

# HOW ABOUT A COFFEE?

While trying to digest what happened in the last few hours, Nicholas analyzed the numbers on the elevator screen, which seemed to change more slowly than usual...

15... 14... 13... 12...

All he wanted was to get to the parking lot, get in his car and go home as soon as possible. The words "failed" and "fired" were still hammering in his head.

8... 7... 6... 5...

- Oh, screw it! People are hired and fired all the time, right? They look for another job and life goes on. It can't be that horrible.

3... 2... 1... G!

He turned the key, the Toyota Corolla's engine roared and he was finally heading home.

"You are nothing but a failure, Nicholas". "You are fired!"

- That son of a bitch. Who does he think he is? I don't need it, I don't need that damn job! One good night's sleep and I'll be better, I'll be fine!

While driving, it seemed impossible not to remember the mortgage, the car financing, and the little money he had saved. Nicholas was in a bad situation, his wife had left him three months ago, and now without a job, it was probably the worst moment of his life.

A few blocks from home he passed in front of Horizon's Coffee and remembering he had not yet met the new coffee shop in the neighborhood, he decided to go around. He parked near the entrance door, rubbed his hands over his face:

- A coffee will do good for me, that's what I need.

He entered the door and took a look at the place, which appeared to be empty. The place was small, but it had its charm; the retro decor caught his attention. Rustic furniture, a reading corner, a jukebox next to the store's cashier, and the dim lighting seemed cozy.

- Good evening, sir!

The voice came from the bar, next to the jukebox. He approached and found the attendant, which was redhead, seemed to be around her 20's and, opposed to him, was excited and happy with her job, even though it was almost 10 pm - "At least she has a job", thought Nicholas. "Ah, it doesn't matter".

- Ah... Good evening. A double espresso, please. Not very strong and without sugar.

- Right! Feel free, choose a table and I'll take the coffee to you.

- I'll stay right here!

- Oh, okay then. Feel free.

Nicholas pulled up a stool and sat at the bar while waiting for the coffee.

- You opened recently, right?

The girl turned and replied:

- Yes, we opened last week. My father helped with the investment, but I actually run

the store on my own. You know, I didn't do very well in college, so I decided to take the risk.

- Nice. I mean, that's pretty cool! You are lucky to have your own business. I just lost my job...

- Geez, I'm sorry... I'll bring up your coffee!

She turned again, picked up the coffee, and placed it on the bar.

- Here you go!

The man thanked her shaking his head and...

- Damn, you bitch! It sucks! This is horrible! Do you call it a coffee? For God's sake! This is the worst coffee I had in life!

- So... Sorry, sir. I will prepare another one.

- There's no need for that, I'm leaving!

- Sir, I insist. Here, take the menu, you can choose whatever you want. It's on the house.

Nicholas thought: well, I'm screwed. And it's on the house anyway, it may not be so bad after all.

- Okay, then!

He looked at the menu and asked:

- Can you do this "American Dream" without whipped cream?

- Sure, it'll only take 2 minutes.

- Okay. Here it is, Sir.

The man tried the coffee, but this time, without complaining. After drinking a few sips, he stared at the attendant for a few seconds and slowly fell unconscious on the bar, spilling the coffee on the floor.

The girl took a step back, dodging the coffee, and then, calmly, locked the door, lowered the curtains, and as she could, dragged Nicholas into a small room inside the store.

Nicholas opens his eyes, still a little dizzy, and when trying to take his hands over his face he realized that in addition to being tied to a chair, he was also completely naked.

- But... What? You crazy bitch! What the hell is going on here!?

- Pssst

The girl scolded him, placing her finger on his lips.

- Take a look down there.

Nicholas lowered his head and opened his eyes wide when he realized that there was something on his penis, some type of cage. It was pink and seemed to be locked with a padlock in the shape of a heart.

- What? What kind of crap is this!? I will call the police!

The girl gave a loud laugh and replied:

- Oh, come on, really!? I want to see how you're going to explain this whole situation to them! haha

- Now listen carefully: there is only one key that opens it and believe me, it will be very difficult to find it without my help. So, unless you prefer to call a locksmith or keep your little toy stuck for the rest of your life, you better do as I say.

- Why are you doing this?

- You were stupid with me and let's say I got a little angry. Now you will learn how to respect and be gentle to a girl!

- Fuck this shit, I don't believe it. I must be dreaming. You're kidding, right? How do you know my name?

The girl took out her cell phone and showed some pictures she had taken of Nicholas while he was asleep and his document, along with his wallet.

- Did you photograph me!? You fucking bitch!

- I told you, Nicholas. You're going to learn how to respect a girl. And yes, I'm just starting! Come on now, I promise we're going to have fun! Besides, you're unemployed, aren't you? So, I have a job for you!

- A job? What are you talking about?

- I'll make things very clear: You're going to work for me from now on. You're going to help me serve my customers, keep the store clean and also wear this cute outfit!

