

Monday, September 28, 2009

## **Just Trying to Please**

Brad carefully brushed the mascara up... up... up his eyelashes, struggling not to squint at his own reflection in the mirror. The eye shadow was a perfect shade of plumb, the brows exactly tweezed and arched. And the eyes that stared back into his were so feminine and beautiful, he could scarcely believe they were HIS. Brad fluttered his eyelids, watching the long, dark lashes in the mirror seem to wave, like tiny birds' wings. He was actually getting aroused, staring into this woman's eyes... even though they were his own!

He'd only been dating Andrea for a month now. But during the past week, he seemed to need to be with her every night. Instead of their usual dates, going out to dinner in the lake shore village, or seeing a movie and then sitting in a coffee bar, talking late into the evening, he'd simply been going over to her apartment.

Brad opened the cap of the lipstick, and opened his mouth into a gentle "O" before stroking the deep vermilion over his lips. From the top center, always from the center, left then right. Then across the bottom lip. He pressed a tissue against his lips, leaving a pretty red kiss. Then gave a kiss and a wink into the mirror, and smiled.

"Honey, are you ready?" Andrea's voice called from the kitchen, where she was making dinner.

"Almost," Brad replied. "Just a minute!"

Was it THIS week that Andrea had started dressing Brad in her clothes, and her make-up? First it had just been a pair of her jeans, which fit surprisingly well. Then it was a girl-style t-shirt. And then lacy panties. It was hard to remember. Everything felt so good! Brad took a moment to take a brush and touch up the few strands of shoulder-length blonde hair that had gone astray. Then he stepped back and slid his hands down on both sides, from his ribcage to his hips, smoothing the tight, little white dress and admiring himself in the mirror. Are polka dots back in fashion, he wondered. The tiny colored dots were green, purple and blue, each no bigger than a pin head. Too tiny for polka dots, but Brad didn't know what to call them. And thinking about them made his eyelids feel SO heavy. He wanted to just close his eyes and drift, thinking about the tiny colored dots, like thousands of tiny stars in the sky. Relaxing and soothing.

"Come to dinner, Brad!"

Brad's eyes popped open. The bathroom counter top seemed so far away. Maybe it was the high heels. Everything seemed far away, now that he was four inches taller.

"Coming, Andrea!" Brad replied, as he started walking out into the hallway.

"Ohhh, not YET, I think!" said Andrea.

Brad suddenly felt hot. Flushed. Embarrassed. He was a little afraid to walk into the kitchen. But the smell of Andrea's Italian cooking was so delicious! The clicking sound of his heels on the tiled floor surprised him.

"Awwwww, don't you look DARLING?" Andrea cried. She held out her hands, and Brad walked toward her. Click, click, click. He thought she was going to give him a big hug -- but instead, she took his hands in hers and stared into his eyes. "Aren't you the PRETTIEST girl!" She leaned forward and kissed the air. And Brad leaned forward, doing the same. He wanted her to hold him, and merge his mouth with hers. But their lips never touched. "We don't want to spoil our make-up, now, do we?" she said.

Brad straightened up and smiled. "Of course not!" It was hard to do ANYTHING but what pleased Andrea. He just wanted to please, that was all. Just wanted to please.

Brad was feeling so relaxed again. Was it the wine? Oh, but they hadn't HAD any wine. They hadn't even sat down to dinner yet. Brad felt like he was floating in a fog, as Andrea pulled him by one hand across the kitchen. "You go ahead and take the salad bowl in to the table, while I get the main course. Hurry up, now."

"Yes, Andrea." The big glass bowl felt cool to Brad's hands. And heavy. Wearing the high heels, he found he needed to cradle the bowl between his arms and lean back to carry it. He felt even more awkward and embarrassed again,

forced to take tiny steps as he walked into the dining room. He set the bowl down, carefully, just as Andrea set down the platter with the chicken marsala.

Then she stepped back, and pulled a chair away from the table. "Sit down," she said. Brad began to pull the other chair out. "No," Andrea stopped him. "I mean sit HERE. Like a lady."

Brad's feeling of being in a fog grew stronger. His heart was pounding, and his face felt so hot, he was sure all the make-up was going to melt!

"B-but, Andrea," he began...

"WHAT were you going to say...?" Andrea prompted him. She was smiling so sweetly, obviously proud of his transformation.

"Anything to please you, Andrea," Brad replied. The words came so automatically from his lips.

Andrea's cheeks dimpled in an even bigger smile, and she shrugged her shoulders. Lifting one hand, she crooked a finger telling him to come on, and then pointed to the chair.

Brad's high heels whispered on the carpet as he walked to the chair, stared into Andrea's green eyes and then turned toward the table. Smoothly, he sat down, knees pressed together in the tight little skirt. His hands just naturally fell together, into a folded position on top of his thighs. He could feel the panty hose rubbing, as one knee slide against the other, and was trying not to let it arouse him even more.

