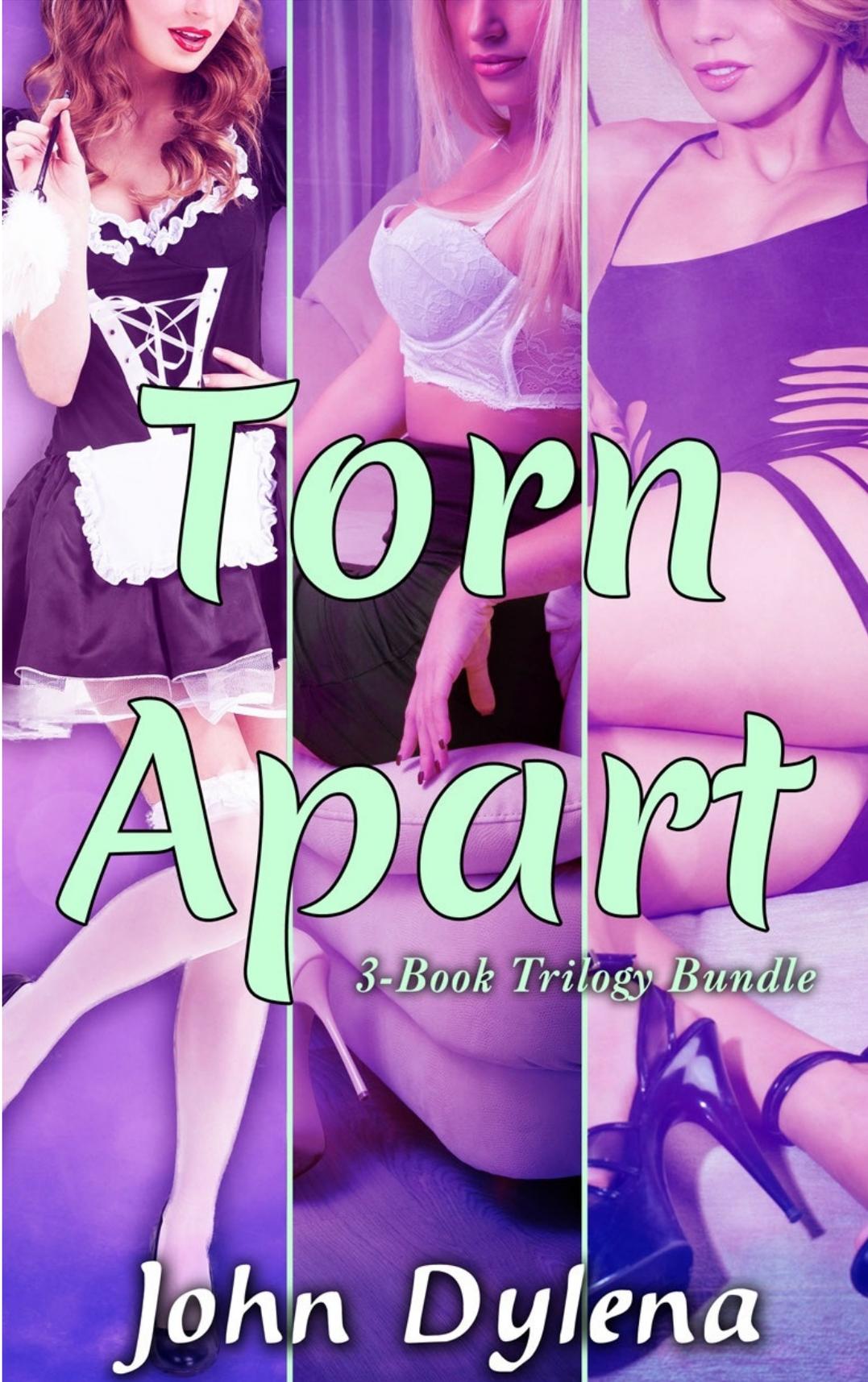




Torn Apart

3-Book Trilogy Bundle

John Dylena



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Torn Apart

by John Dylena

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a Pink Skirt Press story

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This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

Part One: Spring Cleaning

Brian rubbed his face with his hands and groaned. “No! No... this can’t be happening!” He sat on the edge of the couch and stared at the TV, hoping, praying—begging, even—that there was some kind of mistake and the call would get reversed.

But much to his dismay it was clear that his team had lost, and because of it, he had lost the bet with Lee, his roommate.

Lee, on the other hand, was ecstatic. His team was the underdog in all of this, and not only had he placed a bet with Brian, but he also had money riding on this game. He had correctly guessed the score and came out of this five thousand dollars richer.

“Yes! I guess this fucking apartment is finally going to get cleaned,” Lee cheered as he finished off his beer. He crumpled up the can and tossed it toward the recycle bin. It landed on top of the overflowing bin and rolled off onto the ground next to the handful of others.

Brian and Lee had been best friends since they’d first met in high school. They’d got along swimmingly despite their different looks, personalities and tastes. Lee was a typical jock. He was tall, strong, and had a great body, which he maintained by working out every single day. He was a smooth talker and had no shortage of ladies.

Brian, on the other hand, was almost the opposite. He was thin, scrawny, and introverted. He was a geek who often hung out in his room working on his computer or playing games. He was shy, and despite Lee’s many attempts, he had yet to go on more than one date with a girl.

He always blamed it on the type of girls Lee hooked him up with. Lee was a partier, something he picked up while in a frat at college, and even some three years after they’d both graduated, Lee still loved to throw house parties. The women that Lee hooked Brian up with were the same ones that went to his parties: loud, slutty party girls who were looking for a hook up

rather than a relationship, especially with a nerdy, shy guy like Brian.

No, the only woman he ever wanted was Leah, and she was Lee's girlfriend. She was different from all of the other girls that Lee knew and dated. She was smart, confident, funny, witty, and most of all, geeky. Brian had the chance to go out with her before Lee started dating her, but something had happened on that night and he couldn't make it to the date.

A couple nights later, Lee came home and introduced his new girlfriend to Brian. When Leah walked through the door, he just sighed and returned to his room. Try as he might, Lee couldn't get him to come out and for days. Brian wallowed until he finally accepted it and just chose to ignore it.

It was always awkward whenever she came by. Brian simply avoided her, choosing not to talk to her when she hung out or saying as little as possible when he had no other choice but to chat.

After three months of dating, she had finally gotten the hint and communication between the two of them had all but stopped. Lee didn't care. He and Leah were happy and the sex was great. He had all but given up on Brian as well and no longer tried to hook him up.

Now Brian sat on the edge of the couch, a pit in his stomach and all hope lost. I can't believe it. I... I lost, and now I have to go through with it. I have to—

“Oh, I cannot wait to see this. You dressed up head to toe like French maid, cleaning every inch of this place.” Lee laughed as he headed toward the kitchen, returning moments later with another cold beer. “Sexy lingerie, high heels, wig, makeup and all!”

Leading up to the big game, things had gotten tense between the two roommates. It had all culminated in a heated argument and they'd begun bickering all the time, both of them refusing to do any chores. Lee had started drinking more and more and everything became a competition between them.

The stakes of this bet started out small with petty wagers and grew and grew until it reached the point that it was at now. It was another argument over cleaning the apartment that changed the stakes one final time.

Brian had suggested that the loser pay for a cleaning service, but Lee, having just downed another beer, suggested something else.

“How about... the loser is the maid!” he slurred. “Like, whoever loses has to dress up like one and like, clean the entire apartment.”

Brian shook his head. “Like, one of us would have to wear a dress?”

“Nah, man! Like everything. High heels, stockings, panties, makeup, a wig, earrings... everything.”

“Dude, no,” Brian had replied, walking away from his drunk roommate.

“What’s the matter? Are you chicken? Afraid you’ll lose, Brian—no, Bri... Brianna?”

Lee laughed so hard beer sloshed out of his can. Then he went on to do his best imitation of Brian as his maid, including a mock female voice.

“Oh, Master Lee, I’m so glad I could be your maid. What else can I do to serve you, my master?”

“You know what, Lee? Fine! I accept your fucking terms. Loser fully dresses up as a maid, cleans the apartment and serves the winner.”

Lee smiled and nodded. “Oh, yeah. It’s on... Brianna!”

Just you wait, Lee. My team is favored to win. You’ll be the one dressed up, I’ll be calling you some chick name and you’ll call me Master!

Days leading up to the big game, Brian had hoped that Lee had forgotten all about the deal since he made it when he drunk. But the morning of the game, Lee handed him a feather duster and said he should start practicing.

“Oh, that one!” Lee said, pointing to the image on the computer screen. “Yeah, that’s the one I want you to wear.”

Brian rolled his eyes and sighed as he brought up the costume and scrolled

through the additional images. “Dude, this is ridiculous! Look at how slutty it is.”

“I know, man. That’s the point of the costume! It wouldn’t be sexy if the outfit went past your knees and covered your entire torso.”

Brian closely examined each view of the costume. It was a simple strapless black dress with short sleeves and a short skirt. The dress was lined with white ruffles and came with a matching apron, petticoat, and elbow-length gloves. It also came with a headdress lined with white lace.

“Yup, that one. Stockings need to be black fishnets, the panties should be black lace, and the heels... make those ruby red—five inches or taller.”

“Five inches! Are you kidding me?! I won’t be able to walk in those.”

“Well, buy them now and start practicing!” Lee laughed as he slapped Brian on the shoulder. “I like blondes, so you’ll need a blonde wig—style doesn’t matter. I’ll get the jewelry and borrow some of Leah’s makeup, and that covers everything. You have one week to get the outfit together and buy all the necessary cleaning supplies. Remember, you’ll be dusting and vacuuming, cleaning the windows, mopping the floors, scrubbing the kitchen and bathroom, and doing the dishes—and anything else that comes to mind on that day since, you know, you’ll be ‘serving me.’ ”

“What about the trash?” Brian said, trying to ignore the thought of having to serve Lee.

“That... that you can do whenever. As much fun as it will be seeing you all dressed up, it is for my eyes only.”

Oh, thank god, Brian thought. As bad as it would be to dress up like a maid, it would be the end of him to have to go out in public in that costume. The front door of their apartment faced the atrium of the complex, and the trash chutes were down at the end of the walkway. Taking out the trash would mean possibly exposing himself to a majority of his neighbors.

For the following week, Lee teased him over every package that arrived, and on Saturday night, he had Brian lay out all the items on his bed. Lee couldn’t hide his laughter as he looked at the pieces of the costume that

Brian would be forced to wear the next day.

Everything was there and passed Lee's inspection.

"Oh, one more thing that you'll have to do," he said, "and I suggest doing it both tonight and tomorrow." He ran out of Brian's bedroom and came back carrying a plastic shopping bag. Lee dumped out the hot pink razor and ladies' shaving crème and Brian's face went pale.

"No... that was not part of the original deal!"

"Technically, it was. You can't be a sexy lady maid if you don't shave your body. Though you are pretty sparse. Just be glad you aren't like Stu."

Both men cringed as they recalled their mutual friend. Stu was covered head to toe in thick black body hair all over his arms, legs, chest, back... even the back of his neck.

Brian threw his head back and sighed. "All right, fine."

"Oh right, the makeup." Lee returned with another bag. "So, Leah has a lot of makeup and she's out of town for the next couple of days, so I don't have to worry about her looking for it. I grabbed what I think you'll need."

"What did you grab?" Brian said, looking through the plastic bag.

"Lipstick, foundation, blush, mascara, and eye shadow."

Brian held up the tube of lipstick and removed the cap. The lipstick was bright red, matching the color of his heels. He returned it and took the bag from Lee.

"What about my jewelry?"

"That'll come at the very end once you're all dressed and ready to go." Lee winked and walked out of his room. "Good night, Brianna."

"Oh, fuck off, Lee."

"In..." He looked down at his watch. "...four hours, that'll be Master Lee."

Closing the door behind his roommate, Brian sighed and returned to his bed. He thoroughly eyed each piece of the outfit he was to wear tomorrow and held them in his hands, his fingers stroking the light, delicate fabric.

Lastly, he held up the dress. Without it, the items on the bed would just be ordinary lingerie. It was the most important piece.

He held it against his chest and turned toward his full-length mirror. It was a perfect fit, and as he held it, the urge to actually put it on got stronger and stronger.

He bit his lip, his face turning red and his dick hardening in his boxers as he held the dress out in front of him.

Only for a minute... just... to see if it fits.

Nodding, he pulled off his shirt, kicked off his pants and stood in his boxers. He stepped into the wide neck and pulled it up. The strapless neckline had elastic built into it, which clung to his chest and kept the dress from falling down as he slid his arms through the attached sleeves.