The girl threw a maid's uniform on the man's lap and continued:

- Also, you're going to be called Nichole from now on! Now I will release you, and you will behave like a good girl, are we agreed?

Nicholas was stunned. How has he got into this situation? A few hours ago he had a decent job at a good company and now he was there, completely dominated by a girl he never saw before.

What could he do? He was unemployed, broken, with his dick locked, and she had pictures of him in this miserable situation. He had no choice but to accept.

- Okay, we have a deal! Now, let me go!

- What did you say?

- Let me go, please.

The girl laughed and started to free Nicholas from the chair. Then she took him by the hand and led him to the bathroom.

- Come on!

- What are you going to do!?

- Come on, Nichole!

She took a razor blade and turned on the shower with hot water.

- What are you going to do with that!?

- Do you think you will work here with those hairy legs? No way!

Before Nicholas could protest, she was already shaving his legs.

- This is going to be some work! But it's alright! Come on! Don't move, or otherwise you'll get hurt.

- AHHHH! Damn, you cut me!
- I told you not to move! Now stop the drama, it was just a little scratch.

Some more scrapes and a few jets of water...

- Much better, don't you think?
- Did I have a choice?

The girl ignored the answer, pulled him close to the bar, and asked him to sit in front of a table.

- Wait here.

A minute later she came back with a box of...

- Wait, is that... nail polish? Are you going to paint my nails too!?! Damn!
- Stop complaining! You will look beautiful! Remember, cooperate with me or...
- I know, I know. The photos, the key... Just do this already.
- Hmm... how about this one, vibrant red?
- Could it be something a little more discreet?

- Okay, I'll take it easy with this one, but you need to look stunning, so it can't be too discreet. Let's try this one here...

It was a shade of pink stronger than he would have imagined.

- Now, let's try on your uniform!

She took the clothes and helped Nichole to dress.

- Ready! Come here so you can see better - she pulled him by the hand in front of a mirror.

He stood there, immobilized, he took a while to believe what he was seeing: it was a typical maid outfit, like the ones he saw in the movies. The top was white at the front and had black sleeves, there were also buttons and a black bow at the front that contrasted with the predominant white color. Below, a short skirt with white ruffles. And finally, a white tiara with a black ribbon on the head and white stockings, which covered the legs just above the knees.

- Aw, you look so cute already! I'll buy a wig, earrings, and decent shoes to match with the outfit. I'll be waiting for you tomorrow at 7 for your first day of work!

Even though he would not admit it, he enjoyed seeing himself in feminine clothing and didn't even bother to pick up his old masculine clothes. He just walked to the car in silence and went home.

“Well, at least I have a job now.”

When Nicholas got home, he parked the car in the garage and went straight to his room. He stopped in front of the mirror and stood there, looking at his reflection for a few minutes and thinking about what had just happened to him. That was the craziest day in his life. What he couldn't deny though, is that part of him was enjoying what he sees in the mirror, but why? He never had problems with his manhood, he was always a man. he liked women, he enjoys having sex with them and he never wore feminine's clothes. He was definitely not gay. But why was he enjoying seeing that image in the mirror?

Giving up, for a brief moment, struggling in his thoughts, he took his pajamas and went to the shower. With his body wet and full of soap, Nicholas touched his smooth legs. He enjoyed the feeling of touching his own body and continued. He had never felt this before, his legs were so smooth and with soap over his body... it was even more pleasant to touch... he was feeling strange, but he was still enjoying it and he was getting very excited. Suddenly his dick started to get hard at the same time that it started to hurt, only then he remembered he was with the chastity cage and couldn't touch himself.

The sensation was strange. He was very horny, he was dying to masturbate, but he couldn't. His dick was hard and the more he struggled to get out of that cage, the more the pain intensified. He turned off the hot water and continued under the shower. He needed to calm down and think about something else. While the cold water hit his body, he calmed down and started to feel better. He still wanted to masturbate, but he knew it wouldn't be possible. So he tried to calm down and control his thoughts.

"That damn bitch, why is she doing this to me? What the hell".

Nicholas got out of the shower, put on his pajamas, and went to bed frustrated. He was still trying to understand how that was going to happen to him. He was completely dominated by a girl he didn't even know the name of. How could he let that happen? And what intrigued him the most, why did he like what he saw in the mirror? Why does it feel good to have his body hairless?

He didn't have an answer to those questions. But he had only one way to find out: he would have to live it, he would have to "be Nichole" for a while, just then he would know how he would feel and find the answers to these questions. That's what he was going to do. He would take the job, he would be Nichole for that period and he would try to deal with it in the best possible way.

Absorbed in his thoughts about that crazy day, in a few minutes, Nicholas was already sound asleep. And he really needed to rest, he needed to be whole for his new

job tomorrow!

