AN ORIGINAL FORCED FEMINIZATION NOVELLA

PLAYING THE PART

MELISSA DANIELS & RENEE CARTER
“What’s wrong, Kyle?”

Jane came up and put her elbow on Kyle’s shoulder. He hated when she did that, flaunting her height over him. Today, though, he was far more concerned with the eight-by-eleven sheet of paper posted in front of him.

“We’re doing Barefoot in the Park,” Kyle said.

He heard the resentment in his own voice.

“You say that like it’s a terminal disease,” Jane said squinting at the flier.

“It might as well be,” Kyle said slumping against the bulleting board, “I’ve done the show TWICE already. Once as Paul and once as Belasco. Those are the only two good male parts. I already did them both at a Rep theatre Janey. Two years ago! Doing a college version will be agony.”

“Then don’t do it,” she smiled.

It was that annoying, smug grin that made the two of them friends. He hated how cute that smirk made her.

“What? And not do anything the last 4 months of my Senior year?”

“You’ve been a senior for two years, stupid.”

“I’m not stupid. I’m lazy, bitch.”

She laughed and smiled that annoyingly cute smile again.

“Barefoot in the Park,” she rolled the title around in her mouth, “That’s Neil Simon, right?”

“How do you not know it? Everyone knows it.” Kyle said, “Do lesbians not read plays about heterosexual love?”

“No. We feel like it’s a let down when an attractive woman ends up falling in love with a man. We talk about it all the time at our weekly meetings.”

She raised her eyebrows at him, daring him to comment. He would not fall into the lesbian stereotype argument. Not when he was already in a sour mood.

She sighed as he failed to take the bait.

“If it’s so good, why don’t you do it?”

“Here’s what’ll happen,” Kyle said.
He was annoyed at how certain he was that he was right about the scenario.

“I’ll audition, get the part of Paul, and end up doing a performance worse than the one I did for sixty seven consecutive performances last summer. It’s not a challenge.”

“What about the other part,” she asked.

“Just as tedious. The character is very two dimensional. Funny part, but boring to play. The only dynamic role in the show is Corrie and well…” he presented himself with his hands, “I can’t play that.”

“Why can’t you play Corrie?”

“It’s the female lead.”

He expected her to laugh and make fun of him. She did not. She was studying him. Her eyes twinkled with mischievous laughter. Suspicion began to kindle in the back of Kyle’s mind.

“I have an idea,” she said, “Follow me.”

She popped the collar on her leather jacket in an annoyingly sexy bravado and then headed up the hall towards the Tech Theatre Department.

As he followed behind her, she should practically see her smile from behind as it seemed to circle all the way around her head.
“What are you? Crazy?”

Jane stared at him un-phased smirk. She just smiled that same, smug smile that Kyle found so frustratingly attractive. He and Jane had been friends since their freshman year after he hit on her at a post-show theatre party. She had given him a business card that simply read: ‘Lesbian’. She was taken aback by Kyle’s lack of embarrassment and the fact that he laughed and kept her card. They had gone through all of the shows together from that point on, him on stage and her back stage...a constant growing friendship. She was a constant source of frustration and unbridled awesome all rolled up into a package that pushed all of his buttons...buttons that would NEVER be pushed.

“Seriously,” he said shaking his head at her. “You are mental.” She raised an eyebrow at him. “There is absolutely no way I could pull it off.”

“Kyle. I’m a make-up artist AND I’m a costumer and I’m REALLY good at it. When I say something’s possible. It’s possible.” He turned to glare at her. “I am not going to audition for the female lead,” he said. He flipped her a double bird, the kind of fuck-off gesture that only friends can give each other. He turned to storm out of the room, but a hand on his shoulder stopped him.

“Kyle,” her voice had lost it’s ‘lesbian character’. The persona she put on 95% of the time had slipped and Genuine Jane was talking to him.

He sighed and turned around. “You’re the right body type, Kyle. I can make you look like an Honest-to-God woman. Not only that, but you’ll be...pretty. I promise. I won’t make you look like a clown.”

She punched him hard in the shoulder. “You said you wanted a challenge, jerk!”

“Well, yeah...but...”

“Well so do I, asshole!” she laughed. “Look at it this way. If you can pull this off, you could do any part you want. Think about all the options it would give you. Plus...think about how much fun
it would be to trick everyone!”

“Janey...”

She ran right over him as she always did.

“If we do this right, no one will ever know...except us.”

She smirked at him, and brushed his long bangs out of his eyes.

“Besides... I think you’ll look hot.”

“But Jane, I don’t think...”

He didn’t finish and Jane knew she had him.

“Kyle. Trust me.”

“I do.”

His voice had a slight quiver to it. Jane melted when she heard it. He was scared at the thought of doing this. He was more scared than he would ever admit. Yet despite that fear, he would do it.

He would do it for her.

Her heart skipped a beat.

She was so excited at the prospect of this. She wanted to start tonight. In fact...

“I’ll tell you what, Kyle,” she said. She put her arm around his neck, like a salesman clinching a deal, “Let me prove to you that you can play an ingénue. Right now.”

“Janey...” he objected again. It was without conviction. He looked at her for a long moment before nodding agreement. She just had this power over him. He would do anything for her.

She giggled with excitement. He did not have a clue what she had in store for him.
“Sit still, will ya?”
Kyle squirmed again and Jane smacked him.
“You’re gonna make it smear,” she said leaning back to look at her work.
Great Goddess, he was beautiful.
Jane felt a twinge of jealousy even, unable to help herself from comparing Kyle’s attractiveness to herself. She made herself stop. After all, he was her creation.
It took almost three hours getting him prepped. He had used the dressing room shower to remove his body hair. She was surprised at how little resistance he put up against that. Then again, he used to be on the swim team in high school, so maybe removing body hair was not as much of a stigmata for him as it would be for most.
Just that simple step of exfoliating his skin and removing all of his hair had given him an almost androgynous look. It was amazing. The more Jane looked at him, the harder it was to see Kyle as a HIM.
She even caught herself checking him out as he dried himself off, his towel tied around his waist in traditional male style.
He did protest the eyebrows. She had shaped them cautiously. She actually left them fairly full, but gave them just a hint of an arch. It was just enough to pass for either direction. Kyle had not been thrilled by this step. He was not happy at all.
Another hour and an a half and his makeup was nearly complete. She stepped back to examine her handiwork.
He was already BREATHTAKING...
...and she had only done the basics. She smirked and dove back in, now adding the detailed perfections.
Twenty minutes later Jane finally let Kyle look at himself in the mirror for the first time.
His face, or rather, HER face, gaped at the reflection. As Kyle looked at himself, Jane looked at it too, over his shoulder. She was trying to appraise her work, looking for flaws and imperfections.
It was damn fine work.
His eyes were gorgeous, with impossibly long, feminine lashes. There was just a hint of blush on his cheeks that you had to look for to notice. His lips were perfectly painted and glossy, appearing permanently moist. From the neck up he looked completely female. Except for one thing...

She left Kyle looking at himself in the mirror and walked to the back of the make-up room. The stack of boxes they had pulled from the costume shop sat in a pile. As she carried them back, she realized Kyle had not moved even an inch. He had not moved a single muscle. He was staring at his reflection with his mouth open in complete and total shock.

Jane smiled.

“Wait till he sees this...” she thought to herself, pulling the shoulder length, brunette wig out of it’s box.

She quietly moved over to Kyle and placed it on his head even as he stared at the reflection in the mirror still unmoving. She spent a few minutes pinning it securely. The wig was not coming off. Not without her help... or most of his real hair coming with it. The wig she had pulled was amazingly close to his natural color. His bangs were mostly his natural hair and she spent a few minutes intertwining them to further mask the illusion.

The effect was stunning.

“I’m...” Kyle stammered.

Kyle could not make himself stop looking in the mirror.

“That can’t be me,” he chanted to himself over and over, “It can’t be. She’s beautiful.”

The wig was tickling the side of his face and he instinctively reached up to brush the hair back. The girl in the mirror mimicked him exactly, her glossy long nails shining in the light. Her lip curled into a playful smile.

“C’mere!” Jane called from the dressing room. Kyle hadn’t realized she had left. It felt like he was in a trance. Conscious thought had ceased and all that was left was a dream like state. He walked into the dressing room and felt his heart stop.

Jane was holding up a skimpy, sequined dress.

“I’m not wearing that,” Kyle said, trying desperately to breathe.

“I know,” she laughed, “I just wanted to see how you’d react.” Kyle tried to sputter a response, but nothing came out.

“Will you RELAX! I got you some shorts and a tank top.” She held up a small stack of clothes as if to reassure. “Ready to get dressed?”

“Don’t need to,” Kyle said, his breath still a little uneven, “You’ve proven your point. I CAN pass as a female. You win.”

“Oh, no you don’t,” Jane said, putting her hands on his shoulders. “First off, we need to see if I can make your body look as good as your face. Second...I’m having fun. Now off with that undershirt.”

She started pulling it over his head before he could protest.

“I think for the audition we’re gonna need give you some curves” she said, “Maybe a waist cinch. For now, though...put this on.”

The bra slipped onto his shoulders and Jane was fastening it onto him before he knew what hit him. The cups were already filled with latex blobs that jutted out impossibly on his chest.

“MY GOD!!” Kyle said looking down, “THEY’RE HUGE!!!”

“I know, I know,” Jane said sheepishly, “They’re the only thing I could find on such short notice. We don’t generally use a whole lot
of fake breasts. We’ll find some smaller ones for the audition.”

“I should hope so,” Kyle said. They were heavy and Kyle had to arch his back just to be comfortable. This just made them jut out further.

He stood there awkwardly as Jane made some adjustments to them, jiggling them back and forth. Using a little jar of liquid and a brush, she peeled back the edges and ‘applied’ them to his chest. Somehow having them pull down on his skin made them feel even heavier.

She dabbed at them with foundation and as she stepped back Kyle realized that he couldn’t really tell where they stopped and his real chest started.

“They look good on you,” Jane said, “You’ve got such a tiny waist anyway, and the big size compliments you. A lot of women would kill for your figure.”

“Look Jane,” Kyle said, “I’m feeling a little uncomfortable with this. I just...”

“Kyle,” she said, “Think of it as a character. Go ahead and get into the role. Pretend you want breast reduction surgery if you want, but go ahead and be this woman. You’re a good enough actor to do that.”

Kyle thought about that for a second and then smiled.

“You’re right,” he said.

He cleared his throat.

“How’s this sound?” The voice that came out of his mouth could’ve belonged to a twenty year old sorority girl.

“That’s damn good,” she said, “A little too valley girl for my tastes but very believable. You sure you haven’t done this before?”

“What?” Kyle asked in his new feminine voice, “Let another woman dress me? It’s been a while.” Kyle laughed. It was musical, giggly and very girly.

“Well now, that’s the spirit,” she said.

Kyle never ceased to amaze her with his acting ability. He really was talented. It felt like she was talking to another woman.

“Here, put these on.”

Kyle stood up and took the garment she was holding out. He looked at it a second and then grinned at her.
“Turn around,” Kyle said girlishly, “I don’t normally take off my panties in front of other girls...especially ones that bat for the other team.”

“Oh!” Jane said blushing. It had caught her of guard. She turned around quickly. “Of course.”

Kyle smiled knowing he had flustered her. The smile was short lived as he looked at the garment in his hands. Setting it down on the counter, he forced himself to try to stay in this new character he was creating.

He removed his underwear and took a deep reassuring breath before stepping into the dancer belt. He looked at the mirror and was shocked to see a beautiful woman looking back at him. From head to toe there was no sign of his maleness. The belt was tucked up his equipment, pushing his testicles up inside and keeping them trapped there. It wasn’t painful exactly, at least...not yet, but it was disconcerting.

He looked back into the mirror. His heart skipped a beat. He looked like a completely convincing woman in only his underwear. He tried altering his stance, standing on one leg and posing slightly.

“Oh, stop ogling yourself,” Jane chastised.

In truth, she had been ogling him too. She hated to admit it, but he was damn sexy...better looking than she had anticipated.

He was also extremely her type of girl, feminine, beautiful, but unaware of how much so.

She crammed that thought away quickly.

“We’re almost done,” she said.

She tossed him a short black top and after finally finding the bottom of it, he wiggled it on, tugging it tightly down over his new breasts.

“Where’s the rest of it?” He asked in his sweet alto. The outrage coming across as almost coy.

“Hey,” she said, “It’s the style to show your stomach.”

“It’s barely covering my tits!” he whined, realizing how weird it sounded with those words coming out of his mouth, especially in the feminine manner he was spiking with.