The white ruffle lining tickled his body, and without the petticoat, the short hem fell flat onto his legs. Brian turned toward the mirror, watching as the hem flared out from the quick spin. He giggled quietly, looked at his reflection curiously, and then grabbed the hem of his dress and curtsied.

“As you wish, Master Lee,” he whispered.

All at once, it hit him.

Brian took a step back as a wave of arousal flowed through him. He bit his hand as his body grew warm. He felt his cock harden and his knees buckled under the weight of his lust, and he scrambled out of the dress before it could take him any further. The thoughts and visions that coursed through his head scared him.

He was serving Lee, and he was enjoying it.

No... I can't go through with this. Putting his clothes back on, he went out into the living room to find Lee out on the couch, half-awake and watching

recaps of the day's sporting events.

“Hey, Lee, what if I want to back out of this deal?”

“What?” his roommate said, lifting his head off of the couch in a daze.

“I don't want to... dress up tomorrow and do this.”

“Then you owe me a thousand bucks to pay for a couple of sexy maids.”

“Fuck. Fuck! Damn it.”

“Dude, you already bought the outfit, just fucking do it, you whiny baby. Don't be a sore loser.” Before Brian could retort, Lee turned the volume up on the TV. “Shouldn't you be shaving right now?”

Brian returned to his room, sighing as he stripped out of his clothes, grabbed the shaving gear, and hopped in the shower. He watched his body hair fall off into the drain as the hot water flowed across his now silky-smooth skin.

“Tomorrow is really going to be something,” he said to himself as he climbed into bed and slept a dreamless sleep.

He had the rudest alarm clock of them all.

“Wakey wakey, Brianna!” Lee pounded on his door.

“Ah, what the fuck, man!” Brian groaned as he rolled over in his bed. He forced his eyes open and checked his phone. It was six in the morning.

“That's Master Lee to you!” his roommate shouted as he opened the door. “Up and out of bed, you lazy maid. Shower, get dressed and put your makeup on, then come get me.”

Lee slammed the door shut and Brian cursed him under his breath. As annoying as he was, Lee was right. Brian had lost the bet fair and square, and it was either do what he had to or hand over a thousand dollars.

Brian mumbled to himself as he threw the sheets off and wobbled into the

bathroom. He stripped out of his clothes and inspected his body. His hair had yet to start growing back and he was as smooth as he was last night. Thankful that he didn't have to shave a second time, he showered and returned to his bedroom.

His eyes went straight to the black dress hanging on his closet door. Below it laid the bright red heels, and the rest of the items were scattered across his desk and dresser.

Brian sighed and made fists as he summoned the strength to walk toward the outfit. He dropped his towel and stood before it naked. It's now or never. Let's just get this over with.

He reached over and grabbed the panties, hesitating as he lifted his leg up and pointed his foot toward the leg hole. He bit his lip and slid it through, then quickly stepped into the other hole.

The black lace panties ticked his hairless groin and he nodded at how strangely comfortable the garment was. It was light as a feather and gentle on his smooth body. It cradled his ass and caressed his slowly hardening cock.

No! Stop! Damn it, you're not supposed to get hard from this!

Brian groaned as he tried to fill his brain with thoughts to counteract the effects of the panties. He kept focusing on things other than the arousal as he pulled the stockings on.

Just like the panties, they were light and gentle. They hugged his legs and gave them a more feminine look. They brought out his muscle tone and made them look long and slender.

Ugh, I look like a hooker with these fishnets on, Brian thought as he looked down at his legs. Rolling his eyes, he took the dress off of the hanger and held it in front of him. Biting his lip and praying, he stepped into the dress in the same exact manner as the night before.

When no urge to curtsy came to him, he sighed with relief.

"Hurry up, Brianna! I'm getting hungry," Lee shouted as he banged on the

door. Brian swallowed the expletives that were itching to come out of his mouth and ignored his demanding roommate. Lee must've read his mind, because Brian could hear him laughing as he walked away from the door and turned on the TV.

Brian filled the skirt of the dress with the white petticoat. It flared the hem out, revealing the scalloped tops of his fishnets. If he bent over at all, his ass would be on display.

So no bending over. Just have to squat and kneel.

Deciding to put the heels on last, Brian sat down inside his bathroom and started applying the makeup. It was an arduous task, but in the end he somehow came out of it not looking like a drag queen. The lipstick was a bright red, his blush a rosy pink, and his eye shadow was a deep, rich purple.

Lying on the counter next to the makeup was the blonde wig. Instead of falling down past his shoulders in waves and curls, it was gathered up on the back of the head in a messy updo. Brian tucked his short brown hair into the hairnet that came with it and placed the wig on his head.

The transformation finally set in.

Brian stumbled backward from his bathroom mirror, his eyes wide and his jaw slack. He leaned forward, staring at his reflection. A woman looked back at him. If it wasn't for his flat chest and Adam's apple, Brian would've been a convincing woman.

No, not again! He bit his lip and looked down. The petticoat masked the raging erection poking out the top of his panties. He cautiously lifted up the front of his dress and looked away from the sight of his throbbing cock pinned against his stomach.

He felt blood rush to his cheeks and he squeezed the hem of his dress so hard his knuckles turned white. He squirmed. How could he be so aroused by all of this?

Brian opened his eyes and looked back at his reflection. He whimpered and his red lips quivered. He brought his hand down to his cock, his fingers

moving on their own as they wrapped around the rigid shaft and started pumping.

His hand moved faster and faster, his eyes refusing to look away from his reflection. His lips came together and a soft, honey-sweet moan escaped from between them. The blush vanished among the red in his cheeks as he continued to masturbate to his girlish appearance.

He reached for the tissues just in time to catch the white-hot cum that erupted out of his tip. Stars filled his eyes as the euphoria washed over him. He stumbled backward as the remnants of his orgasm oozed out into the tissues.

Oh, fuck, he thought as his mind came back down from the erotic high. Embarrassment quickly filled him as he wiped the last droplets of cum off of his dick, sighing with relief as it went flaccid.

“What the fuck is taking you so long? Are you jerking off in there?!” Lee banged on the door.

“Calm the fuck down!” Brian shouted back. “I’m... on the toilet!”

Lee’s anger quickly faded. “Well... finish up, man. You don’t have all day.”

It’s only like, seven in the morning!

Tucking his cock back into his panties, Brian put on the white elbow-length gloves, added the little headdress to his wig and slipped into the high heels. He wobbled around for a moment, and after getting his balance and adjusting his dress, he called out to Lee.

“All right, man. I’m... ready.”

He waited anxiously. After a few brief, agonizing moments, the doorknob turned and his heart leapt into his throat as his roommate laid eyes on him for the first time.

Lee’s hand slid off of the handle as he stood in the doorway. His jaw fell so hard it would’ve hit the floor if it wasn’t attached to his head. Lee rubbed his face and blinked several times.

“No... this cannot be real.” He walked past Brian and opened the closet door. “Brian, where the fuck are you? This isn’t funny.”

“Dude, it’s... me.” Brian said. The last word came out slowly and awkwardly. That’s right. I’m standing here in high heels, fishnets and a maid outfit. I’m the one cross-dressing, and apparently, I’m pretty damn convincing. I’m the one who just jacked off to his own appearance.

“I can’t believe it, man. You actually look pretty hot. Though you have no breasts.” Lee giggled as he poked Brian’s chest, yelping when he slapped his hand away.

“Hurry up and give me the jewelry so I can get this over with.”

Lee nodded and left the room, returning moments later with another bag. He set it on the bed and pulled the first item out.

“Right, first the earrings. These are clip-ons, so no need to get your panties in a bunch.” He held them in front of him. They were gold chandelier earrings decorated with rhinestones. “I like the wig,” Lee said as he clipped them to Brian’s lobes.

“Thanks,” he replied.

“Master Lee.”

“What?”

Lee frowned. “Thanks, Master Lee. Remember, you have to call me that—and at least try to talk like a woman.” Brian rolled his eyes as his roommate grabbed the next piece. “A rhinestone choker.”

The choker shone brightly in the bedroom, the lights reflecting off of the many rows of tiny square rhinestones. Lee stepped behind Brian and clipped the choker on him. It sat comfortably on his neck.

“Heh, you’re finally taller than me. One more thing.”

“What is that?”

“It’s an anklet,” Lee replied, holding the thin gold chain.

“Are you fucking kidding me? Did you seriously get me an anklet that says ‘slut?’ ”

“Yes I did, Brianna! I didn’t want to do this, but...” He took a couple steps back and whipped out his phone. Brian’s eyes went wide when he heard the familiar clicks of pictures being taken. “Now, either you do as you’re told or these pictures get sent out to everyone.”

Brian made fists. He wanted so badly to punch Lee, knock him out and take his phone from him, but his roommate was strong and fast. He would easily dodge Brian’s blow and everything would go downhill fast.

“Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Brianna!”

Brian cursed him under his breath. “Yes, Master Lee,” he said a second time in his best female voice.

“Good girl. Once I put your anklet on, you are to begin your day of servicing me.” Brian silently watched him kneel down and clip the anklet on. When Lee stood back up, he wiped his hands and smiled. “I want you to reply to every command I give you with a curtsy. Understand?”

Brian nodded.

“Good. Now, I am hungry. I want you to cook me a breakfast of bacon and eggs with a side of toast and a nice hot cup of coffee. Two eggs scrambled, three strips of bacon, and two slices of toast.”

“Yes, Master Lee,” Brian replied, curtsying.

As he dipped, he felt his cock start to harden. Yes, Master Lee, he heard again in his head. He sounded so weak, so submissive, so... feminine.

Brian quickly walked past Lee, his hands clasped in front of him, hoping his

roommate wouldn't catch the crimson color on his cheeks.

Unknown to his roommate and temporary master, Brian had in fact taken Lee's advice about the heels. Knowing full well that he'd be spending quite amount of time in them—despite his optimistic and unrealistic estimate on how quickly he'd clean the apartment—they were the first item he bought and they'd even arrived a day early.

They were beautiful shoes made from quality patent leather that shined in the lights of his apartment. When they first arrived and he held them in his hands, he was in disbelief that he had spent so much money on the shoes. They were close to a hundred dollars, from a highly reputable company with a five-star review on the online retailer.

The heels had slid onto his feet perfectly the first time he'd worn them. They were comfortably snug and his feet rested on the arch. Brian had sat on the edge of the bed and stared at them. They were lighter than he'd imagined, and with Lee gone for several more hours, he took the opportunity to walk in them.

Brian stood up and immediately felt like he was a toddler learning to walk. The high arch of the shoes forced him forward and he almost fell face-first onto the floor. Getting his balance, he straightened up and stood awkwardly as the sexy footwear forced him to stick out his chest and ass.

Looking over at his reflection in the mirror, he could see why women would wear them when they wanted to show off their assets. His flat ass now had volume and his legs looked long and slender. If he had breasts, they would be up and out. He couldn't slouch and he stuck his arms out to the sides as he took his first step.

It was a slow and tedious process. Each step was carefully calculated and Brian's eyes didn't leave the floor. His feet wobbled with each step, and he hoped and prayed that the next one wouldn't shatter his ankle.

Minutes passed as he moved about the apartment. His pace quickened and his paranoia faded as he adjusted to the shorter strides he had to take. Brian smirked as he recalled the instructions from the how-to video he had watched. The woman in the video made it look easy and her instructions were simple. He was sure all he had to do was practice.

Brian walked heel to toe until he was confident enough to take his eyes off the ground and look straight ahead as he walked. He found that his hips swayed with each step and he felt so tall in the five-inch heels. After a while, his feet grew tired and his legs surprisingly sore, and with Lee home any minute, he'd retired the shoes to their box until the next opportunity arose.

He'd had chances to practice every single day, and when the day finally came, Brian strode out into the kitchen with confidence. Walking in heels was no longer foreign. He was even able to run very short distances in them. In fact, Brian had grown so attached to the footwear that he didn't want to get rid of them once the day was over.

Will I even wear these again? I mean, I do like them and they're really sexy. Brian shook the thought from his head. No. Even if he did end up keeping them, there was no way he'd ever wear them again. This is for today only.

He looked out into the living room as the eggs and bacon cooked. Lee paid no attention to him. His eyes were half-open and focused on the TV. Brian sighed as he finished cooking breakfast.

"Master Lee, breakfast is ready," he called out to him as he poured the coffee.

Lee smiled as he walked past Brian and sat down at the table. "I could get used to this. I wonder if I could get Leah to do this for me. Better yet, I should find a way to make both of you my pretty little maids."

Brian said nothing as he set the plate and mug down in front of Lee in between the last clean fork and knife. He looked back at the dirty dishes stacked high in the sink and frowned. His work was cut out for him.

"Where are you going?"

"To make myself something to eat."

"Not until I am finished. You must stand by me and wait patiently. I might need something."