As soon as sleep came, the sound of the alarm clock put an end to it. Nicholas got up from bed, showered, trimmed his beard, and spent a few minutes in front of the closet deciding what he was going to wear. He usually wore social clothes to work, but it didn't make sense to arrive at the coffee shop in a suit and necktie. His wife ended up leaving some clothes when she left, but he also didn't want to get there wearing a skirt and blouse, so he thought it best to choose something more basic and neutral: sneakers, sweatpants, and a t-shirt.

While preparing breakfast, he ended up getting lost again in his thoughts: "How would it be? Would anyone ask me an embarrassing question? Would anyone suspect that I'm not really Nichole? Or would I just pass as a woman, and no one would notice?"

"Ah, stop it, Nicholas. You will work there for a few days and soon you will find a way out of this and go back to your normal life. But what normal life? No job, no money?"

Nicholas was confused. In fact, he was in a difficult financial situation and still had to deal with part of him enjoying this and being curious about what would happen. Finally, he decided to stop thinking about it for the time being, grabbed his uniform, and went down to the garage.

Horizon's Coffee was just a few blocks from his home, so it didn't take long for him to arrive. As he passed the door, he saw the young lady, who was already excited humming while organizing things.

- Good morning, Nichole! Wow, what a face! Didn't you sleep well?

- Hi. Yes, I didn't sleep very well last night...

- ah, it doesn't matter. Soon you will be excited for this new journey!

Nicholas said nothing, just stared at the girl waiting for instructions.

- Well, I assume you brought your uniform, so here it is: I brought you a wig and shoes. Let's start with a small heel so you can get used to. I also have this for you. It's super cute! You'll love it!

The girl handed Nicholas a small box and then a large bag, which he imagined was the shoe and wig.

- So far you haven't told me your name.

- Truth! How rude of me. My name is Elizabeth.

- Okay, Elizabeth. I'm going to change the clothes and this time I'm going to do it in the bathroom if you don't mind.

- Haha! Feel free. Remember to use the ladies' room.

- What? Oh yes, of course, the ladies' room.

Nicholas went to the bathroom and immediately opened the box. He almost didn't believe what he saw: a pair of golden earrings with a transparent drop-shaped stone and a golden necklace with a drop-shaped pendant to match the earrings. He put the jewels aside and opened the large bag. The first thing he saw was a black box with white letters that read: "Black Pumps". When he opened the box he saw a pair of shiny black shoes, with a small heel and a black bow on the top. He dropped the shoes on the floor and started putting on his uniform. He still had no practice, so it took some work to put on that outfit. First, the blouse, which gave him more work, then the skirt, the stockings and finally the shoes that, for his surprise, fits perfectly! He opened the last package in the bag and analyzed the contents: apparently, the wig had very long hair and the color was light brown, very similar to his real hair. The hair strands were almost straight, a little wavy at the tips. Wearing that was more difficult than he imagined and after a few attempts, he decided to ask Elizabeth for help.

"What about these earrings? I don't even have holes in my ears, better ask her about it too. Will this crazy woman want to pierce my ears? Damn, what did I get into."



Almost half an hour later, he finally came out of the bathroom.  
-I knew you would have problems with the wig, but I thought you could handle the earrings and necklace. Come here, let's solve this.  
Elizabeth pulled Nicholas by the hand and asked him to sit down. She put on the cap to fix the wig and then took the hairpins and fitted them one by one in his hair.  
- See? It is not that difficult. Now tell me, what happened to the jewelry I gave you?

- I don't have holes in my ears. Are you going to tell me you want to pierce them too?

- Haha, no, silly. These earrings are hold with pressure. It is not necessary to have holes in the ears. Look how it is done:

She put the earrings on his ears and took the opportunity to put on the necklace as well.

- We almost forgot about the tiara, where is it? Here, I found it! Now yes! Oh, don't forget that your name is Nichole, no Nicholas around here, right?

The new employee responded by snorting and rolling her eyes...

- Right. So, what do I need to do?

- Let's start serving customers. When the customers arrive, you take their order and give it to me, it's very simple. Most order coffee, toast, or sandwich. By the end of the day, I'll show you how to do the cleaning.

Let's practice: I'm a client and you come to answer me...

Elizabeth chose a table and picked up the menu, then Nichole came towards her.

- Good morning lady.

- Bloody hell! We will have to train that voice, try to be a little more feminine, you sound like my father speaking!

- Arggg, okay.

- Let's try again...

- Good Morning! Can I take your order?

- It was a little better. You can keep practicing while the customers aren't here.

Usually, they start arriving after 11 am. Don't forget: take the order and pass it on to me.

- It's okay.

Elizabeth walked towards the counter where the coffee machine is, but suddenly she stopped and turned to Nichole:

- ah... I have a question: yesterday, did you really think the coffee was that bad?

The girl gasped a little to answer...

- I... hmm... I was angry, I had just been fired and it didn't happen in the best way, I ended up taking it out on you.

- hmm... alright. So, I have two good news: first, you already have a new job.

