

**MY OWN
WORST ENEMY**

Ladylumps - 3

T.G. Grump

1

My forefinger and thumb quivered as I lifted a piece of sushi to my lips, and gladly released their grip as my mouth took over the precarious task. Chewing, I smiled across the table at Rebecca. I wasn't sure how exactly I'd wound up here. Eating dinner at a fancy restaurant with Rebecca and her parents in their seaside hometown, was a far cry from taking the train back upstate to see my own parents, but I'd be damned if I let on that my usual course of action with sushi was to ask for a fork. I'd done a lot of pretending in my first college semester, and so far it had paid off for me. To my friends, I'm I was a little more polished, a little more mysterious, and a little more outgoing than I had been in high school. And it almost felt real. I just needed to keep it up, and eventually, it *would* be real. That's what I told myself.

Rebecca's phone buzzed face-down against the table and shifted slightly. She slid it gently to the edge of the table with a single slender finger, her blue nails glittering under the restaurant's dim lights. She glanced down at her screen and the corner of her mouth pulled upward into a mischievous smile. Tossing her dark hair gracefully over one shoulder, she leaned across the table to show me a picture.

"Look at that *outfit*" she giggled. It was a picture our friend Eleanor with her family. Normally Ellie was, well, I don't want to say *slutty*, but her outfits left little to the imagination, and were often a topic of discussion behind her back. We'd had our fair share of laughs at her expense, but this photo was hardly the Eleanor we knew. Gone were her too-small crop tops, tight skirts and dark makeup, and in their place was a plain, dumpy girl with a bun and an oversize sweater. Rebecca's eyes glittered with amusement. I cracked a grin as she pulled her phone back across the table, angled slightly so that her parents could not see the screen. I guessed Ellie's parents didn't approve of her usual attire. Or maybe they didn't know. Poor Ellie just couldn't win with us. But I didn't really feel too bad about it. It was all in good fun, and of course, what she didn't know couldn't hurt her.

"So Alex, Where are you from?" Rebecca's kind-faced father made eye contact with me from across the table.

"uh— Eastvale." I said.

"Oh! Eastvale. We have some friends there" Rebecca's mother piped in from my right. "Lovely town. Lovely people."

"Definitely" I said, forcing a smile. "It's nice to get out and see some new places though."

“So you’ve been enjoying your first year at Dudley?” Her father asked

“Oh yeah.” I said. “I never really got out of town much as a kid, so it’s really cool to be going to a big school and uh, meeting new people and all that.” I trailed off and turned my attention back to my sushi. Hopefully they wouldn’t ask me anything else about Eastvale, seeing as I didn’t actually live there. It wasn’t a *huge* lie, I actually lived a couple towns over in Burnt Ridge, but Eastvale was the wealthiest, and prettiest area nearby, and I didn’t want Rebecca’s parent’s to think I was just... well... I didn’t know what they’d think of me, so I just went for a safe option.

It was dark in the backseat of Rebecca’s folks’ minivan as we drove from the restaurant back to their house. Rebecca and I had spent the entire ride to the restaurant bent over her phone, so the darkness was disorienting. I didn’t even have a good idea of how long it would take to get back to her house. Of course, I’d been to friends houses before, but this felt entirely new and alien. Not only was Rebecca a *girl*, but we weren’t on campus, or even anywhere nearby anyplace I knew. I felt unmoored.

“Okay. So. When we get back, movie, popcorn, facial. It’s gonna be a proper sleepover.” Rebecca grinned at me, briefly illuminated as we passed a sheet light. I smiled back, glad that it was too dark for her to see my cheeks flush. It was kind of fun getting to do girly stuff with her. Maybe that’s what I’d been missing in my high school friendships. We were always shooting each other with nerf guns or playing competitive video games in Gabe’s basement. The thing I liked about Rebecca was that she didn’t act like any of this was weird. If my high school buddies had found out that had a sleepover at a girl’s house and got a facial, they’d probably have called me a fag.

Rebecca’s place was expansive. It had once been a colonial home that had been more recently renovated and turned into a split level. The two of us had free reign of the downstairs, as Rebecca’s parents seem to evaporate as soon as we returned to the house. I found myself lounging on the cozy living room couch as Rebecca searched the cabinet under the big TV for a suitable movie. It took her a while to find one, and I wasn’t complaining. It was nice in here. The room was dimly lit by the glow from the gas fireplace, and I couldn’t help but watch as the light played off her body, bent over at the waist. She had dressed casually tonight, and now that she had shed her faux leather jacket, her lean shoulders were exposed, framed by a deep red camisole and a pair of soft black leggings under which I could just make out the lines of her panties. She turned to me, a DVD case in hand.

“This one okay?” she asked. “It’s romance, but I don’t think it’ll be *too* girly for you.”

“Yeah.” I said without looking. I hoped she hadn’t noticed my eyes dart when she had turned. Rebecca and I were *friends*. Good friends, but not romantic. *She invited me here as a friend*, I reminded myself. *Stop staring at her ass, Alex.*

While the pre-movie trailers rolled, Rebecca went to the kitchen, and I could hear popcorn popping. When she returned, it was with a flourish that sent stray kernels scattering across the floor. Rebecca plopped herself down next to me. Very close. So close that our thighs were touching. She tossed her hair again, and I could smell her sweet aroma. I wondered if it was perfume, or laundry detergent, or... just her natural scent. If it was either of the former, I wondered if I could manage to get my hands on any. To be honest I was tired of the stinky men's deodorant I picked up at the local drugstore, and I'd never had the money to mess with cologne.

"Did I miss anything?" Rebecca asked

"Nah. Just some old trailers."

"Awesome." She turned to me, smiling, firelight glinting off her glossy lips. with a graceful swoop, She reached into my lap, and then lifted a single popcorn kernel to her mouth.