"Good girl," Andrea said, gently patting Brad's shoulders. "Scoot forward." Brad leaned forward a little bit, lifting his weight off the chair as Andrea pushed it toward the table.

His cock was throbbing. Hot, like it was on fire.

Andrea poured him a glass of straw-colored wine, and then went to sit at the other side of the table. She poured some for herself, then set down the bottle and lifted the glass in a little salute, staring into Brad's eyes. "Tonight!"

"Tonight?" Brad lifted his glass. He wasn't sure what Andrea meant. His entire body seemed to throb with his cock. Heartbeat. After heartbeat.

"Yes, tonight." Andrea grinned wickedly, and her green eyes flashed. They each took a sip of the wine. Brad found himself thinking of the Mona Lisa's smile, and her hidden, inner secrets. "Aren't you going to serve yourself some chicken?"

Chicken? Brad's face flushed hot again. Because he couldn't think for a moment, what Andrea meant. Then suddenly his eyes fell on the serving dish in front of him. Oh yes. Dinner. Again, feeling like his movements were being controlled by someone else, he slid the serving fork under a piece of chicken, balancing it with his own dinner fork, and set it on his plate. Perfectly ladylike.

"Take a little extra sauce, Darling," Andrea said. "I made it special for you!"

"Thank you," Brad replied. He reached over to the serving spoon, dipping it into the sauce and mushrooms. Tonight. What was happening tonight? Had he forgotten?

He and Andrea exchanged the serving plate for the salad bowl, and he added a small portion of salad to his plate.

"Dainty," Andrea said.

Brad picked up his fork and knife, and cut a tiny piece off the chicken. Just as he lifted his fork to his lips, he realized Andrea was sliding her foot up his nylon-covered leg. She stared into his eyes and whispered, "Such a pretty girl."

"Anything to please you, Andrea." The words seemed to utter themselves. Brad sat with the fork, just an inch away from his mouth. His cock was pulsing. Andrea's bare toes felt so good, wiggling between his ankles, sliding up his calves.

"Ladylike," Andrea reminded him. "Don't separate your knees."

Brad was breathing heavily, staring at Andrea's face. He was licking his lips, chewing the lower one. Andrea's bare foot wiggled between his knees, stroking the nylon-covered skin. Sliding in and out.

"Pretty girl," Andrea whispered.

"Anything to please you, Andrea." Brad was in a warm fog again. He just wanted to spread his legs wide, and let Andrea's foot slide up between his thighs and rub his crotch. Slide up and down. Get him closer and closer to the release he couldn't remember having for a while. The tiny, white dress seemed to squeeze him everywhere but the ONE place he wanted to be squeezed.

"Aren't you hungry, Darling?"

Brad realized he was still holding the fork up near his mouth.

"Take a bite."

Brad slipped the tiny piece of meat into his mouth. When he slipped the fork back out, there were tiny streaks of red lipstick on the tines.

"Dainty..." Andrea repeated. "Ladylike..."

Brad tried to chew as daintily as he could. The piece was so small.

"Swallow."

Brad swallowed without a thought. He was squirming in his chair, feeling Andrea's toes wiggling between his knees. Trying to hold them together. Trying to be a lady.

"Is it good?" Andrea asked.

Brad wasn't sure if she was talking about the dinner or her toes caressing his legs. Either way, the answer was the same. "Yes, Andrea."

"Take another bite," she said. "Daintily."

Brad cut another piece of chicken, and felt Andrea's foot slide up between his legs, under the edge of the tiny, white skirt.

"After dinner, honey," Andrea began, "after dinner... would you like to listen to music, and cuddle?"

Brad was chewing, and he felt a powerful need to answer Andrea, right away. But her green eyes suddenly became stern. He finished chewing the tiny morsel, and swallowed, then replied, "Yes, Andrea, VERY much!"

Why was his cock so hot? Why did he get so excited about what Andrea called her "special music"? The thought of cuddling made him start rocking in his chair. And he had to SQUEEZE to keep his knees together. "Ladylike." He could hear the powerful, feminine voice in his head.

But it wasn't Andrea's voice.

"Take a bite of salad, honey," she said.

Brad felt so hungry, and so horny, he just wanted to gobble the salad. He moved his fork quickly, almost as if to stab the pile on his plate.

"Daintily," Andrea said. "One... tiny... bite!"

Brad felt frozen, his fork just an inch away from his plate. Panting, he struggled to force his eyes to stay open as he replied, "Anything to please you, Andrea." He speared a spinach leaf, rolling his fork between his fingers, folding the leaf into a bite-sized little package... then lifted the fork to his lips, slid the leaf into his mouth and began chewing.

"Good girl," said Andrea. "Is your tummy getting full?"