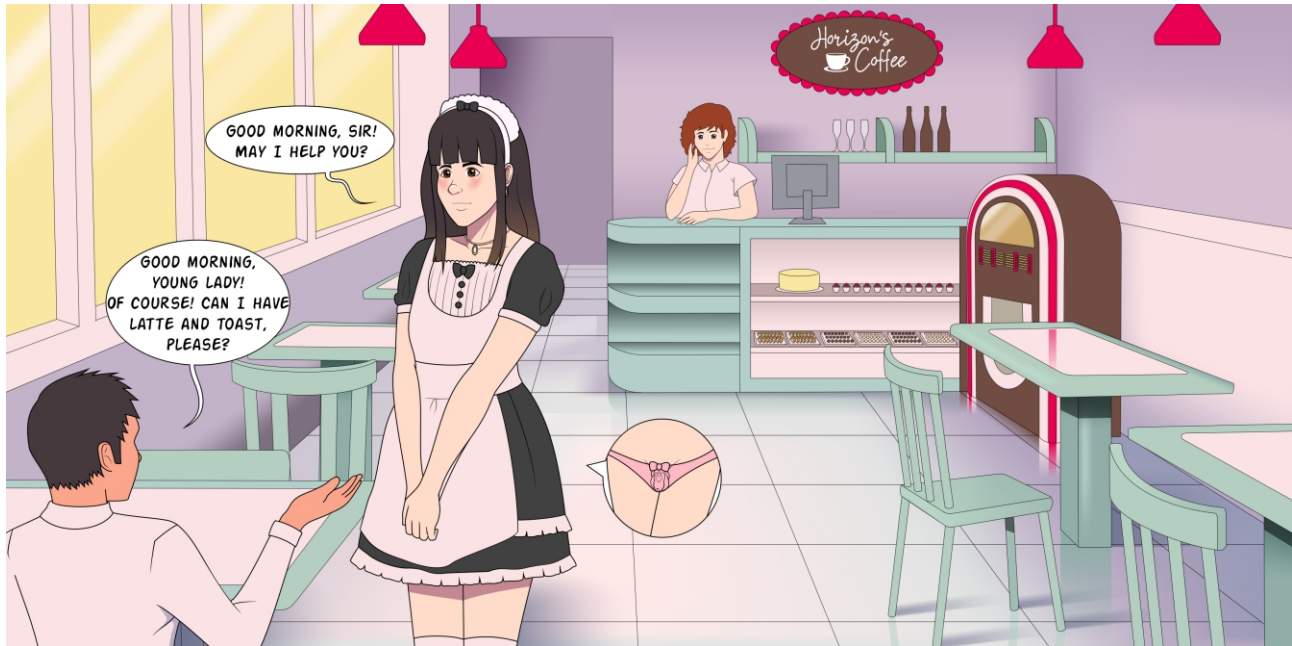
Second, you can feel free to have coffee whenever you want.

- Okay. I think I'll accept the coffee.

The next few hours went by very fast. Soon the snacks and sweets arrived, which Elizabeth ordered from a local bakery and while she was organizing the food at the display counter, Nichole was walking back and forth, training what she would say to customers and getting to know the shop better.



The first client of the day arrived a little after 11 am and she was soon putting her new skills into practice.



- Good morning, sir! May I help you?
  - Good morning, young lady! Of course! Can I have latte and toast, please?
- Elizabeth put her hands in front of her face, trying not to laugh because of the "young lady"...
- Sure, it'll only take two minutes.
  - Okay, dear. I'll be counting then!
  - Nichole smiled, it wasn't the best smile, but at least it was a smile, and she passed the request on to Elizabeth.
  - Here it is.
  - Thanks.

It was a small coffee shop and it was hardly crowded. Nichole ended up doing very well and served most of the customers. No one made any comments or questions about her, and that day went by quickly and without trouble.

Nichole got so quickly used to be treated with feminine pronouns, she was already referring to herself in that way. And at the end of the day, when the store was almost empty, she started to reflect on things a little. What she couldn't get out of her head is why she was enjoying it, enjoying being seen and recognized as a woman. She couldn't help but notice the way some men looked at her, the way they looked at her body, and the way they always seem to look away as soon as she notices it. Why the hell was she enjoying this? Elizabeth seemed to read Nichole's thoughts and was enjoying it, finding it funny.

Nichole helped clean up the store at the end of the night and without saying much, she went home. She was undoubtedly tired because in the early days she would stay at the coffee shop from early to late in the evening, to learn how the job worked. After that, she would take the night shift. But her silence was not just because she was tired, but because she had so many doubts, because she was enjoying "being Nichole".

When she got home, still wearing her uniform, she went straight to the bedroom, more precisely, to the mirror. She stood there for a few minutes looking at her own image, in silence. She started to run her fingers between the strands of her hair,. She shook her head admiring the way the hair moved and seemed to float in the air... it didn't take long for her to start getting horny.

"Oh no, not again. I need to calm down, I need a cold shower and I need it now!"

