in the apron. I

instinctively knew she wouldn't like that, wouldn't want the tone she was setting, feminine, soft, sissy, Favorite, ruined by even a hint of masculine.

Men have cocks - not pretty little sissy boys

Fuck, would you listen to yourself, Daniel, what the hell has gotten into you? It's like you're ashamed of your maleness.

Kristen, that's what! Kristen - she'd gotten into me, into my mind, my heart, gotten into my life, somehow she'd become more important than work, more important than my friends, more important than even my gender. She warned you to run, Daniel, she fucking warned you and you didn't run, so you might as well throw yourself into it.

It was reaching for kettle that did it that morning, that destroyed any illusions of masculinity that remained in that moment. They would come back, again and again, but not that morning. It happened when I stood on my toes to reach the kettle, setting in the middle of the island. I felt my leg muscles tighten, my ass too, and for an instant I pictured Kristen's legs when she wore heels, tight, smooth, much like I must have looked in that moment. The pretty girl up on her toes, catching the eye of anyone watching her. It was so innocent, not planned, not contrived, but the pose, the lingerie, my panties holding my soft penis, the apron, everything screamed soft, feminine, pretty, sissy. Everything. Everything.

I carried the tray with the single cup back to Kristen's office, walking on the balls of my feet, mentally, I was her servant, submissive, demure. Set a tone, set the right tone.

"Don't you think I thought to check that? I hate to say it, but it feels wrong," she snapped into the phone, not even looking at me.

I set the tray in front of her, was about to go sit, when a better idea came to mind.

"Of course I realize the irony, but I'm not convinced. He needs to check the P&L again...and again, something isn't right, you know I'm not wrong."

I looked to her face, but she didn't look at me, didn't even acknowledge me, though she reached for the coffee. Instead of sitting on a chair, I stayed next to her, carefully, slowly, knelt down

and sat on my heels before her, bit my lip, nervous. Was this too much, was this going to make her flip out?

She wasn't going to flip out. I saw it in her eyes the second she looked down at me. I knew what I'd done was both unexpected and exactly the right thing. She stared at me while she listened on the phone, at my face, then my outfit, at the apron. She tilted her head, looked closer at the apron. "So when will you know then?" As she talked into the phone, she crossed her legs, leaned over to look at the computer, doing so moved her top foot forward so it bounced almost in my lap.

I couldn't help stare at it, the top of her nylon covered foot, her painted toes, nor could I stop myself from reaching for it, cupping her shoe in my hands, before I knew what I was doing, slipping the shoe off her foot. That got her attention, she turned sharply towards me, I expected her to pull her foot away, glare — she was trying to conduct business — but she didn't, instead she slipped her other shoe off, nodded, gave permission to continue.

For the next several minutes, as I knelt before her, she was lost in her work, but I was equally lost in mine. Hers involved some high dollar deal, mine the soft feet of the woman I was falling in love with. From her tone, from her conversation with whoever was on the phone with her, her work was intense, high stakes, a game with winners and losers. My work was simple — serve her, pamper her, help her relax, be her Favorite.

"I understand their position, but the number is the fucking number," she said. I looked up at her, her right foot was between my hands, her left rested on my leg. I was worried I should stop, that I was bothering her. But her harsh tone was reserved for those on the phone, I got a look of encouragement, a nod, even a slight smile. I took that nod as encouragement, felt daring, pulled her nylon-covered foot up to my mouth and kissed the sole lightly. "Yes, that..." her voice faltered for a moment, "that's exactly what I want." She was giving direction to someone on the phone, but giving direction to me too.

I kissed her foot, licked it lightly, sucked her toes, one, another, another, listened to her voice falter again and again as I kissed her through the nylon, teased her, served her. I felt my own stirrings, felt

my penis shift against the panties, felt it press against the soft material, but it couldn't grow and I wasn't sure I wanted it to. This was about Kristen, about her soft, pretty boy serving her, pleasing her. If you were a man, you'd stand up, drag her to the bedroom, and fuck her. But I wasn't a man. I was a pretty boy, a timid, feminized sissy.

I understood it, clearly. I WASN'T A MAN.

So I licked her foot, kissed it, rubbed the other. I paid no attention to what she was saying or doing on her phone call. I was lost in my own world, in her, in serving, in pleasing, in worshipping. I ignored all discomfort — my penis trying to grow but trapped by the panties, my knees, even my sore jaw. I simply served. Until after some time I realized she hadn't talked for several minutes. I looked up at her, her toes were in my mouth, her other foot in my hand.

"Well, I wasn't about to stop you," she said looking at me.

I pulled her foot from my mouth, swallowed, looked at her shyly. "I...I wasn't sure...if...if I should..."

"Oh my sweet little pretty boy, you can do that any time." She pulled her feet away slowly, slipped one foot, the other into her heels, saw the disappointment on my face. "Well not any more now. I need to do some work until noon or so, then I'm all yours and we can go shopping today."

"Shopping?" I asked, though I had an idea of what she wanted. "What for?"

She tilted her head, a what do you think for gesture. "My things fit, obviously, but a Favorite should have her own things, especially the Sacred Garments, her own bras and panties and other pretty lingerie. I'm happy to loan you things, Danielle, I kind of like seeing you in my pretty things, but I want you to have your own things, too. There's a store off Michigan I like. It's perfect."

I didn't know why I felt so physically and emotionally small listening to her. I was wearing lingerie, it wasn't different, but it felt that way. "I...we can't just shop online?"

She set her foot down. "No, sweetie...we can't just shop online. First, you need to be properly fitted for a bra and..."

"Fitted! Kristen!" My eyes were wide. "I can't just go into a department store and get fitted for a bra."

She laughed. "Maybe, maybe not, but we're not going to a department store, silly, we're going to an exclusive boutique in the Gold Coast so..."

"They'll never..."

She silenced me with a look. "First, they will, believe me, what they sell and what we'll be spending, they'll gladly assist us. As they have for my mother for years."

"But...they'll think...I mean...they'll...they'll laugh," I said, the only word that came to mind.

"They certainly will not!"

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

"Danielle Corey!"

"Yes?" I said sheepishly, blushing at her feminization of my name.

"This subject is not up for discussion. Period." That tone made her intentions clear.

I lowered my eyes, face red at being scolded. "Yes, Ma'am."

The boutique, Kiki's, was off Michigan. Robert drove, so we would not have to carry anything back, and dropped us off in front of the store. I hesitated when the car stopped, still uncomfortable with what she wanted to do; it seemed unnatural, a boy going for a bra fitting. Perhaps because it was unnatural. "Kristen," I bit my lip, looked down, "I...this is...weird."

"Danielle, do you think you're the first boy they've ever fitted for a bra? Honestly?"

My eyes darted upward to the mirror. Robert heard her of course, but stared straight ahead as if there was nothing unusual about what she just said, as if boys were fitted for bras every day, as if anything about my relationship with her was even close to normal.

"It's just so..." Wrong?

She leaned over, spoke quietly. "Humiliating."

I nodded, looked down, that's exactly what it was.

"Of course it's humiliating, Danielle, I know, but that's kind of the point," she sat back up. "You get that, don't you?"

"I don't know if I understand it."

“Don’t you?” She leaned towards me again, not caring what Robert heard. “It’s simple, sweetie,” she touched my leg. “I get aroused when you’re humiliated, very aroused. And I think you like me aroused, don’t you?” I breathed in sharply, she was so forward, so blunt. “So shall we?” she asked.

I was a fucking virgin dating a fucking goddess, a goddess who just told me how fucking aroused she was. And I didn’t have to do anything other than what I was doing. “Kristen, wait,” I grabbed her arm, quickly let go, looked down, “Can we, I mean, can you...you know...later?”

She laughed. “Well now...we’ll see, we’ll...” She bit her lip, thought about something, leaned over towards me once more. “I don’t know if I’ll let you squirt today, love, but I’m sure that pretty mouth of yours will be between my legs later on.” She pulled back, smiled, waited for Robert to open the car door for her. I was grateful my penis was tucked, she’d insisted I wear panties and a camisole, or else it would be rock hard, straining against my trousers.

I followed her into the boutique, stepped inside and through the door with her and away from the loud, harsh, busy street into a bastion of elegance, femininity, softness. The store was all antique hues of pink and peach and white, not a harsh color or design anywhere to be seen; the music was soft, gentle, warming; the tone and the mood feminine, overwhelmingly feminine. Lingerie on white hangers everywhere my eyes darted, bras, panties, garter belts, slips, babydolls - everywhere was ivory, white, pink, lilac, black, lavender, silk, satin. I hardly knew where to look, or where not to look, for at first I imagined Kristen’s soft body in piece after piece, but couldn’t help think we were there to shop for me, not for her, that each item might adorn my body, not hers, each thing might feminize me, not her. And I blushed, but deep inside, I was secretly thrilled, too.

“Kristen, darling,” a voice called out from behind a mannequin, an elegantly dressed older woman walked out, approached Kristen, hugged her with familiarity.

“Sophia, how are you?”

“Wonderful, love, wonderful.”

“Mother sends her regards.”

"I hear she was in town..."

"Briefly, yes, she's sorry she couldn't stop by."

"I understand, darling, I understand." Her eyes glanced my way. "And you must be Danielle," she said, also feminizing my name. She reached for my hands, touched them like a woman would to another woman, "It's so good to meet you, dear, so good to meet someone so important to Kristen."

"It's nice to meet you, too, Ma'am," I lowered my eyes.

"Oh," she squealed, "such a darling little thing. Your mother must be so happy!" She meant Kristen's mother, not mine.

Kristen chuckled. "You could say that, Sophia."

"I told her to be patient, Kristen, I told her so many times.

'Victoria,' I'd say when she'd tell me about the latest man in your life, 'it's just a phase she's going through, just a phase, trust me, she may like to play with men, but she'll find herself someone special someday,' and wasn't I right?"

"She had her doubts, Sophia. So did I."

"You're Victoria McCarthy's daughter! I don't care how good a man is in bed, he's never going to make you happy in the long run, you had to find yourself a pretty little darling." She looked at me, lowered her voice. "He's absolutely adorable, Kristen, I'm only sad you found him first."

"Sophia, he's my Favorite...or he's going to be."

"I know, Victoria told me, I know, but a woman can dream, can't she? It's easy to find boys who want to play when you're my age, but to get to make one." I looked at her, unsure what she meant. I understood Favorites to simply be significant others, but she made it sound as if there was some difference. I looked to Kristen, but her eyes told me to drop it for now. "So...shall we get started then?"

Sophia led us to a large dressing room with a nearly 360 degree mirror. "Have you ever been fitted for a bra, Danielle?" She took a tape measure from her pocket, unfurled it.

"What, I...um, no." I said, shocked. "Of course not."

"Don't sound shocked, dear, some mothers understand and do... I'm never sure and don't presume. Well, it may sound confusing, the numbers and letters, 42D, 36D, 32B, but it's simple really, the number, the bra band size, is the chest measurement and the letter

is the cup size. We're going to start with the chest measurement. Why don't you, um," she turned to Kristen, "what's he wearing now, dear?"

"A camisole and panties."

"Is he?" she twirled her fingers by her waist.

"Of course!" Kristen laughed. "You don't think I'd take him out otherwise?"

"No, no, I'm sorry, just making sure, wouldn't want any unseemly bulges during a fitting, you know how they get. But you'd be surprised what some people do."

"He's tucked, Sophia," Kristen assured her with a proud smile.

"Well, you are Victoria's daughter." Sophia turned to me.

"Danielle, please undress down to your camisole and panties then."

I looked back at Kristen, nervous. She nodded; her look told me she knew this was humiliating, but more, that she was devilishly excited by my reaction, my humiliation. So as I slowly undressed, I felt my face redden, but Kristen's look didn't seem to allow any discussion.

"Good, good," Sophia said when I'd finished. "Now, arms up." She wrapped the tape measure around me, explained what she was doing while she did it. "We measure your chest at the pectoral muscle, under where the bust is. Let your breath out, all the air from your lungs, we need the smallest measurement possible. Good, good, like that." She tightened the tape measure. "Let's see, you're a 33, so you'll wear a 36, then. Now, cup measurement," she slackened the tape measure, raised it to my nipple level, "Half inch, as I assumed, an A cup, so," she turned to Kristen, "36A."

"Hmmm," Kristen said, thinking.

"I know, we have a few in stock, Kristen, I can order more, but as you can imagine, nothing like the selection I'll have for a C cup...that will work if you decide...?"

Kristen cut her off. "Will that be too loose? A C? That shouldn't really show under male clothing, should it?"

"Empty? Well that depends on the shirt...and the bra, but you could conceal it if you wanted to if we pick the right bras. Let me get one and check the fit."

The second she left, I turned to Kristen. "Kristen!"

"I understand, love, every girl's nervous the first time she's fit," she smiled. "We all went through it."

"Yeah, except I'm not a girl," I said with a 'duh' face.

"Because men get fitted for bras," she stuck her tongue out at me, made the same face. "Seriously, do you want to leave?" she asked, but she obviously wanted to stay. Was concerned for my feelings, but let her own be known just the same.

"No," I quickly answered. I didn't. As humiliated as I was, I wanted to stay.

She was behind me now, looking at my image in the mirror across from us. "Because this isn't negotiable, Danielle, this...this is the essence of who I am. I fought it for too long, this...this is me. And it's the essence of who you are, too."

"What am I?" I asked her, confused, torn.

"What are you? My Favorite, my pretty little virgin, my..." I felt her hands move down my back, to the waistband of my panties. "My tender, soft lover." She moved her hands, slowly between my legs, I felt her rub my trapped, swollen penis, felt her warm breath on my neck, in my ear. "My sissy."

"Ohhh," I gasped, "Kristen, please."

"You don't like that word, I know. At least that's what you say, that's what every sissy says...at first. Always so conflicted, so scared to admit it. Shhhh, it's okay to be this way, it's okay to be a sissy. It is, it really is."

"I..."

"I think we'll try something like this," Sophia's voice called out just before she walked in. Kristen stepped back, Sophia walked in, approached me with a white and petal lace underwire bra in her hands. "Let's see, arms up," she motioned, paying no attention to the throbbing between my legs.

I looked at Kristen who nodded, sighed, held my arms up. Sophia helped me slip my arms through the straps, fastened it behind me, adjusted the straps. "It fits well, it's the right band size. The cups are adequate, but I'd suggest you consider..."

Kristen interrupted her. "I intend to, Sophia, you can add it to the order."

"C cup?"

Kristen nodded. I looked at her questioningly, didn't know what they were talking about. She shook her head. Later. Kristen looked back to Sophia. "It's adorable, Sophia, I assume there are coordinating pieces."

Sophia smiled. "Well of course, darling! Please! Do you think you just wandered into Macy's? We have three choices of panties — brief, boy shorts, and a thong — an underwire basque, and a garter belt. And all come in this color, white lace over petal, and black lace over gold. I have everything set out, I assumed you'd want all the pieces in both colors."

"You know us too well."

"I've helped your mother and her kind for thirty plus years, Kristen. I think I have some ideas about how to feminize a boy."

I blushed, but Kristen wasn't looking at me. "Of course, Sophia, I suppose I should just trust you," she said.

"Within reason, yes, especially with your first. I need some guidance from you, of course, as to what you want. Are you starting with just Sacred Garments? Or do you want a more, um, robust collection."

She answered without looking at me, spoke almost as if I wasn't there. "Oh, robust Sophia! I don't do things half-assed. If I'm doing this, I'm doing this."

Sophia beamed. "Oh, Kristen darling, I'm as proud of you as your own mother must be. Can he keep that bra on? I'll get a pair of panties, then we can look for other things."

"What do you think of your first bra?" Kristen asked with a genuine smile when Sophia left to get a pair of matching panties.

"I don't know...it's...strange." It was a still a weird feeling having something wrapped around my chest and shoulders.

"I like it, it's very pretty, it's feminine; I think it will look really nice paired with the panties." She was behind me, both of us watching my reflection in the mirror.

"I...I suppose." She saw what I saw, the transformative power of lingerie, how it made it so easy to see the reflection of, if not a girl, certainly not a boy. You look more feminine than masculine, Daniel, more girl than boy.

"It's humiliating, I know, but that's kind of the point, Danielle. Men don't wear bras," she reached up, tugged a bra strap lightly, let it snap against my shoulder. "So wearing one, you're forced to think of yourself differently, like..."

"Like a girl?"

"Like a sissy," she whispered in my ear. "Like I said, I know that word bothers you, but...what do you think a boy in lingerie is? What else would you call a boy with a pretty little virgin penis tucked away in panties? A man? A stud? No, my pretty, no, no. You'd call him a..."

"Right then," Sophia called out, a warning again she was returning.

"A sissy," she whispered just before Sophia came back. She was deliberately humiliating me. I knew that. Every time she said the word, I cringed, but every time she said it I felt the sting diminish, the truth sink in.

"Here we go, darling, matching panties." Sophia handed the dainty garment to Kristen, excused herself so I could change. "Join me out front when you're done, I have some suggestions, of course."

Kristen looked at me with a guilty smile. "You don't like the word?"

"Not particularly, it's..." I shrugged, there was little I could do, she seemed to have a plan of her own.

"I think you do, secretly. I'll tell you what. I'll prove it. When you put these on," she held the panties up with a wicked grin, "I bet you're pretty little penis swells. I bet it gives you away. See, I think you like wearing pretty lingerie, I think you like being feminized...I don't think you just agree to do it because I want it, I think you like it!"

"And if you're wrong?"

"If your pretty little penis doesn't swell?" she laughed. "Well, let's make it a bet. If it doesn't swell, sweetie, I'll admit I'm wrong and not only won't use that word ever again but..."

"But?"

"When we get home today," she licked her lips with a sultry smile, "I'll let you cum, not squirt, but cum, like a man. I'll let you cum...in my mouth."

"Fuck!" Dead puppies, dead puppies, dead puppies. I reached for the panties, eager, trying to will myself to stay soft.

She pulled them back. "But if I'm right, sissy..."

"Kristen."

"No," she said. "It's a bet...and if I'm right, sissy...which I know I am, sissy. If you swell, not only am I going to continue to use the word sissy when I talk about you, but instead of finding your little penis in my mouth, sissy, you don't get to cum, you don't even get to squirt. Today. Or for the next week, oh...two weeks."

"Kristen, that...that's not fair."

"Really? But you're so sure of yourself...having doubts...sissy?"

"No, I..."

"Well let's see, then. In my mouth like a man? Or not at all for two weeks like a sissy?"

I lost. It wasn't even close. Not fucking close at all.

Chapter 12 – Moving

“I want you to move in,” she said.

It was after shopping. We were sitting across from one another in the bar. I kept looking around, certain everyone was staring at me, convinced they saw the straps of the new bra I wore under my shirt, sure they saw the bra cups outlined by my shirt. I looked back at Kristen, stared. “What?” I was stunned. Move in? With Kristen? Holy shit!

“I said I want you to move in.” She raised her glass to her mouth, sipped her martini.

“Kristen, I...I don’t know what to say.” I was used to being independent, my place was my office, my refuge, my safety.

She smirked. “You’ll say yes, of course,” she said. She uncrossed and recrossed her legs, watched me watch her.

“W...why?” That came from the part of me that still didn’t quite believe she was my girlfriend, couldn’t believe it.

“Sometimes I don’t understand you, Daniel...Danielle...I love you, do you not get that?”

“I...I do...it’s just...I’m used to being alone.”

“Alone in that house of yours? In that neighborhood of yours with those thugs? No. I know we kind of tumbled into this without talking too much, but you’re my Favorite, or you will be, anyway. And right or wrong, I won’t have you living there. I want you with me. I want you where I can protect you. I want you closer. I want you where I can see you. Every day. Every night. Pretty every night.”

“Oh,” I said. I blushed, thought of the pile of lingerie she’d selected at Kiki’s, so much I stopped counting. Bras and panties, of course, but other things - slips and chemises and nighties and babydolls. For me, all for me. I knew she wanted me to wear pretty things, I assumed I would, but at her place, not mine, I assumed mine would be a safe place, a place to unwind, a refuge from her desire to feminize me. I reached for any excuse. “I...my work... and...I have a lease...and...I’m used to my own space, being alone, I...”

“Should we tick those off? I have a spare office, we’ll set you up there — you’ll be closer to clients, anyway, and can work from home, still. Your lease? Please! I know you’re uncomfortable with the money thing, but that’s certainly not something to worry about.”

I frowned. Her and her fucking money.

“And I thought you’d be uncomfortable not having your own space...”

“And you don’t like sleeping with someone, you said.”

“You’re right, I don’t,” she nodded. “So that’s why you’ll be moving into the lavender room, it will be your room.”

Wham! Problem solved. Wham! Don’t worry about it. Wham! She’s a step or two or ten ahead of me. “The lavender room?”

“Unless you’d prefer the tone of the Servant’s quarters,” she said. “As much as I’d love that...I don’t think you’re quite ready for that full time...so we’ll keep that for special occasions, not for my everyday pretty boy.”

“That,” I said, only because I didn’t know what else to say. She only smiled her knowing smile. “I don’t know, Kristen.”

She raised an eyebrow. “Really? You’d prefer that dump to a penthouse on the lake?”

“Well no, but...”

“You’d prefer waking up alone to breakfast with me?”

“Of course not...”

“Well, you’d rather climb into bed wearing an old t-shirt instead of a pretty negligee?” I didn’t answer, looked away. “Would you?”

“Kristen,” I blushed.

“Would you?” She sounded insecure, unsure. Remember, you have power over her.

“No, no, but...”

“You’re sure? I...I don’t want this just for me.”

“No, I mean it,” I said. God, oh, God, what was I doing?

“You’d rather make coffee for yourself instead of...instead of serving me?” She had a coy smile on her face.

“No, Kristen, I just...” Say it, fool, say it. “I’m afraid.”

“Afraid? Afraid of what, Danielle?”

I looked down. “I...I don’t know.”

“Shhh,” she touched my hand. “See, I know what you’re afraid of, Danielle.”

I bit my lip.

“You’re afraid you like being feminized.”

“Kristen...” I looked around to see if anyone was listening.

“You’re afraid that what you’ve worried about your entire life is true.” Afraid that I wasn’t a man, afraid things people always said, that I was a wimp, that I was a sissy, that I was a freak, were true.

“Do you want to be my Favorite, Danielle? It’s a simple choice, really.”

Simple? It wasn’t simple at all.

It was a choice to accept wearing a bra and panties. Which you’re already doing!

It was a choice to accept serving a woman. A choice already made also, correct?

It was a choice to surrender my masculinity. How can I surrender what I never had?

“Kristen, this is all...so much.”

“Do you want to be my Favorite, Danielle? That’s the question. Yes or no? Everything else is a minor detail. Do you want that? Please...do you want that?”

“Kristen,...

“Yes or No, Danielle?”

“Yes, but...”

“Yes or no,” she said, “not yes, but or no, but. Yes or no?”

I swallowed, looked at her legs, felt my penis stir against the soft panties, looked in her eyes, felt my heart flutter, looked at her beautiful face. “Yes,” I said. Yes, no but, yes, simply yes.

She exhaled loudly. She was holding her breath. “Danielle...” she said, took my hand in hers.

“What?” I asked, “You seem...nervous.”

“I told you. You have power in this thing, just like I do, I love you, I...I want this too, but you have to want it as much as I do.”

“I...I’m still scared,” I said.

“I know, I know. Listen, here’s what’s important to me. First, I want you safe, and you’re not safe in that neighborhood. That’s part of the reason I want you with me. Second, I want you with me

because, well,” her eyes darted around the room, “I want to see you in the pretty things I bought for you as much as I can. Third, I want you happy. You get that, right? I don’t want you just doing whatever I want, I want you happy doing it too.”

“I...I know,” I said.

She leaned forward. “Tonight,” she said into my ear, “I want you in a pretty new negligee, between my legs, doing what you do best.

“Kristen,” I moaned, eyes closed.

“I want my Favorite, my pretty feminine lover licking me.”

“Ohhh, Kristen, please...”

“Hmmm, and I want my sissy begging me.”

I breathed several quick, shallow breaths. She leaned back, took a sip of her drink, leaned forward again.

“And since you don’t get to squirt for two weeks, sissy, since that pretty little sissy penis of yours, the one swelling right now in your panties, doesn’t get to squirt for fourteen days, I want you doing nothing but making me cum. Over. And over. And over.”

“Fuck, Kristen, fuck,” I moaned.

She giggled. “You keep saying that word, Danielle, but no...no fucking, not for my pretty sissy, not for your pretty little penis.” She leaned back again, wagged her finger back and forth, “No, no, no.”

She was teasing me, taunting me, she was using her sexuality as a weapon. She knew it, I knew it. And the irony was that she was controlling me not in the way a woman normally controlled a man — using sex or the promise of sex as a reward — she was doing the exact opposite — denying me sex, now, denying me even an orgasm — and it made me want her more and more and more. It made me want to submit more and more.

“I’m so mean?” She feigned shock.

“No,” I said, “No!”

“But I am, love, I am.” She leaned forward one last time, whispered in my ear again, words for me alone. “I know what you think you want, love, I know how badly you think you want to slip your pretty little penis inside me, I know how badly you think you want to know what it feels like to be inside a woman, how badly you want to pretend you’re a man. But that’s not what I want my pretty, and I know it’s not what you really want, is it?”

“But...but...”

“Is it?” she asked again, insistent.

Yes, the voice inside my head screamed, yes, yes, yes. Yes, I want to fuck you, yes, yes, yes. “No.”

She leaned back, picked up her purse. “Are you ready, Danielle?” Her eyes were glimmering in the light, full of hunger, need, desire. I nodded, unable to speak. “Not just to go back to my place...”

“I know,” I said, my voice barely above a whisper.

“I want you to...”

“I know,” I said again.

“The lavender room will be yours. For now.”

“Yes,” I looked down at her legs, yes, of course, I welcomed it.

“We’ll talk about The Rules later, but...”

I looked up immediately. “The Rules?”

She nodded. “The Rules for a Favorite, Danielle...later...for now...while we decide what to do with your things, the lavender room is yours, you have free reign, of course, it’s your home, but...”

I knew the ‘but’ of course, she knew I knew, but she said it nevertheless.

“My room is off limits...just like something else is off limits, too.” She raised her eyebrows, wanted me to agree.

I blushed. “Yes...Ma’am.” My penis was swollen, straining against my panties. I moved forward, assumed she was done, moved to stand, to relieve the pressure.

“Wait,” she stopped me, I sat back, grimaced. “The lavender room is yours but you might not sleep there every night.”

“Your room?” I asked hopefully.

“No, my pretty, not my room,” she shook her head.

My eyes went wide again, “Kristen.”

“To set a tone, Danielle, to set a tone.”

I bit my lip.

“What?” she asked.

“I...” I wasn’t sure what I wanted to say, my thoughts were disjointed. “I guess...I mean...I work and...”

“Sweetie, you’re still Daniel to the world, don’t worry,” she said, still reading my mind.

“It’s just, I mean I want...I guess I’ve always tried to be...”

"A boy?" she finished.

I nodded; while I might not have succeeded, it was what I'd always strived for.

"Of course," she nodded, "don't think I don't understand. I don't want your clients to see your Sacred Garments, sweetie, those are for me, so I can see the pretty little boy I'm in love with."

"I..."

She held up her hand, stopped me. "And so you're reminded all the time that you're my pretty little Favorite."

"Kristen." I blushed. Again. "It's just...I'm still a...a boy."

"Of course, love, of course...it's just the Sacred Garments and something pretty to wear at night, that's all. You're still a boy, just... just a special boy, that's all."

There were boxes and boxes from Kiki's all around my room, the lavender room, box after box of lingerie meant for me. But it was the one box that was set in the middle of the bed, open to reveal white and pink lingerie, that drew my attention. For a moment I wondered how all this had gotten here, then realized it was delivered either by Kiki's or picked up by Robert. Regardless, either Robert or someone from Kiki's, or likely both, had brought all of this to my room. Even if someone from the boutique had delivered everything, Robert had surely helped or supervised.

What did he think about box after box of lingerie being delivered to the guest room? What did he think opening the one box and setting it in the middle of the bed? Did he wonder how pretty his boss would look in the delicate lingerie? Not likely. He saw her as a daughter, moreover, knew the box was meant for me. What did he think seeing the delicate white and pink lingerie meant for me? Did he laugh, shake his head, wonder how any man would do this for a woman?

"We'll deal with the rest of this later, but for now," she gestured towards the open box, "you need to get changed."

I looked at the bed, at the box, at the layers of sheer white and pink fabric, so soft, so delicate, so feminine. "Kristen, I...it...it's so..."

I struggled for the word, used the only one that fit. "So feminine."

"I know," she said. She was behind me, touched my back lightly. "You'll look stunning."

"I...I'm..." What? What could I say?

"Shhhh," she said, rubbed my back, "I know you're scared, Danielle. I know it's difficult, but I also know deep down inside, you want to wear it, you want to look pretty, you want to look feminine, you want to be my Favorite, you can feel it in your heart, in your mind, between you legs. You want to be my pretty girl." I breathed heavily, felt dizzy, part of me denied it, or wanted to, but I couldn't take my eyes off the lingerie, couldn't stop imagining how soft it would feel against my skin, how feminine. "Go on," she urged me gently. "Go on, you'll see."

I walked to the bed, reached for the box, took the garments out one at a time. The was a bra first, it was made of a sexy, white sheer fabric, adorned with delicate contrast pink ribbon and embroidery, a pink satin bow at the center of the cups and on each strap. The brief panties matched, of course, were made of the same material, the front panel was slightly lined, the rear sheer. "They...they're so pretty."

"Functional, too, bra and panties. The bra...we'll get to that after...the panties are stronger than they look, the mesh will provide some, um, security. You know, holding everything in place. And provide some modesty, too. Since you won't be worrying about that pretty little penis for some time."

"Uugh," I half moaned without thinking, staring at the bra and panties, the last garment left in the box.

She reached around me, started unbuttoning my shirt. "It's so amusing."

"What?" I asked, defensive.

"If I told a man he doesn't get to fuck me, let alone cum, he'd be hurt, he'd get soooo mad and soooo angry; the men I've been with are all the same...especially a certain one," she said. "But when I tell my pretty Favorite that you don't get to squirt, when I tell my pretty little sissy that your pretty little penis doesn't belong inside me, you get soooooo excited."

"I...I don't," I said, dizzy, hot.

She shook her head, smiled, teased. "Oh but you do, don't lie to me, sweetie. Your pretty little penis starts throbbing when I tell you that you don't get to squirt, doesn't it?"

I felt it move inside my panties, trapped, tucked, trying to swell, throbbing with each beat of my heart.

She started taking my shirt off, exposing the bra I was currently wearing. "Your pretty little sissy penis swells and throbs when I tell you I don't want it inside me. Or, when I tell you it doesn't belong inside me, doesn't it?"

I sucked a breath in and out, another, tried to bite my lip, tried to hold back the word, but couldn't. "Yes," I half grunted, "yes...but..."

"Of course it does, love, of course, of course." She ran her hands over my bra, down, reached for my pants, undid them. "I know you fantasize about putting it inside me, lover, I know you must wonder what it feels like to be inside a woman, but that's what a man does to a woman...", she dropped my pants to the floor, "not a pretty little sissy." She reached between my legs, touched the crotch of my panties, felt the throbbing, the flow of blood, my penis swelling the little bit it could.

"You're making me so hot, love, so wet. Here, I'll help you change panties," she said softly, "so it doesn't, you know, grow. Like a man."

Shaking, I followed her directions and held my penis tucked between my legs while she helped me step out of one pair of panties and into the second. She was right, the mesh was strong and pulled my penis into place, held my poor penis tightly between my legs, leaving me smooth, flat even, as I throbbed against the fabric, straining to get hard, yet unable to. She took off my bra, tossed it aside, picked up the new one, helped me into it. "Can I put something into perspective, Danielle?" she asked.

"What?"

"Do you like seeing a pretty girl in pretty lingerie?" She started to unbutton her own shirt, slowly peeled it off, exposing her bra, her breasts. "Do you like seeing my bra?" I nodded. "Isn't that what my pretty little virgin wanted his whole life? A pretty girl like me?"

"Yes," I said. Always, it's what I always wanted.

"That's what I want too, Danielle," she reached for my bra cups, fingered the soft material, "a pretty little boy in pretty lingerie, a pretty

sissy, my own Favorite.”

“You mean it?” I said, the doubt clear in my voice.

“Yes, Danielle, yes, yes, yes. Of course I mean it. I told myself I didn’t. For the longest time, I denied it, but I do...I do.” She tugged the cup of my bra towards her, tugged the loose fabric. “It doesn’t fit as well as mine.”

I looked down at my bra, then hers - mine was loose, hers filled with her breasts, but I quickly looked away; I knew I wasn’t supposed to stare at her breasts. So I thought about the bra fitting, remembered the sizing. “That’s...that’s because I wear an A cup, but you bought C cups.” She giggled. “What?” I asked.