It was true though. It rode high above his hips showing off a surprisingly taut stomach.

She tossed him the blue jean shorts out of the box and Kyle quickly stepped into them, inching them up his body. They just
Arching his back and breathing in, he managed to get them buttoned....
barely fit and seemed even tighter than the body shaper. Arching his back and breathing in he managed to get them to button.

He shivered as he saw the effect in the mirror.

“Jane, this is too revealing.”

“It’s what half the girls in the department wear on a daily basis.”

“The ones you always call sluts?”

“Well, yeah... but we’re trying to make you look like an actress. Besides, guys like sluts,” she smirked.

“Whoa!!!” Kyle said. He voice had suddenly reverted back to his normal male voice. It did little to help him look masculine though. He was a tenor anyway and even using his deepest voice he still sounded like a girl, looking like he did.

“Jane,” he whined, “I’m not trying to pick up guys!”

“Oh relax,” she said, “First off, the Director you’re auditioning for is a guy and if he likes what he sees your chances are better. And he WILL like you. Second of all, you’re cute. You could pick up women this way too.”

And before she knew what she was doing, she had pressed her lips against his. It was a soft, almost tentative kiss which lasted for mere seconds. They were endless seconds though.

For both of them.

The kiss broke and they both suddenly realized what had happened. Jane felt excited, nauseous, turned on and scared all at the same time.

Kyle couldn’t even begin to classify what HE felt.

“I’m...I’m gonna go find you some shoes,” Jane said suddenly. She practically sprinted from the room.

Kyle was still in shock.

Jane had kissed him. The reigning champion of local femi-nazi lesbianism had kissed him.

That was not a friend kiss either. This had been sensual.

He looked in the mirror and saw the beautiful brunette. It had to be because he looked like this.

He was certainly attractive... more than attractive. He made a very sexy woman, one that he would certainly approach and ask out. The girl in the mirror made a pouty expression which Kyle thought
looked silly and sexy at the same time.

He chuckled.

Jane liked him. He was sure of it.

They needed to talk about it. Now, before the moment was gone and the friendship with it. The only thing stopping Kyle from following her was that it meant going out into the much more public area of the costume shop. The make-up room never had anyone in it until the week before a show, but the costume shop was always a people place. On the other hand it was getting close to ten at night. There shouldn’t be anyone around this late. Hell, the building was probably even locked.

On the counter next to him was a box of costume eye-glasses of all different types. The lenses were non-prescription plain glass, since they were used for look, not for vision. He picked up one of the top pairs and slid them on.

“Works for Superman, right?” he mumbled in his valley girl voice.

The over-sized frames made his face look even smaller and gave him a cute, ‘movie-star pretending to be a nerd’ look.

He sighed. Not much of a disguise, but with the outfit he was wearing, he doubted anyone was going to spend a lot of time looking at his face.

...and he needed to talk to Jane before things got weirder.

His mind made up he took a deep breath and stepped out into the costume shop.
Jane’s heart was beating a mile a minute. She had kissed Kyle! She had KISSED a guy! A GUY! What was she thinking? She had only kissed one guy in her whole life and it was an effeminate young boy when she was thirteen. She was not interested in guys.

But Kyle did not look like a guy right now. “Oh GODDESS, that’s an understatement,” she muttered. She hadn’t been able to help herself.

Even now she felt her arousal, wet between her legs. Her cheeks were burning with embarrassment as she pulled a pair of low heeled sandals out of the shoe box. She needed to go back in and talk to him before things got weird...

...weirder...

...but the idea frightened the hell out of her.

She tossed the sandals back in the box and picked up a pair of ankle boots with black fringe. “God these would look amazing on her.”

Ugh. Her panties were dripping. She felt like Dr. Frankenstein. She had created this monster... this perfect feminine monster that was everything she wanted. And now what?

What was she supposed to say?

She took a deep breath and steeled herself. She had to go talk to him.

“Hey Janey,”

The voice startled her and she shrieked almost jumping out of her skin seeing the man standing in the doorway.

“Fuck Darrin!” she yelled at him, “You scared the shit out of me!”

Darrin was a classmate from her biology class. She would not so far as to call him a friend... but they were friendly. She did like that he preferred to skip class and go to the bar, much like herself... and that was, in fact, more of their association than the class itself.

“What are you doing here in theatre land?” she asked him, while trying to get her heart rate back down.
“Saw the light on in here and figured it was you,” he said, “You’re the only ones on campus crazy enough to keep these late hours working on something actually school related.”

Jane smirked. She opened her mouth to respond and the words failed to come out as she saw the attractive brunette burst into the room.

“Hey Janie...I...”

Kyle saw Darrin and froze, his face paling. A second of silence fell that lasted approximately fifty years. Jane started talking before she even knew what she was saying.

“Oh. Darrin, this is...Kelly. Kelly this is Darrin. We were just...”

“Say no more,” Darrin said grinning. He walked over to Kyle. “Another one of Janey’s conquests, eh?” There was a momentary pause. No more than a second, but Jane’s heart froze waiting for Kyle to respond.

“Actually,” Kyle said in his valley girl voice, “She’s one of mine.”

Jane’s mouth dropped open. Not only at the statement, but also at the girlish giggle that came out of her friends mouth. It made Kyle unbelievably alluring. She wanted to kiss him and slap him at the same time.

“Dammit!” she thought to herself, “She’s a guy. Fucking Kyle! Stop making her so perfect!”

Meanwhile, Darrin was laughing.

“Nice to meet you,” he said. “Too bad you swing that way. I’m between conquests myself.”

“You couldn’t handle me, Darrin.” the valley girl challenged with a jut of her hip.

Jane was crawling out of her skin. He was too good at it. Was he trying to flirt with Darrin? Jesus!

Darrin shook his head regretfully, eying her as if she were a dessert that was too rich for him.

“I have no doubt.” He turned back to Jane. “Hey! Would you two like to join a few of us biology nerds on a late night greasy spoon run? Burgers and beer... I know how much you love both of those things, J.”
Kyle opened his pretty mouth with an objection, but Jane moved in front of him.

“We'd love to,” she said steering Kyle toward the door. Kyle resisted with all his might. Darrin didn't notice.

“Awesome! Let's hit it!”

He was already heading out the door, even as Kyle stammered and sputtered.

“We’re parked down at the side exit, meet you down there.” he said over his shoulder even as he moved down the hall and out of sight.

“Jane,” Kyle whispered frantically.

“Come on,” Jane said. She looked down and saw she was still holding the four-inch ankle boots in her hand. She lifted his left leg and shoving the boot onto his foot and fastening it before he could object. His cute little foot fit it perfectly.

“Fucking Cinderella,” she growled under breath. Jane’s anger was rising even as she grabbed his other leg, causing him to wobble dangerous on the tiny heel. She jammed his other foot into the matching shoe and stepped back watching him teeter dangerously on the stilts.

Kelly!

The heels made her legs longer and her ass even better. She was Jane’s fucking wet dream.

Goddamn it. Kelly was perfect.

Perfect in every way.

Except she didn’t exist.

She felt the need to run... to escape these feelings she was having. She knew it was destructive, but putting off the talk with Kyle HAD to happen. Besides, it would make him uncomfortable being out in public and the fucker deserved it for being so damn perfect.

“Jane, seriously I don’t want to…”

“It’ll be fun,” she said viciously.

“I don’t want to,” Kyle said again. His fear was radiating off of him.

“You’re gonna go,” she said, “Or I’ll tell Darrin who you really are!”
Even as she said it, she felt guilty. This was her friend. This was Kyle.

Yet her anger had taken over now. She had met the perfect girl and she didn’t really exist... and it was Kyle’s fault. She knew it was irrational. She knew she was not seeing straight, but all she could think about was making Kyle suffer as much as she was.

Kyle’s eyes went wide with her threat of exposure and he staggered behind her as she pulled him out into the hall.

Jane shut out the lights and closed the door, hearing the lock click. It occurred to her, only afterwards, that all of Kyle’s clothes were still inside and the room would not be open again until Monday morning.

“A problem for later,” she thought, her anger still fuming. With a sadistic smirk, she dragged her feminine partner down the hall and out into the night.
“We can’t all fit in that tiny, little car!”
Kyle and Jane were standing outside next to the small, beaten up Honda. Darrin was helping his three male friends into the back seat. They looked like sardines being packed into a tiny, tin can.
“Well we can’t take your car with you looking like that,” Jane whispered to Kyle, “Can you imaging what would happen if you got pulled over. They like girls like you in prison.”
Kyle was not amused, but his scour was cut short as he staggered in his high heels and almost went down in a heap of feminine distress.
“Keep your weight on your toes, idiot,” she hissed, rescuing him and pulling him upright.
Darrin caught a glimpse as she helped Kelly upright.
“Everything, ok?” he asked with a quizzical expression.
“Kelly’s had a few too many already tonight,” Jane laughed. “Can’t hold her liquor at all.”
The blush that flamed on Kyle’s face made him look like a naughty school girl and Jane felt herself arouse again.
“Goddammit,” she shouted in her head. “He’s a fucking guy!”
“Still want to go?” Darrin asked.
Kyle, once again, opened his mouth to protest and Jane stopped him.
“Abso-fucking-lutely,” she declared, “Gotta catch up with my girl here.”
“All right ladies,” Darrin said gesturing to the car, “How do you wanna do this?”
There was no way the two of them were going to both fit in the front seat. The only solution was that one of them would have to sit in the back on top of the guys. All of them had wide-eyed, guilty looks.
Jane scowled.
She knew for a fact that they all were hoping that Kelly would sit back with them.
“Fucking guys!” she thought. “All of them. They deserve each other!”
“Kelly’s going to let me have shotgun,” she said aloud and practically shoved the unsteady “Kelly” face first into the backseat on top of the guys with the shit-eating grins.

It was instant awkward as her limbs tried to find places to be on top of their laps. Their hands were around her trying to help her position and not jam her appendages into any soft spots.

The guys used the excuse to touch her as much as possible, of course, with hands all over her legs and ass.

She squealed and squirmed and writhed and wriggled.

...and Jane felt her already damp panties get even wetter, watching her friend sexually frustrate everyone around her.
The backseat was barely big enough to fit two people, much less four. The three guys were crammed shoulder to shoulder along the seat and there was literally no where for Kyle to go. There was nothing for him to do... except lay across all three of them.

It was as if he were in a bad dream, one from which he could not awake.

Never in his worst dreams could he imagine he would be in this position: dressed as a pretty woman...a gorgeous woman, stretched out across the lap of three guys.

From their expressions they would not have it any other way. Kyle shivered as they all found places to put their hands on him. They all seemed to find exposed flesh to touch and grope.

“You cold?” the guy under Kyle’s upper body said. His name was either Kenny, or Lenny. Truthfully Kyle didn’t care what his name was as long as he would mind his own business and stop molesting him.

One of the man’s arms was around Kyle’s shoulder, holding him up, and the other one was on his exposed stomach sliding slowly upward towards his fake tits.

“Hey, Dar, turn up the heat,” the guy said.

“Cars gotta warm up first,” Darrin said as they pulled out of the parking lot, “Don’t worry, it’ll be plenty hot and sweaty by the time we get there.”

Kyle was afraid he was right.
Jane smiled almost sadistically, looking over her shoulder into the backseat. Kelly was not in a good way, but all three guys were grinning like kids in a candy shop.

“And rightfully so,” Jane thought feeling a tell-tale stab of jealousy. They were all getting to fondle a very beautiful woman. Jane’s dream woman.

Kenny had one hand on her stomach. Gene was rubbing her legs in some pretense of trying to warm them for her and Bill...

Bill had a hand on her stomach and a hand of her upper thigh. He was obviously enjoying Kelly’s sexy ass rubbing against his crotch. In fact, Bill kept tickling her just above her shorts to get her to wiggle around on him. Jane would bet money that Kelly had a very uncomfortable lump poking into her butt right now.

Kelly squealed as Bill’s hand yanked on the front of her shorts and they popped open, exposing even more of her perfect looking body.

Darrin was saying something to Jane, but she barely noticed. She was busy watching her Frankenstein creation in the backseat. It dawned on her that she was actually getting turned on by watching this “girl” get felt up. In truth she was imagining herself rubbing her hands all over Kelly. Her frustration kept growing with her desire.
Kyle had gone into a mental retreat until his shorts were pulled opened. The asshole in the middle was lightly touching his inner thigh, right below what little material Kyle was wearing, even as his other hand was sliding slowly down inside his now open shorts.

