



*Reluctant Press*

# Don Becomes A Temp

B C



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

*Copyright © 2003, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved*

## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

## *Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!*

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# Don Becomes a Temp

By B C

Don Samuels drove to the huge corporate offices of Carson & Goodall to start the second month on his new job. Don was fresh out of business school and full of hope and energy. He considered himself the luckiest guy in the world. He'd almost flown through business school, getting his two-year associates degree and landing a great job with one of the biggest, most well-known companies in his state. Carson & Goodall was a world within itself. It had a large legal department and a separate accounting and financial division. They had a unit which built, serviced and designed web sites and did Internet marketing. They had a large insurance division and also one of the largest job placement companies in the state. They also had a new temp service, offering both male and female secretaries, receptionists and clerical temps to many area businesses throughout their regional locations covering four states!

He loved his job. He was training in the temp service area to start with; his goal was to get into one of the company's many management training programs. His initial training would last six months in this department. Then, depending on his personal performance reviews, he could apply to transfer to another department or classification. He'd been told the sky was the limit at C & G. You could advance just as far and high with this company as your dreams and efforts could take you! The advancement opportunities were limitless.

He also really loved the fact he was one of only six male trainees in a new division of 60 people, and that most of the women in this department were gorgeous, young ladies who would probably have no trouble getting modeling jobs, if they so desired.

Don himself was a very good-looking young man. He'd learned grooming and hygiene as a youth, his Mother saw to that. He had very good taste in clothes and

always looked as though he just stepped off the cover of G.Q. Don's size had always been a disappointment to his Father, though. At 5'5" and 106 lb., Don always tried hard to stay physically fit. No matter how hard he tried, it just seemed he couldn't grow taller, add muscle, bulk up, or even gain a pound. His small bones and soft features were part of the reason he developed into a somewhat timid young man.

He loved that his desk sat right in the middle of approximately fifty beautiful young women all about his own age. Most of them, like himself, were single.

He walked to his desk and put his briefcase under his desk. He hung up his suit jacket and switched on his computer. He'd just started working on the assignment he'd began the day before when, out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of THE MOST beautiful woman he'd ever laid eyes on in his whole life. She had the face of an Angel and probably the best body he'd ever seen. Her auburn hair shined in the lights of the office. It hung in soft curls over her ears and cascaded onto slight shoulders. Her eyes were like soft green pools of sparkling water and were framed by the dark eyeliner on both top and bottom eyelids and covered above by thin, highly arched eyebrows. A dab of blusher gave her cheeks a high, narrow look. Then finally there were those lips. Oh those lips! So full and smooth and moist-looking. Don realized he was staring openmouthed, with saliva forming in the corners of his mouth! Then his eyes met hers. Don turned beet red. He quickly looked away and tried to refocus on his work. The woman smiled. She thought he was cute but she returned to her work as well. Several times throughout the rest of the day, Don couldn't resist the urge to steal a look, whenever he was sure that she was preoccupied. He thought of little else the remainder to the day.

C & G had their own very large cafeteria. Most of the employees ate in or picked up their lunch and took it out onto the beautiful court yards and garden area.

Don almost always went outside to eat. He could be alone and read a book, girl watch or whatever he liked. He got his lunch, put everything on the tray and started for the courtyard. He turned the corner just outside the door and ran smack into someone coming the other way. Trays and food went everywhere. Sitting on his butt, Don looked up to the eyes of the woman he'd been admiring for the past several hours.

"Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry. How clumsy of me. Are you OK?" the beautiful lady asked him.

"Ah yes...I think so. Sure, I'm fine. I'm sorry, it's my fault, I wasn't looking where I was going," Don said to her, embarrassed that she'd knocked him down so easily.

She stooped down as gracefully as a lady in a short, tight miniskirt could and began to pick up the soiled items and place them on the tray. Don immediately noticed her beautiful bright red, perfectly-manicured fingernails. She wore no wedding band or engagement ring. His heart warmed with hope.

Don got to his feet, then bent to help clean up the mess. “Are you sure you’re all right? I think I’ve ruined your trousers,” she said and she took a napkin and wiped up some catsup from the inside seam of his leg. Don shivered at her touch, and felt excitement rush through his groin like an electric shock. He blushed, hoping she didn’t see or notice his reaction to her touch.