She undressed quickly and felt a certain frustration when seeing her male figure in the mirror again. She took a quick shower and barely managed to get anything to eat. She tried to watch TV, but she couldn't stop thinking about the day that had just passed. What was happening? The same questions kept hammering her head. She ended up going to bed early, but this time it took her a while to fall asleep. Turned this way and that, and she couldn't contain her thoughts. It was already dawn when she was finally falling asleep and suddenly the alarm clock was ringing again.

The next few days went on normally, except for the fact that Nichole was increasingly discontented when she sees her male image in the mirror, especially when she was getting ready to go to work. When she got home, she would always spend a few minutes looking in the mirror before taking off her work uniform. She kept messing with her hair, posing, wondering what she would look like wearing other women's clothes.

As the weekend approached, Horizon's Coffee was getting more crowded and Saturday night Nichole was exhausted. The day had been very busy at the store and it was almost midnight when they were leaving work. At least the coffee shop didn't open on Sundays, which means that tomorrow would be her day off. That night, she came home so tired that she immediately went to take a shower and sleep.

It was almost dawn when Nicholas woke up, and by looking at the window, which had the curtain ajar, he realized it was raining. He didn't really intend to leave the house, so it wouldn't make a difference. As usual, he went to take a shower, trimmed his beard, and opened the closet to choose what he would wear.

He looked inside the closet, from side to side, when he visualized some pieces

of clothing that his ex-wife had left, he decided to take a better look and was surprised, there were more of her clothes than he had imagined. Jeans, shorts, skirts, a lot of blouses and even some dresses. But it was in the drawers below that he found what caught his attention: the drawers were full of lingerie sets, of the most varied colors and models. Bras, panties, pantyhose stored in their boxes, and even some tiaras and hair ornaments. He still didn't know what he was going to wear, but now he knew he would definitely not wear masculine clothes.

Without wasting time, he immediately picked up a set of white lingerie with lace on the top, which was a little hard to wear. After looking at himself in the mirror for a few minutes, he decided to go back to the closet and choose the other pieces of clothing. He ended up choosing for what caught his attention the most: a short pink floral dress, with very short sleeves and a ribbon that went around the waist and formed a bow on the side. The dress was a little tight, but it fit. Then Nicholas took the wig he wore at work, took his shoes too, and went to the mirror to finish dressing. Again, who was there looking at him was no longer Nicholas, but Nichole.

She couldn't get out of the mirror, she couldn't stop looking at the image that was being projected right in front of her. She still couldn't understand why she was enjoying it, but she decided that she would try not to worry about it at the moment and just accept that for some reason, she no longer liked seeing a male image when she looked at the mirror, no longer liked being treated as Nicholas, was happier to be Nichole and decided to accept and face the situation.

After an intense week of work, Nichole was literally exhausted and spent most of the day resting, listening to music, and watching shows on Netflix. She went to sleep feeling wonderfully well, light and happy.

On Monday she would start working the afternoon shift, but even so, she got up early and was already excited to start the week. She spent a long time in the bathroom, showered, shaved her legs, and finally went to the bedroom to choose what she would wear.

She thought about wearing a dress again, but since she only had the black shoes, she imagined there would be no other that would match well (besides the pink one, which she had already tried before). Even so, she decided to check the closet to see if she could find anything else. At the bottom of the wardrobe, she found a piece that caught her attention, she took it to take a look. It was a short dress with sleeves up to the middle of the arm. The color was similar to a very light beige, without print, not very low-cut. At the waist, there was an elastic band that made the dress very tight at that place, but it was looser below the waist. She turned to the mirror and positioned the dress in front of her body to see how it would look like, and even though she thought it was a little too short, she decided she would wear it anyway.

She opened the underwear drawer, grabbed a basic set of white bra and panties, and put on the pieces. The bra was a little tight, but not enough to be uncomfortable. Then she put on the dress, the wig, the earrings, and the necklace. Finally, she did what she could with the small makeup kit and the instructions Elizabeth had given her. She applied the base, a pink blush to highlight her cheekbones, eyeliner, and mascara.

Although Nichole only needed to go to work after lunch, she decided that she would go earlier, she was already dressed up and so she could have lunch there. She took one last look at the mirror and went to Horizon's Coffee. Later, she would deeply regret it(or not).

As usual, she parked near the coffee shop door, took a deep breath, and got out of the car. She pushed the door open and went towards Elizabeth, who was apparently making coffee.

- Good morning, Boss!

- Good mo... oh my god, Nichole! I can't believe what I'm seeing! You look fantastic! I swear I wasn't expecting for this!

- Do you really think I look good?

- Of course! You look beautiful! Wonderful! But I don't remember asking you to wear feminine clothes outside of work, so... tell me... what happened, why the change?

- I think I'm feeling better this way, I don't know. I'm confused. When I get home, I'm still wearing the uniform you gave me, and I keep looking in the mirror... and... well, I like what I see. I like to see myself in that outfit. I don't know why, but when I look in the mirror and see my normal male figure, it has been bothering me. I don't know why, but I think I'm happier being Nichole.