“Oh, God... if he goes any further he’s going to find out...” he thought in horror.

He wiggled involuntarily as the man hit a particularly ticklish spot on his thighs.

“You’ve still got chill bumps, girl,” the guy holding his legs said. He began to rub them, fast at first and then more slowly. More “leisurely.”

“I’ll get them warm,” he said, his hands caressing Kyle’s smooth skin.

Another involuntary spasm ran through Kyle as the guy holding his upper part slid his hand upward tickling his upper ribs. He was being attacked on all fronts, horny hands all over him and it was taking every last ounce of concentration to figure out which hand to stop.

To top it all off, Kyle was really uncomfortable. He was stretched uncomfortably across them, both scrunched in length and stretched out and exposed at the same time.

There was a particularly painful spot underneath him. His addled brain figured it was a seatbelt and despite the barrage of hands to fight off, he reached underneath himself to shift the obtrusion in hopes of alleviating the pain in his ass.

It did not dawn on him what he was touching until it pulsed against his hand. In horror, he tried to jerk away, but he did not have the leverage. The man in the middle, taking this as a sign, shifted to let the hand further down, essentially pinning Kyle in this awkward position.

The hard protrusion throbbed against his open hand again, and the man grinned at him and slid his own hand a little further down into Kyle’s shorts.

He squealed again, using his one free hand to pull the guy’s hand back up. The man took the hint, no doubt worried that Kyle would remove his own hand if he pushed too far.
Revulsion heaved in Kyle’s stomach. Not only was he being felt up by three guys, he was touching a guy’s dick. With all the squirming defense he was doing, and the motion of the car itself, he was practically massaging the dick through the guy’s cotton jogging pants.

He tried again to get away, but there was no where to go. He was so focused and concerned about the throbbing member underneath his hand that he hadn’t noticed the hand that was creeping ever upward and cupping the underside of his left breast.

Kyle nearly screamed in fright.

With his one free hand, he pushed the hand down off his chest, but Lenny (or was it Kenny) just smiled and brought the hand up the Kyle’s face. His fingers booped him on the nose, and then lightly touched his lips. The guy holding his legs had noticed the hand action happening to the guy in the center and must have taken that as permission. Kyle felt something both smooth hard rubbing against his smooth calf. He tried to look and see what the guy was doing, but the finger on his lips kept his visibility blocked. The now huge erection under his hand now throbbed inside the man’s jogging pants. He tried to pull his arm as hard as he could and succeeded in wiggling just a little away. Bill was having none of that though, and pushed equally hard to move the hand back down. Kyle lost the battle.

His hand slid back down and when he felt the heat of bare skin, his panic tripled. His hand was now down inside of the guys loose exercise pants. He could feel the hot throbbing cock against his fingers and squirmed to get away. The squirming only made it harder and no amount of pulling could move his arm from it’s trapped position.

He opened his mouth to protest.

That was a mistake as the man pushing his finger against Kyle’s lips, slid the finger inside of his mouth. Helplessly, he shook his head, but it did no good. Reluctantly, he closed his lips around the finger, as he continued to ward off the other hands with his one free appendage.
Jane watched with growing arousal. Not only was Kelly getting felt up, but the guys were enjoying it and getting more bold by the second.

“Damn, I’m a good make-up artist,” she thought.

The problem was, despite Kyle’s increasingly dire predicament, she was enjoying watching them. She was practically dripping with excitement. She was so wet she worried it would leak through her pants.

Bill’s hand had crept down into Kelly’s shorts, practically touching something he really wouldn’t like. Kelly was actually doing very well warding off their advances, but the odds were against her. Six hands versus two.

One really, as it looked like she Bill had trapped her arm. It looked as if she was practically giving Bill a hand job. Jane guessed that Kelly’s hand probably had more than a little cum on it by now. To add to the scene, Gene had covered her legs with his coat, but the movement beneath it, indicated that he was doing something very naughty indeed with Kelly’s legs. Most arousing of all was the finger that Kenny was sliding slowly in and out of Kelly’s lips. The frantic look on Kelly’s face as the men molested her made Jane bite her lip. She was so aroused it was almost painful.

Just as things reached a critical point, they arrived at the restaurant. Kelly practically burst from the car as soon as Jane opened the door and lifted the seat forward her shorts open and her lithe, little body covered in fluid.

“Help me, please Jane...please...” she whispered frantically to Jane.

“They were all over you,” Jane whispered to Kelly, “You’re a hot little vixen.”

Jane noticed even as she spoke just how disheveled Kelly was. Kelly’s right hand was covered in cum, as were her legs and a good part of the back of her jeans. Her lipstick was all smeared from gene’s finger action and her eyes were running ever so slightly from tears of fear.

Bill, Gene and Kenny had apparently enjoyed the ride a great deal.
Jane found herself hating them and all men. All of them. Well...all but one.

The one dressed as the cute, little, defenseless brunette. The brunette covered in cum and near tears.

Jane felt really guilty. She had done this to her friend. On the other hand, Kelly had now experienced something that all pretty girls encountered. Kyle now knew what it felt like.

“Please, Jane...please...” Kelly was begging softly, her eyes brimming with tears. She was really upset. Jane had not realized just how incredibly terrified she was. She put an arm around Kelly’s shoulder.

She watched as her feminine friend tried to pull her shorts up to button back up.

“Hey,” she said softly, “I’m sorry. This is my fault. I shouldn’t have thrown you into that.”

“It’s just...” Kelly sobbed in her ear.

“Shh. The guys are out,” she said, “We’ll get through dinner and then it’ll be over, ok? You can even ride in the front on the way home. Ok?” Kelly stared at her tentatively.

“Come on chick,” Jane said loud enough for the others to hear, and then quietly, “We’re going to the ladies room to powder our nose.”

Jane noticed just how dishevelled Kelly was.
Dinner was fairly uneventful. After Jane had finally gotten Kelly to go INTO the ladies bathroom, it was easy enough to get her cleaned up. A quick wipe down and a refresh on her makeup did wonders.

Dinner went by real quick. The guys really were Biology nerds and not the best of company. Before long they were on their way back to campus. True to her word, Jane had ridden in back and had actually yelled so fiercely at the guys that they dared not touch her inappropriately.

They said their good nights and watched them drive off before Jane burst out laughing. Kyle was too relieved to do anything but stand there in the cold, shivering.

“We fooled em,” Jane said giggling, “If they could’ve gotten in your pants, they would’ve.”

“They almost did get in my pants,” Kyle said without humor, “They were all over me Janey. It was horrible. I...I felt him cum.”

She was pulling Kyle along over to the costume shop door.

“That’s why I don’t like men,” Jane said grinning. She reached the door before her beer-filled brain remembered the problem. Kyle felt tension build up in his stomach seeing her expression.

“What’s wrong,” he asked. He didn’t need to. He already knew the answer.

“The whole fucking building is locked,” she said, cursing herself, “Shit.”

“Great,” Kyle said sarcastically, “That’s just great. I gotta get out of this stuff, Janey.”

Jane looked at him and smiled sadly. Kyle wasn’t sure he liked that look.
“You mean I have to stay this way?”

“Kyle,” Jane said, “You can’t go to your dorm looking like that.”

Kyle rubbed his arms for heat. Jane knew he must be freezing. She was cold herself and SHE was wearing pants and a jacket. Kyle’s exposed legs were covered solid with chill bumps. A cold wind blew against them.

“Come on,” she said, “You’re gonna freeze to death out here. You’re already turning blue.” She slipped her jacket off and put it around Kelly’s shoulders. The move felt all the world like they were on a date. She let the fantasy linger for a second as she wrapped the coat around her shivering friend. Then she shook the fantasy out of her addled brain. Even just a fantasy of that could be dangerous once reality set back in.

She grabbed his hand and began pulling him toward her dorm room. He did not resist...at least not until they got there.

“I can’t go in there,” he said, “It’s after curfew.”

Jane looked at him. He was so cute. His little pouty lip was out, trying to be brave, but he was cold and scared as hell.

“Trust me,” she said, “No one’s gonna mistake you for a guy. You’re just a friend coming in to ‘study’.”

She pushed him through the door into the warmth.

Kyle relaxed visibly. The relief was partially because there was no one in the lobby, but even more so because of the warmth rushing back into his frigid body.

The tension was back as soon as Jane started pulling him up the stairs to her room. Kyle gave a silent thanks that the place was mostly empty. He stumbled up the stairs, barely able to keep his balance in the accursed boots.

Jane was fumbling for her keys, trying to get them in the lock. Time seemed to stand still for Kyle as he waited to enter the room, hopping from one heeled foot to the other with anxiety. The hall was still empty, but there were voices downstairs. A loud gaggle of sorority girls had just come into the lobby.
“Hurry,” he hissed to her. The voices were traveling, heading up the stairs towards them.

“I am,” she hissed back. The lock clicked open and the door slowly swung inward...only to be caught by the emergency bolt.

“Shit,” Jane said, “KATE?”
She banged on the door loudly. “KATE!!!”
Kyle hissed through his teeth at the noise Jane was making. If people came out in the hall...

“Just a minute...” came a voice from the other side of the door.
“You’re roommate’s here?” Kyle hissed frantically.

“She’s not supposed to be. She was supposed to be off with her boyfriend tonight.” she hissed back.

The giggly girl voices down the hall were getting nearer now. Kyle was getting desperate the closer they got.

The door was swinging open and Jane pushed Kyle into the room even as it cracked. Kyle went flying in, unable to stop his forward momentum in the booted-stilts he was wearing. Fortunately, he was stopped by a large obstacle.

Someone very large.
Someone in his underwear.
Kyle slammed into the guy, his hands going to the man’s bare chest. They both pushed away, shocked at the sudden collision. The move caused Kyle to instantly totter in his heels and start to fall. The man caught him with little-to-no effort, his arm wrapping around Kyle’s waist. He was easily twice Kyle’s size, his arm almost as big as Kyle’s whole head.

Kyle slammed into the guy.
“Whoa!” the guy said, helping Kyle gain his balance, “You all right, babe?”

Kyle was too stunned to speak. Here he was in the arms of a guy the size of a linebacker.

Thankfully, Jane came to his rescue.

“Sorry. There’s a bitch out there who we really didn’t want to see.” she said and came over to pull Kyle out of the guy’s arms.

“Yeah...this dorm’s full of em” Kate said stepping out from behind the man-shaped mountain. She was dressed in the sluttiest lingerie Kyle had ever seen. They had obviously just interrupted the two in the middle of...relations. Kyle felt himself blushing and he looked down. That was a mistake. He saw the large partial tent in the man’s underwear. He blushed harder.

“Jane meet my boyfriend, Jonathan.”

Jonathan tipped an imaginary hat in salute.

Despite being mostly naked he managed to look chivalrous.

Jane smiled and said, “Kate, Jonathan...meet my girlfriend, Kelly.”

“Girlfriend?” Kate was surprised. “Fuck, that’s great, Jane. About time! Hey... Kelly... nice to... hey...”

Kyle closed his eyes in horror. He had been caught looking at the man’s package in front of the man’s girlfriend. In front of all of them.

“I should... put something on, I think,” Jonathan laughed and went to go swipe his pants from the floor beside one of the beds.

“I’m sorry... I...”

“No worries, chick,” Kate said, leaning it to Kelly to give her a friendly hug. “He’s hung like a fucking horse.”

Kyle blushed so hard, he worried he would burst into flames.

“So great to meet you. I’m sorry if we pussy-blocked you tonight. We had a change of plans and I needed to get me some.”

“Sorry back,” Jane laughed. “We should start putting a sock on the door.”

“Well, we’ll just make the most of it. It’s too late to sneak him back out now. You two want a drink?”

Jane and Kyle both nodded in unison.
“Can’t we go somewhere else?”
Jane shook her head apologetically. “Sorry, I can’t think of anywhere else to go.”
“This means I have to stay this way all night.” Kyle whispered.
“I know.” Jane said, “And believe me, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I’ve been awful to you tonight.”
“Jane I...”
“No listen,” she whispered, “I...” She took a deep breath. “I think I have feelings for you. And it made me upset because of...” she looked over at the couple kissing on the bed, “what you are.”
“Look I’ll...”
“No,” Jane whispered, “Let me finish. The trip with the guys was me avoiding this and taking it out on you. And that’s not fair. We need to talk about this. But later, ok? When we’re alone. For right now, just let me just be your friend, I know this is awkward, but try to look at it like an adventure. Character research, ok? I’ll make it up to. Whatever you want.”
He was interrupted by the phone. Jane picked it up.
“What?”
Her phone etiquette made Kyle smile, despite everything.
She tossed the phone to Kate, who reluctantly pulled her lips away from Jonathan’s.
The rest of the room watched a very animated one sided conversation as Kate screamed and shouted into the phone. Apparently, she was needed at work and they were going to accept NO excuses.
“I’m sorry, sweetie, but I have to go.”
Jonathan was definitely not happy.
“What am I supposed to do?” he asked her, “I snuck in here to be with you tonight. It’s too late for me to sneak out tonight.”
“I’m sorry Jon,” Kate said, “You’ll have to stay here without me. Don’t worry. Jane and Kelly will keep you company.”
“Great,” he glowered, “A lesbian third wheel.”
Eighteen or nineteen thousand kisses later, Kate finally left. Jonathan looked at the two girls who just realized how much more awkward the night had just become.
“Well...” he said, “Now what?”