“Really, I’m fine. Just a little embarrassed about my clumsiness, but I’ll be fine,” Don said.

“My name is Angie. Angie Dunn. I’m new here. I just started last week. I believe we’re in the same division,” she said like she really wasn’t sure.

“Hi Angie Dunn. I’m Don Samuels and yes, I saw you this morning. You sit just a couple of desks over from mine. It’s very nice to meet you, only I’d have really preferred to make a better first impression.” Don smiled meekly.

Don stood up, offered his hand to pull Angie up and she accepted. When they were standing up again, Angie appeared to be at least a couple of inches taller than Don.

After this very strange meeting, Don and Angie became friends over the coming weeks.

Angie actually liked the shy, timid, unassuming Don. Don in turn liked Angie’s outgoing and assertive personality. This meant he didn’t have to always be the one to keep the conversation going. Angie was funny, intelligent, and oh so beautiful. Don couldn’t believe she even gave him the time of day. But she did and the friendship continued to grow. They became more comfortable with each other as time went on. They always took breaks together, walked outdoors, and they always enjoyed lunch together. It seemed they enjoyed a lot of the same things. Don seemed to know and enjoy both music and movies. Angie was impressed with his knowledge of many of the softer, more gentle things in life, that she herself enjoyed, like flowers, walks on the beach, a good book to read, cooking and good wine, and evenings at home watching a good movie, bundled up on the couch. By the same token, Don couldn’t believe this beautiful, soft feminine woman knew so much about football and hockey and other things that men were supposed to love and know about.

They restricted their friendship to the office for several weeks. Then one day, with his knees knocking and almost in a sweat, Don got up the nerve to ask Angie out on a date.

Angie was very kind, but she let him down gently. She told him maybe it would be better for now for them to be just friends. She didn’t know if the company had a policy about employees dating.

Don was hurt, but, accepted her answer for the time being. In the weeks to come he asked again and again. He even asked a supervisor if the company did have a no-dating policy. He was overjoyed to find that they did not have such a policy and he couldn’t wait to tell Angie. “Come on Angie, please let me take you to dinner. Just go as my friend if you’d like it that way better. In case you didn’t al-

ready know, I don't exactly have an overabundance of friends. Let me see...Yep, I believe your it!" he grinned.

"Why that's just ridiculous, Donnie, You're a really great guy with a good sense of humor. You're sweet and sensitive and a great conversationalist. Any girl would be happy to have you. You just need a little self confidence!" Angie told him.

"Yeah, I see all the women here lining up, taking numbers wanting to go out with me," he laughed.

"That's because you haven't asked anyone out. I'll bet most of the ladies in here would date you IF you asked them!" Angie told him.

"Well that's just it, Angie. I don't want to date them. I want to go out with *you*. You are my friend and I enjoy your company and friendship. So how about it? Dinner Friday night?" he asked.

"Don't you ever give up? Gosh Donnie, I'll bet this is all just an act. You've probably already dated everyone in the whole company. Because if you would be this persistent with others, your date calendar would be very full," she teased.

"You know that's not true. You're just understanding and special. I'm comfortable with you. No one else even knows I'm working here! You wouldn't either, probably, if I hadn't run into you that day at lunch, spilling your food all over me! You just took pity and felt sorry for me. So what do you say? Just Dinner?" he asked again. "OK," she said.

"Oh come on, Angie, I'll take you to a nice place and get you home before anyone sees you with... Wait, did you just say OK?" He grinned.

"Yes, I said OK. You can pick me up here," she said, handing him a piece of paper. She'd just written her address and phone number on it while he was rambling on.

He couldn't believe his ears. "Great! Thank you, I just know we'll have fun. What time and do you have any preferences as to where we should go?" he asked. "I think I'm going to leave everything up to you. You were brave enough to ask and were so very persistent. How could a girl refuse? Now, let's see you take the next step and take care of all of the planning of the evening," she said, smiling.

Don couldn't wait for the week to end. It seemed like Friday would never get here. He'd called and made reservations at a great steak house, famous all over this part of the country for their mouthwatering steaks and seafood. He hurried home, stopping only for a hair appointment. He got it washed and trimmed a little. He liked wearing it a little long. He brushed his light sandy blonde hair straight back. It covered his ears and almost touched his collar all around. He wore a new shirt and tie and his best suit. He showered and shaved and put on his best cologne.