“My pretty little boy knows his bra size,” she said. “I bought C cups because there’s a better selection,” she said with a smile. “This didn’t come in A, but maybe I should have gotten the smaller size for a proper fit. Even if the selection was limited.”

“No,” I said, perhaps too forcefully. “I...I like this one.

That brought a positive smile to her face. “Really?”

“Yes, it...it’s very pretty.”

“I just wish it fit better. You know, when I was a little girl trying on my mother’s things, something all little girls do, I used to stuff her bras with rolled up stockings. To make them fit better.” She tugged the cup again to emphasize emptiness. “And to see what it was like.”

What it was like to be a grown woman, what it was like to have breasts, what it was like to be feminine and pretty and...

I looked up at her, spoke without thinking about what I was about to say. “So...so stuff it,” I whispered.

“What?” Her eyes went wide in shock.

Fuck, what did I say wrong? “I...I mean...the bra,” I shrugged again.

“Stockings stuffed in your bra cup like a teenager, Danielle?”

“Sorry, I guess I was just making a joke,” I said apologetically. “I... I thought you wanted it to fit better.”

“Oh, love, I do, I do! You know, young girls stuff their mother’s bras to make them fit better, it’s true, but they do it so they can feel what it’s like to have breasts, too, not that rolled up stockings give a young girl any idea what the heft, weight, or feel of breasts is like.”

“No, I imagine not,” I said. “I’m sorry, I...”

She walked to the pile of boxes, picked one off the top, it looked heavy judging from the way she picked it up, too heavy for lingerie. "To do that, to fill a bra so it fits correctly and to give an idea what breasts are like, the heft and weight and feel, you need something a young girl doesn't have access to."

"A time machine?" I joked

Kristen laughed. "That's funny. And that might have helped me when I was a young teen," she said, pointing to her adult breasts, "but that wouldn't help a pretty little sissy to understand what it's like to have breasts. But these would." She opened the box.

My eyes went wide, my mouth dropped, "Those...those are..."

"Breasts," she said. "Or breast forms."

I stared at the two flesh colored mounds in the box, the curves, the darker spot, the nipples. "Kristen," I continued to stare at the box, at the breasts. Oh my God, she wants those to...to fill my bra! Breasts! Not rolled up stockings. Breasts! Fucking breasts! She wants to make my bra fit by giving me fucking breasts. So I know what it is like to be a woman. "Kristen, I...I..."

"A Favorite doesn't need to use socks or stockings, Danielle, not when she can use something like this, something so real."

"But...but those look like...real breasts."

"Of course," she said. "And feel like them, too. They should, for what they cost. These are silicone, just like what doctors use for implants, so they feel natural to the touch, they warm against the skin, and are weighted just like a woman's real breasts. From what I understand, the adhesive back even pulls naturally against the skin, though you'll still wear a bra, just, well, your bras will fit properly."

It struck me then - she got these when she bought the lingerie, of course. When she picked out C-cup bras. She knew the bras wouldn't fit right, knew all along she was going to present these to me. And I walked right into it. So stuff it. "You...you want me to wear those...in my bra. You...you want me to have breasts?"

"I...I just to make it fit better, that's all," she said unconvincingly. She set the box down, took one breast out, peeled a thin piece of clear plastic off the back. "Here, hold still," she said as she slipped the breast into my bra, pressed it against my chest and did the same with the other. "See, such a better fit."

I looked down. The color was so close to my own skin tone it was almost hard to tell where my chest ended and the silicone began. And they were heavy! The tug was pronounced, holy fuck, this is what women feel like every day? This is what breasts feel like? “Kristen, I...” I resisted, tried to keep my hands down, tried to avoid touching them, feeling them.

She walked behind me, pressed her bra, her breasts into my back. “Wait, they’ll warm up in a few minutes, they’ll feel real, like a part of your body.”

“I...I don’t know,” I stammered. I bit my lip, tried to keep myself from shaking, balled my fists, tried to keep my hands at my sides. Don’t touch them, whatever you do, don’t touch them.

“Shhhh,” she ran her hands down my arms to my own hands, left on left, right on right, pulled me back against her as she gently unclenched my fists and started to move my hands upward. “Feel them, Danielle. Feel your breasts.”

“No,” I said in a whisper, “please.” I was afraid to move my hands, afraid to touch them, afraid to feel them. But she ignored me and I let her, moved my hands passively as she brought one, then the other, up to the bra, up to the breasts, and let go of my hands. “Uugmefff,” I exhaled as the breasts filled my hands, the weight, the feel, the heft, the firmness.

“This is what a woman feels, Danielle, when she touches herself. When she touches her breasts,” she touched me through the bra, “her trim waist,” she ran her hands down my sides, in front of me to the panties “the dampness between her legs.”

“Kristen...”

“I can feel it, my pretty,” she whispered, “I can feel it throbbing, trying to swell. I can feel your pulse, the excitement. It’s not like a cock, big, hard, masculine. No. It’s soft and tender, like a woman. Do you like the feel of them?”

“I...no...I mean...”

“They’re getting warmer, Danielle, they’re becoming part of you, the breasts are becoming part of your body, can you feel it? So natural, so right. Feel, love, feel.”

How was I supposed to resist her? “Yes,” I said, still touching them through the soft material of the bra.

“Do you like them?”

“I...”

“You’re throbbing, I can feel it. It’s making me so wet, Danielle, seeing you in pretty lingerie, seeing your pretty breasts, feeling your little boy penis, no, your little sissy clit throbbing with excitement.” I gasped again, started to black out, she laughed, gently. “Mother always told me her Favorites loved to have it called that, to have her call their pretty little virgin penis feminized, called a sissy clit...was she right?”

“Kristen,” I moaned.

“To remind them they aren’t men.”

“Oh, oh, oh.” My mouth was watering, my head dizzy. “Krissew,” I mumbled.

“Men use their cocks to please a woman, Danielle, but Favorites don’t have cocks, they just have little sissy clits; nothing a woman wants inside her.”

“Slwffff,” I mumbled incoherently.

“So do you know how they please a woman? Sissies? Little virgin boys? Favorites?”

“Nnnnoooo.”

“Oh, but you do, love, you do. Favorites put on their bra and panties and their pretty breasts and their...oh...we forgot the last thing...”

She walked back to the bed, took the last piece of lingerie out of the box, held it up. It was a floral lace cup babydoll, feminine pink, almost sheer, beautiful. I might have killed to see it on Kristen, but today, the lingerie was meant for me, it was meant to make me sexy and feminine and beautiful, it was meant to set a tone, a tone I could never escape. She handed the babydoll to me and I pulled it over my head, felt the soft fabric settle over my bra, over my breasts, down my stomach, to the tops of my thighs.

“Favorites put on pretty lingerie. Favorites are sexy and feminine and soft, just like their sissy clits. Favorites don’t have cocks like men, Danielle. Favorites please women with their hands and, like you’re about to, with their mouth.” The look in her eyes was pure lust, pure desire, a hunger that scared me.

She dropped her skirt, stood before me in her bra, panties, garter belt, and stockings, a living goddess, a dream.

"K...Kristen." Oh God, this wasn't real.

"Why are you talking, Danielle?"

"I..."

"There's a beautiful woman standing before you. Your mouth can be put to much better uses."

"I..." I started to say again.

She moved to the bed, sat, slowly spread her legs apart, touched herself between her legs. "Your mouth, sissy, belongs here, always here."

I didn't need to be told again, I dropped to my knees to worship my goddess.

Sometime later, when we were both on the bed, when minutes turned to hours, when every flick of my tongue made her shudder with pleasure, when my face was soaked and coated with her womanhood, and when my groin ached from desire, she pushed my face away. "Enough!" she gasped. "God damn!"

"I...I'm sorry...Ma'am," I said, though I wasn't sure what I'd done wrong. I moved next to her, nuzzled at her side ashamed. "I...I'll try to do better."

"Sorry?"

"I...I'm still learning," I said.

"Learning?" she laughed. "I'd say you're already in the graduate program."

"Really?" I perked up, felt a small drip slide down my nose.

"I think I had more orgasms in the last hour than you've had in your entire life; certainly more than you ever had with a woman." I looked down, bit my lip, ashamed, but my penis was still throbbing, she sensed it. "Know why I tease you, Danielle?"

I shook my head. "Nnnnno."

She pushed me onto my back, smiled at me. "Because you like it, probably more than I do." She reached between my legs, pressed against my panties. "Because you like being emasculated." She

rubbed me through the soft material. "Because you like serving me." She toyed with my throbbing, tucked penis. "Because you like being my pretty little sissy."

"Kristen, I...I..."

"Shhhh, don't, Danielle. Don't deny it. You know it's true. It was all over your face the first time I met you...you never felt like other boys, you never felt like a man, there was always something different inside you, something you didn't quite understand. I knew it...I know it. I just...I knew...I know."

It wasn't fair what she was doing, teasing me when I was this aroused, this desperate; I was vulnerable, helpless, at her mercy. How could I deny anything at that moment?

"You like feeling soft and pretty, don't you? It's what you always wanted, but didn't understand? How you felt inadequate as a man because there wasn't a man inside you, there was a soft, tender, pretty, boy."

"Uggemfffff," I moaned.

"A soft, tender sissy."

I couldn't even moan.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No," I begged.

"Is this too much?"

"No, no."

"Feel yourself, Danielle, feel yourself for me." I reached downward, but before my hand got between my legs she touched it, stopped me. "No, love, not there. That's what a man reaches for. Here. Touch yourself here." She moved my hand upward, to my chest and started whispering in my ear, talking, constantly. "Here, on your breasts, yes, that's it, that's where a girl starts, here, feel them, close your eyes, both hands, through your soft babydoll, through your bra, think to yourself, I'm not a boy, I'm a girl, shhhh, yes, like that, warm, tender, shhhh, that's why you're a virgin, shhhh, think to yourself, I don't belong inside a woman, shhhh, feel your breasts, Danielle, that's what a Favorite has, soft, tender breasts, think, love, think soft tender breasts to match my soft little sissy clit. Close your eyes, they're yours, Danielle, they're your breasts, yours."

My hands were on my chest, touching each one, eyes closed it was easy to pretend, easy to feel like they were mine, connected to my body, to my chest. They felt real, so real, like Kristen's, warm, soft, yet solid feminine curves. And it was easy to enjoy it too, Kristen's hand was between my legs, rubbing my tucked organ gently, slow, steady.

"Shhhh, they're your breasts, Danielle, yours, just like a girl, my pretty sissy, just like a girl."

"Kristen," I moaned, confused, torn, "please, I...I..."

"That's my Favorite, so feminine, so soft, so pretty. You like it, I can feel it, you like being soft and pretty."

"I...I..." Was I supposed to say no? When even soft, folded, trapped, I throbbed urgently. "Ohhhhhhh," I groaned when she slipped her hand into my panties, released the pressure, held me in her soft skin. "Ohhhhhh. Ohhhhhhhhhhh."

"Oh my, someone's got a naughty little secret in her panties," she said, stroking me every so lightly. Then she whispered in my ear while I played with my breasts and she held me. "Remember what I promised earlier, that your little penis, that your little sissy clit doesn't get to squirt today? Remember? Remember?"

I remembered, but I almost did anyway. I'd like to say it was just from the physical sensation of a pretty woman's hand on my penis, on my sissy clit, but it was more. It was the feminine surroundings of the lavender room, it was the Sacred Garments, the bra and panty set, it was Kristen's scent all over my face, it was the delicate babydoll, it was my hands on the breasts that felt like they were part of me, it was my tousled hair, and it was Kristen telling me over and over I wasn't a man, that I was a pretty boy, that I was a girl, that I was her sissy.

"Kristen, I...I..." I tensed, but before I could tell her to slow down or stop, she already had.

"Hold back, Danielle, hold back, I know you want to, I know, Danielle, I know. But you're not allowed. Not today. No, my pretty, no. No."

Somehow, someway, I did what she asked. I fought it, held it back.

“Shhhhh, such a good Favorite,” she stroked me, my hair, not my erection, not yet.

“Please Kristen, I...I want to so badly.”

“Want to what, my pretty?” she said.

“I...I want to...” She looked at me, waited for me to say it, “to squirt.”

“Shhhhh, I know. But you can’t, not today, not till I let you. Shhhhhh, it’s okay, it’s okay.”

“You said...you said two...two weeks,” I said, dejected.

“I said at least two weeks,” she teased.

“Kristen,” I moaned.

“Fine, two weeks then, just two weeks. You’re being so good, Danielle, so good.” She touched me, again; brought me to the edge, again; I held back, again; she praised me, again.

And then again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

Until I begged her, begged her, to touch me no more.

She finally moved her hand away for good, rolled on top of me, pressed her breasts to me, to mine, and kissed me over and over.

“I love you, Danielle,” she said between kisses, “I love you, I love you, I love you.”

Chapter 13 – Date

"I don't understand," I said, watching Kristen get dressed Saturday evening.

"Danielle," she turned, looked at me, sighed. "We talked about this. Twice. I explained it. Twice."

You talked about it, I wanted to say, but I didn't. I just looked at her for a minute. She was standing in front of a mirror, her back to me, attaching diamond earrings into her ears. We talked about it, as in, she told me what she was doing. I asked her to change her mind. She told me, no, this is what I'm doing. That was 'talking about it' — she talked, I listened. She announced, I accepted.

I was dressed like a male on the outside — I wore one of my own button down shirts, my own slacks — of course underneath it was the Sacred Garments, the bra, the panties. I saw her look at my shirt, the slight puff of the bra cups and knew what she was thinking, what was missing, but didn't say anything, I just looked down at her body.

"You're going to start drooling if you don't close your mouth, love."

"I'm sorry," I quickly said, looked away, though only for a moment. She was far too beautiful not to stare at, especially dressed like she was.

"I'm your girlfriend," she said with a sly smile. "It's okay to stare at me a little bit. Respectfully."

Sometimes I forgot she was...my girlfriend...like I was doing something wrong looking at her, talking to her, like I was a pretender. How the fuck?, I wondered for like the ten thousandth time, did you get a woman so fucking hot?

How? Because you have her under circumstances no man would want her!

She looked especially pretty tonight in her bra, sheer black net, with a black and lilac frilled trim at the neckline and under band. I looked down at her bare ass, the bra matched the sheer thong panties that framed her ass with a garter belt, both decorated with black and lilac frill trim. She was on display, her body, her ass, the sweet place between her legs I wanted, I fantasized about, but couldn't have. Other than with my mouth.

"You like?" She chuckled. "That's a silly question, you obviously like it," she said with a smile. "Maybe we should get you some garter belts — most of your sets have one, you know."

"I'd like it better if I was going with you," I pouted, ignoring her comment.

"Danielle," she said, as she reached for her black cocktail dress, her tone was bordering on sharp, reproachful. "I'm the chair of the event," she explained for the fourth or fifth time, annoyance creeping into her voice. "I'll have little time, really no time, to chaperone you."

"I...I can take care of myself," I said, repeating the argument I'd already tried...and lost.

"These are not the kind of people you're used to dealing with...and before you get snippy with me...you know I'm right. You can get used to it, but not tonight, not like this, not when I have a million hostess things to do. It's not fair to you. I'd be throwing you to the wolves and I'm not doing that to a sweet thing like you."

It was pointless to argue, partially because she was right, but I still had that nagging insecurity. "Sometimes I think you're ashamed of me," I said. And why wouldn't she be? A bra and panty-wearing boyfriend who looked more like a girl, when he dressed as a girl, than he looked like a boy, when he dressed as a boy? A virgin. A sissy.

"Danielle Corey, I am most assuredly not ashamed of you." No? Because what woman wouldn't be thrilled to bring her lingerie wearing boyfriend to a society event? "You know that's not it, anyway. It's...you're still upset he'll be there."

The 'he' Kristen referred to was Todd, her old lover, but more than just a lover, the best fucking lover she ever had. The best sex she ever had. The best fuck she ever had. A man. Someone, something, I couldn't hope to compete with, something he'd made clear the few times I'd met him. Of course, it didn't help my ego that he'd, you know, actually fucked her, something I'd never done to her, or any other woman. He'd been inside her, something I could only fantasize about, for now anyway, something I was sure to be found lacking at, when I actually did it, eventually. I knew I'd never measure up to him, as a man, not that Kristen saw me that way.

She loves you! Don't ever forget she loves you.

Of course she did, she just didn't see me as a man, that's all. Not like Todd, who was not only going to be at her event tonight, but was going to sit at her table, sit with her, spend the whole evening with her.

And spend the whole evening hitting on her.

Was going to dance with her.

And tell her what a wimp I was.

He was going to laugh with her.

And remind her what a stud he was.

Almost like a date.

No 'almost' about it.

"You...you could wear something less...less sexy," I said, my voice dripping with insecure jealousy.

"I could," Kristen said, adjusting her dress, "but I like to feel sexy, you know that."

"Well something that looks less sexy," I retorted, thinking about my own feelings wearing sexy lingerie.

She laughed. "Again, I could...but I like to look sexy, too. Just like you do."

"You're going to make all the other women jealous," I said defensively.

She turned to me, smiled. "It sounds like they won't be the only ones jealous. It sounds like my pretty little Favorite's jealous too."

If we left it at that, I might have been okay, the night might have turned out differently, though I suspect what happened was part of her plan for me, for us, if not that night, some other night. But I didn't leave it alone and what happened to us, to me, happened that night. And it only took one word.

"He..." She stopped, looked at me with an amused smile on her face.

"It is all about him, isn't it? Oh, sweetie, this isn't about me going without you, or looking sexy, it is all about Todd being there, isn't it? Seeing me, finding me sexy; it's about Todd wanting me still."

Fuck, why did she say that? Him wanting her? "Kristen!"

"What?"

"I...I...I mean..."

"Well he does want me, Danielle, I'm not going to lie. Of course he does." She looked at her body, her lingerie, in the mirror.

"Kristen, I..."

"You know what I'm going to think about when he's sitting next to me at dinner?"

I swallowed. How masculine he is? How much better he was as a boyfriend? How much you want him?

She touched my arm, a wicked smile on her face. "You know what I'm going to think about when he hits on me, love? Cause he will, it's in his nature."

I almost moaned, what the fuck, of course I knew. How great sex was with him, how much you miss his cock, what it felt like to have him on top of you, inside you, fucking you, making you cum!

She slipped her hand down to my waist. "Do you know what I'm going to think when I dance with him and his hand is on my waist and he realizes I'm wearing a garter belt?"

What was she going to think? Please, Todd, please take me home so I don't have to go back to that sissy, please take me home and fuck me because I miss a man, I miss cock. Please Todd, please.

"What I'm going to think about when he pulls me in close and tells me how much he wants me?"

I couldn't answer, only managed a soft moan.

"When he whispers in my ear and tells me the dirty things he wants to do to me?"

"Kris..." I swallowed, lost, confused.

Kristen leaned in, moved her mouth to my ear, whispered. "I'm going to think about you, my pretty little virgin."

Yeah! How pathetic it was she was dating me. "Me?" I moaned. No, she wasn't going to think about me, she was going to think about him, about how good sex was with him, how much she's missed it, how much she's wanted it.

"Yes, you. Because when I leave, you're going to go to your room and see what's waiting for you on the bed. It's something blue and soft and sexy, something perfect for my pretty little sissy."

"Kristen," I moaned. That word! That fucking word! I hated that fucking word! Why did you moan, then, why did your knees get weak

when she said it?

"You're going to put it on and wear it while I'm gone, because I like it when you're soft and pretty."

Please, I wanted to beg, please, no, but I didn't say no, I couldn't. "Yes," I half moaned again.

"You're going to put on your pretty little nightie and climb into my bed and wait for me no matter how long I'm gone, do you understand," she said as if talking to a child.

"Y...yes," I croaked. No matter how long she was gone, no matter what she was doing, no matter who she was doing it with. Because she needed a man, not a sissy, because she needed Todd, not me. I would have surrendered to those thoughts if not for what I looked forward to, her bed, a rarity, waiting for Kristen in her bed, not my room, not the playroom, but her bed.

"And when you think about how sexy I look...I want you to remember something..."

For him, how sexy you look for him, that's what you want me to remember, him, a real man.

"When you think about all the men staring at me...I want you to remember something..."

"Kris..."

"When you think about Todd sitting next to me, staring at my body...I want you to remember something..."

"Kristen..." Jesus fucking Christ! I didn't want to think about at all!

"I want you to think about me dancing with him and his hands on my waist and him feeling my garter belt, remembering the past." She paused, touched my face. "Remember, dear...remember I'll be thinking about my pretty little virgin wearing his pretty lingerie, at home waiting for me."

I almost fainted, it was too much, the combination of the scent of her perfume, her hand on my face, her beautiful lingerie and dress, the thought of Todd touching her, of me in lingerie, of my desire for her, too much, it was too much.

After Kristen left I went to the bedroom and stared at the open box on the bed, the pretty surprise that she said waited for me. It was feminine, that much I expected. But what I was looking at was overwhelmingly so. The box contained a sheer light blue babydoll with delicate lace on the underwire cups and trim, a matching pair of panties. I would have killed to see Kristen wearing something so feminine and beautiful. The babydoll was amazing, but it wasn't meant for her, it was meant for me. The delicate, feminine garment was intended to make me look pretty - not her.

Remember I'm thinking about my pretty little virgin wearing his pretty lingerie, at home waiting for me.

Yeah, her fucking sissy boyfriend at home waiting for her while she's out at some event with a man who was actually a man, someone who fucked her, someone who had been inside her, pleasing her, the way a man should.

The other box was there too. The box with the breast forms. Your breasts. I was afraid of them. Afraid I liked them, afraid of the thoughts I had going to sleep every night picturing what it would be like to have them, breasts, thoughts of Kristen touching them, caressing them. I was afraid of them because sometime I craved them - the weight, the feel.

I knew I wanted her to touch me somewhere else, somewhere a woman would touch a man, but that's not what I dreamed about when I slept, when images of her touching me like a woman filled my head.

I sighed, knew I should dress, knew I couldn't resist.

I showered first, dared to use her bathroom, her scented soaps and shampoos. I even conditioned my growing hair which, when I towel dried and moussed it, was easy to ruffle into a style that was beyond androgynous, that was pixie-like, overtly feminine.

I tried not to think of Kristen as I dressed in the lingerie, tried not to think of her past with Todd, the things he'd done to her, with her, things I could still only dream of. I tried not to think of her evening with him either. He wanted her still, that much I knew, that much he made clear. He wanted to fuck her, but I didn't want to think of that. I couldn't think of that. I told myself not to think about my girlfriend fucking a man. But I did. I didn't want to, but I couldn't help it.

I pulled the panties up my smooth legs, the sheer material and lace were so delicate, so soft, so tender. If I ignored my penis, my body, my legs were so soft, so feminine soft, especially with the lotion I rubbed into them, it was easy to imagine I was a girl pulling on panties - not a boy. I knew that was the way she saw me. How could she not?

That's what she sees, Daniel, a pretty boy in panties, not a man, a pretty boy, maybe even a pretty girl, certainly not a man, certainly not someone like Todd, something that will be obvious to her tonight.

I tried to tell myself to stop thinking like that. After all, Kristen had made it clear she loved me. But not enough to do with you what women did with men they loved. She might love you, but that doesn't mean she wants to fuck you.

"Uugh," I sighed when I pulled the panties over my hips and into place. "Don't think like that," I told myself as I covered my penis with the light blue sheer fabric. "She said she'll be thinking of you, her pretty boyfriend."

Yeah, when she's dancing with a man who happens to be the best lover she's ever had! She might be thinking of you, but it's his arms she'll be in, his body pressed against her, his cock she wants again and again.

I picked up the babydoll, it was so soft, so pretty, so dreamy, I felt my penis start to throb. I knew it wasn't from my initial thought, either, seeing Kristen in it, but from the anticipation of wearing it myself. From looking pretty, from looking like a sissy, from being soft and tender and feminine. When I slipped it over my head, the hem caressed my skin, like Kristen touching me, softly, teasing me, whispering gentle words in my ear about how pretty I looked, how dainty, how feminine.

"Damn!" I said out loud when I caught my reflection in the mirror. 'Holy shit!' or 'fuck!' would have been as appropriate a reaction at what I saw. "Look at you," I said to the reflection of the ectomorphic boy looking back at me. I always knew I looked young, I was always slender, I was always without body hair and facial hair, things I was ashamed of in high school, things that made me the target of bullies and bigger, stronger boys. If they could see me now, if they could see what tousled hair and lingerie did to me.

They'd laugh at you and kick your ass cause you look like...like a girl!

I imagined being found like this in my high school locker room, not standing among a group of bigger, stronger boys wearing my white briefs, but like this, in soft blue panties, a delicate babydoll. Fuck! They'd call me queer, they'd call me a fag, they'd tell everyone in the school. "Well the joke's on you idiots! You don't have a hot girlfriend like Kristen to screw," I said out loud with a laugh.

Yeah! my subconscious laughed back. You mean the hot girlfriend who won't fuck you? The hot girlfriend who is out on what amounts to a date with Todd? That girlfriend? She may be hot, sissy, but she's not screwing you, either. In fact, sissy, since you're not screwing her, maybe we will instead!

I swallowed, looked away from the pretty girl in the mirror, sat on the bed where I was supposed to wait for her. "She said she's going to think about me," I answered the accusation of my subconscious.

Right! She's going to think about you and how pretty you are and how much she misses a real man in her bed, a real man touching her, a real man inside her, a real man fucking her. "No, I'm her boyfriend," I answered again, smoothing out the hem of the babydoll, consciously or unconsciously making an overtly feminine gesture at the same time I tried to tell myself I was a boyfriend, - not a girlfriend.

I sat back, reclined against the pillows of Kristen's bed, my legs to the side, one bent up like a shy girl. I'm her boyfriend, I thought, as I looked over the soft mounds of the bra cups of the babydoll. I'm her boyfriend, I told myself again as I ran one finger down the smooth fabric covering my stomach, turned on by the sensations of femininity. I'm her boyfriend, I told myself as my thoughts once again went to Kristen and Todd, imagined him looking at her, touching her, dancing with her, discovering she was wearing a garter belt, thinking it was for him. I...I'm her boyfriend.

I knew you missed me, he tells her.

Todd, she smiles, I have a boyfriend.

Boyfriend?!, Todd laughs. That twink I met?

Don't call him that, he's sweet.

Sweet!, he laughs at Kristen. Sweet? Damn, the sex is that bad? I'm not surprised, I'm sure he fantasizes about men, not women. Maybe you're just a beard.

Todd!

Tell me he's better in bed than I am and I'll drop it.

Todd, stop.

Go on, tell me Kristen, tell me and I'll drop it. Tell me he fucks you like I did.

Todd, I...I can't.

You mean he can't.

Todd, stop, he...we don't...I mean, he hasn't...Todd, he's a virgin.

A virgin?! Todd laughs, presses himself against Kristen, you're kidding, right? He pulls her closer, lowers his hand to Kristen's ass, pulls her hips forward until he's pressed against her. A virgin...you sure he's not gay?

My hand drifted lower as I played the scene in my mind, ran down my stomach, lower, to the front of my panties.

Todd... Kristen sighs, her words sound uncertain, but inside she's burning at his touch, remembering, wanting.

Tell me to stop, Kristen, and I'll send you home to your little virgin, tell me you don't still think about it.

Todd, we...we didn't work out.

As boyfriend and girlfriend, maybe not, but as lovers, Kristen, as lovers. I know how I made you feel.

Todd, please.

You still think about me inside you, Kristen.

Todd, oh God, please, I...

Barely realizing what I was doing, I started massaging my soft penis while I thought of them, talking, alone.

You wore a garter belt, Kristen! Don't tell me you weren't thinking about me when you got dressed. Don't tell me you didn't want to look sexy for me.

He's home waiting for me, Todd.

Just like a wimpy little beta should, Kristen, waiting patiently at home while his girlfriend's out with a real man. You wore a garter belt Kristen. Don't tell me you didn't think I'd notice, don't tell me you

didn't think how this would play out. Don't tell me this isn't what you want.

I found myself moaning to the motion picture playing in my head, the fantasy I'd never imagined suddenly burning itself into my consciousness. What the fuck! But I couldn't stop. I didn't want to stop.

Todd, she moans again, pretending to tell him to stop, but finding herself remembering what it was like when he was inside her, the pure physical joy of being with a man. Would she think about me, wearing the pretty blue lingerie, at home, waiting for her? Would she compare me to him?

He knows you're with me?

Yes, Kristen moans when he pulls her tightly against him and she feels the erection in his pants pressed up against her body; memories flood her mind, bliss, pure bliss.

He saw how you dressed, didn't he?

Yes, yes, she pants, Todd, please...

And let you leave anyway?

My hand was on the front of my panties, rubbing, stroking, teasing, toying. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Todd...

Todd laughs, What a fucking sissy!

Ohhhhh, Kristen moans at the word, I want...

What?

I was stroking myself, fully, closer, closer.

Todd, I want to...

To what?

I want you to fu...

"Fuuuuuck!" I moaned as I exploded in the panties

To fuck me, Todd, I want you to fuck me, please, please!

"Fuuuuuccckkkk!" I moaned as I filled the panties with cum, fuck, fuck, fuck!

The sun was setting, I was tired, the afterglow of orgasm, but the cold wetness, the cum on my panties kept me from drifting off to

sleep. I needed to get up, do something with those before Kristen... FUCK...I really needed to do something with those...FUCK, I didn't mean to do that, but I couldn't help myself, not thinking about...

FUCK! Thinking about...FUCK! My face went red as I realized that not only did I masturbate, not only did I jerk off wearing lingerie, but I fucking did it fantasizing about Kristen and Todd. What the hell! Was that fucked up or what? Seriously, what the hell was the matter with me? She was just out at a charity event, she was not going to fuck him and if she did, that would be terrible. I loved her, I didn't want her cheating on me. Seriously, what was the matter with me? Why did I do that, in the moment of orgasmic bliss, why did I picture Kristen and Todd?

Because you know you can't please her like that, my inner voice laughed.

No, I can, of course I can, once we get married, I'll...I'll be a good lover...tender, gentle...

Think Todd was tender and gentle? Or do you think he slam-fucked her? My subconscious mocked me.

No, no, she loves me, she's okay with this, this is what she wants.

Yes, she wants a soft, tender, virgin plaything, but she also wants cock.

STOP!

I hated myself for this, for allowing Kristen to do this to me, to get me to wear clothes like the babydoll I wore. I hated that I couldn't do what I wanted — what was the sense of having an amazingly hot girlfriend if you couldn't be intimate with her, if you couldn't slip inside her, do things to her, things that she'd done, but only with others...

STOP!

I told myself to stop. I was tempted to rip the babydoll off my body, but, as much as I wanted to, I couldn't, Kristen bought me something pretty to wear, I had to wear it, even if I didn't want to. But I still had to hide the fucking panties!

I didn't know what to do with them. I was too tired to think, and since I didn't know when Kristen would be home, I didn't have time to wash them clean. So I stripped them off, looked around, finally decided to hide them in her laundry hamper, on the bottom, figuring I

could retrieve them later, when I wasn't so tired, when I was sure Kristen would be gone longer. I climbed back into bed, guilt ridden at what I'd done and what I'd thought about when I did it. I fell asleep curled in a ball, mentally spent, close to tears, unsure of myself and what I was doing.

You know exactly what you're doing, sissy, my inner voice mocked me as I drifted off. You know exactly what you're doing.

The dull light woke me; I was confused for a moment, didn't know where I was, didn't know what time it was, didn't know who was there or where the light came from. "Kristen?" I called out, dazed, looked up, realized it was the light from candles lit in the bedroom. I started to sit up, stopped when I saw her on the bed in just her lingerie. My God!

"I thought about you all night, lover," she touched one of the bra cups of the babydoll, the breast forms. "Did you think about me?"

"I..." I was half asleep, but immediately I thought about what I thought about, her, him, what I did when I thought about it, felt the shame rush through me, "I guess."

"You guess?" she leaned over, kissed my neck. "Playing coy, are we? Didn't miss me?"

"Yes, I..." I what? Missed her so much I jerked off to the thought of her and Todd? Should I tell her that, tell her how disgusting that was, how revolting?

"What's the matter, Daniel?" She leaned on her hand, smiled at me, a tipsy look on her face.

"Nothing," I said in as even a voice as I could manage. "Nothing."

She touched the breast forms through the babydoll like a man would touch a woman, soft, gentle, caressing. Then she moved her hand down my chest down to my stomach. "You look so good, just like I pictured you all night, my pretty little virgin home waiting for me in pretty lingerie."

Just how you pictured your pathetic boyfriend when Todd touched you?

"You know how many girls would kill for a body like this," she giggled as she leaned over, planted light kisses on my stomach through the babydoll. "Trim, flat, smooth. Pretty, so pretty," she kissed all over my stomach.