~14~

WELL... NOW WHAT?
“Just stay in character.”
Kelly did not need Jane whispering that in her ear. The last thing she wanted was for Jonathan to know he was a guy.
The three of them sat there, watching TV. Jonathan was clearly depressed. After about ten minutes of awkward silence, he finally turned to look at the other two.
“You guys got anything to drink?” he asked.
“Cokes in the fridge,” Jane said not taking her eyes off the TV. It seemed safer for both Jane and Kelly to just ignore him and watch the screen. Neither of them could probably describe what they were watching, it was more of a diversion than anything.
“I meant something a little stronger,” Jonathan said, “What are you two drinking?”
Jane sighed, then got up and pulled the bottle of scotch out from behind her desk. She refilled her cup, walked over to Kelly and filled hers again too. Then she handed the bottle to Jonathan.
She tossed a red solo cup his way and then plopped back down in front of the TV with a sigh.
“Thanks,” he said, “Listen. I’m sorry I’m ruining your evening. You two probably wanted to be alone.”
They did not say anything in response, which Jonathan took as agreement.
“Well, look...if you guys want to fool around or something, don’t mind me. I’ll even put on head phones or whatever you want.”
Jane looked at Kelly and saw the huge blush on her face. She could not help but grin. The thought of them rolling around together was both funny and appealing to her. She waggled her eyebrows at Kelly who blushed and look down in an adorably cute way.
So tempting... but not with Jonathan around.
“Thanks anyway,” she said, “But I think the mood’s kinda gone.”
“Tell me about it,” Jonathan said. He took a huge swig of scotch and held it toward Jane. “Need more?”
Kelly grabbed it before Jane could get to it. She finished the swig in her cup and then took a deep breath before taking two more
gulps from the bottle. The other two looked at her, amazed.

“Damn, girl,” Jonathan said, “You must be more bummed than I am.”

“You could say that,” Kelly said. The valley girl accent was gone now, but her voice remained high and girly. Jane realized bemused that Kyle was fine-tuning the character. Even amidst all the chaos and confusion of the night, he was working on the role.

Kelly slouched down on the floor, holding the bottle to her head, letting the liquor started coursing through her system.

“So whatcha into Kelly?” Jonathan asked, “I know Jane’s in theatre, are you one of those dramatics?”

Kelly smiled and took another long swig, then handed it to Jane.

“I’m thinkin’ about transferring into the theatre department,” Kelly said sweetly, “I’m hoping to get a part in the next play.”

Jane grinned. Close enough to the truth. She took a swig of vodka herself. Then another one. She felt the tension dissipate a little and let herself breathe a sigh of relief.

They were doing fine. Everything was going to be ok.
“So what’s it like bein’ a lesbian?”
They had been talking in circles for hours. The vodka bottle had slowly drained with only a sliver of liquid in the bottom. They were all hammered beyond belief.
“It’s like having sex with a woman,” Jane replied, chuckling. She picked up the bottle and drained the last little sip of it.
“Well I figured,” Jonathan said sarcastically, “I mean...have you been with a guy before? How is it different?”
Jane looked at Kelly who smiled and shrugged her shoulders. Jane put an arm around her. She could not help it. She was so cute, and sexy and sweet and the fantasy of having this perfect woman as a girlfriend was intoxicating.
Her head was swimmy and for a moment she forgot who Kelly really was. She kissed the side of her face, and the brunette look up at her with warm, loving eyes.
“Well,” Jane said, massaging Kelly’s shoulders, “Guys are completely self-centered about relationships. That’s the biggest difference.”
Kelly snorted a laugh.
“Like you’re not self-centered.” Kelly said, looking up at Jane again.
Jane laughed with her and kissed her lips lightly. It lasted only briefly, but also forever.
A perfect woman who also called her on her shit.
When Jane opened her eyes again, she realized Jonathan was watching them.
“Sorry,” he said embarrassed, “That was just really damn sexy.”
Kelly grinned. “You like that do you?”
“Of course he does,” Jane said, “He’s a man.”
“Shut up and kiss me,” Kelly said. Jane did.
This one was longer, a deep sensual kiss. They were tasting each other. Exploring.
When it finally ended, Jane cleared her throat and tried to drink from the empty bottle before setting it back down awkwardly.
Her whole mind was screaming contradictions at her. She knew she was kissing a man... kissing Kyle... but that part was buried beneath a thick layer of alcohol and the unbelievable desire to kiss this perfect woman.

It was easy to forget Kyle and just kiss Kelly.
And she liked Kelly.
...A lot.
Kelly was just so...
“...perfect.”
The word escaped her lips and she realized they were both looking at her. She laughed at her own drunken stupidness.
“Well just know it’s damn hot,” Jonathan said, stretching out on the floor opposite the two of them.
“You’re tellin’ me,” Jane said laughing, “That’s why I don’t kiss men. They don’t know how.”
Even as she said it she laughed at the situation and winked at Kelly.
“Men can kiss too,” Kelly said winking back, “If they want to.”
“So you like kissing men too?” Jonathan asked raising drunkenly up to his elbows.
Jane looked at Kelly with an eyebrow raised. “Yeah Kelly,” she said, “Do YOU like kissing men?”
“Do YOU?” Kelly said looking into Jane’s eyes.
Electricity was flowing between them.
Heat.
Jane wanted Kelly. She wanted to hold her. She wanted to feel every inch of her. She wanted to make love to her.
“I like kissing you,” Jane said, her hand going to Kelly’s face. Her thumb traced Kelly’s lip, opening her mouth slightly. As her lips parted, she could not hold herself back. She was kissing her before she even realized it was happening. She felt Kelly’s hand on her back. In her hair, on her ass. It was wonderful.
It ended organically, slowly... with Jane’s lip slowly sliding from between Kelly’s. She wrapped her in her arms as they snuggled in front of the TV.

Jonathan was staring at them. His eyes vacant and yet alert to every movement. Jane’s eyes drifted downward and she saw the
monolith sticking up under his boxer shorts. He noticed her looking and covered himself with a pillow.

He blushed uncontrollably.

The whole thing had Jane turned on. It was not just the man watching them. He did not interest her. Him WATCHING them did add to the excitement and naughtiness though. Him getting exciting over their passion... over the forbidden kisses that they kept stealing....

It made her so excited it hurt.

Kelly nuzzled against her neck and Jane’s blood almost boiled. She ran her hands down Kelly’s arms, barely touching the swell of her breasts.

She knew deep down Kelly’s immaculate body was fake, hell she was the one that made it, but there was just enough alcohol and lust in her to make it not matter.

She began to rub, Kelly’s chest.

Slowly.

Softly.

It was easy to imagine they were real, especially as she arched her back.

Kelly moaned softly.

Kelly was enjoying the attention too, the alcohol and the late hour allowing Kyle to sink into just being Kelly... Jane’s girlfriend.

Jane slowly laid her down on the couch, rubbing her smooth creamy skin. She kissed Kelly’s lips, down her neck, then her stomach. Her hand slid down to Kelly’s thigh and began doing light little circles closer and closer to her crotch.

Kelly moaned again, closing her eyes. The alcohol and the warm wet kisses combined causing Kelly to fall into a drowsy dream like state. She moaned again, her mouth open and inviting to Jane’s invading tongue letting her body drift away into the clouds...
She was kissing her before she even realized what was happening....
Kelly loved Jane’s kisses. They were so soft. So sensual. But they paled compared to her touch. Jane was rubbing her thigh. Her smooth, hairless, extra-sensitive thigh and it was driving her crazy. The little dancer belt was holding her too tight for an erection, but that made it all the more intense. She was kissing her stomach lightly, sending goose bumps up the back of her neck. It was the most erotic thing she had ever experienced.

Jane’s hand brushed against her crotch and an explosion practically rippled through her. It was not quite an orgasm, just an intense burst of pleasure unlike anything she had ever felt before.

Then she was being kissed again.

Being tasted.

Enjoyed.

Kelly kissed back, reveling in the moment. The kiss went on and on and on, wonderfully wet and arousing.

Something was nagging Kelly, though. A little pebble of sand in her warm, wet brain. She could not put her finger on what the problem was. The liquor in her system combined with the pleasure her body was going through, slowed down rational thought.

She felt so good.

Jane was rubbing her crotch hard now and kissing her stomach softly sensuously. Her tongue was in Kelly’s mouth doing little twirls.

The pebble of sandy trouble in her brain exploded in shrapnel and Kelly knew what was wrong.

Jane was still kissing her stomach while her tongue was in Kelly’s mouth. How could that be possible unless...

Kelly opened her eyes in panic, her lips still wrapped around Jonathan’s tongue. Jonathan’s eyes were close, savoring the taste of the pretty girl beneath him.

She pushed him away in horror, sitting up. Jane looked up, oblivious to everything. She had been completely focused on Kelly.

“See,” Jonathan said smugly, “I knew you chicks couldn’t tell the difference.”
Jane sat upright at the commotion, her lips and hands flying off of Kelly’s body.

“You kissed her?” She spat angrily, “He was kissing you?”

Kelly just sat there, unmoving. Kyle was fighting back through the alcoholic warm haze and trying to make sense of what had just happened. Not only had a guy been kissing him, he had been kissing back.

A lot.

“How long was he kissing you?” Jane said to Kelly.

Jane looked angry.

“Must have been three, four minutes,” Jonathan said, “She never had a clue. She’s a good kisser too. Lots of tongue.”

Jane turned red. Real red. Anger red. She rounded on Kelly.

“Did you like it!?!?” she practically yelled, “Did you?”

“...I...” was all Kelly could get out. Kyle was still reeling. Unable to think at all.

“Maybe you want something else, stuck it that pretty mouth of yours?” she said inches away from Kelly’s face now, “Maybe we should let that MAN fuck your mouth!” She spit the words.

Kyle had never seen Jane this angry before.

His eyes crossed trying to focus through the alcohol. They widened in horror as they caught up with what Jane was saying.
“In fact,” Jane said, her voice turning icy cold, “I think that’s a good idea. Come ‘ere Jonathan.”

Jonathan actually took a step back. Jane had scared him. She looked wild and unhinged.

“...But...” he stammered.

“Come here and put your dick in her mouth,” Jane said, “Or I’ll tell Kate that you did a lot worse.”

She turned to Kelly. Her eyes were about to pop out of her head with fear and revulsion. Jane wanted more.

“And you, slut,” she said to the brunette, “You’re gonna suck and lick and swallow him for all your worth...or I’ll tell Kate something about YOU!!!”

Kelly’s face went from shock to despair. Her mouth opened in horror.

It dropped open wider when she saw Jonathan walking toward her. He was pulling his boxers off. His cock stood to attention, even though Jonathan seemed to have trepidation about the whole situation.

He took another step forward, his dick only inches from Kelly’s open mouth.

“Jane...” Kelly practically screamed, “Jane!”

“Kiss it, ‘Kelly,’” Jane said, “Kiss it, or I’ll tell Jonathan here something about you too.”
Kyle looked at the massive monster just inches from his face. It was a nightmare. It had been such a nice dream that turned so bad, so suddenly, that he could not catch up. If he did not do what Jane said, she would tell everybody, everything.

He somehow had no doubt about that.

What choice did he have?

He pursed his lips. The liquor buzz had been scared out of him and he was painfully aware of every detail around him. He saw his own pouty, red lips slowly press against the throbbing organ in front of him. He saw the red mark his lipstick left against it. He saw the small string of semen follow his lips away from the dripping beast.

“If you think cum on your hand is bad, wait till you taste it,” Jane whispered cruelly in her ear. Then she looked up at Jonathan. “Close your eyes, Jonathan, and...enjoy!”

“Kiss it again, Kelly,” Jane said, “Kiss it like you were kissing him earlier.”