- Well, then be Nichole! All the time!

- Like this? I can't... "be Nichole all the time", I'm a man, I'm Nicholas. How would it be? Will I work in your coffee shop for the rest of my life? No one else is going to accept me like this. You know what, this is your fault! You did this to me!

- Hey, stop right there! You deserved the lesson for what you've done! Also, see on the other hand. Maybe I helped you find out who you really are!

Nichole was silent for a few seconds, put her hands over her face, and took a deep breath.

- Yeah, maybe...

- So don't be mad at me! I can help you with that, I mean, you can talk to me about it.

- Guess I'm already doing that, huh?

Someone entered the store, interrupting the conversation...

- Hello girls!

Elizabeth winked at Nichole and went over to the man.

- Hi, Mike! I almost forgot you were coming!

- Nichole, this is Mike. He helps me with the accounting and bureaucratic part of the

shop. Mike, this is Nichole. She started working here last week.

- Nice to meet you, Nichole. I'm delighted.

Nichole froze for a few seconds (she then started to turn red like a full-grown tomato), and with the excuse of needing to change clothes to work, she left the two alone and ran to the bathroom.

She didn't have much time to notice the man, but enough to realize that he didn't look like a businessman at all. He wore a polo shirt and jeans, his skin was light brown, his hair was black, smooth, and neatly combed, his eyes were light brown and his beard was apparent. He looked more like a young college student than an accountant or administrator.

- So, what's with the girl?

- Why do you want to know? Are you interested?

- Well, you know me. I'm so into girls like her!

And in fact, Elizabeth knew Mike very well. They met in college and she decided to hire him for the accounting services of the store. It was at that moment that Elizabeth had the crazy idea of trying to bring the two together. She called Mike behind the counter and told him everything about Nichole.

- Since you wanna know, there it goes: she was here last week and ordered a coffee. She had a bad day and ended up taking it out on me, so I decided to teach her a lesson. I am forewarned, I always carry a few things with me in case I have an emergency.

- Some things?

- Yeah, like pepper spray, things like that.

- Did you use pepper spray on the girl!?

- No, calm down. Let me tell you. So, as I was saying, she was stupid to me, so I needed to teach her a lesson. So I offered her a free coffee, with the addition of a "special ingredient" that made her faint instantly. So I took her back there, tied her to a chair, and put it here... (Elizabeth took out her cell phone and showed the photo of the chastity cage to Mike).

- Are you kidding!?

- Calm down, that's not all. I even forced her to work for me, wearing a maid's uniform, which you will see in person after she finishes dressing and comes out of the bathroom.

- My God! How did you manage to do that? She could call the police or something!

- She wouldn't do that. She had just lost her job, her wife had also recently left her, I saw that on her Facebook).

- Do you have her on Facebook?

- No, silly. She was unconscious. So I took her document from her wallet and searched for her name on the internet. Are you going to tell me you never did something like this before?

- Never did what? Drug someone and put a cage on the person's dick? No, I never did that!

- Haha, come on! She asked for it and I was in a bad mood.

- So, she is doing all this because you forced her to?

- So-so.

- What?

- In the beginning, yeah. But then she'd start enjoying it.

She told me she started to like dressing like this. She said she no longer feels like dressing like a man. See, she is happier spending the days presenting herself as a woman.

- Damn it! Are you kidding me!?

- No, that's true! She is very confused about her sexuality and gender, she is actually curious. I don't think it will be difficult to convince her to go out with you.

- And what makes you think I'm interested?

- Don't play dumb with me, Mike! First, I know she is just your type of girl. Second, I saw your face when you looked at her!

- Yeah, you know my weaknesses.

- Haha! Here: take this, maybe this will help you to convince her.

Elizabeth took a cord with a pendant from her neck and handed it to Mike. He took and analyzed the object, it was a simple, black cord and the pendant was actually a small key.

- This key... You're kidding me! Seriously, does it open what I think it does?

- You bet!

- You're so crazy! But I have to admit it turns me on just to think about it!

- Haha, Just take her somewhere else! My shop is not a motel, you know!

Mike just laughed.

- Look, I have a plan: you come back here later to solve that paperwork and by chance, I have to leave for an appointment. I'll ask Nichole to close the shop and then, the rest is with you!

- Okay, I think that's fair!

- Fair? I'm doing you a big favor, that's it!

- Okay, okay. I owe you one then!

- I will charge you at the appropriate time.

Elizabeth winked at Mike with a mischievous smile on her face. The man returned the smile and when he turned around he noticed Nichole was already approaching. Mike froze for a few seconds while he looked at the girl from head to toe. She was not the most beautiful woman in the world, but she was elegant, and looked perfectly feminine in that uniform. Nichole, noticing the way Mike was looking at her, looked at the man and raised an eyebrow in question, as if asking a question.

- Are you on your way out, Mike?

Mike gasped a little to answer...