Yeah! Kill for a smooth, trim, body, shapely legs, a flat stomach, a perfect body for a fucking woman, but not for man! "Kristen," I said, exasperated, but she didn't pick up on my tone yet. This was wrong, so wrong.

"So soft, so pretty, so kissable." She kissed me lower, but instead of becoming aroused, I was guarded, the humiliation of what I'd done to myself and what I'd thought about while doing it were overwhelming. "So..." Her hand reached the hem of the babydoll, touched my soft penis. "You're not wearing the panties," she said, disappointed. "I like it when it's covered in pretty panties."

"Kristen, I'm tired," I mumbled. God, make her stop, I told myself.

"You're so soft, I like it when it's soft and tender and small, but..."

"Please, Kristen, can't...can't we go to sleep."

She didn't say anything, she just massaged me, kneaded my penis with her hand, looked back up at me. "Sleep?" she said, in a different voice. "I'm kissing your body and playing with your pretty little penis. You want to sleep?"

"I'm tired," I mumbled looking away from her.

She kept massaging, "Daniel, what..." Suddenly she dropped my penis, sat up, I assumed quite incorrectly, to get under the covers and sleep. But she didn't get under the covers. I could see her from the corner of my eye, staring at me. "What?" I asked, the blood in my veins cold, suddenly nervous.

"Where are they?"

"What?"

"Where? Are? They?" Her voice was cold, firm.

"Kristen, what do you..."

"Daniel!"

"What, Kristen, where are what?"

"Daniel Corey, you...you masturbated!" Her tone was as sharp as she'd ever used with me, angry, upset, disappointed, accusatory.

"Kristen."

"Where are the panties?"

"I...in...in the hamper."

She immediately stood, went to the hamper, dug through it.

"Daniel!"

"Kristen, please, I..."

She stalked back toward me, the look on her face was so hard I scooted back on the bed, mildly afraid of her.

"Not only did you masturbate, you made a fucking mess in your panties and hid them from me like an errant school girl. What did I tell you, Daniel?"

"Please Kristen..."

"What did I tell you about this?" she held up the panties. "What did I tell you about that?" she pointed between my legs.

"I...you said..."

"I said I don't want to be in the mood to play with you and find you soft because you played with yourself, didn't I? And you agreed, you promised that you'd refrain, you agreed that I control when you squirt, you agreed that you wouldn't do it without permission. You agreed! Not to mention, I told you no orgasm for...dammit, Daniel!"

"I thought..." What? That she was kidding? There was no way she was kidding and I knew it then, knew it now. "I thought..."

"You thought what? That you'd get away with it? That I'd be gone longer so you'd have time to recover? Or didn't you think?"

"No, Kristen, please, I...I thought..."

"Go."

"Go?" I repeated, horrified, "Kristen, please." Go? Go where? Was she kicking me out?

"Go," her mouth tightened and her eyes narrowed.

"Where...where am I supposed to go?" I started to tear up, sure she was kicking me out of the house.

"To your room! Where do you think?" she snapped, apparently not realizing I thought she was kicking me out of her apartment. "I don't want to see you right now. And I certainly don't want to sleep with you. You don't deserve my bed, Daniel. I...dammit, I can't believe you masturbated. And to think I was going to...to...to let you...dammit!"

"I didn't mean to," I said, standing up.

"Don't," she scowled, "don't you dare lie to me, go, I...suddenly I'm tired. And to think I left...the party...early to come home to this," she thrust the panties forward, "this disgusting mess."

"Kristen, please, I can..."

"Don't make me say it again, Daniel, I don't want to talk to you right now, I'm tired and a little tipsy and I just wanted to come home to my...to my...and now I just want to go to sleep. Go to your room, now, I'll deal with you in the morning."

I didn't know what to say, she really did look too mad to reason with, and she probably had some justification for being upset; after all, I had promised not to masturbate. But I ruined what she thought was going to be a special evening, the kind of evening a guy like me usually only fantasized about, but never experienced. I backed out of the room quietly, caught a last glimpse of her in the black, sexy lingerie, regretted again what I'd done, and what I'd fantasized about when I did it.

Fuck, Daniel, fuck, fuck, fuck!

When I crawled into bed in my room, I tossed and turned for hours. I was tired, but sleep wouldn't come. I was so ashamed of myself, so disappointed. I went from the promise of a rare night in Kristen's bed, the implied promise of intimacy, peculiar as it was, to this — alone in my room, alone in my bed, banished from Kristen. Alone with my thoughts, thoughts I tried to avoid thinking as I struggled to sleep, thoughts I couldn't keep from my head, even as sleep finally overtook me sometime around 4 or 5 in the morning.

"Daniel," I heard Kristen say in a dream.

"Mfmmmm," I mumbled to the vision.

"Daniel, we need to talk." Her touch felt real, close, but her voice was so far away.

"I didn't mean to," I heard myself say, "didn't mean to."

"I know, Daniel, I know." The vision touched my face, lightly, rubbed my cheek, real, too real. I opened my eyes. It wasn't a dream of course. She was there, standing over me.

"Kristen," I opened my eyes wider, blinked, but she didn't disappear, she was there, real. She wore a red/pink/white sleeveless floral dress with piped seams that traced the bodice. She turned, walked to the window, opened the blinds. The skirt, which was several inches above her knee, swung as she turned and the back was open giving the dress a sweet silhouette and flirty finish. She wore nude hose and her high-heeled, ankle strap sandals clicked softly on the floor as she came back to the bed.

"You...you look pretty," I said as I rubbed the sleep from my eyes.

"I'm meeting Todd for brunch," she said. "I kind of left him rather abruptly last night."

"Oh," I looked down, frowned.

"We need to talk about last night's event," she said defensively. "He wanted to have a drink afterward, but I wanted to get home to," she frowned. "To you."

"Kristen, I..." I was red again, ashamed again.

"No, it...it's my fault...well...not my fault, but I should have known."

"I...I didn't mean to," I said in apology, "I...tried to..."

"Stop?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"You shouldn't have started," she said, her voice cross again, "and once you started, you should have stopped before you finished. It...it bothers me, Daniel."

"I...I know."

She sat down next to me, crossed her legs. "You understand I'm upset with you."

"Yes," I said, face red.

"I was looking forward to it all night, coming home to my pretty little boy in his new lingerie, playing, I told you I was going to think about you all night, you should have thought about me when you... did that, you should have...waited."

"I...I did," I looked up at her, "I mean, I did think about you, I just...I just..." I looked down when I pictured her, him.

"I know it's...different...but I told you, it belongs to me...I have that power, not you. And as you see, when an effeminate little boy gets his release, he loses all interest in sex, loses his libido. I was

looking forward to coming home and playing with you, not coming home and finding out you played all by yourself, uninterested."

"I...I really didn't mean to," I said again.

"I'm upset with you because you touched yourself," Kristen reached over, put her hand on my thigh, "I'm upset because you squirted without permission, took something that doesn't belong to you. I'd think a boy like you would understand that."

"I..."

"I mean," she cut me off, "a man might feel differently, but a pretty little boy like you...you shouldn't be so cavalier about something like this."

"I...I'm sorry," I said. "I am."

"I know. But I'm upset with myself, too, for not doing something about it ahead of time."

"Doing something?" I repeated, confused.

"It's common," she explained, "all males do it from time to time, most men can control themselves, especially when there's a woman in their lives. But it doesn't matter for most men, they can be ready to go in minutes. But..."

"But?" I swallowed as her hand moved slowly up my thigh.

"But I'm mad at myself because I know better, she taught me better. Pretty little boys usually can't control themselves, usually they can't control when they do it and, once they start, they can't stop."

"Uughhhh," I moaned softly as the hand found my limp penis.

"It feels good, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I moaned as I started to swell in her hand.

"Wouldn't you rather have me do this, Daniel? Isn't it better to have a pretty woman touch you? I mean, you were always able to do this, but isn't it better to have me do it?"

Well, not too long ago I started to wonder if I'd ever experience the touch of a woman, so maybe I could be forgiven for not quite being used to dating someone so amazing.

"Daniel?"

"Yes," I moaned. Damn! Wasn't the question rhetorical?

"How often did you masturbate...before?"

Before her? "Not...not too often," I lied.

She stopped moving her hand, glared at me. "Daniel, this is a serious matter, you may have noticed, I have kind of a controlling personality, and I don't want this," she squeezed me, "to be an issue for us. I know it's natural, I get that, but regardless, it isn't something I'll tolerate. This is important to me. Masturbation without permission is bad, but squirting? No, Daniel, no." Her tone matched her words, serious, her face matched, too. I looked down. "How often?"

"I...I don't know...every...every few days," I answered without looking at her. Even though she wasn't moving her hand, my penis continued to swell, to throb.

She squeezed it once. "Every few days?" She let go, squeezed again, harder, not painful, but harder in a good way. "Or every day?" I swallowed again. "Daniel?"

"Every day," I finally admitted.

She started to move her hand again, slowly stroking me, "I get why a boy would do this to himself, but wouldn't you rather put on something pretty and have me do this to you instead of doing it to yourself?"

"Yes," I answered, more to the second question than the first, but that distinction didn't matter at the moment.

"I'm obviously not going to do it everyday, that's too much for a Favorite, but I'd think you'd rather have a pretty women stroke you, now and then, wouldn't you? Rather than doing it everyday yourself?"

"Yes, God..." I started to get dizzy.

"I mean, isn't having a pretty girl touch your pretty little penis every few days, or every week, or even once a month better than doing it yourself everyday?"

"Mgeffff," I mumbled, half pumping my hips, humping her hand.

"Whoa!" she chuckled, "Slow there, Daniel, shhhhh, I want you to learn to control yourself, focus on holding back." She let go of my penis, moved her hand back to my thigh. "Breathe, shhhh, breathe. It's not just that you touched yourself, that's bad, but it's that you went over the edge too. That's certainly allowed, not without permission anyway. Favorites aren't allowed to squirt without permission, Daniel, you know that? This is important to me, very important. In some ways nothing is more important."

"Yes," I quickly agreed, too quickly, but I wanted her hand back on me, I wanted to feel her soft fingers caress me.

"You agreed before, Daniel," she reached for me, but held back just before her fingers touched me. "I meant it then, but I really mean it now, I'm quite serious about this, no squirting without asking for... and receiving permission."

"I...I know." It wasn't fair. She was asking me to agree, or to reaffirm my agreement, when I was desperate for her to touch me, desperate to cum.

"Agreed then? This is...this is a ground rule, a serious one. You agree? No masturbation and certainly no squirting without asking for and receiving permission?"

"Yes," I said without thought and was immediately rewarded by her hand.

"There, see, that wasn't so bad, was it?" She started stroking me again, slowly, carefully, not enough to make me cum, but certainly enough to bring me closer to the edge, to replace reason with sexual desire. "I told you I understand, and I should have known better, my mother warned me, her Favorites were like teenage boys, forever masturbating if left unattended once they were feminized. Luckily things are different now."

"Different?" I asked, but didn't wait for an answer. "Kristen," I squirmed, the movement of her hand was rhythmic. Whether she meant to or not, she was bringing me closer to the edge.

"Shhhh, don't think about it, sweetie, just relax, you're not there yet, relax, learn to relax. I know it's difficult, but breathe."

"Uugh," I groaned, but she sensed it, slowed down just enough so mentally, I could take a step back from the edge.

"I'm upset that you masturbated. I'm upset you squirted without permission. But I'm also upset you made a mess in your panties, and worse, that you hid them." She shifted the way she sat, faced me directly.

"I...I didn't know what to do," I said, an obvious betrayal that I knew what I'd done was wrong.

"Well, for starters, you should have admitted what you had done. You should have accepted the consequences. And for goodness sake, you should have washed your panties."

"I...I was afraid," I mumbled, I felt my face flush.

"Afraid of...breathe, Daniel, you're not going to squirt, not yet, breathe."

"Please," I begged, "I can't..."

"Breathe, shhhhhhhh," she continued to stroke me. "Don't cum, you don't have permission to squirt, not now, not after what you did. Just breathe...what were you afraid of, Daniel?"

"Kristen," I was desperate, oddly, for her to stop.

"What were you afraid of, Daniel?" she repeated.

"I...I..."

"Not yet, Daniel, not yet." She squeezed me, hard, very hard, I had to focus all my energy on holding back, I did, but just barely. Fuck! Fuck!

"Did you like your present?" she asked.

"The lingerie?" I said. She nodded. "Yes," I said softly.

"Babydolls look so good on a pretty girls, they show off your body, your pretty curves, your flat stomach, your legs," she touched each part of me as she spoke, made it obvious the 'girl' she talked about was me. "Matching panties to cover and even hide your pretty girl penis."

"Ohhhhhh," I moaned as she touched me once again, I felt intense arousal and psychological need. Penis, pretty girl penis.

"What were you thinking about when you touched yourself?"

"What?" I said, "no...nothing."

"Nothing? Really? I don't believe you, Daniel. Come now," she suddenly laughed. "I don't mean squirt. I mean, come now, as in be honest with me."

"I...I don't know," I lied again.

"Were you afraid of what you fantasized about when you masturbated, Daniel?"

"No," I answered too quickly, too loud.

She didn't say anything for a minute, she just gently, carefully stoked me, slowly, very slowly, waited, waited while inside me things fermented. "Did you think about how pretty you looked in your new lingerie?" Stroke, stroke, stroke.

"Or how pretty I looked in mine?" Stroke, stroke, stroke.

I don't know if she suspected, I don't know if she knew, or if it was plain, dumb luck. "Did you like how good I looked?"

"Fuck, yes, you...you were beautiful."

"What were you thinking about, Daniel?" Stroke, stroke, stroke, I was close, too close, I mumbled, finally answered her question.

"What were you thinking about my pretty?"

Todd, I wanted to cry out, Todd. You and fucking Todd. You fucking Todd.

"Daniel?"

"Please?" I begged, not sure if I was begging her to continue or stop.

She looked at her watch, sighed. "Shhhhhh, I know sweetie, I know. We'll work on it, trust me, it's important for a Favorite to learn to control herself until she's given permission."

"Kristen, I..."

Unceremoniously she dropped my penis, stood. "I can't deal with this now," she sighed. "I need to get going. I don't want to leave Todd waiting." I shuddered in response to hearing Todd's name spoken by her. "I expect you'll behave while I'm gone."

"I...I have some work to do," I said, confused by her meaning, but she clarified.

"I mean with that," she pointed to my limp penis. "I assume I can trust you to resist masturbating while I'm gone."

At certain times, under certain circumstances, hearing a woman say that word might be exciting, verbal foreplay, a tease. But her tone was not playful or seductive, it was mildly scolding, the tone a mother would use on a child.

"I...yes," I answered defensively, looked away from her.

"I mean it, Daniel," she stood, crossed her arms. "I know you must think I'm scolding you, I am. Believe me, I understand better than most women why a shy, insecure boy who has trouble getting girls can't control the urge to masturbate, but you have a girl, so you don't need to do that by yourself. And besides, your girl is kind of controlling, so..." She pointed her finger at me. "We'll discuss this again later, but no masturbating while I'm gone."

"I...I won't," I said again, this time less defensively and more ashamed.

“Please don’t,” she said, her face softened, she reached down and touched my penis before she kissed me goodbye.

Chapter 14 – Consequences

She came home mid-afternoon. I was in my office working. She did the same, ignoring me for the afternoon. Dinner was quiet, almost forced, but she opened a bottle of wine after, sat on the couch with me, quiet, but seemingly without an attitude.

“Will you wear something pretty for me again tonight?” Kristen asked as we shared a second glass of wine.

“Do I have much choice?” I answered.

She chuckled. “No. But sometimes I get worried you’re doing it just to indulge me.”

“You are the one who wanted me to dress like a...a girl,” I reminded her. “This isn’t how I used to...before you.” I thought of the matching bra and panty set I wore underneath my clothes. Like all Favorites must. The sheer mesh lilac bikini panties with the nylon front and floral appliqués and the matching C-cup underwire bra. She said I didn’t look like a girl, just a pretty boy, but somewhere the distinction lost meaning, because I didn’t look like a man and I didn’t feel like one either.

“I do want you to dress like this, Daniel, yes, but I want you to want to dress like this too, how often do I have to explain that? I don’t want a man who is simply indulging me to get me into bed, I want a sweet boy like you who enjoys feeling soft and pretty and...,” her voice dropped, “feminine.”

“Kristen,” I swallowed, felt my tucked penis tighten in my panties.

“Am I being foolish, Daniel?” she asked, looking at me with a hopeful look. “Are you doing this just to make me happy?”

“No, I...”

“Are you doing this just to get me into bed?”

“No! Kristen, you know that’s not the case.”

“You like it? At least a little? Being pretty? Not just for me, but just because it feels good?”

“Some,” I blushed. Some? Just some? The truth was, I didn’t just like it some, part of me liked it much more, loved it in fact. Part of me craved it, looked forward to shedding the trappings of masculinity to surrender to things that were soft and feminine. I couldn’t begin to

understand it, couldn't comprehend why, but yes, I liked it. Okay, I fucking liked it!

"So, will you wear something extra pretty to bed tonight, Daniel? I thought, well..."

"What?" I asked.

"I thought you could sleep in my room, try to do last night over."

"I..." Last night rushed through my mind, her getting dressed, her going out, me at home, alone, wearing lingerie, masturbating to...

"Okay?"

"I..." I swallowed, torn, afraid of the thoughts stirring in my head.

"I'll let you pick out something of mine to wear," she said with a sly smile.

"Y...yours?"

"Anything you want from my lingerie drawer," she touched my arm. "The prettiest, sexiest thing you can find."

Normally, when a guy heard words like that, they were in the context of picking out something sexy for the woman to wear, not the guy, but Kristen was different. I was different.

"But if you don't want to play," she pouted, "we could just watch a movie or something."

"No," I said, perhaps a little too forcefully. "I do, I just...I wouldn't even know what to pick to wear."

Kristen smiled at me. "That's easy," she said, "just find something you'd want to see a pretty girl in, something you'd want to see me in, you can be sure I'd want to see my pretty boy in the same."

I blushed. "Oh," I said, that seemed an obvious way to approach it. "Can I...can I pick something for you, too?"

Her face sent a shiver down my spine. "No, Daniel, you don't need to worry about that."

I didn't pick the first thing that caught my eye. I was too busy looking at open drawers that seemed to hold sexy lingerie of every color and style. But the pink satin caught my eye and when I touched it, felt the liquid softness, I had to pick it up, then felt a burning desire to wear it, to see myself in it, to show myself to her wearing it.

It was a satin babydoll with daisy embroidery and satin trim, which made it so sexy and irresistible, I couldn't resist it. Or the matching bikini panty. When I slipped the babydoll over my head, I felt the underwire cups snuggle my chest. I looked around, saw them on the bed, the breast forms. The panties were tight enough to securely tuck my flaccid penis, and while I felt it jerk when I pulled the satin panties over it, I didn't swell or grow. There was just a hopeful bump in the panties, dainty, almost feminine.

I sat on the bed, as I had the night before, waiting for Kristen, as I had the night before. But tonight she was here, not out, not with him, Todd. Tonight she was mine, or I was hers.

I waited, minute after minute, relaxed on the bed. I waited and looked at myself, my soft skin made more feminine by the babydoll, the panties.

Feminine, not like him, feminine, not like Todd, feminine, not like a man.

I waited. She didn't come. Ten minutes, fifteen, twenty. I thought she was getting dressed, I had the ironic thought that women take more time. Ironic because I took more time, too, because I got ready like a woman, too.

My mind started to drift again. Was she still here? Did she forget about me? Did she get distracted? Was she thinking about something else? Someone else? Was she talking to him? Did she change her mind and decide to go see him?

My hand moved, as if it had its own mind, it started to move downwards. First over the bra of the babydoll, I touched my breast forms, soft, feminine, thought what if they were real breasts? Then lower, my smooth stomach, flat, like a girl, tender, smooth. No wonder she wanted to leave me here and go out with him again. Who could blame her? Who could question her?

My hand touched the waistband of the panties, I hesitated for a moment, torn, I knew I promised not to, I knew what I was doing was wrong, but I couldn't help myself, I couldn't stop, I couldn't not touch myself. Just for a second, I thought, just for a moment, just once. Just to see what it felt like.

My hand moved lower, touched the panties, touched the soft bump and I moaned. "Hmmmmmm."

The sudden movement, the loud sound startled me. The door opened, fast, hard, loud, and she stormed in. "Hands in the air," she said.

I didn't move at first, just stared, stunned. "Kristen?" I asked, for while it was her, it didn't look like her, didn't even sound like her.

"NOW!" she commanded when I didn't move.

Her voice scared me. Without thinking, I pulled my hand away from my panties, raised both, and just stared at her with my mouth open. It was Kristen, of course, but the way she was dressed, the way she stood there, was unlike anything I'd ever seen before in my entire life.

"Jesus Christ! She was right!" she glared at me. I was too taken aback by her appearance to ask her who 'she' was. Kristen was dressed in some sort of costume, a police outfit, though nothing like any real cop would wear. The 'uniform' was a navy blue romper, tight on her body, the front zipper undone to show off her breasts, with the word 'POLICE' written over one breast, a gold badge patch over the other. A black leather utility belt was wrapped around her waist, a pair of handcuffs and a cell phone hung from one side, a short crop on the other.

She wore the romper over dark tan pantyhose. Unlike any real policewoman, she wore black patent leather platform heels that made her hose covered legs look impossibly long. The illusion, the costume, was completed by a blue police officer's hat and aviator sunglasses.

"Daniel Corey, I assume?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered softly. Holy fuck! What was going on?

"Detective Hill, Vice Squad, keep your hands where I can see them," she commanded as she reached for the crop, undid it from the belt, pointed it towards me.

"Kristen?" I started to say.

"Kristen, yes, she's the victim, you admit knowing her?" She glared at me.

"She...she's my girlfriend."

"Stand up, sissy, turn around, hands behind your head, you're under arrest."

“Arrest?” I would have laughed at her but I was still afraid she’d seen me touch myself, not to mention so turned on by the way she was dressed I could hardly think, so all I could think to do was do as she said.

Kristen walked quickly towards me, pushed me against the wall, cuffed my hands behind my back as expertly as any real cop. “Don’t you dare smirk, sissy, your girlfriend filed a complaint against you for violating Code Section 2.2.1.”

“2.2.1?”

“Unauthorized orgasm,” she reached between my legs, squeezed my penis through the panties. “And judging from what I saw when I got here, you disgusting pervert, it looks like you’re a serial little masturbator.”

“Uuugh,” I gasped, “Kristen...” She squeezed my penis, hard. “Officer...”

“Detective,” she said, squeezing harder still.

“Detective Hill, I...I can explain.”

“Really?” she loosened her grip on my penis. “What’s there to explain? That you’re a little perverted sissy who can’t keep his hands off his small penis long enough to satisfy his girlfriend? Sound about right?”

I felt the room spin, fuck, I mean, holy fuck, what was she trying to do to me?

“Don’t bother denying it, perv, I see your kind all the time, it’s disgusting. Pretty little sissy wimps who find themselves with a hot girlfriend but can’t stop fucking masturbating long enough to actually please their woman....it’s a wonder any of them date pervs like you.”

“It...it’s not like that,” I moaned softly from her touch, but the reality is it was like that and she called me on it.

“It is like that, perv. You sissies are all the same. But we’ll talk about this down at the station. Come on.”

She pulled me off the wall and I had a moment of panic at how I was dressed, I couldn’t go outside like this, even by the private elevator. “I...I need clothes,” I protested.

“That’s not the way it works, perv,” she growled. “Little masturbators don’t get a perp walk with dignity.”

“I...”

“Trust me, Daniel,” she whispered in my ear, her voice, her tone, Kristen, my Kristen. But then she was Detective Hill again. “The neighbors should know there’s a little serial masturbator in the building, for their own safety.” Kristen again. “Trust me, love, trust me.”

“I...” I was confused, torn. She was playing, role playing, so serious though, so enticing.

“Come on, you fucking pervert, you can explain it at the station.”

She pulled me off the wall, walked me out of the bedroom. I should have realized, of course, she was no more dressed to go outside than I was, that she could no more go out half naked than I. Before we left the room, she pulled her phone off her belt, mimicked talking into a radio. “Control, this is 2-Victor-6, I’m Code 4 with a suspect in custody, coming in for interrogation.”

Again, as I should have realized, Kristen, Detective Hill, led me towards the elevator, but not into it, past it, towards the maid’s quarters. There were two chairs in the room - one a sturdy, straight backed wooden chair, the other a more comfortable desk chair on rollers next to a small writing table. That part of the room was illuminated by a light in the ceiling, while the other lights were off, so the bed, the rest of the room was dark. “Sit down, perv,” she pushed me, pointed towards the wooden of the chair. “Hands through the back, there.”

I did as directed as he walked behind me, pulled my cuffed hands. I thought she was going to undo the cuffs, and she did, but she pulled my arms apart, quickly fastened something around each wrist, leather cuffs. “Legs apart,” she moved forward to my right side, fastened a cuff around my right ankle, I tugged, but it was connected to the bottom of the chair. She did the same with my left leg, so I was completely secured.

“Detective, is...is this really necessary?” I pulled at the bonds, imagined myself a real suspect, almost laughed.

“It is,” she stood, sat down in the chair across from me. “Code Section 2.14, accused masturbators are to be secured at all times when in police custody. I don’t know what your girlfriend did, but I won’t tolerate a sissy perv touching his sissy penis in my presence.”

She still had the crop in her hand, brought it down quickly and hit the seat of the chair, missing my penis by only an inch or so.

I jumped, obviously couldn't move away from her, was startled. "You...you almost hit me," I said, startled.

"Code Section 2.99, an arresting officer is authorized to use force against an accused masturbator when the arresting officer witnesses the accused masturbator pleasuring himself. And you, perv," she flicked the crop again, this time just brushing my penis, "were pleasuring yourself when I arrested you."

I jumped. "Fuck, that...that hurt...I...I didn't mean to..."

"You sissies never do."

She picked a pen up from the table, began reading from a piece of paper. "Daniel Corey, you're being charged with two...no, now three, violations of SAMI, the Sissy Anti-Masturbation Initiative. Counts one and two are based on a complaint filed by a Kristen McCarthy, count three based on the observations of this officer in your arrest today. According to Ms. McCarthy, on June 8, 2013, while left home alone, you, one, masturbated, and two, orgasmed. According to my own observations, today when approached by this detective to make an arrest for the first two counts, you were in the process of again masturbating."

"I...I want to talk to my lawyer."

Kristen smirked. "Fucking perv sissies," she shook her head. "Code Section 2.89, an individual accused with multiple SAMI violations, that's you, or directly observed by a law enforcement officer engaging in unauthorized masturbation, again that's you, waives the rights granted under the Fifth and Sixth Amendments." She picked up a second piece of paper, read from it.

"Daniel Corey, you been charged with multiple SAMI violations and were observed in violation of SAMI by this detective. Thus, I am advising you that pursuant to SAMI Section 2.89, you do not have the right to remain silent when questioned about alleged SAMI violations, that anything you say or do will be used against you in court, that you do not gave the right to consult an attorney before speaking to a police officer investigating your SAMI violations, that you do not have the right to have an attorney present during questioning now, or in the future. If you decline to answer questions

about your violation, your silence will be taken as an admission of guilt to the SAMI violations. If you decline to answer specific questions, the investigating officer will use coercive techniques to solicit an answer.”

Kristen, Detective Hill, looked up at me, smiled. “Knowing and understanding your rights as I have explained them to you, are you willing to answer my questions?”

“What...what’s the penalty?” I asked her, mildly curious about the rules of her game.

“The penalty, perv? For a strict liability case the maximum penalty authorized by statute for a first offense is six months of orgasm denial.”

Six months of orgasm denial? I laughed, “You’re kidding?” What the fuck!

“No, Danielle, I’m not kidding.” Kristen answered - not ‘Detective Hill,’ but Kristen, my girlfriend, she answered as seriously as she could. Fuck!

“How could you...?”

“Oh,” she grinned, “just try me and find out. You’ll be surprised. Things used to be different, there used to be nothing authorities could do to stop a chronic masturbator...but now...things are different for modern women. We have ways of stopping this now.”

She didn’t say anything for a minute, just let me contemplate her threat. I looked in her eyes for something soft, a gentleness that indicated she was joking, that the threat was part of the role-playing I found myself in, but I saw nothing. She used the words she used before. Fuck! She wasn’t kidding at all! Role-playing or not, Kristen was the one threatening me, a real threat.

“Now, ready to answer my questions, perv, or should we just move right to the penalty phase?” She was both, Detective Hill, Kristen McCarthy, playing a role, playing for real.

“I...I...I’ll answer,” I stammered.

“SAMI complaints can be brought by mothers, wives, girlfriends, or female guardians. Is Kristen McCarthy one of these to you?”

“Yes, you’re...she’s my girlfriend.”

Kristen/Detective Hill wrote on the paper, spoke as she wrote. “Suspect admits complainant is a proper party under SAMI. Do you

live with Ms. McCarthy?”

“I...yes.”

She wrote again the paper. “Did Ms. McCarthy leave you home alone on the day in question, the evening of,” she looked at her paper, “June 8?”

“Yes, she...she went to a charity function.”

“And left her sissy home all alone, foolish girl, she should have known better.” She crossed her legs, bounced her heel, came close to touching my leg every time she did. “And did you fiddle your little penis while she was gone?”

I didn’t answer, though my red face should have been answer enough, but that wasn’t good enough for Detective Hill.

“Did you touch yourself, sissy? Did you masturbate?”

“Kris...Detective...”

She grinned. “My notes will reflect that you failed to answer a direct question posed by the investigating detective,” she said as she wrote on the paper, “and that coercive techniques were employed for the remainder of the interview.” She set her pen down, picked the crop back up.

“I...I’ll answer,” I said quickly.

She smirked. “You had your chance, perv,” she said as she stood, walked behind me. “You’re all the same, nervous sissy boys, you’ll answer a question, then stop, answer, stop, but I have experience now, I know how to make sure you talk and keep talking.” She brought the crop down towards my thigh, it made a loud smack, but she hit the chair, not my skin. “Did your girlfriend leave you alone?”

“Yes!” I cried out, “Yes! Yes!”

“And did you fiddle yourself while she was gone?” she demanded loudly, flicking the crop again, striking my thigh ever so carefully, lightly.

“Yes, yes,” I admitted. “I played with myself.”

“Why?” she demanded, “You know that’s against the law! Why? Why?”

“I...I don’t know,” I swallowed, though I knew, I just didn’t want to admit it, not to myself, certainly not to Kristen.

She moved back around to the front of me, sat back down in the chair, tapped the crop softly against the edge of the chair, against my thigh, higher, soft taps, higher, until she it rested against the front of my panties, against my soft penis. "The Sissy Anti-Masturbation Initiative allows mothers, wives and girlfriends to prohibit sissies from touching themselves. In her complaint Ms. McCarthy states that she specifically did so to you. Do you deny that?"

"That...that she told me not to?"

"That she told you not to masturbate, sissy, do you deny that?"

"No, she...she did."

"Yet you did, sissy, you masturbated, and worse, you orgasmed. The question is, why?"

I swallowed, looked down, said nothing. She started tapping my penis with the crop, lightly, just so I felt it, not so it hurt. "How many?"

"How many?"

"How many smacks from the crop until you talk? Real smacks. Two? Three?"

"Please, Detective," I begged.

"Why did you disobey her?"

"I...I don't know."

Again she tapped my penis with the crop. It stung, but not too much, just enough to be painful. "In the 50's, a Police Matron would beat the answer out of you." Tap, tap tap. "An older woman who had little use for perverted sissies." Tap, tap tap. "Or their pathetic little penises." Tap, tap tap. "But there are other ways now, they don't hurt, but they are just as painful."

"Painful?" I swallowed.

She unzipped the 'police' romper so her breasts were practically spilling out, and leaned into me. "We learned you can catch more sissies with honey than vinegar," she cooed. "Like a fly." As I stared at her breasts she flicked the crop against my thigh, harder than she tapped my penis, so I jumped. "Lower your eyes," she hissed.

I grunted, looked down. She lifted one of her heeled feet up, rested on my chair, inches from my penis, which was beginning to come alive. "But like with the fly, the honey may taste sweet, but it's a trap."

"I...I don't know what you mean," I swallowed. I looked down, watched her slowly move the peep toed heel closer to my panties, eyes focused on her nylon covered, painted toes.

"Do you know why the Sissy Anti-Masturbation Initiative was passed?"

"Nnnnnno." Her foot moved closer, closer, almost touched me.

"Because little sissy pervs like you can't help themselves. Little masturbators like you can't help touching your little penises. Little sissy boys like you can't help jerking themselves off, wishing they could get dates with pretty girls."

"Oh, God!" I breathed in and out quickly as the tip of her shoe brushed against my swelling penis, rubbed it agonizingly slowly. "I... I...I have a girlfriend," I stammered.