Brian quietly sighed. "Yes, Master Lee."

Lee looked up at him and smiled smugly, his mouth full of food and some yolk on his chin. Brian pointed it out to him, and Lee handed him his napkin.

“Wipe it off for me.”

Brian hesitated. He shot Lee a glare.

“Don’t make me say it again.”

Grumbling, he took the napkin from him and wiped the yolk off of his chin. Then he handed the napkin back.

“I am finished. Brianna, that was a delicious breakfast. You may now eat and begin your chores.”

As if you needed to tell me tha—

Brian’s thought was interrupted by a slap on the ass. His face turned bright red and he watched Lee laugh as he walked out of the kitchen. He looked down at his dress and squirmed as he felt his cock harden a little bit from the rude and strangely arousing gesture.

With his own hunger quickly dealt with, Brian pulled on a pair of bright yellow rubber gloves and scrubbed away. He quietly hummed to himself as he tackled the mountain of dishes, scrubbing them clean and filling the dishwasher to the brim.

But it was just the first on a long list.

Brian moved about the apartment, dusting, vacuuming, scrubbing, mopping, stopping only to empty the dishwasher and reload it with the second wave of dishes. Lee occasionally barked an order at him, from handing him the remote to scratching his back, to getting him drink after drink. Brian answered each command with a curtsy and a “yes, Master Lee.”

His stomach rumbled as lunch arrived and Lee saw fit to task him with making the most over-the-top sandwich. Brian delivered the supposedly tasty sandwich to his roommate, who hadn’t left the couch all day.

“Another beer, Brianna,” he said, taking a bite of the sandwich.

“Yes, Master Lee.”

It had become instinct now. Brian didn't have to think about his reply. It along with the curtsy and his feminine voice came naturally. His semi-erect cock twitched in his panties at the thought of it. He was walking naturally in the heels, his hips swaying with each step. His legs weren't the least bit tired or sore. He could spend the rest of the day, or even the evening in them.

“Hurry that cute ass up,” Lee shouted, “I'm thirsty!”

Brian froze and looked back at Lee over his shoulder. Lee remembers I'm a guy, right? That I'm not actually a woman? Then he remembered the two beer bottles that he had already thrown away and the third he was retrieving.

He removed the bottle from the fridge, opened it and walked over toward the couch. Brian held the bottle out for Lee to grab it, but his roommate made him bend closer and closer to get it.

Brian yelped as Lee both grabbed the bottle and his waist, then pulled him onto his lap. Lee laughed as Brian sprang back up onto his feet, cursing and shouting.

“Oh, come back, Brianna! Don't you want to sit on my lap?” Lee fell onto his side from laughing so hard.

Brian would've told him to fuck off, but something else was bothering him. He could've sworn that he felt it, but he wasn't sure if it was really what he thought it was. Was Lee... hard? Was that his cock I felt when he pulled me onto his lap?

This wasn't a good sign. Brian had to finish cleaning the apartment before Lee got too drunk. He recalled how touchy-feely Lee got when he was drinking, often openly flirting with other women as long as Leah was out of earshot. It seemed that Lee had forgotten who the maid was that was cleaning the apartment. As far as Brian could tell, Lee believed him to be an actual woman and not his roommate dressed en femme.

Hours passed by, and just as Brian was about to finally finish cleaning, things took a turn for the worse. He had lost track of how many beers Lee ended up drinking, and with each one his roommate got more and more horny.

Lee had stopped calling him Brianna and started calling him by pet names, and finally insults until Brian's nightmare came to fruition.

"How much more cleaning do you have, slut?" Lee slurred.

"I'm just about done—"

"Yeah, sure. Come here and give me a blowjob."

Brian dropped the duster. "No fucking way, man."

"Oh? Is that so?" he said, whipping his phone out of his pocket. "Who should I send the pics to first?"

Lee started listing off names aloud, and when he mentioned Leah, Brian finally walked over to him. He tried to swipe the phone from Lee, but even in his drunken state, his roommate was too fast for him.

"Too slow, Brianna," he said, slipping the phone into his back pocket. He spread his legs and pointed to his crotch. "If you want those pictures, you have to go through my cock first."

"Oh, fuck you, Lee. I'm not sucking your dick."

"You can lie all you want, but I know the truth."

"Bullshit," Brian spat.

"I know you've been horny all day. Prancing around in that outfit has gotten you all hard." Lee snickered as he lifted up Brian's dress, exposing his erect cock held flat against his stomach by the panties. "See? And besides, I heard you moaning and jacking off this morning."

"No... that's a lie." Brian looked away, his face turning red. He totally knows. Fuck! It's true. It's all true. I've been so fucking turned on by all of

this.

“Well? I’m waiting, Brianna. I command you to pleasure me.”

A light bulb lit up in Brian’s mind. “What about Leah?”

“What about her?”

“You would be cheating on her.” Brian folded his arms.

“As if. If I had sex with another chick, then I would be cheating on her. You? This? It doesn’t matter. Besides, what are you going to do? Tell her you dressed up as a maid and I blackmailed you into sucking my cock? Yeah, like that’ll save you.”

Lee said nothing more. He just sat there and smiled and took another drink of his beer. He had won, and worst of all, he knew it.

“I’ll say it one more time: Brianna, get on your knees and pleasure me.”

Brian’s eyes shifted from his smug roommate to one of the bottles on the table in front of him. He could pick it up and smash it on his roommate’s head, knock him out and delete the photos.

No, he has a password for his phone. Even though his passcode could be as simple as ‘1234’, Brian didn’t want to risk it.

He took a step forward, and another.

His hands failed to reach out and grab the neck of the bottle. Instead, he turned away from the table toward Lee, who spread his legs wider. He was wearing jeans and a t-shirt, and as Brian’s eyes moved toward the button on his pants, he saw it.

Lee had a hard-on.

It pushed up against the tough fabric of his pants and fought to be free.

“Wait, you forgot something.”

“What did I... oh.” Brian took a deep breath and sighed. “Yes, Master Lee.”

He curtsied, then knelt down between Lee's legs, swallowing hard as his fingers slowly moved toward Lee's pants. Brian's fingers trembled as he grabbed a hold of the waistline and fumbled with the button.

I... I can't believe I'm actually doing this. I'm... going to suck another man's cock!

Brian's body betrayed him.

His cock throbbed in his panties and he squirmed as lust washed over him. He grew warm and his face turned bright red as he unbuttoned Lee's pants and pulled down the zipper.

"Thatta girl, Brianna," Lee purred.

Brian yelped as Lee's cock sprang free. It was bigger than he imagined, bigger than his own. Free of his jeans, Lee's dick straightened out and fully hardened.

Brian wrapped his gloved hand around it and slowly stroked, looking up at Lee for approval. His roommate groaned as he slid his hand up and down.

"I didn't ask for a handjob, Brianna!" Lee moaned. "All or nothing."

Brian took a deep breath before wrapping his lips around Lee's dickhead. His own cock twitched underneath his dress as he moved his lips further down Lee's shaft.

His roommate placed his hands on Brian's head and gently urged him further. Brian obliged, and his tongue caressed the cock in his mouth.

Just get it over with, Brian, he told himself. As much as he repeated the mantra that he was doing this because he had to, it wasn't all truth. Buried deep within was something else. A curiosity had taken hold early on in the day, a thought that persisted when Lee had made a joke about pleasuring him. Of course back then, Brian had believed it was just that: a joke.

The more he pleased his roommate, the more he enjoyed it. It was different than anything he could have imagined—not that he often wondered what it would be like to suck on a dick. Lee's musk filled his

nostrils as he neared the base of his cock. He pulled back, letting the thick rod fall out of his mouth to catch his breath.

It remained hard in front of him, the taut skin slathered in a mixture of his saliva and Lee's sticky precum. After a couple of breaths, he went back in and cradled Lee's balls with his left hand as he stroked the base and bobbed on the upper half, occasionally licking the underside and tracing the head with his tongue.

Lee writhed on the couch, moaning and groaning with approval. "H-Holy shit, Brianna! You're like... the—oh god—best cocksucker ever!"

The best cocksucker ever. That's what you are. Brian moaned through the cock in his mouth as his dick twitched. He took his right hand off of Lee and reached under his dress to pleasure himself.

Lee smirked. "You jerking off down there?"

"Yes, Master Lee," Brian said, taking his mouth off of the cock for a moment.

Lee pushed Brian's head away from his cock. "No more blowjob. It's time I fucked you properly." Lee scooted over onto the couch and pointed next to him. "Hands and knees!"

Brian whimpered as he climbed up onto the couch. He uttered not one word of protest as Lee lifted up the back of his dress and pulled his panties down. Brian looked back at him over his shoulder and watched as his roommate slipped a condom onto this rock-hard cock and lined up.

"I want to hear you moan. Beg for it." When he didn't, Lee slapped Brian's ass. "I said beg!"

Brian bit his lip. "Please fuck me, Master Lee."

Lee thrust in so hard Brian saw stars. The pain that filled him quickly gave way to pleasure as Lee buried his cock in his ass. He gripped Brian's hips as he pushed in and pulled out in a fast, deliberate fashion. There was no romance or passion, just pure, hardcore sex.

Lee treated Brian as he treated most of the women he had one-night stands with. They were there solely for his pleasure, nothing more.

“Goddamn! Your ass is so tight, Brianna!”

As rough as it was, Brian couldn’t get over the pleasure that filled him. From his time spent on the internet, he had come across many accounts of men and how much they enjoyed anal, whether they were with another man or their female significant others who fucked them with a strap-on. There was immense pleasure to be had from getting thrust into, especially when the prostate was stimulated.

Brian fell forward onto his elbows, and the change in his position amplified the erotic sensations as Lee’s cock brushed up against his prostate. He moaned loudly, his voice soft and feminine. He sounded like the women that Lee would bang after his many parties—until he’d started dating Leah, that is.

He reached back and grabbed his aching cock. He wanted release so bad. **“I’m going to cum!”**

“So am I, slut!” Lee said with another firm slap.

It pushed Brian over the edge, and he closed his eyes as he came all over the couch, his white-hot cum spraying everywhere. Lee’s thrusts grew uneven until he pushed his cock as deep as it would go into Brian’s ass.

“Ohh, yeah!” he groaned. Through the thin latex sheath, Brian could feel Lee’s cock twitch and the tip of his condom fill with his cum. He kept his dick inside until he stopped throbbing, then pulled out, letting out a heavy sigh. **“Well, fuck. I’m spent!”**

Lee climbed down from the couch and pulled his pants back on. He wiped the sweat from his brow and pulled his phone out of his pocket.

“Clean up the mess you’ve made on the couch and you’re free to go. I’ve deleted the photos and you’ve held up your end of the deal.” Lee didn’t even look back at Brian as he whistled and walked toward the front door.

“Night’s still young. I’m hitting up the bar.”

The door slammed shut and Brian finally relaxed. He straightened up and slowly got off of the couch, narrowly avoiding the large puddle of cum. Back on his feet, he pulled his panties up and cleaned off the couch.

It was finally over. The apartment was the cleanest it had ever been, and Brian had never felt so dirty.

He shuffled into his bedroom and stripped out of the costume. He kicked his heels toward his closet and tossed the rest of the clothes onto the floor by his bathroom door.

He peeled off the wig and set it on the counter and placed the jewelry next to it. Overjoyed to be finally out of women's clothes, he stepped into the shower and tried to wash the dirt, grime, shame, and memories of the day away.

But no matter how hard he scrubbed or how long he let the hot water flow over him, the thoughts and feelings remained, and he knew it would only be a matter of time before he cross-dressed again.

In fact, it wasn't even a week.

"I'll see ya next week," Lee said as he wheeled his suitcase out the front door. Brian watched him leave and sighed with relief. He had the apartment all to himself for an entire week and didn't have to deal with Lee's drunk ass tearing the place up and making a ruckus.

Brian sat on the couch and lifted his legs onto the table. It was finally peaceful.

But he quickly became restless, and as much as he fought it, an hour later he returned to the couch wearing his fishnet stockings, red heels, black lace panties, wig and his entire maid costume.

He slid down onto the couch, closed his eyes and moaned as he jerked off with his gloved hand.

He was so wrapped up in his erotic stimulations that he didn't hear the front door unlock and open. Brian's moans drowned out the sound of high heels on the wood floor, and it wasn't until Leah screamed that Brian came

out of his erotic trance and scrambled onto his feet.

He stood in front of the couch, his hands covering the front of his dress and stared at Leah, his face blood red.

Lee's girlfriend stood and stared back, and after a few silent moments, her posture shifted. She closed her slack jaw and folded her arms, looked at Brian through her sapphire-blue eyes and smiled.

Part Two: Remodeling

The silence was agonizing.