You're friends, I reminded myself. *Just friends*. the feeling of her thigh against mine was almost painful in its impossibility to push from my mind. We'd never sat this close together at school. and certainly never alone. *You're just friends. Be cool Alex. Be cool.*

2

“So what kind of porn do you like?”

It was now quite late. The movie had ended, and the two of us had taken to our laptops. I was fiddling idly with a game while Rebecca scrolled endlessly through her photos, occasionally asking my opinion. I didn't study photography, but I planned to minor in art, so I did my best to give what sounded like informed opinions with regards to composition and lighting, but mostly they were just hot. Our friend Chis had a camera, and would often drag our group on photo-gathering expeditions where he'd have us pose and stand around in the various brick-laden environments our college campus had to offer. Rebecca had all of these photos and more on her laptop, it looked like, but her focus was primarily the photos featuring herself, and occasionally me. She had told me she was compiling some of our best photos with the selfies we'd taken today for a Facepage post. A pretty innocent activity, but I could tell that she had been gradually losing interest, and expected her to suggest a new topic soon. What I didn't expect was to suddenly, and so directly be questioned about my porn consumption habits. I froze.

“Um.” I avoided Rebecca's eyes and watched helplessly as my game character was impaled on a spike. “Just like... regular stuff.” I said, hovering my mouse over the “try again” button. “Nothing um. Too weird.” I could feel Rebecca's gaze on me. My cheeks were hot. Slowly I lifted my eyes.

“Sorry. I didn't mean to overstep—“ She said smiling. “Just something I like to talk about with my girlfriends. I mean porn. It's like... so weird, right?” I forced a laugh.

“Yeah. Like, couldn't you hire better actors?” Rebecca giggled.

“Not to mention the *writers!*” My mouse continued to hover over the “Try Again” button. Rebecca was expecting me to say something, but I didn't know what it should be. Usually with a group of friends I could kind of sense what someone was trying to get me to say. Usually I'd say it. That had worked well for me up until this point, but right now, in this dimly lit room, with Rebecca sitting so close to me, I couldn't have felt more alone, and helpless. What did she want me to say? “Personally I like feminist porn.” She said. “You know, where like, there's consent, and well, it's made more for the woman's pleasure. And— I'm not *gay* but like lesbian porn has, higher production value. It's just undeniable.” I struggled to keep my mouth from falling open. *Girls watched porn?* I mean, I knew they did. Obviously, but to hear it coming out of her mouth was really something else. “I'm sure you've watched some lesbian porn. I hear a lot of guys are into that too.” My face turned beet red.

“I-I Guess, yeah I've probably seen bit.” I had seen a bit. A bit more than a bit, to be exact. Rebecca leaned closer, a lock of her dark hair brushing the side of my laptop screen

“D’you wanna watch some porn?” I stopped breathing. My heart hammered. “Not to like— get off, but just to laugh at it?” My throat felt tight. I didn’t know if I could handle something like that. What would she say if I popped a boner? Would she notice? Who was I kidding. The mischievous girl next to me on the couch was a stranger. I didn’t know what would happen next. *I should say no.* I thought to myself. *It’s too risky.* But I couldn’t choke out the words.

“here, let’s see...” In a single fluid motion, Rebecca playfully snatched my laptop from me and slid to the thickly carpeted floor, where she stretched out on her stomach and kicked her legs joyfully. “Pornbub...” she said, typing.

“Oh I— I don’t have wi-fi here, we’re gonna have to use your—“

“I’ll log you in.” Rebecca retorted cheerfully. *Shit. Does Pornbub have recommended videos on the homepage?* I couldn’t remember. I sure hoped not. “Oho my God” Rebecca chuckles, her eyes glittering brightly in the glow from my laptop. My heart dropped out of my chest and through the floorboards.

“W-what?” I asked, breathlessly as I scrambled from the couch to the floor. Rebecca slid the laptop across the carpet and and slightly out of my reach. I could see the results now. Pornbub *did* have recommendations on the home page and now probably the best friend I’d made in my first semester of college was learning all about my shameful kinks. *It’s too late. You’re going to have laugh it off, or... or say your roommate stole your laptop... or say you have a virus—*

“I make you wear my panties P.O.V.” *oh god.* She was *reading* the titles. My words evaporated from my mouth. “Dress-Up with Mistress Minerva?” The pitch of her voice rose slightly as she became more excited. “Sissy training? *Bodyswap with Step-sister?* Oh. My. God.” Rebecca swung her head around, her face alight with mirth. “I had no idea you were into such *kinky* stuff, Alex! Why was she talking so loud? I glanced up at the ceiling, and back to her.

“*Shh*” I whispered. It was too late to try to explain myself. I was definitely red enough that trying to pass this off as someone else’s porn would be laughable.

“Oh, don’t worry about my parents.” Rebecca said, dismissively. “They’re heavy sleepers, and they’re alllll the way on the other side of the house. But *seriously.* I didn’t peg you for a *sub!* and all this feminization stuff— do you want to *be* a girl?” I hadn’t moved from my half crawling position on the floor since she’d turned around. I felt like I’d been turned to stone.

“I- No! I’m a guy. I just— I don’t know why I’m into it, it’s just interesting to me I guess.” I said, slowly arranging myself into a sitting position. As I shifted I felt a familiar tightness in my jeans, and quickly lifted one knee and folded my arms attempting to hide the

bulge in my pants. *No, Alex! This isn't the time. Stop it.* I willed my arousal to cease. Hell, I willed that my penis were gone entirely. I'd never been so embarrassed in my life.

"Maybe it's more about the clothes, then." Rebecca mused. I guess I *have* noticed you looking at my things when you're in my room, but I figured that was just... hormones." I stared at my hands. I couldn't meet her eyes.