"Yes," she acknowledged, "I suppose you do, the one who turned you in. But if you have a girlfriend, what the hell were you doing jerking your little penis?!"

"I..." I looked away. As soon as I paused she moved her toe back, off the chair, stood.

"Do you know the one weakness every sissy has?" she asked as she walked behind me, one finger dancing lightly on my arm. "The one thing that's the downfall of every little pervert like you?" Her hand snaked down my side, between my legs. "Right here, perv, this little worthless penis," she touched me softly, rubbed it with one finger.

"Ohhhhhhhh," I groaned, strained against the bonds.

"This little thing gives a sissy away every time. Why did you masturbate, sissy, when you've got such a beautiful girlfriend you could sleep with?"

"We..." She moved her finger so slowly, so seductively.

"Wouldn't you rather wait for her?"

"We've never," I stammered as she rubbed and I grew.

"Wouldn't you rather make love to her?"

"I've never..."

"Wouldn't you rather be inside her?"

"I...I...I haven't been," I moaned as her finger massaged the head of my penis through the soft panties.

“Inside her?” She slowed the circling of her finger on the tip of my penis, implied she would stop if I didn’t answer.

“No,” I shook, “please.” I didn’t want her to stop, Detective Hill, Kristen, anyone.

“Oh, you poor little sissy, you haven’t been inside any woman, have you?”

“No,” I groaned, head back.

“I know,” she whispered in my ear, “she told me she said, ‘go easy on him, Detective, please he’s a virgin, he didn’t mean it.’ She’s such a pretty woman. Is that why you masturbate, sissy, because no woman’s wanted your pretty little penis inside her.”

Fuck, fuck, fuck, it was like she was inside my mind, ahead of me, like she knew what I was thinking, where my brain was racing.

“Because no woman’s found you man enough, sissy?”

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhh,” I was shaking, realized my penis was fully erect, throbbing. I wanted to cum, needed to cum, this was too much, but she wasn’t touching me anywhere near hard enough to bring me over the edge.

“What were you thinking about when you masturbated, pervert?” she demanded.

“I...I...I don’t know,” I stammered, blushed, was ashamed again.

“Most sissies are intimidated by women, especially pretty women like Ms. McCarthy.” She walked around to my right, carefully lifted her leg up, swung it over me, sat down on my lap facing me, unzipped the front of the romper all the way to her waist. “Know why, perv?”

“Why?” I asked, staring at her bare breasts as she moved her fingers down again to the front of my panties.

“What were you thinking about when you masturbated, sissy?”

“I...her...,” I almost couldn’t form words.

“You weren’t fantasizing about fucking her, were you?” she asked, implying that wasn’t the right answer.

“No,” I almost yelled. “I wasn’t, I swear.”

“I’m sure you want to, sissies always want to fuck pretty girls. But they’re afraid they’re not man enough...know why?” she asked, gripping my penis. “Because they’re not. So don’t tell me you were thinking about fucking her.”

"I wasn't, really."

"So what were you thinking about when you masturbated, sissy?" she asked again.

"I..." Again I tried to answer, but again she cut me off.

"As much as they think they want a pretty woman, sissies are terrified of women; sissies know, perv, they know deep down inside."

"Know?" I repeated, confused, distracted.

"They know they're not man enough," she leaned forward. "They know they're not masculine enough." She rubbed the tip faster, taunting me. "To really please a woman."

"I...I love her," I said, unsure what else to say.

That struck her, that hit 'Detective Hill' so much she almost broke, almost became Kristen again, almost, almost, but she recovered, barely. "I...I...I'm sure she loves you, sissy, I'm sure she loves her pretty," she flicked my penis softly, "little," she flicked it again, playing word association, "virgin." She flicked it a last time. "What were you thinking about when you masturbated, sissy?"

"Her," I said, it was true.

"Doing what to her?" She rubbed, urged me on.

"Her and..."

"Tell me, sissy," she said.

"Her and...and..."

"Her and what, sissy?" she started to move her finger away, started to deny me, but I had to have it, had to feel it.

"Her and...and...Todd," I moaned when she started to rub faster as soon as the word was spoken.

She sucked in a breath, moaned. I almost didn't hear it, almost didn't pick up on it, my head was back, my eyes half closed. I opened them, looked at her, looked down, her left hand was still forward, still touching me, but her right hand was pressed against her body, under the romper, over the hose, danced, as she masturbated herself.

"Todd?" Detective Hill asked as Kristen moaned, breathed heavily. "Who's Todd?"

I looked up at her eyes, looked down, bit my lip.

"Who's Todd, sissy?" she asked.

"He...he's...a...a guy she...was out with...that night."

"On a date?" she asked, incredulously.

"NO! Not a date, a...a thing, a..."

"You thought about her and this man while you masturbated?"

"Please."

"You thought about her and this man?"

"Yes," I squeaked like a mouse.

"They dated...before she met you?"

"Yes," I answered, tried not to, couldn't help myself.

Something clicked in her eyes, like she was looking at a puzzle, couldn't figure it out, but suddenly got it. "Ohhhhh!" she gasped. "Oh fuck! You...you...you thought about..." She was rubbing herself furiously, panting, bringing herself to orgasm. "You thought about him...him...fucking...m...m...", she almost said it, lost it, "you fantasized about him fucking...Ms. McCarthy!" She orgasmed, was shaking on top of me, her convulsions the only thing moving her finger on my penis, taunting me, but not enough, not close enough.

I heard chattering, her teeth, the telltale sign of a powerful orgasm, tried to move my hips, tried to get her to rub me faster, to cum as she did, but I couldn't, the bonds wouldn't allow it, nor would her weight on my thighs. "Please," I begged, but she rolled her eyes, another orgasm shook her, grinned at me.

"No, sissy," she moaned as she continued to shake in orgasm.

"But," I shook, "but I...I talked." She shook for a minute, her hand down the front of her pantyhose. "Please...please can I..."

"I told you it was going to hurt in other ways."

"Kris...Detective, I..."

"Little sissy masturbators don't get to orgasm," she smiled at me, "not when they've been jerking off to such naughty thoughts about their pretty girlfriends."

It dawned on me I admitted to fantasizing about Kristen and Todd fucking when I jerked off earlier. It was bad enough I'd thought it, but now I'd fucking admitted it too. "No, I...I..." What could I say? There were no words to speak, nothing to say in my own defense, she knew, she got it, she knew.

"Shhhh," she stroked my face, "I have such a naughty little boyfriend..."

"Kristen," I looked down, face red, ashamed.

“Shhhh, it’s okay, love, it’s okay.”

“I didn’t mean to...to...”

“I know love, I know, it doesn’t matter, I know, I know.”

“But Kristen, I...”

“Shhhh, sweetie, you think you’re the first Favorite to fantasize about something like that?”

“But...but that...that’s...that’s not normal,” I looked down.

“But it is, Danielle,” she stroked my face. “It’s totally normal for a Favorite. It’s totally normal for a pretty little virgin. It’s totally normal for a pretty...” she lowered her voice, lowered her hand to my groin, “sissy.”

“Kristen,” I groaned again when she touched me.

“You’ve never been inside a woman. Of course you wonder what it’s like, of course you wonder what a man and a woman do together. I’m not mad at you for wondering...but you could ask.”

“Ask?” I stammered. Ask...ask what? What the fuck was I supposed to ask?

“I know you might not have felt comfortable asking other women, but you could ask me.”

I was confused, couldn’t think clearly, especially with her hand massaging me.

“Love, you must have had questions, it’s okay to wonder, it’s natural for a pretty little virgin to wonder what a man and a woman do together.”

I think I drooled, maybe I mumbled. I didn’t know. Everything was spinning. “But...but I...”

“It’s natural to fantasize about.”

“I...I didn’t mean to...”

“Shhhh, and it made your little penis so hard, didn’t it? Didn’t it, love?”

“Yes,” I whispered, unthinking.

“I should have known, love, I should have known. Mother taught me better, I shouldn’t have left you alone like that. I should have known what you’d do.”

“Kristen, I...I didn’t mean to think about that,” I said, breathing heavily.

“Love, you don’t get it,” she said, touching me gently between my legs. “I’m not mad at you for fantasizing about that. I told you, it’s natural for a pretty little virgin to do that. I’m upset with you for masturbating while you did it. And if that wasn’t bad enough, squirting. That’s simply too much.”

“I...I’m sorry,” I said softly.

“We need to talk about all the Rules, don’t we?”

“All...all the Rules?”

“I told you before, didn’t I, there are Rules for a Favorite. Like the Sacred Garments, there are Rules.”

“You...you never said what they all were. I mean, besides...one.”
The one I obviously broke.

“Two,” she said with a sigh.

“What?” I asked.

“It’s time,” she said, still frowning.

“Time for what?”

“Time for you to understand.” She stood, zipped the front of the ‘uniform’ back up. “Your girlfriend is out there arranging bail, you’ll be released, subject to agreement to follow the Rules. And a SAMI protective order, of course.”

“Protective order?”

“Hmmm,” she said with a sparkle in her eye as she walked from the room.

Chapter 15 – The Favorite

I was still bound to the chair fifteen minutes later when Kristen herself walked into the Servant's quarters. She was carrying a small box that she sat on the table. She looked so elegant in a black and white sleeveless dress, sheer black nylons, and heels. "Well," she said with a frown, "someone's been misbehaving."

"Kristen...I..."

She sat in the chair across from me, crossed her long legs. "One of the Rules for a Favorite...Rule number three, in fact...is no unsupervised masturbation. Ever. We discussed that, correct?"

I felt so humiliated, sitting there being calmly lectured. Yet, somehow this topic was erotic, too. "Yes."

"It's disrespectful to a woman."

"I...I'm sorry."

"I told you...you agreed."

"I said I'm sorry," I said, careful with my tone.

She made a face, considered her words. "My mother has a saying, 'wanking rhymes with spanking,' she says. But we'll stop this, won't we?"

"Yes."

"It's important to me, Danielle. You think it's difficult. I know, it is, but I'll help."

"Help?"

"We'll come back to that," she said, eyes briefly darting to the box. "Let's start from the top, though, shall we? Rule number one for Favorites...feminization. A Favorite not only wears the Sacred Garments at all times, but other pretty things, too, agreed?"

I nodded carefully, afraid I'd appear eager.

"Rule number two, a Favorite obeys her mistress. It's simple enough, don't you agree?"

"I suppose," I said.

She crossed and re-crossed her legs, the hem of her dress rode up her thigh. I stared at her nylon covered legs, felt my erection throb. "Rule number three, as we discussed, no unsupervised masturbation. Rule number four," she looked down at my penis and

back up to my eyes, almost blushed, "Rule number four...no...no erections."

"Kristen!" What the fuck was she talking about, how was I supposed to do that?

"Favorites," she swallowed, "Favorites aren't supposed to have erections." Her voice caught. It wasn't shaking, she wasn't scared, nervous maybe, almost embarrassed. "Erections..." She swallowed again, her eyes darted away, back. "Erections are for men, Danielle, not...not pretty little virgins, not pretty little sissies."

"Kristen," I moaned again, realized the irony that her words were making my current erection strain even more intense, making it obvious her Rule against erections was having the opposite effect on me.

"What's an erection for?" she asked in a tone that said she knew I'd be stunned. "Why does a man get hard? So he can shove his cock in a woman? So he can fuck her? Is that what you want, Danielle? To put that inside me?"

"What? No...yes...I...not now."

"That...that's what it says to a woman. An erection is a big, fat demonstration of masculinity. Well, metaphorically, anyway," she looked at my erection, covered by panties, half giggled.

"But I...I can't help it, you...you..."

"I know, lover, I know. Its like the Sacred Garments. I didn't think it mattered, but it does, in the grand scheme, it matters so much. Pretty boys are not allowed to have erections no matter what, no matter how much they get teased. Pretty little virgins are supposed to be soft and feminine. Favorites aren't supposed to be masculine... at all."

"But how am I supposed to...you know...stop?" I felt myself throbbing, bouncing in the panties, looked down at my erection.

"It takes practice...but I'll help," she said, eyes again darting to the box.

"But...but how am I supposed to," I lowered my voice, "squirt?"

"That takes practice, too," she smiled. "And that leads to Rule number five, of course, no squirting without asking for and receiving permission." She raised her hands and counted off on her fingers. "So, one, Favorites are feminized. Two, Favorites obey their

mistress. Three, Favorites are forbidden to masturbate without permission. Four, Favorites are forbidden to have erections. And five, Favorites are forbidden to squirt without permission.” Her voice grew stronger, more confident, more assertive.

Sense some themes, love? Feminization and submission? Kind of the things that push my buttons...and yours.” She looked at my erection again.

“Kristen,” I looked down, didn’t know what to say.

“Don’t you think a silly erection spoils the feminine look?”

“I...I suppose,” I swallowed.

She slipped off a heel, moved her nylon covered foot up between my legs, touched my erection through my panties. “I appreciate the gesture,” she said, rubbing me through my panties. “It’s just one more appropriate for a man than a Favorite.”

“Ugh,” I moaned, half at her touch, half at her words. “Kristen...”

“Don’t you understand why it was doomed with Hannah, don’t you get that?” she said continuing to rub my erection with her foot. “She liked men and found you wanting...”

“But...but you like...”

“I like cock?” she asked in a teasing voice, saying the word I never would have. “Of course, in fact I’d say I love cock,” she kept stroking me, gently, so gently. “I’d say I love the way a man feels inside me, I always have...but I’ve told you so many times, that doesn’t mean I’m not my mother’s daughter, that doesn’t mean I don’t want my pretty little sissy, too. I can like both, can’t I?”

“Kristen.”

“Do you want to be my Favorite, for real?”

“Yes,” I stammered.

“The Rules, love.” She rubbed her foot harder, brought me closer.

“Yes, yes.”

“All of them. She...she’ll insist. I insist.”

“Yes,” I said, thinking of her mother, the woman who made this woman.

“Feminization?”

“Yes,” I said, looking at the lingerie I wore.

“Obedience?”

“Yes,” I said, looking my mistress in the eyes.

"No masturbation?"

"Yes, yes."

"No erections."

"Yes," I agreed, straining, closer, closer.

"No squirting without asking for and receiving permission."

"Please?" I begged, my question the answer.

"Please?"

"Please, Mistress," I said, misunderstanding her question.

"Please, what?" she purred.

"Please...please...can I...can I squirt?"

"Do you need to?"

"Yes," I moaned. "Yes!"

She moved a finger to her mouth, slowly moved her foot up my shaft, I was close, so close "Do you really need to?" she asked, half sucking her finger.

"Please Kristen, yes...yes..."

Her foot reached the top of my shaft, but instead of moving it down and touching me again, she pulled it back. "No."

"Kristen, please," I begged again.

"No," she said again, crossed her arms. "Two weeks, Danielle, you owe me two weeks."

"Kristen," I moaned, eyes afraid of her.

"Two weeks, Danielle, two weeks no squirting. Two weeks, no masturbating, two weeks, no erections, two weeks, Danielle, you owe me two weeks."

"But...but I...I can't," I groaned. "Please?!"

"I told you I'll help you," she looked at the box again. "I told you there are ways. You think they don't know, Danielle? You think you're the only Favorite who couldn't help but touch herself? You think you're the only Favorite who ever needed to be taught to control herself?"

"Kristen..." She reached for the box, opened it, took out something small, something pink. "What...what is it?" I asked staring at the object in her hand.

"Something my mother gave me when she was here, something she said I'd need, something I should have used much sooner."

“Kristen,” I said, sensed something about it, the plastic ring, the tube, I sensed it from the shape, the way she looked at it, the way she looked at me.

“She was right, it solves so many problems, avoids so many issues.” She held it forward in the palm of her hand, towards my groin.

“Kristen,” I swallowed, somehow understood the concept, if not the practical. “That doesn’t...it can’t...”

“Oh but it can, love. And it solves everything. Obedience — denied, a Favorite is so attentive. Feminization — take away a boy’s penis, you take away what makes him a boy. Chastity — no touching, no squirting. Erections — quite impossible.”

“Kristen,” I stammered, afraid, intrigued, scared, turned on.

“Two weeks, love, for now...some wear them longer, some always. It locks, of course, very secure nowadays.”

“It...it’s so small.”

“The cage? Or your penis?” she laughed. “Of course it’s small, there are bigger ones that stop masturbation but not erections. But this does both, until unlocked and removed.”

“Kristen,” I said again. Her name escaped my lips, over and over.

“Little sissy virgins don’t need erections, love, little sissy virgins don’t need to pretend to be boys when they can have so much fun being girls.”

“I’m scared,” I finally said, the truth.

“Of course you’re scared,” she smiled, “and you should be.”

‘Installing’ the cage, as she called it, was easier than I thought it would be...if there was a rock-paper-scissors game for erections, it was apparent a bag of ice defeated an erection every time. Once the ice did it’s trick, Kristen quickly, even expertly, slipped the ring over my flaccid penis and balls and then inserted my limp, cold penis into the cage and locked it with a small device that somehow slipped into the base where the cage and ring met.

“It has two keys,” she said. “I have one of them.”

“I get the other?” I asked foolishly.

"That would defeat the purpose, wouldn't it?" she laughed. "No, dear, my mother will hold the other...though I wouldn't bother asking her to use it...she's more of the long term school of chastity."

I frowned, but focused on the practical. "It...the cage...it's small... what happens if I...you know..."

"Get excited?" she finished. "You can't, trust me, you'll simply, well..."

"What..."

"It swells, your penis, but it won't get erect, the cage will stop it, it will just be...sore."

"It hurts?"

"Sore, Danielle, just sore."

"Kristen," I whined.

"Here, let me show you." We were on the bed, she lifted the hem of her dress, moved behind me, sat, spread her legs around mine. She placed her hand on my chest, massaged me like she was touching a woman's breasts, placed her other hand between my legs, cupped my balls. "What were you thinking about, exactly, when you were being naughty before?"

"Kristen, please," I said, still ashamed at myself.

"You must wonder what it's like when a man and a woman are intimate, right? You must wonder why I dated Todd even when I could never be with him long term."

"Kristen," I swallowed, realized I was starting to swell.

"It's not the fucking, that's not it, it's the beginning and the end." She was whispering, touching, teasing. "Every time a man enters me, every time Todd entered me, I immediately think about how much I've missed it. It's one of the best feelings in the world, when I go from wanting to be filled so completely, to having a man finally slide his cock deep into me in one firm movement. Feeling him fill that space and be buried so deeply. It's almost a constant longing for him to be inside me, and it feels like it amplifies when he actually is, because I just want the feeling of his cock inside me to last forever. It's that first stroke when I want it the most, when I'm the tightest, when my nerves cry out for his cock inside me."

I was drooling, realized my penis was swelling, didn't realize it was close to the edges of the plastic cage.

"I try not to gasp, I try not to let him know what he's doing to me, I try to stay in control, but I can't, it's absolutely impossible for me to not have a big intake of breath when that pleasure hits."

And that's when the opposite hit me. Not pleasure but firmness, tightness. I was swelling with nowhere to go, stopped from growing erect by the tight, confining cage.

"That's the beginning...but the end, love, the end? Men like to thrust at the end, right before they cum. I love that, the animalistic fucking, leading to the crescendo. Todd would grunt, pull back and push in with a final, deep, deep thrust and I'd feel him pulsate, once, twice, then feel his explosion inside me. It's a warm sensation, it fills me, his cum, pulsating from his cock."

My sensation was different now, the cage was doing what it was supposed to do, limiting me, constraining me, and she was right, I was sore, unable to grow erect, sore, sore.

"Todd knew, would hold it there, his cock as far in me as it could go, grunting as he filled me." I didn't grunt, I whimpered again, felt not a pulsating orgasm between my legs, but instead a soft penis, denied the ability to grow like a man. "You're sore, love?"

"Yes," I whimpered.

"Such a naughty little girl, so so naughty."

"Kristen...please...I...I want..."

"No, love, no...no...no...that's what a man does, not a pretty little Favorite."

"When..."

"Shhhhh, don't think of it like that," she said, "trust me, trust me."

Chapter 16 – Serving

I was in the kitchen making coffee, it had quickly become part of the morning routine at Kristen's house, my house. She didn't like to do it so I did it for her, got the coffee going before I got dressed so it was ready for her when she came out of her room. Service, but done not for pay but because I liked to do things for her.

As I was reaching up for coffee mugs almost out of reach, she strode into the kitchen, stopped, said nothing, just stared. "What?" I asked shyly.

"Nothing," she smiled, "just enjoying view."

I blushed, looked away, suddenly self-conscious about that view, not what I would have picked, a confident man asserting himself in his girlfriend's kitchen, but instead what presented itself to her was quite the opposite. What she saw was a lithe, shy boy wearing a plum satin, blush lace trimmed chemise over a coordinating underwire bra that held C-cup breast forms in place just as the matching panties tucked away his caged penis. What she saw was the opposite of masculinity, what she saw was soft, hairless gentle, feminine. "I...I was just getting coffee."

"And looking absolutely adorable while you do it, love," she said. She walked up to me, took me in her arms, pulled me towards her, kissed me. Glad I brushed my teeth! She moved to the bar, opened her laptop. "Dammit!" Kristen swore as she scanned her email.

"Everything okay?" I asked as I set her cup of coffee down next to her.

She looked up at me, eyed me up and down, reached up and touched my chest. "It would be better if I could stay home and enjoy that view all day instead of deal with fucked up reports from Tokyo."

I smiled, but still felt self-conscious about looking feminine, about the lingerie, even more so about the breast forms. I wore them to bed at Kristen's insistence, but looked forward to showering and getting dressed so I could take them off. Even though the Sacred Garments I wore all the time as her Favorite, a bra and panties, made it so I couldn't help but feel somewhat feminine when I was working, I was glad to wear my own clothes over them and to be flat

ched for the rest of the day. The breast forms scared me. I was too easily getting used to their weight, warmth, and feel against my chest. I was too easily thinking of them as breasts - not breast forms, too easily thinking of them as mine, too easily beginning to feel sad when I took them off. Especially considering the constraint between my legs.

"What is it, love?"

"Nothing," I said, looked away from her.

"No, it is something. What?"

"I..."

"It's the breasts, isn't it?" she said. I bit my lip, answer enough. "Kristen, I...I feel so...silly." Silly? Yeah, nice choice of words, I'm sure men always feel 'silly.'

She smiled. "I know, they're hard to get used to, aren't they?" she said.

"That's an understatement," I said, hoping she'd be sympathetic. And she was, just not the way I expected.

"I remember when I started growing breasts," she nodded, "something I imagined for several years before it happened, finally becoming a woman like my mother and her friends, I'll admit it was still strange to have these things all the time."

"So can I...", I started to say.

"I think that's best, you're just working here today, right? So there's no reason not to."

I was confused. "Not to what?"

"To wear them all day. Every day."

"All day?" My stomach started to flip. "Kristen, I...I meant..."

She looked at me with that combination of timidness and resolution she had when she was doing something she wanted to do, something she saw her mother do, yet something still new to her. "I know what you meant, Danielle," she said softly, "I do. But that's the exact opposite of what we should do."

"But..."

"Danielle," she said, "you're uncomfortable, I get that, but this is what I want. This," she waved her hand over my body, "feminization...this is what I want, Danielle. This is what I demand."

Power, once again I had power, or at least I thought I did. I had power because this is what she wanted. But I was torn because the reality is that I was powerless. I wanted her. And I wanted this too. “Kristen,” I started to beg, couldn’t say more. I wanted it and her asking for it made it easier for me.

She knew the way to her own power, ran her hand down the front of my chemise to my panties, to my locked away penis. “Be my girl, Danielle, please, you know you want to as much as I want you to.”

“Kristen,” I moaned as I swelled as much as I could within the cage.

“See, it doesn’t lie. A Favorite’s sissy clit never lies.”

She waited for me, answered emails in the kitchen while I showered and dressed. In mild protest, I picked the plainest bra and panty set I could find, not that anything she bought me could be described as plain. The bra was delicate white Chantilly lace with a tulle lining, the panties the same with satin bows on the hips. Dressing, I arranged the cage between my legs as best I could and inserted the breast forms into the bra. I stared at myself in the mirror, flexed and unflexed my fingers, and had the odd sensation of being attracted to what I saw — a pretty girl looking back at me.

I quickly finished dressing, ashamed at how excited I was and eager to cover up the feminine lingerie with my regular boy clothes. But it was hard enough for me to look like a boy, let alone feel like one, wearing a bra and panty set, even if covered by a button down shirt and slacks. Not with breasts pushing the shirt forward and further emphasizing my trim waist, and not with my pixie styled hair. There was simply no way for me to feel at all masculine. None. The feminine feelings overwhelmed everything else.

Kristen looked up when I walked into the room with a frown and I immediately felt more self-conscious. She doesn’t like it, I knew it, she doesn’t want to see her boyfriend like this, dammit!“ Kristen I...”

“No, no, it’s not you, Danielle, you look...wow...like the cutest little tom-boy ever, you’re adorable.” She was staring at my chest, at the protruding mounds.

“I feel...strange...”

“I know, I know. It’s perfect, really, that’s how a Favorite should feel. Confused, at first, more comfortable later.”

“You sure this is what you want? You...you don’t look happy,” I said.

“Oh, I’m happy, believe me, about you. This is...office problems. Fucking network problems again,” she looked down. “This is getting frustrating, it’s like someone is doing this on purpose.”

That wasn’t something I’d considered. My work brain took charge. “Is there something you want me to look at? I mean, I have a few things to work on, but I can poke around.”

“Actually, can you? From here?”

“I can remote in through your VPN and see, I don’t know, depends on some things.”

She shut her laptop, stood, kissed me lightly on the lips. “You’re the best,” she said. “And trust me, you look adorable...not as good as earlier this morning, but I suppose you can’t lounge around in lingerie all day, can you?”

“If you wanted me to,” I blurted out, trying to sound playful, but sounding oddly pathetic instead.

She laughed. “I might...but I’m afraid you wouldn’t be able to behave if I left you like that all day. Remember,” she pointed at my crotch, “that belongs to me, my pretty.” I blushed. She looked pleased.

I’d like to say it isn’t distracting to work with breasts, but it was difficult for me to go more than a few minutes without becoming self-conscious about the weight of the breasts pulling on my bra, without looking down at the soft mounds, without reaching up, touching them. Every time I did, every time I glanced down, every time I brushed my arms against them, every time I reached for them with my fingers, I had to quickly stop. Because every time I did I felt like a girl, and every time I felt like a girl I felt the jolt of electricity between my legs, the pressure of my penis against the cage. Every time.

Because you like feeling like this, feeling feminine, feeling like a sissy.

Luckily I did have work to do, so I every time I was distracted by them (my breasts) I could breathe, focus my brain on the screen in front of me.

I got my critical work done, turned to Kristen's problem, but despite two hours of tinkering around, got nowhere. I was able to get into the system through the VPN, but could not access or force my way into the proper administrative rights to do anything more than see that she was right, something was strange. And I too began to wonder if there was something malicious about the problem.

We talked about it over dinner. She was disappointed that I couldn't fix things.

"Why don't I just go down there? All I need is access to the servers from the inside," I suggested.

She frowned. "I'm not sure that's a good idea."

"Why not?" I said.

She had a serious look on her face. "It's not just the web site. There's something strange about last quarter's financials. Nothing serious, but there are a few numbers that don't make sense."

"What does your accountant say?" I asked.

"That everything looks fine. I'm not sure it does, but I'm not sure there isn't some connection between the two."

"So...", I said. "Why wouldn't I come look?" I was missing something. "I mean, if you don't trust me, you could get someone else."

She tilted her head. "Danielle," she said, "that's not it. Of course I trust you. I trust you more than I'd trust anyone else with this."

"Oh," I said, looked down at my chest. "I...I understand."

"Jesus, silly, that's not it either! I fucking own the company, I don't think I have to worry about or be ashamed of my pretty boyfriend."

"I...I just assumed...I mean..."

"Daniel...Danielle," she said. "Seriously, I'll take you to work, tomorrow, looking just like that and tell everyone at the office I love you." I blushed, dammit, how many times did I have to hear her say it? "But that's not it...don't you see?"

"No," I shook my head. "Obviously not."

"What if it is someone on the inside? I've already had a computer tech there twice. I can't keep bringing you back. If someone's doing something, they'll know I know, know you're looking at it."

"But I can't do anything from the outside. Another consultant won't be able to either."

"Same thing, I can't bring anyone in without tipping my hand...if there's a hand to tip...I don't..."

She stopped mid-sentence, stared at me.

"What?" I said.

"I can't bring you back, people know who you are. I can't hire someone from the outside anyway. We have a deal that's going to close next month and I can't have any suspicion that something's wrong."

"So what are you going to do?"

"You'll have to look at it," she said.

"But I need access. From the inside."

"Yeah."

"You said it yourself, people know who I am, I've been there twice," I said.

"They know Daniel," she said, using my boy name.

"Exactly." What was she driving at?

"They know Daniel," she said again. "Daniel."

"Yes."

"They don't know Danielle."

We sat in her study, an empty bottle of wine on the table between us. "Kristen, how the hell is this supposed to work?" I asked.

"I told you, you wouldn't be the first intern I brought in on short notice. There are a few every year. I always have people wanting their sons or daughters to get a few months experience during or right after college."

"Yeah, but..."

"But what?"

"How am I supposed to look like a girl?" I asked, exasperated.

“How are you supposed to...? My God, you’re hardly trying to look like a girl and you look more like a girl than most girls,” she said.

“Is that supposed to make me feel better?”

“It’s supposed to be the truth, sweetie,” she said, touched my hand.

“You really think I can do this? Pretend to be an intern and a girl at the same time?”

“Think about it...you need access, right? Just an internal computer? Well you’d have that as an intern. And since interns don’t do ‘real’ work in the traditional work sense, no one will look over your shoulder like they would if I brought someone in from the outside. Plus, part of the whole intern deal is mentoring from the boss...that’s me,” she smiled, “so you’ll have pretty much unlimited access to me without raising any eyebrows.”

“Okay, all that I agree with...now just the whole ‘pretending to be a girl’ thing.”

“Daniel,” she said, stopped herself, smiled. “Danielle...trust me, you’ll have no problem.”

I was skeptical. “I don’t know how to pretend to be a girl,” I said again.

She smiled again. “I think you’ll find it easier than pretending to be a man.”

I blushed. “W...when?” There was no arguing with her.

“Monday morning.”

I was lightly running my hands over the pink and white bra I wore, almost overwhelmed by the sensation of my French manicured fingers caressing the breasts; it was surreal, like I was watching someone else’s hands touch someone else’s breasts, yet both were mine.

“Looks like someone could get used to that,” Kristen said from behind me.

“Sorry,” I said, dropped my hands immediately, ashamed to be caught touching my breasts through my bra. I hadn’t heard her come back into the room.

"You don't need to be sorry, love, I'm sure you can't help it," as she walked up behind me, took my hands in hers, moved them back to my breasts. "Just remember, you're allowed to touch yourself up here." She kept one hand on mine, moved her other down my stomach to the front of my panties, touched my tucked penis as it throbbed, tried to grow and escape. "But this belongs to me."

"Please," I begged without thinking, "please." It had been so long since I'd cum, days had turned to weeks, and while I'd been able to ignore the painful urges in the beginning, the desire was becoming overwhelming.

"Please, what, love..."

"Please let me..." I said, trying to control my breathing.

"Let you what?" she said with a grin.

"You...you know..."

"No, love, I don't."

I sighed. "Please, let me..." I lowered my voice. "Squirt."

She moaned softly, squeezed both hands, squeezed one breast, one tucked penis. "Such a good girl using the right word. It's hard to go so long, isn't it, but that's what Favorites do, especially new Favorites, love. They need to learn. Men worry about their cocks because men have cocks. Men fuck women so men think with their cocks. Men want to be inside a woman. Men control their cocks. But not pretty little sissy virgins."

"Ohhhhh," I moaned as a shudder went through me and my knees started to buckle.

"Hmmmm. Pretty little sissy boys don't worry about cocks because they don't have cocks, do they?" she said as she gently massaged my balls, let me swell in the cage. "They have little sissy clits. And pretty little sissy clits aren't allowed inside women, are they?"

"Uugh, uugh," I said.

"Are they?" she asked again.

"No," I said, "no."

"No, my pretty little virgin, no, this doesn't belong to you, it belongs to me, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I moaned, "yes, yes."

“Later, love, later, not now.” She said no but she kept massaging me, teasing me, showing me the edge, even if I couldn’t get there, not caged, not trapped, not with her saying no.

“Kristen.”

“Be a good girl at work, Danielle, good girls earn rewards.” My groin throbbed against the cage, my balls were heavy in her hand, there was no question what she was doing to me, we both knew it.

“We need to finish getting you dressed,” she said stepping back.

“You can’t be late your first day. Be right back, and no touching...not that it matters.”

I clenched and unclenched my fists, the only way I could keep my hands at my sides. No touching? All I wanted to do was touch, even if I couldn’t feel it, couldn’t enjoy it.