Brian's heart was beating as fast as a hummingbird's as Leah stood in the foyer and slowly looked him up and down. Her smile curled into a satisfied grin and she took a step toward him.

Brian swallowed hard as he took her in. Despite the fear, dread, and panic that filled him, he couldn't help but survey her beauty. She was a gorgeous woman. She had long blonde hair and her eyes were a sapphire blue that sparkled like the gem itself. She wore dark red lipstick that was both professional and sensual.

Leah slowly walked toward him, the clicks of her heels echoing in his head like the ticking of a clock. Brian shook nervously as she neared him, her eyes moving all over his body, inspecting him as if she was a potential buyer.

Why? Why is she so calm and collected about all of this?! Brian opened his mouth to speak, but the only things that came out were quiet whimpers.

“Oh? You got something to say?” Leah said, moving behind him. “I never knew you were into this kind of thing, Brian. I mean, you are thin and scrawny, and with the right padding you would have a very sexy body.”

Brian bit his lip, his cock still rock hard underneath his dress. He could only imagine what he'd look like to have a woman like Leah transform him—someone who actually knew how to put on makeup and had a wide array of jewelry and outfits at her disposal.

His eyes scanned her own clothing as she moved back in front of him. She had on a tight white blouse, the long sleeves folded at her elbows. The buttons were a shiny metallic gold that reflected the lights of the apartment. The top looked to be custom tailored for her perfect body, and Brian couldn't get past how well it hugged her frame.

Below the cream-colored blouse was a black pinstriped pencil skirt that stopped above her knees. It had a long slit up the side, and when she shifted her weight onto her other leg, Brian could see the tops of her stockings through the opening. He swallowed hard as beads of sweat slid down his forehead.

Leah was a sensual dresser who knew how to use her body to her advantage. She skillfully wielded it, and could have any man—or woman—eating out of the palm in her hand.

Many times Brian witnessed her using this ability on Lee, getting him to do chores and other tasks for her. He'd do them in a heartbeat, but if anyone else asked him to do the same thing or lesser, he'd tell them off.

“I was wondering why some of my makeup was out of place, as well as a couple pieces of my jewelry.” Leah took a step forward and put her finger on his chest. Her nails were long and sharp, their surfaces polished and painted the same color red as her lipstick. “I thought at first it was my fault, that I had put them back that way and just forgot about it.”

She circled around him as she spoke, her fingernail trailing across his chest to his shoulder.

“But that never happens, and I was left with only one other option: that Lee did something with it. I thought about what he would use it for. Lee never showed any sign of wanting to wear it himself—believe me, I would know if he did.”

Leah stood behind Brian and put her hands on his shoulders.

“Did you know he's cheated on me? Twice in the past week, both times with some drunk slut he bumped into at a party. I even walked in on them one of those times, but Lee didn't remember it. His memory has been pretty shoddy lately, even forgetting my name when we had sex last.”

Her hands left his shoulders and traveled down the length of his back until they got to his hips and the hem of his dress.

She pressed her breasts against his back and brought her lips to his ear as she wrapped her arms around his stomach. “So tell me, Brian—you didn't

just clean the apartment wearing this adorable outfit, did you?”

Oh god, she knows. How? How could she know what I did with Lee? He didn't tell her, did he?

“N-No, I... just cleaned.” For the first time since Leah walked into the apartment, Brian's throat eased up just enough to allow him to speak. He was stumbling over the words, hoping, praying that she was just teasing him.

Leah moved her lips to his other ear as her hands slid further down his front.

“Is that so?”

“Yes. It's true.” Brian's heart pounded. His breaths were quick and shallow.

“In this day and age, maids that wear that outfit rarely ‘just clean.’ You don't have to lie to me, Brian. You can tell me everything.”

He could feel her hot breath on his neck. It made the hairs on his nape stand straight up. Goosebumps covered his body and he squirmed under her touch. She lifted her leg and brushed it against his, her stockings grazing his own as her hands traveled up the front of his body and grabbed his flat chest.

“Don't be afraid. Tell me your deepest, darkest secrets.” Her voice was low and sultry as she purred into his ear.

It was too much. He was powerless against her.

“You're right. I... didn't just clean the apartment.”

“Oh, you naughty boy,” she said as she lifted up the front of his skirt. **“Tell me what you did.”**

Brian closed his eyes and gasped as Leah's hand caressed his balls through his lace panties.

“Lee... he took pictures of me... used them as leverage.”

“And?”

“When I finished cleaning, I... got down on my knees in front of him.”

“Like a good, obedient maid?” she said as her fondling continued.

“Y-Y-Yes...”

Leah pulled down the front of Brian’s panties and gently squeezed his swollen cock. “Go on,” she said as she slowly stroked.

“I... uh... unzipped his pants, and I... ooh!”

“You what, Brian? What did Lee’s obedient maid do for him?”

Leah stroked harder, faster as she breathed into his ear, moaning quietly, reveling at how much his body writhed under her touch.

“I... I...”

“Tell me, Brian!”

“I sucked Lee’s cock!”

He said it. The words came out of his mouth. The one person who he was most afraid of finding out knew about his secret act with his roommate, something he would never forget, and that forever changed him.

Despite his revelation, Leah continued to stroke his dick. She would bring him to the edge and slow down, and as if she would read it on his face, she would then start stroking him again once he came down.

“But that’s not all you did, is it? You went further, didn’t you? How far did the obedient, submissive little slave girl go for her master?”

“No...” Brian lurched forward as legs gave out. Leah supported him, easing him down onto his knees. He fell back onto her and she whispered softly into his ear as she continued to jerk him off.

“Tell me, Brian.”

Leah didn't slow down this time.

"I got onto my hands and knees on the couch and he... he... he fucked my ass!"

Brian's body shook violently as cum exploded out of his cock onto the living room floor. He moaned as Leah milked him until his dick turned flaccid in her hand.

"Good girl," Leah purred. She lifted her hand up and frowned. Strands of Brian's cum clung to her hand. "Say, Brian..."

"Yes?" He said breathlessly.

"Did Lee give you a name?"

"He did, it was... Brianna."

"I like that name. Now, Brianna, you've gone and made a mess, and I need you to clean it up."

Leah held her hand in front of Brian's face, and he spotted the strings of sticky cum on her long, slender fingers. She moved her hand close to him.

"Well? Clean up after yourself, Brianna. I don't have all day." She brought her hand up to his mouth and pressed her finger against his lips, smearing the cum.

"Be a good girl now, Brianna."

Brian groaned as he slowly opened his mouth and Leah slid her finger inside. He grimaced as he sucked the cum off of her, and when her finger was clean, he stuck his tongue out and licked the remaining clumps.

"That wasn't so bad now, was it?" Leah backed away from Brian and got back onto her feet. She reached down and helped Brian up.

"Look, Leah, about all this—"

"Hush. You don't have to worry. It'll be our little secret."

“If you don’t mind me asking, why were you here?”

“To confront Lee about him cheating on me and to break up with him. He’s been avoiding my calls and texts, so I was hoping to catch him before he left.”

Leah sighed as she plopped down on the couch.

“I was so angry, so furious with him that I could’ve torn his head off. But now? Now I feel so much better.”

“Oh,” Brian said, looking back at his bedroom door. “If you don’t mind, then, I’m going to get changed.”

“Who said you could get changed?” Leah answered, looking up at him with a grin on her face. “I didn’t recall giving you that order. But yes, why don’t you get changed? Put some regular clothes on, then grab your wig. We’re going back to my place.”

Brian’s jaw dropped. “Wait, what?”

Leah stood up and stretched. “You heard me. We’re going back to my place. Actually, we’ll be making some stops first, and then we’ll be going back to my place.”

“But—”

“No buts, Brian. This is a side of you I’d never thought I’d see.” She moved in front of him and placed her lips by his ear, whispering. “And you know what? It really turns me on.”

She planted a kiss on his cheek, and he stood dumbfounded as he watched her walk toward the front door.

“You have five minutes. If you’re not standing beside me before then, I’m walking out this door, and not only will this opportunity pass you by, but you’ll never see me again.”

Leah lifted her wrist up in front of her and looked at her watch. “Five minutes, starting now!”

It took a moment for Brian to realize what was going on. He had a chance, an opportunity to experience something he never thought he'd want to experience. Not only that, but he finally had the chance to be with Leah.

Leah, the drop dead gorgeous woman who not only didn't scream, freak out or run away when she caught him jerking off in the living room while cross-dressing, but embraced it and took him to the edge and beyond.

Now she was giving him the chance to go even further with her. Not with Lee, his drunken, self destructive roommate—it would be with her, the woman he'd always wanted to be with.

“Four minutes.”

Brian said nothing as he turned and ran into his bedroom. He didn't even bother closing the door as he quickly peeled off the dress and tossed it onto his bed. He slid off of the panties, kicked his heels off and removed his stockings.

“Bring the heels. I like the heels,” Leah shouted from the other side of the apartment.

Brian set the wig onto the bed and got dressed, grabbing the first pair of boxers, jeans, and a t-shirt he could find.

“Two minutes.”

What happened to three minutes?!

He slipped into some socks and shoes, grabbed his wig and heels and ran out into the living room and next to Leah. He doubled over, gasping for air, blonde wig in one hand, red heels in the other.

“You made the right choice, Brian. Are you ready to go?”

“I am.”

“From now on, you are to address me correctly. Which will be Mistress. Understand?”

“Yes... Mistress!” Brian threw the title in there at the last moment.

Leah smirked before opening the door to the apartment. “Shall we?”

Brian smiled as he stepped through the door. Leah closed and locked it behind them, and he followed her out of the complex to her car. Fortunately, no one saw them.

They climbed into her luxury coupe and sped off.

“So, Mistress, where are we going?”

Leah said nothing as she turned to him and winked. She turned the volume up on the radio, blasting the music as she drove.

Brian’s cheeks turned bright red as she pulled into the parking lot and parked directly in front of the sex toy shop. He looked out at the mannequins in the display windows and the wide array of sexy lingerie they wore.

“Stay in the car. What I’m getting is a surprise.”

Brian nodded and watched as she disappeared inside the store. It left him wondering what she was getting for him. It could have been any number of things, from bondage gear to sex toys, maybe even costume.

He shifted on the leather chair and looked away from the storefront to the heels in his hands. Taking them in, he couldn’t help but smile. Minutes later, Leah emerged from the store carrying several black shopping bags.

Brian tried to peek into them as she walked past his door, but he saw nothing but tissue paper and frowned as she opened the trunk and stashed his presents. Leah grinned as she slid into the driver’s seat, then followed Brian’s gaze to her skirt, which had slid up higher onto her thighs and showed off the tops of her stockings.

The car engine roared to life and she drove off, music blaring as they arrived at the parking structure for her condo. Leah made Brian carry the bags from the car to her condo, occasionally looking back at him over her shoulder and smiling.

As much as he wanted to peek into the bags in his hands, there was no way he could tear his eyes off of the figure in front of him. Leah walked so gracefully in her stiletto heels, and his eyes followed the seams of her stockings up to her perfect ass. It swayed back and forth hypnotically as she strode with confidence.

It was when they stopped in front of her door that Brian realized he had never actually been to her place. In fact, the only times he ever saw Leah was when she came to the apartment with Lee, either for one of his many parties or when they returned from a date. Lee had mentioned occasionally how successful Leah was and how she had a nice place.

“Holy crap, this place is awesome!”

“Hard work has its rewards,” Leah said as she walked in after him. “Follow me, Brian, it’s time we begin.”

He followed her through the living room, into the hallway, and finally into the master bedroom. Her home was well furnished and cozy, not to mention remarkably clean.

No wonder she had me leave the maid outfit at my place. There’s nothing for me to clean here!

Her bedroom, despite being much larger than his own, was modestly decorated in comparison to the rest of the condo. Leah had nothing more than a queen-sized bed, a long wooden dresser, a bookshelf filled to the brim and a small writing desk.

On one of the walls was the entrance to her walk-in closet. Brian stood in the center of her bedroom and watched as Leah slid open the white shutter doors and closed them behind her.

“Brian,” she said before closing them all the way, “while I am getting changed, I want you to hop into my shower and shave. I take it you had to shave for your day as a maid?”

“I did, Mistress,” he said with a nod.

“Good, then shaving again shouldn’t be difficult. Just be sure you’re

thorough. Don't want my little pet to be all hairy, now, do I?" She closed the doors to her closet and Brian walked away from the bags of goods she'd bought for him.

Her bathroom was sleek and ornate, with granite counter tops and cream-colored appliances. Leah had a bathtub with silver faucets and an all glass shower. There was a low vanity table with all kinds of makeup neatly organized on the smooth white surface.

Brian frowned. No wonder she'd found out that Lee borrowed her makeup. Brian's roommate never put anything back the way he found it—if he even returned it at all.