"I'm sorry."

"Hey." Rebecca pivoted and took me by the shoulder. Suddenly she was inches from my face. I expected anger in her eyes, If I had been her in that moment, I probably would have felt violated. I'd betrayed her trust by looking at her stuff— but what I saw in her dark eyes was sympathy. "It's okay, Alex. I don't judge *anybody*. You know that." I nodded slowly, the loud rushing of blood in my ears beginning to ease. "I'm sorry I looked at your porn without asking. with my girlfriends, it's just something we do. There's no judgment. I mean, my best friend from high school gets turned on by *carpentry!*" Rebecca giggled, and released my shoulder. Was that what I was to her? A girlfriend? Something about that idea lodged itself in my brain. Was that so bad?

"It's okay, just... Please don't tell anyone Rebecca." my voice sputtered out of me in pitiful bursts.

"Of course not! I would never. You're my best friend." I felt myself choke up. We'd been calling each other our best friends since nearly day one of college after we hit it off during orientation. Someone in our group had mistaken us for twins, and in some unspoken agreement we'd played into it. We both had dark hair and slight builds. A sparse smattering of freckles. To the untrained eye we did look like we could have been related, and pretending to be twins for the first couple days before classes began had brought us close enough to learn that we had a lot more in common than just our looks. We played the same games, enjoyed the same books, art, and jokes and found our sophomore RA Bennie Michaelson hilarious. The similarities went on, and so we'd taken to calling each other best friends, but to a certain extent, that had all felt like a game to me. I'd never really confided in Rebecca before, at least not with anything big, or extremely truthful, and I hadn't gotten the impression that she had really done that for me either. This... This time it felt honest.

"Thank you." I said, looking down. I shifted again. My stupid penis was still at half-mast.

"Hey." Rebecca was looking dead at me again. the corner of her mouth hinted at a smile. "Maybe..." She was speaking much more quietly now, and I could practically hear her brain humming. She bit her lip, and I felt my member jerk slightly more upright. "Never mind." She looked away.

“What?” my voice was hoarse. Barely a whisper, and it had come from me almost unbidden. As if she’d drawn it from me.

“Maybe we could watch...” she turned to my laptop again and scrolled down a few rows. “um. ‘I make you dress up in my clothes J.O.I.’” My heart pounded rhythmically in my ears. “And maybe you could dress up in *my* clothes.” Her voice was barely a whisper now. my chest hummed. I struggled to move my lips, and when my voice came out it was strangled.

“I thought... you just wanted to watch porn to like... laugh at it.” I mean she’d suggested a J.O.I video for gods sakes. How was I going to sit through a jerk-off instructional and not... jerk off? And... *in her clothes?* was she serious? The thought of it sent tingles through my fingertips. I’d thought about it before. Wearing her clothes. Only a few times, late at night, when my roommate was out partying. Those weren’t my proudest moments, but the idea had lodged itself firmly in my mind.

“Yeah, I mean, at first. That’s what I’m used to doing with my girlfriends, but I can see I got you a bit... *flustered*, and maybe it could be... Kind of *fun* to help you out with that? Plus we’re already practically twins. You might even look good.” My mouth dropped slightly open in shock. She was *serious*. And there was that word again. *Girlfriend*. I teetered at the edge of the precipice. Silently the looming figure of Rebecca beckoned me to step forward.

“I... I dunno” I said, flushing.

“C’mon, I can tell you want to. Don’t you?” I felt as though I’d floated outside of my body and was only watching as a stranger nodded and breathed “I do.”

The next thing I knew my hand was in hers and we were tip-toeing breathlessly up the stairs. Rebecca had my laptop, still open, dangling precariously from her right hand. The blue light from the screen danced erratically on the walls as we ascended the stairs.

3

Rebecca had a loft bedroom. once I stepped through the threshold, the room opened up like a soft warm mouth. Rather than an overhead light, Rebecca had a selection of antique lamps, several of which she clicked on as I stood awkwardly, unsure of what to do with myself in the center of her room. my toes curled against the pink shag rug as my eyes darted around. Next to Rebecca's looming bed frame was a plain white door which stood out from the deep warm color of the walls, and drew my gaze ever closer. No stray clothes lay on the floor or tossed over chairs like they had in her dorm room. This room was immaculately tidy. Perhaps her parents work. Obviously, she hadn't been here in months. But behind that door, stood what could only have been a closet. That would be full of any clothes she hadn't brought to school with her. Rebecca placed my laptop at the foot of her bed and tossed several pillows onto the floor.

"C'mere." She beckoned with a slender finger. I gulped, and dragged my limp body forward. She sat poised atop a puffy down pillow and watched, chewing the edge of her lip, as I approached, steaming with shame, and anticipation. I couldn't stop myself. I sat down—awkwardly, trying to hide my obvious boner, and knowing that it was futile.

"do you watch porn with all your clothes on?" she asked, smiling at me, her face in profile. I wasn't sure how to respond. "You could stand to... get a little more comfortable, Alex." she said, matter-of-factly. Still I sat frozen. This situation was... the furthest from comfortable I'd probably ever been. It didn't mean that I didn't want what was to come, but my shame held my tongue like a vice. "Or I suppose you could wait until things start to heat up a bit more." She mused, as she leaned forward and clicked play on "I make you dress up in my clothes J.O.I."

The production value on the video was predictably poor. It looked like we were in for a single-angle tripod shot centered on a blank creme-colored wall. At the left of the shot a sliver of closed door was visible. The mic hissed dully. I breathed shallowly. We were really doing this. This was happening. Several seconds elapsed. The door at the left side of the screen creaked open.

