

BULLY FOR YOU!



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by Lauri Selkirk

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is a transgender story, with a twist. For those of you that like FEM-DOM stories, this tale is for you as well as those who don't like such tales. While the domination here is not uncharitably obvious, it does exist. As English is a complex language, certain words have double meanings, some totally opposite. "Bully" is one such word. Strangely enough, it actually evolved from meaning "sweetheart" or "lover", to "pimp", to finally, "ruffian". Although not in today's usage, you'll truly find its earliest applications in this tale. There are elements of every definition here. In fact, the story's title literally means "Good for you!" and I do hope that you find this story good for you.

Prologue

Dana Tripp thought that he was the luckiest guy in the world. That is, of late. It was not always this way. Then again, things change when we least expect it.

He had always considered himself an average guy. Sometimes, given his luck — or lack thereof — even less than average. All the same, while not a muscle-bound jock, he was neither a skinny geek. He was even 'fortunate' enough here and there to be a perennial "friend" with the ladies that wanted a non-sexual relationship with him. Because he was seemingly a 'nice guy they didn't want to hurt', most of them did mean it when they said that they still wanted to be friends. They even boldly asked for a "man's opinion" every now and then on how to attract and keep a new lover. He even becoming a confidante to things they would not tell their closest girlfriend; considering that the latter might use it to get the guy for themselves. Dana could not be a threat because he not only knew what guys liked, he did not like guys.

All in all, while no virgin, Dana had to fight hard to keep his current girlfriend's attention. They all seemed to enjoy him as "the kind of man women want" or, at least, claim to. To wit, someone attentive, considerate, catering and caring. Still, in the end, the contradictory complaint that always seemed to rear its ugly head was that he was not assertive enough. To wit, the supposed "take-charge" macho man females also said that they did not care for in the first place, in building a life together.

This bothered him, because while every now and then, few and far between, a female did come on to him — instead of the other way around — because they thought him cute. They did not stay, either. He, like any man, wanted to make the first move, and did. Often. Too, like any man, he had his times of being shot down, so he was never self-conscious about being rejected by a beauty. But as the story goes, his counterpart seemingly said they wanted one thing in a man, and yet when Dana gave it, they changed their minds.

Eventually, Dana did meet his match. Chris Clapton. Definitely attractive, she was tall for a woman, 5' 10" barefoot. Modestly figured, she alternated between B and C cup bras, depending on how much bosom she desired to display. She kept him on his toes with how much bosom she chose to expose on a given date. All the same, much of her beauty was due to her voluminous blonde mane. Chris had a lot of it on her head that even cascaded in waves sexily down her back.

When Dana and Chris were to get married, Dana already knew that her chest was not as big as some of her bras made her, due to being naked when having sex; which was how he also discovered the cup sizes, the labeled article via tags being off her body. Shortly before their wedding day, during a long sexual session, Chris had asked for a break. She had been sweating profusely. In fact, they both were, on a very warm summer night that added to their activity..

Yet when Chris called for a halt, as she gently pushed him off her and sat up, in her sultry, whiskey-toned timbre, she said, "Honey, if you're still randy — and it looks as if you are," she kidded as she gazed at his half-limp yet twitching cock, "I am, too. But this wig is too damn hot! I gotta take it off!"

Dana's eyes bulged at her last words. Speechless, he watched as if it looked as if Chris was removing half of her head; such was the volume of the hairpiece. He had never seen her without her golden locks, waves layered up top and down to her back and or over her chest. What with all of their months together, he did not know that she even wore a wig until this moment. The hairpiece was that well made.

Once done, there was yet another extreme. Chris now stunningly displayed a haircut that was shorter than a close bob or a pixie-cut. It was a style that was almost the next best thing to being bald, called a close-trimmed boy-cut. For the first time, without makeup, Dana saw his bride-to-be appearing less than female. Yet at this moment, he was definitely assuaged by her round melon-shaped breais member between her breasts as she moved up and down against it, as it was on his belly.

At the time, any reservations Dana may have had over Chris' abrupt "transformation" was swiftly eliminated. He rationalized no matter what she looked like, Dana himself did not care for her merely superficially; that Chris also loved her man and she showed it. She was marrying him, wasn't she?

'How many men' Dana thought then, 'got married, only to find that the woman they fell in love with was on a shelf instead of in bed with him? Breastforms, butt padding panties, bustiers that propped up illusionary bosoms they didn't actually have that were

also really girdles that hid sagging bellies, even false teeth! Brrrr! As far as my love's concerned, while long hair on a woman turns me on no end, it's a beautiful head of hair for a wig. But I'm marrying all of Chris, not just her head. And god, speaking of head, does she ever love giving head! Some guys never get their girls to suck, much less swallow. Chris does that...and more!