"I don't hear any water running in there!"

"Sorry, Mistress!" Brian quickly stepped into the shower and fumbled with the knobs until hot water poured down on him from the showerhead. The process was quick, and once Brian was all clean-shaven, he returned to the bedroom with the towel around his waist.

Leah was waiting for him there. She sat on the edge of her bed, her legs crossed and her eyes trained on the bathroom door. She grinned as she watched him walk into the room and Brian turned bright red as she stood up.

She had changed out of her rather sensual work attire into something just plain sensual. She wore a black fishnet dress, her perfect breasts and pink nipples visible through the sheer fabric, and thigh-high black leather boots. He could see her thong, a garment of crimson and lace that just barely covered her ripe cunt.

Leah turned and walked off to the side, revealing the items laid out across her bed. "Come here, Brian. Let me show you the fun we'll be having today."

He swallowed hard as he stood next to her, his eyes scanning the surface of her comforter and the items carefully laid across it. Everything he imagined she would buy for him—both out of excitement and fear—was there on the bed.

One thing was missing, and it was the item in her hand.

“Got to take care of this first,” she said, pulling off his towel. Brian’s eyes went wide as she turned and knelt down in front of him. She produced a clear chastity cage, and before he could open his mouth to protest, Leah gently eased his balls through the ring and attached the front. There was a quiet click as she locked it in place with a padlock. She stood up.

“Consider this your punishment for cumming all over my hand this morning.” She reached down and picked up the gold chain on the bed and wore it like a necklace. “These are the keys to your freedom, Brian. They shall remain in my possession until you have earned them. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Leah smiled. “Good. Back to the demonstration.” She turned toward the bed and pointed out the various items. “I got you a collar, inflatable plug, a vibrator, suction cup dildo, restraints, and other bondage gear, as well as that cage that you’re wearing.”

“Oh... wow.”

“Something wrong, Brian?”

“No, nothing’s wrong, Mistress. It’s just... I’m a little overwhelmed.”

“Yes, that’s understandable. It’s a new strange world you’re being introduced to, so hesitation and fear is justified.” Leah moved between him and the bed. She smiled as she placed her hand on his cheek.

“Brian, we don’t have to do this if you don’t want to. I’m not forcing you to do anything here. It’s just... I’ve never had anyone to play with. Lee isn’t into this sort of thing, and any boyfriend I’ve had in the past was scared off when I brought it up.”

“Leah...” Brian said as he grabbed her hand. “I’d be glad to do this with you. I mean, sure I’m nervous about all of it, but I want you to be able to enjoy yourself. You did buy all these things for me. I don’t want them to go to waste.”

“Oh, you’re so sweet,” she said, kissing him on the cheek. “Now, bend over for me.” She smiled as she placed her hand on Brian’s back.

“Of course, Mistress,” he said as he leaned forward and placed his hands on the bed. He watched her over his shoulder as she stared at his ass and smiled. She moved her hands over it, squeezing and playing with his cheeks as her thumb glided over his asshole.

“You have such a pretty ass, Brian, so smooth and delicate. Lee never let me shave him. He also never let me top him. I always had to be on the bottom, letting him control what happened in the bedroom. It’s not that he was a Dom; no, he just felt that the man should be in charge. The woman should only be there for his pleasure.”

She playfully slapped his ass and giggled.

“Even if he had remained faithful to me, I doubt I could have been with him for another month. The key to any relationship is compatibility, whether it’s intellectual, emotional, political, or sexual. If there is no compatibility, then the relationship is doomed to fail. You can’t put a square peg in a round hole, and two dominant—or even submissive—people won’t make a stable, healthy relationship.”

Brian remained silent as she spoke. She walked away from him, her hand lingering on his ass until she moved out of reach and it fell to her side. Leah continued talking as she rounded the bed and reached for the inflatable plug, her eyes looking over it curiously as she squeezed the ball, filling the black rubber cock with air.

He could feel his cheeks turn red as he watched it grow larger and larger in her hands. It grew long and thick, bigger than his own and even bigger than Lee’s. There was no way that would fit inside of him. Leah let the air out of it and it returned to its original, much more tolerable size.

“I stuck with Lee for so long because I thought he would grow more open to the idea of letting me take control. There were a couple times where I tried to warm him up to the idea, but he was dead set in his ways. We grew apart and he cheated on me. He probably wanted to sleep with a girl wouldn’t resist him, who would get on her knees and suck him when he asked her to. A woman like Brianna.”

“Oh, that’s not fair!” Brian shouted. “I had no—”

“I’m sorry, what was that?” Leah interrupted him and cupped her hand to her ear. “Do you know what happens to subs to speak out of line to their mistresses?”

Brian closed his mouth and looked away from her as she sat down next to him and waved the black rubber cock in his face.

“Well, my little pet? What happens to slaves who speak out of line?”

“They get punished, Mistress,” he mumbled.

“Good answer. Now, what punishment would fit speaking out?” She waved the toy slowly in front of him and gave him the clue to her answer. “Open up.”

Brian closed his eyes and let his mouth open slightly. She pressed the tip against his lips and pushed it in further. “Keep going. Yes, that’s it. I want to see you lather this up like you did Lee’s cock.”

His cheeks turned bright red as his jaw opened further, widening the entrance to his mouth just enough for the rest of the head and the shaft to slide in. Leah moved it in and out of his mouth, twisting and turning it as he covered it with his saliva.

As the toy slid in and out, his jaw relaxed and his resistance faded away. He gripped the comforter of her bed as he wrapped his lips around the dick, his tongue sliding under the base. Blood flowed to his cock and it strained against its cage. Brian groaned from the pressure, his body shifting uneasily.

Leah looked away from the cock that she was filling his mouth with to this groin and the cage that locked it away. “Oh, what’s the matter, Brian? Are you getting aroused by this cock in your mouth? Are you imagining it to be Lee’s, or perhaps some big, black stud’s?”

Brian mumbled an answer, and Leah took the cock out of his mouth so he could speak clearly. “Yours, Mistress. I’m imagining it’s your cock.”

Leah blushed. Her cheeks were so hot she could cook an egg on them. She

covered her mouth and looked away from Brian, and when she turned back, he could see a tear in her eye.

“Damn it, Brian! I can’t be your Mistress if you make me cry like that.” She leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. “Why did our first date have to fail like that, and why did we grow so far apart? But that is a discussion for later, when we have had our fun and when our bodies need to rest.”

She got up off of the couch before Brian could answer and moved behind him. Leah placed her hand on his ass and pressed the head of the cock against his asshole. Brian took a deep breath and grunted as she gently eased the toy inside of him. She pushed it in slowly, then pulled it back before going deeper, twisting and turning it with her wrist until the entire length of it entered and the flared tip with the only part visible.

Brian let out his breath and relaxed his body as Leah secured the toy inside of him. Looking back between his legs, he could see the narrow tube and ball pump. It swung freely until Leah grabbed it and gave the pump a squeeze.

He moaned as the toy swelled up inside of him, drops of precum oozed out of the tip of his caged cock. Leah pumped it one more time before she was satisfied.

“How’s that, Brian? Any pain?”

“No, no pain, Mistress,” he grunted. “It’s just... tight.”

“Well that’s the point,” she said as she placed her hand on his back. “We need to loosen you up a little. Go ahead and stand up for me, slowly.” He obeyed and she took his hand. “Come, let’s get you dressed. I have just the outfit in mind for you today, one that goes with those sexy heels of yours.”

Brian followed Leah over to her closet. He looked back at her bed and noticed none of the toys were as big or bigger than what she seemed to be prepping him for. The suction cup dildo was about the size of his own cock, and the vibrator was bullet shaped, something she must’ve purchased for herself.

She must be hiding it from me. He had no doubt in his mind what it was that

Leah decided to keep hidden from him. It was obvious she was planning to fuck him, which meant that she had a strap-on tucked away somewhere, waiting for her to equip it when the moment was right.

His cock twitched in his cage at the thought of being fucked by her. Brian bit his lip as lust filled him. Up until this morning, he had always wanted to be the one fucking her, but now the thought of her filling his ass with a strap-on made him weak in the knees.

Leah slid open the doors to her closet and Brian's jaw dropped. It was far bigger than he imagined, and recalling the modestly decorated condo, he realized that her wardrobe was where she spent her money.

She had a variety of dresses and tops, skirts from knee-length to micro, pants and jeans as well as coats and jackets. She had dressers full of lingerie in various colors, styles, and fabrics; rows of shoes—most of them high heels—but there were plenty of comfortable, sensible shoes too.

In addition to the clothing and footwear, Leah had a collection of jewelry full of necklaces and chokers, earrings, bracelets, rings and anklets. In the far back was an armoire, and it was the only part of her closet that she didn't show to him.

“No, Brian, that is not for your eyes. Not yet. Come here. It is time to get you dressed,” Leah said as she opened the dresser full of panties.

Brian hesitated for a moment, his eyes lingering on the old wooden cabinet. He wondered what mysteries it held. Was she some kind of witch and did it hold her spellbooks? Or had she murdered a guy and stashed his body there?

He shook the thoughts from his head. What was he thinking? From the way she talked about her love of domination, she probably kept some of her more risqué bondage gear there.

He turned around and froze, and his cheeks turned red when he saw her hold up a red lace thong.

“Come here, Brian,” she said as she dangled the thong in front of him. “Put on your panties.”

Leah snickered as he took them from her, slid his feet into them, and fed the tube for the inflatable toy through one of the leg holes. The insert was less noticeable now than it was when she'd first put it in him, but with every movement of his body, it squirmed inside him and rubbed against his prostate.

He moaned quietly as it stimulated him, his cock begging for release from the cage as another drop of precum oozed out of it.

“Look at how turned on you are! Shame you haven’t learned to control yourself.” Leah moved behind him and grabbed the pump, squeezing it once. “There, that should teach you a lesson.”

Brian’s body tensed up and he moaned.

Leah shuddered as his honey-sweet outburst filled her ears. She bit her lip and squeezed her knees together as she tried to mask the pleasure within her. Ever since she first walked in on him jerking off, she had been so incredibly aroused. She squealed with delight into her hand when he first ran back into his bedroom to get changed.

She closed the dresser and looked down at her feet, twitching as a bead of liquid lust slid down the inside of her thigh, absorbed by the stockings she wore under her thigh-high boots. Brian was right to assume that the vibrator was hers. She had used to relieve herself of the built-up sexual tension while he showered.

But it did little to relieve her. Her orgasm was forced, and very little satisfaction followed. By the time she’d finished putting her outfit on, she was back to where she’d started.

She straightened up and smiled as she handed him the matching bra. He turned around as he put it on and she clipped the straps on the back together. Then she dug through another dresser and pulled out the dress for him to wear.

“Oh, yes, this is perfect,” she said as she unfolded it.

Made from a stretchy fabric, the black strapless dress had two large sections cut out of the sides, identical in size. Both of them were oval in

shape and reached around the dress to the back.

“I got this last year for Halloween when I went to a party with one of my ex-boyfriends,” she said as she handed it to him. “Pull it over your head like a shirt.”

Brian shimmied into the outfit, which tightly hugged his body. He pulled it down to his waist and hips, tugging the hem down as far as it could go, frowning and sighing when it barely reached his thighs.

“It’s not going to get any lower,” she teased. “Now put these on.”

Brian sat down on the little stool to put the white fishnet stockings on and twitched as the plug went further up his ass as he sat down on it. Fighting the feelings welling up inside, he slid his feet into the fishnets and pulled them up to his thighs.

With the stockings on, she handed him his heels. He slid them on and she led him out of the closet into her bathroom and vanity. Sitting on the smooth counter top, she went to work on his face.

“Would you say your makeup was convincing when you did it yourself?” she asked as she coated his eyelashes in mascara.

“I didn’t look like I was in drag, if that’s what you’re asking, Mistress.”

“And you’ve never had a woman do your makeup before?”

He shook his head when she pulled her hands away to swap out her tools of the trade. She finished his makeover with a coat of lipstick and covered that in a layer of shiny clear gloss.

“Perfect,” she said as she smiled.

Even without his wig on, Brian looked convincingly feminine, leagues better than when he’d applied it himself on that fateful day.

“Wow.” It was all he could say.

Leah slid down off of the counter and returned with his blonde wig. She put

it on his head and finished the transformation. Other than his Adam's apple, there was no hint at his masculinity. It was all gone, skillfully masked by a true professional.

“Much better, don't you think?”

Before Brian could answer, Leah helped him out of his chair and back into the closet where she gave him jewelry to go with his clothes and makeup: another pair of clip-on earrings, some bracelets, and of course, an anklet.

“I believe this is yours?” she said, holding up the 'slut' anklet. **“Lee put it back with the rest of the jewelry he borrowed from me. I think you shall wear again.”** She smiled as she bent down and wrapped it around his ankle.