Finally he walked up to the door of the address she'd given him. He rang the bell, and moments later the door opened.

The sight of Angie almost took his breath away. He was speechless. She was unbelievably beautiful. Her face was a picture of heavenly beauty. Her short black

dress clung to her curves like it had been painted onto her. She wore low-heeled pumps which made her almost two inches taller. She wore black silk stockings which ran up to lace tops, held by the tabs of her garter. The hem of the black dress was above mid thigh, the waist was hourglass-looking and the V-neck barely contained her bosom, which showed ample cleavage. She wore dangle earrings and gold necklace. Her hair shined and every hair was perfectly in place. Her makeup looked natural, as though it was the actual color of her lips and eyes and cheeks and not something applied or added. The textures were smooth and rich and creamy. She was, in fact, PERFECTION!

“Don, are you alright? I’m not sure if I should take your inability to speak or move as a compliment or something else?” Angie said, loving the fact she could have this effect on him.

“Angie, I’m so sorry. You’re, you’re just sooo beautiful and every time I see you look even more incredibly beautiful than the time before. I’m the luckiest guy in the whole world to just be your friend, let alone go out to dinner with you,” Don said in complete awe.

“Well, I thank you, kind sir, for all the praise, but, I think you’re overreacting just a little bit. But still a girl never gets tired of hearing those compliments. Are you just trying to get lucky tonight or something?” she laughed.

Don blushed beet red. He started to say no, but stopped himself. He blushed more.

They arrived at the restaurant and had a wonderful meal. Angie knew this was an expensive place and the poor dear probably spent half a week’s pay on dinner. They talked and enjoyed each other’s company as usual. Afterwards, Don took her to a live play. It turned out to be a very enjoyable evening, one Dan would cherish forever, he thought.

As all good things must come to an end, so too did the wonderful evening and their first date. Don walked her to her door. Angie turned to him. “Thank you, Donnie. It was a perfect night and you were a perfect gentleman. I really had a good time. I’d like to do this again sometime!”

“Thank you, Angie, for going out with me. I hope you mean it about going out again. This was the best night of my life. I’ll be counting the days until we can do something again!” Don said, grinning like a kid on Christmas morning.

Angie bent down and kissed Don softly on the lips. She held the kiss for several seconds, then straightened up and said, “Thanks Donnie and goodnight. I’ll see you at work Monday.” She unlocked the door and went into the house.

Don stood frozen to the spot. He could smell her perfume and taste her lipstick. He didn’t want the moment to end. He closed his eyes and could see her face again. Suddenly the door opened up. “Donnie. Are you all right, honey?” Angie asked.

“Yes. Thanks. I’m just savoring this moment in time. Angie, that was my first kiss. I’ve never even kissed a girl before. That was so fantastic. You’ve just made me the happiest guy in the whole world. I hope you don’t think I’m a freak or

weird. It's just I still can't get over how good that made me feel," Don said to her , blushing and batting his puppy dog eyes.

Angie walked out, took him in her arms and claimed ownership of his soul, right there, by kissing him again. Long and soft, then a little harder. Then he felt something hot and wet on his lips. He realized her tongue was tracing his lips. Then it pushed its way into his mouth and sought out his tongue. He began to respond in kind.

Finally she pulled away. "Good night, my little prince. Now go home." She smiled and kissed him once more, only this time quickly on the lips.

Don turned to walk to his car, with a huge wet spot on the leg of his pants. Angie waved and grinned. It was truly wonderful to have this kind of effect on the poor little man.

Things continued in this same manner as the weeks passed. Don would often have flowers or candy sent to Angie at work. She'd tried to tell him he shouldn't do that, everyone at work will know about us. But the more she told him, the more he sent to her. Don was head over heels in LOVE and wanted everyone to know it. He didn't really believe she'd ever marry him, but he was sure going to take advantage of dating her for as long as she would have him. He couldn't believe that Angie continued to date only him. She also tried to tell Don that she wasn't ready for a permanent relationship. She admitted she had grown to care about him and liked being with him, but, she constantly told him, she didn't want to make any commitments at this time in her life.