Kyle wanted to cry. He did not want this.

He felt like he was about to throw up.

He brought his lips to Jonathan’s dick again, this time pressing hard against it. It slid between his lips until it softly bumped against his teeth. It was like nothing he had ever tasted before, the hot flesh feeling weird against his lips. He wished he could spit it out as soon as he touched it.

“Use your tongue, Kelly,” Jane whispered in her ear, “I know you can kiss better than that.

His tongue slowly slipped between his teeth against the hard slobbering erection. He touched it so lightly and still it throbbed against his lips.

Jane leaned all the way in, whispering into Kyle ear almost too quiet to hear.

“Are you still pretending to be Kelly?” she asked, “Are you still a woman? You better be. Otherwise, I’ll have him stick this thing somewhere else in you. And you’ll like that even less. If you’re such a good actor, you better be able to prove to me that you’re enjoying
this. You better like this a lot. Otherwise, we’re gonna keep doing it, until you get it right. Now OPEN YOUR MOUTH!”
Kelly did.
She opened her mouth and let Jonathan slide right in. Her lips formed an suctioned ‘O’ around him and began moving back and forth. Her tongue stroked it inside her mouth with each head bob.

At Jane’s command, she brought her hands up and began using them as an extension of her mouth. She sucked and licked for all she was worth.

It was working.
Jonathan was moaning. He grabbed her head softly and began pushing himself deeper into her throat.

He was choking her. Driving his massive erection practically down into her stomach. It was so big and so far back that she gagged, just barely managing to keep down the mostly alcoholic contents of her stomach.

Jonathan pulled the beast back out, so that the tip rested on her tongue. She felt him throb, once...twice...

Then he exploded.
Most of it went on her face with the exception of the first big burst which shot in her mouth and down her throat. It made her gag and sputter even as she was belted with burst after burst of cum across her face. It dripped down her cheek and out of her mouth, creating strands of wet saliva-cum stringing from her chin.

Jonathan slid his dick back in her mouth, enjoying the last few seconds of pleasure.
Kelly felt used and dirty. She looked up with mournful eyes into the face of her oral assailant.
Her mouth dropped open around the wilting cock.
It was not Jonathan above her.
It was Jane.
It was Jane’s face on top of Jonathan’s body.
It wasn’t possible.
It just wasn’t possible unless...
Kyle jolted awake.
It had been a dream.
At least...he thought it had been a dream.
A very, VERY, disturbing and realistic dream.
He opened his eyes, letting the bright sunlight pour in. It hurt his head. The pain was driven away by the disconcerting feel of the two globes jiggling underneath his shirt below his chin.
“Shit!” he thought, “It did happen. But how much. What was real and what was part of the dream.”
Had he given Jonathan a blow job?
He did not think so, but he couldn’t really remember.
He had been drinking. He knew that. Had he kissed Jonathan?
He definitely remembered kissing Jane.
He just couldn’t remember the details.
He stretched, his hands sliding up into dark, curly chest hair.
He froze, terrified, his heart beating at ten times it’s normal rate.
He was laying on Jonathan’s bare chest.
Kyle almost screamed in panic. The only thing stopping him was the realization that if he screamed, Jonathan would wake up. He held perfectly still, holding his breath.

He blinked the sleep from his eyes, praying that this was another bad dream.

He opened his eyes. It was a bad dream all right, the only problem was...he was not asleep.

This nightmare was really happening!

Time moved in slow motion. He took in every little detail as his brain scrambled for a way out of this predicament. The first thing that caught his attention was his hand. His fingernails, still painted that reddish pink color, turned his whole hand into a sleek, elegant thing. It was lying on Jonathan's chest. His naked chest. His fingers were inter-twined with the thick curly hair that covered the whole area. Kyle realized horrified that he must have been running his fingers through it as he slept. Nausea rose in his stomach.

Even worse was his leg. It was draped over Jonathan's body. Kyle saw that the man was wearing silk boxers...

...and nothing else.

Kyle could feel the soft material against his own smooth, hairless leg. It was both erotic and disturbing at the same time, feeling both pleasant and terrifying.

Even more worrying was the thing underneath that material. It was very hard, pressing into Kyle's bare, smooth leg. It brought back thoughts of the dream he had been having. Dreams involving that hard lump.

Kyle shuddered involuntarily.

He felt the wall behind him, cool concrete against his lower back where the short, satiny shirt failed to cover his skin. He was pressed up between the wall and Jonathan, on the top bunk.

“Between a rock and a hard place,” Kyle thought realizing the pun even as he thought it. It was a single dorm bed, barely big enough for one, and Kyle was very much aware of how little room there was on it.

There was only one way off of this bed, only one way to get
away from this nightmare.
   Kyle would have to climb over the man...
   ...without waking him up.
   It took him a long time to steel himself.
   A very long time.
   He might have sat there forever, had Jonathan’s head not rolled over to face him, still sleeping but in that early morning restlessness.
   It made Kyle feel even more claustrophobic, their faces no more than an inch apart.
   Jonathan shifted again and suddenly Kyle longing for that inch. Jonathan was nuzzling up against him. His nose sliding next to Kyle nose, lips lightly touching the corner of Kyle's mouth.
   “Oh God! Don'twakeupdon'twakeupdon'twakeup,” Kyle thought. His heart was about to beat out of his chest. He could hear it beating in his ears.
   Then Jonathan slid back into deep sleep and Kyle realized he had been holding his breath. He breathed out slowly, trying not to hyperventilate, feeling his breath across his lips and hitting Jonathan right in the face.
   “That’s it,” he thought, “I'm outta here.”
   Oh-so-carefully, he tried to raise himself up.
   Slowly.
   Very slowly.
   Seconds ticked by, turning into minutes by the time he made it to a leaned over sitting position next to the sleeping man beside him.
   “Now for the bad part,” he thought, steeling himself.
   He slowly raised his right leg over the sleeping man, setting it down lightly on the other side of him. He eased himself up to a kneeling position, moving as slow and careful as he could.
   Jonathan's breath caught and it made Kyle freeze again...
   ...except he did not have a good balance.
   He fell forward, catching himself with one hand, his other hand landing on Jonathan’s smooth skin. His face almost careening into Jonathan’s neck. He almost screamed from fear.
   The man began to stir.
He fell forward, catching himself with one hand, his other hand landing on Jonathan’s bare skin...
Kyle froze again in horror.
This was not a good position to be in. He was straddling a mostly naked man. Not only that, but he remembered what he looked like. He was a beautiful woman. A beautiful brunette with killer tits and a body to die for. He felt the large rod beneath his ass poking into him as if trying to invade.

He tried a mad scramble off the bed in a last ditch effort to escape.

Too little, too late.

Jonathan's arms went up around Kyle's waist, pulling him down. Kyle opened his mouth to protest, but found it filled with the big, beefy tongue of the man beneath him. The noise went into Jonathan's mouth, not sounding like a protest at all, but like some surprised pleasure instead.

Kyle's eyes, wide with panic, and he realized that Jonathan had not opened his own eyes yet. He moaned into Kyle's mouth, his tongue diving deep into his mouth.

The man was in heat and his hands started to explore Kyle's body.

Kyle pulled his tongue back as far as it would go, trying to avoid the intruder, but to no avail. It slid against his tongue and then continued it's way around exploring Kyle's entire mouth.

He tried to push up with his arms, but Jonathan had a hand on his back holding him close, while his other hand had slid down around the curve of his ass still covered in the extra-tight jeans shorts.

The hand was pulling their crotches together, while groping at the same time. The hard lump that had been under his leg earlier had tripled in size. It was being ground against Kyle's own crotch. His own cock was still pulled down tight between his legs by the dancer belt thing he was wearing. Despite the tightness of the shorts, he was getting a little hard itself, a combination of the stimulation and the normal morning wood.

The grinding was having a definite effect. Even the horror of the situation couldn't completely stifle the stimulation. The dancer belt did it's thing though, keeping him tucked securely away, keeping him from achieving a full fledged hard on.
Kyle was frozen in horror. He struggled to lift up. He wriggled trying to get his crotch away from the thing trying to poke into him. He succeeded, but only just. Then he felt Jonathan’s uncovered dick brush against his smooth, bare leg.

It had found it’s way free of it’s silk confinement and was now touching Kyle’s upper thigh skin, pulsing warm and hard against his cool flesh.

It throbbed as it slid across the soft sensitive skin of Kyle’s leg. Kyle realized absently how it felt both smooth and hard...

...and definitely wet.

It was leaving a trail of goo up and down his leg.

Then the hand on his ass pulled Kyle’s crotch back down, grinding their groins together. He felt the man’s fingers first grope his ass and then slide between the cheeks, pushing the jean shorts up into him.

The tip of Jonathan’s cock was pressed against Kyle’s own again. This sent Jonathan into overdrive, his tongue doing Olympic events in Kyle’s mouth. The hand on his ass had centered on the crack now, rubbing it hard. Jonathan’s middle finger practically cramming the blue jeans up inside of Kyle.

A hand slid up his shirt, groping the latex blob on Kyle’s chest. He felt Jonathan’s excitement double against his crotch. The cock poking him was somehow even larger.

Kyle tried to scream again, his voice getting lost in Jonathan’s over eager mouth. The man seemed to take Kyle’s sound to be encouragement and began to work his other hand into the back of Kyle’s shorts still holding them pressed tightly together. It slid down inside of his shorts, under the dancer belt, his hand pressed tightly against bare, smooth skin by the body shaper and even tighter shorts.

Kyle fought wildly against the bigger man as Jonathan’s hand slid the hand down to grope his ass inside of the tight shorts. His middle finger slowly traced the crack of Kyle’s ass sliding down between his butt cheeks.

“Oh GOD!!” Kyle thought, “He’s...”
The very tip of Jonathan’s finger slid up inside him and Kyle thrashed about wildly screaming into the man’s mouth still locked like a vacuum on his lips.

The bigger man took that as more encouragement, his finger moving deeper inside. It could not go far because of the tight clothing Kyle had on, but it went far enough... one knuckle and then the second.

Jonathan began to push the digit in and out of him with increasing speed. Kyle fought with all his strength. There was nothing he could do. He was being fingered by the man kissing him.

He wriggled harder.
It only seemed to encourage the man.
Then he was being rolled over.

Jonathan was on top of him, their mouths still pressed together, crotches still grinding. Kyle struggled to no avail, his legs spread around the man and trapped wide open.

The man on top of him was bigger.
Much stronger.

With his weight holding Kyle down, Jonathan’s hands freely roamed Kyle’s body now. They massaging his breasts through the skimpy shirt he was wearing. They pulled his thighs higher, forcing his legs even further apart.

Kyle fought harder. He was still stuck. His legs were pinned open by Jonathan’s hips.

“Any second,” Kyle thought, “Any second, he’ll find out. He’ll find out I’m a guy! Oh God, he’s gonna kill me!”

Jonathan moved his crotch back a little, and the tip of his dick rose up to press against Kyle’s crotch. Jonathan was pushing hard, practically trying to force his way through the blue jean material into what he thought lay beneath. Surprisingly, it was working. He had forced his cock in between Kyle’s own dick and leg, pushing the material into a small valley that almost functioned as a vagina.

Jonathan moaned as the head of his dick slid into the gap. He began to move it in and out of the valley, gaining momentum, moaning inside of Kyle’s mouth.

“He thinks he’s pushing inside of me,” Kyle thought, “He thinks he’s fucking me with my shorts on!”
Not only did Jonathan think that, he was enjoying it. He was kissing even deeper into Kyle's mouth, his hands abandoning Kyle's breasts. They were moving down, between them, to the snap of Kyle's shorts. Kyle panicked and squirmed trying to get the man off of him. No luck. Even with his hands occupied, Jonathan weighed too much and was too excited to stop.

The snap was undone now, the zipper following suit. Jonathan was tugging at Kyle's shorts, pulling them down. The gaff was going with them. They were down around his hips by the time Kyle forced his own hands down there, grabbing them. Pulling them back up and being only partially successful. He was screaming inside of Jonathan’s mouth now. Jonathan got the hint. He stopped pulling at Kyle's shorts.


Nor had he stopped pushing his stiff dick into his crotch. In fact, he pushed Kyle's legs wider again.

He accepted that Kyle, or rather Kelly, was not going to let him into her pants. That was not going to stop him from enjoying them from the outside though.

Jonathan's dick was pressing even more forcefully into the gap that he assumed to be her pussy.