Suddenly, Brad realized he wasn't hungry any more. "Yes, Andrea. Everything is SO wonderful! But I'm feeling stuffed!"

"Then let's go sit by the fireplace," she replied. "Just you and me... and my special music." She stood up and walked around the table, reaching out to help Brad stand up.

"Please, Andrea... are you sure?" Brad's face felt hot again. He could barely get the words out of his mouth. "Maybe you could let me get into my regular clothes. I don't know if I'm the kind of MAN that can please you!"

"If I wanted a MAN to please me," she smiled, "I wouldn't be dressing you up as my pretty girl!"

"Anything to please you, Andrea," Brad replied. It felt so much better when he didn't try to say anything else. His outburst had made him feel dizzy. All he wanted to do was sit down with Andrea, hold her gently and let her "special music" wash over him. He followed her across the room, careful not to stumble in the high heels.

"Sit down, sweetie." Andrea held Brad's hand to help him balance. "Knees together. You're a GOOD girl tonight." Brad felt disappointed, somehow. But he couldn't quite put his finger on the why of it. Andrea leaned forward, and gazed into Brad's eyes. He wanted to look down into her soft, ample cleavage. But that wouldn't be ladylike. And it was so hard to look away from her eyes. "If you STAY a good girl till I tell you," she whispered intimately, "I'll let you be a BAD girl tonight."

Brad's face felt hot once again... and his cock began pushing against the crotch of the tight pantyhose. "Yes, Andrea."

"Now wait a moment, while I start up the mp3." Andrea picked up the remote control and sat down on Brad's right, then hit a few buttons and set it down, just as the soft trill of harp strings began, and sweet, sad violin music began to fill the room. She relaxed against Brad, wrapping one arm around his shoulders, the other caressing his folded hands. She rested her head on his shoulder and began nuzzling the hollow of his neck.

The music always made Brad feel so relaxed and sleepy. Even with sexy Andrea wrapped around him, breathing slowly... sometimes giving his neck little kisses. The music didn't have any singing. Just instruments. But it seemed to be whispering to him. Telling him to go to sleep. Telling him to go deeper asleep. Good girls go to sleep. Good girls want to do ANYTHING to please. Anything to please Mistress. And go to sleep. Dropping deeper and deeper into the soft, sleepy music.

Brad fell deeper and deeper asleep, listening to the quiet, restful music. Because he wanted to do ANYTHING to please Andrea. The music seemed to want him to answer out loud. "Anything to please you, Andrea," he muttered. And Brad listened to the soft, quiet words, about how good it felt to be dressed up as a girl. How arousing it feels to wear hose, and make-up, and pretty dresses. And to be a perfect lady when Andrea tells him. Wasn't that right, honey? "Yes, Andrea," Brad replied. The music told him to go to sleep. Deeper and deeper. In a moment, the music was going to stop, and he was to listen to just the words. In a moment, Andrea was going to get up, and let him listen to the words. Because they were SPECIAL words, just for him. He wanted to listen to those special words, didn't he? "Yes." That's right, he wanted to listen.

And in that moment, Andrea got up from the couch, stood up and stretched. She looked down at Brad. Such a pretty girl! And tonight was the night. This was the new recording, that would make Brad hers forever. She walked quietly out of the living room to her bedroom and closed the door. Then she picked up her phone and dialed a number.

"Hello, Andrea," came the reply.

"Hello, MzDominica! Tonight is the night!"

"That's right, babi. Tonight is the night. Sinkers. Go to sleep, Andrea."

Andrea suddenly found herself dropping deep into a hypnotic trance. "Yes, Mistress."

"Tonight is the night," MzDominica repeated. "Sleep. Deeper and deeper. Go to sleep, Andrea. Go to sleep."

Andrea lay back on the bed, her head sinking into the pillow, her arm with the phone resting on the soft satin pillowcase.

"Deep asleep, Andrea. Now tell Mistress. Did you get Brad to dress up like I said?"

"Yes Mistress," Andrea replied. Her voice sounded hollow and far away to her own ears. Only MzDominica's voice seemed awake and vibrant.

"Did he try to resist?"

"Yes," Andrea said, "but he kept saying that phrase."

"What phrase, Andrea?"

"Anything to please you, MzDominica."

Andrea felt even sleepier. She could hear MzDominica chuckling at the other end of the line. "I know what he said. He has to SAY that now, whenever he tries to stop what's happening. And it triggers him into a light trance so he CAN'T resist. Are YOU trying to resist, Andrea?"

"It just seems so... CONTROLLING, Mistress," Andrea was finding it hard to concentrate.

"That's what we have to DO, for you to get what you WANT," MzDominica replied. "You want him as a GIRL, don't you? You want him feminized!"

"Yes, Mistress," said Andrea. "He's so much NICER this way. I LIKE men... but I like them to be like GIRLS!"