- Ah, yeah. Another compromise came up, but I'll be back later.

- Oh, okay then. See you later.

- Bye.

Mike got out, awkwardly, and went into the parking lot. As soon as Nichole approached Elizabeth, she started laughing and imitating the two, speaking with irony:

"- Oh, are you leaving already, handsome?

- Yes, I am, beautiful lady. I'll be back later to have a coffee with you!"

- Hey! Stop right there!

- Ah, come on! He's falling for you!

- Really? I didn't even notice!

Elizabeth pulled Nichole closer and continued:

- Come here, do you know that this could be a nice opportunity for you to discover a little more about yourself?

- What do you mean by that?

- Well, you told me that you have a lot of doubts about who you really are, about your sexuality. You are feeling better being recognized and treated as "Nichole"...

- And what does it have to do with this friend of yours?

- Duh! What would it be? It's simple. I think you could give the guy a chance. So you can see how you're going to feel being close to him. Something tells me that you would feel great!

- We don't even know each other!

- Yeah, that's true. But sometime, relationships start that way. Besides, I've known him for a long time. We met in college and I can tell you three things about him: first, he is a good guy; second, he likes girls like you better than girls like me, if you know what I mean; and third, he is falling for you!

- Come on! I think I'm going to work.

- Okay. But think about it. I think you should, let' me say... "allow yourself"!

Elizabeth smiled and winked at Nichole, who rolled her eyes and went to organize the tables.

They did not talk about it anymore, but Nichole was thinking about it all day long. It was true, she has so many doubts about her sexuality. But going out with someone she just met would actually help her? What if she didn't like having a man touching her body? Or worse, and if she did like it, what would she do? This only ended up creating more doubts in the girl's head, but in the end, she could finally have some answers, but that would depend only on herself. How far would she really be willing to go? She wasn't feeling completely comfortable about the idea of going out

with a man yet. But when she imagined this same man taking off her clothes, running his hands over her body... the feeling was different. A wave of heat went through Nicole's body and her breathing started to accelerate.

- Nichole... Nichole... Are you okay?
- Oh? What?

Nichole was startled and as if she had awakened from a trance, she saw Elizabeth was right in front of her calling for her name. When she raised her hands, she realized she was holding a menu from the store, which was like a hardcover booklet, and apparently, she had squeezed the object so much with both hands that she practically folded it in half and crumpled all the pages.

- Ah... of course! Yes, I am fine.
- Well, you look a little... nervous, I would say.
- I'm fine, Elizabeth!

Nichole replied with a slightly harsh tone, still feeling the heatwave run through her body at the same time that her breathing became faster and a strong pain appeared "down there"... she was getting horny! She ran towards the bathroom and locked the door.

She was locked in the bathroom for about 10 minutes, trying to calm down and wondering why she was feeling that way? Why was she so horny just to imagine that man having her body... and why the hell was she imagining it?

After 10 minutes and a little calmer, Nichole left the bathroom and went to the kitchen to drink water, passing Elizabeth without saying a word. Then she went back to work, this time trying not to think about anything related to sex.

Mondays were very quiet days at the coffee shop, there were usually only one or two customers in the store. This calmness made it a little more difficult to keep her head at work and chase away the perverted thoughts.

It was past 6 pm when Mike returned and after greeting Nichole, who answered with a simple "good afternoon", he went right behind the shop counter, where Elizabeth was already waiting for him with a briefcase, which was apparently full of documents.

Mike stood there looking at papers and doing accounts for almost two hours, while Nichole tried unsuccessfully not to look at the man and keep her focus on the work. Every time she needed to get coffee for a customer or approach the store counter (and consequently get close to Mike) for any other reason, she felt that same heat wave trying to take over her body again. Sometimes she needed to close her eyes



and take a deep breath to calm down and shake off that sensation. She couldn't understand why she was feeling that way. Just because she imagined a scene of intimacy with that man, now just by getting close to him she was already getting horny and felt her heart pounding.

The clock was showing exactly 8 pm when Elizabeth called Nichole next to the cashier at the store:

- I had an unforeseen event and I will have to leave quickly. I need you to close the shop for me. You already have the alarm password and I left a copy of the key in the cash drawer.

Already imagining that Elizabeth was trying to find a way to leave her alone with Mike, Nichole just crossed her arms and made a furious face.

- Are you kidding me?

- What? You can do it. I trust you. Don't forget to turn off the coffee maker and close the curtains.

Without saying anything else, Nichole turned away and went back to work. There were only two customers in the store, so she decided to take the time to organize things and do the cleaning, since she would have to do it all on her own. Around 8:30 pm, there were no customers in the store and while she was organizing things, Nichole was already wondering what she would do to escape Mike's attacks, as she knew they would come sooner or later. A few meters away, the man was so focused on his work that he didn't even seem to notice the girl's presence. This was making her even more nervous, as she was almost finished organizing her things and just wanted to go home right away. Suddenly Mike raises his hands and yells:

- Uhull! I finally finished it! Enough papers for today.