"Hi Honey, I'm home—Oh my gawd!" A woman who appeared to be in her early thirties entered the room, stooping slightly to fit in shot. She was pretty, but not stunning. She wore a blue dress which showed off a fair bit of cleavage. Her hair was long and thin, platinum blonde and her makeup was dark and heavy. My body clenched in anticipation.

"Is this the kind of girl you like?" Rebecca asked, a smile dancing across her face. I couldn't form a reply.

“What are you doing in my underwear drawer?” the woman onscreen asked, aghast. She stepped closer to the camera.

“Answer her.” Said Rebecca.

“w-What?” I gasped.

“She’s talking to you. Answer her.”

“Are you looking for something?” The woman onscreen asked. My heart raced. Even watching these videos alone, I had never actually *played* the part. Not like this. I’d never *talked* to the models before. But Rebecca didn’t sound like she was asking. No, She had ordered me to do it, and though my face burned and sweat dripped down my back I knew I had to do as she told me. I wouldn’t have had it any other way.

“I- well- I’m...” What *was* I doing in her panty drawer? Maybe I was over-thinking this.

“Babe, why are you getting so defensive?” she asked. “I just want to know what you’re looking for in there.” Rebecca slid to her feet and tiptoed softly away from me and towards her own dresser which stood at the far side of the room. My gaze slid from the screen to her, and my heart hammered as she slowly slid the top drawer open. From my vantage on the floor I couldn’t see what was inside, but I knew. It was her underwear drawer. “Wait—“ Said the model onscreen. “Your belt is undone. Were you... going to *try on* my panties?”

“N-no” I said quietly. unconvincingly.

“Undo your belt.” Said Rebecca, leaning casually on her dresser. From this angle in the low light she looked rather formidable.

“But I’m not wearing—“

“Then unzip your pants.” She said without missing a beat. I gulped, and watched as almost of their own accord, my hands unzipped my fly. With a dull thud my already hard penis gladly found itself freed. It stretched the fabric of my boxers unmistakably. When I found the courage to look back up at Rebecca she was smiling mischievously.

“You *were!*” said the model, placing her hands on her hips and taking a step back. The loose pleats on her dress swung between her bare legs.

“tsk tsk tsk” said Rebecca, shaking her head playfully.

“I always knew you were a little pervert!” said the woman onscreen. “And now that I’ve caught you in the act, we are *finished!*” She shook her head and moved slower to the camera again, leaning down to give me another good look at her deep cleavage. I was thankful Rebecca couldn’t see the screen from where she was standing. “Oh, what’s that? you want to try to make it up to me?”

“Please... I’ll do anything” I breathed

“Anything, you say?” Well. If you’re ever going to get yourself out this one, I’ll need to see how much of a girl you really are.”

“A girl?” I asked as my fingers fidgeted nervously. “What-what do you mean?”

“Maybe we can work out some kind of arrangement. Maybe...” she rocked back and forth, one finger on her chin. “Maybe instead of being my boyfriend, you can be my little... *submissive... girlfriend.*” she emphasized each word, and I heard Rebecca echo “*Girlfriend*” from the far side of the room. My cock throbbed. I could see it moving through my boxers. I knew that Rebecca could too. “...And I could be your... *mistress.*” The woman onscreen smiled maliciously at me. “What do you say?”

“y-yes” I said.

“Yes, *mistress*” said Rebecca, stifling a giggle.

“yes, Mistress.” I said, twisting my clammy hands, afraid to lift my gaze to both Rebecca and the woman on the screen, but slowly I returned to the screen. The woman was laughing now.

“Good girl!” She said. “Now take off your pants. And your boxers. And your shirt. Show me what I’m working with.” she commanded. My heart stopped. Surely Rebecca didn’t want to me to *strip* in front of her. I figured I’d be putting on her clothes in the bathroom or something, but when I looked at her, the question on my face, she merely raised an eyebrow.

“You heard her.”

“C-can I?” I asked Rebecca

“You’d better” Rebecca said grinning. “Otherwise your *mistress* is going to punish you, you bad, *bad* girl.” I was transfixed by the way that her lips formed the words. *Bad, bad girl.*

I found myself standing, unsure of how or when that had happened. Onscreen the woman waited patiently, her hands firmly planted on her hips, disapproval etched on her face. Rebecca tapped her foot less patiently. Now that I was standing I was ever so slightly taller than her, but she looked no less intimidating. I felt small. I felt exposed like never before, and It was about to get worse. I felt my already unbuttoned pants slide to the ground, and almost against my will, my arms moved to strip off my t-shirt, revealing my milky skin and featureless chest. My nipples stood out starkly in the cool glow from the computer. I hunched slightly, trying not to show too much, but I knew I had to finish the task. My mistress—and Rebecca—wanted me naked. With trembling fingers, I gripped the waistband of my boxers and slid them down below my hips. the fabric was caught, and tenting over my now fully erect penis. I yanked harder and my boxers tumbled to the ground, my dick swinging wildly. I gasped, shocked by the suddenness of its appearance and I covered it as best I could with both hands, shivering. Rebecca was silent now. Her expression unfathomable. I crouched in shame, as though I *had* just been found rooting through a panty drawer. My mouth was dry.

“You never were much of a man, were you?” The woman’s judgment-filled voice on the laptop speakers jarred me from my stupor, and my attention once more found focus.

“No-no Mistress.”

“I think that you would look really cute in...” She bent down off-camera, and returned with a tiny pair of pink and white striped panties. “These.” She held them up right in front of the camera, and as the autofocus struggled to keep them sharp, I saw Rebecca rooting through her own drawer. “Go on. Put them on.” The woman placed the panties down just out of frame, and I turned to see Rebecca had moved once more to my side. Her hands were curled into “ok” signs, and a silky pair of black panties were grasped loosely between her fingers.