Leah took his hand and led him back to the bedroom.

“Just one more thing.” She reached down and grabbed the collar, wrapping it around his neck and tightening it. **“There. The transformation is complete. You are no longer Brian. You are Brianna, a woman and my little subbie. Understood?”**

“Yes, Mistress,” he said as his cheeks turned red.

“You sure don't sound like a woman, Brianna.”

“I'm sorry, Mistress,” he said again with best female voice.

“Much better. Now, clear off the bed so that we can begin.”

Brian bowed his head, then grabbed the remaining toys and returned them to the bags they came from. Leah sat on the edge and watched him intently. Once he was done, she ordered him onto his knees.

“I've become quite aroused from all of this. I want you to pleasure me.”

Leah grinned as Brian knelt down in front of her. His fingers reached up under her dress and pulled down her thong.

Holy shit, she's soaking wet! She wasn't kidding about being turned on. All of this from today? He swallowed hard as he buried his head between her thighs

and she squealed with delight as he tongued her.

Brian wrapped his arm around her right leg and covered her supple flesh in innumerable kisses. He parted her outer lips and lifted up her tiny clit hood with his fingers, giving his tongue access to the sensitive pearl beneath it. Leah responded to his movements with a drawn out moan as she fell back onto the sheets.

He looked up at her from in between her legs, his tongue flicking back and forth. Brian's fingers moved to her inner lips, tenderly pulling them apart and fully exposing Leah's pussy.

"Oh god, yes!" she cried out, squirming on the bed as he kept up his assault with his tongue. "D-Don't stop!" She squeezed his head with her thighs, holding it in place as he brought her closer and closer to sensual bliss.

Her strong legs muffled his hearing, but he could still make out the sound of her scream as she arched her back and filled his mouth with her juices. She relaxed her still-quivering legs, releasing him from her grip.

"Oh, Brianna, that was wonderful," she said breathlessly. "I didn't know I could moan that loudly. It's time I rewarded you for your excellent demonstration."

She climbed up off of the bed and he watched her enter the closet and close the doors behind her. Moments later she returned, brandishing a bright pink strap-on attached firmly to her hips.

"Up on the bed, Brianna," she purred.

"Yes, Mistress," he replied, climbing up.

She stood behind him, lifted up his dress and pulled aside the thin strap of his thong. Leah released the air out of the plug and slowly worked it out of him. He grunted and sighed with relief when she pulled it out, but the sensation didn't last long.

Leah placed the head of her cock against his asshole and slid it in, slowly burying the entire length of it inside him. Brian moaned loudly as she filled him, and he gripped the sheets as she pulled back out.

It was slow at first, but as she repeated the in and outward thrusts, Leah picked up speed until her hips were slapping against his. Brian met her thrusts, pushing back against her as she moved forward.

“Oh, god!” he cried out, his voice soft and feminine. He could hear it in his head and his cock throbbed. He wanted release so badly, but it was locked away. He looked back at her over his shoulder and saw the key chain around her neck, bouncing up and down off of her body as she fucked him.

“I’m... I’m going to cum!” he said.

Leah sped up her thrusts until Brian’s head swam with erotic bliss. His moan was long and drawn out as cum erupted out of the tip of his cock. It oozed onto the sheets, but with it came a different from of release. His dick still longed to be freed, and as sweet as it was, it did nothing for him.

Even after the last drop fell out, his body still cried out for release. He fell forward onto the sheets, his body spent but still incredibly aroused.

Leah pulled out of him and walked away from the bed. He watched her return to her closet and return sans strap-on.

She climbed onto the bed, laid down next to him and cuddled.

“It’s okay now, Brian. You can drop the formalities.”

“Thanks, I appreciate it,” he said.

“Did you enjoy that?”

“I did, though this cage is getting uncomfortable.”

“Oh, I’ll let you out later. I think it’s cute seeing you all locked up and helpless.” She wrapped her arm around him and rested her chin on his shoulder. “Say, Brian, whatever happened that night when we were supposed to go out on a date?”

Brian sighed as he rolled onto his back. “Well, Lee and I were on our way back from the store. He had an apartment key, so I took what I could carry and ran up to the apartment to shower and get dressed ‘cause I didn’t want

to be late.

“When I came back, Lee was putting the groceries away so I said goodbye and went down to my car. I got down to the lot and discovered I had a flat. I was going to text you to say that I was going to be a few minutes late, but I had apparently left my phone in the apartment.

“I ran back upstairs and asked Lee for the keys to his car and to text you to say that I was going to be late, but he said you had already texted him to say that you had changed your mind and decided not to date me.”

Leah shot up. “What the fuck? What a load of horseshit.”

“Wait, what? Jesus, Leah. I was telling the truth.”

“I know. I believe you,” she said with fire in her eyes. “I never texted Lee and told him that. In fact, he texted me to say that you had lost interest. I was devastated, and then a day or so later, he asked me out.”

Leah fell onto her back and rubbed her face. “No wonder you were so distant with me.”

“I can’t believe it,” Brian said, “Lee lied to both of us. He didn’t want you to date me ‘cause he wanted to date you. That two-timing son of a bitch!”

“Brian...” she began. He looked over at her. Gone was the hatred and rage. Instead there was sadness, a longing. “Lee is going to be gone for a whole week. How about we save the revenge plotting until later and instead we make up for lost time?”

Brian said nothing as he nodded.

Leah smiled as a couple tears rolled down her cheeks. She reached up and removed the necklace holding the keys to his cage. Brian bit his lip and watched as she unlocked the padlock and freed him. His cock hardened almost instantly and Leah smiled as she lifted her leg and straddled him. Then she bent down and kissed him tenderly on the mouth.

Part Three: Redecorating

Leah had grown quite fond of Brian's new submissive side. She threw her head back and moaned as his tongue wiggled its way deeper into her cunt. She squirmed and giggled with delight as he once again brought her to climax.

She sighed heavily and smiled as Brian stood up in front of her. The corset he wore shaped his body wonderfully, and the fake breasts that she had stuffed his bra with added to the feminine illusion. His cock was safely tucked away in his panties, locked up in its cage only to be let out at night when they had sex like any other vanilla couple.

He tucked a loose strand of blonde hair behind his ear and Leah looked up at the new wig she'd bought him. The long hair fell down past his shoulders in waves and he winced as he scratched the back of his neck.

"Still not used to these nails," he said, holding his hand out in front of him. His once short, rough nails were now long and smooth. The acrylics that Leah had glued to them were painted hot pink with a rounded tip. They matched the lipstick Leah had applied earlier and the rest of the outfit he wore.

He reached back and pulled down the hem of his dress. Made of a stretchy fabric, it was hot pink in color and just barely reached his thighs.

In addition to the dress, Brian wore gold hoop earrings, a rhinestone choker and several gold bracelets decorated with rhinestones. On his feet were pink platform pumps with an anklet, not the 'slut' one that Lee had purchased, but a simple gold chain.

As much as she loved dressing Brian up as a beautiful, sexy, and oftentimes slutty woman, she still loved having him around in his normal male form. They'd made up for lost time during the week that Lee was out of town, going out almost every night and staying up late talking, cuddling, or having sex.

Leah smiled at him and her mind went back to when Brian stayed the night at her condo that first night. She undressed him before they fell asleep, and when he'd woken up, she was gone. There was a note on the pillow saying that she had simply gone to work and would be back in a few hours.

He rolled out of bed and sighed, stepped into his boxers and walked out into the kitchen, his stomach grumbling. After breakfast, he sat around on Leah's couch and watched TV, often checking his phone to see if he had gotten a text from her.

But there was nothing. Leah remained quiet until several hours later when she texted him to say that she was on her way back, and that if he didn't want to be punished, he would be waiting for her in his bedroom, naked except for the chastity belt.

Leah returned stressed. Work was driving her crazy, and she wanted nothing more than to relax when she got home. But the moment she laid eyes on Brian waiting for her in her bedroom like she asked, the stress of the day faded and she couldn't wait to play with him.

It was like this day after day as the week went by, and she purchased additional items like the new wig and breast forms to enhance their play. Only occasionally did she require him to call her mistress, primarily when she decided to bring out her bondage toys.

"Let's do something different tonight," she said as she kissed Brian's painted lips.

"What did you have in mind?"

"How about you return to your apartment and sleep there dressed up as Brianna?" Leah said as her fingers moved through his hair. "I can give you some sexy sleepwear."

"No... I can't do that. What if people see me and recognize me?" He sat up and looked away from her.

"You think anyone would recognize you? You look beautiful, and rather convincing."

“Even so, people will get suspicious if they see a blonde woman entering the apartment using a key. What if they call the cops ‘cause they think I’m breaking in?”

“How about this, then,” Leah said as she climbed on top of him. “Why don’t we both go back, then once you’re all settled, I’ll head home and meet you in the morning?”

“I don’t know. I’m still afraid people will notice me.”

Leah placed her hand on his cheek and made him face her. She leaned in close and looked deep into his eyes. “Brian, no one will recognize you. I promise.”

“Okay, I’ll do it. But only if you come with me.”

“Deal.” Leah bent down and kissed him, then climbed off of the bed and disappeared into her closet. She returned a couple of minutes later with a small bag in her hand. “Let’s head back to your place.”

“Like this?” he said, motioning to himself. He climbed off of the bed and stood in front of her. “You want me to go back to my apartment wearing this?”

He wore black patent pumps with dark stockings fastened to a lace garter belt that matched his panties and bra.

“Of course not! I’ll just give you a dress to wear and you’ll be fine.” Leah set the bag down and returned to her closet, coming back with a long black dress. She helped Brian into it and zipped up the back. “There, now you’re all ready to go.”

“What’s in the bag?”

“That’s a surprise,” she said as she grabbed his hand. “Come on, let’s go.”

Brian hesitated as he stood at the front door of her condo. It was the first time he’d ever gone out into the public dressed up like a woman, and he was sure that everyone who saw him would know exactly who he was. He poked his head out into the hallway and saw no one.

Like a little kid afraid to step into the pool, Brian slowly eased his foot out into the hallway. His face was bright red. Noticing, Leah held out her hand.

“Take my hand, Brianna,” she said. “Everything will be okay.”

He looked into her eyes, and all at once the fear and anxiety melted away.

She smiled as he took her hand and exited her doorway. The weight of his concern fell off his shoulders, and he decided there was no going back. Leah locked her door, grabbed his hand, and together they headed down to her car.

Brian sighed with relief as he slid into the leather passenger seat, for the couple had crossed paths with no one.

“See? That wasn’t so bad, now, was it?”

“It was... actually quite exciting!” Brian said as he drummed on his legs.

Before he could say anything more, Leah grabbed the back of his head and brought it toward hers for a long, passionate kiss. She turned the car on and sped off toward his apartment.

The parking structure was dark and empty as they pulled in. She parked in the visitor parking and got out. Brian’s anxiety had returned, and no comforting look or hug from his new girlfriend could suppress it.

With a smile and a nod, Leah started walking toward the elevator. After a moment’s hesitation and another look around, Brian caught up to her, walking as quickly as he could in his heels. He wrapped his arms around hers and fell into stride beside her, his face bright red and his cock throbbing in its cage.

As afraid as he was, being out in public dressed up like a woman was strangely arousing. Part of him wanted people to recognize him under the wig, makeup and clothes, to see what a good-looking woman he had become thanks to his new girlfriend: the tall, gorgeous blonde walking next to him.

Unlike Leah’s condo, the couple walked past a fair amount of people, most of whom Brian recognized. But they paid him no heed. Instead, they gave

the blonde couple a smile and a nod, or a courteous “hello” or “good evening.” They walked past a group of guys that he didn’t know, and Leah wrapped her arm around Brian as the men walked by, their eyes full of lust.

Brian’s face turned scarlet as the cat calls and whistles filled his ears. “Looking good, ladies!” one of them shouted. “Yeah, give us a kiss!” said another.

Out of nowhere, Leah turned and pushed Brian into the concrete wall and kissed him passionately. Her hand disappeared under the hem of his dress, its outline visible as it snaked its way to his ass.

The group of men grew silent. Their jaws hung slack and one of them slowly covered his crotch with his hands. Leah pulled off of Brian, gave the men a wink, then grabbed Brian’s hand and continued walking.

She opened the door to his apartment and Brian slipped in. He let out a huge sigh and fell onto the couch.

“See? I told you everything would be okay,” Leah said, locking the door behind her.

“You could’ve warned me about that kiss, though.”

“Do you wish I hadn’t kissed you?”

“No, no... it’s just... never mind.” Brian sighed as he sat up on the couch and watched Leah walk over to him. She set the bag down on the table in front of him and took out the items.