Nichole just looks and smiles, saying nothing.

- I would like a coffee, could you get one for me? I'm not sure if I know how to use this machine.

- Oh, sure. I'll get it, just a minute.

- Thanks.

Nichole prepared the coffee and brought it to Mike, along with a small packet of sugar, trying to avoid looking the man in the eye.

- I don't know if you like sugar, so I brought this too.

- It's great, thank you, dear. I'm just going to keep these documents and I'm done here.

- It's okay.

Before Nichole started to walk away, Mike started talking again...

- Nichole...

She stopped and slowly turned back to Mike.

- Yes?

- Why don't we have a coffee together and talk for a while, what do you think?

- I... I need to finish cleaning and close the store.
  - I think you already cleaned and organized everything very well.
  - Why are you interested in me? I'm just... I mean, I'm not even a "woman".
- Mike got up and approached the girl, now there were only a few inches between them and Nichole felt her breathing quicken and the heatwave started to go through her body again.
- I know exactly how you are feeling and I would say that you are as a "woman" as Elizabeth or any other.
  - Do you... really believe that?
  - Believe me, I know how you feel, I know you have a lot of doubts about your body, about what you like, I already felt similarly. I can help you get the answers to those questions I know are hammering your head right now.

Nichole felt her hands tremble, her body was hot and her breathing was so loud that it was already audible to Mike's ears, that he was determined not to miss that opportunity.

- Me? I... I don't...

The girl tried to take a step back, but she couldn't even control her legs anymore. Suddenly all those doubts came back to her head, which brings a huge curiosity of what would it be like if she gave in and ended up in bed with that man? Because it was obvious that he wanted this and deep down Nichole knew she wanted this too. She could no longer contain her curiosity, nor could she control her own body. At that moment Mike put one hand behind Nichole's head and the other on her back, close to her hip, and pulled her closer. She felt unable to react, her whole body was shaking, she could no longer contain herself and at that point, she didn't even want to avoid it.

So she just closed her eyes and allowed him to kiss her. As Mike's steady hands passed over her body, Nichole felt a heat so intense that her breath was almost a moan.

She knew she would not resist, she knew she was already completely surrendered and was no longer caring about it. That night she decided that she would "allow herself", to be free of all doubts that troubled her, and just give herself up at that moment. As Mike pulled her closer, Nichole tilted her head back and he kissed her on the neck while sliding his hands over the girl's body. Unable to contain herself, Nichole also pulled Mike close to her own body, scratching his back hard and letting out a moan of pleasure. At that moment, Mike picked her up and they went to the couch in the reading corner of Horizon's Coffee.

Nicole felt her whole body tremble, it was a mixture of nervousness with anxiety and even a little bit of fear. Mike kissed her again as he slid his hands over her body. He put his hands under Nicole's shirt, caressing her back while girl moaned in pleasure. She wanted Mike and she wanted him now.

She raised her arms and he pulled her shirt off. Then, gently, Mike laid Nichole down on the couch and kissed her mouth again until he left her breathless. Nichole turned her face to get a breath and Mike took the opportunity to kiss her body. He started kissing her neck and went down the bra to the bottom and went up again while sliding his hands on Nichole's legs. She was crazy with pleasure and didn't want him to stop.

She opened her arms and flexed one leg to get around and remained lying down on the couch, her back to Mike, who was already kissing her back at the same time. Nichole was loving the moment. She was loving being kissed by a man, she was loving to be laid on the couch while Mike was kissing her, caressing her, and sometimes squeezing her arms pulling her body closer to his.

When she realized, Mike has already lowered down his pants. He started softly penetrating her and it was too late to escape, even if she wanted to.  
-This is your first time, right? I promise to be gentle.

Mike pulled her arms back as he penetrated her. Nicole moaned and clutched the couch with her fingers.

It was such a feminizing experience to be penetrated while having her clit locked inside the cage. She had never felt this much pleasure in her life before. That feeling was greater than any other at that moment and she just wanted more. Mike held her by the hip and pulled hard, back and forth, while Nichole tried to support herself in her arms as much as she could. She was losing strength, but she didn't want this to stop. She suddenly felt her whole body starting to shake. After being in chastity for almost two weeks, she couldn't hold it anymore. She let out a loud moan, and collapsed into the longest and most intense orgasm she had ever had.

Mike instantly stopped, helped the girl to turn around, and kissed her again on the lips, but this time Nichole was unable to respond, her breathing was so intense that she felt as if there was no more air in her lungs.

Mike helped Nichole to get dressed and even after resting for a few minutes, she felt her legs were weak when she tried to get up, so she asked him to take her home, as she would not be able to drive.

Nicole typed the password into the alarm and Mike helped her with the door.

Then Mike helped her across the parking lot and opened her Land Rover passenger door for Nichole to enter.

Mike turned around, got in the car, and the two went toward Nichole's house, where they will finish what they have started.