Jonathan grabbed Kelly’s hand, forcefully pulling it down between their legs. Kelly felt the smooth skin of Jonathan’s cock against his fingers, as Jonathan squeezed her hand it closed around the monster. If he was not going to get sex, he was at least going to get satisfaction. Reluctantly, Kelly left his hand there. It seemed to be the only solution. He just wanted it over as quick as possible.

Jonathan used his own hand to start Kelly’s moving, setting the rhythm that he wanted. He continued to pound his dick into the crevice in Kelly’s crotch, moaning and kissing even more. Kelly, or rather Kyle, was in emotional shock.

He was giving a guy a hand job.

Again!

He wondered absently what exactly had happened the night before.
Had the kissing been a dream?
Had the blow job?
He was turning into a regular slut.
Jonathan’s cock was getting even bigger. Cum was beginning to smear around the head, being spread across the shaft by Kyle’s hand. Kyle could feel it covering his thighs and crotch.
Jonathan was getting close.
Then Jonathan stopped thrusting his hips. His dick, lodged into the crevice, throbbed and spurted a seemingly endless amount of goo. Kyle felt it dripping on his shorts.
In his shorts. The jean’s fabric had absorbed most of the goo, but Kyle could still feel it up inside of his shorts.
His hand was absolutely covered in the sticky stuff.
Jonathan moaned long and loud, his tongue frozen deep inside of Kyle’s mouth.
The kiss melted into just lips and Jonathan’s eyes opened.
His eyes widened further when he realized who he was kissing.
He pulled away as if bitten by a snake.
“You’re not... I thought... Oh, God... Kate is going to kill me...”
Jane opened her eyes, vaguely aware that there was something wrong in the world outside of her dreams. She sat up in the bottom bunk. Jonathan was on his knees in front of Kelly, in the classic marriage proposal pose, begging and pleading for all he was worth.

“Please, Kelly...Oh God, please don’t tell Kate...”

“Shhh...” Kelly was whispering, “I won’t...just shhh....”

Jane sat up.

“What th’ hell is going on here?” she demanded.

She could barely keep from laughing at them. The last thing she remembered was kissing Kelly. Kelly had passed out during the kiss, so Jane had helped usher her into the Kate’s top bunk. She herself had passed out soon afterward in her own bed, leaving Jonathan to do who knows what.

She suspected now that Jonathan had joined Kelly up there last night. At least her friend was still fully clothed, so nothing too terribly bad could have happened. And he was still calling her Kelly, so he had not discovered anything he should not have.

Kelly and Jonathan were both talking at once, both blushing madly.

“Well, what happened was...” they both said in unison.

Then Jane saw the wet spot on Kelly shorts and her defenses shattered. She broke into laughter. They both stopped stammering and looked at her, embarrassed.

“Looks like you two were having fun,” she said through her cackles, “Come on Kelly, I’ll get you cleaned up...again...”

“Listen I...” Jonathan stammered.

“Get dressed Jonathan,” Jane said, trying to control herself and failing, “get dressed and go to class. We won’t tell Kate that you molested my girlfriend.”

“But I thought...” he tried again.

“Get out of here,” Jane said practically pushing him to the door, “Or I WILL tell Kate what happened.”

He rushed out the door. Peels of female laughter rippled from the hallway outside and Jonathan reemerged into the room, blushing even brighter than his red boxers. He hurriedly threw on his clothes.
“Sorry,” he muttered to Kelly as he ran by her and disappeared out the door again.

Jane’s laughter returned ten fold as she pointed at Kelly. Kelly just stood there her head hung low.

“Well,” Jane said giggling. She wrapped her arm around Kelly like an older sister. “Come on, tell me all about it.”
An hour later, Jane had dragged all the sordid details out of the “girl”. Kelly had been fairly forthright about what had happened between her and Jonathan this morning. She was embarrassed yes, but it had not really been her fault, so it was easy to get out of her.

What was more difficult though, was getting the details out of her about the nightmare that had happened before that.

Apparently, Kelly had dreamed that Jane had forced her to go down on Jonathan, and while she was doing it Jonathan had somehow become Jane.

“So essentially you were giving me a blowjob?” Jane asked. They were sitting on Jane’s bed, side by side.

“Yeah,” Kelly said. Her face was the color of a cherry tomato and she could not look Jane in the eye. Jane found it to be absolutely adorable.

“You little slut, you,” Jane giggled putting her arm around Kelly. She squeezed her arm affectionately. There was an awkward silence, neither of them really knowing what to say.

Then Jane slowly reached over and turned Kelly’s face towards her own. Not having anywhere else to look, they gazed at each other. As if in slow motion, their lips met. They barely touched, both of them unsure about their own feelings and each other’s.

Then they began to meld together, Kelly’s upper lip creeping slowly in between Jane’s.

She licked Kelly’s lip lightly with her tongue, tasting it. It was soft and moist, still partially coated with the lipstick from the night before. Kelly’s mouth opened and without even thinking, Jane thrust her tongue in. She explored Kelly, tasting her, soaking in every last detail and sensation.

Kelly’s own tongue never left her mouth. It just accepted Jane’s own, tasting it, teasing it. It was unlike anything Jane had ever experienced. Even better and more intense that the alcohol induced kisses of the night before. These were genuine. It was an almost orgasmic kiss, and before Jane knew what she was doing, she was pushing the “girl” back onto the bed.

As Kelly found herself flat on her back, she opened her eyes.
Their lips broke apart and Jane was surprised to see fear in the sexy girl’s eyes. She knew it was a sentiment that was reflected in her own, and yet she could not help herself.

She leaned forward and kissed her again. Kelly responded instantly. She slowly let her hand fall on Kelly’s stomach, tracing the bare skin between her shirt and shorts. Kelly shivered with pleasure. Her tongue slid easily back into Kelly’s mouth and she realized she was grinding herself against Kelly’s leg. Noticing it just made it more erotic, though, and she found herself slowly easing herself between the other girl’s legs.

Kelly’s legs spread apart, welcoming her, as they continued to kiss. Jane understood now, how Jonathan hadn’t noticed anything unusual about Kelly. Her outfit was keeping her secret bound too tight to give her away. Even pressed up this close to her, Jane sensed no trace of maleness about the girl underneath her.

The thought was erotic to her. Here she was in the traditional male sexual position, with a beautiful girl that had hidden male equipment. She wished more than anything that she had a cock. That she had something to push into the sexy creature beneath her.

Her imagination was running away with her and she found herself softly thrusting her crotch against Kelly. It was a slow, sensual feeling, and Jane relished it. She used her hands to explore Kelly’s upper body as she ground their crotches together. She slowly touched the girls hair and face, tracing the curve of her neck. Even her fake breasts were a turn on and she found herself lightly touching them, trying to somehow communicate the sensuality through the artificial skin.

Her arms went under Kelly’s and she grabbed her shoulders from behind, pulling their crotches tightly together. Kelly moaned beneath her, her breath escaping into Jane’s mouth. Her legs wrapped around Jane’s midsection. Her shirt had ridden up slightly, and she felt Kelly’s smooth calf against her skin. It sent shivers up and down her and to her surprise she found herself getting close to orgasm.

It scared her a little, that she was that close. They were only kissing and grinding a little. Both fully clothed and yet...yet she was close to a full fledged orgasm.

The thought itself distracted her, and she felt the intensity
sliding away. It disappointed her. She had been so close.

Then Kelly moaned again. Her arms wrapped around Jane’s back, sliding up under her shirt. She felt the smooth caress of Kelly’s touch. She moaned back.

She felt Kelly’s lips, slowly close around her tongue. She was sucking on Jane, trying to get as much of her tongue into her mouth as possible. Kelly was kissing her lips, around Jane’s tongue, still trying to let Jane even deeper into her mouth. Jane found it so erotic. Kelly WANTED her in her mouth, needing more of her.

They were grinding together faster now, Jane thrusting her hips forward as if cramming her imagined cock inside of her.

Kelly’s hand slid up her back, through her hair to her neck. It lightly caressed the sensitive erogenous zone just under her hair that caused Jane’s whole body to tingle.

Except it did more than that...

Jane came.

SHE LEANED FORWARD AND KISSED HER AGAIN...
As if coming out of a trance, Kyle opened his eyes. Jane had frozen as if rigormortis had set in. At first Kyle had been alarmed.

“She must have had second thoughts,” he thought to himself. Then it dawned on him what had happened.

Jane’s eyes were closed. Her tongue was still deep in his mouth. Their crotches were still pressed tightly together.

He had made her orgasm. A huge surge of pleasure and pride suddenly filled him. He had made Jane orgasm.

No. Not he.

SHE had made Jane orgasm.

Kelly, not Kyle.

The pleasure suddenly drained out of him as if someone had pulled an imaginary stopper in a bathtub. He was in love with Jane. And she...

She was in love with Kelly.

Jane moaned a long, low vowel sound, her tongue slowly starting to move inside his mouth again. It lingered for a minute and then reluctantly withdrew. She kissed his lips two or three dozen times before finally opening her eyes. Their kiss broke.

“Oh...my....God...” she panted. Kyle realized she was sweating. He was too, as a matter of fact. He had not realized they had been working so hard.

“Do you...do you know...” Jane was having a hard time forming sentences. “Do you know what you just did?”

Kyle smiled, but the smile never reached his eyes. He kissed her lightly, though. A loving, tender kiss.

“That’s the first time I...The first time I’ve ever...”

Kyle lightly kissed her again.

“God I...” Jane said as the kiss broke, “I...I love you, Kelly.”

Kyle’s heart broke.

“...I love you...” Jane whispered again and put her cheek against Kyle’s and held him close.

It was just as well. Kyle needed a hug, although it didn’t seem to be easing the heartache inside of him. He had fallen in love with someone who loved someone else.
“Kelly?” Jane asked after a second. There was no answer.
“Kelly?” she asked again, “...kyle?”
“Yeah?” he said using his real voice for the first time since the night before.
“Are you ok?” she asked concerned, “You’re shaking.”
“Yeah. I’m fine. I just...”
She raised her head to look at him and saw tears welling in his eyes. Her heart ached.
“Kyle...What’s wrong?” she stroked his hair, or rather the wig, but the sentiment was the same.
“Nothing.” Kyle said, blinking the tears back. Dressed as he was, it made him look all the more feminine.
Jane had a bad feeling in the pit of her stomach. She was in love. That meant she was vulnerable, which was not something she liked to be.
“Kyle,” she said, “please...don’t start getting all male on me now. Talk to me.”
“It’s just...” he sniffed and swallowed trying his best to breath, “I...love you.”
Her heart grew wings and exploded from her chest. The fear of rejection disappeared and in it’s place was this explosion of love.
She kissed him lightly on the lips.
“I love you too.” she said and stroked his face.
“No you don’t,” he said angrily, jerking his face away from her hand, “You love Kelly.”
She stood there stunned for a second. Then laughter bubbled up within her and spilled out all over the place. She laughed and laughed.
Anger turned to indignity underneath her and Kyle’s face turned red. His brow furrowed causing a single little line to appear on his forehead. It was the cutest thing she had ever seen.
“You poor, dumb slut,” she said to him, touching his face again, “You are Kelly. Sure maybe not all the time, but Kelly is just an aspect of you. And I don’t just love Kelly. I love you. All of you. So shut up and kiss me.”
She lowered her face onto his before he had time to object. When she raised up again the anger was gone from his face.

“Then you...” he stammered, “But you’re a lesbian, and I’m a guy.”

“So now I’m a bi-sexual,” she said smirking, “It’s not binary you idiot. It’s a sliding scale. Besides you’re a guy dressed as a girl, who has had more male action than I’ve had in years, so who’re you to talk. I’ve cleaned cum off of you twice in twenty four hours.”

He blushed at that. Then he gently bit Jane’s lower lip. That led to another short round of kissing.

When they came up for air Jane looked at him again. He smiled at her.

“So just to clarify. You love me even though I’m a man. Would we ever be able to make love as a man and woman?”

She giggled.

“That’s easy,” she said. Slowly, she stood up. Not taking her eyes off of his face, she pulled down her shorts and panties in one smooth motion. Then leaning forward, she carefully unbuttoned his shorts, and slowly pulled them down his legs. The body shaper and dance belt came off together. Kyle’s cock sprang to life as if the fresh air was making it stronger.
In one fluid motion, she straddled him, sliding his dick deep inside of her. She leaned down over him and kissed him deeply.

“Does that answer your question?” she said, sliding herself up and down his cock. He moaned in pleasure.

“Kyle,” she whispered in his ear, “I want you to cum inside of me.” She was riding him faster now, sliding up and down along his hard member.

“I want you to cum inside me like a man.”