“Strip naked for me.”

Brian obeyed, carefully removing his clothes and folding them on the table. Leah took the items out of the bag and set them next to him.

“This is what you must do for me tonight,” she said.

“I thought I just had to sleep in your lingerie?”

“Nope. Since you’ll be here alone, I would like to give you some tasks. But

first, here is the outfit you'll be wearing."

She placed in front of him a sheer pink chemise, matching lace panties, white stockings, and a tube of adhesive.

"What's the adhesive for?"

"You will be sleeping in your breasts tonight, so the adhesive is for your falsies. Don't worry, though. It's only temporary and will come off tomorrow."

Before Brian could complain, she grabbed one of the silicone breasts and applied a thin layer of the adhesive. He silently protested as she pressed it against his chest, holding it firmly in place for a few moments before releasing it.

She then repeated the process with the other breast, and with both of them securely clinging to his chest, she had him test their strength.

"Bounce up and down for me."

Brian obeyed, and Leah giggled as his breasts bounced. There was no sign of peeling off. They remained firmly glued to his chest. She applied makeup to the seams and turned the fake breasts into a realistic pair.

"If this works out, we're going to have to do this more often!"

Brian frowned as he squeezed them. They looked so much more real now. The thought of having actual breasts sent a shiver down his spine and his cock twitched in its cage.

Leah handed him the outfit and he slipped into it.

"Before I leave, these are the tasks that you must do: you are not allowed to sleep in your bed. You are to sleep in Lee's—"

"What?! I... I can't sleep there! His bed is disgusting!"

"Don't interrupt me!" Leah shouted. "One more outburst like that and you'll be going to bed with a sore ass. Understand?"

“Yes, Leah,” he replied. His voice was quiet, his tone submissive. Leah was scary when she was angry, and the last thing he wanted to do was upset her.

“Good,” she said with a nod. “Now, you will be sleeping in Lee’s bed, and before you do, you and I will have a nice fun video chat session,” she said, holding up the realistic dildo. “Understood?”

She handed it to him and he nodded meekly, examining the toy in his hands. The cock was flesh-colored with veiny bulges and a pair of balls that hung from the hilt with a suction cup attached to the base.

“I’ll text you when I get back to my place.” Leah kissed him on the cheek and left the apartment. Brian remained where he stood, his eyes glued to the dildo long after Leah had locked the front door and left.

He bit his lip as his thumb rubbed across the smooth surface of the toy, and he looked away from it to his bedroom door. He sighed as he walked into his bedroom and looked around. He stared longingly at his bed and his computer that had been ignored since Leah first walked in on him in his maid outfit.

Brian closed the door behind him and entered Lee’s room.

He had been in there before. The last time was when he cleaned it as part of the maid deal. Brian sighed with relief when he walked in, as it was still mostly clean.

He cringed as he slowly sat down on the edge of the bed and held the dildo in his hand with his phone in the other. He slid further onto the bed, laid on his back and waited for Leah to call him.

His phone rang and he hesitated, answering it just before the machine kicked in. “Hello?”

“Hello, Brianna. Let’s begin, shall we?”

He heard his phone beep, signaling the start of a video chat. He held his screen up in front of him, and moments later, Leah appeared. From her background, Brian could tell she was in her condo’s living room.

“Show me the room.”

Brian rolled his eyes as he turned the camera away from him to the room around him.

“Good. Now the toy.”

He picked it up and held it in front of him.

“Good girl. Now, set the phone down beside you and prop it up.”

He positioned the phone up against one of Lee’s pillows just as she’d asked.

“Now, slide that cock into those pretty pink lips of yours.”

Brian’s cheeks turned red as he brought the head of the cock to his lips. He followed Leah’s command and slid it in.

“Slowly, now,” she purred, grinning from ear to ear. “I want to see you enjoy it.”

Brian closed his eyes and nodded as he pushed the cock deeper into his mouth. He could hear her egging him, on and he moaned as her voice filled his head.

Brian moved the cock deeper into his mouth, groaning around it as it slipped past his tongue. His body squirmed and twisted as lust washed over him.

“You like that cock, don’t you?” Leah said. Brian said nothing, only nodding quickly as he continued to slide it in and out. “Do you like sucking Lee’s cock?”

Lee’s cock. His mind flashed back to his day as a maid when he had knelt down in front of his roommate and pleased him. Instantly his body grew hot and the pleasure increased ten-fold.

“That’s right, Brianna. You’re sucking him off. You’re in his room, on his bed, with his cock between your lips. You’re his slut tonight. You have to pleasure him.”

Brian nodded fiercely. He slid the cock all the way to the hilt as his left hand reached down to his caged dick. He slipped the tip of his finger into the little hole of his chastity cage and rubbed the head of his cock like it was his clit.

“Say what you are.”

He let the cock fall out of his mouth and moaned. “I’m... I’m Lee’s slut! I want your cock, Lee!” His voice was soft and feminine, every word saturated with lust.

“Now he wants to fuck you,” Leah said over the phone. “Bend over and let him.”

Brain rolled over onto his hands and knees and reached back. He pulled down the waistband of his panties and slid the soaking wet cock into his ass. He moaned into the pillow as he fucked himself with it.

As he slid the toy in and out, Leah grew quiet. She gave no further commands. The only sounds that came from his phone were muffled moans and groans.

Back at her apartment, Leah had dropped her phone onto the couch. She used her now free hand to pull apart her cunt and rub her clit as she shoved her vibrator inside of her.

Brian’s moans made her squeal with delight, and she bit her lip as she turned up the power on the vibrator. It turned her body to jelly as she threw her head back and cried out in erotic bliss.

Back in Lee’s room, Brian finally came. His sticky white cum oozed out of his caged cock and he fell onto his side. He reached over and grabbed his phone with his last ounce of strength.

“Leah?” he said softly.

A moment later, her hand appeared on screen and the camera refocused on her face. She was breathing hard and covered in sweat.

“Yeah? What is it, Brian?”

“Can I go to bed now? I’m really tired.”

“Go ahead. I’ll see you in the morning. Love you.”

Brian smiled. “Love you too.”

The call ended and Leah tossed her phone back onto the couch. She sighed heavily and looked up at the ceiling. Never before had she felt so strongly for someone, but there was still something wrong.

She wasn’t sure what side of Brian she loved more: his normal male side, or the sexy female that she turned him into. Fuck... I can’t believe I did that to him, she thought as she rubbed her face with her hands. Making him say that shit about Lee.

Leah was torn. On the one hand, she had vowed to get revenge on Lee for what he did to Brian and her, but would it be worth it? She had yet to tell Brian of her plan to get back at Lee, namely about how it involved him.

Her plan was simple: make Brian as convincingly female as possible, then use him to have sex with Lee. Brian’s goal would be to get Lee to suck his cock, and then Leah would walk in and take pictures. She would use that to get the truth out of him on whether or not he really did sabotage their relationship.

But what if Brian failed to get Lee to suck his cock? What if Brian just ended up pleasuring Lee once more, both orally and anally, and Brian decided he’d rather be Lee’s cross-dressing, gay pleasure toy?

What if I lose him? No, there has got to be another way.

Her head fell forward as she began to doze. Her post-orgasm glow was lulling her to sleep. A moment later, she jerked into wakefulness again and climbed off of the couch, stumbling toward her bedroom and falling asleep, dreaming of Brian.

Leah woke up early in the morning, much earlier than she was used to. The sun was just beginning its climb over the horizon, its pale light filling her bedroom and illuminating the rest of her condo. She had tossed and turned at first, and after failing to fall back asleep, she changed into some clothes

and went for a run in silence.

She remained quiet as she stripped off her sweaty clothes and showered, but her mind was anything but mute. For a long time she stood still, gazing down into nothing as the hot water flowed across her body.

Until at long last she smiled.

Leah climbed out of the shower, dried off and got dressed, then packed up some clothes for Brian. She knew what must be done, but there was no way to exclude Brian from her plan.

She drove over to his apartment and found him silently sleeping on Lee's bed. The toy that he had played with the night before had fallen onto the floor.

"Wake up, Brian," she said as she sat down on the edge. He mumbled as his eyes slowly opened, and he smiled when he saw her sitting there. "Lee is coming home today, so we need to get ready."

"You never told me about your plan," he said, sitting up. "Only that it involved me."

"I will tell you when you are dressed and ready. Take a shower and get all cleaned up. Then I'll get you dressed, do your makeup, and we'll ready the trap."

"So, what's this plan of yours?" Brian said after another failed attempt to lower the hemline of his pink dress.

"Sit down, Brian. There's something I need to ask of you first."

He nodded and sat down next to her, still tugging on the hem of his dress.

"Stop that," she said, slapping at his hands. "You'll stretch it out, or worse, tear it."

"Sorry," Brian said with a frown.

Leah paused and her cute smile vanished. A solemn look covered her face as she turned away from Brian.

“What is it? What’s bothering you?”

“It’s you, Brian. You are what’s bothering me.”

Brian slid back on the couch away from Leah. She kept her gaze forward, her hands locked in front of her.

“What do you mean? What did I do?”

“You,” she said, finally looking at him, her eyes wet with tears, “you did nothing—except be everything I wanted you to be and more. No, it’s all my fault.”

“I still don’t get what you’re saying,” he sighed.

“Brian, how do you feel about being a woman? Talking like one, dressing like one, acting like one... getting fucked like one?”

Brian jerked back at the bluntness of her question.

“I, uh, well...” He scratched his head. “I mean, at first I was apprehensive about it. Like when I had to put on a maid’s outfit and clean the apartment. But as the day went by, I grew to like it. I don’t know, I think it brought out something in me, something new, and I found that I enjoyed it.”

“What about afterward? What about when we went back to my condo and I dressed you up in those different outfits, got you a new wig and breast forms, and made you come back here all dressed up?”

“Oh, well, I enjoyed that because...”

“Because?” Leah leaned forward.

“I was with you,” he said quietly, his face turning red. Leah blushed as well.

Brian continued. “It’s not something I want to do twenty-four-seven. I have no desire to transition or anything. I enjoy being a regular guy, but I do

have a lot of fun when you turn me into Brianna.”

“I was afraid...” She trailed off.

“Of what?”

“That I made you gay.”

Brian fell back onto the couch, laughing. Leah looked at him, unsure of whether to be confused or upset.

“Leah, I am not gay. I mean, sure, I sucked Lee’s cock once, and he fucked me, but that was done in the heat of the moment. I had gotten so aroused—not to mention he threatened to send the pictures of me to everyone we knew if I didn’t do it. I had no other choice.”

He leaned forward and kissed Leah. “That doesn’t mean I’m now attracted to men and men only. Women are still my preferred choice ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But I’d be lying if I said I didn’t enjoy sucking his cock.”

Leah grinned and cocked an eyebrow. “Really, now?”

Brian’s face turned a deeper shade of red. “I mean, I’ve always been a little curious about it. I believe a lot of guys have at least thought about it once in their lives.” He shrugged. “So, no damage done. But it’s something I don’t want to do again for a little while.”

“Thank you, Brian,” Leah said, her voice soft.

He looked at her and saw tears in her eyes. He watched them fall slowly down her cheeks to her chin and onto her skirt. She took his hand and he looked back into her eyes.

“I’m so glad we have had this opportunity to connect—to really get to know each other as we should have months ago. All this time, you and I could’ve been together and happy.”

Her sadness quickly gave way to anger and frustration. She gritted her teeth and snarled.

“Fucking Lee. He had to do this to us—to tear us apart like that—and all for his own selfish needs.”

Brian put his hand on Leah’s cheek and turned her face toward his. “Leah, I am here now. His deeds are but a flesh wound that’ll heal in time.”

“I know,” she said, her anger subsiding. “But I won’t be able to put it behind me until he gets what he deserves.”

“Does this mean you’ll finally tell me what your plan is?”

Leah smiled and laughed a little. “Yeah, sorry about that. Here’s my plan...”

“Guess who’s back?!” Lee called, then frowned at the silence. His apartment was empty and dark as if no one had been home for days. That’s odd, he thought. Leah said she’d be here waiting for me...

He walked further into the apartment, his suitcase trailing behind him, and stopped when he saw his door closed and the light coming out from underneath. Lee grinned and left his suitcase in the living room.

“Hey, Leah. You in here?” he said, slowly opening his bedroom door. He stopped and stared when he laid eyes on his bed and the woman sprawled out on top of it.

His room was barely lit. A couple of small candles strewn about the bedroom created just enough light that she could be seen in all her beauty. Leah sat up onto her elbows and winked, and Lee’s eyes moved slowly down her body, taking in every inch of her perfect flesh wrapped in beautiful lingerie.

She wore black lace lingerie with dark stockings connecting to her matching garter belt, as well as a pair of shiny black pumps. Leah rubbed her legs together and bit her lip as he took her in.