“Kristen,” I sighed when she came back into the room holding a hanger with an outfit in one hand, shoes in the other.

“What? What did you think you were going to wear?”

“I...I don’t know,” I said, silently counting to ten as my eyes focused on the outfit she held. It was a flirty, short tweed skirt with a leather belt-like waist, a tight white knit sweater, and black ankle-strap sandals set atop slim heels. “Not...not that,” I pointed.

“You didn’t think you were going to wear pants, did you,” she said with a chuckle. “You’d be the first intern at McCarthy Enterprises to be bold enough to forgo a skirt on her first day.”

“But...”

“Interns wear skirts or dresses, love, besides...” She tilted her head, smiled, looked away, bit her lip. “Even if they didn’t, I...I want to see you...pretty and feminine.”

I felt my stomach turn, my heart flutter, and my penis, my sissy clit, swell, throb in the cage.

“Please?” she asked. “For me?”

If I was a man, I would have ripped the bra and panty set off, knocked the clothes out of her hand, demanded the fucking key, thrown her on the bed, and fucked her silly. If I was a man. If I was Todd. If any part of me was a real man. But I wasn’t, not even close. I was a scared little virgin, a terrified, insecure boy, afraid of any pretty woman no matter how much I desired her. I wasn’t man enough to grab her and fuck her. All I could do was beg her to touch

me and let me cum - no, beg her to unlock me, touch me, and let me squirt.

“For me?” she said again, held the hanger out between us. “Be a girl...for me. That’s what you promised, Danielle. Rule two. Feminization. For me.”

I reached for the outfit, she pulled it back, took the sweater off the hanger, handed it to me. “Sit,” she pointed to the bed when I had slipped it over my head and over my breasts and down to my waist.

“But...” I looked at the skirt, confusion on my face.

“Nylons first,” she said, setting the shoes and skirt down.

“Nylons? But...” I stared at the dark black mass she unfolded.

“No bare legs at my company, Miss Corey, especially in a shorter skirt. I didn’t know if you’d prefer stockings or pantyhose, I went with the second, I thought at first you’d feel more comfortable with more coverage over, you know.” She pointed between my legs.

She knelt down before me, without any preamble, slid one leg then the other into the black hose. “They’re semi-sheer, slightly on the tights side; I prefer more sheer on a girl, but not with a tweed skirt,” she said as she carefully pulled the nylons up over my hips.

The sensation of the soft, tight fabric was startlingly erotic; even though her hands were on the waistband pulling it into place, it felt like Kristen was touching me everywhere at once. She sensed what was running through my mind, leaned into my ear. “See how good it feels, being my girl?”

“I...I don’t know,” I said.

She touched me between the legs again, my balls throbbed against her fingers, my penis against the cage. I wished I was free, wished I was erect, wished I could cum, squirt, whatever. “It’s probably not fair, teasing you like this, but...but I can’t help it, my mother was right, I...I’m her daughter...I...I need this.”

“You do?” I said, surprised, pressed down onto her hand. The eagerness was too apparent in my voice, in my reaction. She laughed. “What?” I asked. “I...”

“Sweetie,” she giggled, “I don’t mean this,” she squeezed me, “I don’t need this,” she squeezed again, “I don’t need your little penis. I mean this, all of this. You. My pretty little virgin. You as my sissy, my

girl, my Favorite. That's what I need. All of it." She massaged me slowly. "It's adorable, Mother was right about that too."

"Right...right about...what?" I moaned as her fingers continued to rub me.

"A Favorite's weakness, a sissy's weakness, your weakness."

"Weakness?" I swallowed.

"This, my pretty, this pretty little sissy penis, this pretty little boy clit. It's your weakness. This, sissy. This and what it's connected to. That tiny part of you, that Y chromosome, that part that made you born a male, the lizard part of your brain that thinks this belongs inside a woman." I pictured a man with a woman, I pictured a man with Kristen, I pictured Todd fucking her, and then I tried to picture me with her. "Just like all Favorites, you want it inside a woman, you want it inside your mistress, you want to put it inside me, you want the one thing you can't have."

"Oh," I gasped as she let go.

"The one thing you can't have, the one thing a Favorite isn't allowed to have."

While we rode to her office together, Robert dropped Kristen off first. "Can't have the new intern arriving with me the first day," she explained. As we drove around the city, I looked out the window at all the men and women on their way to work. Men in suits and slacks, some women in the same, but many in fall dresses and skirts. I sighed, unsure which world I belonged in, wondered if I fit in either.

"Is everything okay?" Robert asked as we sat in traffic on Michigan near the Chicago Art Institute.

I looked up at him in the mirror, looked down at my black nylon covered legs. Is everything okay? Where the hell could I even begin? "No, Robert, I...I feel..." I looked back out the window. "Never mind," I sighed.

"May I say something?"

I nodded. "What?"

"You look nervous. Don't be. You're going to do fine."

“Fine,” I said, quickly looking back at the mirror. “How am I going to do fine? Look at me!”

He smiled. “You look very nice, Miss Corey, I mean that, I really do.”

“But I look like...,” I started to say.

“A pretty young woman who’s nervous because she’s on her way to her first internship.” He said it without mocking me, plain and simple. Truth. Just the truth.

The way he said it, so calm, so nonchalant, I didn’t know what to say. He sounded like he meant it, his eyes, the tight smile on his face, all so genuine. For a second the thought flashed through my mind that he was looking at me in a sexual way, the way I looked at women, or really, the way a man looked at a woman. But that wasn’t what was in his eyes at all.

“Robert, I...I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything, Miss Corey, just...just be careful with her.”

“You know I love her, Robert.”

“So do I, Miss Corey, so do I.”

I walked into the lobby of the Hancock Center for the third time, though this time was nothing like the last. I approached the lobby guard, the same as before, tried to keep my hands from shaking. Fuck, what was I supposed to say or do? The last two times I needed ID and I had nothing saying I was who I was pretending to be. Fuck! “I...I’m here to see Kristen McCarthy of...”

“Danielle Corey,” he asked with a warm smile, much different than the detachment he greeted me with before.

“Yes, I...I don’t have...”

“Ms. McCarthy phoned down, said a young woman would be starting with them today, you’re a new intern I assume,” he said, standing, his feet apart, leaning towards me.

“Yes, yes, I...I am,” I blushed. There was no mistaking the look in his eyes — what I thought I’d seen in Roberts and didn’t were

certainly here in the guard's — he was flirting, badly, but obviously flirting. Fuck, Danielle, a man was flirting with you!

"I'm Mike, Mike Parker, but everyone calls me Mike."

He stuck his hand forward. Instinctively I took it, and for the first time in my life a man shook my hand without trying to crush it, without trying to prove (easily) he was more of a man than me. That's because he thinks you're a woman, for crying out loud, part of me screamed in shame. That's because you're more of a woman than you've ever been a man, another part of me answered.

"Danielle," I said softly as his hand lingered on mine for just a second too long.

"Well, Danielle...Miss Corey...Here's a visitor's badge." He picked up a badge, reached out, and for a terrifying second I thought he was going to clip it to my sweater himself.

"Thank you," I quickly took it from him.

"You just need that today until we get your picture taken for your own badge. I'll call up and let them know you're on your way."

"I appreciate it Mr. Parker."

"Mike," he said. "If there's anything you need, you just let me know, okay, Miss Corey?"

"I will," I said and walked toward the elevators, certain his eyes were burning into me, afraid to look back and find out for sure, afraid I'd catch him staring at my backside, at my legs. Fuck!

Things were no different when I got to Kristen's lobby. Justin, a/ka/a Stud Number One, still worked the reception desk, though where before he practically ignored me, this time he practically threw himself at me. Fuck, what the hell was it with men? First the guard, then Justin? Do all guys lose their minds when they see what they think is a pretty girl? When I sat down, I realized the low lobby club chairs were practically designed to show off a woman's legs and gave Justin quite a view, which he took the time to enjoy.

Finally, Peter, formerly Stud Number Two, came out to get me. He was certainly more polished than Justin (and friendlier to me my other two times here as a boy), but when he came out to meet me

and show me to my office, his eyes wandered over my body just the same. “Well,” he said, “Ms. McCarthy didn’t mention how pretty our new intern is,” he said when he shook my hand. Kristen was right, neither one realized that I was the boy they’d met not too long ago.

“I...,” I stumbled for a reply, the attention I was getting was from men and it was making me uncomfortable. I was flattered, yes, they all clearly saw me as a pretty woman, not a boy trying to pretend to be a girl, but still — men were looking at me much like I might look at a woman!

“I’m sorry,” he said, “it’s not appropriate to say things like that to a young woman, I know. Come, let’s show you where you’ll be working, get some paperwork done, and then I’ll take you to see Ms. McCarthy.” As he held the door for me, I blushed, felt his eyes burn into my backside.

Fuck, what was it with guys? And could I possibly look that good?

I didn’t see Kristen all morning, Peter took me to my office, got me situated with a computer setup, though I didn’t have time to try anything more than a new employee would do. Certainly not with Peter standing behind me ‘helping’ me log in and get my network access going, showing me the email program, etc.

Peter also helped me fill out the typical paperwork — I had to lie about my name of course — and arranged to get me a building ID. That was fascinating, I couldn’t help but keep looking down at it and the picture of the young woman — me.

Finally, late morning, Peter said it was time to go say hello to Ms. McCarthy. “She likes to spend a little time with new interns on their first day,” he said. “She sees it as a part of her mentoring duties.”

He took me to Kristen’s office. She was on the phone, held up one finger, so Peter directed me to the couch and chairs set off to one side, pointed to the couch. I started to sit, worried he was going to sit next to me, but he moved to one of the chairs across from the couch. When he sat, though, I crossed my legs and watched his eyes drop down and stare and wondered if I would have been better off with him next to me.

I glanced over to Kristen, she smiled, twirled her fingers trying to end her call; I looked back at Peter who finally raised his eyes back up, but not to my face, instead to my chest. I shifted in my seat at the

unwelcome attention, part of me wondering if he could tell my chest wasn't natural. But another part, deep inside, felt warm and soft and feminine from the attention of a man, unwanted or not. My God, he's attracted to me.

It was a rare feeling. Except for Kristen, no girl ever looked at me the way Peter was looking at me, and even then, Kristen looked at me like this only after she feminized me. No woman ever looked at me like Peter looked at me, so overtly, so intensely. I looked at women the way he looked at me, but never when they were watching. Still, I knew what he was thinking, because I often thought it.

I blushed, I couldn't help it, I blushed and looked away, brushed my hair behind my ear. I heard Kristen snort, she was wrapping up her call, grinning at me. "What?" I mouthed. She just kept smiling, shook her head no.

"Sorry," she said hanging up. "That Toronto thing."

"No problem, Ms. McCarthy," Peter said, standing, prompting me to do the same. "We've got her all settled in."

"Great!" Kristen stood too, walked around the desk, hand out. "Danielle, nice to see you again, I hope Peter's been taking good care of you."

"He...he has," I said without looking back at him, afraid I'd blush again if I did.

"Good, well, let's sit and talk a bit, shall we?" she pointed to the chair, I sat again. "Peter will order something in for us. Peter, I don't have anything until the one o'clock call so I'll take Danielle from here. Tell them I don't want to be disturbed for awhile, but to buzz when lunch is here, okay?"

"Of course, Ms. McCarthy," he said, then looked at me. "I'll see you this afternoon, Danielle, finish showing you around and get you started on anything Ms. McCarthy wants to assign to you."

"Thank you," I said biting my lip and looking down until the door closed.

Kristen walked to within a couple of feet of me. I slowly looked up from her neutral leather open toed ankle strap heels, up her nude hose to the hem of her taupe polka dot matte satin dress. It was

cinched at the belted waist with a crinoline lining that gave it an A-line flare.

“Looks like the new girl caught someone’s eye.”

“What?” I said.

“Come now, Peter’s obviously a leg man, he stares at mine enough. I was watching him admire yours. Leading the boys on already, my pretty?”

“Kristen, my God, no!”

“No?” she laughed. “Okay, okay, but remember, Danielle, you’re pretty - prettier than most girls, so try not to lead guys on...too much, anyway.”

“Kristen, I didn’t try to lead him on. I like girls...you of all people know that.”

“I suppose,” she said, touched my head, prompted me to look up at her. “But I saw how you bit your lip, you may like girls, but don’t tell me the attention of a man didn’t make you tingle just a little bit.” I opened my mouth to deny it, but couldn’t. “Danielle, every girl likes to catch a man’s eye, even if she’s not attracted to him, just for the way it makes her feel pretty and feminine. I think there just might be more girl in you than I first thought. So much the better.”

“Kristen, I really...”

“Shhh,” she said. “No talking, I want that mouth for other things right now.”

“Other things like...” I started to ask as she pulled up the hem of her skirt and then I understood exactly what I was supposed to do.

It was difficult to do anything the rest of the afternoon after spending close to an hour with my face between Kristen’s thighs. I was sexually frustrated — she didn’t reciprocate anything other than rubbing me lightly between my legs for a second or two if I started to slow down. Even though I couldn’t feel her foot through the cage, I felt the pressure on my balls and every touch prompted me to renew with vigor my oral worship.

I begged her over and over, though.

Please, Kristen, please don’t stop!

Please, Kristen, please let me squirt!

Please, Kristen, please, I'll do anything, please!

She just smiled, she just pulled my face tighter against her, she just purred. "I know you will, not now, not yet, maybe tonight, my Favorite, maybe tonight."

How was I supposed to work thinking of that? How was I supposed to concentrate when her scent was all over my mouth and face? And how was I supposed to focus when Peter came to my office again and again.

I couldn't, and she knew that, and didn't care. Not today, not the first day. Tomorrow was for work, but not today, not the first day.

In the car on the way home she reached over and took my hand in hers, so to Robert it looked like nothing more than lovers holding hands. But while it was that, it was more, too, for discretely, she snaked a finger under the hem of my short skirt, pressed it against me, and leaned over to my ear.

"This is the hardest part about being a Favorite, I know, losing control over your pretty little penis."

I inhaled sharply as she touched me. "Kristen, please," I said, looking at the mirror to see if Robert's eyes moved toward us, trying not to squirm too much and draw his attention. At this point, practically anything made me swell in the cage, made me sore, made me desperate to cum.

"Don't move, love," she hissed quietly as she continued to press against me. "This is what it's like being a Favorite. Losing control over your orgasms, of the ability to masturbate whenever you want, instead being under the control of someone like me."

"Uugh," I groaned softly, hoping Robert didn't hear.

"But it's the most important part, too."

"I...why?"

"Hmmm, later, love, later," she said looking back to Robert's mirror, "everything later."

"Yes," I said, part question, part begging.

“Yes, love yes. By the way, you know how much I like to role play, right?”

“Role play?” What the hell role-playing did she have in mind?
“Yyyess.”

“Oh, darling, I’m so excited, your first time, just wait.”

Back home (it was hard to think of Kristen’s place as home), I sat on the bed in my candle lit room, wearing the lingerie set I’d found on the bed waiting for me.

It was something vintage - new, but vintage style. Sitting there in layer after layer of chiffon, I felt like a 50’s housewife waiting for her husband, like something straight from Mad Men. I was nervous, self-conscious, anxious, but as excited as I’d ever been in my whole life.

I looked down again at the layers of pink chiffon dancing effortlessly over my body, over the swell of my breasts, and couldn’t resist the urge to reach up and touch them, cup them. “Ummm,” I exhaled as I felt the weight in my hands and watched my manicured fingernails touch the mounds.

The first layer was a sleeveless gown made of a double layer of chiffon that pulled taut under my breasts to emphasize them. Over that I wore a short sleeved double layer chiffon peignoir with lace trim on the hem. The effect was completely feminizing, totally emasculating, and thoroughly erotic.

Kristen knocked, slowly opened the door to the softly lit room, walked in. She too wore lingerie, a black satin slip set with white lace trim, much less elaborate than mine. Still, she was beautiful and my eyes went quickly from her real breasts down to her long, smooth legs. “You...you look pretty,” I said.

“Not as pretty as you do, love.” I blushed, bit my lip.

“Every time you do that, Danielle...”

“I...I know, I can’t help it.”

“Don’t stop then. I mean it, though, you look so pretty.”

“I feel...I feel pretty,” I finally said.

“Soft.”

“Yes,” I nodded.

"Feminine. Just like a Favorite should."

"You're sure...still?"

She walked to the bed, sat gracefully next to me, touched the hem of the peignoir. "More than ever, Danielle, more than ever."

I couldn't believe this is what she wanted from her boyfriend, said so, but she demurred, ran her hand up my thigh.

"Kristen, I mean it, how can you want this from a man?"

Her fingers moved higher over the chiffon, touched my hip, I gasped. "Don't be silly, I wouldn't want this from a man, Danielle. I want this from you, I want this from my sissy, from my pretty little virgin."

I understood her subtle point, though perhaps not the consequences that would flow from it. She crossed her legs, I looked down at the sound, realized from the subtle sheen it was nylon touching nylon, and her slip was short enough when she sat, I saw it went all the way up her legs to her hips. "You...you're wearing pantyhose."

"Hmmm," she said, smiled, "I hoped you'd notice, I wanted to set a tone."

"What tone?"

She didn't answer, instead leaned into me, kissed me, pushed me back onto the bed. "I wanted a gentle reminder," she finally said.

"Of what?" I asked as she planted kisses over my neck and ear.

"You want me to take it out, don't you?" she whispered in my ear. I knew what she meant. "Yes, God, yes, please."

"I thought so. Pantyhose are a reminder then."

"Reminder?" I asked, breathing heavily already.

"Hmmm, a reminder, love," she licked my ear, "a reminder that, well, some things are off limits to a Favorite."

Oh God, oh God, oh God! "Kristen, please, I...I know."

"A reminder," she continued, "that a woman's pussy isn't meant for pretty little sissies."

My head was spinning, the room was spinning, I thought I was going to pass out. "Krist..."

"A reminder," she interrupted as she moved her hand between my legs, "that a woman wants a cock inside her - not a pretty little virgin's sissy penis."

"Aavmrdrs," I mumbled something incomprehensible.

"Favorites serve their Mistress, Danielle, Favorites don't fuck their Mistress."

"Mggfffff."

"So I'm wearing pantyhose, my pretty sissy girl, to remind you that you're my Favorite and that your pretty little penis, your pretty little clit, isn't going inside me." As she said it, she reached inside my panties, pulled them back, exposed my cage. "Such a good little virgin."

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh," I groaned as the blood filled me with nowhere to go, as I pulsed against the confines of the cage.

"Always remember, Danielle, a woman's pussy is for a man," she squeezed me. "Not for sissies."

"What?" I started to say but couldn't. "What?" I started to ask, but stopped. What...what about when we're married?

"Shhhhh," she said softly as she massaged my balls slowly, oh so slowly. "I know sissies fantasize about it, I know, love, I know. They can't help it, fantasizing about fucking a woman. But deep down inside, they know, love, they always know, as much as they fantasize about it, their little sissy clit doesn't belong inside a woman. Don't they my pretty little virgin?"

"Hmmdggfff," I mumbled again. She wasn't stroking me, she wasn't playing with me like I wanted, she didn't unlock me, didn't have her fist wrapped around me. Instead she had just massaged my balls slowly.

"They know they're too small, don't they?"

"Kristen," I managed to say a whole word but nothing more.

"They know they're too feminine, don't they?"

"Hmmmffffff..."

"They know they squirt much, much too quickly, don't they? Don't they my pretty?"

"Yes, yes..."

"Too small to please a woman like a man, too feminine to please a woman like a man, too quick to please a woman like a man."

"Fuck," I gasped, "fuck, fuck."

"Is this to much, Daniel, should I...should I stop?"

Too much, of course it was too much, this was crazy, what the fuck. But that's not what I said, instead I moaned "No, NO!"

"Are you sure?" she asked again, "please, I...don't want to... but..." She stopped everything, rubbing, talking, as unsure of herself as I, but still, she wanted it as much as I did.

"Please don't stop," I said softly.

"Hmmm, it's all wrong, though."

"Wrong?" I gasped, sure she meant me wearing lingerie, looking like a girl, acting feminine. "I...I knew it," I said, closed my eyes in shame. "Please, I...I'll take this off."

"Take it off?! Danielle! I don't mean this," she said, touched my lingerie, ran her hand over one of my breasts. "This part is...is wonderful, I mean, well, this," she reached back down, touched the cage. "This is wonderful, too, it helps you forget about trying to be the man and instead focus on being my pretty girl."

"I...I want...are you going to...please..."

"What?"

"When are you going to unlock it?" I half moaned.

"Unlock it? Sweetie...men have erections, not pretty girls."

"But I'm...I mean...I'm not...", I swallowed, "I'm not..." I couldn't say it.

"You're not a woman, Danielle, I know, but you're still my pretty sissy girl and this, I know you want me to unlock it and stroke it...but that's what I'd do to a man...not my pretty little girl. She made a face. "Girls should be soft and tender and feminine."

I was so confused. "I...I thought you liked, you know," I lowered my voice.

"On a man, Danielle," she said, "on a man."

"What...what do you want, Kristen?" I knew what I wanted, what I needed. "I...I thought you said I could..."

"Could..."

"Squirt," I blushed.

"You can, Danielle, but soft. Remember. Soft like a girl, soft and tender and sweet and pretty. You have to ask, of course, but I'll say yes."

"How am I supposed to?"

"Like a girl," she whispered, "like a girl."

I begged her to unlock me, but she wouldn't. "Danielle," she sighed, "no erections...those are for men."

"Damn, Kristen." My eyes rolled back into my head again, she kept massaging my balls until I could fill the cage no more and I grunted, thrust my hips in the air in a vain attempt to do something.

"No," she said gently but firmly, "when it's soft, Danielle."

"Please, Kristen, how...how am I supposed to...cum if..."

"Sissies don't cum, sweetie, men cum," she said in a harsh tone, cutting me off

"Squirt," I corrected myself, "how...how am I supposed to squirt?"

She didn't say anything. She just patiently waited while my swelling subsided once again. "You learn how, love," she said taking my balls in her hand again. "You don't think like a boy, you think like a girl. Men have cocks, not pretty little sissies."

She kept at this, again and again, touching me gently until I would swell in the cage, stopping, waiting for me to go fully flaccid. With each cycle, it took me longer to swell, less time to lose it until I was starting to stay soft. "That's it," she said in encouragement, "that's my girl, soooo pretty, sooooo soft."

"I...I..." I was fast approaching the edge and, as I did, odd sensations were slowly building up all over my body. Tingling. Electricity. Excitement. It was like she was touching me everywhere at once. Without thinking, I reached up, touched my breasts, rubbed, felt the blood start to trickle into me once again.

"Don't," she said at once but this time kept touching me. "Fight it. You can do it, Danielle, I know you can, don't give in, let the girl inside you win. You can swell in the cage if you must, but try not to, try."

"It...I...I'm trying..."

"Shhhh," she slowed down but didn't stop. "What do you want, love, do you want to pretend you're a man, do you want me to unlock it and stroke it like a cock and make you cum? Or do you want to be my girl? Pick, love, pick."

God how I wanted an erection, God how I wanted her hands wrapped around me, how I wanted to be inside her, to feel what it was like to make love to a woman. It's what I wanted, what I always wanted. "I want...I want..." Fight it.

"Do you want to pretend to be a man or do you want to be my girl?"

"I want..." Fight it, fight it! "I want..." Stay soft, stay soft.

"What do you want, love?"

"I want to be your girl." I was hyperaware of everything, of every sensation, of the soft lingerie, of Kristen's leg touching mine, of the breasts, of the sheets, of her fingers gently kneading me.

"Hmmmm," she purred, "you belong to me now." Her other hand, which had been stroking my leg, moved lower, massaged my perineum. "Stay soft, Danielle, you don't need to be hard to enjoy this."

"Hmmmm," I purred as her hand rubbed the sensitive spot underneath my balls.

"Stay soft, lover, stay soft." Her hand moved up and down, from my balls down to my hole, back, down, up, down. "Remember what I said most excited me about fucking a man?"

"Ugmffff," I half drooled again, incoherent.

"What I craved at the beginning?"

"Rrrstennnn."

"The tease was always so much, especially from Todd, he knew how to do it so well until I was begging him to fill me." Her fingers left my skin for a moment, came back lubricated, wet, rubbed around the rim of my ass. "He'd rub me with his cock, over and over, until I was begging him to enter me."

No...no...she wasn't going to...no...God no... "Kristen," I moaned.

"Until all I could think about was his cock spreading me open, entering me, filling me completely."

She rubbed her fingers around my opening, lightly, teasing, teaching, touching.

"Kristen," I begged, suddenly terrified, frighteningly so.

"I'd beg him, Danielle. It was the only time Todd ever had any power over me. I'd beg him to slide his cock into me and fill that

special place.”

“Kristen, please,” I begged, “please.”

“Oh, such a good girl...just like that, that’s how he made me beg; I never wanted to, but I always did. Because I always wanted to feel his cock inside me.

“Kristen, please,” I said again; my voice said no, but I felt my torso push forward against her fingers.

“Yes, like that, Todd, please, please fuck me, Todd please make me cum.”

“Kristen...”

“You have to ask, Danielle, you have to ask and receive permission.”

“Please,” I said yet again, pushing my torso again, “please make me...squirt.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes, please, please,” I said to both questions, one so much scarier than the other.

“You’re sure,” she said again, her fingers rubbing me, poised against the opening, pressing. “You’re sure?”

Her last question was her, the soft Kristen, the tentative Kristen, the inexperienced Kristen, the woman that loved me.

“Yes,” I whimpered, not sure of anything until she relented, until she pressed her fingers forward and opened me and filled. Suddenly I was sure, so sure.

“Ohhhhhhhh,” I moaned from the second I felt her fingers inside me, spreading me open, pushing.

“That’s it, such a good boy wanting to feel what a girl feels, wanting to cum like a girl cums.”

“Kristen,” I moaned as her fingers moved in and out of me, literally fucking me.

“You belong to me, Danielle, you’re my Favorite, you’re my pretty girl, you’re my sissy, now squirt for me like a girl does, now, now that you’re soft, squirt, sissy, squirt. Be my girl, that’s it, be my girl.”

I was incoherent, shaking, my penis still soft, yet I was orgasming, all over, everywhere. Everything. And then I did! Cum oozed from me. I could feel it, leaking out, slowly, drip, drip, onto her hand. “Ohhhhhhhh,” I moaned as the strangest orgasm I’d ever had

washed over me. I tried to find it, reach for it, the familiar feeling, what a man feels, his cum gushing from him, but it wasn't there, anywhere. It wasn't quick and violent, like a man, it was slow and soft, like a woman, the cum, oozing slowly, continuously, seeming to stretch on forever.

"That's it, love, like a girl, always soft, like a girl, that's how a Favorite squirts, soft, soft, always soft. I'm so proud of you, so, so proud."

We lay there after, next to one another, legs intertwined. We didn't talk at first, she just smiled, so obviously pleased and happy. I was still dizzy, overwhelmed. From time to time she would plant tender kisses on my head, tell me over and over she loved me. I dozed lightly for several minutes between, content to let her touch my breasts lightly, only waking when her hand snaked down between my legs.

"Hmmm, I like this," she cooed as she took me into her hand, my balls, the cage.

"Cuddling?" I asked.

"That too," she said. "But I meant this," she closed her fist around me. "It's so soft, so small, so feminine. I like knowing it will be like this for hours and hours no matter what I do." We kissed. "Knowing for hours you'll be my soft, pretty little girl, just like I want you. She kissed me again, but something troubled me.

"Kristen?" I said softly.

"Yes my pretty little sissy virgin?"

"I..." It was the worst thing she could say, each word struck hard, but she knew that. "I...I still want to...to...you know..."

"Hmmm," she said, "of course you do, I know, sweetie, I understand, I do...but you know my feelings. And more importantly, my mother's."

I knew all too well. "You...you'll only marry a virgin."

"Yes, I'll only marry a virgin."

What bothered me was left unsaid — how to reconcile the implicit promise of sex after marriage with her words earlier.

A sissy clit doesn't belong inside a woman.

Some things are off limits to a Favorite.

A woman's pussy isn't meant for pretty little sissies.

A woman wants a cock inside her, not a pretty little virgin's sissy penis.

Favorites serve their Mistress. Favorites don't fuck their Mistress.

You're my Favorite and your pretty little penis, your sissy clit, isn't going inside me.

I couldn't reconcile all of this, I couldn't even reconcile my own desire to fuck her with the erotic sensations I felt when I was denied the very thing I wanted. Fuck, I didn't know if I wanted her or not, because even though it wasn't sex, 'not' having her was the best sex I'd ever had. Of course, it was the only sex, too.

Chapter 17 – The Future

It was taking me more time to delve into McCarthy Enterprises' computer system than I anticipated. The system was simple enough, though it was hard to find something wrong when I wasn't sure what it was I was looking for. And there was Peter, who was the worst offender, but every other guy at the office too, stopping by my office to talk and chat. And flirt.

As an intern, there was no illusion — I was protected property, someone 'the boss' took an interest in, but that didn't stop any of them from trying, for finding any random excuse to come see me, to volunteer to 'help out' with anything I needed. And since Peter was actually supposed to work with interns, he had more reason than most to find his way to my office. Kristen was of no help. If anything, she found it amusing that Peter, so proud of his skills with women, would latch onto me. "Shows how feminine you are, love," she teased, "to catch Peter's interest."

"It...he's...he flirts with me," I said.

"The horror," she laughed, shook her head.

"Kristen, I'm serious."

"You're blushing, love. Not used to getting attention from handsome guys?"

"Kristen!"

"I'm sorry, I just find it cute, that's all, it even makes me a little proud — not every woman has a Favorite so feminine that she has men flirting with her. I can say something to him, but I think it's best you learn yourself how to deal with the attention you get from men."

"I...I'm not...I mean..."

"It's ironic, isn't it?"

"How?" I asked.

"Most women don't see you that way, sexually I mean, as a male, but as a girl, you get all sorts of attention. "From men, yes," she touched my arm, "but also from one special woman."

"Kristen, I...I like women."

"Oh, I know, Danielle, I know," she said with a sly grin. "What you do with that mouth of yours can't be faked. But you have to admit, it's

flattering to be chased, isn't it? Even by a man."

"I...I suppose," I said.

"Didn't you say you always wanted to be seen that way? Sexually? Not just in the friend zone."

"By women! Not men!"

"I know...but honey, women look at men that way, not pretty things like you."

"You look at me that way," I said.

"I like strong men just like any other woman, but I'm my mother's daughter, so I like pretty things like you too."

She was right. I wasn't used to anyone taking notice of me, much less ogling me the way men were and, in a way, it was flattering. The truth was, dressed as a girl, I was getting looks and attention I never received as a boy. And today, even Robert, who knew the truth, let his eyes wander over my body when he picked us up to drive us to the office. It might have bothered me if it wasn't for Kristen, who did much more than simply undress me with her eyes like the men did.

She saw me thinking. "What?"

"Nothing," I lied.

"What?" she said again.

"I...I just...I don't want you to think...to think I'm gay."

"Gay?" she laughed. "Who said anything about you being gay?"

"I...I..."

"My God, love, I told you. What you do with that mouth of yours, trust me, I know you like women, you can't fake that."

She had a look on her face, like she wanted to say more. "What?" I said.

"It...it's nothing."

"But..."

"What?" I asked, my turn to press her.

"No, it's nothing."

"Kristen!" I said, mocking the way she called me out to finish a thought.

"I was just going to say that, well, you say you're not attracted to men, I get it, but if you were, well, don't think you'd be the first pretty girl to wonder what a man's like."

"Kristen!"

“I’m not saying you do, sweetie. I’m just saying that, well, lots of Favorites wonder the same thing. Most, even.”

“Kristen,” I said again, squirmed.

“I’m just saying it happens a lot and anyway, in my mother’s religion, it’s not really considered gay.”

I gave her a disbelieving look.

“I mean it, Danielle, gay is like, well, when I think of ‘gay,’ I think of two men...like if my friend Jeff was attracted to Peter. You remember Jeff, right?”

Like I could forget!

“Not that he’s the slightest bit gay, trust me,” she chuckled. “The point is, a man with a man, that’s gay. But a pretty girl like you...”

“Kristen McCarthy!”

“Danielle Corey!” her eyes narrowed. “Stop being like that. It’s not gay for a pretty girl to be attracted to guys.”

I knew better than to argue the point.

Her words ran through my mind the next time Peter came into my office. It was Friday, Kristen and I were going to dinner after work, so she bought me a dress that was almost too much for work, almost too sexy, but she wanted something I could wear from the office to dinner. The dress was a black sheath dress with intricate lace overlays, softly pleated lace cap sleeves, and gentle scallops on the hem and sleeves. It was form fitting; and emphasized my slim waist, and with my breast forms, gave the appearance of feminine curves. Very feminine curves.

Underneath I wore a black bra with pink lace trim and matching tight high-waisted slimming briefs; shape wear, she called it, because it tucked and held my penis as tightly as any panties I’d yet worn (I was, thankfully, free from the cage). I wore a red cardigan sweater, something Kristen said would provide me modesty during the day, but could be removed in the evening.

I needed the support, too, given how tight the dress was. Don’t want any unsightly bulges, she’d teased. And I really needed the support because I wasn’t wearing pantyhose — Kristen insisted I

wear lace top sheer black thigh high stockings instead. The dress is way too pretty for pantyhose, she said when I protested. Trust me, you'll feel so much more feminine in stockings.

She was right about that, I'd never felt so feminine in my life. Then, sitting in my chair, legs crossed, Peter staring at me, wasn't really the time to feel feminine, as flattering as it might be.

"So," he said eyes darting from my chest to my legs, "the budget projections are being updated today."

"Ms. McCarthy mentioned it." His gaze was intense, God, he really was turning it on. I looked down to avoid his eyes. Jesus, this was getting to be a thing, maybe I should ask Kristen to say something.

"I know it's impolite to talk to a girl like this nowadays, but I'm going to say it anyway. You look absolutely stunning in that dress."

I don't want a man to find me stunning, I want Kristen to find me stunning. "Thanks," I blushed. "About...about the budget," I tried to steer the conversation away from me, back to work.

"Right, you should look for a comparison in last year. It's in the G drive on the network. Here, I'll show you." He walked toward me and my computer, I turned my chair to face the monitor, recrossed my legs as I did. He was behind me, leaning over my shoulder, too close for comfort, but what could I say? He'd played it perfectly, I realized, innocent if challenged, but sexual otherwise.

"I...I think I can find it."

"It's no big deal, just look here," he said, opened up the directory.

I swallowed, glanced down, realized with some horror how far the hem of my dress had ridden up my leg when I moved - enough that the lace top of my stockings was plainly visible to me, thus, to him.

"Um, it...it...", he stumbled for a moment, I knew he saw what I saw and for a moment I was deathly afraid he was going to actually touch me! "It's right here."

My eyes were closed, but that just heightened my other senses. Suddenly I could smell him, the scent of his cologne mixed with something muskier, the scent of a man, washed over me. Suddenly I could hear him breathing, slow, solid, steady. Suddenly I realized his hand was on the back of my chair and when he leaned forward to

look at the computer (and my legs and my chest), his hand moved silently to the side so it came to rest against my upper arm.

I tried to control my breathing, tried to keep calm, tried not to jump away. I'm not gay, I'm not gay, I told myself over and over. I'm not gay, I like women, I love women, I love Kristen.

Don't think you'd be the first pretty girl to wonder what a man's like, Kristen's words ran through my mind.

"A man with a man, that's gay. But a pretty girl like you..."

"I...I got it," I finally said, summoning the courage to shift in my seat somehow breaking the wicked spell. "I...I've got it."

"What's wrong, Danielle?" Kristen asked at dinner. We were seated at a secluded table at one of Chicago's upscale chop-houses, the waiter had just left to get our wine. I wore my dress sans sweater, Kristen wore a classic black party dress with a lace bodice, full pleated skirt and bow-tied waist that exuded girly femininity.

"Nothing," I said, but as I looked at the departing waiter, she knew what I was thinking. She saw how he looked at us, how he'd looked at me.

I felt her foot on my leg, her heel was off so her nylon covered foot glided effortlessly over my nylon covered leg. "You think he can help it, Danielle?"

"Kristen."

"You don't think any normal man wouldn't see two pretty women and instantly fantasize."

"I..." I swallowed, shifted in my chair.

"Don't you think any normal man, seeing two pretty women, wouldn't picture himself with them?" Her foot worked its way up my inner leg past my knee.

"Kristen," I whispered softly, my eyes closed.

"You have to get used to it, Danielle. Even if you're not attracted to men, they're obviously attracted to you."

"But Kristen, why, I...I'm a boy, not a girl!"

"Says the pretty little sissy in the sexy little black dress."

"You know what I mean, Kristen."

"I keep giving you the same challenge, Danielle. Every time you say that, think that, I respond the same. And I'll do it again — so you say you're a boy, then do you want to go home and get out of those clothes and fuck me?"

She said it loud, too loud, I looked around to make sure the waiter wasn't back. "Kristen!"

"I meant it before, I mean it now. You want to try to be a man? Come on," she looked around, "let's cancel the wine order, go home, and you can try."

"Stop," I said, hurt.

"No, Daniel." I sucked in my breath at her use of my masculine name. "I mean it. Let's go, if that's what you want so badly, it's not what I want but..."

"Kristen, n..."

"Come on, Daniel, you can fuck me, that's what you've always wanted, isn't it, to fuck a woman? Now's your chance. Take it...it might not come up again.

"No," I said again.

"What's the matter, Daniel, afraid to try to be a man?"

"Kristen!" Fuck, that's not fair. "I...I don't want to, I...want to...to... stay a virgin."

"Why? Afraid I won't like your little penis inside me?"

"Kris..." I bit off my response, the waiter was back. I had to sit there as he carefully opened and poured the wine with subdued flair. Finally he left, but Kristen spoke before I could.

"Here's the thing, love," she said over her wine glass. "I'm my mother's daughter, I know more about the psychology of a sissy than you'll ever appreciate. I know you're afraid of pretty women, that you always have been. I know you've always been self-conscious about your masculinity. I know as much as you fantasize about fucking a woman you're terrified to actually do it. I know you're afraid you won't...um...measure up to the real men a woman's been with." I looked away, answer enough. "That's why, love, you'd rather be my girl. I know, Danielle, I know."

"Kristen," I started to say as I tried to digest every word she just spoke, "I...I don't know..."

“Well I do, Danielle, I know. Even shy men, even confused men, even inexperienced men still want to fuck a woman. And will given the chance. But it takes someone very special to say no, to say, I’d rather be your girl.”

“I...I would,” I said softly. She looked at me, stern, resolved. “What?” I asked.

“You’re sure?”

“Sure?”

“That you’d rather be my girl?”

“I...” Her sudden seriousness gave me pause. “What are you asking?”

“This,” she motioned to me, “I know this started awkwardly...organically...but I...I don’t know if I can...”

“Continue?” I asked feeling lost. “I...I thought it’s what you wanted.”

“Danielle! God! The opposite, the fucking opposite,” she said, “I don’t know if I can stop.”

“Stop?” I was confused.

“Stop this...stop insisting you be my girl...I can’t...I can’t just turn it on and off...I thought I could...I thought I could be different, I thought I could let a boy be a boy...but every time I see you dressed like that, like a boy, all I think about is how soon I can see you again as my girl!”

“You do?” I asked, thinking about my own time in boy’s clothes lately, my own similar thoughts.

“Yes! My God, yes! Don’t you see, Danielle, this...you...like this...feminized...soft...pretty...I want this...always.”

“Always...but...at work?”

“Always as my girl,” she said.

“Always at...at home?”

“Always as my Favorite,” she said.

“M...married?”

“As my bride,” she smiled.

“In...in bed?”

“Always as my soft sissy.”

“Kristen...what about...” married...what about married? I couldn’t ask, was afraid to ask, was afraid of the answer, was afraid she’d

laugh, afraid she'd say no, afraid she'd say never.

"We can use any word you want, Danielle - girl, Favorite, bride, it doesn't matter, in the end I want you as my girl. As my sissy. I want you to follow the Rules. Always." She reached under the table, pulled something out, a small box, opened it. Inside was a silver (platinum) engagement ring with a large center diamond, at least two carats, with Micro-pave diamonds in three off-set rows.

"What...what's that?" I asked, ignoring that it was obvious what it was.

"Danielle Corey, I never thought I wanted to find someone like you, but I did. I never intended to fall in love with someone like you, but I did. I never expected to follow her, but I am, because I can't picture life without you. Will..." she took the ring from the box, held it towards me, "will you marry me? Will you be my Favorite, my consort, my wife?"

"Kristen," I swallowed, "that...that's for me?"

She turned the box, there was a second, identical ring inside. "For both of us," she said.

"I..." I can't wear that as a boy, I started to say but stopped, understanding she didn't want me to be a boy. "I..." Her wife? She wanted me to be her wife? "I...your wife?"

"My wife, Danielle, will you be all of that, including my wife?"

"Kristen..." I started to tear up, overcome with emotion.

I think she misread my emotions, must have felt a moment of self-doubt. "You...you have to answer...please. Even if you don't..."

"Kristen, yes, of course yes," I gushed, pushed my left hand towards her before I could stop myself. I heard her sigh of relief as she took my hand in hers and carefully pushed the ring up my finger. Then I heard soft applause, looked around, the waiter and two other employees were standing to the side watching. Assuming two women just got engaged — this was Chicago — nothing too abnormal. Our waiter opened a bottle of champagne, he'd known, was ready, another set two glasses before us before discretely withdrawing.

Kristen slipped her ring on her finger, picked up her glass, smiling. "To the future Mrs. Danielle McCarthy," she smiled.

The future Mrs. Danielle McCarthy...Damn!...the future Mrs.
Danielle McCarthy.

Chapter 18 – An Innocent Rash

It started with a rash on my left arm, a simple skin edema that, after a week was driving me crazy.

“Just call the doctor,” Kristen finally insisted one evening, watching me scratch my arm for the hundredth time that morning.

“I’m fine,” I said, biting my lip, trying not to scratch the itch.

“Danielle,” she turned, furrowed her brow, “call your doctor.”

I looked away. “I...I don’t have a doctor,” I said.

“What do you mean?”

I turned toward her. “I don’t mean this offensively, but a self-employed contract worker doesn’t usually have health insurance. No health insurance, no doctor. It’s fine, it will go away.”

Her eyes softened. “I’m sorry,” she said, “I should have realized that.” She reached for her phone, started texting someone. “This is a non-issue.”

“What are you doing?”

“I’m texting my doctor to see if she can see you tomorrow.”

“Kristen...”

“Don’t Kristen me,” she said, “you’re my fiancée, Danielle, you’re seeing my doctor. Tomorrow.”

“Kristen, you...you don’t have to,” I said, feeling guilty.

“Danielle Corey, I do have to. Stop! Seriously, you’re going to be...we’re engaged, for crying out loud, you’re seeing my doctor. Tomorrow...first appointment...eight thirty,” she said looking at her buzzing phone.

“Fine,” I said.

“Fine,” she said.

I lost the first battle of the day at seven when I got out of the shower and found Kristen going through one of my drawers and pulling out a nude bra and panty set, one of my smaller bras I didn’t wear with breast forms. I knew the set, the bra and panties were

made of sheer nylon net, the panties held me tucked particularly tight. "Kristen," I said in protest.

She turned, had a 'what?' look on her face.

"I...I'm going to the doctor, can't...can't I just wear...you know... boxers?"

Her eyes narrowed. "Do tell. What's Rule number one, Danielle?"

"I know, but...but the doctor?"

"What's Rule number one," she asked again.

"Fem...feminization."

"Feminization," Kristen repeated, "A Favorite wears the Sacred Garments at all time, Danielle, at all times."

I sighed, reached for the bra.

"Panties first," she held them toward me, "before you have trouble tucking," she looked between my legs with a sly grin. "No room for unsightly bulges in women's trousers."

Of course feminization didn't stop with the Sacred Garments, hell it seemed it would never stop there, I thought, feigning displeasure but secretly happy too. The less often you wear boy's clothes, the less you have to pretend. But I pretended anyway. "I was just going to wear jeans," I said.

"We haven't bought you any jeans, Danielle."

"I...I have my old jeans," I responded. She raised an 'are you kidding me?' eyebrow. "No?" I asked.

"Danielle," she said softly, almost weakly, "I think...I think having your old things around sends confusing messages."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"You're a Favorite, Danielle, masculinity is for, well, men. Having your old clothes around is just going to confuse you. This, Danielle," she pointed to my lingerie, "this is our goal, isn't it, bringing out the real you?"

"The real me?"

"The feminine you, Danielle."

"I...I suppose," I swallowed.

"Having your old things around is like keeping a security blanket."

"What am I supposed to wear?" I asked stupidly.

"The things you want to wear, Danielle, pretty things, soft things, feminine things. You don't have to be fully feminized all the time. I

know that takes time to accept, and no woman wants to wear a dress and heels every day...”

“But...”

“But wearing masculine clothes sends your brain the wrong message...if you want to wear jeans, you should wear cute jeans, not those formless jeans men wear. If you want to wear pants and a sweater, you should wear ones appropriately cut...”

“For a girl, you mean...”

“Ideally, yes, but even androgynous is better than masculine.” I shook my head. “What?” she asked.

“I get confused, Kristen, I don’t know if you want me to be a girl, or just a pretty boy, or what.”

“Hmmm,” she smiled, “a little of both, love...a Favorite has to be both...pretty boy and pretty girl.”

She said we’d discuss my old things later - that we had to finish getting ready. So, I finished dressing in the things she brought to me, starting with a nude nylon, lace trimmed slip like garment. “What’s that?” I asked.

“A teddy,” she said. “Now women usually wear them for the bedroom, but they used to wear them under short dresses or unlined pants to smooth out the lines of a bra and panties. Step into it, I think you’ll find it’s quite comfortable and a nice, feminine reminder no matter how you’re dressed.”

A little of both, I thought as I slipped into the white shirt she handed me, realized it’s masculine style — white, button-down — but chic feminine twists — perfect princess seams, a fitted, stretch silhouette for a curved, feminine fit. “It’s a blouse,” I commented.

“Masculine and feminine,” she said, “depending upon who’s looking.”

“And those,” I asked, pointing to the black pants she held. “Men’s or women’s?”

“Hmmm,” she smiled, “what do you think?”

Looking at myself, I saw elements of both, a masculine style, but feminine clothes. A little of both, a little of both. “I...I don’t know,” I said. She laughed. “What?”

She teased my hair, smiled, “boy or girl?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I said again.

“Boy or girl, love?”

“Both? Neither?”

She grinned, almost happy at my confusion over my gender identity. Purposeful, everything she did was purposeful.

At the doctor, a pretty, slightly chubby, young nurse in pink scrubs took us to the exam room. While it was obvious I was a boy dressed as a girl, the nurse said nothing about it while she took my vitals.

“So, what are we here about today,” she asked.

“I wanted Jill...Dr. Vargas...to look at a rash on my fiancée’s arm,” she said, consciously or not avoiding gender pronouns.

“Sure,” the nurse said. “Which arm? Let’s take a look.”

I held out my left arm, unbuttoned the cuff of the feminine sleeve, pulled it over the rash. “Oh!” the nurse said. “How long has that been bothering you?”

“I don’t know, a few weeks,” I said softly.

“And when’s the last time you saw a doctor?” she asked.

“It...it’s been awhile,” I admitted, “I don’t know...a few years...”

“Oh!” she said again, surprised. She went to a drawer, opened it, withdrew a pink cotton gown and handed it to me. “Here, you’re going to need to get undressed and put this on.”

“Undressed?” I questioned.

“Well Dr. Vargas will want to do a complete physical,” she explained, “and she can’t do that if you’re dressed, can she?”

“But...but I...”

“All the way undressed,” she said ignoring my stammering. “Bra and panties, too.” She said it matter-of-factly, as if she was used to ‘boys’ like me.

“But...”

“All the way,” she said again, moving to the door. “Dr. Vargas will be back in a few minutes.”

“Nurse?” Kristen said, standing. The nurse paused. “Is Jill seeing a patient now? I wanted to say hello before she came back.”

“No, Ms. McCarthy, she’s back in her office.”

“Danielle, sweetie, you get undressed, okay, I’ll be right back.”

I just sat there for a minute, finally worked up the nerves to do as asked, if only to make Kristen happy. I undressed, naked but for panties, folded my clothes carefully, slipped on the short hospital gown. Bra and panties, too, I thought, reluctantly pulled down my panties, set them on the small side table with my other things, and sat on the exam table.

And then it started.

First a twitch.

Then steady movement.

I was growing.

I was becoming erect.

Not just in violation of "The Rules," but here, in a doctor's office... I was getting an erection! Fuck, fucking fuck!

I started to stand, started to grab for my panties, a desperate hope to tuck before things got out of hand, but before I could move there was a sharp knock at the door. "Danielle?" an unfamiliar voice called. "Dr. Vargas. Are you ready?"

I was going to say no, but she didn't give me a chance, she simply walked in, laughing at something Kristen said. Hurriedly, I arranged the folds of my gown so it covered my erection, hoped I'd be soft by the time she wanted to examine me.

"Danielle, so nice to meet you, I'm Dr. Vargas," the woman with Kristen said with a smile. She was older than Kristen, probably in her late 30's, but pretty, extremely so. She wore the traditional white coat over a rose satin blouse and black pencil skirt, cut to show off her curves, a stethoscope around her neck and I realized right away I wasn't going to shrink, not with this woman about to touch, probe, and examine me. "Kristen tells me you have a rash on your arm?"

"I...it's nothing," I said thinking only how to leave without moving and exposing myself.

"It's something," she said, looking at my arm and the rash, moving to take my wrist, but I moved quicker, holding it up.

"I'm sure it will be okay," I said, "clear up on its own."

"It might," she pulled glasses from her dark hair, moved closer, looked at it, "but these typically don't without treatment. Here, lean back on the table. Let's do a physical so I can decide a course of treatment."

"Can't...can't you just give me a cream or something?"

"I could," she looked at me strangely, "but since you're a new patient, I'm not prescribing anything until we examine you...come now, lie back, it's okay."

"Danielle," Kristen's eyes narrowed, a command to obey.

I sighed, leaned back, and as I feared, the gown pulled taut over my groin.

"Danielle!" Kristen hissed immediately.

"Well that's not very lady like," Dr. Vargas snickered. "Kristen McCarthy, doesn't your thing have Rules about this kind of thing?"

"I...I'm sorry," I looked at both of them, "I...I didn't mean to..."

"Jill, I'm the one that's sorry," Kristen said, her voice strained, "We most certainly do. Danielle knows better."

"It doesn't matter, Kristen," Dr. Vargas smiled. "I understand it happens...more than you'd imagine for male patients seeing a female doctor. Besides, it answers one question, anyway...about certain functions..."

Dr. Vargas gave me what I thought was a standard physical, listening, touching, asking questions of mostly me, about my health habits, family history. Occasionally she traded small talk with Kristen. As we wound down, Dr. Vargas said when we were done the nurse was going to come back to do blood work and an EKG. "You'll also need to go to the bathroom so you can provide a urine sample and that should be..." Kristen coughed, caught Dr. Vargas's attention.

"Doctor..."

Dr. Vargas paused, looked at my fiancée. "So formal..."

"Sorry," Kristen said. "About that... it's...can you check something..."

Dr. Vargas wrinkled her nose, reading the innuendo in Kristen's tone. "Of course, Kristen, what is it?"

"Can you," she paused, almost looked shy, "can you check...you know?"

Dr. Vargas narrowed her eyes. "Check...Kristen, I don't..." She stopped, saw Kristen's face. "Oh, oh God, Kristen...of course, I...I'm so sorry...it's been awhile since I had a...well..." Dr. Vargas turned to me. "Danielle, Kristen's right, I need you to pull you legs up, Danielle, so I can check one last thing." She went to the cabinet, put on rubber gloves, took a tube of something, squirted clear jell onto two of her fingers.

I realized what she intended, protested. "But...but...but I'm not forty," I said.

Kristen leaned down, her breasts all but spilled out of her top and into my face, purposefully done, as almost everything she did was done. "Sweetie," she said softly, gently, "I know that scares you, but remember, a Favorite has to learn to appreciate things the way a girl appreciates things and this is what women do when they go to the doctor...and besides...a Favorite..." She looked to Dr. Vargas, perhaps blushed, "a Favorite also has to learn to squirt like a girl, remember...you enjoyed it before."

"But..." My face reddened in shame

"Danielle," Dr. Vargas said, the same gentle voice, eyes taking a cue from what Kristen said, "you're not the first Favorite I've treated. It's okay, really, relax..." She pushed her fingers to my opening, rubbed the lube around, "You'll feel a slight pressure..."

"Hmmmmmm," I moaned softly as her fingers entered me, lubricated me, probed, found the sensitive spot.

"Firm, but not hard, not enlarged, good, good," she said, leaving her fingers inside pressed against me. "No problems urinating?" I shook my head, couldn't talk, felt my penis grow once again. "Well that's a good sign," Dr. Vargas chuckled.

"Danielle!" Kristen scolded playfully.

"It's okay, Kristen," Dr. Vargas said. "That feels good, Danielle?"

"Yes," I mumbled.

"Kristen, has he..."

"Yes," Kristen answered quickly.

"And do you plan to..."

"Yes," she said again, cutting off the question. "If I can."

"No medical reason not to...she's obviously receptive."

Do what? No reason not to do what? I tried to think, couldn't, my brain was watery, confused, and suddenly Dr. Vargas's fingers were gone, leaving me gasping, involuntarily thrusting my hips looking for the thing that filled me while Kristen watched me, watched my reaction.

When I was dressed again, Dr. Vargas sat with us in her office. "Danielle, I'm going to write you a script for a steroid for the rash, it's new, off label, but it shows promising results. There are some side effects, though."

"What kind of side effects?"

"Well the normal warnings of heart problems, fever, swelling... these are rare, so call if you feel a rushing of your heart or dizziness. I don't anticipate those being the problem, though."

"What...what is, then?" I asked.

"Some males experience both a physiological and a psychological reaction to the steroid. You see, its estrogen-based, males with normal testosterone generally don't have a problem, but males with naturally low testosterone sometimes have difficulty getting or maintaining an erection while on the medication." Kristen giggled softly. "Develop softness or tenderness in the chest, don't grow facial hair as quickly...that's a physical reaction, but it's often made more pronounced by a psychological response to taking female hormones, even in low doses, especially for males who, um..."

"Who don't feel masculine," Kristen finished.

"Exactly. It doesn't cause true impotency, by the way, it's just a circular logic train...a male who doesn't feel masculine, who takes even small doses of female hormones, well, his brain can amplify the physical effect. If you think the estrogen makes your chest sensitive like a woman's breasts, your chest becomes more sensitive, if you think the estrogen makes your penis less masculine, your penis becomes flaccid, smaller, less masculine."

"Doctor?" I started.

She held up her hand. "Don't get me wrong, the dose is smaller than one gets during hormone replacement therapy, I just want you to be prepared to feel less...to feel less masculine...more feminine."

"I...I'm not growing breasts, right?" I half joked.

"No, no, of course not, not really," Dr. Vargas insisted. "You may just feel like it. I just want you to be prepared to feel that way, Danielle. Most males, understanding this, can simply resolve to not feel that way."

"So, try not to feel breasts?"

"Exactly, unless that's how you want to feel," she added. "And..."

"And what?"

"Well, you won't grow breasts, full breasts, but sometime there is a slight...swelling."

I swallowed, was about to ask how slight, but Kristen beat me to it.

"Oh, 70cm or so...an A cup...sometimes a little more depending on a patient's natural hormone balance. But only in about five percent of the cases."

I just stared at her; so I had a five percent chance of developing A cup breasts???

"Kristen," I turned on her as soon as we walked into the penthouse, ready to fight, ready to argue, but she ignored me, quickly closed the gap between us, kissed me deeply. "Kristen," I said, returning the kiss, melting, "please...wait...I..."

"She said not to think about it," she said between kisses, "but it's all I can think about."

"What is?" I asked, not sure whether to keep kissing or pull away.

"Estrogen...running through you...making your chest feel...feminine...making your penis feel...feminine."

"Kristen, but..."

She reached up, touched my chest, ran her fingers over the outline of my bra. "Imagine these feeling real. Imagine the feeling of real breasts under a wedding dress...under wedding lingerie...even just an A cup..."

“Wedding night? But we...I thought...but what if I can't...you know...get an erection...how will I...how will we...”

“Erection? Love,” she kissed me again, “the Rules, you know the Rules, Favorites...Favorites aren't supposed to have erections. Erections are for men, not pretty little sissies, don't think about that growing, silly, think about these growing instead.”

“But...but you said...when we got married...you said I...I had to be a virgin...you said on our wedding night...that I'd...that we'd...you know...that I'd lose...lose my virginity.”

“We will lover, and you will...”

“But if I can't get an erection...”

“Shhhh, you need to trust me, love, I promise...you will...I promise.”

A week later I sat nervously in the back of the car, played with the hem of my dress. “Danielle, stop fidgeting,” Mrs. McCarthy said, reaching over, touching my nylon covered leg.

“Sorry,” I mumbled, unconsciously smoothing the pleated folds of my pink, skater silhouette dress, moved my hands to the black belt around my waist that further defined my feminine silhouette.

“Danielle,” she chuckled, pressed her heel against mine, “my goodness! I didn't think it's possible, but you're going to make me nervous.”

“Making you nervous?” I said. “Imagine how I feel! I'm shopping for a wedding dress. Are...are you sure this is okay...I mean...you're sure they won't find me...I don't know...”

“Dear,” she said, “do you think my business is taken lightly? Do you think you're the first Favorite to marry? It's not that common, but it's not unheard of, either. Rare, but it happens.”

“I...I just wish Kristen was here,” I said.

“It's bad luck to see the bride in her dress before the wedding, Danielle,” she narrowed her eyes.

“Yes, Ma'am,” I said, by now resigned to being a bride, though secretly looking forward to the experience, to seeing Kristen as pretty as me. To the wedding night itself. To losing my virginity.

"Danielle?" Mrs. McCarthy said, staring at me. I realized she had spoken while I was lost in thought.

"Ma'am?"

"I said, 'Are you secure?' I can trust we won't have issues when you're trying on dresses?"

"Issues?" I asked.

"Bulges, Danielle. Kristen tells me you've had some trouble with the third Rule."

"Oh," I said, blushing.

"I know my daughter can be a bit lax...the risks of falling in love with a Favorite...but I do not tolerate the breaking of that Rule. Ever."

"I...no...no, Ma'am," I said, realizing what she meant. "I...I'm tucked."

"And she milked you this morning?"

"Milked me?"

"Milked you, Danielle, made you squirt," she said, sighed, "I told her if she wasn't going to insist on using a cage, I expected her to milk you."

"Mrs...Mrs. McCarthy!"

"It's a simple question, dear. Were you milked this morning? I won't have you embarrassing me."

"I...I...", I stammered, remembered the shower that morning, Kristen stepping in, soaping each other, her taking my penis between her hands telling me how proud she was of me staying soft and flaccid while she played with me. I thought of her kissing me, then turning me around to face the wall, her soaped fingers underneath me, moving, probing, finally entering me. Hmmmmmm, I'd moaned as she massaged me inside, moved her fingers in and out, massaged, repeated. You're still soft, Danielle, she said, pleased, think about it, the estrogen flowing through you, making you my girl. I looked up in the mirror. Robert was either not paying attention, or knew better than even to acknowledge Mrs. McCarthy.

"Yes, she...she milked me," I finally said. I almost fell over in the shower, the sensations were both powerful yet not as satisfying as an actual orgasm.

"Good," Mrs. McCarthy said, touching my leg. "As I said, I won't tolerate a Favorite breaking the Rules. Ever."

As it seemingly happened everywhere we went, the owner of the bridal shop greeted Mrs. McCarthy warmly. "So this is the one," she smiled at me, "Danielle, how nice to meet you. I'm Mrs. Parker. Come, let's go sit down and discuss a few things, shall we?"

She led us to the middle of the store, through displays of gowns and lingerie, sat us in comfortable chairs in front of a large set of mirrors. "So, tell me Victoria, thoughts? You must have some? And you, Danielle, I'm sure you've dreamed of this day for so long."

I'd dreamed of getting married, yes, but not like this, not a day like this. And certainly not this very day.

"Elegant, of course," Mrs. McCarthy told Mrs. Parker, "I wouldn't have it any other way."

"No, no you wouldn't, Victoria, no you wouldn't. So, first things first, then, they're real, I assume?"

I realized she was talking to me. "What?" I asked, then saw she was staring at my chest.

"Your breasts, Danielle, they're real?"

"What? No!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, I just assumed...you're quite pretty, that's usually from hormones."

"Danielle is on very low dose estrogen," Mrs. McCarthy jumped in, "but not HRT, her femininity is mostly natural."

"Not from HRT? Really? I'm surprised...what's the estrogen for, if I may ask?"

"Would you believe a skin rash? The dose isn't enough to turn her, but it softens the edges."

"Is Kristen going to want breasts, implants or hormones, either way, before the wedding? That changes things."

Mrs. McCarthy looked directly at me. "She hasn't decided yet. I told her my thoughts, of course, but you know how her generation can be...she'll come around...but not before the wedding." I knew better than to question her then, but breasts? Breasts! "Danielle," Mrs. McCarthy asked. "You've something to add?"

"Nnnnoo, Ma'am."

"Not before the wedding then...so nothing strapless, a covering bodice. Style, Victoria? I assume she's caged? That would rule out a Mermaid cut."

"Not currently, no."

"Victoria, she's uncaged!" Mrs. Parker had a surprised look on her face. "I just assumed Victoria McCarthy's daughter..."

"Well you certainly know my thoughts on chastity, let's assume she'll be caged." She saw me bite my lip, bit off the question, her eyes almost dared me to ask it, but I didn't, just added it to the mental list.

Breasts. Chastity. Hormones.

"Just as well," Mrs. Parker said, "I always thought a Ballgown or an A-line works best for a sissy, especially one with such a good figure. Let me get the girls started." She walked to the back of the shop, leaving me facing my mother-in-law to be.

"It's always amusing," she said, "watching the internal struggles of a Favorite. Here's the thing, Danielle, Kristen understands them intellectually, but she's just learning the experience of it, just as you are. But I know, dear, I know."

"Know?"

"I know every time you slip on the Sacred Garments part of you is glad they are required so you never have to pretend. I know every time you wear a dress you ponder a life of never wearing pants again. I know every time you think of yourself as a girl you find yourself farther and farther away from thinking of yourself as a boy. I know every time you look at your breast forms, every time you touch them, part of you wishes they were real. I know, Danielle, trust me, I know."

"I'm afraid," I said. "What if...what if I can't...can't make her..."

"Happy?" She shook her head. "The risks of a late blooming sissy...you spent too many years trying to please a woman as a man...it will take time, I know, but you'll eventually realize you'll never please her as a man, and shouldn't try." She leaned over, touched my arm. "Danielle, you'll make her happy being her sissy, you'll make her happy submitting to her, you'll make her happy being her Favorite. I mean it - leave being the man to a man. Strange as it may seem to you, many Favorites are actually grateful when they

are caged, happier, it takes away a certain psychological pressure that's been ever present."

I wanted to ask her what that meant, but Mrs. Parker interrupted us. "Ready?" she asked.

"Please."

For the next half hour, models from the shop modeled gown after gown. All were pretty (the models and the gowns) and I made small-talk with the women, commenting on each, until one made me gasp, literally.

"Well, it seems Danielle has her favorite," Mrs. Parker observed. The dress was white, of course (I was a virgin after all), a tulle, off the shoulder ball gown with a tight, chantilly lace covered bodice, a wide hemline, and a satin waistband.

"I...I can't wear that?" I asked.

"Why not?" Mrs. McCarthy asked.

"I...I'll...I'll never look like that," I said.

"Why not?" she asked again.

"I...I'm not a woman," I said. "Look at her, she...she's beautiful." Mrs. Parker snickered. Mrs. McCarthy simply smiled. "What?"

"You don't think you can be as pretty as her, dear?" Mrs. McCarthy asked. "You're wrong."

"I...I know I'm cute..." She raised an eyebrow. "Pretty...but there's a difference and...and I...I just want to look..."

"You just want to be the prettiest bride, dear? Every girl does," Mrs. Parker said sympathetically.

"I...yes...and I..."

"Don't worry," Mrs. Parker assured me, "you will, you will," she turned to the model. "Jessica, why don't you change out of that so Danielle here sees some of her lingerie options."

"Yes, Ma'am," the model agreed.

"Mrs. Parker," I protested, suddenly embarrassed.

"Danielle, you needn't be modest, we'll try that dress, a few others, but you need to look at some bridal lingerie, too, before we try anything on. You'll need proper foundation garments, shoes, all the accessories, the girls will model those, too."

"But..." I blushed, wondering what Kristen would think of me seeing half naked women, wondered too if I'd be able to...control

myself... “Mrs. McCarthy, I...I don’t want to...to break the Rules,” I whispered.

“Nor should you, Danielle, and that’s exactly why I insisted she milk you this morning,” she said. “It’s only been a couple of hours, I expect an uncaged Favorite to last longer than that.”

Mrs. McCarthy was correct. I lasted longer, barely...given what I saw next.

Jessica was first out; as Mrs. Parker had instructed, she’d changed out of the gown and was wearing white lingerie. She was modestly covered — a strapless corset on top, a ball gown slip covered her lower half, though I could see her heels and white nylon covered feet. “The slip enhances the gown, Victoria, gives a very feminine appearance.”

“Yes,” Mrs. McCarthy agreed, “but that corset will never work.”

“No, no, of course not. Look at the next ones.”

As Jessica stepped to the back, two other women stepped out. Both wore the same slip Jessica wore, but one wore what I thought of as a long-line bra that covered her torso, the other a sheer bullet bra. “We’ll have to fit her,” Mrs. Parker looked at me, “but she’s adorably thin, I don’t know that we’ll need a girdle, a classic bra, panty, and garter belt may do, either type of bra.”

“I like that,” Mrs. McCarthy pointed to the model wearing the bra. “Can we see the whole thing?”

“Of course, Victoria. Anna, will you please?” Mrs. Parker motioned to one of the women.

“Yes, Ma’am,” the woman said and both left. Anna returned a moment later wearing just the lingerie — the sheer bullet bra, six strap garter belt, white stockings, heels, and sheer panties.

I couldn’t help stare at her beautiful figure, her feminine curves, and then...then...gasped loudly. “She...she...,” I stammered, staring at the woman then looking at my mother-in-law to be. “She’s...”

Mrs. Parker giggled. Mrs. McCarthy smiled a tight, triumphant smile. “She’s a Favorite, just like you, Danielle. All of them are.”

I looked back at Anna, as pretty a woman as I'd ever seen, even as pretty as Kristen — perfect breasts, a trim waist, long, toned legs — but her panties, the front, between her legs, the bump, the lump, the cage obviously visible. As Mrs. McCarthy said, she was no girl, she was no real woman, she was like...like me...a boy...feminized...in chastity!

"He...she...she's...caged!"

"Of course, Danielle," Mrs. Parker said, "all of them are, as you should be..."

"As she will be," Mrs. McCarthy interrupted.

"Will be...of course...now...can we finish so we can see you in some things?"

Finish they did, each of the four women modeled lingerie, for both under a wedding dress and for a wedding night. Corsets, slips, stockings, garter belts, babydolls, negligees, everything a bride could imagine. And each, as Anna was, incredibly feminine, incredibly beautiful, and caged...each obviously born a boy, like me, feminized, like me, and caged, locked, controlled.

Jessica, first earlier, was now last, came into the room in sheer lingerie; a gently scalloped gorgeous ivory floral embroidered pink tulle plunging underwire bra that barely contained her perfect breasts; a matching garter belt that held up her white, virginal stockings; five-inch ankle strap heels; and a flowing bridal head piece. Finally, Jessica wore sheer panties that matched her bra and garter belt, sheer so the pink chastity cage that secured and locked her penis...her sissy clit...was clearly visible.

"Adorable," Mrs. McCarthy praised her, "just adorable. Don't you love how her cage coordinates with the lingerie, Danielle?"

"I...I suppose," I said.

"That's the last, Victoria...thoughts?" Mrs. Parker asked.

"The ball gown, clearly, and I'll take your suggestion on the undergarments."

"Excellent! Jessica?" Mrs. Parker turned to the model. "Dear, take Danielle back, fit her for the bullet bra set and the last dress you modeled, please."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jessica smiled, "Danielle, this way please," she motioned to the back. I stood, swallowed, stared at the woman...the

sissy...her body so perfect, so feminine, I swore I felt my own unlocked penis jump and almost wished I was caged.

I do not tolerate the breaking of that Rule. Ever.

In the back, the girls, all still clad in lingerie, surrounded me, started talking excitedly at once, asking questions, about me, Kristen.

"Wait, wait, you know her...and me?"

"Of course," said Anna, now dressed in a white, flyaway babydoll and panties.

"But...but how?"

"Danielle!" one of the other girls gushed, "you're the boy Kristen McCarthy chose! All of the Favorites know of you."

"And of course, all of us went crazy when we heard she picked you as consort...my God, you're so lucky!"

"Wait...wait...you...you're all Favorites?"

"Well of course, silly," Anna said, "Mrs. Parker only employs Favorites."

I felt dizzy. "But...but you...you're all so...so..."

"So what? Jessica asked.

"So pretty," I said. They all giggled. "What?" I demanded.

"We heard, but had no idea."

"Idea of what?" I asked.

"That you were so innocent," Anna said. "You don't believe it yet, do you?"

"Believe what?" I asked, lost.

"Danielle," Jessica said, "how God damn feminine you are!"

"How God damn perfect you are!" Anna said.

"Almost perfect," one of the girls giggled. "Almost." She looked at my chest, the other girls giggled with her.

"I...I have breasts," I defended myself.

"Breast forms," Anna corrected me. "Breast forms."

I looked at her breasts, Jessica's, the other two girls'. Thirty minutes ago I wondered why any kind of man (male) would ever want something like that, would agree to something like that, but now, even clothed, I felt self-conscious about my lack of breasts, blushed.

“Shhhh,” Anna touched my arm, “it’s okay, none of us were born with these, we understand, you’ll have them some day, too.”

“I...I...I don’t know...”

Jessica swooped in. “Let’s not scare the poor girl,” she said. “Don’t worry, Danielle, I know it’s hard to come to the realization as an adult. Come, let’s get you undressed, shall we?”

“Sure,” I mumbled as one of the girls undid the belt around my waist and another unzipped my dress and helped me out of it.

“Uuugggghhhh!” Anna, in front of me, gasped as the dress fell to the ground, one of the other girls looked at me, similarly gasped.

“Anna?” Jessica said from behind me, a question.

“She...she...,” the girl stammered.

“What?” Jessica asked.

“She’s not locked,” Anna barely got the words out.

“Of course she is!” Jessica said in disbelief. “Why wouldn’t she be?”

“She’s not, Jess, look!”

“Maybe it just didn’t lock tight.”

“No, Jess, she’s not wearing a cage!”

Jessica moved to my front, my hand started to move to cover myself, but not quickly enough. “Danielle!” Jessica exclaimed, in obvious shock.

“What?” I stammered.

“You...you’re...not...”

“What...what’s the big deal?” I asked.

“But...I’m sorry...I should...I’m sorry...it’s just...we...we’re used to...I mean...we’re all...all caged.”

“I saw,” I said softly.

“No...not just all of us,” Anna said. “All of us.”

“All Favorites, Danielle,” one said. “Every one...they...we...we have to be caged.”

“You...she doesn’t cage you? Really?” Anna found her voice again.

“She did once,” I said, “when I...she did...but...she took it off. What’s the big deal?”

“What’s the big deal...Danielle, there...there are Rules! A...sissy can’t...she can’t...”

"You make it sound like you want those," I said, shocked.

"Want them...Danielle, of course we want them!" Jessica looked shocked again.

"But...but don't you ever want to..." I lowered my voice. "To get...hard?"

All four girls had a shocked look on their faces, one looked like she would faint; Anna spoke for all of them. "Hard? Dan...Danielle...erections are for...for men!"

"Don't," I thought of a fantasy wedding night, "don't you want to, you know," I lowered my voice again, "have sex with a woman?"

Again, the shocked looks, the swoons. "Sex? Like...like a man? Danielle, we...we're...we're Favorites..."

"You haven't, have you?" Jessica asked suspiciously.

"What?"

"Had..." She swallowed. "You haven't...put that..." she pointed, "inside Kristen McCarthy?"

From her voice, she sounded shocked, like I'd done something she couldn't imagine, but her eyes showed a hint of jealousy.

"What? No...no! I...I'm a...a virgin." The relief on the girls' faces was obvious. "What?"

"Well thank goodness," Anna said. "You had us worried."

"Worried for what?"

"Well for you, of course," Jessica said, "Favorites...even consorts...they...their penis doesn't belong inside a woman."

"It belongs in a cage," Anna agreed.

The other two girls looked at one another. "It starts with a lock," one of the girls said.

"On your little virgin cock," said the other; both giggled.

"One should not permit..."

"An unlocked sissy clit," the girls finished together, giggling again.

"Girls, are you getting dressed back there?" Mrs. Parker called out.

"Yes, Ma'am," the four girls answered at once, turning serious.

"Wait, please," I stopped them, "do you...do you all really want to wear those?" I asked.

"Danielle, of course we do, don't you? Didn't you like it when you did?" Jessica asked. "All the pressure...gone?"

"Pressure?" I asked.

"Pressure," Anna said. "Pressure to keep pretending you're a man, instead of just accepting who you are."

"Who I am?"

"A sissy," Jessica said.

"A servant," one said.

"A Favorite," Anna said.

"A girl," all four said at once, giggling.

"Seriously, Danielle, Kristen...your mistress...she has the right to insist, of course...but if she hasn't yet, why don't you take the opportunity to do it for her?" I raised an eyebrow, a question. "To ask? Why don't you take the opportunity to ask her?"

"Ask...to be locked up?"

"Of course...I'm sure it would mean so much to her, for you to ask, Danielle, not be told...but to ask."

The girls carefully dressed me in the lingerie, carefully arranged the breast forms in the bullet bra, carefully helped me with my panties, the garter belt. Carefully pulled white stockings up my legs, helped me into heels, the ball gown slip.

And then the gown. The fateful wedding gown.

I saw myself in the mirror — even without my hair done up like a bride, I knew I was beautiful. Even without bridal makeup. Even without the veil. Beautiful. Feminine. Mrs. Parker was right, as pretty as any of the four women, even prettier.

My God, I was going to make the most amazing bride!

Bride. Soft. I was going to be a bride. Pretty. I was going to be a bride. Feminine. I was going to be a bride. Virginal.

Kristen wouldn't want her bride to ever violate that Rule, would she? Of course not! What bride had an erection?! Ask her.

Could I? Should I?

"So close to perfect," I heard Mrs. McCarthy say to Mrs. Parker.

"Close?"

"Close," Kristen's mother had said. "Close."

Close...but something was missing and I knew what it was.

"Well, how did it go?" Kristen asked excitedly when she met us for lunch.

"Fine," I said, non-committal, but without any tone.

"Danielle was beautiful," Mrs. McCarthy said. "Almost perfect."

Almost. Almost. Kristen didn't pick up on the qualifier, or let it go.

"So..."

"You'll have to wait, dear, you know that," her mother said.

"I don't want to see it, I just want to hear about it," Kristen smiled, looked at me. "Danielle..."

"Your...your mother's right, Kristen...it's bad luck."

"You two are awful," Kristen laughed.

"Does Danielle get to see you before the wedding?" Mrs. McCarthy asked.

"Of course not!" Kristen laughed.

Back home, as soon as her mother left, Kristen took me to the living room. "What's wrong, love?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said, a lie.

"Danielle."

"It was fine, really, your mother...Mrs. Parker...they were...very helpful."

"I'm sure...but what's on your mind?"

"It's nothing." It was something.

"Danielle..."

"It's just...something one of the...one of the girls said... something I..."

"What, love, my God...you don't want to back out, do you?"

"What? No, Kristen, no...of course not!"

"Are...are you sure?" She looked worried, scared, a reminder I did have power.

"Kristen, no, I mean, yes I'm sure and no...NO...I do NOT want to back out. Ever."

"Well what's wrong then? Obviously something is...did my mother say something inappropriate?"

"No," I said, "not at all...she really was very helpful...she really did help pick out a beautiful gown...she said it was close to perfect."

"Close?" Kristen raised an eyebrow.

"Kristen, I...I think..." She looked at me, waiting, but clearly anxious...probably still scared, nervous. You have power. "I think...I think I should be..." I remembered the word her mother used. "I think I should be caged...until the wedding."

"What?" she said, obviously surprised.

"I think I should wear a...a chastity cage...until we get married."

"Danielle," she exclaimed, "you...you're not serious!" Her voice skipped.

"I...I am," I said.

"Don't tease me, Danielle, that...that's not fair."

"I'm not teasing Kristen...the...the girls at the store...they...they were all...Favorites."

"Of course!" she said, "I...I didn't even think to tell you."

"They all had breasts and..."

"You have breasts," she said, nodding to my chest.

"They all had real breasts...I mean...not breast forms...and I...and they were all...were all...caged."

"I told you before, most...most of my mother's kind...most mistresses...insist on chastity cages for their Favorites."

"They were all shocked I wasn't and...they seemed...happy..."

Kristen sat up, folded her hands in her lap. "They are happy, Danielle, some find it, well, liberating. It...it's hard to explain...girls...sissies, I mean, often..."

"Kristen," I interrupted her. "I know...I understand...I think, anyway, and I...I want to be in chastity, I want you to...to...to do it..."

"Danielle," she whispered.

"I mean, I...I want you to...I want to wear a chastity cage..."

"If you don't mean it, don't ask for it," she warned me.

I slid off the couch, knelt before her. "I mean it," I said, "I...I'm your Favorite, I want you to cage me."

"You know what you're asking? I control it, Danielle. A mistress always controls it. When it comes off...if it comes off."

"If?"

"I told you before, some mistresses insist on it...always...and why shouldn't they? That's what it represents, doesn't it? Surrender of the penis, surrender of masculinity? Acceptance of the Rules and the Three Principals...all we believe."

"Principals? I...I know about the Rules..."

"Yeah...the Rules come from the Principals...it's easy...you live them already. Feminization. Obedience. Chastity. Say them. Feminization."

"Feminization," I said softly.

"Obedience."

"Obedience," I agreed.

"Chastity."

"Chastity," I whispered.

"Is that what you want?" she asked.

I thought about our wedding night, my virginity, everything. "Yes," I said.

"You're my girl, love?"

"Yes," I pledged.

"You'll obey, love?"

"Yes," I agreed.

She looked between my legs, smiled. "That belongs to me, love?"

"Yes, Kristen, yes." It was different this time. Before, I was for two weeks, an eternity, it seemed, but certainty, an end.

"You understand what you're asking, Danielle? You understand the significance? It will belong to me. Me. I mean, it does now, but...there's no...it won't matter how often you ask, how much you beg, once locked...once freely locked...you don't...you can't ask..."

"I want you to cage me," I said.

"The when, the if...they belong to me..."

"Yes," I agreed. "Yes, yes, yes."

In the Servant's quarters, I was on my back, on the bed, waiting; the pink plastic cage was in place. Kristen threaded the lock through

the clasp, held the lock between her fingers, watching me.

“Danielle...”

“I told you, I...I want it, Kristen...”

“You said till the wedding...”

“Yes,” I nodded, knew what she was going to say.

“You know...I told you...the when...”

“Belongs to you,” I said.

“And...”

“And...and the if,” I finished. “And the if...”

She clicked the lock shut, shuddered. “Do you know how fucking wet I am?”

“Why?” I taunted her, “why?”

“Because you asked for it, Danielle, you fucking asked for it.”

I thought about what the women said earlier, how significant it was to ask, but still. “I...I’m scared,” I said.

“I know,” she said, half possessed, “but...”

“Erections are for men,” I whispered.

She pushed into me, kissed me deeply, passionately. “And I don’t need you to be a man. I don’t want you to be a man,” she said between kisses.

“Don’t you...don’t you ever want...a man?”

“Leave being a man to men,” she said evasively. “You just worry about being my girl.”

Chapter 19 – The End of Days

“What?” she asked me from her side of the bed, her bed, where she sat, fully dressed. It was one of the rare times I was in her room and I was intimidated, as I always was there, my nerves made worse by being dressed only in lingerie, a sheer light blue vintage inspired negligee and panties.

“Nothing,” I said, looking down, uncomfortable with her piercing gaze staring at my chest.

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I can’t help it, I never can.”

“I...I know,” I said, trying to avoid the conversation about my chest I was afraid to have. About breasts, about real breasts, the sensitivity of my nipples lately, about what was happening now, what was going to happen after we got married.

“You’ll think about it?” she asked, going as far as she dared.

“I will...I do,” I said, renewing my promise to keep thinking about it until the wedding.

“You don’t have to, you don’t,” she said.

“You’ve said that, often,” I replied, a mild rebuke. “But I know you want me to.”

“Only if you want to, love,” she said softly, again making clear what she wanted. “I just think it...they’re...becoming.”

“Becoming?” I asked, looking down at my chest. At first I thought it was an illusion, a mental thing, but over the last two months, as the tenderness became a slight swelling, as my chest took on a new shape, it was obvious I was in the five percent Dr. Vargas mentioned. “Kristen...” I wanted to change the subject but her eyes were fixated on the small, fabric-covered mounds.

“Yes, becoming,” she said as her hands moved slowly, reached out, cupped the mounds.

“Kristen,” I whispered as her fingers found my nipples, touched them, rubbed them, hardened them. Electricity shot through my body; the last few weeks things changed, my nipples were not just sensitive, but sexually sensitive, like there was a connection between them and my caged penis.

“Dr. Vargas said an A-cup, but you’re...”

“Bigger?”

She nodded, wanted to say, the same thing. While I didn't fill out most of my bras, the C-cup bras, I spilled over the few A-cup bras I had. And while I could hide them...I wore a sports bra when dressed as a boy...unbound there was no denying, not hiding that I was growing breasts.

“You don't like them?” she asked, anxious.

I hesitated, finally nodded. “I...I guess, I...I just...”

“What?” she asked.

“Don't...don't you m...miss it?”

“Miss what, love?” she ran her hands down my sides, touched the hem of my babydoll.

“You know...guys...men...”

“Danielle...how many times do I have to tell you?” she asked.

“This is exactly how I want you...”

“I know, you say that, and I believe you, but still...that doesn't answer my question, don't you miss it? Don't all mistresses? I mean, the women at the bridal shop, they...they said they were in chastity all the time? How can a woman just give up c...” I stopped, unable to say the word that popped to my mind, “men?”

“Cock?” she flashed a smile. “How can a woman just give up cock? Is that what you were going to say?” I blushed, deeply.

“You do like men, don't you?”

“That's not an easy question. I mean, of course I do, I'm not going to lie, the physical act of sex with a man is, well, amazing...”

“Then how can you possibly like this?”

“Because the mental and physical act of being with you is even more amazing.”

“But I've never even...you know...been inside you,” I whispered.

“Lover, I don't need your pretty little penis inside me to like making love to you.”

“I...I'm just worried, Kristen, even...even when we do...even after we're married, I...I'm never going to be...I'm never going to...I'm afraid I'll never please you...if you like...it...that much...”

“Cock,” she whispered with a smile. “You can say it, it's not a naughty word.”

I swallowed. "Fine, if you like cock that much, how are you going to do without it? How are you going to give it up?"

"Who said anything about giving up cock, Danielle?" she smiled again, stood.

"Kristen, you don't mean..."

Her back to me, she opened her bedside table, looked back at me. "While it's an individual woman's decision, there's no reason to go without." She reached into the drawer, lifted something out, kept her back to me.

"Kristen!" I exclaimed, thinking back to her dinner with him, with Todd, the thoughts that had run through my mind.

She looked over her shoulder. "Most Favorites are cuckolded, Danielle, especially if their mistress believes in permanent chastity."

"C...cuckolded?"

She turned, moved her hands behind her. "Cuckolded. No mistress...hell...no woman will ever give up that...cock...that feeling of being filled. Most take lovers..."

"Lovers???"

"Lovers, Danielle, sexual companions for those times a mistress craves the one thing her Favorite can't give her."

"You're not serious," I whispered.

"Of course I am," she frowned.

"But...but that's cheating," I insisted.

"It's not cheating if Favorite knows and wants it, too."

"Who would want that?" I looked at her, suddenly thought of him, of her, suddenly felt a tightening.

"Most Favorites," she said seductively as she sat beside me, "find the idea..." She kissed my ear, licked. "Of their mistress with a man, exhilarating. Something...someone...thought about it once before."

I was panting, unable...unwilling...to speak...afraid I'd be angry...afraid I'd admit the truth.

"But don't worry, my pretty little sissy, even if a woman doesn't take a lover, she still doesn't have to give up cock." With that she moved her hand from behind her back, revealed the large, realistic, life-like dildo she'd removed from the drawer.

"That...that's...you mean..."

“Hmmmm,” she purred, “that’s exactly what I mean, my pretty little Favorite, you don’t have to worry about me missing cock because I’m never giving it up.”

Later, after I licked and massaged her for an hour, after she used the dildo, demonstrating an act I’d never seen in person, we cuddled on the bed, the wet cock off to the side, but where I could see it, be intimidated by it. Kristen was toying with me, one hand massaging my chest, the other absentmindedly teasing the spot between my balls and ass as if she wanted to push into me but she didn’t. But every time her fingers moved down, moved closer to me, I took a deep breath, moved up slightly as if to meet her fingers, as if to accept them. As if I wanted them.

After a few minutes of her absentminded toying in silence, she realized just how badly she was teasing me, realized my reaction, grinned.

“What,” I asked trying to keep my voice steady.

“I shouldn’t be surprised, I understand it academically, my mother taught me well, but it’s still...I don’t know...experiencing it, it’s cute.”

“What’s cute,” I asked, breathing again as her fingers went lower.

“You’re reaction...so typical...”

“Typical of what,” I all but demanded.

“So typical of a gurrri,” she said. “So typical of a sissy.”

“Kristen...”

“It’s a mindset, lover, that’s what makes you who you are, that’s what makes you my Favorite, that’s what’s going to make you my perfect consort, lover.”

“I...I’m just me,” I countered.

“Yes...of course...what you are is my my pretty little Favorite... my pretty little sissy. It isn’t bad, Danielle, I keep telling you that...I’ll keep telling you if I have to, over and over and over.” She moved her fingers up towards my penis and I relaxed; she moved them down and I tensed. Again. Again. “See,” she said, “the difference? A man tenses when a woman moves her hand towards his cock, he’s mentally ready, to thrust, to conquer. That’s much of what sex is for a

man, a conquest, a biological conquest of a woman, an ingrained desire to spread his seed. It's dominance, power. But that's not how a sissy views thing, a Favorite. That's not how a pretty thing like you reacts."

"I...I want to have sex with you," I said weakly. "I mean...like...like that."

"Of course you say you want to do that, lover, of course you think you want to put your penis inside a woman—and I'm sure part of you does want to. But that's not how your body reacts...you react like a woman, tensing as something comes close to your opening, eager not conquer, but to submit, eager not to thrust, but to accept. How do people describe it? Men spread their seed, women spread their legs? It's the fundamental difference, men give, women accept, men fuck, women are fucked, men dominate, women submit...sissies submit. You don't want to dominate me like a man does, you want to submit to me."

"You submit," I asked, skepticism in my voice.

She looked at me carefully. "When I'm with a man, yes. I submit to what a man wants when he fucks me."

I looked at the dildo, thought of her body shaking as she fucked herself with it, the deep breathing, the shaking, the moaning.

"Kristen..."

"Yes?"

"Do...you said...some mistresses take lovers?"

She nodded. "Yes. Most. Not some, most. Not all, either, but most."

"But...but why would...why would anyone want that, want...a..."

"A man?" She laughed softly at that. "Danielle, don't be silly."

"No, I get that...I mean...why would...why would a Favorite agree to that?"

"Agree with it," she asked, chuckled. "Danielle, you're so sweet. Sweet but confused. Most Favorite's don't simply agree with it, most Favorites want it, beg for it. Most Favorites want nothing more than to be cuckolded."

"Beg for it," I asked incredulously, the word so powerful.

"Yes, love," she touched me.

"But...who would beg a woman to do that," I demanded.

"I don't know, tell me Danielle, who would fantasize about a woman doing that," she shot back. "Pray tell, who would imagine his mistress out fucking a man?" I blushed, looked away. "Danielle, you have to understand, that cage...I told you...many women believe in long-term chastity...many permanent chastity...and most Favorites, as much as they want to have sex with a woman like a man would, are terrified of it, in the end, want chastity."

"But..."

"Come now," she said softly, "don't tell me it doesn't scare you... thinking about it...fantasizing about it...being inside me..."

"Kristen..."

"Wondering how your little penis compares to the men I've been with."

"Kristen," I said, blushed.

"Knowing it won't."

"Kristen, I...I don't..."

"Afraid how quickly you'll squirt...afraid I'll be disappointed."

"Kristen," I whispered, "I...I'll try...I will..."

"Of course you will, I know, and I'll want you to try...in your way. That's the point...you've never been with a woman, of course you're concerned about it. It's ironic, in a way, all a pretty, sissy boy like you thinks about is pleasing a woman, making a woman feel good, making a woman cum...it's a cruel reality of life though, that the best way to please a woman like that...when fucking her...is to care not one bit about whether it's good for her, but instead to just...take her...to dominate her...to just fuck her like an animal." She saw the look on my face, the shock, smiled. "You'll never be able to do that, Danielle, you know that...that's not you, is it? That's not my pretty little virgin, is it? You don't fantasize about throwing me on a bed on my hands and knees, mounting me from behind, and fucking me hard, do you?"

"Kristen!"

"Shhhh...love...shhhh...I love you because that's not you...I want to be with you for the rest of my life precisely because that's not you...there's any number of men who want to fuck me like that, but there's only one who wants to be my Favorite. My pretty sissy."

"But..."

"I want my pretty girl first, Danielle, that's first in my mind...first. Always first. There are so many men, but only one you."

I looked at her, the question on my mind, my lips. "Kristen, do... do you..."

"What," she asked.

"Do you want..."

"Want what, love," she asked.

"After we're married, do...do you want..." I stopped, afraid to ask, pushed on. "A lover?"

She looked at me for several moments, contemplated the question. Started to speak, stopped. "I don't know," she finally said.

"Kristen!"

"It isn't a simple question, Danielle," she insisted. "First of all, whether I wanted a lover is a much different question than whether I'd take a lover."

Mental images flashed in my mind and I was suddenly both concerned and excited. I looked down between my legs, back at her. "You said...on our wedding night...you said..."

"I know what I said."

"You said I'd...we'd..."

"Not all women believe in permanent chastity, Danielle," she said without saying whether she did or did not.

"Kristen..."

"Not all women believe take lovers, Danielle," she said without saying whether she would or would not.

"Kristen..."

"Later, lover, later," she promised. "Everything will be okay, later, later."

What would later bring? What did I want it to bring? Chastity? Yes, certainly, but permanent? Cuckolding? A lover?

The second fitting for my wedding dress was like the first—Mrs. McCarthy took me—but only Mrs. Parker and one of the women, Jessica, were there. When we arrived, Mrs. Parker settled Mrs. McCarthy into the waiting area while Jessica took me back to the

fitting room to help me to undress and change into the gown for a fitting. I did as asked, forgot for the moment the changes since my last visit, the certain growth.

“Oh...oh,” Jessica stammered when I was down to a bra and panties. “I...I didn’t know.”

“Know? Know what?” I asked, saw she was staring at my chest. “Oh...that...”

“That,” Jessica giggled. “You mean, those. Danielle!”

“I...I’m sorry.”

“Sorry? Danielle, they’re wonderful,” she exclaimed, “but my goodness, no one told us!”

“I didn’t think...”

She saw the look on my face, touched my arm. “Sweetie, they’re wonderful, really, but...sizing...we’ll need...I need to get Mrs. Parker,” she said, hurried from the room before I could say anything else.

“Well,” Mrs. Parker said when she entered the room. She stared at my chest for a moment, walked up to me, touched my breasts through my bra. I stood still afraid of her, afraid to move or flinch. “You’re right, Jessica, we’ll need take it in a bit.”

“Take it in?” I asked, surprised.

“We assumed you’re wear forms, a C cup, these are what, a B?” she asked, hand still on one of my breasts, measuring.

“I...yes,” I said.

“Well obviously forms are out, Danielle, though I would have appreciated if you’d told me you were starting hormones...not that I’m unhappy for you.”

“I...we...we didn’t know, I...mean...”

“I should have expected as much from a Victoria McCarthy’s daughter,” she said, “and simply taken it into account. No matter, I’d rather see a sissy with a Bs instead of fake Cs. Plus, the hormones usually make other things smaller.”

“Other...oh,” I said, saw Jessica look away, understanding. “I suppose,” I said.

“Well I presume it’s gotten smaller, hasn’t it?” She looked down at the front of my panties. “You look to be wearing the smallest of cages.”

"I...I suppose," I said. She was right, of course, the cage was smaller.

"Well I wish someone had told us, not that I'm not unhappy for you." Mrs. Parker left to instruct her seamstress to make a few adjustments, Jessica remained. "You're not sure, are you?" she asked, looked at my chest with a knowing look.

I frowned. "I...we didn't intend," I said, wondering if perhaps she did intend. "I had a rash, the doctor prescribed a cream, she said there was a small chance...I didn't really think..."

"Hmmm," she said.

"What?"

"You hoped, didn't you?"

"Hoped?"

"For the reaction...I mean...you could have asked for something different, no?"

"I suppose...it was only like a five percent chance, I just assumed..."

"You hoped, though."

"Jessica, they're breasts. I have breasts."

"You came to this late, didn't you? Finding this out about yourself?"

"Yes," I swallowed.

"I was five. I mean, I've known I was a sissy since I was five years old. I always knew, in a way, this was always my dream, my destiny."

"It wasn't that way for me," I said. "I...I just...I never fit in," I said, starting to tear up, "I just never thought..."

"Not understanding it, not discovering it, doesn't make it wrong, Danielle, it's still you."

"I know, Jessica, I know, I get it, but...look at me...seriously... look at me..."

"I am, Danielle," she said, "I am. And I see what I think you feel... a beautiful, feminine, demure, sissy. What you don't get...what none of us ever get in the beginning, is that she's with you because this is who she sees, too, this is what she wants, too."

"Jessica, she...she said..."

“Ahhhh, of course,” she rubbed my arm, “and tell me, Danielle, you’ve not thought of the same thing?”

“But that...that’s...I don’t know...wrong?”

“No, Danielle, it’s wrong if it’s not wanted by both, it’s wrong for many people, but it’s not wrong if both of you want it. Maybe you do, maybe you don’t, but trust me, if you both do, you’ll find it to be the most erotic thing in the world. She told you most of us want it, didn’t she?”

“Yes, but...”

“There is no but, Danielle, you’ll either ask her to or you won’t...I suspect you will, but I could be wrong. But regardless, if you do, know you’ll be giving her the greatest gift a Favorite can give her mistress.”

I thought about the night I first thought about it, the wanton images, the forbidden fantasy. “I don’t know, Jessica.”

“That’s the thing, Danielle, you don’t have to know...because you won’t ask until you know...that’s the way it works. Just like you didn’t know you’d be her Favorite until you did. Just like you didn’t know you’d marry her until you did. This is the same.”

“Are...are you...?”

“Cuckolded? That’s what we call it. Yes, I am. Mrs. Parker took a lover shortly after I asked her to make it permanent...chastity, I mean.”

“You asked? You really asked?”

“For both, yes.”

“Have you ever...you know...”

“Been with a woman? Of course...several in college...bleh,” she shuddered.

“You didn’t like it?”

“That’s complicated. It was...I tried to be a man...with disastrous consequences. It’s much better with Mrs. Parker, she understood, intimacy with a sissy is different...very different...she understood it, it was emotional, not physical, understood I’d never please her, physically, like a man. She was tender, sweet.”

“But you don’t...?”

“No, Danielle, never. Permanent chastity, remember. I’d never want to, now things are...different...better.”

"I...I've never..."

"I know," she laughed.

"It's that obvious?"

"It's that obvious," she smiled. "I mean, girls like us are naturally shy about things like that, but you take it to another level...I understand why she fell for you, she's a lucky woman...and you're a lucky Favorite...maybe the luckiest...and you're going to make such a wonderful bride."

We had a suite at one of the best hotels in Chicago, the kind of place I once never dreamed of visiting, let alone staying, let alone in the best suite in the hotel. And certainly not with four beautiful women, women who happened to be sissies just like me. Robert drove of course, took the five of us—me, Jessica, Anna, and the two other Favorites from the bridal shop, Eva and Elizabeth—to the hotel. If he knew what the other girls were, he didn't let on, if he felt uncomfortable by the smiles from Anna, he didn't show it. But he was as kind to me as always, the boy turned girl who was going to wed his employer the next day.

At the entrance, bell boys scampered to attention when we arrived, sent our luggage up to our suite, one floor below the Honeymoon Suite, where I knew I'd be the next night. The rooms were magnificent, of course, modern, amazing, a central living area with four bedrooms.

"Don't worry," Jessica had said, "Anna and I will share."

It was a kind of bachelorette party, a bride, her maid of honor (Jessica), and her bridesmaids (Anna, Eva, and Elizabeth). Jessica and I had bonded the last few months, Anna and the other girls too, and with Kristen's permission, they had insisted on participating in the wedding and spending the night before with me. I had the feeling we'd be friends later, but the Favorite circle must be a small circle.

So there we were, five Favorites, five sissies, five girls born boys, dressed for dinner and drinks. The girls looked beautiful; Eva wore a seductive spaghetti strap ruched jersey dress; another a sequined sheath dress; Anna, a taupe floral lace bodycon dress with a deep v-

neck at the front and back (clearly braless); and Jessica, a nude sequin faux wrap dress.

I wore a white, one-shoulder dress with a sequin top and chiffon skirt, sparkly hose, heels, and a sequined headband that looked like a bride's veil, leaving no doubt what we were doing that night and who was the 'bride.'

