

Taking Chances



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) 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. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2019

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.

YOU CAN BE PART OF OUR FAMILY

If you aren't part of the Reluctant Press family, then you aren't receiving our Newsletter every month. The Newsletter includes previews of the latest books, news, make-up tips, columnists — and more!

Joining our family is easy -- just make a purchase of any size directly from us, and you'll receive our newsletter absolutely free for up to one year. Or, you can have a trial subscription for a limited time by sending your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 ...be sure to ask for a free trial subscription.

Taking Chances

By Jessica Matthews.

“Surely you need more money than that?” Adam asked when he looked over Harlan’s shoulder at his bank statement. “No student can possibly get the full university experience with so little money.”

“How many choices do I have?” Harlan replied. “I didn’t choose wealthy parents.”

“Neither did I, but there are ways of making money during your time in this august institution.” Adam tapped a finger to the side of his nose in a knowing way. “It’s a matter of knowing where to go and who to trust.”

“And do I know anyone like that.” Harlan replied. “If I do, they haven’t revealed themselves yet.”

“Don’t be too sure.” Adam replied with a wave as he left Harlan’s room.

It was just like him; enigmatic and seemingly wiser than anyone else in Harlan’s small circle of friends. Harlan hadn’t the money that they had to socialise and while away the hours. It was all he could do to keep up with classes and assignments during the

terms and work like a donkey during the vacations to make enough money to cover the next lot of fees.

They shared a small apartment, only big enough for two. It suited them both as Harlan could study there through the weekends whilst Adam was always absent from Friday. On Monday mornings he usually re-appeared always looking quite exhausted.

“Whatever your job is, it sure takes it out of you.” Harlan told him.

“Sometimes you’re right.” Adam nodded. “Although sometimes, I get more than I can take, and that can be exhausting, it’s usually fun, but not always. It pays the bills and leaves some over.”

They were both studying for medical qualifications. Given the nature of their courses, Adam was at the start of his courses and options which Harlan had passed in the previous years.

In exchange for help, Adam took Harlan’s social life seriously, and at least once a week they went somewhere together, although never at the weekends. In this way, they became firm friends, if not close friends as Harlan approached the final year of his studies, whilst Adam was at the beginning of his when these coincidences brought them together.

‘What’s so special about these weekend jobs?’ Harlan had asked. ‘They seem to keep you occupied, you obviously enjoy them, but the sure do seem to leave you exhausted.’

He never received any sensible answer, and their paths never crossed on those days. During the vacations, when Harlan sometimes went upstate to his mother’s house to work and save money, Adam stayed in the city.

‘Whatever you’re doing, you always seemed to have the funds to give you a decent lifestyle during the terms.’ Harlan observed.

He still got no explanation.

Harlan turned to his desk and reaching for his laptop, began to write up the latest assignment to beat the deadline. After he had been writing for a couple of hours, his email inbox flashed on the screen.

Adam was asking for help with his assignment, and being the selfless friend that he was, Harlan searched through the web pages relevant to their studies. He cut and pasted a few articles and sent the lot to Adam with comments as to how he could use the information.

* * * * *

‘I wish life was easier.’ Harlan complained when they met at the beginning of another term. ‘I’ve worked my fingers to the bone, and after the fees, I’ve hardly enough to pay for my room. Goodness knows what I’m going to eat for the next few months.’

‘Maybe something will turn up.’ Adam waved his hand in the air as if to say it was all simple.

‘I wish something would turn up, and soon.’ Harlan replied. ‘I don’t want to drop out; not now when I’m so near graduating.’

‘There might be a way.’ Adam said slowly. ‘You’ll have to trust me and swear never to reveal anything, if I show you some secrets.’

‘You have my word.’ Harlan crossed his heart. ‘Please let it be soon. I can’t graduate if I have fees owing, and if I can’t graduate, I can’t earn anything like enough to pay off my other loans. I’m trapped whichever way I turn.’

‘Okay, I’ll try and help you.’ Adam said thoughtfully. ‘You have to promise not to be shocked, or to judge things you might not understand.’

‘I promise.’ Harlan replied.

‘Okay, let’s go for a ride.’

They walked across the car park. Harlan blinked as a late model BMW flashed its lights as Adam pointed the key.

‘How on earth do you afford this?’ He asked.

‘It’s only a runabout.’ Adam replied. ‘I didn’t want anything too fancy, it would only attract attention.’

‘Okay.’ Harlan said. ‘I never knew you had a car.’

‘It’s not mine.’ Adam said quickly. ‘It’s on loan from a friend.’

‘Some friend.’ Harlan looked at him as he slipped the car into drive and pulled away.

‘Relax; I’m taking you for a ride.’ Adam pulled into the traffic.

‘Where are we heading?’ Harlan watched as they headed out of town, towards the coast.

‘I’m going to show you a few places.’ Adam replied, putting his foot down as they reached the freeway. ‘The first is one of the places where I work sometimes.’ They drove in near silence for half an hour.

‘Wow, is this it?’ Harlan’s eyes widened as they pulled into the side near a gated entrance.

‘I can’t take you in.’ Adam apologised. ‘I’m not dressed properly, but yes; this is one of the places I work occasionally.’

‘I don’t think I’ve ever been in anywhere like this.’ Harlan said in wonder as he looked over the grounds. ‘Is it a private club?’

‘It’s that and a lot more.’ Adam replied. ‘It’s a whole gated playground with all kinds of leisure facilities.’

‘And do you stay there?’

‘I have been there on occasions.’

‘You’re not telling me much.’ Harlan said lightly, hoping to learn more.

‘I’m not going to right now.’ Adam said as a security guard on an electric buggy sped over the lawns towards the car. ‘We’d better move on.’

‘It’s probably another world in there.’

‘You could say that.’ Adam nodded as he looked over his shoulder and pulled the car away. ‘There are places for the rich and privileged. I work in some of them.’

‘You’re being very mysterious.’

‘I’m sorry; I’m wondering how much to tell you.’ Adam took the coast road, passing private beaches and huge houses in their own grounds. ‘You’ve been really good to me, I’d never have passed my grades without you, and so I guess I owe you.’

‘That’s okay.’ Harlan said. ‘I’m happy to help you along.’

‘And one good turn deserves....’ Adam hesitated. ‘I think I have to trust you, and let you into my secrets. You may want to take the same route, or you may think I’m an unspeakable rogue.’

‘I still don’t understand.’ Harlan replied, as the car headed back towards their apartment.

‘I’ll send you a guest pass for Friday evening.’ Adam said. ‘Get a cab; I’ll give you the account number to charge it.’

‘Really? You could get me in there?’ Harlan replied.

‘Yes, I’ll meet you inside. You’ll find Bar Two signed, and I’ll be there about half past eight.’

‘But I don’t have a suit to wear.’

‘It’s not like that.’ Adam laughed. ‘It’s very casual and easy going. You’ll be alright and may even like it.’

* * * * *

Harlan sat at the far end of the bar, nursing a lime cocktail. He looked around nervously as his watch hit half past eight and ticked slowly towards ten to nine. He finished his drink and was about to stand when a girl came to sit next to him.

She waved at the waitress and turned to him.

‘I haven’t seen you here before.’ She held out her hand for him to shake, which he did with a surprised feeling.

‘I haven’t been here before. I was supposed to meet a friend here, but he hasn’t showed up.’

‘Maybe something held him up.’ She looked at Harlan from under long lashes.

‘I guess so.’ Harlan replied, trying not to stare too hard, telling himself that she was smiling and maybe only looking to chat a while.

He glanced at her cleavage, tanned skin against a tight ivory dress, and the elegant legs with the nude heels. He couldn’t help himself, and looked up again. She was playing with a lock of her tumbling chestnut hair. She noted his discomfort at being found out, checking her out.

‘Caught you.’ She smiled, pale shiny lips stretched over even white teeth. ‘It’s okay, I don’t mind.’

‘I guess I’m human after all.’ Harlan joked. ‘Forgive me; I’m not used to talking to beautiful women in bars.’

‘That makes two of us.’ She replied as the waitress placed drinks in front of them both.

‘I didn’t...,’ Harlan started.

‘No, but I ordered for both of us.’ She placed a hand over his and he looked down to see the elegant nails, far too long to do anything with other than look pretty.

'They're my weekend nails.' She laughed and twisted the rings on the ring finger of her left hand.

Harlan noted the gesture. 'I expect you're waiting for someone.' He looked in her eyes this time, fascinated at the precision of her makeup.

'Not really, I should say sorry for being late.' Her voice dropped an octave.

Harlan's brain flipped and he tried to make sense of what she was saying. No words would come out.

'It's okay.' Her voice returned to a softer pitch. 'I told you that I was going to let you into a secret. This is my other persona. It's why I work the weekends.'

'Adam?' Harlan asked.

'It's Gabrielle here.' She said, 'but you can call me Ella.'

'I don't understand.' Harlan stuttered.

'Think about it.' Ella replied. 'I'm a girl at the weekends, and a boy when I'm at college.'

'That must get complicated.' Harlan was trying to think of something sensible to say.

'Adam has to produce all kinds of identity papers to study in the university.' She replied. 'Ella only has to look the part to work here, and I do that really well, don't you think?'

'I'd never have guessed that it was you underneath.' Harlan said.

'That's the point.' Ella laughed. 'I have to look like a proper lady; I couldn't look like a truck driver in a dress to be here.'

'I guess not.' Harlan admitted. 'But you've only told me a part of the story. I'm sure there must be lots more.'

'Okay.' Ella looked round. 'It's not too busy, so we can take a booth for a while. I'll tell you a bit more,

but when I tell you to go, promise me you'll just leave. No questions asked; just leave.'

'I promise.' Said Harlan; accepting the urgency of the request.

Ella left him and spoke to the waitress. He saw them pointing and nodding, and then Ella returned. She took his hand and led the way to a secluded booth.

'So before you ask questions, let me tell you about me and this place.' Ella said. 'This is the shortened version, so don't interrupt.'

'Okay.'

'I'm what you see. Basically, I'm a boy, but I'm also a girl whenever I can be. I love being a girl. There's no one forcing me, no one blackmailing me, and whatever I'm doing, it's because I want to do it.' Ella took a breath and touched Harlan's hand again, as if seeking reassurance.

'Surely, it's hard to be a girl.' Harlan asked.

'Not really.' Ella laughed. 'Look at me, I'm wearing the finest dress and heels, good jewellery, which is all mine. I look nice, smell nice and feel nice. I get well paid and have a healthy bank balance. All I have to do is be girlish in whatever way I want. The hardest part is changing back to Adam, and each week it gets harder.'

'But what do you have to do in return?'

'I'm an escort here. I'm here to make sure that the guys have a good time. If it means I hang onto their arm in the casino, I do it. I smile and look good on their arm. I give them lots of attention.'

'And they pay you.' Harlan added.

'Yes, they pay me. Don't make it sound so sordid.' Ella scowled so that Harlan knew he had crossed a line.

'I'm sorry; I shouldn't have interrupted.'

'No you damn well shouldn't.' She snapped back. And if you're wondering, then yes, I do let them take me back to their rooms and give them a good time. And I'm worth every cent.'

'I didn't ask.' Harlan said softly.

'No, but you were wondering.' Ella laughed at his embarrassment. 'And in the vacations, I'm a girl all the time. I have girlfriends, and a life of my own. If I'm asked, I'll go away with someone, or I'll live with someone for a while.'

'You mean some man.' Harlan interrupted again.

'Yes, I do mean some man.' Ella said softly. 'I make sure they're going to treat me like a lady. I'm not ashamed, and neither am I inhibited. I'm good value, but I'm not cheap.'

'It must be difficult to keep up the illusion.' Harlan said, half to himself.

'It's hard work, but its fun.' Ella replied. 'I can change my hair, and my image. They pay me to do it. It's work sure; but not work as you know it. They pay for me to be pampered; all I have to do is be there and let them get on with it.'

'But what about when they want to have sex.' Harlan said.

'I suck and blow.' Ella giggled as she saw him blush. 'I do anal and give anal too. You'd be surprised how many macho men want to be penetrated by a girl. I think it's a fantasy they get from their mothers.'

'Aren't you afraid of infections?' Harlan asked. 'I think we both did that part of the course.'

'It's safe sex all the way.' Ella replied. 'If they haven't got a clean certificate, it's condoms all the way. And before you ask, I know I'm clean.'

'Doesn't it hurt?'

‘It did the first few times, but then I learned what to do.’ Ella looked him in the eye and smiled. ‘Want me to prove it?’

‘Err..., not right now.’ Harlan spluttered.

‘Harlan could turn me on.’ Ella whispered softly, and saw him turn red. Harlan tried to speak and failed to get a word out.

The waitress reappeared and signalled to Ella.

‘Sorry hon. Duty calls.’ Ella stood, removed the rings from her left hand and slipped them into her clutch bag. She checked her make up with a small mirror and flicked her hair back. ‘Tell the doorman that I’ve arranged your cab home, and I’ll see you in the week.’

Before he could say more, she’d left him and was walking into the bar. He saw her slipping into an embrace with an older man in a grey suit as he headed to the door.

Harlan left the building, deep in thought.

* * * * *

‘So tell me seriously, how I did I look the other night?’ Adam waited until Harlan closed his laptop.

‘It was interesting.’ Harlan replied. ‘I couldn’t believe it was you.’

‘It was all me.’ Adam replied. ‘Well, me and some strategic padding, a wig and a good bit of artfully applied makeup.’

‘If I didn’t know, I’d never have believed it was possible.’

‘It’s more than possible.’ Adam replied. ‘I love being a girl.’

‘How can you say that?’ Harlan asked. ‘You admitted you were having sex for money.’

‘Sure I am, and I’m not ashamed of it.’ Adam replied. ‘I’m well paid and I give good value. I never get any complaints.’

‘They wouldn’t dare.’

‘Maybe not, but they could hurt me in so many ways.’ Adam sat down and looked up at him. ‘These are the rich and powerful. I have to be careful.’

‘But how did you get into this?’

‘I simply drifted into it.’ Adam replied. ‘I dragged up for a student revue, and stayed in character for the party after we’d finished our run. I got lots of attention and a couple of offers. I was broke, so I decided to take them up.’

‘I still don’t understand...’

‘I don’t want to talk about it; not now. If you come to Bar Two one Friday evening, we can talk it through, if you promise not to be shocked and above all, to be respectful and uncritical. These are my choices and I want to be respected.’

‘I’ll be there.’ Harlan said. ‘Now about that last assignment you wanted me to look over...’

* * * * *

‘I hope you enjoyed the weekend.’ Adam breezed into their tiny apartment, pulling a large suitcase.

‘I wondered where you were.’ Harlan replied. ‘You haven’t been in class, and I haven’t seen you for weeks.’

‘I’ve been away.’ Adam said with an enigmatic smile and a gesture of mystery.

‘What are you doing?’ Harlan asked as he watched Adam removing bags and then as he shook out a blonde wig.

‘I didn’t want this to be squashed out of shape.’ He said coming towards Harlan with the wig balanced on

his hand. 'Turn round and hold this on your head while I get the tangles out at the back. I should have brought a wig stand, but you'll do.'

'This is silly.' Harlan grumbled as he complied, raising his hand to hold it in place.

'It suits you.' Adam said as he brushed out the back. 'You could be a great blonde.'

'No, I couldn't.' Harlan snapped back.

'Don't be a spoilsport. Let me show you.' Adam opened a makeup case on the side table and rummaged inside. 'Hold still and let me do your eyes.'

'Do we have to do this?' Harlan laughed, carried away against his better judgement by Adam's entreaties.

'It won't take long.' Adam worked away, telling him to open and close his eyes several times.

'I don't know what you're doing.' Harlan complained.

'I'm creating my sister.' Adam teased.

'I think you'd have to be Doctor Frankenstein to do that, and you'd need better body parts.'

'Should I raid the lab?' Adam asked.

'Don't be gross. Some of those body parts I'm working on are really past their sell by date.'

'I know, it's why I'm thinking that this course might not be the right direction for my future career, but don't ask me about that now. I don't want to talk about it.'

'So why are we doing this?' Harlan asked as he sat patiently whilst Adam dabbed more cosmetic on his eye lids.

'I don't know; you're shaping up better than I expected.' Adam gestured for Harlan to purse his lips.

He did so, and felt the touch of lipstick sliding across his lips.

‘There look at that.’ Adam stood back. ‘You’d scrub up quite well.’

Harlan looked in the mirror, and stood closer to look again. ‘I don’t believe it.’ He said softly.

‘With more time, I could make you look better than many of the girls there.’

‘Only the ones with beards.’ Harlan laughed, and ran his fingers through his hair.

‘Be careful.’ Adam said. ‘I haven’t fastened the wig properly. Don’t pull it off.’ He combed the wig back into shape. ‘With the right clothes and a bit of acting, you could get away with a lot.’

‘I never wanted to be an actor.’ Harlan replied, ‘And I’m studying to be a respected medical professional, not some drag queen.’

‘Darling, I’m never a drag queen.’ Adam whispered slowly. ‘I’m a true female impersonator, and that means I blend in wherever I go. It’s a different skill.’

‘Okay, so how do I get this off?’ Harlan asked. ‘I’ve course work to finish.’

* * * * *

Adam didn’t appear for class when Harlan expected him on Monday. He tried calling his mobile, but it went to voice mail every time. On Tuesday evening, he appeared; looking tired, and threw himself into an easy chair.

‘You look like it was a long weekend.’ Harlan said casually as Adam stretched out and kicked off his trainers. ‘And there’s still some makeup around your eyes.’

‘It was a wonderful weekend.’ Adam replied reaching into his bag for a mirror. He dabbed at the offending mascara. ‘It’s the third time I’ve seen that guy,

and there's something about him that's different from the rest. He's gentle and easy, so considerate. He knows I'm here to do whatever he wants, and yet he wants to make sure that I'm comfortable and enjoying it as well.'

'That's different?'

'It's really good to be allowed time.' Adam replied. 'It makes it feel like a relationship rather than the commercial transaction that it really is. And did I say that he's a good payer and quite generous over and above what's been agreed.'

'Did he make you miss classes yesterday?'

'Yes, he was rather pressing.' Adam replied. 'And I've decided to defer my classes this year. I'm making too much money to have time to study, and I think I told you; I like sex too.'

'If you move out, I can't afford to stay here.' Harlan said.

'I'm not moving out.' Adam replied. 'I need somewhere to stay away from the club. I think I need time to be male, and I can't be that if I stay there all the time.'

'If you keep turning up with eye makeup, people will think I've moved a girlfriend in.'

'Let them think whatever they want.' Adam waved his hand dismissively. 'You've seen how good I look, they'd only be jealous.'

'Maybe, but I don't want to be labelled as gay. I'd never get a date if I was. It's difficult enough anyway with no money and a punishing study schedule.'

You never get a date anyway.' Adam laughed.

'No, but there's always an opportunity.'

'How would you feel if I pay all of the rent? I really need somewhere where I don't have to be on show.' Adam asked. 'And I promise not to be too outrageous around the place.'

‘I can’t let you pay all that.’

‘You can and you will.’ Adam insisted. ‘Think of it as me returning a favour, or maybe storing up a favour. Whichever; I’m cool with it, and in fact, I’ve sent off the payment for the rest of the year already so there’s nothing you can do.’

‘You shouldn’t have done it, but I’m not going to pretend that I’m going to refuse. I have to make these credits and then I can graduate. Goodness knows how I’ll ever pay off all the student loans.’

‘What if I could offer you a way to make a bit of money on the side?’ Adam asked.

Harlan looked at him, understanding slowly dawning upon him. ‘Oh, not that.’ He gasped. ‘I couldn’t..., you wouldn’t..., not ever..., never...’

‘Never say never.’ Adam replied.

‘No.’ Harlan said. ‘Just no.’

‘Okay.’

* * * * *

‘Happy Birthday to me.’ Harlan grumbled as he closed his computer for the evening. ‘Not even a card, let alone a present, only another lonely day slogging through the case books.’

There was a knock at the door. Harlan sighed and went to see who was there. He opened the door and stood back in surprise.

‘Happy Birthday.’ The girl said, pushing past him and popping a champagne bottle. It took a moment to realise that it was Adam again. ‘I brought your present.’ She handed him the bottle, rummaged in her bag and produced two glasses. ‘Don’t spill it on my dress.’

Harlan shook his head in surprise and took the glasses from her, and placed them on the worktop. She pirouetted towards him balancing delicately on

white stilettos; her skirt flaring and falling as she came to rest against him.

He filled the glasses and handed one to her. As she took it, she looked at him from under her generous lashes, a smile playing across her deep red lips. Baby blonde hair cascaded down her back and framed her flawless face. Dark brows, with classic eyeliner; this was a girl made to seduce.

She slipped off the wide scarf she wore as a shawl. He saw her bare shoulders and the short red dress, with a pattern of white flowers round the hem which ended somewhere about mid-thigh.

‘Don’t look so startled.’ She said softly. ‘I’m Ella, remember? Today I’m playing at being your birthday present so drink that glass, and then another one and we’ll make it an evening to remember.’

Harlan started to speak, but Ella placed her finger on his top lip. ‘Hush, don’t ask, just look. I got this dress especially for you, don’t you like it?’

She stood and twirled round. The halter neck left most of her back exposed, the tight waist looked pencil slim. As she twirled round, the skirt flared out, revealing several layers of white petticoats, frilled and laced, making the dress shorter still. Harlan gulped as he caught a glimpse of a garter belt and lace tops to her stockings.

She ended her twirl against him and without warning, placed her hand behind his head and pulled him into a long sensuous kiss. Harlan’s senses were overwhelmed as he gave himself to the kiss. He tasted her lipstick. Her perfume invaded his senses as her tongue pushed and wriggled; daring him to open his mouth and allow the intruder inside.

A little voice in the back of his mind was telling him that this wasn’t real. This was Adam playing the girl’s part. Mentally, he told the little voice to shut up.