“I know these don’t match” She whispered, the feel of her breath bringing the hairs on the back of my neck to attention “but these are high-waisted, and since your dick...” she her gaze dropped to my navel, and the ghost of a smile played at her mouth. “...isn’t that big, I think it should fit into these.” The panties were featureless black fabric interrupted only by a small cutout just below the waist at the back, and a tiny black bow. My hands shook as I took the delicate garment from her. As I examined them She stepped closer to me. I could feel her leggings brush one of my bare legs, and I shivered. God. This was too much. I’d always dreamed of scenarios like this— well, not quite exactly like this— but for one of them to actually play out— I wasn’t sure I could handle much more of this. I gulped hard and tried to compose myself. Onscreen the woman continued to goad me.

“Go on. Be a good girl and put on your new panties. After this, you’ll never wear boxers again.”

“Come on, Alex.” Said Rebecca, her breath on my neck. In a swift motion, I took a step back, and doubled over putting one foot and then the other through the holes in Rebecca’s panties. I felt the soft fabric slide up my legs like butter as I pulled them as high as they would go. I expected to feel more protected, less vulnerable with my erection covered, and though, as Rebecca has predicted, it did fit beneath the waistband, I found myself even more embarrassed than I had been before. I remained half-crouched, covering my crotch. Rebecca giggled. “There’s nothing to be ashamed of Alex. *All girls wear panties.*” My face and neck burned. I could barely focus to hear what the woman in the video was saying, but it seemed like she was preparing to make we put on another article of clothing. I could feel a bead of pre-cum wetting a spot near the top of the panties. I hoped to go Rebecca couldn’t see it.

“This is turning you on, Isn’t it?” Said the woman onscreen. “Well we’re not done yet. Real women have *tits.*” With one hand, she fondled her own breasts, cupping them with her delicate hands, and with the other she reached beneath her dress’ strap and allowed her white bra-strap to fall from her shoulder. “*Big tits.*” She said, as she reached around her back, presumably unclasping her bra. She stepped forward toward the camera again, performing a maneuver I couldn’t quite explain which culminated in her pulling her unclasped white lace bra out from the neckline of her dress. She held the large cups up to the camera.

“*Wow*. Things are getting spicy now.” Rebecca mused. I turned from the laptop to her, and was shocked to see her performing the same maneuver we had just watched the woman do on-screen. Without removing her camisole, Rebecca produced her own smaller, plainer black bra. A little color flushed in her cheeks, and I could see her nipples, pressing against the fabric of her top. She placed the bra in my hands and whispered “Put it on” almost in tandem with the video. The fabric was warm in my hands. It smelled like her. I couldn’t move. I didn’t know how to put on a bra. Rebecca could tell. I think she found it amusing. “C’mon, we’ll do it the easy way.” She said, taking it back from me. She positioned herself in front of me and threaded the front of the bra behind my back, pulling the fabric tight and bringing the clasp to my front, just above my belly button. I watched as she connected the hooks, smiling mischievously at me. “There. Now we just slide it around...” She pulled the cups around my side and to the front of my chest, and yanked them up to the appropriate height. The bra was tight. Probably a little tighter on me than it would have been on her, and not exactly comfortable. Rebecca guided my arms through the straps, and stood back to admire her handiwork. I willed myself to melt into the darkness. I was wearing girls’ underwear for gods sakes. This isn’t something men did, and despite what Rebecca had said, I *was* ashamed. I was so ashamed I could die, but what scared me the most was that I wanted more. I didn’t want to run away, or stop. I wanted to know where this road would take me, and so at least for now, I was at her mercy. Not just the woman from the video. I was at Rebecca’s mercy. Perhaps I had been from the very start. I was powerless here, and it terrified me, but it also set fire to my loins. It was everything I could do not to reach down and touch my aching cock.

The woman from the video was commenting on my big tits now. Rebecca’s bra wasn’t nearly as large as hers, but as she fondled her now untamed breasts through the thin fabric of her dress, it was all I could do not to imagine those things attached to my own chest, and all I could do not to sneak a glance at the perky shapes tenting the fabric of Rebecca’s top.

“here... Why don’t we give you the real titty experience...” Said Rebecca, once again rooting through her panties. She returned with two additional pairs of panties, crumpled into little balls, and placed them gingerly into the cups of the bra. I had breasts. My penis throbbed violently, and I could feel it touch her leg, but I was too frozen to step back. She was so close to me. She grinned, her eyes on my chest. “look at that” she giggled. “Now there’s even more ‘twins’ in the room.” A nervous giggle escaped my lips, and Rebecca laughed aloud. “You make a good girl, Alex. Kinda cute that your name works both ways.” *Alex*. I’ve never thought about it, *but yeah. I guess Alex could be a girls name too*. A smile tugged at the corners of my mouth, but I bit the inside of my lip.

“Now say it. Say it you *sissy slut*.” the woman in the video was really upping the ante. “Say *I am a girl. I am not a man. I am a girl*.”

I didn't look back at the screen. Instead I stared directly into Rebecca's eyes, and she into mine.

"Yes mistress. *I am a girl.*" I breathed, and my voice hitched. It had come out higher than I had expected. Not feminine, but... god, maybe I was getting too into this role-play. "I am not a man." I said quietly. "... I am a girl."

"*Good girl.*" Both Rebecca and the woman onscreen spoke in unison.

"Now stroke that swollen clit for your mistress" spoke the woman in the video. "That's right. You don't have a dick anymore. Just a big. Fat. Clitoris." I went weak in the knees, and obediently began to stroke my coc—no. My clit. In that moment, her words were truth. I was a girl, and I was stroking my clit.

"Don't get too carried away down there..." Said Rebecca. "I think she's gonna make you put on her dress next, which means... we've gotta pick one out for you." She took me by my free hand. "C'mere." Rebecca led me to the white door, and pulled it open. My left hand kept working gently at my groin. I had been right. This was her closet, and it was positively full of clothes. The hangers near the ends of the rod were pushed to nearly forty-five degree angles. The mass of fabric in front of me was practically unfathomable. At home, before I had left for college, at most I had four or five things hanging in my closet. At college, even less. I was positively dumbstruck. "Go on. Pick one." Said Rebecca, stepping back. I slowly slid my finger through the selection of garments. Some were silky, some were satin, some were rougher, and other's linen and lace. Suddenly my hand came to a halt. I swirled an unfamiliar fabric between my fingers. A forbidden fabric. One I'd never even *touched* before, because it was simply not made for men. I pulled it toward me, and my eyes confirmed what my fingers had guessed. It was velvet. smooth black, and glittering where the lamplight caught it. "Excellent choice." Said Rebecca. "I wore that for my last piano recital before graduation. Go on. Take it off the hanger." The dress slid from the hanger and into my hands heavily. It was divided into three parts. A single seam ran around the middle and divided the flowing portion from the smaller, form-fitting bust section where a slim zipper began in the back. Above the shapely peaks of the front portion of the dress was a mesh and lace segment which extended down into long see-through sleeves. This dress... was *incredible*. Never in a million years did I think I'd be able to handle a thing of such beauty, let alone actually put it on. My fingers, half numb, undid the zipper and turned the dress over, puzzling at how to put it on. I'd never seen a girl put on a dress before. I wasn't sure how it was done. Should I step in through the neck, or—"put it over your head" Rebecca said, a hint of amusement in her voice. I did as I was told, and as the soft heavy ruffles of the dress slid down my shaking body and over the silky panties behind which my clit throbbed, I was overcome. I collapsed to my knees, and stifled a moan as I came

hard and fast. one shot after another. I panted, clutching at the bedpost, as Rebecca became aware of what had just happened to me.

“Wow. That was *quick*.” She knelt beside me as I shuddered, the orgasm still upon me. The video droned on in the distance, but I could no longer process the words. Rebecca leaned over and closed the laptop. Slowly I was coming back to my body. I was not a girl, I realized. I was a guy, dressed up as one. A guy who had just come all over the inside of his best friend’s panties and dress. I could scarcely look at her. “Did you have fun?” She asked, smiling at me. I couldn’t lie.

“Yes.” I breathed.

“when I asked you earlier if you wanted to be a girl... you said no.” Rebecca touched my arm gently. I could feel her warm palms through the mesh of the dress. “But you were quick to change your tune just now.”

“I—“ I couldn’t find the words to respond.

“There’s no reason to be ashamed. We like what we like. We want to be who we want to be.” She said. I could have cried. No one had ever said anything like that to me. I could never have even imagined it. Somewhere along the line I had decided that what I wanted was wrong. It was my greatest shame, but here was a girl who had just helped me realize one of my most secret fantasies, and she was telling me that there wasn’t anything wrong with it. with me. I felt the tears begin to well up. I could not choke them down, and I *did* cry. Long and hard, in her arms. In her dress. On the floor, leaned against her bed.

“It’s okay, Alex. It’s okay.” We sat there for a long time. Finally when my tears had dried, pulled away from her.

“Rebecca.” My voice was hoarse. “Thank you.” The corner of her mouth pulled into a sweet smile, and before I knew what I was doing, I leaned in, my mouth on a collision course with hers, but before I reached her I felt two hands on my chest, pressing her bra uncomfortably into my flesh. She pulled away.

“Alex, I—“ She looked away. “Tonight— was fun. But... I don’t like you like that. You’re my friend. But.. I don’t— I don’t want—“ The floor had dropped out beneath me. It was my mistake. All along I had been telling myself not to. *You’re friends*. I had reminded myself, and in a moment of weakness I had made a terrible mistake.

“I-I’m sorry. I understand— I’m sorry” I blubbered.

“It’s okay.” She said, standing up to move to her bed. “But I think... Maybe we should call it a night?”

“Yeah. I agreed, eyes cast down. “I should get changed.” I struggled to my feet then hesitated. Where—or—what should I do with these?” I gestured to my—her—clothes. “Should I put them in the laundry?” Rebecca shook her head from the bed.

“They’re yours.”

“What?”

“I have a lot of clothes.” she shrugged. “Seems like you’ll get more use out of them than I will. Keep them.” I tried to form a sentence in response, then when that failed, a word, but I couldn’t. When it became clear that I wasn’t going to say anything, Rebecca piped up.

“There’s a bed made up for you in the guest room. Next door to the left.” I nodded stupidly, fumbled for my clothes and my laptop, and opened the door. The hallway was mercifully dark and empty. “good night, Alex.” Rebecca said sweetly from the bed.

I managed to choke out a “g’night” as I closed the door, and tip-toed to the guest room, Rebecca’s velvet dress tickling me between my bare legs. Once inside the room I did not turn on the light. I stripped out of the dress, and the panties, and pulled up my boxers before fumbling with the bra. I couldn’t get it off. I cursed myself silently, wondering what to do. I certainly couldn’t cut it off, and if I tried to hide it under my t-shirt surely it would be visible— and then tomorrow at breakfast Rebecca’s parents would— the bra came undone with a snap and I breathed again. I dropped it to the floor and flopped wetly into the bed. I didn’t have the strength to cover myself with a blanket, and so I shivered, half-curled until I fell asleep.