“Like what you see?” she asked playfully.

Lee stumbled and grabbed onto the doorframe as Leah rolled over onto her belly and bent her legs back, showing off her perfect ass. He swallowed hard as he stared at the lace thong that slipped in between her cheeks and the garters that followed the curves of her body.

“I’ve been waiting for you to get home,” she said as she rolled on to her back and tugged at the bridge between the cups of her bra. “I have a surprise for you.”

“Oh? What is it?” he said as he lurched toward her like a zombie, his eyes glued to her breasts. He got onto the bed and climbed on top of her.

“Well, you know how you’ve always wanted a threesome?”

Lee’s eyes widened with excitement. “Really? You mean it? We’re finally going to have one?”

“Yeah, that’s your present.” She looked past him at the door and shouted. “Come on in!”

Lee’s smile stretched from ear to ear as he climbed off of Leah and looked to the door anxiously.

“I had her hide in Brian’s room,” Leah whispered into his ear.

Lee heard the door open and shut, then the sound of high heels slowly traipsing across the wooden floor. They echoed in his head, and with each step, his excitement and anticipation grew.

Leah knew how much he wanted a threesome. He had brought it up after their third date. It was only in passing, but after their first month together, he had plainly asked for it to happen.

She did find the thought of playing with another woman hot, as it brought back her memories of her time in college where she’d had a girlfriend for a couple months. But as usual, Lee didn’t consider her interests or desires, and she highly doubted she could convince him that the third be a man instead.

Boy, is he in for a treat tonight, Leah thought, grinning wickedly as she

watched Lee.

Brian came into view wearing his pink dress and heels, and Lee's jaw dropped.

"Lee, this is Rebecca. She is a friend of mine from college. We dated back then." Leah winked at Brian and he giggled. "Say hello, Rebecca."

"Hello," Brian said in his best female voice. He bit his lip as he waved, and he had a hard time hiding his laughter. His roommate was a hundred percent sold on the scenario. He had no idea.

"Well, hello, Rebecca," Lee said, moving his hand through his hair and putting on a cocky grin. "Why don't you join us in bed?"

Brian's face was bright red as he climbed onto the bed next to Leah. She wrapped her arm around him and brought him close. She looked back at Lee, saw the excitement on his face, and reading his mind, she brought her lips to Brian's and kissed him.

"Oh, fuck, that's hot," he said as he watched the two "women" make out. His mouth became dry and his cock grew hard as their hands fondled each other's breasts and their tongues danced.

"It's only a threesome if the man is included, ladies," Lee said as he squeezed Brian's ass.

"I-It's okay, Leah," Brian said as he climbed off of her onto Lee. Leah watched him carefully and put her arm around Lee.

Brian reached down and unbuttoned Lee's shirt, pulling it off of him and tossing it aside. He bent down and kissed his chest as he slid further down. Leah threw her leg over Lee and straddled his chest as Brian undid his roommate's pants and pulled them down off of his legs, tossing them aside.

Lee smiled as he was stripped down to his underwear and socks. He loved being serviced by two gorgeous women. Leah rubbed his chest and bent down to kiss him, her hands grabbing his arms and lifting them up toward the headboard.

Brian rubbed Lee's cock through his boxers and kept his roommate oblivious to Leah's movements. She reached under the pillows and pulled out a pair of cuffs and handcuffed Lee to the metal headboard.

"Uh, what's going on?" he said, tugging at his bindings.

"I'm sorry, babe," Leah said as she caressed his cheek. "Rebecca is into that kinky stuff, and she said it would be hotter for the three of us if it were involved."

"It's all right," he said, looking past Leah to Brian. Brian smiled as he played with the waistband of Lee's boxers, slowly pulling them down. "We can do it this one time. Just no whips or any of that freaky stuff."

Leah rolled her eyes and looked back at Brian. He climbed up off of the bed and returned moments later with a blindfold. Lee pulled back as she brought it toward his head, but he eventually let it put it on him.

"Yeah, okay..." he said. "This is kinda hot. Though if you two are going to make out again, then I'm going to be upset."

Leah nodded, and Brian pulled Lee's boxers and socks off of him. She turned around and wrapped her lips around Lee's cock as Brian climbed off of the bed.

"What are you two girls giggling about over there? Better not be about the size of my cock."

"No, we're just laughing about how much fun we're going to have." She signaled to Brian and he returned holding a pair of panties. He smiled as he slipped them onto Lee's feet and pulled them up to his knees.

"Hey, what are those?"

"Oh nothing," Leah said, going back down on Lee's cock. She licked and stroked it as Brian bunched up a pair of stockings and slid them on to Lee's feet.

"Okay, what the fuck are you doing?!" he said, raising his voice and tugging at his handcuffs. "I said no kinky shit!"

“Aw, but babe...” Leah grimaced as she talked to him. She always hated calling him pet names, but it was something he wanted her to do. “I promised Rebecca.”

Lee grunted, but Brian and Leah didn’t even wait for his answer before they slid the panties up to his crotch and pulled the stockings up to his thighs.

“This had better be fucking worth it!” he said, his body shifting uncomfortably.

“Oh, it will be,” Leah said with a sweet, devilish smile.

Brian climbed back onto the bed and switched places with Leah. He bent down and kissed Lee as she climbed off and grabbed her phone.

“I’m all wet,” Brian whispered into Lee’s ear.

“Oh?”

“Would you be a gentleman and tongue me? I promise I’ll give you the best blow job ever.”

“Deal,” Lee said, grinning wide.

Brian looked over to Leah, who was giddy with excitement. She held her phone up and gave him a thumbs up. He scooted forward and lifted up his dress and pulled down his panties, letting his rock hard cock fall out and into Lee’s face.

“Let me see that tongue,” Brian purred.

Lee chuckled as he stuck his tongue out. All at once Brian removed Lee’s blindfold and stuck his dick in Lee’s mouth. Leah quickly pressed the button on her phone, taking as many pictures of Lee sucking Brian’s cock while wearing lingerie.

Lee spat and cursed, yelling and screaming and kicking his legs as Brian quickly got up off of the bed and stood next to Leah. They laughed at the pictures of Lee and he stared at them, both furious and confused.

“What the—”

“Oh, shut the fuck up, Lee,” Brian said in his native male voice.

Lee’s face twisted into confusion and his jaw dropped when he finally recognized who “Rebecca” really was.

“Holy fuck. Brian? That’s you?!”

“What? The cock didn’t give it away?”

Leah burst into laughter as she snapped a couple more pics of Lee in her lingerie. “And... done!”

“ ‘Done’ what?! What did you do?” Lee shouted as he tugged on his handcuffs.

“I uploaded the pictures to my cloud drive. Now if you want them deleted, there’ll be some things you have to do for us.”

“Brian, let me just say that you look like a real chick. Did you go and get implants or something? I mean, if you really wanted to fuck my girlfriend, you could’ve just asked. I wouldn’t mind having a submissive fag—”

“Enough!” Leah said, slamming her heeled foot onto the ground. “You insult him one more time and I’m sending these pics to your frat buddies. Understand?”

Lee grumbled and she walked up to the bed and showed him the screen. Her thumb hovered over the “send” button.

“Yeah, yeah. Okay.”

Leah canceled the text and took a calming breath. “Your answer to this next question will decide your fate.”

“What does that—”

Leah interrupted him. “Did you or did you not sabotage me and Brian’s first date?”

Lee said nothing.

Leah took another breath. “I said, did you or didn’t you—”

“Yes, I did,” Lee muttered. “You want the truth? Yeah, I wanted to date you. Brian had been turning down the women I hooked him up with, and I realized that after I set him up with you that he would probably just say no again, and then I would have a shot. But he didn’t say no, and I wanted to go out with you instead, so I ruined it for you.”

“And to think I called you my friend,” Brian spat.

“Heh, look at you, all slutty and shit. I figured you weren’t man enough for Leah. Guess I was right. You know, I don’t mind if you want to suck my cock again.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, Lee,” Leah said, surprisingly calm. “The only one sucking a cock here is you.”

Leah gestured to Brian and he climbed up onto the bed and placed his cock in Lee’s face.

“Get that thing away from me!” Lee shouted.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Brian said, slowly stroking his cock. “I think it’s time you paid us back for not only ruining our date, but also blackmailing me into sucking your cock.”

Lee looked away from Brian to Leah. She shrugged and waved her phone.

“I don’t have any choice, do I?” Lee said, his rage dissipating.

“Nope. But don’t worry, I’ll be gentle,” Brian said, sliding closer.

Lee stared at his roommate’s cock, frowning and looking away from it to Brian, then to Leah. They just stared back, patiently waiting for him. Leah smiled as she climbed onto the bed behind Brian and gently rubbed Lee’s cock through his panties.

“No, stop that,” he said, squirming.

“What’s the matter, Lee? Is this turning you on?” He bit his lip and continued to writhe on the bed. Leah rubbed his cock harder, smiling as it grew hard in the panties. “I think you like it.”

Lee closed his eyes and moaned, his cheeks turning bright red as the lust flowed through him. When he opened them up, Brian’s cock was right in front of him. His mouth watered as he stared at it hungrily. Leah continued to rub him, and he finally caved.

He opened his mouth and Brian placed his cock on Lee’s tongue. He pushed it forward and Lee wrapped his lips around it. Brian smirked at the way Lee’s face twisted in disgust, but as he slid his cock in further, his contempt faded away into pleasure.

Brian pushed his hips forward, sliding his cock even further. Lee’s tongue rubbed the underside of his shaft and he pulled back. Then he pushed his head forward as Brian withdrew.

“I think he likes it,” Leah teased as she pulled down the waistband of Lee’s panties and letting his cock freely harden. She gripped his rod and slowly stroked, rewarding him with faster, firmer pumps as he took in Brian’s cock.

Lee moaned through the thick, meaty dick inching toward his throat, and Brian moved in closer and pushed his cock all the way into Lee’s mouth. His roommate looked up at him, his face flushed and his body aglow.

Brian bit his lip as he picked up the pace of his thrusts, fucking Lee’s mouth as Leah jerked him off harder and faster. Lee’s moans grew louder and louder, and Brian was getting closer and closer to cumming.

“Wait,” Brian said, pulling out of Lee’s mouth. He looked back at Leah and she stopped stroking, forcing Lee to whimper.

“What is it?” Leah asked.

“Flip him over onto his knees so I can fuck him properly,” he said, quoting what Lee had said when he’d fucked him back when Brian was dressed up as a maid.

Leah nodded and Brian climbed off of Lee. He reached into the dresser by his bed and pulled out one of Lee's many condoms. He slipped it on as Lee obeyed Leah's command to roll over.

Lee looked back at the two of them and whimpered as Brian lined up behind him.

"All of this could've been avoided, Lee," Leah said. "Not only did you cheat on me, but you sabotaged our date for your own selfish desires and blackmailed Brian into having sex with you. What do you have to say?"

"I'm sorry," Lee groaned.

"I believe you. But that's not going to get you out of this."

Lee yelped as Brian thrust his cock into Lee's ass. He would've fallen forward onto his face, but his hands kept him up. He gripped the bed frame as Brian buried his cock in his ass.

Unimaginable pleasure washed over Lee as Brian fucked him. His body rocked back and forth and his jaw hung slack as moan after moan escaped his lips. Leah couldn't control herself. Her own body flushed, and she was filled with so much arousal that her fingers moved of their own accord down to her soaking wet cunt.

She pulled down her panties and climbed up onto the bed, shoving her cunt in Lee's face and holding it there until he started lapping at it with his tongue.

Brian's thrusts grew wilder as he drew nearer to his orgasm. He reached around and grabbed Lee's rock hard cock and stroked him, shivering at the sensation of milking his roommate for his load.

All three of them climaxed within seconds of each other. Lee's quick tongue made Leah squeal with delight, and her lust-filled moan pushed Brian over the edge.

His hips jerked as he pushed his cock in as deep as it would go into Lee's ass, filling his condom with his seed. Lee pulled his head out of Leah's pussy and cried out in ecstasy, shooting strings of cum onto his bed. Brian milked

him until the very last drop, then pulled out.

Brian and Leah climbed down off of the bed, both breathless and exhausted. Lee fell over onto his side, his chest rising and falling quickly as he gasped for breath.

Brian nodded at Leah and she un-cuffed Lee. “Lee, consider this me breaking up with you,” she said.

“And me moving out,” Brian added.

“You can keep the panties and the stockings. I’ll send you the photos and then delete my copies of them. Keep them as a reminder.”

Leah grabbed Brian’s hand and led him out of the room. He ran into his bedroom and grabbed the last of his bags and walked out the front door of the apartment with Leah, hand in hand.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading Torn Apart, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena