

Seduced Into Frillies!

By THRONE

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*****DEVIN DICKIE NOTE*****

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Seduced Into Frillies!

By THRONE

(A spin-off of SEDUCED INTO PANTIES)

I felt so lucky when my old buddy Myron called and said he could set me up with a hot girl named Paige. It sounded too good to be true, me being short and slender and, frankly, not well endowed in the dick department. And, like Myron, I'd never had any success with girls. But then he had met the stunning Lana, after which I didn't see him anymore. Still, with all my liabilities, I couldn't imagine matching his success. But he said none of that mattered. When I still hesitated, he sent me a picture of her. Whoa. Paige was lean and leggy, but also stacked.

Strawberry-blond hair fell to her shoulders. She had a sweet face. But my eyes kept returning to those twin beauties on her chest, while my hands flexed, as if rehearsing what it would be like to fondle such overdeveloped bra-busters. So, he phoned again and gave me the time and place to meet up with her. After that call I did hesitate, because my old pal had sounded different. His voice was higher and softer. Then I told myself he was probably just more relaxed, because he was finally getting sex, something I still hadn't achieved. I was in nerd heaven.

It was agonizing, having to wait several days until Saturday got there. Hours before I was due to meet her, I did a lot of prepping for my big night. Exfoliant. Emollient. Depilatory -- the latter because Myron said that Paige like guys with zero body hair. I fussed with my full head of auburn locks and used gel to keep them in place. Finally, I applied deodorant and cologne. They went on a bit heavily, but I figured the scents would dissipate before I went to meet my dream date. Then it was time to pick an outfit. After much internal debate, I settled on a nice shirt with pinstripes in rainbow colors, tan slacks, and slip-on shoes. There was still the matter of underpants. What if I got super-lucky and she had a chance to see them? Despite my lack of experience, I wanted to make the right choice. Deciding that it would be good to let her see my sense of humor, I selected jockey shorts with images of my favorite superhero, Magnitude Man, all over them. If she wasn't familiar with his cartoon series, I could always explain it to her. I'm very good at bringing those episodes to life, and have done it several times during my weekly visits to the comic book shop.

Okay, so I was ready at last. The plan was for me to meet Paige at the mall. She told me to take a bus, so there wouldn't be two cars to deal with. We could stroll around, get acquainted, and see where it led. I spotted her at the appointed place, in the bookstore. She had on a snug, apricot-colored top that accented her big bust, which appeared not to be restrained by a bra. And her bright red slacks looked like they'd been painted on that delectable bottom and those shapely legs. She was taller than me to begin with, and her cute, ankle-strapped, platform sandals had block heels that added about four-and-a-half inches to her height. When I approached and introduced myself, she gave a half-smile and glanced at her watch.

"I'm glad you got here," she said levelly.

"Oh," I said in a sudden panic. "Did I get the time wrong?"

"It doesn't matter. What's important is that you're here now, Milton." She brightened. "Do you mind if we go right to my favorite store? I got an email earlier, telling me that there's a surprise sale for members."

"Okay. Sure." I was upset with myself for presumably being late, even though I had been sure I was there when I was supposed to be. "That would be perfect."

She started off. I got an eyeful of her sweet bottom cheeks, the rear seam of her slacks neatly separating them, as she moved away from me. There were two guys coming toward us, big jock types. As they passed her, they glanced back to check out what I was admiring. A pang of jealousy stabbed at me and I hurried to

catch up with Paige. As I got alongside her, she veered off, heading for the entrance of Veronica's Secret, that lingerie and outwear shop. I always noticed the mannequins in their panties, bras, and other goodies. I entered behind her, as if being dragged by an invisible leash. She stopped in front of a sale rack, with short tops hanging on it. Selecting one, she held it up in front of her, by its spaghetti straps, draped over her big boobs.

"How do you think this would look on me, Milton?"

"That'd be fantastic," I said breathily.

"Here." She held it out to me. "Put it in front of you, so I can get a better idea."

"I really don't think..." She silenced me with a critical glance.

"Come on," she urged, holding out the hanger.

I accepted it and got it up against my chest. Paige put a finger on her chin and considered what she was seeing.

I wanted to know, "Have you seen enough?"

"No." There was a hint of irritability in the single word. "Now be a good boy and stay like that. While you have it, feel that material. Go on. That's right. Isn't it soft and oh-so smooth?"

"I... guess so."

"What do you think of the color?"

"Well, that baby blue is nice, but the pale yellow one might go better with your complexion and hair."

"Aha. See that? You have an eye for female fashions. And there you were, pretending not to like being my little helper." She sent an air kiss in my direction. "Most guys I've known wouldn't be so knowledgeable in this place. They wouldn't be thinking about if something would flatter me." She lowered her voice to add, "All they'd be concerned about was how quickly they could get it off me..." Her voice dropped further. "... and shove their big thick cocks into me."

"Uh, I'm not like that," I said to bolster the good image she had of me.

"I can tell. You're so much better than that. And secure enough in your masculinity that sort of modelling that for me, doesn't bother you."

It did, especially with other shoppers noticing how long she was keeping me there, with it in front of me, but I didn't want to spoil her mood by saying that. She took it back but immediately gave me the one I had suggested, which put me in the same spot again.

Paige wanted to know, "What color would go with hair like yours, and those pretty green eyes you've got?"

"Oh..." The unexpected question threw me off for a few seconds. But I knew what-complimented-what, well enough to recover and say, "The lime-colored one could work for me."

She had me demonstrate by putting it right up under my chin. Then she made me go to a full-length mirror, so I could evaluate the effect. The situation was getting awkward, with more people noticing. Even so, being over 21 and a virgin is a powerful motivator. The likelihood of staying that way is even more of one. Alienating Paige was not an option. An attractive salesgirl, Black and with her hair worn short and natural, large hoop earrings dangling almost to her shoulders, came over to us.

"May I help you with anything?" she asked politely.

"We're just trying to decide how this would look on my boyfriend."

Hold on. I was her boyfriend? My willingness to cooperate went up several points.

The salesgirl said, "It definitely brings out his cute eyes. Do you use green shadow on his eyelids, or blue?"

"We're just getting started, so I haven't tried either yet."

"Girl," the employee said confidently, "after you leave here, go to The Face Place and check their aquamarine color. Also, if you want to get daring, this coppery stuff they have would really make his eyes pop."

On no. The sweet young lady mistook me for a crossdresser of some sort. And Paige was playing along with her misconception, I guess to avoid contradicting her. So, I acted compliant, not wanting to bother either of them.

The salesgirl asked, "Did you get the notice about our pop-up sale?"

"Sure did."

"Then let me show the two of you something that'll be perfect. I mean, if you want to play twin dress-up," she said with conspiratorial glee.

"Sounds like fun," Paige told her.

What the salesgirl led us to was a display of paired tops and bottoms. The tops each consisted of three tiers of ruffles, with elastic at the top to hold them on the wearer. They would leave the shoulders and midriff bare. The bottoms were full panties, covered with ruffles from the top to the leg-holes. I would love to see Paige in one of those sets, with her heavy breasts and flat tummy, sleek legs emerging from frothy ruffles. But when she selected a mint green one for me, I was nonplussed. She asked the salesgirl to take a look. Paige went behind me, to hold the two pieces up, over my pinstriped shirt and the front of my slacks. Her warm breasts pressed into my back, making me shudder with excitement.

Paige's chin touched the back of my shoulder. "What do you think?" she asked the girl. Paige's breath wafted across my ear, giving it a tickle. In spite of myself, I whimpered.

The clerk smiled mischievously. "I think you'll both look incredible. Must be nice to have a boyfriend who can also be your girlfriend."

"It is special. Or it will be, once we get back to my place." She rubbed her thigh against my bottom. "I know that, if he goes along with the game, he'll just love how it ends."

Yes! I was going to get laid. The whole fashion-show aspect of it wasn't to my liking, but a man has to do what he has to do, when it comes to being a beaver hunter. At that moment, I would have bet the two guys who had ogled Paige out in the mall, would be endlessly envious of me and what was soon going to happen. Best of all, I reminded myself, the playful lingerie wearing would only be a one-time event. Right?

When we got to the checkout, there was one of those mini-tops for each of us, as well as two sets of the ruffled bedroom-wear. Paige had also picked out several pair of panties with open crotches for herself, which put even more dirty thoughts into my already feverish mind. After the Black girl rang it all up, my new girlfriend showed her membership card, but made no move to pay. I realized that she considered it my responsibility. Because we were going back to her place (WOW) to have lots of sex (DOUBLE WOW, with a side order of gee whiz), it made sense for me to provide my credit card. I felt like the knight in white armor, coming to his fair maiden's rescue. After the transaction was over, I left the store, again trailing my wonderful Paige, with the handle of a large pink shopping bag in my hand. We made a quick stop at The Face Place to purchase the items that had been recommended, with me paying again. She led me through the

mall and out onto the parking lot, where her car waited. It was much newer and nicer than mine. When I wanted to put the bag on the back seat, she said I should hold it on my lap. As she drove, she suggested that I take out a pair of her new panties and feel them.

"They're so satiny. Finger them. Rub them against the side of your face. Isn't that nice?"

I had to agree, "It's terrific."

"I know what to do. Unbutton your shirt halfway down. Go on." She tittered. "Do it for me."

I obeyed, figuring this was some prelude to the inventive fun to follow. "Like this?"

"One more button, Milton dearest. Good. Oh, I see you got rid of any nasty old chest hair you had."

"There wasn't much but, yeah, I knew you preferred it like this."

"That wicked Lana told you."

"Well, I know her boyfriend, Myron."

"Myron? Oh. Right." She chuckled for some reason I couldn't fathom. "Big-bad-Myron. Well, big-bad-Milton, I want you to take those slippery panties and use them to rub your nipples. Go ahead. Just get them inside your shirt -- that's the way -- and use

them to tease yourself." In a throaty bedroom whisper she suggested, "Pretend it's me doing it."

What could I say? Surely, no words of refusal. What could I do? Nothing but comply. As the material brushed over my chest, I was startled by how good it felt. There was suddenly a direct connection between where it was touching, and what was between my legs. My dick pulsed. As good as the sensations were, they also reminded me of how underequipped I was in that area. Would it be a problem, once we were in bed together? As adventurous as Paige obviously was, mere size wouldn't be her first concern, I assumed. What she had said about past partners, and the mention of them being long and thick where it counted, did disturb me. I convinced myself that everything was going to work out perfectly. This would be an encounter that I would never get over. Goodbye, virginity!

Her place turned out to be a modest ranch house that she had inherited from a maiden aunt. We would have all the privacy we could ask for. This just kept getting better and better. I mean, if you didn't count me being expected to wear girly stuff. That part, I could have done without. But even as shameful as it was, that would be counterbalanced by having this chance to be intimate with Paige's glorious body, like I'd been given an all-access pass to the sexual wonderland of my dreams. I carried the bag inside, as eager as a puppy. I flashed a mental image of Magnitude Man, locking eyes with his girlfriend Justine, but never giving her more than a chaste kiss. There I was, about to go a lot further than my cartoon hero ever did. I was, however, reconsidering the wisdom of wearing jockey shorts that featured his image.

Paige took my hand and led me into her bedroom. The bed had scrollwork head and footboards. There was a tasteful spread. The rest of the space reflected similarly good decorating sense. She told me to put the bag on her bed.

"Now get undressed," she said seductively. "Let me see who I'm going to be getting up-close-and-personal with."

I shivered as I began to open my shirt. That triggered sense memories of having my nipples stimulated, back in the car. Paige stood there with an inscrutable expression. I removed my shoes and socks, got out of the shirt and pants. She eyed my shorts with a minxy smile but no comment, looking down from her superior height. Then she motioned for me to lower them. I did, exposing my undersized genitals and the fact that I was as hairless below as above. She nodded approvingly and held out her hands.

"Let me put your clothes somewhere out of the way," she suggested.

I handed them over and stood there naked. "Um... err..."

Paige shushed me. "I have to make a quick phone call. Be right back."

She departed. I heard her voice from another part of the house. She laughed once. Twice. When she returned, I was still standing in the same spot, not sure if it was okay to do anything else. We were getting so close to our magic moment. My new girlfriend surprised me by going into a deep squat, directly in front of me. She diddled my penis and had it standing up in no time.

"So," she said smoothly, "this is what I have to work with." She gave it a light pinch. "It will certainly be easy to tuck away under your ruffled panties. Won't it?"

"Sure," I conceded sheepishly. "I know it's slightly below average size but..."

She snorted derisively. "Oh, please. This is a teeny weenie, Milton. But having such limited assets is a plus for dressing you up. It's kind of like I have my own living play-doll."

"You could think of it that way, except when we get into bed..."

"Whoa, little guy. Slow down. Didn't you agree to try on those pretty things we picked out together?"

I didn't remember actually saying that, but guessed it had been implied by how easily I went along with everything. So I told her, "I suppose I did."

"Let's go into the pink bag and see what you'll be modelling first, Mr. Dinky Winky."

She produced the lime-green top with the thin shoulder straps. Paige used it to tease my nipples, reducing me to panting eagerness with ease. Then she put it over my head and worked it down, making sure I got the maximum contact with its lightweight material. It ended just above my navel. I was not happy, being on display like that, with my unimpressive erection

poking out. She flicked at the head of my penis with her forefinger, making it bounce up and down.

I pleaded softly, "Could I please, at least get covered, um..." I turned my eyes downward to indicate where I meant.

She rose to her full height and patted the side of my face. "Sure, baby. I thought of that while we were still in the store. Along with the panties I picked out for me, there's another pair in your size."

I wasn't sure if that was good news or bad. Still, as humiliating as being in panties would be, it was better than having my privates exposed. However, when she handed me the filmy garment, I saw that it had an open crotch, like the ones she'd gotten herself. At that moment I even considered just walking away from the deteriorating situation, but then I remembered that my clothes, along with my wallet and keys, were somewhere else. So, I meekly accepted the panties, stepped into them, and worked them up my hairless legs. The feel of them against my skin sent new erotic signals to my brain. When they were all the way up, my unenviable dick was neatly framed by their open front.

"Please, Paige..." I began in a faint whisper.

"I like that," she said. "You sound girly. It goes with what you're wearing. So, keep talking that way."

"Yes, dear," I said wispily.

"And I can't call you Milton now, can I?" She sounded reasonable, despite the mounting unreality of this scene. "How about Milly? Yes, that works."

She decided I should move around the house, suiting my body language to the change in wardrobe. With her giving pointers, I was soon swishing and mincing like a natural pansy. How had I let matters get to that point, and in such a short time? My chance to feel like a manly man was becoming more remote by the minute. Even so, I kept thinking how cooperating with Paige's wishes would pay off in the end. We stopped in the kitchen, so she could enjoy a few sips of tropical-smelling fruit juice. I imagined tasting it when she kissed me.

We returned to the bedroom and she at last got undressed. I sat on the edge of the bed with my hands clasped between my thighs and got more and more excited by what I was seeing. Her weighty bust was even sexier than I had anticipated, and appeared to defy gravity by how buoyant it was. She bent forward at the waist to kiss me lightly on the forehead. Those tempting tits would have been so easy to grab, but she had me so intimidate that I didn't do it. Then she got dressed in her outfit that matched mine. The results were incredibly sexy. She turned away from me and thrust back her bottom, telling me to kiss it. I reverently pressed my lips to either side of her panty-clad posterior, plainly symbolizing our relative statuses in the relationship.

Paige told me, "Move back, Milly, so I can stretch out next to you." That was promising, except that, once she was in position, she said, "Now get your sweet face between my legs and make love to me like one girl does to another."

My last chance to assert myself was slipping away as I did what she wanted. Giving oral sex had always seemed demeaning to me. Now that it was happening, that feeling only increased.

"Do I have to?" My voice was still oh-so-feminine.

"Of course, you do, cutie. We both know that your puny pecker isn't up to the job. And if you put me over the top a few times, you'll get your reward afterward."

"Oh," I said, my hopes revived. "Okay. But I've never done this before."

"Just get your tongue moving, Milly. I'll let you know how you're doing and give some lessons at the same time."

As soon as I began, she moaned with pleasure. That encouraged me. The taste was sort of unpleasant. She gave me some advice about how to please her, and everything she suggested worked well. I was busily lapping her slit and mouthing her clitoris, when she brought my mood crashing down.

Paige said, "I'm so glad you're getting into this, dear. Somebody else might be bothered by the thought of all the king-size cocks that have been in there, and all the loads of spunk that have been spurted. I mean, my dating history is extremely active. But you're willing to put my needs first and ignore the fact that your mouth is visiting my superhighway of sex." She chuckled. "Now pucker up and kiss my pussy lips. Get romantic with them. Pretend I'm letting you kiss me on the mouth."

Much to my disgrace, I did that too. She purred and arched her back. When I returned to pampering her love-button, she growled appreciatively and got wetter. I concentrated on that, building her toward a climax. All at once she was squealing with delight and producing an excess of secretions, which I had no choice but to swallow. Paige rode her orgasm to the end, settled back down, and ordered me to start over and take it more slowly this time. As I resumed the demeaning task, I consoled myself by metaphorically keeping my eyes on the prize. I played back those words in my mind. "You'll get your reward afterward." Yes, yes, yes.

Two more orgasms later, she was at last sated. Paige murmured, "Get on top of me, Milly. Put the end of your teeny peeny against my wet puss. That's the way. But don't push inside. No, no, no. My special spot is not for miniature breakfast links like you have. It's only for jumbo sausages. Understood?"

"Yes, dear," I answered breathily.

"And what I'm giving you feels terrific, doesn't it?"

"It's like nothing I've ever experienced before."

"Literally. Now move your hips, as if you were having real sex, but without penetrating. Isn't that even better?"

"Yes," I said between gasps.

"If you like all that, this is going to be a total treat." Her hands came up and slid under my loose top. She found my nipples with her fingers and began to play with them like they were the dials of a sound system, and she was trying to find the perfect volume and balance. "Does this make you want to squirt, Milly? Are you going to lose control of your tiny tiddle way too soon? Are you going to -- " I whimpered in ecstasy and shot my cream. " -- go off prematurely? HA! You did it before I could say it. Nice shooting, Quick Draw."

I cringed in shame. Not only had I showed a lack of restraint, but I was still technically a virgin.

"I'm sorry," I whispered.

"For blowing your load all over the outside of my snatch? And making a mess? That's no problem. At least, not if you go back down there and clean it all up with your mouth. And I'm ready to cum again, while you're at it."

"But I can't... I mean, it would be disgusting to..."

"Milly," she said with chilling reproof. "I'm not putting so much effort into helping you with your love life, only to let you back out at a key moment. Show some gratitude. It's not as if any other female is ever going to let you get even that close to her twat with your sorry, accident-of-nature, poor excuse for a prick." Her tone softened. "Now get down there, kitten, and lap up all that yummy cream. And let me hear that you're enjoying it."

I unhappily resumed my previous position. It was sickening to have to slurp up and swallow my own semen, especially from the body of the woman I had unrealistically hoped to possess. I gagged it down, remembering to pretend it was appetizing and to make appropriate sounds. Paige wriggled her hips and, though it took forever, eventually reached a final, and less animated, climax. She told me to stay down there, and then drifted off into satiated sleep for over an hour. By the time she woke back up, I knew I had been changed forever. Paige let me lie alongside her, but turned her back.

"Now slip down under the covers and give my butt some thank-you kisses. Then stay there while I enjoy a nice night's sleep."

She was letting me sleep over, though the circumstances were certainly different from what I would have wished. Before long I got horny again. It was a restless night for me, scrunched up with my face at her rear end, the taste of our sexual juices in my mouth and on my face, while I was in that Veronica's Secret top and those no-crotch panties, denuded of body hair, my clothes somewhere else in her home, and my car parked back at my apartment complex. I kept waking up, unable to stop thinking about my situation. Paige slept peacefully, as far as I could tell.

In the morning she was well rested. I was stressed and nervous and vulnerable. She made herself coffee and enjoyed it while I cleaned up the kitchen. Then she said it was time for us to try on our other outfits from the mall. She clamped her hand onto the back of my neck, to march me back to the bedroom. I had to strip again, with her watching.

She said, "Your poor little dick looks even smaller today. Does it always shrivel up after you've been to bed with a girl? Oh, wait. You've never been to bed with a girl. Have you?"

"No," I said sullenly.

"Poor baby. Anyway, get your new pretties out of the shopping bag. I want to see you in all those ruffles." She thought for a moment before adding, "And some make-up."

I put the panties on first, to hide my genitals. Then I clumsily worked the top over my head and adjusted it until it was straight. Paige snickered at the sight I made. She had me assume some poses, as if was doing a dance that matched my costume. I had to fluff up my ruffles and wag my bottom to make them move. At last, she had me stand still so she could work on my face. There was eyebrow pencil, the aquamarine eye shadow from the mall, mascara, rouge, and lipstick, the latter in an embarrassing shiny gold. I had to pucker my mouth at the mirror, upset by how little I resembled my male self. She even brushed my hair and used some holding spray, so that it remained unnaturally poufy. Paige admired me in all my ruffles and called me Frilly Milly.

She told me to get on the bed, on my hands and knees, with my bottom sticking out over the side. Then she grabbed my hips and ground her pelvis against them.

"This could be fun," she decided. "I'll get one of those strap-on harnesses, with a big old dildo, so I can pop your backdoor cherry. If you're not getting any sex, all that stimulation might make you

squirt. Wouldn't that be a laugh?" She vigorously dry-humped me, digging her fingers into my soft flesh. "I can get a fake cock that penetrates me at the same time I'm reaming you. We might even be able to cum together, like real lovers." She laughed cruelly. "What do you think of that?"

Still tired from my uneasy night, and broken down from everything else, I muttered, "Whatever you want." She patted my butt.

"But enough of my fantasies. Now that you're all fancied up and looking like my sexpot cleaning girl," she declared, "let's have you wipe down all the floorboards, through the entire house."

That was tedious and back-aching work. It took me hours. She checked up on me several times, always with something sweet that she nibbled on, while I was given only dry crackers and a can of flat, warm, ginger ale. The rest of the day was similarly awful, with too much cleaning. Before I was allowed to have my male clothes back, she made me give her one more orgasm with my mouth, while she lounged on the sofa and I knelt before her. Afterwards, my lipstick was a smeared mess. Not until I was almost ready to leave, did she give me back the shirt and pants in which I had arrived and allow me to clean my face. I tried, with limited success, to pat down my hair. I had to take three different buses to get home, and got plenty of stares from the other passengers. One effeminate guy even winked in my direction.

From that point on, I rushed to Paige whenever she summoned me. My visits always included wearing some combination of abbreviated tops, panties, stockings, low heels, and whatever else

she chose to put on me. Part of the time, she liked to keep me naked. On my third 'date', after not letting me have any more ejaculations and warning me not to play with myself at home, she introduced a wicked idea. I had to sit on the living room floor, in front of her, naked. She gave me three pairs of her boots. My job was to sit cross-legged and buff them, except I had to do it with each boot in my lap, the sole or heel against my hairless crotch. As I adjusted the position of her footwear to reach every surface, and while I worked the brush rhythmically, the bottom of each boot rubbed against me until I was hard. After that, my efforts kept me rigid, close to spurting but not quite there.

"Come on, Milly," she urged. "Put more effort into your work. Make those boots shine. Go faster. Faster. FASTER."

Each time I increased my tempo, the action of boot against penis took me closer to finishing. My breathing accelerated. I licked my lips. Little by little I was approaching the point of no turning back. Naked and ashamed, her avid eyes on me, I tried to contain myself. As desperately as I wanted not to reach that new level of humiliation, it was a losing battle. Biology and the innate sex drive won out over shaky willpower. My body pumped out a full load of cream, all over the sole of one boot. I whimpered from both mortification and relief.

"My, my, my," Paige said with feigned exasperation. "Look what you've done, Milly. Made a slimy mess all over the bottom of that boot. Now you'll have to clean it up. Let's go. Lick it up, girl."

It was nauseating, but by then I didn't even think of resisting her orders. As I lapped up my goo, my male ego took another blow from which it would never recover.

A month after that, when I thought we were at least settling into some sort of consistency, with a minimum of unpleasant surprises, Paige made an announcement. We were going to visit Myron, and the woman he lived with, Lana. I would at last be able to talk to him, tell him what the blind date he had set me up on, had led to. More importantly, there was a chance that he could get me out of this situation. I might be able to return to my old life. I cleverly hid my eagerness from Paige, with growing confidence that Myron could free me from her grip.

The evening of our get-together arrived. I was allowed to be in male outerwear, though underneath I had on a new, lace-trimmed corset and no shorts. We got to their house. Outside Paige's car, she wanted to finger-comb my hair, but I shied away. She gave me a critical look, but allowed my small victory to stand. I was going to be free at last. We went to the front door and I cut in front of her to knock. The door opened and there stood a very attractive woman, who had to be Lana. Like Paige, she had a svelte figure with a disproportionately large bosom. She welcomed us inside and said Myron would be out in a few minutes. When Lana waved us to seats, I picked an overstuffed armchair, asserting myself by choosing the most comfortable option. That corset compressed my middle as I sat, but I reminded myself that this was the last time I would be wearing it, or anything else from my feminine wardrobe. Lana offered Paige a drink but neglected to do the same for me.

Lana said, "I hear Myron in the kitchen." She called to him, "Dear, would you bring my guest a glass of white wine. And one for me, too."

There was no answer. I settled more comfortably into my seat. Once my old buddy appeared, everything would begin to turn in my favor. I heard him moving and then he entered the room. When I saw him, I leaned forward and nearly fell onto the floor. Myron had on nothing except a short, diaphanous nighty. There were no panties, so I could see that his penis had been compressed into a tiny chastity device. On his feet were high-heeled slippers. His hair was short but styled in a girly way, and he had cosmetics decorating his mouth and eyes. He avoided looking directly at me, his lips quivered, and the pink in his cheeks was from shame, rather than make-up.

"So," Lana wanted my wife to tell her, "what is your Milly wearing under those silly boy clothes?"

She knew Paige dressed me? She knew my feminine name? Of course, she did. They shared a proclivity for dominating and emasculating weak men. That was why Myron had set me up with Paige. It was so I could be seduced into frillies, just as he had probably been lured into panties. He was the last person who I could expect to help me. My wife accepted the glass of wine he offered her, from a round silver tray. Then he went to Lana to deliver hers.

Paige told her friend, "I put something kinky on Milly for this evening." She turned to me. "Get out of your clothes and show her, girl."

I rose unsteadily. This couldn't be happening. As I unbuttoned my shirt, I was aware that I would be showing off a body as hairless as Myron's. Everything moved forward in slow motion, with a terrible inevitability. Soon I was naked, except for that demeaning corset.

Lana said, "You weren't kidding when you said Milly's junk was tiny."

"No. It's laughably small. But she can still get off with that boot trick I described over the phone."

"Well, she'll get to finish a different way, later on. And I've arranged a demonstration of how well I got Myra hooked on big cocks. You'll just love seeing him show off his skills."

My old friend blushed a deeper pink. I stood there in my disgraceful corset.

Lana said, "We should get our sissy boyfriends reacquainted with each other."

"I agree," Paige told her. To us shamefaced guys she said, "Go and give each other a big sisterly hug, girls."

We moved hesitantly toward each other. Myron appeared apologetic for his part in my downfall. We embraced. It was unsettling to be hugging another male that way, with both of us half-naked, my penis uncovered, and his in its tiny prison.

"You know," Lana said, "you two pansies are going to be spending plenty of time together from now on. So, let's see you give each other a nice big kiss."

I froze up. Myron didn't. His lips parted and he moved in for the lip-lock. His mouth met mine and his tongue invaded. I reflexively matched his intimate act. The women laughed softly. When told to, we stepped away from each other and stood there. My cheeks were burning, so I knew they were as flushed as his.

Lana said, "Myra, feel Milly's pecker. See if it's big enough to satisfy your obsession."

All at once, his hand was enclosing my immature genitals. He squeezed and relaxed his grip several times, which got me involuntarily hard.

He told Lana, his voice as lightweight as mine was when I was with Paige, "No, dear. It's much too small for... um... my taste."

"You mean for you to taste." She chortled. "Well, your special friend Stick is in the other room, waiting. Why don't you go and get him?"

I think Myron was blinking back tears. At the same time, however, there was a strange hunger in his eyes. He hurried away, mincing on his heeled slippers. The women sipped their wine. Moments later, Myron appeared. He was holding the hand of a tall, good-looking guy, and leading him. His companion gave the women a toothy grin.

"Hey, Stick," Lana said. "This is my friend Paige. And that's her sissy boyfriend, Milly."

He said, "Hi, Paige. Nice to finally meet you, after all the good stuff I've heard about how you've been training Milly."

"Thanks, Stick."

He suggested, "If you want to get her started on deep-throating, I'm available."

To my consternation, she chuckled. "Not yet, but it's always a possibility. He does need a good reminder of who he is now. As we arrived here, he pushed past me to knock on the door. Then he grabbed that big comfy chair. Sometimes it's like I'm dealing with a juvenile girl."

Stick nodded with understanding. "A few sessions with me would bring her around. But right now..." He turned toward Myron, who was across the room, and suggestively rubbed himself between the legs. My friend, so unfamiliar to me now, moved toward Stick as if being pulled by some unseen force. The taller man kicked off his shoes and shucked out of his pants and shorts. He stood there, naked from the waist down, an unashamed exhibitionist. His pullover shirt wasn't in the way at all. Myron sank to his knees and shuffled the last few feet like that. His eyes remained locked on Stick's cock, which was long and thick and had a large knob. Myron licked his lips and made salivating sounds. He reverently took hold of that dangling meat with both hands and began working it to full erection. As inches were added, he leaned in to kiss the head. I could only stare in

disbelief. Myron was mesmerized, a slave to King Cock. He stretched his lips around the end and lovingly mouthed it. Stick rewarded him with a grunt of approval. Myron closed his eyes in bliss and bobbed his head unhurriedly up and down on the object of his obsession, plainly unable to stop himself, but likely not wanting to by that point.

Paige observed, "You've certainly got your sissy hooked on cock."

"On big ones," Lana said. "It's to the point where he can't go too long without one."

I couldn't take my eyes off the bizarre sight. Myron proved that he had mastered the art of deep-throating. Then he backed off until only the first four inches were buried in his face. He got a double-handed grip on that formidable tool and pumped as he sucked. Stick blew out breath from between pursed lips.

He said, "Damn. Just when I thought Myra couldn't get any better, she goes and proves me wrong. I'm not going to last too long before I... I..."

Lana told her sissy, "Get just the head in your mouth. And don't swallow his spunk. Or at least, not more the big load than you have to."

Stick made a guttural sound, his buttocks tensed, and I knew he was spurting into Myron's willing mouth. After the standing man was done and had slipped out, Lana snapped her fingers at Myron and gestured for him to stand. Then she pointed to me. As he wiggle-walked in my direction, I got a sick sensation from what I

feared might happen. Lana made loud kissing sounds and Myron put his arms around me, bringing his mouth to mine.

Paige called to me, "Open up, Milly. Your sissy sister has a yummy treat for you."

His mouth fastened over mine and he was suddenly pushing a gob of cream onto my tongue. It was dreadful, but I accepted it. Paige told me not to swallow. Then she said I should pass it back to him.

"It's called snowballing," Lana explained to me. "Passing that delicious semen back and forth. Keep it going, girls."

Each time we did, there was less cum and more spit, but that barely lessened the awfulness of it. Some got on my lips and even ran down my chin. I felt it drip warmly onto my chest.

"Ohhh," Lana said. "You got some on Milly's nipple, Myra. Why don't you take some more from your naughty mouth with your fingers, and use it to massage his tits?"

He obeyed at once, getting both forefingers slimy, and using them to rub my nips. I moaned in spite of myself and arched my back, feeling my dick expand.

"Myra," Lana said with a mildly scolding tone. "Look what you've gone and done. You got that simpering sissy all excited. Her ridiculously small pecker is so stiff. What are you going to do about that? I know it's way littler than you like, but she's your guest, so you have to do the right thing for her."

He made a whiney sound and slowly descended to his knees. I didn't want him to do what Lana had called for.

Paige observed, "You know, once one of these primping missies gets sucked off by another one, it makes her officially gay, and she can never go back to being straight."

His wet mouth enclosed my rigid member. Stick looked on with obvious glee. Myron began to suck. Having that done to me had been a dream for years, but not by a guy. I cringed inwardly. At the same time, my hands came up to rest on the sides of his head. Myron's hair felt so nice. I could smell his perfume. He turned his eyes up toward me. Reflected in them I saw apology, but also lust. His tongue did a dance all over my dick. He raised his hands, found my nipples, and gently tweaked them. It was too much. My staying power had never been strong. Seconds later I shot into his mouth. It didn't slow him down. He swirled his tongue around my softening penis, giving me an added thrill, along with an extra helping of shame. At last, he set it free. Then he rose and, without being told to this time, got my face between his tender hands and kissed me full on the mouth, his tongue slithering against mine, feeding me more semen, though now it was my own.

When he released me, I staggered back. Paige told me to sit on the sofa and spread my legs. I did, and Lana got down there, holding something. I saw with dismay that it was a chastity device, like the one on Myron. She expertly fitted it onto me and let Paige click shut the lock, as well as take the key. Stick had a laugh at my expense, and joked that, if they didn't need his cock

anymore, he would be leaving. After he was gone, they had us guys -- sissies, I should say -- hold hands and head for Myron's room. His nightie floated around his swishing hips, and the corset squeezed my middle.

His room had been decorated as if it was for a pre-teen girl. The bed was a four-poster, complete with canopy. Everything was in pink and white. There was a long mirror over the dresser, and two oval ones on the walls. Anyone in there would be frequently reminded of how they looked. And we looked like a couple of embarrassed sissy-boys.

Lana declared, "You two can spend the night together, in Myra's bed. I'm not saying you should do anything dirty with each other, but if you do, it won't get you into trouble."

"Right," Paige seconded. "Keep in mind, Milly, that you're now a full-fledged queer, so it's okay for you to fool around with another fruit. You can't go all the way, with those tight chastity keepers on, but at least you can enjoy all the foreplay you want. Have a good make-out session. It'll be great practice for all the playdates we'll be getting you two together for from now on."

"You might as well get used to it, girls. After all, it's going to be the main part of your sex life from now on. At least, when you're not eating our pussies."

"And we'll be swapping you for that," Paige added meaningfully.

"Oh," Lana said. "I can't wait to try your cutie boyfriend. Trading them sounds so wicked."

Paige laughed. "We can come up with some more ideas, in the other room. Let's give these former boys some one-on-one time. Get on the bed, you two perverts. On top of the spread will be fine. Have fun with each other."

We laid next to each other. After the females left, Myron took my hand in his. He said, "Sorry for the part I played, getting you into this." His fingers squeezed mine.

"It's not your fault," I consoled him, hearing how wispy my voice still was, even though we were alone. "Lana did it to you first."

He snuggled closer to me. "And now we've got to stick together." His free hand slid down to give my dick cage a wiggle. "In our girly clothes and these terrible cock locks."

"Right." I pressed the palm of one hand against the middle of his hairless chest. The warmth of his skin passed easily through the thin lingerie. "Like... buddies?"

"Or girlfriends." He toyed with my nipple, making me take a shuddery breath. "I mean, it's not like we have any choice."

"I suppose not. So, let's just give in to the inevitable..." I fingered his ear, his hair brushing the back of my hand. "... and make the best of it."

"I'm glad you agree." He nuzzled my neck, which made me shiver.

We got our arms around each other and explored, four hands gliding over smooth scented skin. Our mouths joined for a voluntary kiss that went on and on. It was so intimate, though my earlier mortification lingered. I guessed it would be like that between us, from then on, hungry for each other but forever shamed by our desire. I mean, it hadn't been that long since we were regular guys. Maybe we would never fully accept what our girlfriends had turned us into. He wriggled himself lower down and got his mouth on my nipple, driving all other thoughts out of my mind for however long he desired.

(I don't do a lot of second parts to my stories, but so many readers asked for a continuation when they posted positive reviews, that I couldn't say no. Thanks for all your enthusiastic feedback. I hope you will leave comments for this one too.)