4

I told myself I wasn't going to keep the clothes. That I would surreptitiously toss them into the laundry room on my way out, or shove them under the bed and forget about them, but when I arrived home the next evening stiff from the train, and tossed the contents of my backpack out onto my bedroom floor, there they were. I could scarcely remember having put them in there at all. My heart jumped into my throat as I saw the dark velvety mass that was Rebecca's dress tumble to the floor, stark against the white carpeting. Reflexively I spun around. No one at the door. Cheeks burning, I shut it anyway, and stuffed the dress, bra, and three pairs of panties back into the main pocket. I then zipped it up and slid the whole thing under my bed. *Shit.* If anybody found that I'd really be in for it. *What kind of guy comes home with girls clothes stuffed in the bottom of their backpack? A pervert. That's what kind.* I prayed that Eve wouldn't come snooping around in my bedroom. Maybe I needed a better hiding place. Maybe I should just throw them away. *But what if someone looked through the trash? No.* I relaxed my jaw and took a long deep breath. Eve hadn't snooped through my stuff since like eighth grade. I trusted her. Mostly.

"Alex! Dinner's ready!" the suddenness of her voice, and its proximity to my door nearly sent me into a panic. *It's okay.* I reminder myself. *No one's going to find it.*

"I'll be down in a sec." I said, hoping that my voice did not betray my nerves.

As the night went on and I regaled my parents and sister with tales of my first college term, some true, others embellished, some downright lies, I tried to forget about Rebecca's clothes sitting crumpled in my backpack under my bed, but I could not. Occasionally a small panic welled up within me, and I glanced hurriedly down at myself to make sure I was indeed dressed normally, in jeans and a grey hoodie. I could have sworn I felt velvet tickle my leg from time to time.

Eventually I settled back in at home. Things were normal. After a couple of days I didn't feel like an interloper. Of course many of my things were gone from the house. My books, my PC, my posters. And Eve seemed a little bolder than she had prior to my departure at the end of august. Of course she was a senior now. I remembered how that had felt. I tried not to let it worry me. She was practically an adult. Well, technically, she *was* an adult now, but in my mind she was still my little sister. My little sister who on occasion *did* sneak into my room and snoop through my things.

On the third day of my stay I decided to text Rebecca. Over the course of the semester we had kept in pretty much constant text communication, but ever since I'd left her house and returned home I hadn't heard from her. Part of my expected this after the strange dress-up

session and attempted kiss, but the next morning everything had seemed... Normal. We had giggled at the breakfast table, and hugged in the car after her parents dropped me off at the train station. Neither of us mentioned any of the events of the previous night, and a part of me had hoped that it had all been a very very vivid dream. But then of course... there were the clothes. A constant reminder that what had happened that night had been *very* real. I had been afraid to text for my first few days home. If we had made an unspoken agreement to go on as though that night had never happened, that was fine by me, but after that fateful lean-in, I didn't want to come off as needy, or give her the impression that I had a crush on her. But how long was too long to wait before it became weird? Three days apparently, was the answer.

I finally decided on, "Hey! how's winter break treating you?" as an ice-breaker.

I hit send and closed the app. Then clicked my phone off and placed it face down on the bed next to me. I fiddled with a hangnail while I waited for a buzz. When one did come it turned out to be an email from a local crafts store letting me know that I could get twenty-five percent off select products if I came in this week. I shrugged. I guess I *was* home. Maybe I would go.

I got tired of waiting for Rebecca to respond to me. Maybe I'd try the group chat "Kitchen Rats" which we had made during our first weekend in the dorm when Rebecca and I had first met Jackie, Eleanor, Chris and Bennie, the dorm R.A (whom we had originally assumed to be entirely unapproachable and way too cool for us) in the kitchen on our floor. This group of freshmen and sophomores would later come to form the core of our friend group. Though, the group chat had also been suspiciously silent since the start of break. A couple of memes and reactions had trickled in during the first day or so, when I had been at Rebecca's but after that... nothing. *They're probably all busy with their folks*, I thought. my thumbs hovered over the keyboard, but I couldn't think of anything to say. I sighed and put my phone back down. Radio silence continued through Christmas, and by the time new years had rolled around I was itching to get back to campus. Home simply was not as fun as it had been during high school. Without my PC I couldn't really game, save for a few small games on my laptop, and I was growing restless. Each time I entered my bedroom I caught the faintest hint of Rebecca's scent. Maybe I was imagining it. How could I smell her clothes through the backpack zipper anyway? But just to be safe I always shut my door tight.

It was three days before the date on my return ticket now, and I was beyond restless. I was downright, and aggressively bored. My mother could tell, and constantly tried to take me with her on errands, to the store, to get clothes, to pick up prescriptions, but her constant hounding was a prime contributor to my growing displeasure. Whenever I was out with her or

downstairs with everyone I itched to get back to my laptop and my bedroom, but when I was up there I wished I actually had something to *do* on my laptop.

After lunch I slipped away upstairs and found myself on pornbub. Hell, what else was there to do? Eve was out at a friends, and Mom and dad weren't likely to bother me. I sat myself on the edge of my bed and set my laptop on the dresser a few feet away. My headphones barely reached, and I had to lean a little bit forward to prevent my laptop from falling to the floor. I selected a video I'd already seen. "Waking up in a girl's body P.O.V" it was one of several of the genre I'd managed to find, and while the pickings were slim for this kind of content, this was probably my favorite. Most of these featured naked women wearing go-pro's masturbating in bed, and while that was all well and good, this particular video featured the woman exploring her new body in surprise, and then putting on clothes. I guess it was the clothes that really did it for me in the end. There was just something about the idea of *wearing women's clothes*... I smelled Rebecca again. I slid my hand up and down my half-erect cock gently, gritting my teeth. I couldn't focus on the video knowing that just two feet beneath where I was sitting was the answer to the itch that had been growing inside of me ever since returning home. I clicked my tongue, leaned over and slapped the spacebar. I yanked out my earbuds and crouched breathlessly on the floor. I couldn't believe I was about to do this in my own home with my parents downstairs. I stole a glance at the door. Closed tight. The shades? Drawn. My fingers trembled as I pulled open the main zipper on the backpack and reached a single hand into the dark maw. My hands connected with silk, and I excitedly pulled a pair of pink panties from the bag. These were one of the pairs Rebecca had used to stuff my bra. I rooted around in the bag for another moment, and located one of the lightly padded cups of Rebecca's bra. I pulled that excitedly from the bag, and the dress tumbled to the floor along with it. Heart beating wildly now, and with my cock fully erect I clambered to my feet and stuck my earbuds hastily back into my ears. I whacked the spacebar and allowed the video to continue as I kicked off my boxers, freeing my ankles. I was breathing as though I'd just run a mile. There was something exhilarating about crossdressing right under my parent's noses. Terrifying, but exhilarating. Onscreen was an improbable view of a woman's body from atop her head. She let out a gasp as she gingerly pinched one of her nipples.