Chris does love sex, and with Dana particularly being a self-proclaimed average guy, she seemed to worship his penis that went well beyond any sex act. And this is why he considered himself the luckiest guy in the world. At only 5" full mast, it was stub-like when not erect. All the while, Chris made love to it as if there was too much to cover; she worked over every inch laboriously. Chris seemed to be always touching, fondling and caressing it surreptitiously when Dana was clothed. Doing this plus licking, sucking and taking the then-rod for all it was worth when they were alone where she could expose it.

They talked about the wig a short while later. That it was indeed very expensive, totally human hair. That she was looking for the right moment to tell him before they wed — and did, during sex, by simply removing it in the "heat of the battle". That she knew long hair was sexy, and knew that many guys thought so, but she preferred her ultra-short hairdo. She said that she was honest, in that she used it to attract on purpose and had hoped that he still loved her. Dana admitted that it was a surprise but that it would be very shallow of him to love her any less; that Chris was entitled to be who she wanted to be. Chris hearing these very last words could not have felt any more love for her prospective mate but would indeed try.

However, after the wig removal incident, every now and then when they had sex, if either felt that orgasm was imminent — neither did call it out usually; it got to be virtually intuitive — Chris would thereafter do something unusual. Now that everything was out in the open, she would freely disengage her wig before any sex at all. She would push his torso up off her — or vice-versa, if she was on top — pull him out but kept him firmly away from her with one hand, then moved it to pull his asscheek to her, while holding onto his cock with the other hand in a tight fist and pump. In no position to argue, Dana would ejaculate without recourse. Afterwards, it took a while to notice, and once he did, an image appeared in his head and never left.

Most times being on top, his then-flaccid dick would flop on Chris' belly as she continued to hold on to his ass. So closely joined, it ultimately appeared to Dana as if Chris was the one with the cock, as it drooled seminal leftovers. Sometimes, she would release Dana's hips but kept him in place by pumping the cock anew with both hands before he began to shrink. Dana's testicle sac was virtually nowhere to be seen, below them. Seeing this, he had the eerie picture of her "stealing" his cock! If he could dismiss her jutting bosom that did spread while on her back, what with her very short hair, she almost looked like a man!

Despite the mannish countenance and minus makeup, Dana had no trouble kissing his wife, politely or with passion. He never was troubled by that. Otherwise, Dana simply rationalized that despite being married that his wife did not want to be impregnated. At least, not yet. This was all right. While children were not totally out of the question, there never seemed to be time apropos to discuss this. Upon his rare attempts of mention, before

it could be articulated, Chris would pounce for sex and Dana was wont to never temper her libido. But it did concern him well after the fact.

As noted, particularly now that Chris had foregone her wig before sex now, during these moments, there were no warning screams of "I'm cumming!" from either of them but each seemed to know their own as well as the other's pending ejaculation. As a married couple, there was felt no need for condoms, and neither suggested its use before marriage, despite these day's "safe sex" warnings. Dana had originally felt that he could always pull out in time; never waiting for the last second. He often did when they had sex before the "wig incident" because they were not wed at the time. Yet after the fact, Chris after a while always beat him to it, gleefully spraying his cum as she pumped Dana dry.

It was a weak sexual moment, given the time to come down from a sexual high. Despite appearances, it was a uniquely powerful orgasm even though Chris was merely doing a hand-job. It did not seem to be something to bring up after the fact if it was better than if Dana did himself or just came merely after pulling out. Chris doing it strangely made a dramatic difference and he felt he would be an idiot to complain. He was even subconsciously apprehensive afterwards, that if he did make her note it, due to her assertiveness, it would affect their sex life overall...somehow negatively. So, despite the disturbing picture, and the fact that he was not being left out — again, he received all of those ultra-grand sensations — he decided to not bring it up at all.

Still, he had another annoying recurring thought: If she looked a man and his cock was "gone" by virtue off her taking charge, wouldn't that mean...?

No! The second that conclusion popped up, before it could finish, Dana would dismiss it. He was happy. His wife was happy. That was all that mattered. ..Right?

Dana never questioned her love for his member. For sure, he had his share of orally servicing her pussy, with no complaints from Chris to love her as much as she did him. Dana considered himself lucky that she never met a guy with a much bigger tumescence while they were dating casually. Assuming that he would have lost her easily over a larger dangling piece of meat the way she acted over his when he was erect. The act had been done so many times before and after their wedding vows, Dana ultimately decided that it was way too late to ever bring it up. Even though he could never completely kill those pesky errant thoughts as well.

Besides, it was just a quirk. Wasn't it? Those wayward ruminations more likely were borne in his being able to stay simpatico with ex-lovers; as if in sync with them before he ultimately met Chris. If he could be so understanding with even ex-girlfriends that made him their confidante, could he be anything less to his wife?

Dana and Chris both worked because they wanted, not because they had to. In different jobs that paid well, no one brought a substantially bigger paycheck. Truth be known, as Chris used her own methods to escalate herself in a rather male-dominated business environment, nothing less would do for her to achieve a typically larger male salary than that of a female and was successful. Still, between the spouses, it was deemed extra money.