And he did. It burst up inside of her like a volcano. She moaned with pleasure and continued sliding up and down his cock. The throbbing hit her G spot and by the time his orgasm had stopped hers was starting. Staring down at the orgasming ‘girl’ that had her cock up inside of her, was too much for her libido and the crested her own orgasm.

As waves of pleasure filled her she screamed, nibbling the nearest thing she could find which happened to be his ear lobe. Slowly the pleasure ebbed, and she came back into this reality.

“MMM,” she kissed him again, “You know I’ve never actually been with a guy before? And you...” she licked his lips, “That’s twice you know.”

“I know,” he said kissing her back, “I guess that answered my question.”

“Now answer mine,” she said smiling evilly, “Are you ever going to let ME make love to YOU as a man?”

His face paled and she giggled. She saw the fear in his eyes, but she also felt the excitement of the monster still within her. She knew the answer already, even if he did not.

“So, now what?”

“Now?” she smiled, snuggling close to him. They had spent the day in bed, as new lovers often do, talking. They had always been friends, but now they were more and there were new things to discover.

“Now,” she went on, “it’s time to get you ready for your audition.”

“God, I don’t know, Jane...”

She sat up, momentarily angry. “You don’t know?”

“Yeah, I mean don’t get me wrong. This is exciting, but it’s also scary. Think about it. In the past 24 hours I’ve been cum on by TWO different guys and had sex with a lesbian.”

“Was it worth it?” she asked.

“Of course it was,” he said. He leaned forward and kissed her and she kissed him back. The serious look was still on her face though.

“I’m just wondering if all of this... I wonder if it’s a good idea,” his voice stammered even as he tried to figure out how to say it.

“Kyle, I think I want you to do this.”

“Why?”

“For a whole lot of reasons,” she laid down beside him and looked deep into his eyes. “First of all, it’s a test. A test to see if you’re willing to be my girlfriend. I know you are willing to be my boyfriend, but I need more than that. I’m sorry but I do. If you go out there tonight as a woman and can fool people you’ve seen every day for the last four years, then I know you’ll be comfortable going out with me as my girl.”

“Second,” she went on, “It’s a test of MY ability. Am I a good enough costumer to make you a totally different person. I’ve never had that kind of challenge before, and after last night, I KNOW I can do it.”

“And third,” she stopped and slowly ran her hand down his chest and under the blankets. She whispered in his ear. “It’s a turn on, Kyle. I like being dominant. I like turning you into a girl and watching you squirm a little. I know that sounds mean, but it really
turns me on. Last night, I was hornier than I’ve ever been watching you get felt up in the back seat.”

He laughed at that. “Really? That was horrible.”

“Really,” her hand had meandered down to his crotch and was lightly teasing it, “I like the power. It gives me control over not just you, but them too. Because I’ve fooled them, Kyle. I’ve turned you into a cock tease. And the more they wanted to fuck you, the more I wanted to fuck you.”

She felt his cock throbbing as she spoke and it did not repulse her. In fact, for the first time in her life, that concept made her excited.

“You like the idea of it, don’t you Kyle?” She squeezed his cock and it grew even bigger. “You like the idea of being sexy and having guys lust after you? Don’t lie, I have proof.” She stroked his cock to emphasize it.

“It is exciting, yes,” he said. He was a little breathless from her stimulation. “It’s also scary. I mean they had their hands all over me, and this morning...”

His cock throbbed in her hand. “Yes?”

“This morning...”

“You liked it didn’t you?” she said seductively into his ear. She was stroking him with a regular rhythm now, cum was oozing out of him in anticipation. “You liked having him desire you as a woman. You liked him kissing you and touching you...and sticking his finger up inside of you...”

He moaned softly. But it was high pitched. In Kelly’s register. It was a woman’s moan.

“Kelly?” she asked softly.

“Yes?” Kelly said, breathlessly.

“Do you like being sexy?”

“Yes.” It was a soft and sensual response.

“And do you like being my girlfriend...my little slutty girlfriend?”

“...yes...”

She gingerly traced his lips with it. “And will you do anything to keep me happy?” she brought her other hand down and collected a small drop of semen on her finger. She gingerly traced Kelly’s lips with it. “Anything?”
“Yes,” Kelly said stronger. She was getting close to orgasm and was beginning to writhe around under Jane’s hand. She licked her lips in response to Jane’s touch, not knowing they had been covered in cum. It made Jane wet watching her. Wetter than she could ever remember being.

“And will you love me?” Jane asked softly, bringing her lips down to his engorged cock. She slipped it between her lips, feeling it quiver with ecstasy. She had never done that with anyone before and yet despite everything, it did not feel weird to her.

“Oh God YES!!!” Kelly screamed and exploded into her mouth. Even though she was expecting it, it still came as a shock to Jane. A shock, but not entirely an unpleasant one. She swallowed his cum, realizing as she did so, that she must really love him.

Kelly was still quivering and Jane raised up to kiss her on her lips, her own still wet with his cum.

“Did you like that?” she asked sweetly. She didn’t need an answer. “Don’t worry, you can pay me back later.”

“We need to hurry,” Kelly said still out of breath.

“For what?” Jane asked.

“The audition’s in an hour.”
While Kyle was in the shower, Jane ran to the costume shop to get his outfit. He was out by the time she got back and in a flurry they transformed him. First was his dance belt. She had brought him a new, clean one, but the only one she could find was a thong cut with a cute little white bow on the back.

She slid it up his legs while he was still drying off, helping him fold and tuck himself smooth. She glued the latex breasts to his chest, and then fastened a strapless push-up bra around him. She tossed him a short black slip even as she ripped open the package of black stockings and patiently rolled them up his legs. She squeezed the adhesive at the top of each one, making sure they were firmly attached to his thighs. Unable to help herself, she slowly traced his stocking-covered legs with her hands while he was struggling into his black slip. She pressed her cheek up against Kelly’s smooth flesh and for a moment forgot about the audition and about everything else for that matter.

“Jane,” Kelly said, looking down at her, “I hate to interrupt but...”

“I know, I know,” Jane said a slight blush tinting her cheeks.

With the slip in place, Jane sat her down at the desk and began the makeup. She applied a base that was slightly darker than her natural tone, giving her a little bit of a tan. She ran the base all the way down his neck as well, marveling as she did so at how little his Adam’s apple was.

“If you weren’t looking for it,” she thought, “You wouldn’t even know it’s there...”

With the base coat in place, she quickly dabbed on some highlights and shadows which caused the girl’s face to be less angular and more smooth and curvy. Then she attacked her lips, carefully adding lights and darks, making them look supple and shiny. She over emphasized the bottom one especially, giving her an extra sexy pout.

She went light with the eye shadow and blush, trying her best to hide the fact that Kelly was actually wearing makeup. The result was an extremely natural looking, pretty girl. She carefully placed the wig on his head and then spent ten minutes fastening it to his own hair.
with bobby pins. Using gel and a hair dryer she lightly styled it into the windblown look. She stood back to admire her work.

“Damn, I’m good,” she said laughing.
“Let me see,” he said catching her excitement.
“No, no, not yet. First get your dress on.”
She tossed it to him and he stepped into it. He pulled it up his legs and began sliding his arms through the top.
“What th’ hell is wrong with this thing?” he said frustrated.
“They’re slitted sleeves...here...” she helped him slide them up his arms and then spun him around to zip him up.

The effect was stunning. The dress was black, always the preferred color for auditions. It came up to his knees, revealing his smooth, muscular calves. The neckline was V-shaped with a low draping back. The openings on the sleeves gave it just the right amount of added sex appeal and drew attention away from his fake cleavage.

She tossed him a pair of two inch pumps and helped him get them on. He stood up wobbly and staggered back and forth across the room.

“Walk with one foot in front of the other,” she said, catching him as he fell over, “That’ll help your balance. Plus sway your hips a little more. You’ve seen women walk. Copy that.”

Slowly he began to get it, swaying his ass back in worth as he moved.

“Now the real test. Let’s go.” She dragged his arm and made her way toward the door.

“Wait, please God no, not yet...” Kelly screamed.
“Oh relax,” Jane said opening the door, “We’re walking down to the lobby bathroom. They have a full length mirror there.”
She dragged Kelly behind her and not having much choice Kelly followed.

The hallway was empty and Jane heard Kelly breath a sigh of relief when they found themselves alone in the bathroom.

“I don’t know if I can handle this, my nerves are...” he stopped suddenly. He was standing in front of the full length mirror stunned.

Kelly was beautiful. Jane put an arm around her and hugged her tightly.

“I think you’re ready...”
“Last call. Anyone still need to audition? Last chance...”
Kelly burst through the door to the waiting room and collided into him. He caught her ungracefully and helped her steady herself. It was Davis. One of Kyle’s friends. Kelly’s eyes widened in panic as she saw who it was. Davis just took her “deer in headlights” look as audition jitters though.

“Relax, chick,” he said. Kelly noticed that even though she was steady on her feet now, he had not taken his hands off of her. One arm was still around her waist and the other hand on her shoulder. She pulled away and she saw the slight disappointment in his eyes. Kelly got the suspicion that Davis would not be all that upset if she ‘ran’ into him again. A mixture of fear and excitement raced through her. She brushed a stray strand of hair out of her eyes, using the move to look around as inconspicuously as possible.

She was pulling it off. No one here recognized her.

“You here to audition?” Davis asked. He was still standing just a little too close.

“Yeah,” Kelly said, “Am I too late?”

She brushed a stray strand of hair out of her eye...
“Nope, just made it. Come here,” he put his arm around her shoulder and led her over to the front desk.

“More contact,” Kelly thought absently as she let herself be led across the room, “He likes touching me.”

Davis gave her the audition form and quickly rushed her through the application process. Kelly listed Jane’s phone number for her own and made up a couple of resume credits that Kelly could have done in high school. All the while, Davis lingered around her, touching her on the arms and shoulders. After the previous evening’s events, however, she found herself very comfortable with fending off his advances.

Then it was time. She was being ushered across the room again and with one final lingering touch, Davis watched her walk through the door up the hall and out onto the stage.

The audition itself was a blur. She did a monologue from Brighton Beach Memoirs, another Neil Simon play. Kyle had performed that show for a solid summer and knew every line from it, so doing a small female segment from it was no problem. Then she was finished and was walking off the stage. It had all gone so fast...

She walked back down into the waiting room in a daze. If she was the last one auditioning, the director would be out with the callbacks any second. That would mean reading parts of the script with other actors, assuming she was one of the actresses called back. She sat nervously in one of the ugly orange chairs. It was only seconds before Davis appeared beside her.

Kelly decided she did not like him. Kyle could be friends with him if he wanted, but as far as Kelly was concerned the guy was too touchy feely.

He touched her shoulder. Kelly glared at him.
“How’d it go, babe?” he asked, kneeling down beside her.
Kelly decided to be civil. “Fine. Just fine.”
“So you’re new around here, aren’t ya? Well no worries. I’ll be glad to show you around...”

Kelly wanted to punch him. Luckily fate intervened and the director strode into the room, carrying a single sheet of paper. He tacked it to the wall and strode back into the other room to await the beginning of call backs. Instantly, all the actors and actresses in
the room swarmed around the list. Kelly did not even need to get up. Within seconds she knew she had gotten called back, just from the way some of the other girls were looking at her.

“Jealousy,” Kelly thought to herself, “Oh, if they only knew.”

Jane was sitting in her dorm room, a complete nervous wreck. She was excited, scared, happy, confused, horny and lonely all at the same time.

She busied herself as best she could.
She took a shower, checked her email, watered her plants.

Soon the tension just built up within her and she had to sit down.

Then she had to stand up again.

Then sit down again.

She felt guilty for sending Kyle out there on his own. She also knew that she would do it again in a heartbeat. It was exhilarating and scary and stressful and wonderful.

To top things off, she was pretty sure she was in love. It was a feeling unlike any she had ever known. She was going to test that when he got back, but that made her all the more worried and terrified.

The door swung open and Kelly burst into the room. Jane met her in the middle and they kissed deeply without saying a word. She could feel her own excitement and nervousness radiating off of the other girl and it made her love her all the more.

“What happened...tell me everything...”

And Kelly did.
Kelly walked out on stage and sat quietly in the seat on the end. One by one the girls in her group were called up to read with Jerry. He had been pre-cast as the character Paul before the auditions even started. The callbacks were being used to weed out twenty two of the girls on stage and figure out who was going to play Paul’s brand new wife.