Don couldn't understand this. They were together almost all the time lately and she'd let him come over almost every day. She let him kiss her and she usually knew just how to get him to mess up his pants in a hurry, whenever she felt like it. It was uncanny the way she knew exactly where and how to touch him and tease him, drive him wild and get him over the top. Angie even let him fondle her firm breasts and kiss them. But she wouldn't allow him to touch her most private area. Whenever he would try and rub her thighs and bring her pleasure, Angie would stop him and work on him until he was brought to a quick orgasm! Several times he'd tell her, "I live to please you, Angie. I want so much to bring you the pleasure and joy that you deserve. I won't do anything you don't want me to," he said.

"You do bring me pleasure in lots of ways, Donnie. I'm just not ready for that yet. I'm saving myself for my life partner. For that special person who's willing to spend their entire life with me and commit to me, mind, body and soul!" she told him.

"You know I'm willing to do that for you! There is nothing I wouldn't do for you. Not one thing on the face of this Earth. You also know I'd never in a million years want to leave you. I know I'm not a Robert Redford, or a big super jock but I'd give my very life for you. Just to be a part of your life and live with you forever," he said.

"Be careful what you say. I just might take you up on that and get you to put that in writing, and then you'd be obligated for the rest of your life," she grinned.



“Anytime! Just say the word and I’ll be yours forever and a day. That would be one contract I’d sign in a heart beat.”

“I’m warning you, everything isn’t always as it seems, Lover Boy. You may not always feel that way if you got what you think you are wanting. Remember, forever is a really long time!” she warned him, again with that evil little smile.

“Say the word and I’m yours, my Queen!” he replied, while bowing down before her. (“If you only knew, my little pet,” she thought, barely able to contain her smile.)

Angie and Don continued to date and continued to work together for the next four months. Then Angie got promoted to a supervisory position. They made her an offer to head up the Temp. Division. At the same time, Don, being in Love for the first time, was completely consumed with Love, romance, even the beginnings of lust. Angie had been giving him just enough to drive him wild and make him beg for more. She’d discovered very early on his subservient nature and her ability to control him very easily with her charms and body, without giving up the biggest prize of all, that which women the world over have always held over men. Don was giving his total attention to Angie and his work was not up to his usual standards. Mrs. Price, their CEO, told him on his annual review, “I’ve noticed a little lack of attention to detail lately, Donnie. You still do good work but I’m concerned that you’ve obviously been putting other things in your life ahead of your work. I’d say you need six more weeks in the Temp pool and then we’ll see how things look. Not everyone is meant to move into management or supervision, you know. You might even like temping for a while yourself. Maybe it will better suit your personality and needs,” she told him.

Don was feeling dejected over his review. He was also hurt that Angie got to move forward and he’d not done his best at his job. He’d always prided himself on being at the top of his class and excelling in his work

It was about this time that his world got turned completely up side down. The night of the reviews, they had a light dinner; he was moping around all evening. He’d just finished carrying the dishes out to the kitchen and cleaning up the mess, which, without even being aware of it, Angie had been slowly training him to do. She’d been getting him to do many of the little household chores and he never objected a bit. He just did what ever she asked, because he knew the sooner he finished, the sooner he’d be able to snuggle up to her and get his “reward”.

“Are you OK, Donnie honey? You look like you’ve lost your best friend,” she said.

“Oh, it’s nothing anyone can help with right now. It’s just, I’m disappointed about work. More to the point, I’m upset about my review, which took place today. Aren’t you disappointed with me? I know you got promoted and I also know you know that I did not. Mrs. Price sentenced me to a minimum of six more weeks in the pool. On top of that, she wants me to actually go out and temp for a while!” he moaned.

“So what’s wrong with that, honey? What you’re here for is to learn and get experience in this field,” she said.

“Well, to start with, that’s usually a woman’s job!” Don said. “Now, that’s really chauvinistic of you, sweetie. I hope that’s not how you truly feel in your heart. Because if that is the way you feel, then why did you ever accept this job to begin with?” Angie asked him.

“Well, I never really thought they’d make me do anything like this. I didn’t expect to even be assigned to the Kelly Girl Temp division,” he responded.

“Then why didn’t you just ask for a transfer to another division, right from the start?” she asked.

“Like I said, I never dreamed they would ask me to actually temp. I applied for the management trainee position and just naturally assumed I’d be in management. Plus, after the first day I laid eyes on you, I’d have done anything to stay near you,” he said.