But then another voice shouted too. In his arms was the most seductive girl he’d ever been near. The makeup, the perfume, the dress and everything took



over his more basic instincts. He pulled her to him and they kissed again.

Pausing for breath, she pulled back. 'I bet you smudged my lipstick.' She said, rubbing his lips with a finger tipped with a long nail, matching her lipstick. 'Fill my glass again.'

She turned and took a mirror from her bag. She looked at him from under long dark lashes, and then turned her attention to repairing her lipstick. She pursed her lips, packed things back in her bag and turned to him.

'Now, what about that present?' She asked, standing tall in her heels.

Ella pushed him into a large easy chair, and then flopped down half beside him and half on his knee. They drank and re-filled their glasses. Ella's skirt rose higher. She pulled it up to her waist exposing delicate lace panties, almost flesh coloured. Her hair against his cheek smelled of summer scents, slightly citrus and slightly apple.

She spread her fingers over the panties pulling them tight against her none too female anatomy. She slipped her hand inside and pulled out her penis, standing strong and hard against the feminine finery all around.

'See how you excite me.' She whispered.

Harlan stared at it in disbelief. He shook his head, to clear it. Then he felt her hand reaching for his belt and one hand, struggling to undo it. He felt her fingers coaxing his penis into action.

'It's time to stop.' He thought, and then the thought faded as he felt fingers enclosing his rising member.

Ella snuggled round and kissed him again, lingering longer, and thrusting her tongue more urgently. Her hand started to rub, and squeeze, and then he felt her long nails running gently up the underside from base to tip. She looked at him and smiled once more.

‘Watch’ was all she said.

She sank from the chair to her knees and holding his eyes with hers, pulled his penis free from his pants. She licked the tip, and looked up at him again. He tensed at the sensation. It was unlike anything he had ever felt before, forbidden, yet so delightful. Their eyes held as Ella licked her red lips. He saw her look down; thick lashes hiding her eyes as she did so, then she looked up again.

‘You like?’

Without waiting for an answer, her lips closed on the tip of his shaft, and he could feel her taking the length into her mouth. A thought flickered in his dimly conscious brain. It asked how much she could get inside, but then faded into meaninglessness as he allowed the sensations to take over.

She leaned back and stood. Harlan found himself staring at her penis, just a few short inches from his mouth.

‘Kiss’ she said softly.

He did so, tasting a little fluid from the tip. Closing his eyes, he kissed it again, allowing Ella’s pressure to slide it slightly into his mouth.

‘You’ve earned your reward.’ Ella said, pulling him up out of the chair as she climbed into it, kneeling over the arm with her anus raised towards him. ‘I’ll just get rid of this.’ She said, pulling something long and brightly coloured from her rear. ‘Then there’ll be room for you to slip in easily.’

Harlan hesitated. He’d never thought of this before.

‘I’m clean and lubricated.’ She said, reaching to hold his penis once again. ‘You can come into me, if you’d like.’

By this time, Harlan’s brain was in overdrive. He could no more have stopped himself than he could stop breathing. Her hand was pulling him towards the entrance. He allowed his penis to touch the en-

trance and was surprised as Ella pushed back. He slid inside and felt some resistance. It was warm and an enveloping sense of now as he pushed, withdrew and pushed again.

He felt the resistance again and then he was beyond it, thrusting deeper and deeper, until he could feel his ball sack hitting her skin. They rocked to and fro together, both gasping, willing the moment to last, knowing the inevitable climax was near.

Ella squealed and purred, pushing herself back as Harlan thrust forward. Her movements showed that this was pleasure.

Then it happened.

Harlan felt himself swelling as Ella gasped and groaned in pleasure. He felt the throbbing as he pumped and pumped deep inside her. Ella arched her back and pushed against him again and again. It seemed to last forever, but only moments as he felt the climax slipping away. Ella pushed back more urgently and then slumped forward with a heavy sigh; all passion spent.

He pulled back and detached himself, watching as his length came out and then flopped downwards. His fluid leaked from Ella's hole as he stepped back.

'You've made a lovely mess of me.' She laughed. 'Pass my handbag.'

He did so and stood back to watch as she took a cylinder from the depths of the bag, reached round and pushed something into her hole.

'Don't look so shocked.' She said. 'It's a tampon; we girls have to use them.'

'But you're not...,' Harlan checked himself as she glared at him.

'I'll forgive that lapse.' She said. 'Now you've had your present, you can call a cab for me.'