Kelly watched as the girls went up one by one. It was the scene at the very beginning of the play where Paul first makes it up to the apartment and his newly-wed wife wants to do is kiss and hug and make love. The first thing Kelly noticed about the other girls was their reluctance to get close to Jerry. She knew that would not work in the play, and although it terrified her greatly she had already decided to really kiss him when the script said to. She waited and none of the other girls dared. They all just made a little kissy noise when the time came and went on to the next line.

Since she got a chance to hear the dialogue twenty some times before her turn, Kelly took a chance and went up on stage without her script. While it was a risk of losing her place and going up on a line, she was reasonably certain she had the lines close enough to memorized.

She heard a murmur as the room noticed she was scriptless. A murmur was good, but she wanted more.

She did the scene with Jerry. Unlike the other girls, she entered his personal space. She teased his chest and face with her fingers. She tossed his hair on one line.

Then came the defining moment.

She said her line, and then grabbed his head with her hands. She pulled herself up and pressed her lips firmly against his. She felt his surprise and then acceptance. She had been worried that he would find her unattractive and not want to kiss her, but her fear was groundless. In fact, his mouth opened slightly and without thinking, Kelly let her tongue explore his. He pulled her close to him and Kelly found herself in his arms being engulfed by his masculinity.

The sound of cheers and clapping filled her ears.
“You little slut,” Jane whacked her with a pillow.
“Hey,” Kelly said giggling, “You said you liked me that way.”
“Touche,” she said and kissed her hard.
When the kiss broke, Kelly gazed deeply into Jane’s eyes.
“Jane,” she said, lightly caressing her face, “Thank you. Thank you for doing this. I...I don’t know exactly where all this is going and what this means about the future, but as long as you’re with me... what can I do to repay you.”
Jane looked at her smiling. Kelly’s dress had ridden up during her story and was showing the barest glimpse of bare thigh. It made Jane’s insides turn into butter.
“You want to repay me?” she said grinning, “You mean that?”
“Anything,” Kelly said, and put her head on Jane’s lap, “Anything your heart desires. Tonight I’m your genie. Rub me and I’ll grant your wish.”
She laughed and kissed her.
“All right,” she said, “But you asked for it.”
She sat Kelly up and started unzipping her dress.
“Tell me something Kelly,” Jane said, starting to work the dress up over the girls head, “Did you like kissing Jerry?”
“Not as much as I like kissing you,” she said from within her dress.
“Answer the question, you little slut, did you like kissing him?”
“Part of me did. At first I was in control. I was kissing him and that didn’t do anything for me. But then when he started kissing back and pulling me closer...I felt...” her dress came off..
“You felt feminine,” Jane said looking at the beautiful scantily clad creature before her. “You like that don’t you?”
“Yeah,” Kelly said. She was blushing which just made Jane hotter.
“You like being a sex object. A toy.”
Kelly did not answer.
She just nodded.
She unconsciously batted her eyelids in a feminine way and
Jane realized that this was more than just a character to Kyle. This was part of him.

“Then this is what I want, Kelly. I want you to be my toy tonight. No objections. No complaints. No hesitation. Whatever I want. Can you do that?”

Kelly nodded again, her head bowed in slight submission.

“Then come over here,” Jane said sternly. Kelly strutted over, her heels clacking on the floor. Her ass swaying as if she had walked on heels her whole life.

Jane gently pushed her down on her knees in front of her. Kelly went without argument. Jane was terrified.

She slowly opened her white bath robe exposing herself to the kneeling girl before her. She watched Kelly’s eyes widen with... Horror? Surprise? Excitement? Or all of the above?

She let the bathrobe fall to the ground behind her. She saw Kelly’s breath begin to increase with her surprise. Kelly couldn’t take her eyes off of Jane’s crotch. Off of the strap-on currently trying to bust through her white lacy panties.

“Kelly?” Jane said softly, “Are you scared?”

The girl’s head nodded imperceptibly.

“Don’t worry,” Jane said still speaking in a calm, lulling voice, “I’ll be gentle.”

Jane saw that Kelly’s bottom lip was quivering. She was definitely scared. Yet she was still there, still kneeling before her.

“Touch me Kelly,” Jane said, her voice deeper now. More masculine, “Touch me with those pretty little hands of yours.”

Slowly, Kelly reached out and lightly stroked the monster through the fabric. The lips of Jane’s pussy tightened around the other end of the strap on, the end currently residing up inside of her. She took a step backward and sat down on the bed, watching with pleasure as Kelly crawled forward to kneel between her legs.

“Pull me out, Kelly,” Jane said stroking the girl’s hair, “Pull it out and touch it. You know you want it.” Kelly fingers slowly released the phallic beast from it’s confines. The motion caused the other end
to press against Jane’s clitoris. She moaned at the feeling.

She buried her hands in Kelly’s long brown hair, and slowly pushed the girls head down. Her lips were now pressed against the tip of the cock. Jane pushed just a little harder and reluctantly Kelly’s lips parted. The cock slid up into her mouth, and Jane watched in fascination as Kelly began giving her first blow job. The motion actually caused the other end to move slightly in and out of Jane and she found herself thrusting slightly into Kelly’s mouth. As the minutes wore on, Kelly’s reluctance began to disappear. She began to enjoy herself, using her lips and tongue as if the cock she was sucking could feel every little detail.

Jane nearly orgasmed watching her. Like Frankenstein, she had created a living creature. Only hers was far more beautiful and willing.

“Kelly,” Jane said. Her voice snapped Kelly back into reality, and she froze, the cock still embedded deep in her mouth. Embarrassment twinged her cheeks as she slowly pulled her lips off the dick.

“Kelly, I want you to get up on the bed.” Jane helped her stand and guided her firmly up onto the mattress. She nudged the girl down so that she was on all fours and watched amused as she began to shake with fear. She knew what was coming, confirmed by the lubricant that Jane began applying to the phallus.

“Tonight I’m going to make you a woman, Kelly,” Jane said and crawled behind her on the bed. Her hands traced the girls body, slowly sliding down and then moving back up, taking the slip with it. She pressed her cock gently against the place where Kelly’s “pussy” was and felt a quiver run through the girl. She liked it. She was scared, but she wanted it to. Using her middle finger, she lightly traced the line of Kelly’s ass, following the thong down into the crack. She pulled the thong to one side and eased her cock in it’s place. She felt the girl tense and pull away slightly. She pulled her back with one arm, while the other hand gently spread her butt cheeks. Slowly, the head of the cock pushed it’s way into the girl. Jane felt the other end of the strap on inside of her move at the resistance. In her imagination it wasn’t inside of her anymore. It was her. This cock was hers and she was fucking her girlfriend.
She was inside of Kelly now. All the way inside. She had eased her way in, and Kelly for the first time had a dick up inside of her. As Jane slowly pulled back, Kelly moaned. It was soft, but Jane heard it. She liked it.

Then she was pushing back inside of her, faster this time. The girl arched her back pushing herself against the hard intrusion. “She wants more, the little slut,” Jane thought, and began pumping into her. She was nearing orgasm. She hadn’t imagined it possible, but her imagination was stimulating the action. She was a man now. A man about to cum.

From the sound, Kelly was getting close to. She was screaming. Short little yelps of pleasure. Female screams.

Kelly thrust her ass up in the air, burying her head into the mattress. Jane was so close she could taste it.

Jane looked up... Then she stopped moving. Kelly continued, her face buried in the bed, pushing herself up around Jane’s cock. It took her a few seconds, but then she too stopped, realizing something was wrong. Then Kelly looked up.

Jonathan was standing in the room.
Kelly’s eyes flew wide with panic. She almost screamed she was scared so much. She was also approximately ten seconds away from orgasm.

“Sorry,” Jonathan said, “I didn’t mean to interrupt. I was just looking for Kate, and then I saw you two and...”

“And you liked watching us?” Kelly heard Jane say from behind her, “You like watching me fuck her?”

“Yeah,” Jonathan said, “I think it’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.” He wasn’t lying. The bulge in his pants could have held a circus.

“You like Kelly don’t you?” Jane said. She thrust slowly inside of Kelly again. Despite herself Kelly moaned. She couldn’t help it. It felt really good.

“Like her?”

“You think she’s the sexiest slut you’ve ever seen,” Jane said moving in and out of Kelly. Kelly closed her eyes in pleasure.

“I bet you fantasized about her all day, didn’t you?” Jane asked. Kelly opened her eyes in time to see his blush. It was true.

“I bet you thought about having her pouty lips around your cock, that moist wet mouth wrapped around your dick.”

The bulge in Jonathan’s pants grew impossibly big. It was right at eye level for Kelly. With Jane holding her down on all fours, she couldn’t help but look at it. Jane was pumping into her fast now. Kelly’s whole body felt like it was about to explode.

“Did you think about her blowing you, Jonathan?” Jane asked, “Because she thought about you.”

Kelly recoiled. She looked up at Jonathan’s face in horror. Then back at Jane. Jane was smiling.

“What’s wrong, Kelly,” Jane said her voice filled with dominance, “Don’t you remember your dream?”

Kelly mouth gaped open. She turned back to look at Jonathan who was licking his lips.

“Look Jonathan,” Jane said in a deep breathy voice, “Her mouth’s open. She ready for you.” Kelly snapped her mouth shut. Surely Jane didn’t expect her to...
“Get over here Jonathan,” Jane said harshly, “What do you want an engraved invitation?”

“Jane, I...” Kelly said, her voice quivering with fear.

“Shh.” Jane said, closing her eyes as she continued to pump into the girls ass. “You’re my sex toy, you do what I say.”

Kelly turned her face back around and was confronted with Jonathan’s hard dick only inches from her face. He grabbed her face with his hands and slowly maneuver his dick to press against her lips. Kelly opened her mouth to protest and that’s all the encouragement Jonathan needed. His cock slipped into Kelly’s mouth.

The first thing Kelly noticed was how different it was from Jane’s cock. It was warm and pulsing with life. Jonathan was using his hand to guide her head back and forth, and Kelly realized for the first time that she was helpless. Jane held her legs apart, pushing deep inside of her, while Jonathan held her head impaling her with his cock. She had a dick in both ends of her and it was completely out of her control. She was an object. A sex toy. And with that thought she orgasmed.

It lasted forever. The world around her ceased to exist. She didn’t hear Jane’s mind-blowing orgasm behind her. She wasn’t aware of the seemingly endless amounts of cum issuing out of Jonathan’s cock down her throat. All she knew was that she felt like a woman. A sexy woman.

And that was enough.
Jonathan left instantly. Jane’s threat of telling Kate had him zooming out of there faster than sound. The poor confused man still wasn’t sure exactly what happened. But from the look on his face, he wasn’t complaining. Kelly lay on Jane’s chest, curled up next to her contentedly.

“So you’re not upset?” Jane asked, stroking her hair.
“No.”
“I was worried that I took it too far,” Jane said her voice quivering.
“Well it’s not something I want to do all the time. I would prefer it just be the two of us actually...” Kelly grinned, “but you should also know that I’ve never orgasmed like that in my life.”
“Me neither,” Jane said. There was a long pause as they lay there secure with each other.
“I love you, Kelly,” Jane said and bit her lip. She was angry at herself because the tears were only seconds away.
“I love you too,” Kelly said. Tears WERE flowing down her face, and Jane wiped them away for her.
“So...” Kelly sniffed, “You wanna hear something funny?”
“Yeah,” Jane said, sniffing just as much.
“There was one thing I didn’t tell you about the audition tonight.” Jane looked at her expectantly. “After the director told me I had the part, he said one more thing.”
“What’s that?”
“He said I was playing the part too girly. The character isn’t supposed to be that feminine.”
Jane laughed, “That’s my girl.”
AUTHOR’S NOTE

Thanks for reading Playing the Part. This story was written many years ago, and I only recently found it on an old hard drive and realized just how much I enjoyed revisiting it. So here it is born anew, with a healthy rewrite and some lovely new images added in by my lovely wife Renee. By reading these words, it means you probably made it all the way through our little tale and we hope you will consider sampling our other works by visiting our website: lockedinlace.com.

I would also ask that if you enjoyed the story, please consider dropping a few dollars towards us at the donation link below. We offer this story for free and ask only that you support us if you would like to see more of this kind of content and stories. I will also remind everyone that like all respectable Mistresses, we do charge by the orgasm. Obviously this is on the honor system, so if you are a fan of forced feminization, be a good girl and thank us for your pleasure. In other words, if you REALLY enjoyed the story, make sure you thank your Mistresses at the going rate of $5 / orgasm.

Thank you again for spending time with us and we would love to hear your thoughts, so please feel free to drop us a note.

Love and kisses,
Lissa and Ren

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