“That’s really sweet of you, but at the same time, I’m a little disappointed. It sounds like you think you are better than women and are above this type of work. Is this how you truly feel, Donnie honey?” she asked.

The fact was, that was just exactly how he felt, but, instead he told her, “No no, of course not, Angie. Not at all. It’s just, I feel that I’ve let you down and now it’s even possible you might end up being my boss or supervisor. I might lose you because you’d think I wasn’t worthy or even that you’d be embarrassed dating an underling from your own division! The other supervisors might poke fun at you. You know, the chain of command. Angie, if I lose you, my life wouldn’t mean a thing. You’re what I live for. I’ve never loved anyone in my whole pathetic life, until you came into my life and gave meaning to my existence,” he told her with his head hung down, looking at the floor.

“That’s so sweet, honey, Don’t you worry your sweet little head about that anymore. I’d be a pretty shallow person to dump you because you did or did not get promoted at your job! That’s not what our relationship was built on! Remember several months ago, I told you I was saving myself for the person who’d give themselves to me, mind, body, and soul? Well I’ve been thinking more and more lately that you are that person. Am I wrong about this, Donnie Honey?” she asked.

“No, no, a million times no, Angie. I do love you with all my heart and soul, and I don’t even want to live without you in my life! It’s just that I thought you might...”

Angie stopped him there by pressing her finger to his lips and saying, “Shhh. No more of that kind of talk, period. You just stop worrying and put your energy back into being the best you can be at work. No matter what position you’re filling. If it’s a temp, then be the best temp. in the whole Company. That’s what will make me proud of you. I’ll never be ashamed of you if you’re doing your best, regardless of what job you’re doing,” she said, smiling at him.

Just like a little kid with his mother, Don hugged Angie and said, “OK. Thank you. I do love you, Angie.” Angie could feel his body release the tension it had been building up. She also felt the tears of emotional relief rundown his cheeks and softly land on her bare shoulder.

She hugged him and kissed him passionately and said, "I think it's time." She took his hand and led him to her bedroom.

Don's heart was beating like a drum. The months of anticipation made him suddenly weak all over. On very shaky legs, he followed Angie to her bedroom. His mind was spinning with hopeful scenarios of what was about to happen.

She dimmed the lights upon entering the room. She told Don to sit on the bed and take off his clothes while she "slipped into something more comfortable". He felt so lightheaded he thought he'd pass out and miss what was most surely about to take place, right here, tonight, in Angie's room.

He shook as he watched Angie disappear into the adjoining bathroom. He nervously began fumbling with his buttons and clasps. He struggled with his belt, finally just pulling his trousers off, still belted, buttoned and zipped. Finally, he stood next to the bed in his boxer shorts and socks, trembling like a small child.

He turned as he heard the bathroom door open! His eyes tried hard to adjust to the bright light behind Angie as she stepped through the door. Don swallowed hard. She was so beautiful! His nose picked up the fragrant smell of her favorite perfume. She was wearing a full-length, white silk gown. The light behind her fully silhouetted her shapely body. Her full breasts pressed against the material. Her tiny waist produced an hourglass figure. He could just barely make out her white thong panties. Her feet were perched upon the fluffy white mules, with four-inch heels. She looked like an Angel.

She turned and shut the bathroom light off. Now only the soft faint glow of the night light gave off any light at all in the darkened room. Angie slowly made her way to the bed. "Are you ready for me, my lover boy?" she teased. Don could hardly speak, he was so excited. He trembled with anticipation. "Yes," he finally squeaked out, just barely loud enough to be heard.

Angie finally reached the bed and leaned over and kissed him on the lips softly. She pushed him back onto the bed on his back. She slid onto the bed and straddled his body. Then she sat up and pulled the ribbon that held the nightgown closed. It fell open and she reached down and guided his hands up to cup her sensitive breasts! He slowly began to massage them, using his fingers to brush slowly and lightly over the sensitive mounds. He tickled and teased. She bent down and kissed him passionately. They hugged and kissed until each of their hearts were racing wildly. Angie then moved herself down to his feet and pulled his shorts down. He had the largest erection of his entire life. Angie leaned forward and Don nearly fainted when first she kissed the head of his penis, then slowly licked the head all over to get it wet. Then she took it into her mouth. He'd never even dreamed anything could feel so wonderful.

This being his first time, it only took a very short time. He tensed and exploded before he could figure out what he was supposed to do. Angie didn't move. He filled her mouth with shot after shot of his creamy man seed. Don's orgasm had him on the brink of passing out. Angie continued to lick and suck on his now oversensitive cock.

Don really was just barely aware when Angie crawled back up and pressed her lips to his. He kissed her back with gratitude and passion. Her tongue entered his mouth and he eagerly opened up and sought out her tongue with his own. Suddenly, she released a mouth full of his own seed, right into his open mouth.

At first he didn't know what to think or do, or even what had just happened. As his mind finally figured out what it was, he moaned and tried to move his head to spit it out. Angie pressed her lips tighter to his and held him from moving. He finally had to swallow to get some air into his lungs. Still, she held the kiss until he swallowed again and again.

Don wasn't sure why she did this, but he realized he wasn't harmed by this forced feeding of his own cum. It left a rather salty taste in his mouth but it wasn't really as bad as he thought it might be. "Good Boy!" he heard Angie saying. "Now it's your turn to make me happy the same way, baby!" she purred.

This is what he'd been praying for, for months now. They were finally going to go all the way, and he was going to be allowed to make love to her whole body. He started to move down to her long-neglected pussy, when she stopped him, saying, "Whoa now, baby." She whispered, "Please honey, don't rush it. I've tried to show you over the past months what a woman likes and needs from her lover. Take your time, be tender and gentle. Come up here, kiss my ears and neck, then my lips. Tease my breasts, kiss and lightly lick and suck my nipples. Make me feel like I'm the only woman in the whole world. Then kiss down my tummy and work down to my ankles. Kiss and lick my knees and thighs and work up to my Mommy parts. *That's* the way you make a woman feel special," Angie told him.

Don couldn't speak but he did just as she'd told him, to the letter. He slowed down, leaned forward and kissed and licked her ears, neck and throat. He softly kissed her lips and traced their full contour with the tip of his tongue. He kissed her neck again, then her shoulders. He moved downward ever so slowly and kissed and licked the firm sides of one breast, then the other. He circled the hard, erect nipples with his tongue, wetting them good and then nibbling lightly on each one. He'd learned over the past months that Angie seemed to really like this. He kept this up for several minutes as if worshipping her beautiful full-figured body. Then slowly, he moved down her stomach, licking and kissing her belly button.

Then, doing as he'd been taught, he moved to her feet. He put her pretty painted red toes in his mouth and sucked on each of them, running his tongue between them. He kissed her ankles and the tops of her feet. "That's so good, sweetie. You really do learn quickly. This is exactly the kind of dedication and loving commitment I want from my Man," she whispered. Then she lifted her bottom up and slid her panties down.

Don continued his journey to bliss. He licked her calves, then the knees. Slowly and deliberately he licked the soft insides of her right thigh and then the left. Higher and higher he traveled upwards, kissing, licking, tickling lightly with his finger tips. He moved higher and higher towards his treasure and reward. It was so dark in the room, he couldn't see his own hand, right in front of his face. Just as he finally reached the goal he'd sought for so long now, he moistened his

tongue and began to draw it towards the opening of her soft mound, but something bumped into his nose. He thought, "How weird. She has her strap-on penis on? She must want me to pretend I'm the girl? But, that's strange, as it really feels lifelike." He'd play along though; she'd just given him the biggest thrill of his young life. He licked some more, then put his mouth around it and sucked, moving his mouth up and down, on and off, the penis. Suddenly, it began to grow harder and stiffer and larger. "Don't stop baby, keep doing just as you are. That's so good," Angie said.

Really confused now, he lowered his head again. This time, the object he put into his warm wet mouth stretched his lips and cheeks to capacity. He put both hands around her hips to prevent her from pushing it in so far. "That's strange," he thought, "I don't feel any straps to hold the penis on." He moved his right hand back around in front and felt right below his own chin. There he found two balls hanging in a now very tight sack. It didn't take any time to realize these were not strap-on, but, were firmly attached and very real and permanent. He was almost panic-stricken. "Confused" didn't began to cover it. This was impossible! He sat up and reached for the light on the night stand. The bright light momentarily blinded him.

As his eyes focused, his mind went numb. There before him lay the woman of his dreams and desires. The woman he thought he knew inside and out. That Angelic face! With soft, deep green eyes, that cute button nose, those wonderful full red lips. She had a body to die for. Her perfect hourglass figure and full breasts mounted on shapely buns and legs. Now this...this unbelievable, and until now undetectable flaw. Angie had a big cock and a set of balls!

"Well Donnie sweetie, are you going to finish returning the favor?" she asked. "Honey, you look like the cat has your tongue! You do still love me, don't you? Remember months ago, darling, when you did everything humanly possible to pursue me? How many times I tried to slow you down and put you off, about dating me? It only made you try harder. Then, even after we started dating, I specifically remember warning you, to be very cautious, and warned that things aren't always as they seemed!" she continued. "Well, that didn't phase you one bit. No, you wanted me from the first look. I even told you, I was waiting for the person who would give themselves to me mind, body and soul. You said many times, Donnie, that you were that person and that you would be honored to do just that. You said it over and over again. So now here we are, we're a couple, and we're in love. I've accepted your pledge to me. I've accepted you, even with your shortcomings and emotional baggage and you, my dear, must now do the same. I know I have this one little imperfection, but, I promise you, you'll grow to love even this, too. Now, let's get this back in your nice wet and warm mouth, honey. You almost had me over the top," she ordered the startled young man.

"But Angie...", he stumbled. He was still in shock and his mind was spinning. "Then, technically, we are both men? I can't even think straight right now, but I'm NOT GAY! I don't want to be with a guy. I want a marriage and children. I don't have any desire to touch or make love to anyone's male parts. I don't even think I could make myself do something like that," he told her, making an effort to sit up

and get off the bed. “Whoa there! Just a minute now, Little Mister Not so fast. You promised yourself to me, mind, body, heart and soul. I’m not about to release you from that commitment! I told you, I’ve come to like having you around and I’ve invested a lot of time as well as myself to this relationship. Honey, you’re IN for the duration!” she said with authority.

“Angie, please, I care very deeply for you, but, know this, I don’t think I can make love to you now,” he said timidly.

“Yes, yes, you can...and you will, or I promise you everyone who works at Carson and Goodall will know about me on Monday morning. I’ll expose myself to everyone, everywhere. At work, at your apartment, with your parents, everyone you know. Are you prepared to deal with that? Before you answer, remember, almost everyone in our entire building has seen the flowers and candy you have been showering me with for months now. Plus, many of the girls and even a couple of the new guys, have been sharing in the Girl Talk. They know we’ve been dating almost exclusively for 5 months now. I’m sure I’ve told some of them about our heavy petting and love making. I know several have even seen you kissing me and walking out arm in arm, or holding hands. Do you honestly believe they won’t think we’re having sex?” she said.

Poor Don’s mind couldn’t process all of this! His head was spinning out of control. “Oh dear God, she’s right,” he knew she was. He’d seen the way people looked at him at work. Even people he didn’t know. They would smile, wink and ask, “How’s Angie?” Shit, he’d even kind-of bragged to a couple of the other guys there at work. Then it snapped in his head. ‘Oh Dear God, do the others at work



know anything about Angie, about her not being a real girl?" he wondered.

"Does Anyone at work know anything about your, your um, your..." She cut him off. "My big Cock and testicles? Is that what your trying to say, Donnie?" she asked. "So what if they did? Up until 5 minutes ago you loved me more than the moon and the Sun and life itself. You were willing to walk barefoot across burning coals to kiss me and touch me and just be with me You poor little dear, can't you see I am the very same person you longed for and fell in love with and wanted to spend the rest of your life with? Now because of one little piece of skin and muscle..." (she held the cock between her thumb and forefinger and shook it at him.) "you are willing to give it all up and lose the love of a life time because of what someone else might know or think? Donnie Samuels, that is really sad!" she said.

"Well, do they? I mean, do others at work know about your secret?" he asked her again. "If you must know, the answer is NO, they don't know at this time," she lied. Ms Price did in fact know. "But, you can believe me on this, you try and walk out on me now... I swear everyone will know. I'll even go so far as to take our story to the newspaper and TV stations," she threatened him. "You'll be an instant celebrity! Won't that be fun?" she bluffed.

"What do you want from me then, Angie?" he asked. "Honey, I just want you to grow up and think about what you and I have had together for the past several months. Don't you think our time together was wonderful, exciting and sensual? Unless you've repeatedly lied to me about your feelings. These past months have been the best days and nights of your entire life. You were full of love and happiness and everything in the world was good. We are both the same people. One of us just happens to have an extra part or three. Now I've never been one to bully or use force, but you've now got one full minute to get your woman's oversized clitoris in your sweet little mouth or you'll need to look for a new life in some far away country, because I'm already thinking about the story I'll tell everyone. I'll make it up good and go national with our story. How you forced me to become a woman, but you loved sucking cock and thought this was the best way to hide it from the rest of the world. But, now you have the job you wanted and want to dump me. I'll tell them of the wild sex we shared in great detail," she bluffed on.

"Please Angie, don't ruin my life and get me fired. We can work this out, I'm sure. Besides, wouldn't all of this ruin your life and career as well?" Don asked.

"I don't care if it does," she lied. She knew he'd give in and she had no intention of ruining the job and management position she'd just earned. She was banking everything on knowing his weakness and timid personality. She'd picked him out the very first day he came to work at C&G. She knew he was the one. She'd spent the past five and a half months planning this night. Getting him ready. "I'll make millions with the story in the newspaper and TV. Maybe I'll even write a novel about us," she told him. Angie knew he was close to breaking and she didn't want to give him time to think clearly.

"Thirty seconds and I pick up that phone and start calling people. Oh, I almost forgot, maybe you'd like a couple of these pictures I've had made?" she said and handed him ten photos. Each had them holding or hugging and kissing each

other. The last couple were unbelievable. They'd been doctored up, but whoever did them was good...very good. One clearly showed Don's face with Angie's full, hard cock buried deep in his mouth, right up to her balls. The next showed Don bent over with Angie fucking him doggie-style and that same hard cock pushed deep in Don's back side.

"OK, what do you want, Angie? I mean, what can I do or pay you for those pictures? We both know those are not real, but you also know I can't take the chance that I can convince any one of the fact! Is it money? You know I don't have much, but I'll get you whatever you want!" he said, beaten.

"No no no, you silly little sweet man. You can't buy me with money. I want you. I want you to love me like you did with all your heart right up until only minutes ago. I want you to make love to me. All of me! You'll come to love it, I promise you and I'll take very good care of you. Come now and suck Mommy's big clit. Right Now! No more talk," she said. She pulled his head down between her legs and slipped her full hard cock into his mouth! He didn't fight her this time.

"That's my good baby! Ooooh, yes. You see, I think you really did like this after all. I don't understand why you men must always pretend to be so God-awful macho. I mean, you didn't even flinch at first when you thought I was wearing a strap-on. And don't lie, you were really into play acting until you found out this was real..." She pushed it deeper. "Weren't you?" She raised her voice, put her hands on the back of his head and held him hard while pushing her penis down his throat! "Ummff" he tried to say around the big cock. "Was that a yes, sweetie?" she asked. Don tried to raise his head up to nod yes; he couldn't speak. As his eyes met hers, FLASH went the bright light of the camera! "You can never have enough bargaining material." She smiled.

"OK sweetie, it's time to learn to do this right. Eyes on me, always. I want to see your eyes as you learn to lick and kiss and suck just as I've been teaching and training you over the past months. Anyone can suck a cock, that's not enough. To make your lover enjoy it, you must enjoy doing it. You need to make love to it, like it was the greatest love in your entire life. I showed you earlier what feels best. That's what I want from you in return. Your best! You already have the skills and the touch. Now I believe I've given you sufficient motivation," she said.

Slowly, Don got into the task at hand. He figured the sooner it was done, the faster he could stop and try and figure all this out. He pored himself into the task as best he could. He repeated things that brought a moan of pleasure from her. Sure enough, Angie finally stiffened and moaned as spurt after spurt of salty cum filled his mouth. Don tried not to swallow, but it was no use. There was just too much. He quickly noticed that the taste was different, slightly, from his own which he'd only minutes before tasted for the very first time, compliments of Angie. Hers was maybe just a little bit sweeter than his own.

Angie wouldn't let Don up until he'd cleaned her completely with his lips and tongue. "There now, that's a good boy. That wasn't so bad now, was it? You see, things don't have to change between us at all. We're going to get on just fine from now on!" she told him as he kept swallowing the love juice.