"holy shit... I have tits." she whispered. My cock pulsed. Trembling bodily now, I bent down and stepped eagerly into the pink panties. They were cool to the touch and slid up my legs like an unexpected breeze on a hot summers day. I exhaled audibly as I hiked them up. These panties weren't high waisted like the one's I'd worn at Rebecca's house, and even pulled up all the way they didn't cover the length of my throbbing member. It strained against the fabric and I gripped the base through the panties. The material felt incredible against the sensitive skin. It

was like lotion, but not wet. I knew it right then that I was doomed. I'd be jerking off in panties for the rest of my life.

I tore my hand away from my member as the woman onscreen admired herself in a full length mirror, careful not to show her face and ruin the illusion. She was about to try on the bra that hung over the edge of the mirror. I bent down again and gingerly raised Rebecca's bra to my chest. No— not this way. I swung the bra around my back and brought the clasp to the front like Rebecca had showed me. My fingers trembled almost too much complete the task, but I was able to get the clasp closed. My cock leaped as I raised my gaze to see the woman on-screen donning her bra, though she had clasped it from behind. *No guy would be able to do that first try*, I mused. *Bad acting*. I slid my bra slowly around my waist to the correct position and began to slide it uncomfortably up my chest. I struggled to get my arms through the straps and in my haste one of them snapped loudly against my shoulder. I whipped around, checking the door once more, and froze for a moment, one earbud in my hand. Nothing. I was safe. Looking down at myself, I wasn't so different from the woman onscreen now. I mean save for the anatomy and perfect figure... All it took was a little imagination. I trembled. The woman in the video had bigger breasts than Rebecca. Either that or the camera angle was making it look that way. *What if I had bigger breasts?* I wondered. Suddenly I was struck by an idea. I leaned forward and slid open the top drawer of my dresser. Here were all the T-shirts I had opted not to bring with me to college. *Perfect*. With one hand on my throbbing cock, gently teasing, I used my free hand to ball up a t-shirt. Yeah. This was gonna be way bigger than some balled up panties... I shoved the shirt into the left cup. It was too big. Absurdly big. So big that it stuck out of the bra cup on all sides, and the ball shape began to falter, but I couldn't stop now. I stroked harder as I baled up a second shirt and forced it over my right pec, underneath the cup. The bra was painfully tight now, cutting lines into my back. "Oh yeah. I have... big... fucking... tits..." I whispered, under my breath. I could feel a bead of liquid growing at the tip of my penis. "*I am a girl.*" I breathed. "*I am not a man. I am a girl with big fucking ti—*

TAP TAP TAP

I froze. I knew my sister's knock instantly. I'd only heard it like half a million times over the course of my life. She was *at my door*. For a split second time stood completely still. I did not move. I did not breathe. My heart did not beat. Then in a swift motion, I slammed my computer top closed and dropped to the floor, out of her potential sightline should she open the door, hidden behind my bed, but I'd forgotten to take out my earbuds, and as I dropped my laptop clattered to the floor.

"Hey, Alex. You okay in there?"

"What's up?" I practically shouted. Did I sound out of breath? Did I sound suspicious? *Oh god. She was going to open the door. She had heard the laptop fall. She would be curious.*

What was I going to do? I began to struggle, trying to remove the bra, but it was on too tight with my stupid t-shirts jammed in there. God damnit, why had I done this to myself?

“My friends bailed on my, and mom and dad want to play Scrobble. Come down?”

“Y-Yeah! I’ll uh— be there in a minute!” I shouted, grimacing as I strained to get my hands to the middle of my back.

“What are you doing in there? Watching porn?” She giggled from outside the door.

“N-no!” My voice cracked.

“uh-*Huh*. So if I came in there right now, you’d be fully clothed?” She wasn’t convinced. But— maybe that was better. Minor embarrassment now, to save myself the ultimate embarrassment of being caught literally trapped in women’s underwear on the floor next to my bed.

“Okay— yeah. I’m watching porn.” My face burned. My arms strained. “I’ll meet you downstairs okay?” Outside, Eve cackled.

“Okay weirdo. I’ll see you down there. Don’t hurt yourself.” Her footsteps receded down the hall. With a snap the clasp on the back of the bra came undone and my t-shirts tumbled to the floor. I pulled the bra off in a tangle and stripped off the underwear and practically threw them back into the backpack. I grabbed up the dress and slam dunked it in as well. Zipper up. Back under the bed. I struggled to my feet, observing red lines etched into my shoulders where the bra had cut into me. I tossed my T-shirt back on and pulled on my hoodie, half zipped, before struggling back into my boxers and jeans. I hastily wiped the sweat from my brow with the corner of my sleeve, and took a few deep breaths before leaving my room. When I got downstairs Eve and my parents were already gathered round the dining room table with the Scrobble board set. I took my seat across from Eve, face still flushed, and took stock of my letters. After a moment I raised my eyes to see Eve looking directly at me, a half-smile playing across her face.

“Your shirts inside out.” she said.