My skirt flared out, easily hiding my cage, but the girls all wore tighter dresses. "You're not...you know...locked," I'd asked Anna.

"Of course," she said, puzzled.

"But how..."

"Oh..." She giggled. "One of the side effects of hormones, Danielle, you know. Some things grow while other things shrink. The smaller the clit, the smaller the cage, my mistress says...makes it easy to hide if you know what you're doing."

We talked about going out to dinner, but decided the hotel restaurant, also one of the best in the city, with its trendy bar, was the place for us. I told Robert, intending that he could leave for the evening, but he told me, in no uncertain terms, he was staying for the duration.

"Robert, we're not leaving," I told him.

"That doesn't matter, Miss Corey, I'm not leaving the five of you alone, here, not with the reputation this place has."

"Reputation."

"High end meat market, especially late at night."

"We don't be up late, Robert," I said, "and meat market... please..."

"Miss Corey...Danielle..." He chuckled. "Please don't take this wrong, but you've become a beautiful young woman, and the other girls...let's just say you've been getting stares from men all day and there's no way I'm leaving the five of you alone."

"Robert, we have not."

"You have, Miss Corey, trust me, and I'm not letting anything happen to Ms. McCarthy's beautiful bride the night before her wedding."

The way he said it gave me pause. "Robert, I...I assumed you liked...girls."

"I do, Miss Corey," he smiled, "I do very much." He left the impression he wanted, that I was and he saw me as a girl.

We were fawned over at dinner, as any five girls alone at dinner would be, by the waiter, by other diners, everyone. But as Robert predicted, it was after dinner, sitting at a table in the bar, that the sharks circled, that I realized just how attractive I was, especially in a dim bar, to men looking for sex.

"God, Eva," I laughed at one point, "is that all men really want? Sex?"

"That's been my experience," she said with a wink.

"You...you haven't," I exclaimed. She nodded. "Eva!"

She set her drink down, touched my leg. "Okay, I admit that not all Favorites like men...Anna doesn't...but for some of us, it...I don't know, it's like...special."

Normally I might have reacted different, but after a couple of classes of wine, the way we were all dressed, the atmosphere of the club... "You've really...you know...been with a man...like...been with a man?"

"A few," she said, suddenly shy, perhaps wondering if she'd said too much. "I told you, not all of do but..."

"But..."

"Sometimes you'd be surprised at who you're attracted to." She glanced over at my ever-present knight in shining armor and I got her implication.

"Eva!"

"No? I told you, not all of us do...but you never know. He certainly thinks you're cute."

"Eva, stop," I said again, suddenly uncomfortable at the thoughts that flooded my mind, the strength of a man, the forwardness, the directness, the masculinity. She giggled as she looked over at Elizabeth flirting with a guy. "See."

Back in in our suite before midnight, we all said goodnight and went to our separate rooms to dress for bed. I opened the box Kristen sent with me, saw her handwriting on a card inside, "To my

pretty girl, sweet dreams on your last free night before you're my wife ~ K."

The box held the softest, most delicate, rose silk camisole/French knickers teddy and I eagerly undressed, washed up, and slipped into the lingerie. I was just about to climb into bed when there was a soft knock at my door; for a moment I imagined it was Kristen, but it was Jessica's voice that called out. "Danielle," she said softly, opened the door. "Can I come in? I thought you might want some company."

As she stepped into the room, my jaw dropped at her physical, feminine beauty. She wore an intricate floral nude embroidered, flyaway babydoll with embroidered cups covered maybe half her breasts and matching briefs. Her stomach was perfectly flat, her waist perfectly feminine, and her breasts those of a woman. I wasn't sure where to stare—at her full breasts or the slight bump of her chastity cage.

"I...I was just going to bed," I stammered, looked at the half pulled back covers.

"I'll join you," she said, went to the other side, "a girl shouldn't be alone her last night before her wedding."

I didn't know what to say, didn't want to be alone, but was afraid. Yet I got into bed with her.

"You look really pretty, Danielle," she said as she reached over, touched my arm.

"So...so do you," I said.

I felt her pull me closer, felt her breasts push into my back, felt her hand close to mine. "Nervous about tomorrow?" she asked.

"A...a little...tomorrow night, especially."

"About pleasing her," she asked.

"Yes, I mean...I've never..."

"Can I give you some advice?"

I looked over my shoulder. "Of course."

"Don't worry about it."

"Don't worry about pleasing her? But I..."

"No, silly," she stopped me with a playful shove. "She's your mistress, of course you should worry about pleasing her. I mean, if she lets you...you know...don't worry about pleasing like a man would."

“But...”

“Danielle, sweetie,” she squeezed me, I was aware of her breasts again, “she doesn’t expect you to please her like a man would, surely you get that. That’s not what it will be about, it’s about intimacy, tenderness, even love. The Favorite who’s lucky enough to be allowed inside her mistress, fortunate enough to find her little clit inside a woman, shouldn’t ever...ever...think she’s supposed to do what a man would do.”

“But...I’m afraid it will be...so quick,” I stammered, admitting what terrified me about sex with any woman, Kristen in particular.

“That’s something a man worries about, Danielle, not a sissy... you shouldn’t focus on lasting longer, just the opposite, you should focus on how quickly you can squirt, how soon.”

“How soon?”

“Yes, Danielle, yes...for a man, the longer the better, for a sissy, the quicker the better. Think of it like this, you’re a sissy, a Favorite, the honor isn’t fucking your mistress like a man would, the honor, and believe me, it’s a supreme honor, is being released from your cage, being allowed to squirt, and...my god...being allowed to squirt inside a woman.”

“Oh god, you...you’ve never...,” I said, realizing how luck I was.

“No, Danielle,” she said, “not with my mistress...not since I was a young boy, remember? None of us are allowed to.”

“Kristen said...”

“Yes,” she hugged me again, “and we’re all so happy for you, really, to be allowed inside her, to squirt inside her...that’s why you shouldn’t worry about doing what a man does; instead accept the glory and honor she’s giving you.” She hugged me again and I felt her hand move to my chest, touch, then cup one of my breasts.

“Jessica,” I protested weakly.

“They’re beautiful, I’m jealous.”

“Jealous? But yours are...bigger...”

“Implants, the hormones didn’t give me this much,” she said, massaged me through the silk.

“Jessica,” I protested again, just as weakly.

“I’ll stop...but she knows...don’t worry...”

“Knows?”

“Knows that Favorites...um...cuddle.”

Her other hand found my other breast, both moved up and down the silk, over my stomach, over my chest. I felt the familiar tightening in my cage, moaned ever so softly. “Jessica,” I protested once again.

“I can stop if you want, Danielle, but she knows...”

“But...but we...”

“We’re caged, Danielle...one of the very reasons...uncaged sissies can get into all sorts of trouble, but locked? Our clits secure? All we can do is frustrate one another,” she giggled, rubbed me, knowing exactly what she was doing to me. “Remember,” she said as she fondled me, excited me, teased me, “remember tomorrow night, it’s not how long you can last, instead it’s how quickly you can squirt inside her; for the quicker you do, the more likely she’ll let you do it again.”

Morning brought what one would expect from a bride and four bridesmaids—sleeping in, waking up late, room service, girls sitting around talking, giggling, and a bride still nervous for her wedding.

I wasn’t entirely sure of the order of things—they were not mine to worry about—so I simply followed the directions of Jessica, Anna, and the other girls.

Jessica gave me an overview; we had to be showered by 1:30 as that’s when hair and makeup was coming by, we’d start getting dressed at 3:00, Robert would pick us up at 4:30, the ceremony was at 5:30.

While there was a bathroom in each room, the girls insisted on helping me shower so we showered together in the oversized shower in the main bedroom. While I was still self-conscious about being naked around them—I thought they were far prettier—the reality was I was as beautiful and feminine as any of them. From the waist up, from the sides, from the back, we all looked like women, were curved like women, moved like women. The only hint of anything strange was the small (and all were small like me), locked (and all were locked like me) penis each of us had between our legs. A small, very un-masculine penis locked in a small cage.

I realized in the shower, as I did last night, that the girls were purposefully teasing me, seductively soaping me, themselves, rubbing their breasts against me, kneeling, cleaning everywhere. At one point, Jessica and Anna were on either side of me, as I faced the wall, leaning against it, legs spread like a police suspect. The other two were behind me, one spreading my ass apart while the other probed me with her soapy fingers over and over in a kind of deep cleaning as I moaned over and over, my poor penis trying to grow, unable to in the small, tight cage.

After, they carefully rubbed scented lotion into my skin, dressed me in a short, silk robe. If we looked feminine in the shower, with our hair and makeup done, it was the small cages that were the illusion, for we were women.

They prepared to dress me first; the bridal lingerie was on the bed behind me, each piece was to be a surprise as it was brought before me. Anna started, held a pair of small lace panties, but instead of helping me into them, kept looking over her shoulder at the door. "They're tight," I commented, wondering how they would cover even the small cage.

"Yes," she said softly, her eyes still on the door, waiting for something, then a knock.

No, not Kristen, I thought of the bad luck, but it wasn't my bride who entered, it was her mother. "Mrs. McCarthy," I swallowed.

"Danielle," she smiled. "Coming along nicely, I see."

"I..."

"Perfect timing, I see," she addressed Anna.

"Yes, Ma'am," Anna answered, "we're ready."

"It's irregular," she said to me, "Even against my better judgment, as these girls know well, a locked Favorite should remain locked, but Kristen believes otherwise."

"Ma'am," I asked.

"Your clit," she pointed, "she wants it unlocked apparently for later."

"But...but..." I stammered.

She snickered. "Such a natural you are, Danielle, instinctively wanting the cage, protesting freedom. Well it won't be complete, we'll tuck you tightly, if you're going to have an erection, it won't be

while I'm around." And so for the first in months penis was free from the cage.

Before I could swell, Anna pulled the panties up my legs while Jessica deftly tucked me back and against the crotch, holding me as secure as ever. Mrs. McCarthy sat, watched; I looked at her, a question on my face.

"Don't think I'm leaving you unlocked and unsupervised," she said, "not until they've dressed you."

"We wouldn't let her, Ma'am," Jessica said.

Mrs. McCarthy chuckled. "I trust your intentions, Jessica, but I think I'll stay. None of you have been milked for weeks, I'd hate for you to misbehave."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jessica nodded.

A corset followed, nothing plain, but the most elaborate, boned, white bridal corset I'd ever seen. They helped me slip my arms into the tulle lined straps, buttoned the front of the bow trimmed garment, then cinched the back lacing, emphasizing my trim waist, hips. White stockings followed, attached to the three garter straps on either side of the corset, and then they pulled sheer, lace trimmed short bloomers up my legs and over the garter straps and panties.

"They're so soft," I said.

"Silk," Mrs. McCarthy nodded, pleased. "Jessica, if nature calls, I expect you to supervise."

"I...I will, Ma'am," Jessica said solemnly.

"I mean it, if she swells, it will never go down."

She left, but kissed me on the cheek first, and with no small amount of emotion, told me she was happy at how happy I made her daughter. "Remember the rules, Danielle," she said, "always remember the rules, all of them, they're the key to happiness...for both of you."

Chapter 20 – The Virgin Bride

I stood nervously outside the doors as the bridesmaids entered one by one. Jessica was to one side, Robert the other. I held a bouquet in one hand, fiddled with my satin waistband with the other. Finally as Jessica entered, Robert took my arm; he was to give me away. “Robert,” I said, sensing him stare.

“You look beautiful you know,” he said.

“Robert,” I said again, blushed. “Stop.”

“I mean it, she’s lucky. Hell, you’re both lucky.”

“I know,” I said, thinking back to day he saved a stubborn boy from certain harm. “Robert, I...”

“I know, you don’t have to say it,” he said, patted my bare arm, the warmth of his hand made my skin tingle.

I looked at him, saw his strength, his masculinity, his power; I felt my stomach get light, felt flush, felt a tingling, realized he was watching me, my reaction. I blushed even deeper. “Robert, I...I’m sorry...”

He laughed. “I told you, you’re a beautiful woman, Danielle, and you’ll make her happy and that’s all I ever wanted.”

“You...you knew, didn’t you? From the beginning?”

“Of course, she didn’t say anything, she never had to, but I know her and you seemed...her type.”

“You...you don’t think it strange,” I asked, “all this?”

“Maybe...years ago...but it isn’t new to me anymore.”

“You don’t,” I started to say, surprise in my voice.

“No, no,” he said, “but don’t think a few Favorites haven’t tempted me, especially the pretty ones.”

“Robert!”

“I told you, Danielle, you’re one of the prettiest.”

I blushed. God, what was I doing? I was about to get married and I’m standing there flirting...with a man!

“Don’t worry, you belong to her,” he patted my arm again.

“But I...but I’m not...” Gay, the word I couldn’t say.

“Shhh, Danielle, you’ve got so much to learn,” he smiled.

I wanted to ask what he meant, but the music started, the bridal march, and before I could speak he pulled me forward, towards my life, towards my fate, towards her.

I audibly gasped when I saw her standing at the front of the room in front of an elaborate chair, my bridesmaids on either side of her. She was dressed in black, beautiful, but sinister, a dress, a look, made for a queen.

My wife.

My sovereign.

My mistress.

My queen.

Her dress was sheer with tulle with lace and beads strategically placed to cover, barely, her breasts and from her navel to her upper thighs. It was sleeveless, the sheer fabric extended upward from each breast to circle her neck in an elaborate, tulle, lace, and bead halter/choker. She wore a black pearl bracelet on each wrist, a similar tiara in her hair.

She was a dark queen, standing regally before me as Robert guided me forward. Everything set the scene, even the chair, her throne. When he reached her, he nodded to me, approached Kristen, put a hand on her waist, kissed her, wished her good luck.

I stared silently as they exchanged pleasantries, my eyes glued to his hand, the familiar strength, the familiar masculinity, touching Kristen. And even though I knew there was nothing between them, never would be, I understood it, the draw, the power, why a Favorite would ask, would beg, to be cuckolded.

As he stepped away, Kristen looked at me, stared, hard, her eyes appraised me, read me. She nodded again, the first time was a greeting, this one a statement. See...you understand, don't you. Hard, her face, her attitude was that of her mother; my dark queen. You see the power?

"Yes," I mouthed silently.

Her face softened, of course she was my Kristen, too, not just her mother, not just a mistress taking a Favorite, but a woman taking a

consort, a spouse, a lover, a friend. “Danielle...my pet,” she said, her face flickered, smile, stern, Kristen, her mother.

“You...you look...stunning,” I said. “Regal.”

“Hmmm,” she smiled for a moment, “I set the right tone then, didn’t I?”

“Yes.”

“You look stunning, too, love, everything I’d ever hoped for you.”

“Thank you,” I said, knowing forever attempts at masculinity were in my past.

“Shall we, love,” she asked?

“Please,” I said.

Music played, an organ, soft, classic. Kristen sat, back straight, looked forward. Jessica took a step towards me, took my arm, tugged gently, downward; I looked, saw the padded kneeler next to Kristen, understood it was for me. Jessica helped with the hem of my dress as I went to my knees before her.

Mrs. McCarthy entered the room from behind the throne, a woman I didn’t know, holding a leather bound book, beside her. But for Kristen, my moments-to-be mother-in-law would have stolen the show with her own beauty in her strapless, sweetheart black taffeta floor length gown. I know I stared, mouth open; her gaze was strong, powerful, and for a moment I wondered whether if by some twist of fate I’d met the mother before the daughter I’d have pledged myself to her simply as a Favorite, not a consort.

She nodded at me. “Danielle,” she said, her eyes never leaving mine, “I’m so pleased you’ll be joining our family.” Her tone wasn’t menacing, but her meaning was plain—I should never forget a Favorite, even a consort, might belong to a single woman, but was part of something larger.

“Thank you, Ma’am,” I said softly as she continued to look at me.

“Lady Anders, shall we,” she asked the woman next to her.

“Thank you,” the woman, obviously the officiant, said, opened the book, read. “The joining of two souls is an ancient right, the joining of two equals making a sum greater than the individual parts. More powerful still is the joining of mistress and a submissive, one finding meaning in accepting the servitude of another, one finding meaning in pledging to put self after. Most powerful is the eternal joining of

Mistress and Favorite, a woman accepting the ultimate responsibility for another, a sissy accepting femininity and female supremacy, goddess over god, mother earth over everything. Matriarchy, in it's highest form."

I looked at Kristen, while her face was impassive, frozen, her eyes smiled at me.

"Danielle born Daniel, do you accept our beliefs of your own free will? Do you acknowledge the central power of women, that the female partner provides the central focus and direction of a relationship, while the sissy is expected to be selfless to her dominion and decisions?"

"I...I do," I said.

"Do you accept the superiority of the female gender?"

"I do," I said, glancing at Kristen, looking down.

"Do you accept a female led relationship, that Kristen's authority and sexual power is vested to her by mutual agreement."

"I do."

"Do you accept the three principles of a female led relationship? Feminization? The renouncement of your genetic sex for the true you?"

"I do," I said, thinking for the day I first wore lingerie for Kristen, that embarrassing day.

"Obedience? Commitment that the word of your mistress is the word of a goddess?"

"I do," I said, knowing I'd obeyed her from the beginning.

"Chastity," she asked, "that a Mistress determines the how, the when, even the if, if she so desires."

"I...I do," I said, looked up at Kristen, thinking of her promise of our wedding, unable to read her intentions.

"And Kristen, do you accept responsibility for the life of another, to teach, to guide, to rule, to love."

"I do," my queen spoke.

"Danielle, do you accept Kristen as your wife, your love, your ruler, your mistress?"

"I do," I said, close to tears of joy.

"Do you promise to love, honor, and obey Kristen until the end of times?"

"I...I do."

"Kristen, do you accept Danielle as your Favorite, your consort, your spouse, your slave?"

"I do," she finally smiled.

"Do you promise to love, cherish, and protect Danielle until the end of times?"

"I do," she smiled again.

She solemnized the rings, both female bands, we exchanged, took each other as wife and wife, mistress and sissy, partners forever.

"You may kiss," she said.

Kristen had shifted on the throne, her nylon covered foot was visible under the sheer hem of her dress. I wasn't sure it was intentional, didn't care, for I knew what to do and carefully, reverently, leaned over slightly (held by Jessica) and kissed my wife's foot. "My queen," I said as my lips grazed the nylon.

"My Favorite," she said.

I kissed her foot again, just as tender. "My love."

"My pretty, little virgin," she smiled.

"My mistress."

"My sissy."

Jessica, Anna, and the girls went with me to the honeymoon suite. Anna said to help me dress; Jessica said also to supervise. Supervise, I'd asked, realized it was a foolish question when the girls giggled. "Supervise," Jessica said, "you're so close, we wouldn't want any accidents."

"I wouldn't," I protested.

"You would," Anna said, "don't lie, any of us would."

"But...but I...she said...she promised..."

"Danielle, we know what she promised, we know what you want...and you're so incredibly lucky...we want to make sure you don't succumb to temptation while you're waiting."

I felt the throb, the excitement, years of fantasy leading to this night; fantasy that until now only ended one way—me jerking off. I

realized they were right, that left to my own devices even for a moment this night would end the way it always ended, that I'd disappoint myself, and worse, Kristen. I blushed, ashamed, but Jessica would have not of that.

"Danielle," she said gently, "you don't have to be ashamed, it's who you are."

"But...but I want...to...to be with her...that's all I want...and I'd ruin it."

"Sweetie," she continued to comfort me, "we all would, that's what sissies do, that's what we'd all do. I told you before, don't think like that, don't think how a man would. Look at yourself, look at us; we're not men, we never were, we never will be."

I looked up, knew a mirror was ahead of me, and of course saw the prettiest of brides. "I know, Jessica, but...but you're right, left alone I would touch myself and I would let her down."

"Of course you would, we all get that, Kristen gets that, every mistress gets that. That's the whole point of the cage—protecting a sissy from her weaknesses. We were born males, Danielle, we can't help that desire, that compulsion really, none of us can. But they know, they understand, and they protect us from that. And in the process, we belong to them. Come now, let's get you changed."

They helped undress me until I was naked, pulling down my panties last, freeing me, and to my shame, letting my penis instantly harden. Anna giggled, the girls joined her. "It's so cute," Anna, and I'm not even sure I was ashamed.

Dressing started, as it often did, with panties, sexy, short style ivory briefs in luxurious satin and elegant French lace. The panties framed my erection—they never would have kept me tucked—but tonight wasn't about tucking. And while they betrayed I was more than just girl, the satin emphasized I wasn't man either, far, far from it.

Breasts.

Delicate.

Satin.

Lace.

Small.

Sissy...sissy...sissy.

Stockings followed, ivory instead of white, silk again, but with a wide lace top that didn't require a garter belt. I stood at the girls pulled them up my smooth legs, supported by Anna and Jessica, slipped my feet into heeled mule slippers.

Last was true bridal lingerie, lingerie to make a woman a seductive beauty, the essence of femininity. Lingerie to make the bride feel sexy, desirable, lingerie that is innocent yet screams take me, I'm yours.

It was an ivory lace babydoll with satin underwire, padded demi cups, adjustable straps, a satin ribbon sash with a bow broach, and a hook and eye back. The cups lifted my breasts, emphasized them, displayed them; the lace hem didn't hide the erection, instead further feminized it.

A bride submits. That was the thought running through my head, a bride submits. I thought about what Kristen said before, that I thought I wanted to put my penis inside a woman but that I acted and reacted like a woman. Eager not conquer, but to submit, eager not to thrust, but to accept.

When I was dressed the girls excused themselves to go tell Kristen I was ready. Jessica and Anna stayed, though Anna only for a moment, to help Jessica out of her dress. I stared at her, the lingerie she wore, the nude bra, alluring, with intricate French floral nude embroidery over open net tulle, both veiling and revealing in equal measure. The wide, deep garter belt holding up nude stockings, the sheer panties, the cage.

As she walked to the bed my eyes went from her breasts to her panties, back and forth, up and down. "How...how long," I asked as she sat beside me, as nylon brushed silk.

"Four years next month," she answered.

"The entire time?"

"Every single day, love, every day since I became her Favorite, she fervently believes in permanent chastity."

"Don't you miss it..."

"Being able to touch myself at will? From time to time, yes." She was staring at the silk covered bulge.

I looked away, suddenly ashamed I was free, suddenly longing for the cage myself. "I'm sorry."

"Don't worry, love," she said, "don't worry."

"Jessica," I said as she continued to stare at me, thought of her last night, touching me, cuddling me, felt an uncomfortable longing.

"Sorry, that's not fair when you're unlocked, is it?"

I knew what she meant, understood so much. "I...I never..."

"Shhhh," she touched my leg, "it's natural...you'll come to understand."

"But...but I like girls..."

"Later, Danielle, you'll understand later."

I was shaking, perhaps because I understood then, she was a girl, just a special one, like me. "You...you..."

"Locked, Danielle, only locked..."

There was a soft knock at the door, Jessica leaned forward, kissed me gently on the side of my mouth. "What you're thinking about right now, Danielle, I know you think it's wrong, but it's not, we all feel that way...all of us." She stood, touched my breast, my nipples hardened. "A minute longer I wouldn't have trusted myself."

"I..." I didn't think I could have, either.

She walked to hall, to foyer of the suite. I heard her open the door, heard Kristen's soft voice, the door shut, knew it was now just us.

"Look at my bride," she said as she walked into the room, hands on her corseted hips. She was dressed in black, still, my queen, still, my mistress, still, but her eyes sparkled, she was also my lover and my friend.

Her lingerie put her on the dark side to my innocence. The corset was frisky, flawless, all lace, and perfectly defined her feminine shape. The balconette style cups lifted and displayed her breasts, the boning exaggerated her hips, and a sinister strap went up from between her breasts, fed through a gold ring, and continued up to circle her neck. A black belt detail circled her waist, garters hung off the lace edging to hold up her black stockings. Lace panties with lace edging and pearl buttons along the center covered her sacred spot. In five inch heels, she was a tower, a vision.

"You...you're beautiful," I stammered.

"Yes," she nodded, and so are you, look at you, innocent, virginal, everything so feminine." She looked between my legs as she said that. "Everything."

"I..."

"Have you behaved," she asked with an almost wicked grin, "tonight's not the night to break the rules."

I was suddenly ashamed, realized at least one thing was wrong.

"I...I'm not...soft," I looked away, embarrassed by my erection.

"The others? You're feminized, you're obedient?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You haven't masturbated, have you," she wrinkled her nose.

"No!"

"And you haven't squirted? Jessica behaved herself."

"Yes...I mean no...I haven't squirted...she...she behaved."

"She's quite pretty, isn't she Danielle."

My look of embarrassment, again, my blush, gave me away.

"Kristen, I...I didn't mean to..."

"We'll have to make sure you're caged when she's around so you two don't get into too much trouble. Danielle," she chuckled, "don't worry...that's what sissies do! Especially ones as pretty as the two of you. As long as you're caged..." she said, implying the same thing Jessica hinted at. "But forget that, tonight you're mine, tonight... forever...you belong to me."

She walked to the bed, ran a finger up my leg as she moved closer to me, ran it inside my thigh, over the hem, the panties. "Your pretty little sissy penis belongs to me now, Danielle," she lightly touched it, quickly moved up my stomach, to my breasts. "You growing breasts."

She sat on the bed, pressed against me, chest to chest, breast to breast, kissed me, warm, deep.

"I...I'm scared," I said, "I...I don't know if...if..."

"You won't Danielle, don't worry about it."

"But Kristen, I...I want you to...to enjoy it."

"Oh, I'm going to enjoy it," she said, "there's no doubt about that."

"But...but I won't...last," I said, knowing that was a certainty.

“Danielle McCarthy,” she said using her name as mine, “you’re never going to fuck me like a man, never, don’t think of it like that, you’re going to please me the way you can...like a girl...like a sissy...think of that, always think of that, leave the other thing to, well...other things.”

She reached beside me, under the pillow, pulled out a toy I’d never seen before, a realistic, flesh colored dildo with a large, bulb handle. And by realistic, I mean realistic; a cock with a head, veins, thigh, long, large. “I need your mouth to please me, Danielle, not your pretty little penis.”

She leaned back, hosed legs on mine, one heel between my legs, dildo in one hand, touched her own stomach, her breasts, her skin. “Mistress first, don’t you think,” she asked. Without waiting for an answer, she massaged herself with her free hand, first her breasts, then her stomach, then lower, gently pressing her heel against my erection as she did so. “You like watching, don’t you my pretty little virgin.” She giggled. “Won’t be able to call you that much longer...at least the virgin part...”

“Hmmmm,” I moaned as she pushed her heel on me that word.

“It’s new for me, too, you know.”

“You...you’re not...a virgin,” I breathed, head spinning, thinking of him, of the best sex she ever had.

“No, god no, of course not Danielle...I never could have gone this long without cock inside me,” she said, smiled at my visceral reaction to the word. “No woman could, we’re practically designed to need a man inside us.” She moved the dildo between her legs, rubbed it over her panties. “What I mean is that I’ve never had a sissy inside me.”

I mumbled something unintelligible, a moan, a grunt. “Please,” I begged.

“I’ve wondered, of course, what it would feel like to have something small and soft inside me, trying to hold still so my pretty girl doesn’t immediately squirt.” She was undoing the delicate buttons on the front of her panties, moved her foot slightly to spread her legs and accommodate her fingers, and intentionally or not, increased the pressure on the front of my panties.

“Kristen,” I yelped as I felt a rush inside me.

“What...oh...oh...sorry,” she giggled, moved her foot again. “I forgot just how sensitive your pretty little penis is. So different from a cock.” She had the bulbous handle in her hand, was now rubbing the cock head over her slit; she was wet, soaked, and it was quickly covered with her.

“Kristen,” I said again, watching, enthralled.

“Shhhh,” she said, “just watch, my pretty little virgin, it will be your turn soon enough.”

She rubbed her stockings against mine and I was overwhelmed by feelings of femininity. “I...Kristen...” I thought of what Jessica said, that I shouldn’t try to be a man, shouldn’t think like a man, shouldn’t try to please her like a man. She moved her hand so the head of the cock separated her lips; I stared, fascinated. You like watching, don’t you, she’d asked, and I wanted to say no but it was obvious I couldn’t, for I did. Was this what she was like with a man, craving him inside her, needing it, desperate for it like I was.

“Hmmm,” she moaned as she pushed it inside her, back out, in, deeper with each thrust. “Watch, love, watch,” she said, not that I needed to be prompted, not that I could look away. She fucked herself as I imagined a man would, slowly at first, then deeper, harder, faster. On every tenth stroke or so, she pulled the cock out, rubbed it up against her clit, moaned, shook. I started at it, wet, soaked, glistening, thought of her taste, felt my mouth water, licked my lips.

“You’re thinking very naughty thoughts, Danielle,” she said, reading my mind before I realized what I was thinking.

“No,” I protested.

“Yes, Danielle, yes, not tonight, but you will, trust me.”

“Kristen, I...I...I’m not...”

“Don’t lie, my pretty, it’s not nice to lie to your mistress, she knows what your thinking about, knows what you want, knows what you’d do, knows what you crave.”

“But...but...”

“Take off your panties, it’s time, my pretty little virgin sissy,” she said, “it’s time we do something about that one word, virgin.”

Emotions flooded through me, excitement, everything I’d always wanted was going to happen in the next few moments. Conscious of

the feminine, reminding myself to be her girl, not her boy, I peeled off the panties, freed my penis, looked at my wife, an eager, expectant look on my face...and froze.

For when I looked back at my new wife, when I looked at the place where I thought my penis was going to go, what I saw shocked me. Kristen had flipped the dildo around, held it by the shaft, and inserted the bulbous handle inside her so that it looked like she had a thick, seven inch cock. "Kristen," I mumbled, staring at the cock, slick with her juices, "you...you don't mean to...to..."

"To fuck you, my pretty bride, of course, I promised you all along you'd lose your virginity on our wedding night."

"But I thought...I mean...that we'd...that I'd...you know..."

"Sissy," she said, taking something from under a pillow, a tub, applying it to the cock, "I know exactly what you thought and I know exactly what you really want. What you thought is what a man does, what you want is what a pretty sissy does."

She moved up towards me, the thick cock pointing the way, seeking a target. Involuntarily, I pulled my legs up slightly, opening myself. She giggled again, seemed pleased. "Trust me, lover, that thing you thought you want, you'll get that, too."

She touched my silk stockings, pushed my legs up, back towards my head, I was literally the bride, submitting, taking. I looked down, saw it again; it looked like an extension of her, like I had breasts, she had a cock. I felt it, felt her, press against me, pictured it, the head of the cock, the head of Kristen's cock, hovering. "Kristen," I said softly, "I...I'm scared."

"Every virgin bride is scared, Danielle," she said, "every woman is afraid the first time, and then after, they wonder how they lived without it."

"Without..."

"Without cock, Danielle, how they lived without cock." It was easy for her, all she had to do was relax, let her weight push down which pushed the cock forward into me. "Once they feel it inside them, when it's gone, they want it back. Again. And again. And again." She was thrusting, a rhythmic in an out, each thrust deeper and deeper, more intense, more passion. She was moaning as I moaned, not

fake, genuine, the bend where the bulb met the cock rubbing her, making her cum as she fucked me.

And then I felt the sensations build inside me as she shifted slightly, just slightly, but enough that the cock rubbed the tender spot inside me. It was at that moment I became her girl, her sissy. Irrevocably. Taken like that, fucked by my wife, my love, literally. Taken by her, by her cock, I understood what it was to be a Favorite. My own penis ignored, orgasm washing over me from being filled, I understood. "Kristen," I moaned like a girl moaned.

"Don't you dare," she hissed.

"Please," I begged.

"Don't you dare...not yet," she said again.

But it was starting, I was leaking, just a few drops, weak, steady but weak, like a girl cums. "Please," I begged again.

She thrust the cock inside me, shifted her hips, and it was free from her. She reached behind herself, held the cock inside me by the wet bulb, lowered my legs, climbed on top of me. "Don't you move," she said.

"Kristen," I gasped as he wet pussy enveloped.

"Don't you dare move, Danielle...you're going to squirt inside me but not like a man. Men fuck women, not sissies...don't you dare move."

Now I truly lost my virginity, though nothing like I imagined I would. I was inside a woman, my penis was inside a woman, but I wasn't fucking her, perhaps never would.

"Like a girl, Danielle," she said and suddenly the cock started vibrating and my penis started leaking, heavily. Not cumming like a boy, no, leaking like a girl, not an orgasm from fucking a woman like a man, but from being fucked, from being filled.

I whimpered, moaned, babbled as the cum continued to flow from the weak, but ongoing orgasm. I filled her, consummated what we had as she kept the cock pressed inside me. "God I love you," she leaned down, kissed me deeply, "I love you, I love you, I love you."

"Kristen, I...I love you," I said, dizzy, overwhelmed.

"You're forever my girl, Danielle, forever my girl."