"CUM, Andrea!" MzDominica commanded. "Cum, right now!"

Andrea felt the tingles of pleasure start, all over her body. Her skin felt electrified, and the waves of orgasm suddenly began spread out.

"Yes," MzDominica continued, "you've been listening to YOUR training, too. Haven't you, Andrea?"

"Yes, I --"

"CUM! You don't get a choice. You cum on My command. Instantly. Every time, Andrea!"

From her head, from her torso. Curling her toes. Rolling her eyes up in her head. Andrea felt so good. Her jaw dropped open, because she could feel a hot wave of pleasure washing over the back of her neck.

"You KEEP cumming. You don't get to stop."

It was too much! Andrea wanted to stop it, slow it down, ride with it. But the waves crashed over her, like fire and ice mixed together, and forced their way inside her body and back out again, inside her mind which could only think how good it felt, making her cry out and clench her teeth and hiss and moan with pleasure, while her stomach knotted up in the sheer bliss of another wave...

"Stop cumming, Andrea. You only get what I give you."

"I only get what you give me," Andrea replied. Instantly. Automatically. The memory of orgasm haunted her like it had happened yesterday, instead of only seconds ago. Andrea gasped for air. She wanted more. She wanted to cum again.

"Listen to Me, Andrea."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Tonight is the night," MzDominica repeated.

Andrea felt like she'd arrived at the top of a cliff. It was time to jump off, and fly through the air like in a hang glider... or crawl back down. Time to be completely honest with herself and with Mistress.

"Brad is listening to an mp3 that will make him move in with you," said MzDominica. "Are you ready for that?"

"Ooooooh yes, Mistress!" Even lying down, Andrea was almost bouncing on the bed.

"You're not going to call him Brad anymore, babi. He will only answer to the name Honey. Honey, do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress," Andrea replied.

"But he still thinks he's a man, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Andrea said.

"So I'm going to ask you one more time. Tonight is the night. You must be HONEST with Mistress."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Do you want to take this next step? Are you sure you want him to think he's a girl?"

"Yes, Mistress. I'm sure."

"That's the answer I wanted to hear, Andrea. Not 'anything to please you,' but your REAL answer."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"Yes, you'd BETTER thank me... with a nice big gift, little slave girl! Now, the next mp3 I'm going to have you download is going to make the change. You will play that for him TOMORROW night. NOT tonight, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress. Anything to please you, MzDominica." Andrea felt so sleepy again. She wanted to please MzDominica so much!

MzDominica was laughing again. "Yes, I KNOW you're impatient. But he's listening to important triggers tonight, and I want them to settle in."

"Yes, Mistress." Andrea was sure MzDominica could see her pouting, even through the phone.

"That mp3 is going to finish in about 5 minutes, so you'd better get back in the living room, girl."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you sooooo much!"

"Cuddle up to him nice and TIGHT, Andrea. You're going to LIKE what happens."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you! Good night!"

"Good night, slave!"

Andrea heard her phone indicate that the connection had ended. She set it down and got out of bed, still quivering from the tingle of her orgasm a few minutes ago. Opening the door, she quietly stepped into the living room and heard MzDominica's voice on the sound system, Brad's voice moaning answers to her. No... Honey's voice. She would have to remember!

Andrea eased herself down into the corner of the couch, and wrapped both her arms around his shoulders, holding him tight and squeezing her thigh against his. He seemed hot. And he was pumping his hips, like he was thrusting his cock into the air. That was the right way for Honey to be, the music said. Aroused and SO eager to please! Ready to be together ALL the time. Honey and Andrea, ALL the time. Tonight was the night. Tonight was the night. Time for good girls to be BAD girls, together. Time to spread those legs, and feel the tingle of pleasure beginning. Spread those legs. Honey and Andrea both spread their legs wide, lying back on the couch, arms around each other's shoulders and listening to the music. Tonight was the night. Time to feel the hot waves of orgasm beginning to ripple outward, BOTH Honey and Andrea, CUM. BOTH Honey and Andrea, CUM. Over and over again, together forever, pretty girls together. ANYTHING to please! ANYTHING. CUM. Orgasm after orgasm. Until the music stopped. Until the music stopped.

Honey and Andrea fell asleep on the couch. Two pretty girls, side by side. Their legs spread wide and their sexes dripping. And their heads filled with MzDominica's hypnotic words. Echoing in their minds, all night long. Programming

their minds all night long.

Honey was going to enjoy becoming a girl for Andrea. So much!

Honey would do ANYTHING to please her!

And Andrea was going to cherish her pretty girl, forever!

Cherish! The perfect word for her pretty, girly husband-to-be.

Honey just didn't know it yet. But she would find out soon!

~ The End ~

Posted by jessicablank at 01:32